

THE SCHOOL.

The other day I visited the school
Which I attended in the long ago;
It seemed the same and yet 'twas not
the same;
A stuttering boy, laboriously slow
Was drawing out a lesson from his
book,
A living image of my old schoolmate.
I earned that this boy was the son
of him
Who used to halve the day's work
on his slate
And then exchange for mine which
had the half
Which he had left undone; 'twas
nothing won
For we acquired habits slack and each
Has not half done the work he
should have done.
Ah, did the old school seem the same
to me?
The noisy children all were there;
I saw the pails and baskets sitting
neath the seats
At hand where each could break
the mistress' law
By eating lunches underneath his
desk.
There sat a boy with fingers daubed
with ink
Who reached across and blacked a
fair girl's cheek;
There stood the pail where we all
flocked to drink
When the teacher rang the bell to
open school;
Yet it seemed not to me the same
old place
For Lillian was not there and in her
seat
There sat a red haired girl with
freckled face.
The day wears on. The school is o'er
and I
Pass out in sadder and more thought-
ful mood
Than when I entered, for I there
Beheld in friendship close, the wick-
ed and the good,
The convict and the priest of future
years,
Both innocent and both as yet un-
stained
By time's contaminating influence;
The congressman in policy untrain-
ed,
The lawyer with forensic crops of wit
Which now in tiny shoots first
breaks the soil,
The doctor with his medicines un-
mixed;
The country clown, content with
honest toil;
The Christian girl whose soul in
heathen lands
Desires to seek the mission of its
birth;
The fair young maid who will but use
her sex
As merchandise and seek to know
its worth
But as a thing which she may sell
for gold;
The poor man's wife whose world
is in her home;
The rich man's wife in rags of love-
less wealth;
The malcontent who far and wide
will roam
And seek for that which he can never
find,
That gem, contentment. Thus they
pass along,
A merry group of merry boys and
girls,
Receptacles of latent right and
wrong

—O. M. H.

A wealthy Englishman has a coach-
man who recently took a wife.
A week or two later the former asked
his employe how they were getting
on. "Oh," replied the bridegroom,
"my wife thinks money grows on

trees. All the time she keeps pes-
terin' me for some change. If it ain't
half a crown, its a shilling or less
she wants." "What on earth does
she do with the money?" said the
other in surprise. "I dunno," was
the reply. "Haven't ever give her
none yet."

Mrs. Blank, wife of a prominent
minister near Boston, had in her
employ a recently engaged colored
cook as black of the proverbial ace
of spades. One day Mrs. Blank said
to her: "Matilda, I wish that you
would have oatmeal quite often for
breakfast. My husband is very fond
of it. He is Scotch, and you know
that the Scotch eat a great deal of
oatmeal." "Oh, he is Scotch, is he?"
said Matilda. Well, now do you know
I was thinkin' all along dat he wasn't
jes like us."—Woman's Home Com-
panion.

Two Russian Jews, who had agreed
to take a bath, went to a bathing es-
tablishment, where they were given
tubs in the same apartment. They
had finished their ablutions, and were
rubbing themselves dry, when one of
them, looking into the tubs, ex-
claimed: "Vy, Isaac, your water vas
dirtier dan mine." "Vell," responded
Isaac, "I vas t'ree years older than
you vas."

Young Smith was paying devoted
court to a rich and beautiful girl,
and a successful result seemed inev-
itable when disaster unspeakable
wrecked his chances forever. One
morning Smith discovered that the
next day was her birthday, and in-
formed her poetically that on the morrow
he would send her a bouquet of
roses, one rose for each year. That
night he wrote a note to his florist
ordering the immediate delivery of
twenty roses to the young lady. The
florist read the order and thought he
would please the young man by im-
proving on it, so he said to his clerk:
"Here's an order from young Smith
for twenty roses. Smith has been one
of my best customers lately. Put in
ten more for good measure."

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