



S.A. Newcomb



Loving greetings I enclose
 In the petals of a Rose
 Fragrant as her scented breath
 Tell her gently pass to death
 May its life be all its close
 Thoughtless too as many a Rose

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Baker ANNE WATTS
Collection, 1864-1896 and undated
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LIFE'S BRIGHTEST HOUR.

(From New York Ledger.)

Not long since, a gentleman who was assessed for more than a million, Silver was in his hair, care upon his brow, and he stood beneath his burden of wealth. We were speaking of that period of life when we had realized the most perfect enjoyment or rather, when we had found the happiness nearest to be unalloyed.—“I'll tell you,” said the millionaire, when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of one-and-twenty I had saved up \$800. I was earning \$500 a year, and my father did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay for my board. At the age of twenty-two I had secured a pretty cottage, just outside the city. I was able to pay two-thirds of the money down, and also to furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday—a Sunday in June—at my father's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth of her womanhood. The Sabbath and Sabbath night we passed beneath my father's roof, and on Monday morning I went to my work, leaving my mother and sister to help in preparing my home. On Monday evening when the labors of the day were done, I went not to my parental shelter, as in the past, but to my own home. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in the memory. I opened the door of my cottage and entered. I laid my hat upon the little stand in the hall, and passed on to the kitchen; our kitchen and dining-room were all in one then. I pushed the door open and I was—in heaven! The table was set against the wall—the evening meal was ready—prepared by the hands of her who had come to be my helpmate indeed as well as in name—and by the table, with a throbbing expectant look upon her lovely and loving face, stood my wife. I tried to speak, and could not. I could only clasp the waiting angel to my bosom, thus showing to her the estate which was the burden of my heart. The years have passed—long, long years—and

worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honored and envied; but as true as heaven—I would give it all—every dollar—for the joy of that June evening in the long, long ago!”

New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you.
A hope for me and a hope for you.
All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night
hasshed.
Yesterday now is a part of forever;
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days, and bad days
which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and
their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful
night.
Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in His mercy receive and forgive them;
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours and to-day alone.
Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all re-born,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn,
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.
Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.
—Susan Coolidge, in Christian Union.

THE FARMER'S SEVENTY YEARS.

Ah, there he is, lad, at the plow;
He beats the boys for work,
And whatso'er the task might be
None ever saw him shirk.
And he can laugh, too, till his eyes
Run o'er with mirthful tears,
And sing full many an old-time song
In spite of seventy years.
“Good morning, friends! 'tis twelve o'clock,
Time for a half-hour's rest.”
And farmer John took out his lunch
And ate it with a zest.
“A harder task it is,” he said,
“Than following up these steers,
Or mending fences, far, for me
To feel my seventy years.
“You ask me why I feel so young,
I'm sure, friends, I can't tell,
But think it is my good wife's fault
Who's kept me up so well
For women such as she are scarce
In this poor vale of tears;
She's given me love, and hope, and strength
For more than forty years.
“And then, my boys have all done well,
As far as they have gone,
And that thing warms an old man's blood,
And helps him up and on.
My girls have never caused a pang,
Or raised up anxious fears;
Then wonder not that I feel young
And hale at seventy years.
“Why don't my good boys do my work
And let me sit and rest?
Ah, friends, that wouldn't do for me;
I like my own way best.
They have their duty, I have mine,
And till the end appears,
I mean to smell the soil, my friends,”
Said the man of seventy years.

—New York Sun.

When We Are Old and Gray.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

When we are old and gray, love,
When we are old and gray,
When at last 'tis all, all over,
The turmoil of the day,
In the still soft hours of even,
In our life's fair twilight time,
We'll look upon the morn, love,
Upon our early prime.
“Thank God for all the sweet days!”
We'll whisper while we may,
When we are old and gray, love,
When we are old and gray.

When we were young and gay, love,
When we were young and gay,
When distant seemed December,
And all was golden May;
Amid our life's hard turmoil,
Our true love made us brave,
We thought not of the morrow,
We reck'd not of the grave;
So far seemed life's dim twilight,
So far the close of day,
When we were young and gay, love,
When we were young and gay.

Now we are old and gray, love,
Now we are old and gray,
The night-tide shadows gather,
We have not long to stay.
The last sere leaves have fallen,
The bare bleak branches bend,
Put your dear hands in mine, love,
Thus, thus we'll wait the end.
“Thank God for all the gladness!”
In peaceful hope we'll say,
Now we are old and gray, love,
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How Happy I'll Be.

A little one played among the flowers,
In the blush and bloom of summer hours;
She twined the buds in a garland fair,
And bound them up in her shining hair.
“Ah me,” said she, “how happy I'll be
When ten years more have gone over me
And I am a maiden fair, with youth's bright
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Flushing my cheek and lighting my brow!”

A maiden mused in a pleasant room,
Where the air was filled with a soft perfume;
Vases were near of antique mould,
Beautiful pictures rare and old,
And she, of all the loveliness there,
Was by far the loveliest and most fair.
“Ah me!” sighed she, “how happy I'll be
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Light of my life, my spirit's pride,
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Thy strength shall be my strength and tower.”

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Almost ready to leave the earth;
Feeble and frail, the race she had run
Had borne her along to the setting sun.
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When the world fades out with its weary strife,
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'Tis thus we journey from youth to age,
Longing to turn to another page,
Striving to hasten the years away,
Lighting our hearts with the future ray;
Hoping in earth till its visions fade,
Wishing and waiting, through sun and shade;
Turning, when earth's last tie is riven,
To the beautiful rest that remains in heaven.

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Painted by Thomas Ford, R.A.

Engraved & Printed by William Smith.

CONQUERED, BUT NOT SUBDUED.

Engraved expressly for Henson's Magazine.

A Sign Board.

BY MISS ELLA WHEELER, OF WISCONSIN.

I will paint you a sign, rumseller,
And hang it above your door;
A truer and better sign board
Than ever you had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rumseller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rumseller,
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor,
Holding in either hand.
He wavers, but you urge him;
"Drink! pledge me just this one!"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

I will paint the form of the mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side—
Her beautiful boy, that was dearer
Than all of the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
Labeled with one word, "LOST!"
I will paint all this, rumseller,
And paint it free of cost.

The sin, and the shame and sorrow,
The crime and sin and woe,
That is born there in your rumshop,
No hand CAN paint you know;
But I'll paint you a sign, rumseller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

A Common Story.

In the streets of a Christian city
I saw a house lit up;
Where they sit at night in the white gaslight,
And pass the poison cup.

I saw men there throw freely down
The coin that is children's blood,
While the women cry and the babies die
At home for want of food.

There the hand of the cunning workman
Is palsied in his youth;
And the eye is bleared and the heart is sear'd,
Till it knows no love nor truth;

For they drink of the burning goblet
That makes of man a brute;
Till the image within is changed by sin,
And the voice of God is mute.

O men of this dear, Christian land!
Fathers, with children and wives!
What will ye say, on the Judgment Day,
When Christ shall ask of your lives?

Ye had children, and homes, and money enough,
And minds to learn and think—
The gifts God gave, with a soul to save—
And ye barter'd them all for drink!

John Ellis, M. D., of the Swedenborgian Church, published two large books, in which he reviewed the testimony of physicians, scholars, clergymen, and scientific men, taking the ground that unfermented wine should be used at the communion table. In his latest book, published in the present year, he quotes the following:

Is it nothing to you, O Christians,
As ye sit around the board,
Where the feast is spread before you,
And the rich-hued wine is poured,
That a mighty spirit of evil
Dwells in that bright wine's flow,
That pleasure floats on the surface,
But danger is hiding below?

LICENSED.

BY R. B. —, SHELBY CO., MO.

Licensed to make the strong man weak,
Licensed to lay the lofty low,
Licensed a wife's fond heart to break,
And make the children's tears to flow.

Licensed to do thy neighbor harm,
Licensed to kindle hate and strife,
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm,
Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed thy neighbor's purse to drain,
And rob him of an honored caste,
Licensed to heat his feverish brain,
Till madness crown its work at last.

Licensed like the spider for the fly,
To spread a net for man thy prey,
To mock his struggles up on high,
Then cast the worthless hulk away.

Licensed where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit man for a hell below.

Those people who are trying to get to heaven on their creed will find out at last that they didn't have a thru ticket.

Too long courtships are not always judicious; the partys often tire out skoreing before the trot begins.

One quart ov cheep whiskey (the cheaper the better) judiciously applied, will do more business for satan than the smartest deacon he has got.

Go Feel What I Have Felt.

(By a young lady who was told that she was a monomaniac in her hatred of alcoholic liquor.)

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding fear.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go to my mother's side
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth
But who, foresworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light
And all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's child!

Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see or hear or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell!

A Sermon on Malt.

[From the New York Journal of Commerce.]

One evening a century ago a small party of rollicking youths in England caught a clergyman who was on his way home from a visit to the sick, and forcing him into the stump of a hollow tree, refused to let him go until he had preached a sermon from a text they would give him. On his consent they gave him the word MALT. Several subscribers have asked us at different times to print this discourse. We searched in vain for it in all the libraries of the city, but remembering that we saw it first fifty years ago in the album of a lady long since gathered to her fathers, we sent a note to a survivor of the family to ask if it was still accessible. By return mail we received the following copy:—

A SERMON ON MALT.

Beloved, let me crave your attention, for I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a brief sermon from a small text, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit. And now, beloved, my text is *Malt*; which I cannot divide into sentences, because there are none; nor into words, there being but one; nor into syllables, because upon the whole it is but a monosyllable; I must, therefore, as necessity enforceth me, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four, viz: M—A—L—T.

M—my beloved, is Moral,
A—is Allegorical,

L—is Literal, and
T—is Theological.

The Moral is well set forth to teach you Rustics good manners; wherefore, M—my masters, A—all of you, L—leave off, T—tippling.

The Allegorical is when one thing is spoken of and another is meant; now, the thing spoken of is *Malt*, but the thing meant is strong *Beer*, which you rustics make, M—meat, A—apparel, L—liberty, and T—treasure.

The Literal is, according to the letters, M—much, A—ale, L—little, T—trust. Much ale and little trust.

The Theological is, according to the effects which it works; firstly, in this world; secondly, in the world to come.

And first, its effects are, in some, M—murder, in others, A—adultery, in all, L—looseness of life, and in many, T—treason. Secondly, in the world to come, in some, M—misery, in others, A—anguish, in some, L—languishing, and in others, T—torment.

I shall conclude the subject, first, by way of exhortation; wherefore: M—my masters, A—all of you, L—listen, T—to my text.

Secondly, by way of caution; therefore, M—my masters, A—all of you, L—look for, T—the truth. And thirdly, by communicating the *truth* which is this:

A *Drunkard* is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the ale-house's benefactor; the constable's trouble; his wife's woe; his children's sorrow; his neighbor's plague; his own shame; a walking swill tub; the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man!

WORK TOGETHER.

If all men had the self-same mind,
And sought the same position,
The world would be, as you'll agree,
Chaotic in condition.
Thus some must sow, and some must reap,
And some must plow the mighty deep;
And some must wake while others sleep—
Each has his given mission.

And tho' they seek quite different paths,
In bright and cloudy weather,
And seem to stray, each his own way,
They really work together;
The one who weaves, the one who knits,
The one who cuts, and he who fits,
Bound by a silken tether.

Thus the great world thrives and grows,
As each man helps his brother,
The great and small, the short and tall,
They all help one another.
For some must print and some must fold,
Some must carve and some must mold,
And some count silver, script and gold,
Each one pursuit or other.

Then banish envy from our hearts,
And keep your soul well lighted,
The world should be, as you'll agree,
At peace and all united.
The water course will turn the wheel—
The mill will grind the corn and meal—
And God will reign through woe and weal,
And every wrong be righted.

The Wife's Lament.

BY DR. C. H. PIERSON.

Alone! yes, all alone!
Husband to the haunt has gone,
Where the deadly luring cup
Burns the pure affections up!
Where the poison chalice dire
Blasts the brain with liquid fire;
Where the mocking, maddening bowl
Kills the body, damns the soul.
Gone there! yes, he's gone
Leaving me to weep alone.

Alone! ah, yes, alone;
From my clinging love he's gone
To the dens where that is doled,
Which to drink e'en Heaven is sold;
Where the good and true and brave
Sick beyond all power to save,
Dead to hope and pierced with pain,
To virtue, peace and honor slain.
Gone, gone; yes, he's gone,
And I wait and weep alone.

Great God, hear my moan,
Can I live while he is gone
Where the drunkard orgies keep
Fit to make an angel weep!
Where the low and loathsome song
Pleases well the brutish throng;
Where with idiotic leer
At the God of grace they jeer!
Oh God, hear my moan.
Let me die while he is gone!

Gone, gone, two are gone
To the grave so damp and lone;
There no father's oath can fright them,
There no father's rage shall smite them.
Never, when he staggers in
With brutal threat and fiendish din,
Need their mother trembling stand
To shield them from his murderous hand.
Gone, gone, two are gone
To the grave so dark and lone.

Gone, gone, two are gone,
One is left; the youngest born.
* * * * *
Hush! I hear his step—he's come
Reeling to his wretched home
With maniac glare and fetid breath.—
A festering corpse, a living death!
Oh darling babe, it drives me wild
To know you are a drunkard's child.
Gone, gone, two are gone,
Grave, hide from him the youngest born.

Alone! yes, still alone,
Sleeps he stupidly and prone
On the hard and naked floor:—
Will he waken nevermore?
Curses on the cruel trade
That of him a ruin made,
Stole away our daily bread,
Robbed the household of its head,
Poisoned every wedded bliss,
Plunged us in a woe like this!
Gone, gone, all is gone,
And I wait for death alone.

No Drunkards There.

There is a beautiful land, we are told,
With rivers of silver, streets of gold;
Bright the beings whose shining feet
Wander along each quiet street;
Sweet is the music that fills the air—
No drunkards there.

No garrets are there, where the weary wait,
Where the room is cold and the hour is late;
No pale-faced wife, with looks of fear,
Listens for steps she dreads to hear;
The hearts are freed from pain and care—
No drink is sold there.

Father, look down from thy throne, I pray;
Hasten, oh hasten a better day;
Help us to work as a Temperance band,
To drive the demon from the land;
Help us to wipe away each tear
Which drink brings here.

Us Boys.

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all the fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all, now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own all this property then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now tell me—did you ever in going along the street notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon doors waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys," shouted the unabashed youngsters. —[Inter Ocean.

WHAT THE PLEDGE DID.

Forty years ago Father Mathew went up and down Ireland as the apostle of temperance. He administered the pledge as a religious rite. Hundreds of men and women would kneel before the good priest on the greensward, as he recited the pledge, and then going from one to the other, made the sign of the cross on the forehead, saying, "God give you strength to keep your resolution!"

A gentleman relates how he once tested the force of the pledge on an Irish guide. He was impatient to get on, and refused the man permission to change his dress for a more respectable one. The afternoon was raw and cold, and they drew up on the summit of a mountain to take some refreshment. The guide partook of the sandwiches, but declined the flask of whiskey. The tourist to test him laid down a crown-piece and said, "Now, my lad, you shall have that if you will take a sup of whiskey."

"Not for ten thousand times the crown-piece, nor for all the lands you see, would I touch a single drop. Your honor must hear me."

"There wasn't in the county of Wicklow a greater blackguard than I was—fighting and drinking I was all day and all night; the rags I had on were not worth a traueen; and often the prates I ate I begged from a poor neighbor."

"The old granny that lived with me starved and prayed. There was but one house in the place, or near it, would open the door to me: that one was the public house, where I spent all the little I earned."

"That was the way of it, yer honor. How is it now? It isn't this coat I'd have worn if you'd given me time to change it, for I have a better one, and a top coat besides."

"If you'd gone into my cabin you'd say you'd seldom seen one more comfortable; and you'd have noticed the old grandmother sitting on her hunkers knitting by the side of a turf fire."

"There isn't a neighbor, boy or girl, that wouldn't say to me, 'God save ye kindly'; and I have five pounds in the savings bank; and when I make it ten there's one I'll ask to share the cabin with the old woman and me."

"Now that I've told yer honor what I have to tell, and how all that is the work of the pledge I took, will yer honor ask me to break it, and take the poison drop from yer hand?"

"It is needless to say," said the tourist, "I was greatly touched. My answer was instant."

"Indeed, my lad, I will not, but I will at least pay you this compliment, and I flung the flask over the cliff, far into the lake beneath. The guide literally danced for joy."

At Set of Sun.

If we set down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word,
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then we may count that day well spent.

But if through all the life-long day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we could trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face,
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

In the Shadow.

BY KATE PUTNAM.

How green the woods and the meadows grow!

It makes me, somehow, sad to-day.

I am not like other boys, I know,

That shout in their summer play.

My mind has just a glimmer of light;

Enough to render its darkness plain:

I know that a never ending night

Shadows my feeble brain.

Sometimes in the warm, sweet hay I hide,

And people who find me where I lie,

Drawing their clothes from mine aside,

Silently pass me by—

Pass me by with a haughty stare,

A careless glance of wondering scorn:

Seeming to ask, with that chilling air,

Why such a creature was born.

I wonder myself, sometimes, and yet

I never trouble the bird or bee!

The spider hangs from his swinging net,

And is not afraid of me.

The trout that ripple the meadow brook

Change not for me their wavering line;

And the big brown eyes of my spaniel look

Lovingly up in mine.

Kinder than men, the corn's wild grace

Starts not aside from where I stand;

Its whispering silk blows over my face,

Its cool blades kiss my hand.

I fancy it tries to comfort me,

Feeling, perhaps, I love it so;

Loving me even a little, may be,

For the beautiful things I know!

For I know where the trailing May-vine lies,

And the wild-rose briars are all ablush;

Where the violets open their wondering eyes

At the waterfall's hidden gush.

I know the path to the willow spring,

And every curve of the river's sweep;

I think my feet, in their wandering,

Could follow it fast asleep!

When the woods are full of a fresh spring smell,

And the hum-bird's wing goes whispering by,

I lie on the bank, and cannot tell

Whether to laugh or cry!

It seems to my eyes so strange and sweet!

It seems to my heart so strange and sad!

Troubling my thought with an incomplete

Something I might have had:

A power whose presence would change my fate!

A beauty my life has missed forever!

A voice whose melody comes too late

By meadow and wood and river!

I kiss the lips of the little flower

That lifts its sweet face over the grass;

And hold my hand to the summer shower

That sprinkles the water's glass.

I long to clasp the earth and the sky,

And strain the sun to my yearning heart!

Better to follow the light and die,

Than live in my darkness apart.

