

## HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

BY GOTTIE.

Without haste! without rest!  
Mind the motto to thy breast!  
Beneath the sun and moon,  
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!  
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,  
Beneath the sun and moon!

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed  
Mark thee for the spirit's tread!  
Ponder well and know the right;  
Onward, then, with all thy might;  
Haste not—years can ne'er be done  
For one reckless action done!

Rest not! life is sweeping by,  
Do and dare before you die!  
Something mighty and sublime  
Leave behind to conquer time;  
Glorious 'tis to live for aye  
When these forms have passed away!

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait,  
Meekly bear the storm of fate;  
Duty be thy polar guide—  
Do the right, whatever betide!  
Haste not—rest not—conflict past,  
God shall crown thy work at last!

## "KEPT TILL CALLED FOR."

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

"It's all well enough for your high-tights to keep Christmas. Where's the use in our a-doin' it? I ain't had a square meal in a month, an' I'd rather have baked beans than plum-pudding any day. Shake the ashes out o' that old rusty pot, Doll, an' pick out what ye can for the fire. Lor! how the wind howls, an' the old roof creaks! Listen! what's that noise?"

Was it the surf beating on the rocks, or a hungry demon howling through the storm?

"I don't hear nuthin', Pop."

"But I do. Hark! there it is again!"

The fire flung a handful of half-burned coals on the fire, and then flattened his nose on the window-pane in the effort to hear what his father's keener ear had caught.

"Tain't no use, Doll; these here coals ain't no good. I'll go out an' git some drift-wood."

"It's all wet and won't burn." Doll had lugged the coals all the way from the village ash heap on account of the storm, and in hopes of having a little cheerful warmth.

"So you won't keep Christmas, Pop?" he asked, again returning to the subject they had been discussing.

"Keep it?—no. There's that noise again. I'm goin' out. Jist you stay here, an' hold on to things, or mebbe we'll be drowned out afore mornin'."

Doll held the door as his father plunged into the darkness, or the wind would have prevented its being shut again.

Wrapping himself in an old pea-jacket much too big for him, Doll sat down to wait his father's return. It was after this fashion that his thoughts ran:

"Me an' father's lived all alone here as long as I can remember. We ain't had much to eat an' drink an' wear, an' I ain't had no schoolin'. Clams is about all we've got, an' if it warn't fur clams we might as well be drowneded, an' done with it."

Then he drew from his pocket a crumpled half-sheet of an illustrated paper, and gazed longingly at the picture of a Christmas dinner party on it. Around a bountiful table were the chubby faces of well-fed children, looking with delight at an immense plum-pudding. Sprigs of holly and wreaths of evergreen, with the usual branch of mistletoe, decked the page. Besides this there was the old story in the corners—the three Wise Men on their camels in the desert, the bright star above guiding them, the old inn at Bethlehem, the manger, and the Blessed Babe.

What did it all mean? In vain he spelled out a word or two. He could not understand it.

Meantime the wind rattled at the latch, and howled down the chimney, and shrieked through every loop-hole. Doll was getting sleepy, and the fire was almost out. Why didn't Pop come back? Should he go to bed, or would he wait? Fatigue soon settled the question, for he fell asleep in the rocking-chair.

Waking late in the night, he found that the wind had died down, and the storm was over.

Where was Pop? He must find out, for he and Pop were all in all to each other. Opening the door, he crept out. He had not gone far when he saw something queer. Under a jutting rock a big bundle seemed to be lying, all twisted up with ropes and sea-weed and broken timbers.

Doll looked and looked; then he went nearer, then a little nearer still, and at last he touched the bundle cautiously. As he did so, something cried. What was it? and who was it that hugged something so tight? Surely not—yes, it was—Pop!

## II.

Doll's curiosity and fear were about equal. He knelt down and put his hand on Pop's cold face; he tried to get at his heart, but as he did so there was that cry again, and he jumped back in a fright.

How glad he was to see a little flutter of Pop's necktie, and a tiny little hand pulling at it, and Pop's eyes unclose and shut again, and his old waistcoat give a great heave!

"Pop! Pop!" cried Doll, bursting into tears, "please wake up—please do." And then Pop really did try to speak, but his voice was very low and faint.

"Take this home first, Doll," he said; and he put the strange object he was hugging into Doll's arms. "Take it home and put it in your bed; be very careful; and then come back and help me."

