

WHAT POLLY SAID.

Margaret Sidney,

'We are invited to a party, Tom,' said Babette. 'All right,' replied Tom coolly, who looked at parties in general as necessary evils to be borne after much pulling of hair, washing up, and donning of best clothes.

'It is to May Blossom's,' said Babette, in great satisfaction, still waving the notes. 'And what do you think? She wants me to bring Polly.'

'Oh, I'm going to take Polly,' cried Tom in alarm at anyone else escorting Miss Parrot. 'Give me my note, do, Babette,' holding firmly to his affectionate friend meanwhile.

'No, Polly must go with me,' exclaimed Babette, decidedly, resigning Tom's invitation. 'It is most proper, Tom.'

'Hoh—hoh!' opening his little white envelope. 'She wants me to bring Polly.' He danced from one end of the room to the other in great glee, Polly in high good-nature, flapping her wings and screaming shrilly. 'Hoh—hoh!'

'It can't be possible,' cried Babette, running after him, to be drawn into the whirl, 'do stop Poll. It can't be so, Tom,' she repeated breathlessly. 'I never heard of two people asked to bring the same one—never!'

'Look for yourself, then,' said Tom, in triumph, stopping suddenly to flash the note before her eyes, 'there, and there.'

'I AM SO AFRAID' printed May on her mother's dainty, crested paper, 'THAT BABBETTE WILL FORGET TO BRING POLLY, THAT I WANT YOU TO BRING HER TOO.'

'There—didn't she ask me to bring her—didn't she—didn't she—didn't she?' Then he began to dance again.

'Because I would forget, she said,' cried Babette wildly, trying to be heard. 'But I sha'n't forget. I shall remember just like everything. Nursey, make him let me carry Polly,' she appealed, the tears in her voice.

'I shall carry her,' declared Tom in a tone that brooked no interference.

'And I shall,' cried Babette, in another to match, every tear-note gone.

And there they were in a quarrel, and the clock said, five minutes to school-time!

'Naughty—naughty—naughty!' screamed Polly, her glee all gone. 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite.'

Tom flushed all over his brown little face to the roots of his hair, while Babette turned quite white; and both children stood motionless to look in each other's faces.

'She means us,' at last Babette gasped. 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,' repeated the parrot solemnly. 'Let little—'

'Stop!' cried Tom, with a small shake.

'O Babette I can't stop her.'

'Let dogs delight,' chattered the parrot as fast as she could, and pointing one claw at them. 'For *Shame!*—bark and bite—for *Shame!*'

Babette shivered from head to foot, and turned to the window.

Tom ran to the closet and thrust the parrot within, she screaming—'Let dogs delight—for *shame!* Let dogs delight to bark and bite—for *shame!*'

'Do let her out, Tom,' implored Babette, flying back to the middle of the nursery. 'It sounds so very much worse in there. I can't bear it.'

'Babette,' said Tom with a very red face, 'I rather let you take her, I think.'

'No' cried Babette generously, 'you shall take her, Tom, indeed you shall.'

'I'll tell you,' said Tom after a bit of thought, 'we'll both take her. Why didn't me think of that before? 'And I shall buy her a new hat, since she has chewed her old one.'

'And I will make a sweet cunning lace bib,' announced Babette, seizing her brother's hand, so she won't soil her beautiful feathers at supper. Now please let her out Tom.'

'Come along, Polly,' said Tom, throwing wide the door.

There sat Polly on the floor all huddled up next to the shoe-box. She arose, shook her feathers, and looking sharply at the two children said, 'Good,' and waddled out.

A REMARKABLE SHEPHERD DOG.

Near Salt Lake City, in Utah, there lives a shepherd dog of extraordinary intelligence. It is the dog's duty to drive a cow to pasture on meadows along the river known as the Jordan.

A lunch for the dog is tied up in paper and fastened to his collar. He will drive the cow to where there is good pasture, and on hot days will then lie down in the shadow she casts, moving along as the cow moves, and thus keeping constantly in the shade.

He does not touch his lunch till noon, when he slips the collar from his head, tears off the paper and eats the food. He will then, with his paw, push the collar back over his head, and toward evening, will bring his charge home.

Humane Journal.

CONVERSION OF A DRUNKARD.

Jacob Parsons was a brick-layer, who had by honest industry and frugality, aided by marriage acquired an independent competency, and lived happily with his family, in a town in Massachusetts. In accordance with the usages of society at the time in which he lived he was accustomed to the use both of alcoholic beverages and tobacco.