I know I am simple and poor and plain;

But I think, when my soul goes up above,

That God will remember my earthly pain

Only to double his love!

Courage, Faint Heart!

"Dear God, I am so weary of it all,
I fain would rest me for a little space.
Is there no great rock where the shadows fall,
That I may cast me down and hide my face?"

"I work and strive, sore-burdened and afraid,
The road is flinty and the way is long,
And the weak staff whereby my steps are staid
Bends like a reed when bitter winds are strong.

"I shrink in terror from the endless task,
I look with horror on the barren land,
And ask, as only hopeless hearts can ask,
The meaning of my days to understand!"

"Weary?" And who is not
That bears life's burdens faithfully?
Trudge yet
A little longer. When your sun has set
You will have reached the spot
Where you may rest.

"Afraid?" Afraid of what?
What does earth hold that can compare
With God's omnipotence? Trust to his care,
Make faith in him your staff—
It will not bend.

Poor soul! And don't you know,
Without the work, and strife, and weary days,
You would not long for rest? These are God's
ways
That win you from the life below
Up to his rest.

You "shrink!" O coward heart!
You've but a day's work in a day to do.
The meaning of the days you'll sometime
know.
Your task lies with each part,
To do it well.

"Hopeless?" and heaven remains?
I see. You are not willing to be led.
You would know why and where you go, and
dread
The trackless, barren plains
That lie beyond.

Your weariness shows just
The measure of the help you need. The way
That's hidden, the point at which your steps
must stay,
God's care begins. So trust,
And he will lead.

—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

"He Knoweth the Way that I Take."

(FROM THE LONDON CHRISTIAN WORLD).

I know not—the way is so misty—
The joys or the griefs it may bring,
What clouds are o'erhanging the future,
What flowers by the roadside shall spring;
But there's One who will journey beside me,
Nor in weal nor in woe will forsake;
And this is my solace and comfort—
"He knoweth the way that I take."

I stand where the cross-roads are meeting,
And know not the right from the wrong;
No beckoning fingers direct me,
No welcome floats to me in song;
But my Guide will soon give me a token
By wilderness, mountain or lake—
Whatever the darkness about me,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

And I know that the way leadeth homeward
To the land of the pure and the blest,
To the country of ever-fair summer,
To the city of peace and of rest;
And there shall be healing for sickness,
And fountains, life's fever to slake.
What matters beside? I go heavenward—
"He knoweth the way that I take."

Somebody's Mother.

The woman was old, and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the cross-roads crossing she waited long,
Fostled by the carless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Fast the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low:
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were young and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor and slow;
And some one, sometime, may lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand?
If ever she's poor, and old and gray,
And her own dear boy so far away."

"Somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to that noble boy
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But Heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And "somebody's mother's" prayer was heard.
—[Boston Globe.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.

"Little Annie Wilder has joined the church," said Mrs. Fielding to her friend, Mrs. Brewster.

"Joined the church! well I must say I don't believe in filling the church with children, and such, material, too. I don't believe Annie Wilder knows how to read."

"And her mother is such a low-lived termagant," added the first speaker.

"Yes, and that isn't the worst of it, she takes a drap too much, I am told."

"Say a great many drops, and you will get nearer the truth," was the reply.

This bit of dialogue took place in Mrs. Fielding's pretty parlor in a certain suburb.

It happened that not long thereafter Annie Wilder came to Mrs. Fielding's and asked for work. She was set to washing dishes and cleaning vegetables, and a most efficient little hand maiden she proved. She was as gay as a bird, warbling snatches of hymn and song, as she hurried from one task to another.

One day Mrs. Fielding said:

"Annie, I wonder you are not more serious since you joined the church. It is a responsibility to be a church member, and religion is a serious thing."

Annie paused in her work, looked at the lady with her sweet, truthful eyes, and said:

"I don't know what you mean ma'am."

"I feared as much," said Mrs. Fielding, lugubriously. Child, do you know what it is to join the church?"

"It means being on Jesus' side," said Annie, her face radiant; "and oh! I love him so that I can't help singing!"

"But," said Mrs. Fielding, "don't you have any fears, any struggles?"

"Why should I, ma'am?" asked the child, her clear eyes opening wide.

The lady said no more, but shook her head ominously as she walked away.

The hot weather came on; family trials were onerous; nobody had an appetite; the children were cross; papa was critical. One morning Mrs. Fielding felt particularly out of condition. The sun, but a little way on his journey, shone with noonday intensity. Not a leaf stirred. The breakfast was tasteless. The flies were aggravating. I don't know how it happened; but it only takes a little spark to make an explosion when the train is laid. Some unguarded word was spoken, a temper blazed, a child was slapped and sent from the table; sharp words followed; then recriminations, tears, a downright quarrel.

"Oh, the trouble of living!" groaned Mrs. Fielding, when husband and children were out of the house and she was left alone. "I cannot bear it!" and she gave herself up to hysterical sobbing.

By-and-by when the storm was a little cleared away, came Annie, her face serene, her eyes soft and untroubled.

"Please excuse me ma'am, for being so late," she said, "but mother was bad this morning and wouldn't let me come."

"What is the matter with her?"

The child blushed.

"She has been drinking, I suppose," said Mrs. Fielding.

Annie raised her arm at that minute, and there on the soft, fair flesh, was the livid mark of a blow.

"Please don't ask me, ma'am; it's nothing."

"Your mother has been beating you—and what a face! You look as if you hadn't a trouble in the world. How can you bear such things?"

"I keep saying 'em over, ma'am."

"Saying what over?"

"The charity verses. I said 'em so fast I didn't hear mother very plain."

"What do you mean?"

"'Love suffereth long and is kind,' isn't it beautiful, ma'am?" and the child's face glowed. "And then, when I started to come here," she continued, "and I couldn't help feeling bad and lonesome, and I thought of another verse: 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' Always ma'am—think of that! It means Jesus ma'am; and oh, I love him so!"

Mrs. Fielding went to her own room, dumb before the wisdom of an ignorant child. Presently Anna's voice came floating out on the stifling air. She was singing:

"His loving kindness, O how great!"

Imaginary Evils.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late.
If to hope over much be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred,
And how oft have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occurred.

Have faith—and thy faith will sustain thee—
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible hands to embrace thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By this spirit supported and gladdened;
Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterred;
Just think how oft hearts have been saddened,
By fear of what never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We can make it still shorter by sorrow—
Still shorter by folly and fear.
Half our troubles are our own invention,
And often from blessings conferred;
Yet we shrink in wild apprehension
From evils that never occurred.

THE UNSEEN HAND.

BY EMMA PITT.

I placed my hand in the Hand of God
In the years of the long ago,
With a thrill as sweet as the mother-love,
And pure as the mountain snow.
I linked my little life to Christ
In my youthful days of hope,
Then Jesus, with his gentle touch,
The pearly gates did ope.

Along the current of the stream
Of life's resistless tide,
That Hand has clasped mine firm and strong
Whatever woes betide.
I've wandered thro' the flow'ry paths
Of life with many a joy,
I've gather'd gold from busy toil,
But not without alloy.

I see beyond the portals fair
No shade of gloom or night,
I see the white-rob'd angels there
In yonder realms of light;
I feel God's loving tender Hand,
Like dew-kissed flowers at eve.
It guides me on—beyond, afar—
To joys I shall receive.

And when I touch the Jordan-wave,
He'll hold it out to me,
Each crest shall beam with glory's star,
While crossing o'er the sea;
Then with the same unfailing love,
He'll bear me to the shore,
The Hand that now I cannot see,
Will be unseen no more.
Baltimore, Maryland, Nov. 1883.



Us Boys.

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you mustn't be afraid to answer me."

NAMES OF COUNTRIES.

The following countries, it is said were originally named by the Phoenicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names in the Phoenician language, signified something characteristic of the places which they designate.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion; so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa.

Asia signifies between or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic.

Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that it sued Augusta for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria, also, for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterizes its inhabitants.

The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged mountainous province in Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this westward the Phoenicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks call it Albion, which signifies in the Phoenician tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica signifies a woody place.

Sardinia signifies the footsteps of men, which it resembles.

Syracuse, bad savor, so-called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Seylla, the whirlpool of destruction,

Ætna signifies a furnace, or dark or smoky.

SONNET.

As some vast rock just parted from the shore

By little space of dimly shadowed wave,
Seemeth to mock the angry storms that lave

Its strong dark breast that doth not heed the war,

Nor care for all the fruitful seas that pour
Their waters o'er it, as if ocean strave,

To draw him down to an uneasy grave
Never to see the sunshine any more;

So would I, standing in life's bitter sea,
In life's most awful moments of despair,

Stand by a little removed from the land.
Safe in mine own heart's peace, my heart

Should be,
And that wild sea that rages round should bear

My burden for me; if my home but stand.
—All The Year Round.

Helpful Illustrations.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

In the Shadow.

So Young to Die.

So young to go from out life's golden splendor,
Into the darkness of a land unknown!

So young to leave earth's friendships, true and tender,
To enter on an untried world alone!

So hard to feel that heart and flesh are failing
Day after day, with no sure helper near—

To know that prayers and tears are unavailing,
Though wrung from anguished hearts I hold so dear.

It may be that the far-off Golden City
Is fairer far than I e'er dared to think;

And yet—and yet—O cruel Death! have pity,
And clasp me kindly as I near thy brink,

Where, shrinking, shorn of strength, I stand and shiver,
Fearing to press thy cold, dark waves—

alas!
How dare I cross the deep, mysterious river,
The which no mortal ever can re-pass?

Wait—wait, O Death! till some o'erwhelming sorrow
Shall leave its traces upon heart and brow!

Wait till the anguish of some dread to-morrow
Shall bid me call for thee—but, oh, not now!

Not in the radiant flush of life's fair morning,
When Love and Hope light up my eastern sky;

While earth grows sweeter with each day's glad dawning—
Not yet—not yet! I am too young to die!

But if in Thy blest mansions, holy Father!
There is one place that I alone can fill,

Be with me when Death's awful shadows gather
Across the Silent River, dark and chill!

Within Thy sheltering arms, oh, blessed Keeper!
Fold me away from every fear and doubt!

For, Oh! the darkness will grow deep, and deeper
As the glad light of my young life goes out.

L. A. PAUL.

CATTLE IN A CYCLONE.

Corral the cattle! Fling the lasso far!

Flank the wild stragglers! Storm and sleet betide.

Haste, ho! And, charging as in mimic war,
Among the tawny herd halloing ride.

Drive them to shelter! Gain the nearest ranch!

Those midnight masses rising in the east
Betoken that the heavens quick will launch

Bolts, blasts, death-dealing on both man and beast.

Hark to the cyclone growling from the cloud!

The fiery funnel circling fast in rage;
Roaring with wind and water thunder-loud

Whirlwind and waterspout rude battle wage.

The warfare of the Titans, fatal, fierce—
Tropical forces wrestling in the sky

Puny impediments to break and pierce,
U prooting giant trunks while rushing by.

Ho! Hurry toward the kraal? Crowd closely in!

Ha, brave vaqueros, mustang-mounted, haste!

With whip and rowel and unusual din
Urge the herd on! There is no time to waste.

A hundred horned heads wrecked upon the plain—

A score of bronchos writhing on the sod—
The prairie furrowed by the ruthless train—

And half a dozen herders gone to God.
—William Y. Buttes, the Cowboy Poet.

Does it Pay to be Honest.

Does it, after all, pay to be honest?" a disappointed young man. No, my son, if you are honest for pay, it doesn't. Not if you are honest merely because you think it will pay; not if you are honest only because you are afraid to be a rogue; indeed, my dear boy, it does not pay to be honest that way. If you can't be honest because you hate a lie and scorn a mean action, if you can't be honest from principle, be a rascal; that's what you are intended for and you'll probably succeed at it. But you can't make anybody believe in honesty that is sold like merchandise.

The Old Piano.

How still and dusky in the long-closed room!
What lingering shadows and what faint perfume
Of Eastern treasures—sandal-wood and scent,
With nard and cassia and with roses blent.

Let in the sunshine—

Quaint cabinets are here, boxes and fans,
And hoarded letters full of hopes and plans;
I pass them by. I came once more to see
The old piano, dear to memory

In past days mine.

Of all sad voices from forgotten years
It is the saddest; see what tender tears
Drop on the yellow keys, as, soft and slow,
I play some melody of long ago.

How strange it seems!

The thin, weak notes, that once were rich and strong,
Give only now the shadow of a song.
The dying echo of the fuller strain
That I shall never, never hear again,
Unless in dreams.

What hands have touched it! Fingers small and white,

Since stiff and weary with life's toil and fight;
Dear, clinging hands, that long have been at rest,
Folded serenely on a quiet breast.

Only to think,

O white, sad note, of all the pleasant days,
The happy songs, the hymns of holy praise,
The dreams of love and youth that round you cling!
Do they not make each sighing, trembling string
A mighty link?

All its musicians gone beyond recall,
The beautiful, the loved, where are they all?
Each told its secret, touched its keys and wires
To thoughts of many colors and desires,

With whispering fingers.

All are silent now, the farewell said,
The last song sung, the last tear sadly shed;
Yet love has given it many dreams to keep
In this lone room, where only shadows creep,
And silence lingers.

The old piano answers to my call,
And from my fingers lets the lost notes fall.
O, soul that I have loved, with heavenly birth,
Wilt thou not keep the memory of earth,
Its smiles and sighs?

Shall wood and metal and white ivory
Answer the touch of love with melody,
And thou forget? Dear one, not so.

I move thee yet (though how I may not know)
Beyond the skies.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY SARAH D. HOBART.

You were harsh with Jennie to-day, Joe,
And you filled her eyes with tears.
You struck a blow at her heart strings
That will leave its mark for years.
Yes, men are thoughtless and cruel,
Though strong to lead and control,
And the hands should be tender that fetter
A woman's sensitive soul.

I had passed the romance of youth, Joe,
When I won my fair, young bride,
And my wisdom had quite forgotten
The dreams of life's sweet spring-tide.
I was wrapped in plans for the future,
Winning riches, houses and lands,
And I chilled the joyous creature
Whose fate lay in my hands.

How could I know that her young heart
Was building its castles, too?
That the spell of her girlish fancy
Its glamor o'er me threw?
And each word of rebuke I uttered
Struck keen on her wifely pride,
Till the hopes of life's radiant morning
Faded and withered and died.

For I had a man's one model,
She must learn my mother's ways.
And all my life I had heard, Joe,
There was naught so harmful as praise.
That the lying breath of flattery,
Spoke in its subtle thrill,
And father and mother looked on, Joe,
While I taught my wife their will.

So a year went by unheeded
And Katie was growing old.
There were tiny lines on her forehead,
That a tale of suffering told.
Little I dreamed I had carved them
With my ceaseless words of blame;
That her burden of cheerless labor
Was crushing her slender frame.

One morning, how well I remember,
Something was left undone,
Mother was hurt and offended,
Father was sullen and glum.
I said there was never more quiet
Nor comfort for my life,
And the saddest day in my history
Was that which made her my wife.

Then up to the field I hastened,
But the day was dismal and chill,
And the lonesome wind of the autumn
Swept keen o'er the crest of the hill.
My heart was filled with anger
As I turned the sodden loam.
"I will be obeyed," I muttered,
"And master of my home!"

But still as I trod the furrow
I thought of her winsome way,
And the wealth of love she lavished
On me, so old and gray;
Of the heavy weight of labor
That lay on her shoulders frail,
How her eyes were sad and hopeless
And her cheek was thin and pale.

The blackbirds chanted above me
A requiem in the trees,
And a breath of dim foreboding
Came shivering on the breeze.
And at last my heart relented;
Yielding to love's fond way
I left my plow in the furrow
And homeward went my way.

"Katie!" I called in the kitchen,
And "Katie" I called in the hall,
But a cricket chirped in answer
Slowly, and that was all—
Only the pipe of a blackbird
And the solemn caw of a crow
And the scream of a locomotive
In the village down below.

Across the field I hastened
With echoing anxious cry
When caught on a flaunting brier
A fragment smote my eye.
Only a dainty ribbon
Which had bound a golden tress,
A bit of snow-white ribbon
And a scrap of crimson dress.

Then a presence stood beside me
And chilled my very breath,
Numbing my throbbing pulses,
For the presence it was Death!
Blindly its lead I followed,
In my heart one fierce, mad prayer,
As a puff of nearly vapor
Rose up in the murky air.

She stood where the rocks loomed thickest
Over the track below,
Her clasped hands raised to Heaven,
Her blue eyes wild with woe.
Trembling, sinking, swaying,
I heard her frenzied cry,
And I caught her to my bosom
As the train went thundering by.

Oh, wondrous love of woman,
Undimmed by sorrow or pain,
Ready to ope death's portals
To free me from my chains!
Clasped in my arms I bore her
Back to our home forlorn,
And there, in the hush of twilight,
Our little child was born.

God reigns! In this far, dim future
Perhaps there is peace for me.
Her face all tender, forgiving,
In Heaven, at last, I may see.
Through years of lonely waiting
I reap what I have sown.
Yes, Joe: 'tis your mother's story,
Whose life paid for your own.
[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

Bijah's Story.

He was little more than a baby,
And played in the street all day,
And he held in his tiny fingers
The string of a broken sleigh.

He was ragged, and cold, and hungry,
Yet his face was a sight to see,
As he lisped to a passing lady—
"Plethe, mithus, will you yide me?"

But she drew close her fur-lined mantle,
And her train of silk and lace,
While she stared, with haughty wonder,
In the eager, piteous face.

And the eyes that shone so brightly,
Brimmed o'er with gushing rain,
And the poor little head dropped lower,
While his heart beat a sad refrain.

When night came, cold and darkly,
And the lamps were all alight,
The pallid lips grew whiter
With childish grief and fright.

As I was passing the entrance
Of a church across the way,
I found a poor dead baby
With his head on a broken sleigh.

Soon young, eager footsteps
Were heard on the frozen street,
And a boy dashed into the station,
Covered with snow and sleet.

On his coat was a newsboy's number,
On his arm "a bran new sled,"
"Have you seen my brother, Bijah?
He ought to be home in bed."

"You see I leave him at Smithers
While I go 'round with the press;
They must have forgot about him,
And he's strayed away, I guess.

"Last night when he said 'Our Father'
And about the daily bread,
He just threw in an extra,
Concernin' a nice new sled.

"I was tellin' the boys at the office,
And how he was only three,
So they stuck in for this here stunner
And sent it home with me!

"And won't—what's the matter, Bijah,
Why do you shake your head?
Oh, Father in Heaven have pity!
Oh, Bijah, he can't be dead!"

He clasped the child to his bosom
In a passionate, close embrace,
His tears and kissing falling,
"Twixt sobs, on the little face.

