

[From the N. Y. Corner Stone.]

The Brooklet, Then The River.

A little brooklet in a mountain
Lost its way:
Onward, onward still it rippled
All the day:

Little wand'ring drops of water,
Here and there,
Joined the brooklet as it murmured
Free from care.

And the little brook grew wider,
Deeper too:
But it made the same sweet music
As it grew.

Many little birds sang sweetly
All day long:
And the brooklet joined the chorus
Of their song.

Oh, the traveler on the desert,
In a dream,
Never saw a clearer, purer
Little stream.

Onward, onward still it glided,
Down the hill;
Other brooklets, joining, kept it
Growing still.

And the stream became a river,
Broad and free;
And it rolled unheeding danger
To the sea.

Steamers glided o'er its bosom;
Neath its waves
Many noble-hearted seamen
Found their graves.

Thus by little grew the streamlet,
As it passed;
But it was a mighty river
At the last.

When we start on life's long journey
Small indeed,
Start to gather in our caskets
Precious seed—

Many call us very little,
But we grow;
Filling up on golden caskets,
Then we sow;

Sow good seed beside all waters,
And no one
E'er can tell the many wonders
We have done.

Till our last sad song is ended,
And we rest
In the many-mansioned dwellings
Of the best.

But we know the seed we scatter
On this shore,
Will keep growing, growing, growing
Evermore.

We will reach the blessed haven—
Never fear;
We have Christ the Lord to guide us
Safely there.

The Good Wife.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

There was once a man named Gudbrand; he lived at a solitary farm on the slope of a hill, therefore he was called "Gudbrand of the hill." Now this man had a very excellent wife, a thing which often happens, but is not so common; Gudbrand knew also the worth of such a treasure, so the couple lived in great peace and happiness without thinking about the progress of years and changes of fortune. Whatever Gudbrand did his wife had wished for beforehand, so that the good man could not touch anything or change anything in his house without his wife thanking him for his forethought and kindness. Their life was insured against anxiety; the farm was their own property, they had a hundred solid dollars in the table drawer, and two stately cows in the meadow. They wanted nothing; they could grow old in peace without fearing helplessness and misery, without needing the pity or friendship of others.

One evening, as they were sitting chatting together about their work and their plans. Gudbrand's wife said to him; "My dear I have a thought; you shall lead one of our cows to town and sell it. The one which we keep will be quite enough to provide us with butter and milk, why should we trouble ourselves for others? We have money in the chest, we have no children, would it not be well if we spared our arms, now growing old? you will always find something to do in the house; there is first this then that piece of furniture to be mended and improved, and I, with my spinning wheel, shall be able to stay a great deal more with you."

Gudbrand found that his wife was right, as she always was. The very next day he led the cow which was to be sold to the town. But it was not market day, so he found no purchaser. "Very well, very well," said Gudbrand, "I shall lead my cow back home again, I have hay and straw for the beast, and the way is not longer to return than it was to come." Then he quietly took the road home.

After a few hours, just as he begun to feel a little tired, he met a man who was leading a horse to the town, a very strong animal saddled and bridled. "The way is long and the night is coming on," thought Gudbrand; "I shall not get home with my cow before midnight, and then very early to-morrow I will have to begin the march anew. This is just the sort of beast I might want, I should ride home proudly, like a magistrate; and how old Gudbrand's wife would rejoice to see her husband coming home in triumph like a general."

Therewith he stopped the horseman, and bargained with him to exchange the cow for his horse. But when he sat in the saddle he felt something like regret. Gudbrand was old and feeble, the horse was young and lively; after half an hour the cavalier had to go on foot and wearily led his horse by the bridle, for it shied and plunged at every bush by the roadside. "A bad bargain," he thought.

Then he met a man driving a pig before him. "A nail which one really wants is more valuable than a diamond which sparkles and is good for nothing," thought Gudbrand, "so my wife often says," and he exchanged the horse for a pig. That was a fine idea; but the good man had reckoned without his host—the pig was tired and would not move an inch. Gudbrand dragged the beast, he pushed it, he beat it with all his might, but all in vain! The pig remained lying in the dust like a ship stranded on a sandbank. Gudbrand was in despair.

Now a man passed by leading a goat by a string; the goat sprang merrily before him. "That might be useful to me," said Gudbrand; "I would rather have that frolicsome goat than this stupid lazy beast. Thereupon he exchanged the pig for the goat. All went on well enough for half an hour. Then the long-horned goat pulled Gudbrand on, who laughed heartily at its jumps; but when one is no longer young, one soon becomes tired of climbing over the rocks; so our farmer, when he met a shepherd with his flock, did not hesitate to give his goat for a sheep. "I have got quite enough milk," he thought, "and this animal is at least quiet, and will neither weary me nor my wife."

Gudbrand was not wrong, there was nothing quieter than that sheep. It showed no ill temper, it did not butt, but it did not go forward. It wanted to go back to the flock, and the more Gudbrand dragged it, the more pitifully it bleated. "This stupid sheep," cried

Gudbrand, angrily, "it is more whining than my neighbor's wife; how glad I should be if any one would release me from this burden!"