Doll did as he was bidden. The queer little thing struggled, and struck him with its tiny fist, and kicked against his breast with all its small strength, but he did not let go; and, after putting it on his cot, and tucking it up carefully, he hastened back to his father. Pop was badly hurt, but with Doll's help crawled home and got to bed, meanwhile giving the boy directions what to do.

Doll must go over to Granny Crane's and get the cent's worth of milk which she always let them have when they could afford the luxury, and he was to warm a few spoonfuls and feed the baby. And he wasn't to say a word about it. It was a rule among the rude people of the shore to say little about the wrecks in their

vicinity; there was no life-saving station there, and they wanted none—for reasons of their own.

So Doll got the milk, and after he had made the fire burn took the little creature on his lap and tried to feed it. He wished it had been a kitten, for then it could have fed itself; but it winked its great blue eyes at him, and spluttered and choked until he was scared out of his wits. It awakened his father, who was now groaning with pain, and to quiet it Doll thought of a way of feeding entirely original with himself—he dipped the end of a towel in the milk, and the child sucked it.

It was slow work, but it succeeded, and Doll had the happiness of seeing the hungry little creature satisfied. Then he fondled and caressed it, just as he would have done a kitten, and its warm breath was sweet as it snuggled against his rosy cheeks. All day long this was repeated, and at night he built a big fire, and drew his bed beside it, keeping the child still in his arms.

The next day he warmed water and tried to bathe it; but, between the soap-suds and the kicking and screaming, he was glad to wrap it up again in one of his own coarse but clean garments, and quiet its cries.

Still Doll was supremely happy in his new possession. He had often wished for brothers and sisters, but this was much better; it was all his own, and he took the tiny fist in his grasp with fatherly fondness, only one thing marring his joy, and that was Pop.

Poor Pop was very ill; all day long he moaned and moaned, and refused food; nothing but a little clam juice passed his lips; and Doll began to think something must be done. What the something should be he did not know, but he would try just as he had done for the baby.

When he went over to Granny Crane's for his next pennyworth of milk he asked her for some boneset, and she gave him a big bunch of the herb. This he steeped in hot water, and gave his father to drink. Pop certainly did get better after he had swallowed a big pitcherful; but there seemed to be something the matter with his legs, and Doll did not dare to touch them; so there was nothing to do but travel off five miles away, and ask Dr. Perkins to come over. It would have been too great a trial for Doll to leave the baby, so he didn't do it; he just bundled it up in an old piece of bed-quilt, and started on his journey. Fortunately he did not have to go the whole way, for he met the Doctor on the road.

The gig was going slowly, and when Doll stopped it stopped, for the Doctor's horse knew when to do this quite as well as his master.

"So something's the matter with Pop, eh?" said the Doctor. "Well, I'll come down that way before I go home. What have you got there—clams?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I was in hopes you had some—they're wanting them at home."

"I'll bring 'em sure, Doctor—soon as you take a look at Pop," answered Doll, in a great hurry to get off, and scudding away as fast as his legs could carry him.

"That was an odd sort of a bundle he carried," thought the Doctor, as he tickled his horse with his whip.

He still thought it odd when he was gently but firmly handling Pop's poor bruised body, finding one leg broken, and the other one almost as badly hurt.

Doll was crouching over his bundle in the most remote corner of the room, unaware that the Doctor's keen eye was watching him. He thought the Doctor wouldn't find out what it was, but his little charge was hungry, and he could not prevent its crying.

"Hello, Doll! that's a queer kind of a kitten," said the Doctor.

"Tain't no cat," said Doll, indignantly.

"What under the sun is it, then?"

There was no use in trying to conceal it any longer.

"It's a baby, that's what it is, an' it's mine; ain't it, Pop?" said Doll, holding his treasure closely, but still proud to show the little fair head, and fists like crumpled rose leaves.

"A baby! Good gracious! Where did you get that, Doll?"

"I didn't find it—Pop did; but I'm going to keep it till it's called for."

"It'll be a long while 'fore that's done," said Pop, feebly. "It was the only one I could save—all the rest went down. There were three men an' a woman, an' I might have saved her but for the baby. She couldn't hold on long enough, though, an' the wind was orful."

"Ah! I heard there was a schooner ashore the other night."

"That was it."

"I must make inquiries. And this child—poor little thing! 'twill have to go to the county house."

"No, it shan't," sobbed Doll. "Pop says I may keep it. It's his find, an' nobody wants it. I say, Doc, I'll bring you clams every day if you'll let it alone with me."

"Nonsense, child! How can you bring up a baby?"

"I can, an' I will," said Doll, proud and defiant.