Soon the boyish grief grew silent;
There was never a tear nor a moan,
For the Heart of the dear Lord Jesus
Had taken the children home.

—[S. E. B.]

Every-day Heroes.

From the New York Ledger.

Oh, yes; they are all around us,
And in every walk of life:
Heroes the best, that stand the test
In many an unmarked strife;
Heroes of home, of shop, of farm,
And at duty's call alone,
Though unaware of honor's share,
And by noisy fame unblown.

From a flame-girt lofty window
Wild faces and hands entreat
Vast crowds, agape, that no means can shape,
For aid from the icy street:
When a footblack climbs an adjacent pole,
And swift from its peak impels
A rope of wire down the wall of fire,
And the cry, "They are saved!" upswells.

High waving his danger signal,
The under-paid switchman speeds
O'er the quivering ridge of a broken bridge,
That to death and destruction leads,
To sink, as the thundering train slows up,
O'ertaxed, in the headlight's glare,
While but few can know what to him they owe,
Though he should be dying there.

Oh, yes; they are all around us,
And to instance their deeds were vain,
So hidden away in the crowds are they,
In the paths obscure and plain;
From those whose chivalry, unesteemed,
Through a lowly lifetime shines,
To such in the rout whose path stand out
For the rest like starry signs.

And nothing is lost, though hidden,
That springs from heroic seed;
In the larger force, and the higher course
That are shaped from a single deed
The environment of a mass of men
May brighten and spread apace,
Till the deeds shall throng all paths along
To the glory of all the race.

NATHAN D. UERNER.

JIM'S KIDS.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Jim was a fisherman—up on the hill
Over the beach lived he an' his wife
In a little house—you kin see it still—
An' their two fair boys; upon my life
You never seen two likelier kids,
In spite o' their antics an' tricks an' noise,
Than them two boys!

Jim would go out in his boat on the sea—
Just as the rest on us fisherman did—
And when he come back at night thar'd be
Up to his knees in the surf each kid,
A beck'nin' an' cheerin' to fisherman Jim—
He'd hear 'em, you bet, above the roar
Of the waves on the shore.

But one night Jim came sailin' home,
And the little kids weren't on the sands—
Jim kinder wondered they hadn't come,
And a tremblin' took hold o' his knees and hands,
And he learnt the worst up on the hill
In the little house, an' he bowed his head—
"The fever," they said.

'Twas an awful time for fisherman Jim,
With them darlin's d' in' afore his eyes—
They kept a callin' an' beck'nin' him,
For they kind o' wandered in mind—their cries
Were about the waves an' fisherman Jim
An' the little boat a-sailin' for shore—
Till they spoke no more.

Well, fisherman Jim lived on and on,
And his hair grew white and the wrinkles came,
But he never smiled, and his heart seemed gone,
And he never was heard to speak the name
Of the little kids who were buried there
Up on the hill in sight o' the sea,
Under a willer tree.

One night they came and told me to haste
To the house on the hill, for Jim was sick,
And they said I hadn't no time to waste,
For his tide was ebbin' powerful quick,
An' he seemed to be wand'rin' and crazy like,
An' a seein' sights he oughtn't to see—
An' had called for me.

And fisherman Jim sez he to me,
"It's my last, last cruise—you understand—
I'm a-sailin' a dark and dreadful sea,
But off on the further shore, on the sand,
Are the kids, who's a-beck'nin' and callin' my
name
Jess as they did—ah, mate, you know—
In the long ago."

No, sir; he wasn't afraid to die,
For all that night he seemed to see
His little boys of the years gone by,
And to hear sweet voices forgot by me;
An' just as the mornin' sun come up—
"They're holdin' me by the hands!" he cried—
An' so he died.

What I Live for.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hours left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who knew me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

MY FATHER'S BIBLE.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

Flow on, sweet tears, I needs must weep;
For memory calls from fountains deep,
That treasured store of holy tears
The heart hath garnered up for years;
Now I behold
My father's Bible; his of yore,
Than mines of gold
He prized it more!

When grief oppressed, and crushing care,
When death had nipped our loved and fair;
And dark misfortune's heavy hand
Was laid upon our little band
In painful loss,
He then read what Jesus bore
Upon the cross—
We wept no more!

When pleasure spread her flowery maze,
To lure our feet from virtue's ways;
And sin, with fell, insidious art,
Wove fatal spells to snare the heart,
This truthful page
Our doubtful footsteps onward bore
Through every stage,
Till doubt was o'er.

When called to seek the distant west,
I craved a father's last behest;
Mid parting pangs we scarce could brook,
"Take this," said he, "this blest old book,
So long, long mine,
And though I give no other store,
'Tis wealth divine,
Prize nothing more!

"Long hast thou known a father's care,
Shared daily in his fervent prayer,
But now we part—go, go, my child!"
He could no more, but wept, yet smiled,
As pointing still
To this old book, when through the door
I passed the sill,
Crossed nevermore!

Now moonbeams sleep upon his grave,
And pensive willows o'er him wave;
No more from death's repose to wake,
To plead with man for Jesus' sake
His sins forbear;
O, as I turn these pages o'er,
Than jewels rare,
I prize them more!

When death would fright the timid soul
With coffin, shroud, the grave's dark goal:
The parting hour, the dying groan,
A world unseen, a fate unknown.
A light from thee,
Thou Book of books, doth round me pour,
Deaths shadows flee—
Life evermore!

Thou'rt dingy now, and sadly worn,
With crumpled leaves and binding torn;
Thy value others may not see,
But thou art priceless wealth to me!
Shrined in my heart
Shall be thy memory and thy lore,
My soul's best chart
Forevermore!

For the Companion.

NIGHT WORSHIP.

Strangely the lessening light beneath the moon
Is pallid before the feet of her who brings
Largesse of purple darkness very soon,
To bind the world to silence till no bird sings.

Then come pale Sleep and Silence to the world,
(From heaven they come) and as, when winds are
ceased,
A gleaming, seamless, silken flag is furled,
So falls the ruddy daylight in the East.

Then straightway through the lands all men fall down,
Low at the feet of her that is the queen,
On pain of death; the lights in yonder town
Fall one by one beneath stars twinkling keen!

GEORGE MORRIS.

Original.

Murmuring Heart.

O! cease thy murmurs, bleeding heart,
And dry thy tears of sorrow:
What though thy wounded spirit smart?
All will be bright to-morrow.

Dark the cloud that gathers o'er thee,
Hope seems fading from thy sight;
Yet the sun will shine upon thee,
And dispel the shades of night.

Promise rises on the billow,
Though the wave be rolling high,
Pointing to a peaceful pillow
Where no tears shall dim the eye.

And the song that she is singing
Breathes of Heaven and of love;
And the silvery voice is ringing
Like an echo from above.

Still my soul looks out in sadness
On a world o'ercast with gloom,
Looking for the rose of gladness,
Looking for a heart in bloom.

But the rose seems torn and yellow,
And the heart seems blighted too:
Every joy has lost its fellow,
Every love its idol true.

Darkest hours are near the morning,
Midnight lingers o'er her tomb;
Deepest shadows at the dawning
Tell of spring-time in its bloom.

The glowing day succeeds the night,
Gladdening every clouded scene:
Summer greets with joyous light
Where the winter frosts have been.

Purple clouds have silver lining,
Could we see but faintly through:
Sweetest joys are after mourning,
Flowers bud when moist with dew.

The rainbow arch begems the sky
When cloud and storm are o'er,
And smiles light up the tearful eye
When sorrows are no more.

Tears are but the heart's pure dew-drops,
Soft distilled through virtue's spring.
Sorrows are the clouds that night drops
Ere the day her joys shall bring.

And the heart that's bruised and broken
Is not doomed to sure decay:
Every wound is but a token
Of a brighter, better day.

Starlight gleams in fitful shimmers
Through the fleecy robe of night,
Pointing up in feeble glimmers
To a world beyond our sight;

While mute voices from the silence,
That enwraps us here below,
Tell, in deep, unbroken accents,
Where our waiting spirits go.

Crowns are won by faithful valor
On the trying field of strife:
Virtue comes from patient labor
In the busy school of life.

Then cease thy murmurs, bleeding heart,
And dry thy tears of sorrow;
For, though thou bear a weary part,
All will be bright to-morrow.

W. F. FOX.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

"Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run;
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

Sermon in Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you might impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a sorrowing brother's eyes,
Share them. And, by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh is rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land,
Should a brother workman debar,
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter then your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go;
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver.
He will make each seed to grow;
So until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Under the snow lie sweet things out of sight,
Couching like birds beneath a downy breast;
They cluster 'neath the coverlet warm and white
And bide the winter-time in hopeful rest.

There are the hyacinths, holding ivory tips
Pointed and ready for a hint of sun;
And hooded violets, with dim, fragrant lips,
Asleep and dreaming fairy dreams each one.

There lurk a myriad quick and linked roots,
Coiled for a spring when the ripe time is near,
The brave chrysanthemum's pale yellow shoots,
And daffodils, the vanguard of the rear;

The nodding snowdrop and the columbine;
The hardy crocus, prompt to hear a call;
Pensile wistaria, and thick woodbine;
And valley lilies, sweetest of them all.

All undismayed, although the drifts are deep,
All sure of spring and strong of cheer they lie;
And we, who see but snows, we smile and keep
The self-same courage in the by-and-by.

Ah! the same drifts shroud other precious
things—
Flower-like faces, pallid now and chill,
Feet laid to rest after long journeyings,
And fair and folded hands forever still.

All undismayed, in deep and hushed repose,
Waiting a sweeter, further spring, they lie;
And we, whose yearning eyes see but the snows,
Shall we not trust, like them, the by-and-by?
—[The Independent.]

STUDY OF USEFULNESS.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still;
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out men's want and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

GEORGE HERBERT.



Painted by R. Sedell A.R.A.

Engraved & Printed by H. Mann Brothers

THE PETS.

WHAT THE END SHALL BE.

Whatsoever is beginning,
That is wrought by human skill;
Every daring emanation
Of the mind's ambitious will;
Every first impulse of passion,
Gush of love or twinge of hate;
Every launch upon the waters
Wide-horizoned by our fate;
Every venture in the chances
Of life's sad, oft desperate game,
Whatsoever be our motive,
Whatsoever be our aim—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

AND

Be careful ye, whose wedded hearts
Are lovingly united;
Be heedful, lest an enemy
Steal on you uninvited!
A little, wily, serpent form,
With graceful, lurking poses—
Or, coming in a different guise,
A thorn among the roses!

Be careful ye, whose marriage bells
Now merrily ringing;
Be heedful of the bitter word,
The answer keen and stinging—
The sharp retort, the angry eye
Its vivid lightning flashing—
The rock on which so many hopes
Are daily, hourly dashing!

'Bear and forbear'—the only way
To tread life's paths together,
Then come, and welcome, shining sun,
Or come, dark, cloudy weather;
Two wedded hearts, conjoined in one
That cannot live asunder,
Have put Love's golden armor on—
O world, look on and wonder!

The Pasture Bars.

If all the skies, I do believe,
Had all the year withholden
Their gala tints to gild that eve,
It would na been more golden;
The wee birds would na sing so fine
If they had been invited;
The cows came proudly in a line,
As if they were delighted.

We lingered by the pasture bars
Till sunset changed to gloaming,
Till twilight clustered into stars,
And through the clouds went roaming;
And when the moon glowed up the sky
It found us still belating;
Yet none but my own Joe and I
Knew why the cows were waiting.

MARRIED.

By Judge C. K. Stribling, on Tuesday,
May 6th, 1879. Mr. B. F. Reynolds, of
Throckmorton county, Texas, to Miss
Florence R. Matthews, of Arkansas.

The nuptials were celebrated
at the elegant mansion of Geo.
T. Reynolds, Esq., in Throck-
morton county, before a large
assembly of the elite of town
and country. At 4 o'clock p.
m. the bridal party were an-
nounced by music on the piano
from the accomplished Mrs. W.
D. Reynolds. First came Mr.
F. E. Conrad and Miss Ella
Matthews, followed by the
bridegroom and bride. After
the ceremony and hearty con-
gratulations, the guests were led
to the banquet hall, there to
partake of a sumptuous repast.
The table was handsomely dec-
orated and laden with sub-
stantials and delicacies. After
dining the party adjourned to
the residence of N. L. Bartholo-
mew, Esq., for amusement and
social communication, the en-
circle breaking after partaking of
the bounties prepared by the
skillful hand of Mrs. Bartholo-
mew, and on the following day
was further celebrated by ear-
ing the *fitted calf* at the bride-
groom's fathers, Uncle Watt
Reynolds.

The happy couple have the
wishes of the Echo that their
journey through life may contin-
ue as blissful as it has com-
menced. To Mrs. Geo. T. Rey-
nolds the Echo corps returns
thanks for a bountiful supply
of cake, delivered by her own
fair hand.

HYMENIAL.

On the afternoon of the first day of the New Year, a large party of invited guests assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Matthews to witness the marriage of their daughter, Miss Susie A. to Mr. William D. Reynolds. The house, though large, was not of sufficient proportions to accommodate the guests, about one hundred and fifty in number, and as the day was bright and warm, at the appointed time the high contracting parties attended by Mr. Nick Eaton and Miss Mary Spears, appeared upon the gallery and were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Judge C. K. Stribling.

After the usual congratulations were offered the guests were summoned to the bridal feast which was a right royal one and to which ample justice was done.

Soon the enlivening strains of sweet music were heard and the votaries of Terpsichore repaired to the spacious rooms where "they chased the glowing hours with flying feet" until the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal."

The Echo congratulates Mr. Reynolds in his choice and trusts the day upon which they were united may be an index of their married life, bright and cheerful, without a cloud to mar its serenity.

THE INFAT

was given the following afternoon and night at the residence of Geo. Reynolds, Esq., brother of the groom. Early in the afternoon a large party of invited guests assembled and a merrier, happier gathering we never witnessed. Supper was announced at an early hour (dark) and continued until three a. m. A gathering of this kind would be tame without a dance and dancing was the order of the night. It has been our good fortune to

witness many parties of various kinds but we are in truth bound to say no social gathering have we ever attended where all apparently enjoyed themselves as at this party.

The affair, from first to last, was one round of joyous, merry making. It would afford us pleasure to give our readers the names of the ladies present and costumes worn, the latter for the benefit of our Eastern friends who believe there is no culture or refinement on the frontier, but our time and space forbid.

The Brightest Side.

The youngest of my brothers five
Is going to get married they say,
The bride elect is a rose in full bloom,
And the twentieth of March is the day.

I hope that the ship may be strongly
built
That launches them out a wedded pair;
The waters they sail in be smooth and
clear,
And the weather they sail in be calm
and fair.

I hope their cup may be filled with joy,
And never, no never with woe,
But the world is full of trials dear friends,
So look for your share as you go.

Your path can't always with roses be
strewn,
So pluck them when they are fresh and
sweet.
Some places will be with briars o'er-
grown,
Then trample them under your feet.

The days can't always be cheerful and
bright,
For the sun can't always be shining,
But though the clouds be ever so dark,
There's sure to be a silver lining.

Then strive to look at the brightest side
Of every dark object you meet,
And perhaps you'll find in your cup of
life
A great deal less bitter than sweet.
Feb, 1883. SISTER.

MARRIED—on the 22nd. inst., at the residence of Mr. R. E. Byrd of this Co., by Eld. Lee Newton, MR. N. L. BARTHOLOMEW of Eastland County, to Mrs. SUE E. NEWCOMB, Sister Vice Templar of Western Star Social Temple, No. 6, of this county.

Also, at the same time and place, and under the same ceremony, MR. WM. D. REYNOLDS to MISS MARY A. BYRD, Sister Guardian of Western Star Social Temple; all of Parker County.

May ever radiant joys divine
And hopes that know not blight,
E'er cluster 'round thy paths and shine,
A halo, rich and bright.

And while o'er life's oft devils sea
Thy barques are waft away,
May pleasures scepter bend o'er thee
And love inspire each day.

And when life's toils and cares are o'er,
When fate thy hearts shall sever,
May each from toils and troubles soar
And reign in bliss forever.

A Kiss at the Door.

We were standing in the doorway—
My little wife and I;
The golden sun upon her hair
Fell down so silently.
A small white hand upon my arm,
What could I ask for more
Than the kindly glance of loving eyes,
As she kissed me at the door.

I know she loves me with all her heart
The one who stands beside;
And the years have been so joyous
Since first I called her bride.
We've had so much happiness
Since we met in years before,
But the happiest time of all was
When she kissed me at the door.

Who cares for wealth of land or gold,
For fame or matchless power?
It does not give the happiness
Of just one little hour
With one who loves me as her life—
She says she loves me more—
And I thought she did this morning,
When she kissed me at the door.

At times it seems as all the world
With all its wealth of gold,
Is very small and poor, indeed,
Compared with what I hold;
And when the clouds hang grim and dark,
I only think the more
Of one who waits the coming step,
To kiss me at the door.

If she loves me till age shall scatter
Its frosts upon her head,
I know she'll love me just the same
As the morning when we were wed;
But if the angels call her,
And she goes to heaven before
I shall know her when I meet her,
For she'll kiss me at the door.

Twenty-one.

Just twenty-one years ago to-day,
On the twenty-third of May,
In eighteen hundred and sixty-one,
Just after the cruel war begun;
A little blue-eyed baby girl,
With jet black hair, too short to curl,
Was sent to bless our humble home—
And all were glad that she had come.

The little blue-eyed baby grew,
Her jet-black locks then changed their
hue,
And 'round her sunny face so fair,
She wore a crown of golden hair.

Many years have passed since then,
And many changes we have seen;
The country then with war was rife;
The red man plied his scalping knife.
He kept us all in dread and fear,
Ever thinking he was near,
With bows and arrows, and a troop,
Singing ever a loud war-whoop.

Years have come and gone again;
The red man's driven from our plain;
His dusky form's no longer seen,
And peace and quiet reign supreme.
And the child with the golden crown
Is married now, and her hair is brown;
Her baby's curls are golden too,
But her eyes are brown instead of blue.
And she who pens these lines to-day
Is growing old, and her hair is gray;
Baby's two years old and full of fun,
And her mother's age is twenty-one.

SISTER.

May 23, 1882.

DIED.

Tuesday, May 24th, ANNIE,
eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
J. A. Matthews, aged three and
one half years.

The grim monster seems to
care not upon whom his hand
rests, he seeks not the aged
and decrepid alone, but reaches
out his relentless hand and
grasps the young and beautiful
and innocent.

Little Annie was a bright,
beautiful, loving child, father's
pet and mother's darling. We
have romped and rolled on the
floor and played with her for
hours and felt that a little child
was leading us in paths of holi-
ness.