"The bargain is made if you like, old fellow," said a farmer who was passing by. "Take this fat goose, it is worth at least as much as that obstinate sheep." "So be it," said Gudbrand; "better to have a living goose than a dead sheep," and he took the goose with him. It was no light burden. The bird was a bad traveling companion; with beak and wings it made stout resistance. Gudbrand was soon tired of the conflict. "The goose," said he, "is a bad bird; my wife would never like to have such an one in her house." And at the first farmyard he passed on his way he exchanged the goose for a splendid cock, with magnificent feathers and comb. This time he was contented, but day was fast declining, and Gudbrand who had started before sunrise, felt his knees tatter and his stomach call for food. He entered the first public house he came to, and sold the cock for a dollar, and as he had a good appetite he gave away the last farthing to satisfy his hunger. "What use would the cock have been to me," he thought, "if I had died of hunger?"

When he came near his own farm "Gudbrand of the hill" begun to reflect over the strange journey that he had made. Before he went home he talked about it in neighbor Peter's house, who was called the Greybeard.

"Friend," said the Greybeard, "how did you get on with your business in the town to-day?"

"So, so," answered Gudbrand, "I cannot say that I had much good fortune, but I have not much to complain of," and he related everything that had happened to him.

"Neighbor," said Peter, "you have done a strange day's work, you will be badly received by your wife; I would not stand in your shoes for ten dollars."

"I may have been right or wrong," said Gudbrand of the hill, "but my wife is so good she won't say a word to me about what I have done."

"I have listened to you, neighbor, and am surprised at you; but with all the respect which I have for you I do not believe a word of what you have told me."

"Will you bet that I am right!" said Gudbrand of the hill; "I have a hundred dollars in my chest, of which I will bet you twenty. Will you do the same?" "Yes," said Peter, and that on the spot.

When the wager was concluded, the two friends went into Gudbrand's house; Peter remained standing at the room-door in order to hear what passed between Gudbrand and his wife.

"Good evening," said Gudbrand.

"Good evening," said his wife; "is it you my dear? how has to-day prospered with you?"

"Not very well, not very well," said Gudbrand. "When I reached the town, I found nobody who would buy our cow, so I exchanged it for a horse."

"For a horse!" said his wife; "that was a good plan. I thank you with all my heart; we can now drive to church like so many people who look down upon us, and are no better than we are. If it pleases us to keep a horse we have a right to do so, I think. Where is the horse? it must be taken to the stable."

"I have not brought it with me," said Gudbrand; "on the way I altered my mind and exchanged the horse for a pig."

"Do you see?" said his wife; "that is just what I should have done, too, in

your place; a thousand thanks for it. Now when my neighbors come to visit me I can place a good piece of ham before them. What do we want with a horse? People would have said: 'Look at that proud couple; they are too grand to go to church on foot.' Bring up the pig quickly under shelter."

"I have not brought the pig with me," said Gudbrand; "on the way I gave it up for a goat."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the good woman; "you are a wise and clever man. The more I think about it the more I perceive that the pig would not have been useful to us. People would have pointed to us with their fingers, and said: 'Look at those people; they eat up everything that they earn.' But a goat gives milk, gives cheese, to say nothing of the kids. Take the goat into the stable."

"Neither have I brought the goat with me," said Gudbrand of the hill. "I have exchanged it for a sheep."

"This I at once perceive," replied the mistress, "you did so for my sake; am I still so young that I can run over stones and rocks after a goat? But a sheep will give me its wool; take it into the stable."

"I have not brought the sheep," said Gudbrand. "I changed it for a goose."

"Thanks, many thanks!" said the good woman. "What would be the good of a sheep? I have no loom—weaving is hard work; and when woven one must cut and sew; it is better to buy ready-made clothes, as we have always done; but a goose, a fat goose especially, I have always wished for. I already feel an appetite for roast goose; let me see the creature at once."

"But I have not brought the goose," said Gudbrand; "I exchanged it for a cock."

"Dear friend," said the good wife, "you are wiser than I; a cock is better than a clock, which one has to wind up every week. A cock crows every morning at four o'clock; he tells us when it is time to praise God and work."

"Alas! I have not brought the cock with me; for as evening came on, I was as hungry as a hunter, and I was obliged to sell the cock for a dollar, or I should have died of hunger."

"God be praised for giving you such a good thought!" said the mistress.

"Whatever you do, Gudbrand, always seems right to me. Do we want a cock? we are our own masters. I think; nobody has anything to command us to do; we can get up when we like. As you are back here again, dear friend, I am quite happy and have no wish but that you should always stay with me."

Then Gudbrand opened the door, and cried out: "Eh, what do you say now, neighbor Peter? Go and bring your twenty dollars."

And he kissed his old wife with as much tenderness as if she were his bride.

Perhaps Not.

The other evening a carriage had to come to a dead halt to prevent running over a child three or four years old, who was seated in the centre of the street.

"Is that your child?" asked the driver of a man who lounged forward and beckoned to the dust-covered offspring.

"Guess he is," was the slow spoken answer.

"Aren't you afraid he'll be run over some day?"

"He may be. His brother was run over last year about this time, and the folks made up a purse of a hundred dollars for me!"

Perhaps the memory of that purse had nothing to do with the other child being in the road.