The Doctor laughed, and turned toward his patient, who, laying his hand on his arm, said softly, "Let him be, Doc; it's Christmas, ye know, an' I ain't got nuthin' else ter give him."

## III.

Years passed, and it was Christmas Eve again and there was a storm beating on the coast, and rearing its angry waves high upon the shore; again the old rafters shook, and the shutters rattled, and the door seemed about to burst open; but it did not, for in place of the rusty latch was a good strong bolt, and within was light and cheer and comfort. A bright fire of drift-wood leaped in clear flames, the floor was covered with rag carpet, and all about the chimney, and over the windows, and half burying the dresser, with its row of shining platters, were boughs and branches of spicy cedar.

In the big easy chair in the warmest corner of the room sat an old man, with a mass of seine twine beside him; netting; opposite him a young man and a boy were playing checkers; while a young woman with a pleasant face was moving about to the tune she was humming, alternately arranging the supper

table and giving a stir to the pudding spluttering in the pot.

Presently she called them all to the table, and took the pot from the fire. The boy gave a cry of delight as he saw the plums, and even the old man hobbled a little faster as the steam curled up about the savory mess.

"It's all owing to Dick that we keep Christmas; isn't it, Doll?" said the old man.

The child looked up curiously.

"Yes, Pop," said the young man, nodding; "it's all Dick's doin's."

"How is that?" asked the young woman, with a smile toward the child, who was holding up his plate for a good thick slice of pudding.

"Why, ye see, Doll an' me jist sort o' maddening; 'it's all Dick's doin's.' We didn't care for nuthin' nor nobody, so long as we dug the clams an' kept the fire goin'; but when Dick come, it sort o' gived us a start. I never saw nuthin' like Doll arter that; he nussed that boy like an old hen with its chicks, an' ef any one looked at Dick, it riled him an' ruffled up his feathers. He watched him night an' day; he larned to read, so's he could teach Dick; he larned to sew, so's he might mend Dick's clothes, an' he larned 'rithmetic, so's he could earn money to pay Granny Crane for doin' chores for Dick. I never saw nuthin' like it, an' atween Doll an' Dick, Pop's a happy old man."

The child had listened and eaten until he could not eat no more. He now pushed away his plate, and sprang into Doll's arms, while the young woman looked proudly at the fair head leaning its curls against her husband's shoulder. At this instant there came a loud rapping at the door, and she hurriedly rose to open it, for above the din of the storm came a familiar voice.

"Hello, there! let me in," it cried. "Merry Christmas to you all!"

"Why, what on earth, Doc, has brought you out such a night as this?" said Doll, still with Dick in his arms, but rising to meet the visitor.

"Somebody a-dyin'," suggested Pop.

"Not just at present," answered the Doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, and pulling off his wet things—"not just at present. I've only called in with a little trifle for Dick, seeing it's Christmas, and to say that somebody wants—"

"Nobody wants Dick—nobody can have Dick," put in Doll, hurriedly; and the child clung to him still closer.

"Wait till I have said my say," replied the Doctor. "How do you know anybody wants him?"

"I don't. I beg your pardon, Doc. But I'm always afraid of somebody claimin' him."

"Nobody shall," whispered the boy, kissing Doll.

"Suppose somebody wants an heir to some property?"

"Well, what of that?"

"And suppose that heir happens to be a boy called Dick?"

"Nonsense!"

"Is it, indeed? Well, just read this advertisement, and this, and this—"

pulling out paper after paper and cutting after cutting, and ending with a bundle tied with red tape. "Here have I been writing letters to lawyers and all sorts of people, using all my spare time, doing my best to unravel a very much twisted skein, and these are the thanks I get."

Doll said no more but opened the papers and read. Pop, too, got out his spectacles, and plodded through a line or two, but gave up in despair.

And then they all waited, with only the crackling of the fire and the hissing of the tea-kettle breaking the silence.

At last Doll stopped reading while they all looked expectantly up at him. His face had a strange expression as he again took the fair-haired boy in his arms.

"Dick," he said, "I'm afeard it's true, an' that ye'll be a rich man."

Dick's blue eyes filled as he saw Doll's grave face, and he put his arms around Doll's neck.

"Yes, Dick, there's no doubt about it. We little thought, Pop an' I, ten years ago this very night, that the little hungry crying baby we brought home from the sea would live to be a big boy such as you, nor that, bein' a boy, ye might grow to be a man, an' a rich one at that. No, Dick, we didn't; but we loved ye all the same. An' now, Dick, ye must promise me that ye'll never forget what ye owe to the One who gave ye to Pop, and that ye'll be good—be—"

Doll could not say another word, but buried his face in Dick's curls, and there was again silence in the room, until the Doctor jumped up and made a great racket getting his things together, and coughing, and saying it was time for him to be off.