Sadly will she be missed but
we know that she will lead
loved ones to that blessed eter-
nity and when their times
come, will welcome them joy-
fully.

To Little Annie.

In Durham Bend, upon the hill,
Beneath a small mesquite,
We laid our darling little pet,
Our little Annie sweet.

Yes sweet as a little singing bird,
And bright as the noon-day sun,
But that sweet voice is no longer heard,
For the sands of life are run.

A wreath of daisies, bright and pure
As the child that's left us now,
Was made by gentle, loving hands,
And placed upon her brow.

We laid her gently on her bed,
Firmly closed the coffin lid,
And many bitter tears were shed,
When that sweet face was hid.

No picture left for us to view,
Made by skillful hands of art;
But there's a picture, dear, of you,
Printed deeply in each heart.

Oh, how we miss you, Annie darling,
Miss you each and every day,—
Precious little ray of sunshine,—
Why so early called away?

Fairest flowers are first to wither,
Always first to fade and die;
And bright angels bore her hither,
To our Father's house on high.

Oh! may we, when the signal's given,
Be ready, and willing, and say—
Like Annie—her very last words—
"Get away, get out of my way."

When we're called to cross that bridge,
Kind Father be with us, I pray,
To guide our weary, faltering feet,
And bid sin—get out of our way.

S. E. B.

Throckmorton County June 3d.

DIED.

At Albany, with the close of
the first day of the new year,
little PEARL RUSSELL, only
daughter of Glenn and Augusta
L. Reynolds, aged 11 months.

Upon the hill in Durham Bend,
Another little grave was made,
And close by little Annie's side,
Little baby Pearl was laid.

Darling little blue-eyed baby
Was tired, and fell asleep,
Oh, so tired, but resting now;
Therefore mother, do not weep.

Your precious little gem is safe—
With the ransomed throng above
She sings her happy little songs,
Where all is peace and "God is love."

A. S.

TO-DAY.

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

Obituary.

Died, at his home on the Clear
Fork of the Brazos river, BARBER
WATKINS REYNOLDS, after having
suffered several months (at times
intensely) but remaining in his
proper mind until the last thread
of life was broken, releasing his
body from pain. A few hours be-
fore his final dissolution, he called
up his family and brother, together
with his numerous relatives and
friends who were present at the
time, taking each by the hand,
bidding them all good-bye, telling
them that he was prepared to go.
He also told his brother that he
could afford to die; that his chil-
dren were all of age and well to do,
and seemed to have the confidence
and respect of the people, which
gave him more consolation than
much wealth. He was born in
Oglethorpe county, Ga., on the 19th
of October, 1819, and died on the
7th of June, 1882, being 62 years,
9 months and 18 days old. He
emigrated to Texas in 1848, and
finally settled upon the Clear Fork
of the Brazos in Throckmorton
county, first upon what is generally
known as the Stone Rancho, where
he and his sons had to fight back
the Indians—and at one time his
oldest son received an Indian spike
in his side, where it still remains.
It was reported and believed in
several of the Northern States that
he and all of his family were cruelly
and mercilessly massacred by the
Indians, and the horrible scene
was dramatized and acted in sever-
al of the Northern theatres as a
reality. The writer of this has
known deceased so far back that
his mind is lost in the mist of in-
fancy, and can truly say that his
course through a long life had as
few irregularities as is common to
human life. He was a member of
the Presbyterian church, and the
burial ceremonies were performed
by Rev. Samuel Ezell, a Presbyte-
rian minister.

Oh, why do we mourn his demise?
For his spirit to God has gone,
And joined the other ties
That are awaiting us in heaven.
B. F.

DIED—March 8th, 1873, of congestion
of the blood, Mrs. MARY A. REYNOLDS, wife of
W. D. REYNOLDS of Bents Fort County Col-
orado, and daughter of bro. R. E. Byrd, of
this county.

Sister REYNOLDS was one of the charter mem-
bers of Western Star Social Temple, No 6. of
this Co., was married to Mr. W. D. REYNOLDS
in September last and left immediately for
his future home in Colorado. Her sudden and
seeming untimely death has sent a thrill of
deepest sorrow to the hearts of her many rela-
tives and devoted friends in this State. Her last
words were, "I am going to Heaven."

Only !

From the New York Observer.

Only a shred of hair set in a ring;
Yet how I prize that lock of silken hair !
I do esteem it as a priceless thing,
And evermore the precious bauble wear.

Only a little chair, long vacant now,
But memory often fills the empty seat;
A fair, sweet child, with calm and sinless brow,
I see in fancy sitting at my feet.

Only the portrait of a childish face,
The silent shadow of a vanished form,
Pressed often to my own in glad embrace,
With loving prattle and fond kisses warm.

Only some broken toys; but oh ! to me
They are the relics of a happy past;
Kept as a treasure under lock and key,
Mementos of a time too bright to last.

Only some little garments worn and old,
Gazed at in secret sorrow now and then;
Guarded as misers hoard their darling gold,
And hide the treasure from the eyes of men.

Only two tiny shoes, worn-out almost,
You would not deem them worth a passing thought;
But oh ! they conjure up a rushing host
Of sweet, sad memories that come unsought.

Only a little bed; how oft I bent
To kiss the lovely tenant sleeping there;
My heart was happy in its great content,
Nor reck'd the sorrow it has had to bear.

Only a little while, but short at best,
And time will waft us to the other shore;
Partings and death no more shall rack the breast
In that blest home, the Land of Evermore !

JOHN ASKHAM.

My Mother.

O, my mother, my dear mother,
I long to see thy face again,
Nowhere have I seen another,
Dearer to me in world's wide main.

'Tis long since I heard thy voice,
The first my infant memory knows,
That made my saddened heart
rejoice,
And lulled my troubles to repose.

It is long since I saw thy face,
The first my infant eyes beheld,
That so often gave me solace
And so often on me smiled.

O, my mother since we parted,
I've traveled about far and wide,
And many troubles encountered,
Sailing down life's dreary tide.

I often think of your adieu,
How you bid me a little stay,
For you to say a word or two,
Ere I forever went away.

I often think of your advice,
Of the tear that stood in your eye,
In choosing my company to be nice,
And always be prepared to die.

It is now two years or more,
Since I got a letter from home
Or a word from my father's door,
And six since I commenced to roam
Since then what many great changes
Ever working time may have
wrought,

On those dearly loved faces,
That shall never be forgot.

DON XERO.

COMING DAY.

What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face sunward!
Look where the light fringes the far-rising slope,
Day cometh onward.

ANON.

An Arrow Head Two Inches in Length, After Being in a Man's Body Over Sixteen Years, is Removed.

[From the Kansas City Journal.]

Yesterday afternoon there was removed from the body of G. T. Reynolds, a prominent cattle man of Ft. Griffin, Texas, an Indian arrow head, two inches long. Mr. Reynolds had carried this head, sixteen years, three months, and fifteen days. On Friday last the gentleman mentioned came to this city and registered at the St. James hotel. His coming was for the purpose of having a surgical operation performed.

Sixteen years ago Mr. Reynolds was engaged in an Indian fight in Texas. During the fight an arrow entered his body three inches above and to the left of the navel. An effort was made to remove it. Mr. Reynolds pulled the shaft from his body leaving the head within. No one at the time was able to extract

the piece of steel. The injured man was carried between two horses a distance of sixty miles to the camp, and there suffered for months from the wound. His right leg for a time was paralyzed. He recovered, however, and the wound healed and enclosed the arrow head. During the next four or five years he suffered occasional pain but this gradually became less until it was not noticed. Two years ago the pain was again felt. Since that time Mr. Reynolds has suffered considerably and at times was almost unfit for work. On his back opposite the place where the arrow entered his body he could feel its head. At last he decided to have it cut out and came to Kansas City as mentioned. Scales of rust were removed from the arrow head when it was taken from the body. The point was blunt as if it had been eaten off by the rust. The operation was performed by Drs. Lewis and Griffith in the presence of Dr. Powell, of New York. The gentleman was resting easy last evening and feeling much relieved.

My Sister's Picture.

To-day your picture came to me;
I scanned it long and eagerly,
And hung it where 'tis plain to see,
My sister!

It is the same dear form of old
That has so oft my griefs consoled,
But never thought to chide or scold,
My sister!

And though it is the same sweet face,
I fancy that beneath its grace
I can a look of sadness trace,
My sister!

Withal a calm expression gleams
From out the face that on me beams,
And though less gay, far sweeter seems
My sister!

I sometimes grieve that fates divide
Our paths of life apart so wide;
But when we both have crossed the tide,
We'll ne'er part on the other side,
My sister!

Shot through the Body.

Last September we published an extract from the Kansas City Journal, giving an account of the removal of an arrow head from the body of Mr. G. T. Reynolds, of Fort Griffin, Texas, over sixteen, (it should have been fifteen), years after an Indian shot it into him. The arrow entered the abdomen a little above and to the left of the center. Mr. Reynolds pulled the shaft from his body, leaving the head within. He was carried sixty miles to camp, between two horses, and suffered from the wound for a long period, and one leg was for a time paralyzed. The wound, however, healed and for years but little inconvenience was experienced from the presence of the ugly weapon within the abdominal cavity. After a time a protuberance was felt on his back and the whereabouts of the arrow head was thus made known. Physicians in Kansas city made an incision and removed it, and the patient fully recovered. Mr. Reynolds is a brother of Mrs. N. L. Bartholomew, and is now in Bristol. He carries the arrow head in his pocket and will exhibit it to any one who desires to see it. It is two inches long.

The everyday cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.

From Texas to Connecticut

TO MR. AND MRS. J. B. B. OF FORT WORTH
TEXAS.

[The author of the following lines is a lady who usually does her shopping in Albany.]

July 27, 1883.

On the twenty-first of July,
We left our home in the west.
And turned our faces eastward
To visit the old home nest.

We took the train at Albany,
'Twas a very small affair,
Which only runs to Cisco,
And makes a full stop there.
So there we changed cars of course,
But kept on the H. & C. T.
Until we arrived at Morgan,
Where I took the Santa Fe.
There my husband helped me off,
Then he went back to his berth—
He was going down by Gatesville,
And I straight on to Worth.

I was very tired and dusty,
But for that I did not care,
For when I reached the station
I found my brother there.
I met him on the platform,
And he kissed his sister Sue;
Then took her to his pleasant home,
On Daggett Avenue.

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There I met his charming wife,
For such I surely found her;
And I trust that Heaven's blessings
May ever flow around her.
I also met their favorite friend
With eyes both bright and merry;
Her cheeks would make a lilly blush,
Her lips would shame a cherry.

I hope to meet again, some day,
The girl with her pleasant looks—
Perhaps she will not answer then,
To the name of "Daisy" Brooks.

I will not very soon forget
The day it rained and blew,
When "Daisy" hid behind the door,
And Jennie was frightened too.

Now, my sister, I must confess
I was somewhat frightened, too;
But then, I thought, to make it known
Would certainly never do.

You know that "Daisy" said last,
That I surely kept it hid;
Now, don't you think that I was right
In acting as I did?
For when the wind was slamming doors,
And blowing so severe,
You know you turned to me and said:
"I'm glad that you are here."

Rest assured my darling sister,
And brother of sterling worth,
That I enjoyed the time I spent
With you and friends in Worth.
And to-day, as we're rolling out
Swiftly, on the east-bound train,
I find myself sometimes wishing
I was back with you again.
And if we never more should meet,
I want you all to know
You hold a warm place in my heart,
Wherever I may go.

But now it's growing very late—
And I have a dizzy head;
I'll wish you all a pleasant night,
And then I'll go to bed.

July 29th.

We arrived in St. Louis
Yesterday in the rain;
We got a little breakfast there,
Then took the Wabash train.
We got another sleeper there,
It was not a through one though;
We had to change at ten last night,
When we reached Toledo.

This morning as we were running
At a very rapid rate,
We ran through an open switch,
And struck an empty freight.
The engine was a total wreck,
It upset the baggage car,
And our sleeper was injured too,
But we only felt a jar.
A caboose attached to the freight,
I presume was very good,
But now it lies beside the track,
Split into kindling wood.

A man was sleeping soundly
Within that car, he said,
As he came out from the wreck
With a gash cut in his head.

The engineer and fireman
Who belonged to our train
Escaped with slight bruises—
A thumb mashed, and a sprain.

Several cars and empty tanks
Each side the track were seen,
And half a dozen other cars
Were jammed up in between.

I undoubtedly never did
In all my life before,
Witness so complete a wreck,
That did not injure more.

We made it into Buffalo
Just with a "squeeze and grin,"
Where they soon condemned the car
That we were riding in.
They soon relieved it of its load,
And cut it out the train.
Then quickly hooked another on,
And we set sail again.

We took the New York Central road
When we left the Lake Shore line,
And traveled down the Hudson,
Where the views are very fine.

We entered New York City
As the clocks were striking ten,
There we bought another ticket,
And went to Hartford then.
We reached there at two o'clock,
But there no train did meet;
So we went to the Allyn House,
Up on Asylum street.

July 30th.

This morning at half past six
We took the train once more,
And very soon we found ourselves
Safe within the old home door.

Now, I am tired as I can be,
And sick, and sleepy, too,
So I will stop and rest awhile,
And sign myself your sister,

SUE.

HEALTH.

Health is a rosy maiden
That revels in fun and flowers,
And always, blossom-laden,
Laughs out in the darkest hours.
She loves the cottage children
That gambol on the lea,
And the winsome peasant's baby,
Asleep on its mother's knee.

She touches their cheeks with cherries,
And binds their brows with pearls,
And pretty, though brown as berries,
She maketh the gipsy girls.
Without her, halls are dreary,
And palace-gardens plain,
And the life of a monarch weary,
And power and riches vain.

ANON.

A Texas "Prickly Pear."

I have been reading "The Household" a long, long time, and consider myself a member of it, if I have never ventured to write and let it be known. I enjoy reading the nice spicy letters very much, but never thought I could write anything for a newspaper, nor anything that would interest, and I am surprised at myself for beginning this.

Now, friends of "The Household," I would like to say something to all of you if I knew how to go about it, but first of all, just let me shake hands with "Spanish Blanket," and thank him.

I know he is a man, from that sensible letter in No. 50, and also claim him as a brother, because he happens to live in the western part of the good old Lone Star State. I know all about a Texas norther. Don't they go right through a body, though, if one happens to get caught without a blanket! Those cunning little prairie dogs, how they will stand by

their holes and bark until they think you are getting too near; then they will give their little tails a wink and down the hole they go.

I am quite well acquainted with the "cow boys" and know of the hard life they lead, and the hard name they bear away from home—like our State. But a more generous, warm-hearted set of men never breathed than those same "cow boys," and the abuse and hard names they get is almost invariably from a set of people who know absolutely nothing about them. Now if any one will show me a class of people, or a community, anywhere in this United Kingdom, in which there are no bad ones, then I will show them an angel, and everybody knows there are no angels on this green globe of ours.

"Kitty Knox," you certainly had a narrow escape.

"Peeping Tom," I have often been on that old road, made by the California gold hunters of '49, and know where there is one little mound that marks the last resting place of one weary traveler.

"Fanfreluche," I think there are some husbands who are lovers outside of books; but there are a great many who love their wives dearly, and are kindness itself, but are not a bit sentimental, and many a heart has ached and hungered for just a little loving personal attention. I think that a little sentiment mixed in with every day work and cares lightens things up wonderfully.

Accept good wishes for "The Household."
Western Texas. PRICKLY PEAR.

From Far Away Texas.

"Good morning!" friends. Can you make room for me in some out-of-the-way corner, where I can rest a little while, for I'm very tired? Do any of you ever have to get up in the morning feeling so weary and tired that you could hardly drag yourself from the bed, and then dress in a hurry and get breakfast as fast as you can, so the men can get off to work early? Do you have to run up and down the cellar stairs half a dozen times or more before that meal is finished? Do you have to strain and skim milk, and churn, and put away the butter; then wash dishes, pans and pots, until you feel as if you could stand on your aching feet no longer? And yet you have to go in and make beds and sweep, until you finally succumb to the pains and aches, and drop over on the half-made bed from sheer exhaustion, and shed a few tears because they will come, and you are too tired to force them back. And then to cap the climax, to have some of your fastidious gentlemen friends drop in before you get things in order. It is humiliating, at any rate. Oh, you need not laugh at me. Did I hear some one say "What a great goose she is to shed tears over such small affairs?" Never mind, I'll venture to say, that if there is any one in this "Household" who lives where it is next to impossible to get help of any kind, and has to do all the housework herself, with just about half enough strength to do it with, she will appreciate my position.

"Prickly Pear," of Colorado, don't be so roiled, but step out on the veranda with me, where it is cool, and eat a watermelon (and there are plenty of 'em in the cellar and more in the patch); and while we are eating I will ask you to please look in the first number of "The Household" for this year and see if you can't find the Western Texas "Prickly Pear" in that number, and you will find on examination that the one from Colorado did not appear until some weeks afterwards. So you will have to admit that I'm not getting credit for your nom de plume at all. And if any one has jumbled up your sentiments with mine I have failed to see it; but then three of my "Households" failed to put in an appearance with THE FREE PRESS, and, as a matter of course, I'm ignorant of their contents. Isn't that ice-cream melon splendid?

"Johanna," I love babies dearly, and would like to have yours. (Can't I have her little picture, please?) But I meant—in my other letter—that I should like to claim her mother, if I did not have such a darling one of my own, bless her dear heart. Her hair is very white, and her steps are growing more feeble every day, and it makes me sad when I think how soon the summons will come for her to leave us; although I know she will have a happy reunion with friends "over there," especially with my dear father, who has but lately passed through the "gates ajar."

Western Texas. PRICKLY PEAR.

Waiting for Her Ship to Come in.

"Johanna," that sweet little girl "over there in the crib" has a good mother. I would want to lay claim to her myself if I did not have such a dear, precious one of my own. But I suspect that I'm your senior, and that my wedding anniversaries outnumber yours.

I have no little olive branches, but I have one that is large enough to take care of himself, and I hope that he will always be able to do it.

But it makes me sad to think of it. To think that he is no longer my little baby boy, playing at my feet, and that he may soon leave me, to seek his fortune in a far off country, as thousands of others have done. Ah, me! I pray that may never happen.

But who knows? I often think what a blessing it is, that we are not allowed to know what is stored away in the future for us.

Gentle folks, I want that "Household Book," "just the wustest kind," but I have a very good recipe book, and will probably have to wait "until that ship comes in," before I can possess another.