These habits grew upon him, until about the year 1814. He then gave up laboring, and spent his whole time in going from tavern to tavern for the distance of a dozen miles or so around his home, treating and being treated at each. For ten years he continued this course of wandering, drinking, smoking and chewing tobacco. He is described at this period as "A vulgar, noisy, disagreeable person of very weak mind, and profane beyond description." His appearance was brutal. "His physical powers were nearly exhausted." He could scarcely walk. His speech was so impaired by constant dissipation it was with difficulty that he could be understood. The few words he could use, were vulgar and blasphemous. His death was daily expected. He never entered a place of worship, and refused to listen to religious conversation.

His wife is described as a diffident, shrinking, pious woman, for whom he never wholly lost his respect or affection, even in his worst moods. He had two sons and one daughter. His family was well respected and beloved in the circles where it was known.

One night in the summer of 1824, Parsons returned from his accustomed daily tramp, and retired to bed in his usual half stupefied condition. The next morning to the utter astonishment of his family, he met them with a serious countenance, and apparently sober. He neither drank his rum, smoked his pipe nor swore. Instead of starting off on his daily tramp he took down his Bible, and in silence began to read. He said nothing by way of explaining the change in his conduct but continued to read the Bible.

The following spring he again started the round of his former visitations, seeking his old associates in vice and wickedness, warning them of the danger of continuing in their present course of sin, telling them of the Savior he had found. Having no confidence in him, they only laughed and swore at him in return. He then sought out the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, around his former haunts—read from his Bible and prayed with them. Everybody was amazed. Most thought it a crazy freak, that would soon pass away. Nothing could induce him to swear—tempt him to drink or to smoke.

Twice was he refused admission into the church, but his uniformly consistent conduct, his patience, his sweet and quiet temper, won his way, and he was at length received into membership in the congregation of his choice. It is claimed that no faltering step could be laid to his charge from that

time to the day of his death, thirty five years after.

Like Job formerly, the most painful afflictions awaited him. All of which were borne with fortitude and Christian resignation. His wife died. His daughter died of a lingering Epilepsy. His younger son, after failing in business died. The elder was instantly killed while about his work.

Left thus alone he became blind. His property wasted away, and he was obliged to live in a humble cottage on the charity of his friends.

His own account of this great change in his life so suddenly—in one night—is thus related;—

"During that night Jesus appeared to me. His face, seemed so pure, so lovely, and so friendly, that when I awoke I forgot my old vices, so loved my Savior that I could not displease Him." "He did not speak; He only looked at me; and his look told me that there was hope for me—that I could be forgiven—I could be purified. I looked at Him and cried like a child. I felt that I was a vile, miserable wretch. I cannot tell how I felt. When I looked at Him I was too happy to be afraid, but when I looked at myself, I was too afraid to be happy. As soon as I could see in the morning I got my Bible, which I had not opened for years, and read how Christ cleansed the lepers, and healed the blind beggar. I forgot all about rum and tobacco, I was thinking so much of Christ, so pure, so lovely, so beautiful, so friendly. He was all heaven, all grace and beauty." So he lived, a pattern of meekness and patience, until he fell asleep in Jesus.

"The ways of God are past finding out," and if, in his inscrutable wisdom, He has seen meet to magnify the cleansing and saving power of His Grace, by manifesting His mercy to one of the vilest of men unsought—as He has declared, "I am found of them that sought not for me"—we must not infer that we may presumptuously go on in sin. Justice is as much an attribute of God as mercy. If we go on wilfully adding sin to sin against Light and knowledge, we may find before we are aware, that God will not be mocked, and that, though He tarry long, Retributive Justice will overtake, and fall heavily upon us.

"Wonderful indeed is the civilization of the nineteenth century. Ask the millions of armed men why they fight and they are at a loss to reply, it suffices that one whom they are taught to regard as a superior being says: 'The honor of our country demands the sacrifice of your lives.'

A man in a frenzy of passion commits a murder, or driven by hunger commits a theft; justice punishes, and clamor condemns him. A ruler sends thousands to destruction and seizes a province, the people glorify him and the priests give thanks to the Deity. By what mental aberration do people regard the murder of a man as a crime, to be punished by death, and the slaughter of thousands as a glorious act?" French Paper.