It was really true. The wealth was not so very great, but Dick, being the only survivor of both his parents, a nice little sum had been growing all this time. Had not Pop carefully saved a handkerchief and a ring with letters inside it, which he had found in a trunk washed ashore at the same time that he found Dick, there would have been much trouble in proving who the child was.

Dick, of course, had to be educated, and after a while left his humble home, but he never forgot Pop or Doll, and always spent Christmas Eve with them.—*Harper's Young Folks.*

## Hard on Young Actors.

Now it takes almost a fortune to start a theater, as it takes almost a fortune to start a newspaper. Every great or little star has his planetary company, and frequently the repertoire for the entire year consists of but one play. By this means young actors have little opportunity to progress. Their time is occupied not with studying new parts, but with traveling from town to town, from hamlet to hamlet, until all the obscurest one-night places in the United States are exhausted. This process is continued from year to year, the actor averaging one part each twelvemonth. How paralyzed he becomes in that part! How demoralized his system becomes by the broken days and nights, the interrupted sleep, the alteration of climate, the varieties of bad fare, which incessant travel obliges him to endure.—*New York Hour.*

In Mexico there are 100 Presbyterian congregations, ten native preachers, and two schools.

## AFTER VICTOR HUGO.

A Dog Fight as Viewed from an Heroic Standpoint.

CHAPTER I.

What is a bulldog?

It is a monster that transforms itself into a machine. It is a baffling ruff. It is the entrance of matter into liberty. It is a mad mass with the bounds of a tiger, the stealthiness of a mouse, the obstinacy of an ox, the unexpectedness of the surf, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs forty or fifty pounds, yet it rebounds like a child's ball. Its attack is a wild whirl abruptly cut at right angles.

The tempest ceases, the cyclone passes, the wind falls, the broken mast is replaced, the leak is stopped, the fire dies out, but the bulldog never lets go.

He has more tenacity than a Stockton bill collector.

He is Old Tenacity itself.

CHAPTER II.

You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound the bull, fascinate the bear, frighten the tiger, soften the lion, but there is no way of christianizing the bulldog.

You cannot kill him. He is dead, and at the same time he lives. He lives with a sinister life bestowed upon him by Infinity.

CHAPTER III.

The dogs were let loose. Loose? They were let fast. There was a cloud of sawdust, a muffled roar, and Grip had Tug by the throat.

Two dozen shouted "Bravo!" One of the canaille recklessly threw his hat into the air, and exclaimed: "Long live the republic!"

He was seized upon and thrown down stairs.

The unfortunate man had committed two offenses. He had broken the peace of a dog fight, and had insulted the Democrats.

But still the dogs held on. Grip tugged at Tug. Tug gripped at Grip. The red blood dampened the sawdust and smoked aggressively.

CHAPTER IV.

"Do you believe in the devil, Chevalier?" asked Mike McCarthy of Mike Mulrooney.

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In a temper?"

"No."

"In a dog fight?"

"Yes; in moments like this."

"Then only the devil can save Tug!" Tug writhed in the cast-iron grip like a soul in despair. A soul! Strange thing! You would not have thought that a bulldog had one—a soul full of hatred, and that there was cunning in that smoking, bristling, steaming mass of dog flesh.

Neither would let go. Suddenly a noise was heard at the door. Two Commissioners of Police entered with drawn clubs and cloves on their breath.

The crowd fled terror-stricken before the majesty of the law.

CHAPTER V.

A pebble may stop a log; a tree branch may turn the avalanche, and the police can stop a dog fight.

The Pygmy had taken the Thunder-bolt prisoner.

McCarthy approached the first officer. "Sir, you have saved my dog's life."

The old man resumed his impassable attitude and did not reply.—*Pen and Press.*

## "No Daddyism."

In that West, to which Horace Greeley advised young men to go when they applied to him for counsel, there is little respect for a man's ancestors. Those self-reliant Westerners, each one of whom has been the architect of his own fortune, thoroughly believe in the proverb, "Every tub must stand upon its own bottom."

Some years ago, a young man went from Boston to Chicago, where he sought a situation as clerk. Meeting with an elderly Bostonian, who was passing through the city and knew him well, he sought his aid. The gentleman went in person to a Chicago merchant and highly recommended the young man.