"Frank's Wife," I'm sorry you are almost drowned, and hope that such a disaster may never happen again. I often and often think of the sufferers in the flooded districts and wish that I could help them. I am thankful that I do not live near the banks of the Father of Waters. I think that if the water could be a little more equally distributed over the country that we would all be better off. We had a good rain a few days ago and it was hailed with gladness, for it is the first that's fell for many months, and people were getting decidedly blue over the prospect of starvation. But this has encouraged us wonderfully.

Western Texas.

PRICKLY PEAR.

Fancies and Facts.

Dear friends of "The Household," I imagine that I would enjoy a visit to Detroit this warm weather.

It is only the 2nd of April, 8 o'clock p. m., and the mercury reaches eighty, with doors and windows wide open.

It is warmer, of course, in the middle of the day, but we nearly always have a good fresh breeze. Not a "Sea Breeze" though. I wish it was.

"Sea Breeze," you and "Ray Sunnyside" are my favorites. I always read your letters first. You have lots of "goobers," your way, don't you Ray? My father was born and brought up in your State, among the "pinders," and I have some relatives there yet, but I know very little about them. Sometime, when my ship comes in, I intend to go and get acquainted with them, and perhaps I will have the pleasure of meeting you in my rambles. That is, if we don't die with old age before that long looked for vessel arrives.

"Neptune," I don't like to face a norther here on our Western prairies, and I am sure I should like it less to be caught in one on Mobile Bay. I am a little coward when it comes to riding on salt water, but give me a good horse and saddle and I'm at home, and will ride with any of "Ye Householders."

I wish the flower-loving members of the "family" could see our prairies now. They are immense gardens of flowers of every variety and color. I am glad that we can have wild flowers. We can't have any other kinds on account of drouth.

The spring time has truly come with us, and always with the coming of the grass, and flowers, the cowboy rounds up his horses, rigs up his mess wagon, rigs himself in leather leggings, slicker or water-proof coat, a wide-brimmed hat and pair of spurs, says good-bye, and leaves, to be gone a month or six weeks at a time, leaving wife, mother, sisters and sweetheart to wait, watch and pray for his safe return.

Their work is hard and tedious. Out in all sorts of weather, often wet and cold and hungry, deprived of all the home comforts, and, I must add, that it is tedious for us, who only watch and wait.

Western Texas.

PRICKLY PEAR.



always barren.

GOOD BYE.

A feeling of sadness swept o'er me,
When I bid you good-bye to-day.
At thoughts of leaving my darling
In a land so far away.

I felt my eyes fast filling,
And the tears unbidden would start,
But all will be well in the end
If only we do our part.

I thought of the kind professor,
And all the good teachers there,
And also of dear Mrs. Taylor,
Who'll watch you with motherly care.

And remember, God is with us,
No matter where we stray,
And if we only trust Him,
He is sure to lead the way.

Once more, my child, good-bye,
Be a useful and upright man,
Put your trust in heaven,
And do all the good you can.

And when you are through with lessons,
And your school-boy days are done,
Just take the train for home again,
And I'll welcome you back, my son.

MOTHER.

Albany, Aug. 18, 1884.

Mother: You certainly may come in.
Glad to have you come.

POOR TIRED MOTHER.

They were talking of the glory of the land beyond the skies,
Of the light and of the gladness to be found in paradise,
Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs,
Of the wandrings through the golden streets of happy white-robed throngs;
And said father, leaning cozily back in his easy-chair
(Father always was a master-hand for comfort everywhere):
"What a joyful thing 'twould be to know that when this life is o'er
One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed shining shore!"
And Isabel, our eldest girl, glanced upward from the reed
She was painting on a water jug, and murmured: "Yes, indeed."
And Marian, the next in age, a moment dropped her book,
And "Yes, indeed!" repeated, with a most ecstatic look.
But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come to sweep the room,
With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom—
Poor mother! no one ever thought how much she had to do—
And said: "I hope it's nothing wrong not to agree with you,
But seems to me that when I die, before I join the blest,
I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and rest."
—Margaret Eyttinge, in Harper's Magazine.



Thursday, April 29, 1886.

Married.

At the residence of Mr. W. D. Reynolds, on Sunday, the 25th, Mr. S. A. Newcombe and Miss Minnie Matthews were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Rev. Jno. Brown officiating.

The following presents were received by the bride:

\$1,000 in cattle, W. D. Reynolds.
Fine saddle pony, groom.

Watch, and side saddle and bridle, Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Bartholomew.

China tea set, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Conrad.

Silver butter dish, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Matthews.

Silver syrup stand, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Reynolds.

Silver napkin rings, Misses Lula Matthews and Bettie Linam.

Set silver forks, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Matthews.

Set silver spoons, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Campbell.

Carving knife, fork and steel, O. D. Cheatham.

Set glass goblets, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Reynolds.

One doz. linen napkins, Miss Minnie Sterrett.

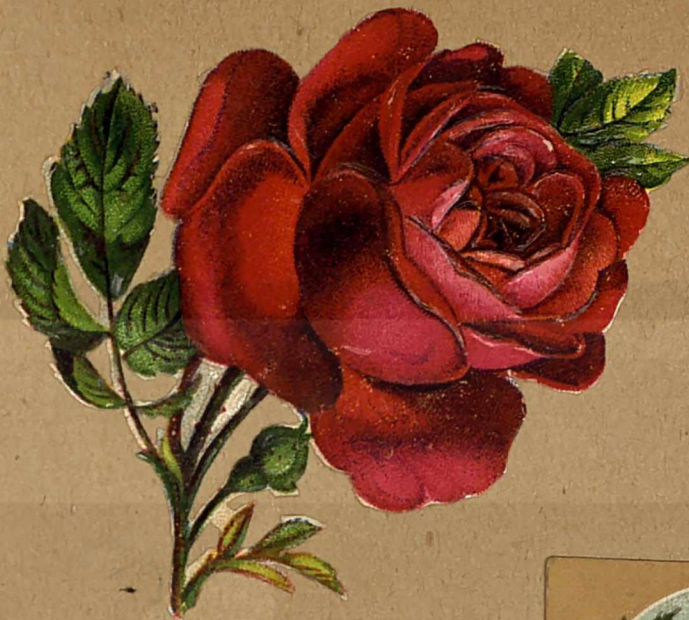
Set silver table spoons, Mrs. Will Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. Newcombe will leave for Arizona about the 15th of May, where they will make their future home, as Mr. Newcombe is interested in a cattle ranch in that State. We wish them all the joy and happiness imaginable in their future home, and hope that it will be only a short time until they number their cattle by the thousands.

Last week we had an unusual rush of work on hand and that may account for our leaving out of the list of presents received by Mrs. Newcombe, (nee Miss Minnie Matthews), the fine silver pickle castor, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Burns.

Never forget that marriage is ordained by God, and that His blessing alone can make it what it should ever be.

Never let your hopes stop short of the eternal home.



FROM THE GERMAN.

The noblest purpose wins at last,
The wrong fails in the end;
If thou wilt by the truth stand fast,
'Twill prove thy firmest friend.

LYDIA M. MILLARD.





always barren.

—William Y. Buttes, the Cowboy Poet.

ALLIE, WITH THE TANGLED HAIR.

BY JEANNIE IRVING.

Nevermore, ah, nevermore,
Shall we hear the little feet
Patter o'er and o'er the floor;
She hath gained the blissful seat
Where the angel babies meet.

Nevermore, ah, nevermore,
Shall we hear the merry voice
Chatter, chatter constantly
All about her books and toys.
Nevermore shall arms entwine
Round my neck such love as thine.

Nevermore, our Allie, fair
Allie, with the tangled hair,
Shall we feel the warm, soft touch
Of thy lips; there ne'er was such;
Darling, on my aching breast
Passed thou gently to thy rest.

Now, beneath the ivied wall,
Where the pleasant sunbeams fall,
Lies our Allie, young and fair;
And we fondly linger o'er
Treasures, locked within the drawer,
And a lock of tangled hair.

Evermore, aye, evermore,
Shall we see a tiny hand
Point us to the better land:
Onward, upward, Heavenward, still
Bow we, Father, to Thy will.

Evermore, aye, evermore,
Tho' the waves beat strong and wild,
We shall strive to meet our child
In that land, so bright, so fair;
We shall meet her over there—
Allie, with the tangled hair.

THE LITTLE SHOE.

Laughing and humming an idle air,
I tawed the drawer's contents aside—
Trifles of old days I scattered there,
And papers in haste untied.

Struck, as it were, by a random shot,
I felt an old wound bleed anew;
Carelessly seeking, I knew not what,
I came on a little shoe.

Memory flashed on me; sadly sweet
Rang out the merry laugh of yore;
Echoed the beat of those tiny feet
That pattered along the floor.

Chubby round face, so demure and wise,
Shone out with brow so angel fair;
Dreamy reflection of hare-bell eyes,
And halo of golden hair.

Pet names, and jokes of her infant play,
Struck on the heart with a sudden blow;
Life in the morn of one dreadful day,
And death when the sun was low.

Poor little relic! brief hour of sport!
What shame to me if tears will fall?
Springtime of babyhood, oh, how short!
This poor little shoe—how small!

LONELINESS.

BY WM. H. HAYNE.

In moods of transient mournfulness,
With morbid meaning rife,
Sometimes we prate of solitude,—
The loneliness of life.

But could we follow silently
A single dying breath,
How quickly we would understand
The loneliness of death.

—[Philadelphia American.]

The sins of youth are the shadows of
old age.

REMEMBER THY MOTHER.

Lead thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine,
See upon her loving face,
Those deep lines of care;
Think! it was her toil for thee
Left that record there.

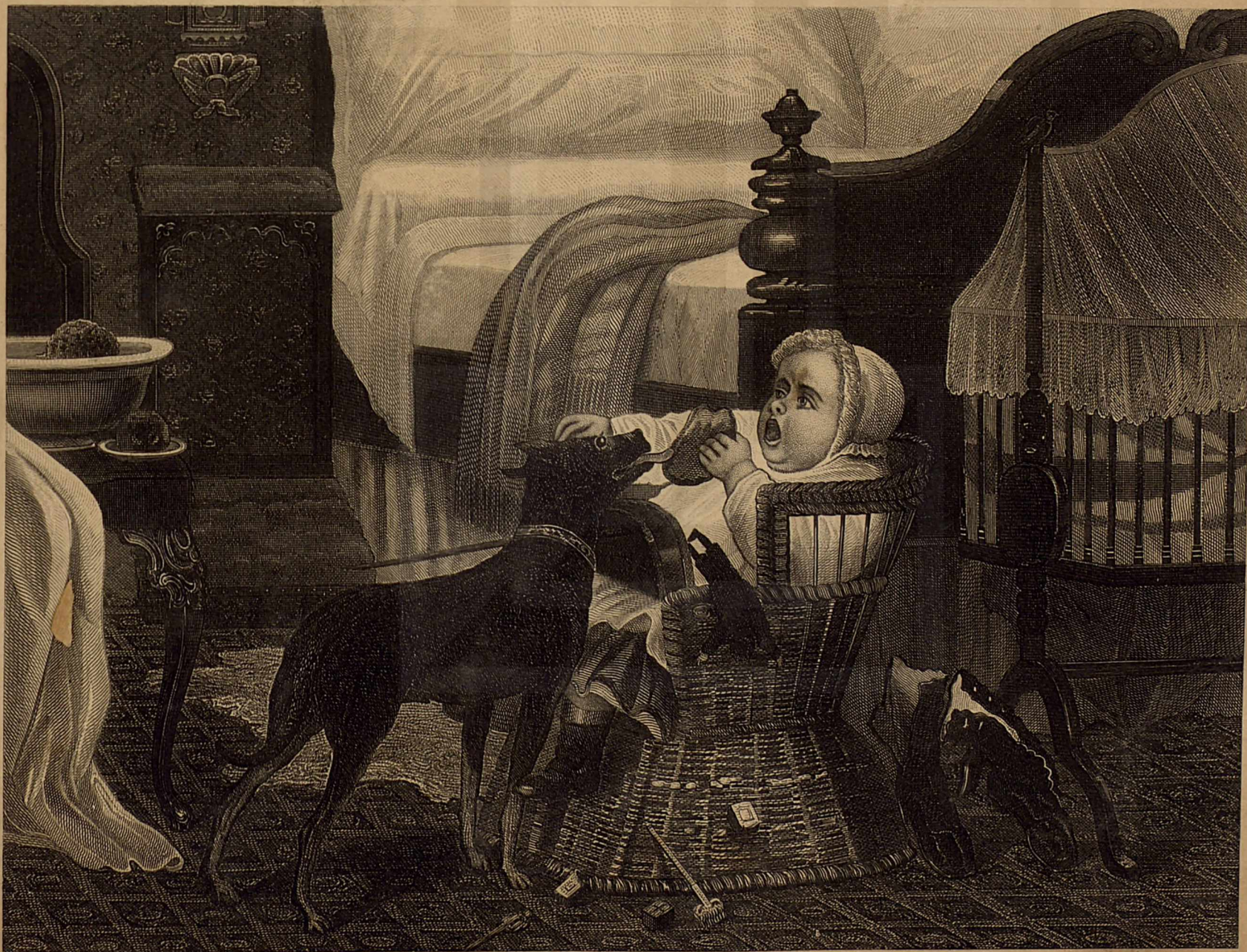
Ne'er forget her tireless watch
Kept by day and night;
Taking from her step the grace
From her eye, the light.
Cherish well her faithful heart:
Which through weary years
Echoed with its sympathy
All thy smiles and tears,

Thank God for thy mother's love
Guard the priceless boon;
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon.
When thy grateful tenderness
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than thy mother's grave.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

Whatever the pathway of duty,
You are called by your lot to pursue,
It shall blossom with hope and with beauty,
If bright prospects at last are in view.

Be faithful and you shall be glorious,
Tread the paths by the glorified trod,
And your crosses shall make you victorious,
And bring you the promise of God.



Engraved by H. H. Brothers, from the Original Picture by E. L. Henry Esq.

THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble
Would burst like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings,
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's
poor;
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and heartache can
cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry,
Across the tame waters that bid us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for
yet.

Things in the Bottom Drawer.

There are whips and tops and pieces of strings,
There are shoes which no little feet wear;
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair:
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and picture, all faded and torn,
And marked by the finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken mine away;
And I almost doubt that the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
Who are waiting and watching to-night,
For the slow return of the faltering feet
That have strayed from the paths of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin,
Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander far in distant climes,
They perish by fire and flood,
And their hands are black with the direst crimes
That kindled the wrath of God.
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest,
She hath lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children, three,
My babies that never grow old,
And know that they are waiting and watching for
me,
In the city with streets of gold,
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow and sin and war,
And I thank my God with falling tears,
For the things in the bottom drawer.

Good-night Wishes.

A blessing on my babes to-night,
A blessing on their mother;
A blessing on my kinsmen light,
Each loving friend and brother.

A blessing on the toiler's rest;
The over-worn and weary;
The desolate and comfortless,
To whom the earth is dreary.

A blessing on the glad, to-night;
A blessing on the hoary;
The maiden clad in beauty bright,
The young man in his glory.

A blessing on my fellow-race,
Of every clime and nation;
May they partake His saving grace
Who died for our salvation.

If any man have wrought me wrong,
Still blessings be upon him;
May I in love to him be strong,
Till charity have won him.

Thy blessings on me, from of old,
My God! I cannot number;
I wrap me in their ample fold,
And sink in trustful slumber.

—Thomas Mackellar.

Correct.

"My boy," said a conscientious teacher, "do
you know why I am going to whip you?"

"Yes," replied the young hopeful, "because
you're bigger than I am."

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my desk with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall;
The sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook thro' the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Tho' doing it be not in vain;
And, a blessing failing us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Tho' sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven
By the storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven.

WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT.

FULL white moon upon a waste of ocean,
High full tide upon the sandy shore;
In the fisher's cot, without a motion,
Waiteth he that never shall sail more—
Waiteth he, and one sad comrade, sighing,
Speaking lowly, says, "Without a doubt
He will rest soon: Some One calls the dying
When the tide goes out."

Some One calls the tide, when in its flowing
It hath touched the limits of its bound;
Some great Voice; and all the billows, knowing
What omnipotence is in that sound,
Hasten back to ocean, none delaying
For man's profit, pleasuring, or doubt—
Backward to their source, not one wave straying;
And the tide is out.

Some One calls the soul o'er life's dark ocean,
When its tide breaks high upon the land,
And it listens with such glad emotion
As the "called" alone can understand—
Listens, hastens to its source of being,
Leaves the sands of Time without a doubt,
While we sadly wait, as yet but seeing
That the tide is out.



THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good night" and be kissed,
O, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
O, the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming,
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin—
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild—
O, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of heart and of household,
They are angels of God in disguise—
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes—
O, those truants from earth and from heaven
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones
All radiant as others have done,
But that life may have just as much shadow,
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself.
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the Autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me,
And bid me "good night" and be kissed.

Only.

Only a careless deed,
Done half thoughtlessly;
But its results are not measured here,
But last through eternity.

Only—it may not seem much,
But to many thoughts it gives birth;
For only this and only that
Makes up the sum of earth.

Only the weary toil
Only the patient care;
And then, the home, the resting-place,
Beyond our vision here.

It is only a little while,
For our master tells us so;
Only—He knows its meaning well,
And, ere long, we too shall know.

Press on, Oh weary one!
Does it seem so long to wait?
Only a few more hills to climb,
And we shall reach the gate.

The gate across the stream,
The lights shine from within;
Only to wait to cross the stream,
And we shall enter in.

Never more to wander,
But think 'mid Heaven's smile
Throughout the years that never end,
Earth was only a little while.

—Weekly Visitor

"GO TO GRASS."

BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

In angry tones they reached my ear,
These words that wished a woe to
A fellow mortal, telling where
They'd like to have him go to.
And musing on the ill-born wish,
I fell to thinking thus—
That if we do not go to grass,
Then grass must come to us.

All flesh is grass, and grass is flesh
However much we scout it;
Grass is our bread, our butter, beef,
Nor can we live without it.
And how we pity city folk
So pale and pinched! You know, too,
That all this happens them and theirs
For want of grass to go to.

Let them roll over
In the sweet clover,
Tangling their curls,
Dear little girls!

Down on their knees,
Catching the bees,
Butterflies! boys!
Bless me what noise!

Let the wind fan them,
Let the sun tan them,
What do we care
If health is there?

And by and by 'twill come to pass,
That all of us will go to grass.
For o'er each long-forgotten grave
God's glorious green shall kindly wave.

FLORENCE FLETCHER.

NOBILITY.

Imbedded deep in the gravel
Of a dark Brazilian mine.
Two precious diamonds of rarest worth
Awaited their time to shine.

And as one without the other
By a miner was borne away,
It said, "How I pity your wretched fate
Down here in disgrace to stay."

"You might as well be a pebble,
For your worth is nothing here;
Oh, how you must envy my happier lot,
To go to a higher sphere!"

"I envy you not," said the other,
"Be your station ever so high:
Not *where*, but *what*, we are is the law;
And you are no more than I."

"However our spheres may differ,
We are made of the self-same stuff;
If you are a polished diamond, I
Am a diamond in the rough."

"I may not attain the lustre
That your different lot will give;
But if with a true and noble end
In my humble sphere I live,—

"Though you are found in a palace,
And I in the gravelly earth,
Yet the law that nature governs
Makes each of equal worth."

RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood, amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks;

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou should'st but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

LIFE'S FADELESS FLOWERS.

BY BIRDIE.

I've been thinking, darling, thinking,
Of the happy days, now gone,
Ere the minor chords of sadness
Touched the music of Life's song.
I've been wondering why the shadows
Always mingle with the light.
And Life's day dream sinks to slumber
At the first approach of night.

Our two roads have met, and parted.
Of the fadeless flowers which grew
Along the way, we have together
Plucked and treasured, each a few.
Hope, and Confidence and Love—
These are the fragrant, fadeless flowers
We gladly lingered long to gather,
In the dear, old happy hours.

And, pressed between the sacred pages
Of the Present and the Past,
Something tells me that their sweetness
And their life will always last.
In hours of weary retrospection—
Hours when we are lone or sad—
Their presence, like a sweet reminder,
Whispers of the joys once had.

Darling, though our roads, forever,
Shall lie stretched far, far apart,
We will keep these fadeless blossoms,
Like pure safe-guards, in each heart;
Till from earth's soil they are transplanted
To the garden of our King,
There to bloom with constant beauty,
In its changeless, ceaseless spring.

I AM DYING.

The following beautiful poem is taken from
the Memphis *Bulletin*. It is rarely we find such
contributions to the columns of a newspaper.
It is sweetly, beautifully sad:

Raise my pillow, husband dearest,
Faint and fainter comes my breath,
And these shadows stealing slowly,
Must, I know, be those of death.
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand,
Yours that ever has sustained me
To the borders of this land.

For your God and mine—our Father
Thence shall ever lead me on,
Where, upon a throne eternal,
Sits his loved and only Son;
I've had visions and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain,
Year by year I've wandered backward,
Till I was a child again.

Dreams of girlhood, and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride—
How my heart thrilled with love's triumph,
In that hour of woman's pride.
Dreams of thee and all the earth-chords
Firmly twined about my heart—
Oh! the bitter, burning anguish,
When I first knew we must part.

It is past, and God has promised
All thy footsteps to attend;
He that's more than friend or brother,
He'll be with you to the end.
There's no shadow o'er the portal
Leading to my heavenly home—
Christ has promised life immortal,
And 'tis He that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,
And its chilling billows swell,
Thou'lt thank heaven that I'm spared them,
Thou'lt feel then that "all is well."
Bring our boys unto my bedside,
My last blessings let them keep—
But they're sleeping—do not wake them,
They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake;
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This, the last night of my life,
For to-morrow I shall never
Answer when you call me "wife."
Fare thee well, my noble husband,
Faint not 'neath the chast'ning rod;
Throw your strong arm 'round our children,
Keep them close to thee—and God!

The grave is a very small hillock, but
we can see farther from it than from the
highest mountain in the world.

When you fret and fume at the petty
ills of life, remember that the wheels
which go round without creaking last
longest.



Love's Tribute.

The hue and perfume of the rose
Of her sweet charms faint symbols are;
In beauty's galaxy she glows
Resplendent as the evening star.

What messages of love sincere
Glance forth from each blue sparkling eye,
Of "perfect love which casts out fear,"
Which speech might only half imply.

Those winsome smiles which prove a spell
More potent than the syren's art,
While of her inward joy they tell,
To us still greater joy impart.

Though oft 'neath beauty we descry
A character by pride distained,
Her outward charms but typify
A meekness which none e'er disdained.

Her presence, killing though it be,
Makes mortal life more truly life;
But robbed of her society
Our days with woe and care seem rife.

But oh, that joyous rite—the kiss,
The luxury that ne'er can clog—
This sweet epitome of bliss,
Turns parting grief to parting joy.

Dull words can never hope to reach
Her qualities so rich and rare,
And even fancy's glowing speech
Resigns the task in blank despair.

To her we would award the palm
For beauty, modesty and grace;
She is a joy, delight and charm,
The glory of her sex and race.

London, England.

REGNIETS.

MEMORY'S SONG.

"Causa fuit Pater his."—Hon.

The earth cast off her snowy shrouds,
And overhead the skies
Looked down between the soft white clouds,
As blue as children's eyes:—
The breath of Spring was all too sweet, she said,
Too like the Spring that came ere he was dead.

The grass began to grow that day,
The flowers awoke from sleep,
And round her did the sunbeams play
Till she was fain to weep.
The light will surely blind my eyes, she said,
It shines so brightly still, yet he is dead.

The buds grew glossy in the sun
On many a leafless tree,
The little brooks did laugh and run
With most melodious glee.
O God! they make a jocund noise, she said,
All things forget him now that he is dead.

The wind had from the almond flung
Red blossoms round her feet,
On hazel-boughs the catkins hung,
The willow blooms grew sweet—
Palm willows, fragrant with the Spring, she said,
He always found the first;—but he is dead.

Right golden was the crocus flame,
And touched with purest green,
The small white flower of stainless name
Above the ground was seen.
He used to love the white and gold, she said;
The snowdrops come again, and he is dead.

I would not wish him back, she cried,
In this dark world of pain,
For him the joys of life abide,
For me its griefs remain.

I would not wish him back again, she said,
But Spring is hard to bear now he is dead.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

THE SLEEP OF THE JUST.

THE LAWYER.

I slept in an editor's bed last night,
When no other chanced to be nigh;
How I thought, as I tumbled the editor's bed,
How easy editors lie!

THE EDITOR.

If the lawyer slept in the editor's bed
When no lawyer chanced to be nigh,
And though he has written and naively said,
How easily editors lie,
He must then admit, as he lay on that bed
And slept to his heart's desire,
Whate'er he may say of the editor's bed,
Then the lawyer himself was the liar.

—[Chambers' Journal.]

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—[Pope.]

We should do by our cunning as we do by our courage—always have it ready to defend ourselves, never to offend others.—[Greville.]

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination.—[Swift.]

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—[Lavater.]



Painted by Miss Kate Swift.

Engraved & Printed by Ilman Brothers.

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE"

Josh Billings "Trump Cards."

I have never known a sekond wife but what was boss of the situashun.

After a man gits to be 38 years old he kant form any new habits much; the best he can do is to steer his old ones.

Enny man who kan swap horses or ketch fish, and not lie about it, iz just az pius az men ever git to be in this world.

The sassiest man I ever met iz a henpeckt husband when he iz away from home.

An enthusiast is an individual who believes about four times az much az he kan prove, and he kan prove about four times az much az any body believes.

The dog that will follow anybody ain't wuth a cent.

HOPE AND WAIT.

BY J. WARREN WATSON.

Hope and wait just a little while longer,
Wait and see what to morrow will bring;
Drifted snow makes the violet stronger,
And it blooms all the sooner in Spring.

Watch and wait, till the foliage covers
Yonder forest now leafless and brown,
Far ahead on your path joy hovers,
Watch and wait for your coveted crown.

Build bright castles while yet you have power,
Wrought in dreams let your happiness be;
Close your eyes to the dark clouds that lower,
Watch and wait till your ship comes from sea.

The proud pine must return to its mother,
Arctic ice melts 'neath the tropics fierce beam,
Pain and pleasure will follow each other,
Ruled by Nature's grand law of extremes.

In your heart every minute smother!
Never yield to the tempest of care;
If your anchor be gone, forge another,
For 'tis better to hope than despair.
—Western Rural.

"Irenæus," in a letter to the *N. Y. Observer* transmits the following lines and the accompanying note from which we make a short extract.

How simple yet how beautiful are the ballad-like lines:

My Dear Irenæus:—Knowing how dearly you love home, and how truly you read and estimate the language of the heart, I send you the following lines which, to my agreeable surprise, I found lying on my study table on the morning of the thirtieth anniversary of my marriage. Coming from the source they did, they touched my heart in a very tender place.

TO MY DEAR HUSBAND.

'Twas thirty years ago, love,
Our "nuptial knot" was tied;
We pledged ourselves, you know, love,
To travel side by side;

To honor, love, and cherish,
In sickness, weal or woe;
Till nature's self should perish,
Joined heart and hand, to go.

And through life's path uneven—
Its changing good and ill—
Thou knowest, love, we've striven
Our pledges to fulfill.

Oft, when our sun was shining,
How sweet the mutual smile;
When bid, "the silver lining,"
We've tried to see the while.

But when, through clouds unparted,
No ray dispelled our fears,
Depressed but still true hearted,
We've shared our mutual tears;

Sustaining tears they proved, love,
For, had we wept alone,
Our hearts so rudely moved, love,
Had broke, or turned to stone.

Some thirty years ago
Our life was all before;
Hope lent her wings, you know,
And high we loved to soar.

But now our life's behind—
Its sands are running fast;
How, like the rushing wind,
Come memories of the past!

Friends of our youth have parted—
Have fallen, one by one;
Survivors, broken-hearted,
Now sit and weep alone!

To-day on love's blest altar,
Our offering we'll renew,
And pray we ne'er may falter,
But each to each be true.

Whate'er we find to do, love,
We'll "do it with our might,"
Remaining days are few, love—
Fast steals the silent night.

May our kind Father take us
Together "down the hill;"
If not, He'll ne'er forsake us,
But guide the lone one still.

Brief will our parting be, love,
We meet no more to sever;
And by the "crystal sea," love,
Drink purer bliss forever.

YOUR WIFE.

THE FOUNTAINS OF LOVE.

Two fountains mingle in the tide of love
Their sweet and bitter waters, with a sound
Wherein the notes of joy and pain are found,
As in low pleadings of a mated dove;
And o'er the banks through which those waters move
A tangled bower of diverse growth is wound,
Where, mixed with honeysuckle rosy-crowned,
The cruel nightshade hangs the stream above.
And whoso plucks the flowers of morning glow
Holds also in his hand the flowers of woe,
Their intertwined stems so closely meet;
And whoso tastes the waters as they flow,
Ere yet his thirst is quenched shall hardly know
The bitter fountain's flavor from the sweet.



"GOOD AND BETTER."

A father sat by the chimney post
On a winter's day enjoying a roast;
By his side a maiden young and fair,
A girl with wealth of golden hair;
And she teased the father, stern and cold,
With a question of duty, trite and old:
"Say, father, what shall a maiden do
When a man of merit comes to woo?
And, father, what of this pain in my breast?
Married or single—which is the best?"

Then the sire to the maiden young and fair,
The girl of the wealth of golden hair,
He answers, as ever do fathers cold,
To questions of duty, trite and old:
"She who weddeth, keeps God's letter;
She who weds not, doeth better."
Then meekly answered the maiden fair,
The girl with the wealth of golden hair:
"I will keep the sense of the Holy Letter,
Content to do WELL without doing BETTER."

"Postmaster you will please send
This letter to my valued friend;
John Edson Briggs is his name—
A man minus fortune, unknown to fame.
At La Junta, in the county of Bent,
My honest friend has pitched his tent;
He went to the western Eldorado,
And settled in the State of Colorado.
If not called for within 10 days,
Please return through various ways
To the writer, Delavan W. Gee,
503, 11th St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

Without Thee.

Without Thee, oh, how weary
The sad hours come and go;
How dark and lone and cheerless,
None but thy loved ones know.

For those who still are treading
The broad unbidden way,
Have never felt the darkness,
Have never seen the day,

Without Thee, there abideth
But sorrow and unrest;
For only by Thy presence
The heart is truly blest.

Oh! who would live without Thee,
Without Thy smile of love;
No hope on earth to cheer them,
No blessing from above.

We wait for Thy appearing,
And watch the bright'ning ray
That brings a glorious morning,
And takes the night away.

Yet know we Thou art near us,
Though seeming now afar;
For Thou hast said, Thy presence
Is where Thy children are.

Would We Forget?

Would we forget the sorrows of the past,
If we could blot them from our memories
now?

Would we forget the turmoil and the strife?
Would we forget the aching heart and
brow?

Would we forget the many weary days
When life was dark, and hope and joy
had fled?

Would we forget the silent, lonely house?
Would we forget the bitter tears we've
shed?

Would we forget the last fond look of those
Who left us for a happier, holier sphere?
Would we forget those sad, sweet memories,
If we could blot them from existence now?

Ah, no! we would remember all the past—
It was not best to walk through flowery
meads—

And were not all the sorrows sent, by One
Who both the lily clothes and sparrow
feeds?

If we forget the sorrows of the past,
Then too, we should forget the peace that
came

So gently stealing o'er our weary souls,
To tune our hearts anew to praise His
name.

So let us take whate'er our Father sends,
And be content to make His will our own;
And tho' we may not understand it here,
In Heaven, "We shall know as we are
known."

New Haven, Conn. IDA V. HUKÉ.

Two Ends.

When a small boy, I was carry-
ing a not very large ladder, when
there was a crash. An unlucky
movement had brought the rear
end of my ladder against a win-
dow. Instead of scolding me,
my father made me stop, and said
very quietly, "Look here my son,
there is one thing I wish you to
remember, that is, every ladder
has two ends." I never have for-
gotten it, though many years have
gone. Do not we carry things
besides ladders that have two
ends? When I see a young man
getting "fast" habits I think he
sees only one end of the ladder,
the one pointed toward pleasure,
and that he does not know that
the other is wounding his par-
ents' hearts. Ah! yes, every
ladder has two ends, and it is a
thing to be remembered in more
ways than one.

For the Companion.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

JULY 4TH.

Softly thy silken folds float in the air
Of this soft perfumed day. Hands small and fair
Have fixed thee in a languorous festoon,
And given thee to the sweet breath of noon—
Thy motion keeping time to happy words,
And the faint chirping of young broods of birds.

My country's colors, as I look at thee
In this fair scene of peace, what do I see?
Another place, and other starry flags,
Blood-stained, and rent, and shot to blackened rags;
And young eyes closing to the summer light
That give to them their last long yearning sight.

O, blue eyes that I loved, forgetting all,
Thy last looks on thy country's flag did fall.
Therein were liberty, and truth, and right,
More need not be within a soldier's sight;
Dear fainting heart, tenfold my love to thee
Because thy flag took all thy thoughts from me.

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

SEVERED HEARTS.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A parting in angry haste,
The sun that rose on a bower of bliss
The loving look and the tender kiss,
Has set on a barren waste,
Where pilgrims tread with weary feet,
Paths destined never more to meet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A moment that blots out years.
Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore,
Where billows of passion surge and roar;
To break in a spray of tears;
Tears shed to blind the severed pair
Drifting seaward and drowning there.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A flash from a passing cloud,
Two hearts are scathed to the inmost core,
Are ashes and dust for evermore.

Two faces turned to the crowd,
Masked by pride with a life-long lie,
To hide the scars of that agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
An arrow at random sped,
It has cut in twain the mystic tie,
That had bound two souls in harmony,
Sweet love lies bleeding or dead.
A poisonous shaft with scarce an aim,
Has done a mischief sad as shame.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! for the loves and lives
So little a cause has sent apart;
Tearing the fondest heart from heart
As the whirlwind rends the rives,
Never to reunite again,
But live and die in secret pain.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! that it should be so!
The petulant speech, the careless tongue,
Have wrought more evil and done more
wrong,
Have brought to the world more woe,
Than all the armies age to age
Record on history's blood-stained page.

Anacreontic.

Oh, if my love offended me,
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be,
I'd whip her with a feather!

If then, she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my love a cross of pearl,
And make her always bear it!

If still she tried to sulk and sigh,
And throw away my posies
I'd catch my darling on the sly,
And smother her with roses!

But should she clinch her dimpled fists,
Or contradict her betters;
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty golden fetters!

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses;
I'd wind my arm about her waist about,
And punish her with kisses!

BLUE GENTIAN: A THOUGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

I shall never be a child,
With its dancing footsteps wild,
Nor a free-footed maiden any more,
Yet my heart leaps up to see
The new leaf upon the tree,
And to hear the light winds pass
O'er the flowers in the grass,
And for very joy brims o'er,
As I kneel and pluck this store
Of blue gentian.

I shall never climb thy peak,
Great white Alp, that cannot speak
Of the centuries that float over thee like dreams,
Dumb of all God's secret things
Sealed to beggars and to kings—
Yet I sit in a world of sight,
Color, beauty, sound, and light,
While at every step, meseems,
Small sweet joys spring up, like gleams
Of blue gentian.

I shall not live o'er again
This strange life, half bliss, half pain;
I shall sleep till Thou call'st me to arise,
Body and soul with new-born powers,
If thou wakenest these poor flowers,
Wilt thou not awaken me,
Who am thirsting after Thee?
Ah! when faith grows dim and dies,
Let me think of Alpine skies
And blue gentian.

—Good Words.

He's Left Who Comes Too Late.

The train departs at half-past eight;
The traveler runs apace,
He yet may reach the station gate—
It closes in his face!
He sees the train slide down the track;
He curses free his fate,
And mutters as he wanders back—
"He's left who comes too late!"

At 6 the dinner's smoking hot;
The wine foams in the glass;
The soup is boiling from the pot,
Which dearest waiters pass.
The wine is flat; the soup is cold;
The dinner comes at eight—
You see the old, old story's told—
"He's left who comes too late!"

A maiden holds a heart in thrall—
He cherishes a glove,
And sighs to gain her, that is all!
He does not tell his love,
And some fine day, the cruel mail
Bears as a dreadful fate,
Her wedding cards—then let him wail—
"I'm left, who came too late!"

—[Boston Advertiser.

CULTIVATING CONTENTMENT.

If the soil of a garden be worthy our care,
Its culture delightful, though ever so small;
Oh, then let the heart the same diligence share,
And the flowers of affection will rival them all.

CHARLES SWAIN.



THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"De Secretary will read de follerin' communicashun," said the President as the meeting opened:

BRO. GARDNER—Several of your friends desire to know how you stand on the question of charity this fall. Does the club propose to donate anything to local charity this winter?

Respectfully,

FOUR FRIENDS.