"He belongs," said he, "to one of the oldest of Boston families; his blood is the bluest."

"My dear sir," interrupted the merchant, "that cock won't fight in this city; there's no daddyism in Chicago."

It was in a wittier strain that President Lincoln replied to a German who, during the war, applied to him for an officer's commission. The President was so pleased by the foreigner's address and intelligence, that he promised him a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment. The applicant was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and informed the President that he had conferred a favor upon a member of one of the oldest of the noble families of Germany.

"Oh, never mind that," said old Abe, with a characteristic smile. "You'll not find that to be an obstacle to your promotion if you behave yourself."

—*Youth's Companion.*

## Superstitions of Stage People.

"Actors are a superstitious set of people, are they not?"

"Yes, as a rule, I may say they are, though the better class are no more superstitious than members of other professions. There is a vast deal of superstition among the people of this world, if you were only aware of it. The actors are, in a sense, public characters, and all of their eccentricities are readily discerned, talked about, and magnified."

"You can't get an actor to commence anything on Friday, can you? George Knight told me that he would not present a new piece on that day, because, if he was not superstitious himself, his people would be influenced by their belief in the unlucky day, and would not be at their best."

"Yes, that is all so. Actors are superstitious about Friday. Another curious notion is that the presence of a fellow clarionet in the orchestra brings bad luck. Many and many a time in my travels have I seen our manager make some member of a local band get up and take his yellow clarionet from the house. Few actors will walk under a ladder if they can help it, and a great many managers will not have a cross-eyed man in their companies. When we are traveling there is a very notice-

able aversion to rooms in boats or hotels numbered 13, and some actors will not travel in a company composed of thirteen people, nor ride from the depot to the hotel in an omnibus with thirteen passengers. I have traveled in companies of thirteen, and always had the best of success when with them. The more intelligent actors are outgrowing these superstitions, but they are handed down to them like all stage traditions, and drilled into them from childhood, so it is not strange if some of the old notions follow them through life."—*Theatrical Manager, in Marietta Leader.*

## Lincoln's Perception.

President Lincoln was not a scholar, but he was a student of human nature, and he knew men. A good illustration of the President's sagacity in dealing with men is given in the following anecdote, published in "Blue and Gray."

Jack Williams was a brave sergeant of a regiment which, undrilled and undisciplined, had joined the Army of the Potomac just as the terrible campaign of 1864 began.

Before the army reached Petersburg, Jack commanded his company, the captain and lieutenants having been killed. His gallantry was so conspicuous that he was recommended for a captaincy in the regular army.

Ordered before an examining board at Washington, Jack presented himself, dressed in a soiled, torn uniform, with bronzed face and uncut beard.

The trim, dapper officers composing the board had never been under fire nor roughed in the field, but they were posted in tactics and in the theory of war.

Though shocked at Jack's unsoldierly appearance, they asked him all sorts of questions about engineering, mathematics, ordnance and campaigns. Not a single question could Jack answer.

"What is an echelon?" asked one of the board.

"Don't know," answered Jack.

"What is an abatis?"

"Never saw one."

"A redan?"

"You fellows have got me again," replied Jack.

"Well, what is a hollow square, sir?"

"Never heard of one before; guess they don't have them down at the front, do they?"

"What would you do, sir, if you were in command of a company, and cavalry should charge on you?" asked a lispng fellow, in white kids.

"Do you fool!" thundered Jack; "I would give them Hail Columbia, that's what I'd do!"

This ended the examination, and the report of questions and answers, with the adverse judgment of the board, was sent to President Lincoln.

His private secretary read the report to him, and when he came to the only answer that Jack had given, the President said:

"Stop! read that over again."

"That's just the sort of men our army want!" said the President, taking the report and dipping his pen in the inkstand. On the back of the paper he wrote in a clear hand:

"Give this man a captain's commission."

A. LINCOLN.

A Minister's Experience with Choirs.

Is art a "service"? Does the exercise of it in divine worship partake of the spirit of the inspired counsel, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant"? This thrusting forward of a personality of display does not look like it. Once our alto asked me, as I was entering the pulpit, whether I had any objections to changing the closing hymn, for she was expecting some friends that evening, and they could not come till late, and she wanted to sing a solo. And once, at a week-day funeral, our tenor crowded me even to my embarrassment with a request that he might be permitted to precede the arrival of the train of mourners with a vocal piece in the gallery, for he had just heard that two members of the music committee of another congregation would be present, and he wished them to hear him,