"As to de fust query," said the President, as he drew himself up, "de answers dat I have heretofore given mus' stand fur de answer now. De charity of Detroit has bred a race of beggars who will nebbber leave us. It has added to de loaferism an' encouraged de idleness an' ginerall shiftlessness. It has said to de heads of families: 'Idle de summer away an' you shall be supported durin' de winter! Go ask de Poo' Superintendent if de same persons doan' return y'ar after y'ar? Ask him if men an' women have not come to look upon a poo' fund as deir right, an' if dey doan' demand deir allowance, instead of asking for it? Charity filled de kentry wid tramps. When charity tried to undo its work de tramps began to burn barns an' murder women an' chill'en. Charity has encouraged a drove of 500 beggar chill'en to march up an' down ebery resident street. It has wasted its tears upon brutes of men an' its prayers upon hardened women, an' its money has gone to feed people so vile an' wicked dat State's Prison ached to receive 'em."

"As to de second query, dar' am a poo' ole man libin' nex' doah to Sir Isaac Walpole. Who has paid his rent for months past? Charity? No, gem'en; charity neber h'ars of anybody but a bold-faced beggar. Our friend, heah, Sir Isaac, has not only kept de roof ober de ole man's head, but has furnished him many a meal to eat.

"Up on Grove street, near de cabin of Way-down Bebee, am a poo' ole woman dat has gone blind. Brudder Bebee an' odder members has chipped in to take car' of her, an' whateher she has had de pas' summer or has got now am due to deir kindness. Town charity hasn't dis-kibered her yet.

"Up on Scott street, clus to de cabin of Whalebone Howker, dar was a death de odder day an' two chill'en war' left alone in de world. Charity left 'em alone in de house until de landlord turned 'em into de street; den charity walked off an' Brudder Howker took de orphans home an' will keep 'em frew de winter.

"Up my way dar' am a sick man who wants medicines—a boy wid a broken leg who wants nourishin' food—a woman who has had a long run of fever widout her rent fallin' behind or her chill'en goin' hungry. Let de cry of distress come to Pickles Smith, Judge Cadaver, Samuel Shin, Rev. Penstock or any odder member who kin spare from his purse or his table, an' it am promptly answered. We know our nayburs an' we am naburly. We found no hospitals, establish no beggars' headquarters, an' issue no call fur odder cities to send in deir paupers to be supported, but our naybur finds us at his sick-bed, an' misfortune finds our purses open. He who has charity in his heart need not go huntin' fur de poo' to relieve an' fur reporters to puff deir gifts. Charity dat rides aroun' town on a fo'-hoss wagin will see a workin' man starve an' feed a loafer who has spent half his summer in de saloons. Let us drap de subjick an' proceed to bizness."

'Tis a truth well known to most
That whatsoever thing is lost;
We seek it ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.

—[Cowper,

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Just previous to the opening of the meeting Prof. High Strung Smith entered the hall in great excitement and announced that some unknown person had followed him into an alley and attempted to assassinate him by aiming a blow at his head with a sand-club. A score of members rushed out, but the would-be murderer had made good his escape, and no clue could be found. Prof. High Strung is one of the only two men in America who can open his mouth clear back to his ears, and it is suspected that the other party, who lives in or near Toronto, has hired an assassin to put the Professor out of the way so as to have the entire field to himself. The Professor will hereafter arm himself with two revolvers and a Mexican dirk, and the public are warned not to approach him too suddenly or in a suspicious manner.

A FIZZLE.

In opening the meeting Brother Gardner announced that the Hon. Half-Shell Snyder, of Nashville, Tenn., was in the ante-room waiting to deliver a lecture on the subject, "The Progression of Man." The honorable reached Detroit out of money, hungry, hatless and almost discouraged. The President had boarded him for three days, lent him a shirt and other garments, and hoped to be repaid by listening to an interesting lecture upon a subject in which he had always taken a deep interest.

The committee then proceeded to the ante-room and brought in the celebrated orator. It was noticed as he entered the door that his face had a wild look and that his knees wobbled, but he reached the platform in pretty fair shape. Brother Gardner had stepped forward to receive and introduce him, when the Hon. Half-Shell suddenly wilted to the floor and his eyes began to roll like fish-balls flying around a circus ring. It was then discovered that he was overcome by the effects of whisky. Indeed, the odor could be scented all over the room, and Samuel Shin was just mean enough to sniff twice to any other man's once, in order to get all he could without pay. When it was apparent that the orator was overcome the President looked down upon him and said:

"Any fule kin git drunk, but it takes a man to keep sober. Ax dis man in his sober hours to put his foot agin a hot stove or to cut his fingers wid a knife an' he would call you crazy, but he coolly an' deliberately pourceeds to do wuss. He pours stuff inter his stomach to reduce himself to de level of a brute or lower. I can't strip him of de cloze I lent him, an' de food he has eaten at my table has gone to make fat on his ribs. Howsumeber, in his departur' from dis locality he should be made to realize dat we know an insult when we see one, an' kin properly resent it. Brudders Stepoff Jones an' L. Nelson Slabs will escort de celebrated orator down stairs an' gin him an appropriate send-off."

The order was obeyed with great alacrity, and how well it was carried out may be inferred from the fact that next morning the boys picked up pieces of pantaloons cloth and several buttons and buckles on the other side of the ten-foot fence in front of the entrance door.

Scene in a Street Car.

Old Scotch gentleman sitting in a Toronto car—a young lady enters, and makes a rush for the topmost seat. The car starts rather suddenly, the young lady lands on the old gentleman's knee, blushing, and exclaiming: "Oh! beg your pardon."

Old G.—Dinna mention it, lassie, I'd rayther hae ye sittin' on my knee, than staun'in on ceremony.—[Grip.

Alcohol as a Remedy.

Alcohol lingers in our hospitals as slavery lingers in the West Indies, and the witchcraft delusion lingers in Southern Europe. Has alcohol any remedial value whatever? says Dr. Oswald in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Let us consider the matter from a purely empirical standpoint. Does alcohol protect from malarial fevers? It is a well known fact that the human organization cannot support two diseases at the same time. Rheumatism can be temporarily relieved by producing an artificial inflammation; a headache yields to a severe toothache. For the same reason the alcohol fever affords a temporary protection from other febrile symptoms—that is, a man might fortify his system against chills and ague by keeping himself constantly under the stimulating influence of alcohol. But sooner or later stimulation is followed by depression, and during that reaction the other fever gets a chance, and rarely misses it. The history of epidemics proves that pyretic diseases are from eight to twelve times more destructive among dram drinkers than among the temperate classes; rich or poor, young or old, abstainers are only centecimated by diseases that decimate drunkards. On no other point is the testimony of physicians of all schools, all times, and all countries, more consistent and unanimous. Is alcohol a peptic stimulant? No more than Glauber's salt or castor oil. The system hastens to rid itself of the noxious substance, the bowels are thrown into a state of morbid activity. The effect of every laxative is followed by a stringent reaction, and the habitual use of peptic stimulants leads to a chronic constipation which yields only to purgatives of the most virulent kind.

Does alcohol impart strength? Does it benefit the exhausted system? If a worn-out horse drops on the highway we can rouse it by sticking a knife into its ribs, but after staggering ahead for a couple of minutes, it will drop again, and the second *deliquium* will be worse than the first by just as much as the brutal stimulus has still further exhausted the little remaining strength. In the same way precisely alcohol rallies the exhausted energies of the human body. The prostrate vitality rises against the foe; and labors with restless energy till the poison is expelled. Then comes the reaction, and before the patient can recover, his organism has to do double work. Nature has to overcome both the original cause of the disease and the effect of the stimulant.

The Homely Angel.

"Do you think, mamma," said a little one, "that Uncle Reuben is a good man?" "Why, my child, he is the best of all my brothers, and an excellent man." "And will he go to Heaven?" "I think so, my child. Why do you ask?" "Oh, nothing much," replied the child, waking from a sort of reverie: "I was thinking what a homely angel he'd make; that's all."—[Boston Globe.

LIARS.

"Who am a liar?" asked the old man, as he rose up in his usual place and glared around him.

Pickles Smith, Trustee Pullback, Samuel Shin, and Evergreen Jones started and turned pale, and there was a death-like silence as Brother Gardener continued

an' what shall we do wid him—wid

de liar an' de liars? De liar am wid us an' of us an' among us. He gets up wid us in de mawnin' an' he lies down wid us at night. Go to de grocery, an' de grocer smiles an' nods an' lies. Go to de dry-goods man, an' he has a welcome an' a lie. De tailor promises a suit when he knows he can't finish it. De shoemaker promises a pair of butes for Saturday when he has three days' work on de nex' week. De ice man charges us wid twenty-five pounds an' delivers sixteen. Our carpets am warranted, an' yet dey fade. De plumber plumbs an' lies. De painter paints an' lies. De carpenter planes an' saws an' cheats. De dressmaker not only lies but steals de cloth. We all lie like troopers fifty times a day, an' de man who won't lie doan' stan' any show.

"An' yet, my frens, whar will we bring up in de end? When Way down Beebe axes me fur de loan of a dollar till Saturday, he lies. He knows he can't pay it back under fo' weeks. I know he knows it an' I lie. I tell him I jist paid out the last shillin' fur a washbo'd, an' can't possibly raise no mo'. If I ax Judge Hostetter Jackson to sign a bank note wid me, he lies when he says he promised his dyin' gran'-muder neber to do so. We lie when we w'ar better cloze dan we kin afford—when we put on airs above us—when we put on our backs what orter be fodder fur our stomachs. We has become red-hot, go-ahead, dust-aroun' nashun' but we has also become a nashun of liars, and false pretenders. We adulterate our goods, cheat in weight, swindle in measure, and put on broad cloth coats to hide de absence of dollar shirts. Our society am full of false pretenders, our religion furnishes a cloak for hypocrits, an' our charity am but a high-soundin' name fur makin' a dollar bring back ten shillings. We lie, an' we know we lie. We play de hypocrit, we cheat an' deceive, an' yit we want de world to pick us out as shinin' examples of virtue, an' we expect our tombstones to bear eulogies gorgeous 'nuff fur angels. Gentlemen, let us kick each odder into doin' better! Let de kickin' begin jist whar it happens, for we can't hit anybody who doan' need it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE PRINCE.

By NELLY M. HUTCHINSON.

SEPTEMBER waves his golden-rod
Along the lanes and hollows,
And saunters round the sunny fields,
A-playing with the swallows.

The corn has listened for his step,
The maples blush to greet him,
And gay, coquettish sumach dons
Her velvet gown to meet him.

Come to the hearth, O merry Prince,
With flaming knot and ember,
For all your tricks of frosty eyes
We love your ways, September!

The Crowded Street.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The wild, the fierce, the stony face:
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and
some

Where secret tears have left their trace!

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread,
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to
cheek

With mute caresses, shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flowers, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye,
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now?
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance, till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not,
There is who heeds, who holds them all,
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

BY C. F. GERRY.

The forest! noblest gift to man,
Beneath whose shades the breezes fan
My fevered cheeks in summer hours,
As oft I seek her cooling bowers,
To spend a day of quiet rest,
In her green aisles where none molest.

On mat of softest mosses brown
In blissful ease I sit me down,
Where forest herbage, fresh and rare,
With grateful perfume fills the air;
And bright birds sing, with happy song,
A lullaby the whole day long.

Above, the busy squirrel weaves
In chestnut tall his nest of leaves;
While in an opening to the sky,
A white-winged cloud is sailing by,
But ere it leaves my narrow view,
Is all dissolved in misty blue.

A greeting falls upon my ear
Of liquid music, soft and clear;
For near me, in the shadows cool,
A cascade drops into a pool,
With silvery skein of waters sweet,
Whose spray makes damp my rustic seat.

And there through all the summer day,
The speckled trout in beauty lay;
A painted moth comes to explore,
She dips her wings and all is o'er.
A dimple only left to tell
The tragic story how she fell.

And thus from morn till dewy night
I revel in a strange delight,
Till through the purple twilight's frown,
The stars like angel-eyes look down,
And then I homeward wend my way,
With memories of a happy day.
—[Massachusetts Bloughman.]

II.

From the Christian Advocate.

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid:
Myself and I,
And mine and my,
And how I do or did.

A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I have brought your dinner, father."

The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm a kettle
And lifted its shining lid.

"There's not any pie or pudding.

So I will give you this,"

And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron

And dined in happy mood,

Wondering much at the savor

Hid in his humble food,

While all about him were visions

Full of prophetic bliss;

But he never thought of the magic

In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging;

Merrily trudged away,

Stopping at sight of a squirrel,

Catching some wild bird's lay.

And I thought how many a shadow

Of life and fate we would miss,

If always our frugal dinners

Were seasoned with a kiss.

JOHN'S WIFE.

EMMA BASSETT.

A young wife stood with her hand on her broom,
And looked around the little room;
"Nothing but toil forever," she said,
"From early morn till the light has fled.
If you only were a merchant now,
We need not live by the sweat of our brow."
Pegging away, spoke shoemaker John
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A lady stood by her husband's chair,
And quietly passed her hand o'er his hair;
"You never have time for me now," she said,
And a tear-drop fell on the low bent head.
"If we were only rich, my dear,
With nothing to do from year to year,
But amuse each other—oh, dear me!
What a happy woman I should be."
Looking up from his ledger, spoke merchant John:
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A stately form, in velvet dressed—
A diamond gleaming on her breast;
"Nothing but toil for fashion," she said,
"Till I sometimes wish that I were dead,
If I might cast this wealth aside,
And be once more the poor man's bride."
From his easy chair, spoke gentleman John:
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

Growing Old.

From the Clipper.

At six—I well remember when—
I fancied all folks old at ten.

But, when I'd turned my first decade,
Fifteen appeared more truly staid.

But when the fifteenth round I'd run,
I thought none old till twenty-one.

Then, oddly, when I'd reached that age,
I held that thirty made folks sage.
But when my thirtieth year was told,
I said: "At twoscore men grow old!"

Yet twoscore came and found me thrifty,
And so I drew the line at fifty.

But when I reached that age, I swore
None could be old until threescore!

And here I am at sixty now,
As young as when at six, I trow!

'Tis true, my hair is somewhat gray,
And that I use a cane to-day;

'Tis true, these rogues about my knee
Say "Grandpa!" when they speak to me;

But, bless your soul, I'm young as when
I thought all people old at ten!

Perhaps a little wiser grown—
Perhaps some old illusions flown;

But wond'ring still, while years have rolled,
When is it that a man grows old?

VANDYKE BROWN.

A Sensible Dog.

The Montague *Northwestern* relates how, one evening, a stranger came into a liquor saloon, and called for a drink, which was handed to him. He raised the glass to his lips, to imbibe the burning beverage, when a large dog took hold of him, and tried to pull him out of the door. A crowd collected around, and attempted to take the dog off, supposing that he would hurt him. But the stranger said, "Let him alone! he is *my* dog. I have been on a spree at Bowies', and the dog pulled me out of the saloon there, and made me sober up."

The stranger left without his drink, accompanied by his faithful dog. Good for the dog, but what about the man? How much is a man better than a beast? That depends upon what kind of a man he is, and what kind of a beast he is compared with. In this case the beast seemed to make the best showing. The dog could take care of himself, the man could not; the dog could take care of the man, but the man took very poor care of his own interests. The dog knew that dram-drinking was not good for the man; the man either did not know as much as the dog about it, or else he was unwilling to do as well as he did know. How sad that a man, made in the image of God, should degrade himself below the very beasts, and be dependent for his safety and his sobriety on the watch-care of a dog.

And what a *crime* in the sight of God and man, what an *outrage* on all nature, for a human being deliberately to enter upon a course of life which debases his moral nature, besots his mental powers, wrecks his physical frame, and makes one who might be fitted for the companionship of angels and the presence of God, a poor, criminal outcast, a curse to the world, and a disgrace to his kind. And yet there are thousands to-day entering upon this same course of sin, a sin which under the law of Moses was punishable with death, and which, under the law of Christ, excludes a man forever from the kingdom of heaven, and dooms him to destruction.

And what shall we think of men, made in God's image, who make it their business to deal out to their fellow-men that which debases them, and makes them foolish, helpless, and degraded wrecks in this world, and sinks them in perdition hereafter?



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Equality is one of the most consummate scoundrels that ever crept from the brain of a political juggler—a fellow who thrusts his hand into the pocket of industry and enterprising talent, and squanders their hard-earned profits on profligate idleness and indolent stupidity.—Langstaff.

Who can all sense of others' ills escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape.

—[Juvenal.

There are many men who appear to be struggling against poverty, and yet are happy; but yet more, who, although abounding in wealth, are miserable.—[Tacitus.

Though a soldier, in time of peace, is like a chimney in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his chimney because his almanac tells him 'tis the middle of June?—[Tom Brown.

A babe in a house is a well spring of pleasure.—[Tupper.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—[Emerson.

Choose for your friend him that is wise and good, and secret and just, ingenuous and honest, and in those things which have a latitude, use your own liberty.—[Jeremy Taylor.



She was good as she was fair
None on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.

—[Charlotte Brontë.]

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth
doing well.—[Disraeli.]

We should look at the lives of all as at a
mirror, and take from others an example for
ourselves.—[Terence.]

O, blessed health! thou art above all gold
and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul,
and openest all its powers to receive instruc-
tion, and to relish virtue. He that has thee,
has little more to wish for! and he that is so
wretched as to want thee, wants everything
with thee.—[Sterne.]

It is only necessary to grow old to become
more indulgent. I see no fault committed
that I have not committed myself.—[Goethe.]

Not Rendering Evil for Evil.

ORIGINAL.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Because another has wronged me, I have no right to wrong him. I am not allowed to be overcome of evil, but rather to overcome evil with good. The fact that another man has lied about me is no reason that I should lie about him, or that I should even tell the truth about him, unless other considerations imperatively require that it should be done; nor am I under any positive obligation to defend my own character from the assaults of evil and misguided men. A man whose character needs to be defended from slander, misrepresentation and abuse, may find it for his interest to live more carefully, and thus discredit the accusations which are made against him.

It is true that any man who has wronged, slandered or misrepresented another, is under solemn obligation to correct the wrong, but it is by no means certain that if he refuses to do it, the injured person is bound to devote his time to that work. He has his life to live, his battle to fight, his bread to earn, his work to accomplish. He may be about a great work, and cannot come down to dabble in the strifes and defamations in which some men seem to delight. Let him then keep about his business. God is judge, and it is exceedingly easy for him to bring to light the hidden things of darkness, to manifest the counsels of the hearts, and wring from the reluctant lips of sinful men, such confessions as may acquit and justify those who have been wrongfully condemned.

There is one thing also to be remembered concerning a misrepresentation, a slander, or a lie, and that is, that the man who has told it usually does not believe it himself. He has made his talk before the world, but in his own heart he *knows* that his representations are *false*; hence his falsehood has no root in conviction, and it will wither like Jonah's gourd. Truth lives by its own inherent power. The God of truth endorses it and sustains it. Falsehoods die a natural and a sudden death. We may trust God to bring good out of evil. We may trust him to bring right out of wrong. We may trust him to bring truth out of error, and to glorify his own name, even through the reproaches which his people suffer, and the injuries which their enemies inflict.

Every mind seems capable of entertaining a certain quantity of happiness, which no institutions can increase, no circumstances alter, and entirely independent of fortune. Let any man compare his present fortune with the past, and he will, probably, find himself, upon the whole, neither better nor worse than formerly.—[Goldsmith.]

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
—[Shakespeare.]



Excess generally causes reaction, and produces a change in the opposite direction, whether it be in the reasons, or in individuals, or in governments.—Plato.

Men in responsible situations cannot, like those in private life, be governed solely by the dictates of their own inclinations, or by such motives as can only affect themselves.—Washington.

It is wisdom to think, and folly to sit without thinking.—Holmes.

It is granted by everyone that liquor-drinking puts lots of sin and crime and unhappiness in the world. There come from it the things that ministers and churches and good men and women must try to put down if they are faithful to their duty and convictions."

Strong Drink.

Time is never more uselessly wasted, money never more wastefully spent, than when spent for alcohol. Society has no greater abomination to contend against. The wrecks it has stranded on this side of the grave and on the other, are scattered along the banks of life amid all nations, from the savage barbarian, to the highest stages of civilization. The widowed mother, the fatherless children, the grief-stricken, gray-bearded father, the broken-hearted wife, the disgraced criminal, the abandoned outcast, the fiendish murderer, illustrate in every class of society the hellish work it has done for suffering humanity. The reputations it has ruined, the promising careers it has destroyed, the families it has disgraced, the men it has brought to the gallows, the lives it has cost, the disease it has wrought, the bestialities it has bred, point to it as the greatest of the world's accursed evils. It is the ally of the gambler, the companion of the burglar, the friend of the thief, the tool of the perjurer, the confederate of the assassin. It destroys virtue, mocks honesty, encourages crime, stimulates misery, excites passion, infuses hate, kills friendship, kindles strife, incites murder. From the time it leaves its source and enters upon its venomous career, until it reaches and poisons the blood of man, it leaves foot-prints of crime in its track, and covers its way with insanity, suicide, pestilence, destruction, and looks back with malicious pleasure at the desolation it has wrought. It has stained the escutcheon of every nation, befouled the thrones of empires, covered with shame the judicial ermine, polluted the jury box, defiled the ballot. It is the sum of all villainies, the root of all evil, the spring of all wickedness. It brings disease, not strength; despair, not hope; death, not life.

Eastern Illinois Register.

ORIGINAL.

Beer-Drinking.

A great many persons, when they look upon the portly forms of the patrons of beer, are apt to envy them, and conclude that beer must be a very innocent and healthful beverage. The conclusion is a great mistake. The beer drinker may seem the picture of health, when in reality his condition is critical and dangerous. The mass of adipose tissue he carries about with him, is the retention of worn-out and broken-down materials, that, in order to perfect health, should be eliminated from the system. Their presence is not a source of strength, but of weakness, and is provocative of disease. A prominent physician of St. Louis testifies:

"The use of beer cannot be too strongly deprecated, as its physiological effect is to carbonize the blood. So convinced am I, after thirty summers' practice in St. Louis, of the injurious effects of beer-drinking, that I desire to warn all against it. It is very difficult to successfully treat persons who use beer even in small quantities. A small cut sometimes proves fatal to a hearty beer-drinker. The use of beer poisons the blood, and clogs the tissues. The use of beer and other alcoholic drinks greatly increases mortality through the heated term. I cannot recall one case of sunstroke, when it was possible to get the correct history, in which one of two conditions had not existed—the patients had been indulging freely in liquor, or had been suffering under some diseased condition of the system."

In conversation humor is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge; few desire to learn, or to think they need it; all desire to be pleased, or, if not, easy.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.



Pray for Me.

I beg of you—I beg of you my brothers,
For my need is very sore;
Not for gold, and not for silver do I ask you,
But for something even more;
From the depths of your hearts' pity let it be—
Pray for me.

I beg of you whose robes of radiant whiteness
Have been kept without a stain—
Of you, who, stung to death by serpent pleasure,
Found the healing angel pain;
Whether holy or forgiven you may be—
Pray for me.

I beg of you, calm souls, whose wondering pity
Looks at paths you never trod;
I beg of you who suffer—for all sorrow
Must be very near to God;
And my need is even greater than you see—
Pray for me.

I beg of you, O children—for He loves you,
And he loves your prayers the best;
Fold your little hands together, and ask Jesus
That the weary may have rest;
That a bird caught in a net may be set free—
Pray for me.

I beg of you—I beg of you, my brothers,
For an alms this very day:
I am standing on your doorstep as a beggar
Who will not be turned away;
And the charity you give my soul shall be—
Pray for me.

Archbishop Trench.

Trials of Your Faith.

Every believer in Jesus shall have his faith sorely tried. Sometimes the trial will come in the shape of unmasked opposition, and at other times in the form of pretentious friendship. But the true follower of Jesus will spurn the one as much as the other. He can neither be driven by persecution nor coaxed by flattery from his position. He knows whom he has believed, and he is prepared to sacrifice everything, even to life itself, for the sake of Jesus. His faith is not built on human tradition, which is liable to shift like moving sand beneath him, but it is built on the word of Him who cannot lie, and it is as immovable as the Rock of Ages on which he is resting. But why must your faith be tried? "That it might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Cheer up, tried ones, for your deliverance is near. You get blame, and dishonor, and shame, now; but soon these will be awarded to your enemies, and praise, and honor, and glory to you. Even now, during this time of trial and heaviness, you can greatly rejoice in view of salvation ready to be revealed.

Selected.

Time is the old justice that examines all offenders.

Those who can command themselves command others.

To what atrocities cannot that mind reach which is impelled by selfish avarice.

Trying to admire that which you do not like accumulates failure, and exhibits weakness.

The charities that soothe, and heat, and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews at the wrists.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is really our helper.

Some people carry their hearts in their heads; very many carry their heads in their hearts. The great difficulty is to keep them apart, and yet both actively working together.



Prayer's Certainty.

It would be a great pity if prayer should, somehow, be abolished. How, then, could we maintain any acquaintance with God? How could two men become acquainted, if they sat down together, day after day, without asking a question or saying a word? The more we know about the laws of nature, the more we ought to feel that He who rules in nature can answer prayer without disturbing nature. Law does not interfere with prayer, but lawlessness would. We pray to One who allows no anarchy in nature. "Oh, the inexorable uniformity and unfeeling cruelty of nature!" A good argument against praying to nature, but that's all. Going through a factory, we do not say, "O machine, do this, or that;" but we address the one who manages the machine. The machine-like stolidity of nature is one of the negative arguments for the existence of God. Nature is not the God that our souls demand. If it is God's plan to supply men's wants, then it is his plan, also, to answer their prayers; for their real prayers are but the expression of their wants. If it violates law to answer men's prayers, it equally violates law to purposely supply their wants. In fact, there is no middle ground between no God, and a prayer-hearing God.

Advance.

ORIGINAL.

The Unfailing Hand.

A traveler following his guide amid the awful Alpine heights, reached a place where the path was narrowed by a jutting rock on one side, and a terrible precipice on the other. The guide, holding on to the rock with one hand, extended his other hand over the precipice for the traveler to step upon, and pass around the jutting rock. He hesitated, but the guide said, "*That hand never lost a man.*" He stepped upon the hand and passed on safely.

The child of God who takes the Saviour as his guide in this world of darkness and danger, has the help of an unfailing Hand. Who that has ever trusted Him has been disappointed? He stretches out his hand for our help and deliverance. He holds us by his right hand in the midst of dangers. And He has said, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." "*That hand never lost a man;*" blessed are they who can lie safely within its hollow, protected by its almighty grasp.



If you count the sunny and cloudy days of the whole year you will find that the sunny ones predominate.



A SUMMER SONG.

The bees among the clover
Went humming in and out.
The butterflies on sunny wings
Trooped listlessly about.
The stream a song was singing,
That lulled the dreaming flowers,
And my heart itself was dreaming
To the song of happy hours.

I saw the hills above me,
The breezy hills of Weir,
The Ferny Farm that nestled
Where the stream grows broad and clear.
The lights and shades went racing
Across the fields of rye,
As the hopes and fears that tremble
When Love himself is nigh.

I call to mind the fancies,
So idle yet so dear,
That fluttered round my heart, sweet,
When you yourself drew near.
A sunbeam on the meadows,
A lily on the stream,
A sweet reality—and yet
The image of a dream.

Time has not changed the fancies
Of that remembered hour
Whose bud of bliss has blossomed
To true and perfect flower.
And fortune grant the way, love,
Our happy footsteps tend,
Be sunny as the past, love,
And sunny to the end.

Sunset.

Beneath a cold, accusing sky,
With not a deed and not a thought
In mellow light reflected caught,
How dreary it must be to die!

Should not the opening gateway show
The radiance of a cloud at eve,
So beautiful we cannot grieve?
And shall we fail to make it so?

For while the morn or noon is high,
How certainly may man elect,
Since cause is parent of effect,
What hues shall paint his evening sky.

Our lives at best are incomplete,
But may they tinge at last with gold
The clouds our twilight shall enfold,
That so our sunset may be sweet.

—George H. Coomer.

The greater a man's wealth the broader
may be, if he but will it, the sphere of
his usefulness.

Monody—On Mother.

Ah, me! a hollow, fleeting show is Life,
Over the surface of whose narrow stage
We flit like shadows, and are seen no more,
A barren plain is Life, through which rolls on
Death's darkling river, whose unceasing tide
Sweeps hourly from our side the cherished ones,
The loved and loving hearts of yesterday.

A cruel harvester is Death, who garners
Ripe fruit and green in his dark cell, the grave.
Bright, joyous youth and venerable age
Alike are swept by his remorseless scythe;
And those who fall next bitter hour may be
The youngest, fairest, brightest, best beloved.

Twelve years ago I mourned a father's death.
Fondly I hoped to clasp his hand once more;
Fondly to hear his words of love again.
But Heaven not willed it so; and Death's quick stroke
Hath smitten him; and his once happy home
Knows him no more.

And now another loss
Whelms my stricken heart in bitter anguish.
A widowed mother shares a husband's grave;
And, far away o'er waste of western ocean,
Far from the "Green Isle," where they sleep together,
I weep the lost ones I shall ne'er see more.
No tear of mine dews the green turf above them,
But here, 'mid strangers, silently I mourn
The loving hearts that beat no more in life.

Mother! I miss the music of thy voice—
Thy words of love so precious to mine ears—
Thy beaming smile so beautiful to mine eyes.
Closed are the eyes that greeted me so fondly;
Cold is the breast that was my font of life,
Still is the heart where oft my head was pillowed,
Pulseless the hand whose gentle touch so oft
Smoothed down the tresses on my infant brow;
Hushed is the gentle voice which often blessed me,
And yet I seem to hear that voice again,
Murmuring words of praise and fond affection—
"Never in life did he give pain to me!"

Mother! I bless thy memory for those words;
Sweet, gracious words that I shall treasure ever;
And when my final hour of rest approaches
Be it my consolation to remember
A son's true part I ever did to thee;
And that thy closing words, when Death was nigh,
Were blessings on the son thou lov'dst so well.

Mother, farewell! I brush the tears away;
And I will mourn no more; for blessed Faith
And heaven-born Hope beam, sunlike, on my spirit.
In God's great Love we all shall meet again,
Where earthly sinfulness no more shall trouble,
Where weary hearts are rested evermore,
Where all is peace and never-ending bliss.

WILLIAM GEORGE HEGAN.

The Dead.

The dead alone are great,
While heavenly plants abide on earth;
Their soil is one of dewless dearth;
But when they die a mourning shower
Comes down and makes their memories
flower

With odors sweet, though late.

The dead alone are dear.
When they are here strange shadows fall
From our own forms and darken all;
But when they leave us all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made;
And they alone are dear.

The dead alone are blest.
When they are here clouds make their day,
And bitter snow-falls nip their May;
But when their tempest time is done
The light and head of Heaven's own sun
Brood on their land of rest.

WISE WORDS.

Love, like charity, covers a multitude
of faults.

A man's ruling passion is the key to
his character.

Well begun is half ended, says the
proverb, and a good beginning is half
the battle.

A Hymn of Trust.

Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
An all-sufficient Strength and Guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only your restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love has sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as he sees it meet;
When thou hast borne its fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own his loving care.

Nor in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard;
Nor that the man whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of him preferred;
Time passes, and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before his face;
'Tis easy to our God Most High
To make the rich man poor and base,
To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still of him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust his rich promises of grace,
So shall it be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

—From the German.

To Friends and Foes.

When 'neath the cold secluded earth
They lay this weary, aching head,
Let no proud tombstone tell my birth,
Nor mock the memory of the dead;
But on the mound a rose-tree rear,
While it expands from day to day,
Or fades with each succeeding year,
And wastes its bloom and strength away;
'Twill truly speak of him who's gone,
And wrought for fame from early youth,
But cared not for a flattering stone
To blazon forth the humble truth.

When twilight gathers in the sky,
Let those who wronged me then draw near;
And as they pass the sleeper by,
Drop o'er him one atoning tear;
Let them forgive the follies there
Of him whose form lies cold and still,
And let his faults their pity share,
Who ne'er on purpose did them ill.
Why should they hate the form laid low?
They cannot hurt the lifeless clay;
And those who treat me coldly now,
Then may their coldness pass away.

Their faith and full belief to share
I'd sacrifice all wealth, all fame;
For all I ask of foes to spare
To me is but an upright name!
And may no fond one waste a tear
When passing by my wakeless bed,
If I was loved when dwelling here,
Ne'er then regret me when I'm dead;
'Tis heaven bids the spirit flee,
Then never mourn when I am gone;
But should there tears be shed for me,
May they be sincere tears—or none.

WAITING.

The first glad day of summer saw our parting;
Our hopes were vague, our words were very few;
I murmured—from your passionate hold upstarting—
"I'll wait for you!"
Ah! I was young; the world was all before me;
My love should make life beautiful and true.
I said, when passionate parting pains came o'er me,
"There is so much to do!"
Come home! dearest, come home!

The summer waned, and anguish fell upon me,
Such heavy loss as wears the strength away;
And for a time its greatness seemed to stun me,
And so I lay
Weak and bewildered, with one wish forever
Haunting my nights and shadowing my days—
That I might fall upon your breast, ah! never
My head therefrom to raise.
Come home! dearest, come home!

A homesick child, lost in the dreary gloaming—
Such lone estate is haply like to mine;
My eyes are weary waiting for your coming,
My sun is slow to shine!
Do you remember, dear, that charmed season
When your strong arm upheld my faltering feet;
When life was set to rhyme unchilled by reason,
And oh, so wondrous sweet?
Come home! dearest, come home!

The red-leaved glories of the ripening autumn,
Sun-diamonds flashing on a dimpling sea,
These pleased me once; these now I cast no thought on:
You are away from me!
And I am very weary of this sorrow.
Where are you, oh, my best-beloved friend?
And must I ask to-morrow and to-morrow?
And what shall be the end?
Come home! dearest, come home!

I know too well, unless some cheering token
Comes o'er the sea. I am not less than brave;
But Want and Doubt and Toil, uncheered, unbroken,
Lead swiftly to the grave.
Yet you are dearer far to me than heaven,
And while you live I feel I can not die:
Pray the dear God will smooth what is uneven,
And bring you by-and-by!
Come home! dearest, come home!

I live my life as you would have me live it
If you were here, and earth were glorified;
For you will turn again—I do believe it—
And seek my side.
When you come back you'll find me worthier loving—
Pain and Endeavor keep us pure and true—
And oh! remember in your farthest roving,
I wait for you!
Come home! dearest, come home!

The Husband's Opportunity.

It is doubtful whether the male head of a family often appreciates the opportunity he has for diffusing sunshine at home, or comprehends how much of gloom he can bring with him in a troubled face and moody temper from the office or the street. The house mother is within four walls from morning till dinner time, with few exceptions, and must bear the worriments of fretful children, inefficient servants, weak nerves and unexpected callers. And she must do this day after day, with monotonous regularity. The husband goes out from the petty details of home care. He meets friends. He feels the excitement of business competition. He has the bracing influence of the outdoor walk or ride. If he will come home cheerful and buoyant his presence is like a refreshing breeze. He has it in his power to brighten the household life, and add to the general happiness in a way that no man has the right to forget or neglect.—Outing.

SOWING AND ERAPING.

A wonderful thing is a seed;
The one thing deathless forever—
Forever old and forever new,
Utterly faithful and utterly true—
Fickle and faithless never.

Plant lilies and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses and roses will grow;
Plant hate and hate to life will spring,
Plant love and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

BY EDWARD A. FERRIS.

Come boldly forth, from South to North
Arise, ye sons of Labor!
We need no spear nor warlike gear,
No bugle, gun or sabre;
Now rally, East! Why tarry, West!
The morn at last is dawning;
Arise in might, assert your right;
No truckling now nor fawning.

We want the smith, with nerves of pith,
The carpenters and yomen,
To put their woes in lusty blows
And hammer down the foemen;
The masons true, and shipwrights, too,
Come, every stout mechanic,
You're needed all, to kick and maul
The rampant powers tyrannic.

Our paths along stalks giant Wrong,
Meek innocence to slaughter;
For ill-got gold there's daily sold
Some poor man's wife or daughter;
The crimes of gold are manifold,
They blot life's fairest pages;
A spectre gaunt of shriveled Want
Will shriek them down the ages.

Our nature groans to feel our bones
'Neath half-paid labor breaking,
While on our brain there is a strain
That sets the heart to aching!
From year to year, for bread and beer,
We drudge like camels toiling;
The pay we get for all our sweat—
It sets the blood to boiling!

Then raise the cry—Now, live or die,
Our rights shall be protected;
Learn, men of pelf who worship self,
The poor shall be respected!
Don't bring your gold within our fold
To mean or do us evil—
The patient saint still bears a taint
And remnant of the devil!

We brew and bake, we mould and make,
Our thrift supports the nation;
Then have a care and treat us fair
However high your station;
Nor dare to goad beneath their load
The meek though noble toilers,
The hands that now direct the plow
May flash the brands of spoilers.

Then rally, South! Why tarry, North!
No truckling now nor fawning;
Come in abreast, O, East and West,
Our day at last is dawning!
We need no spear nor warlike gear,
No bugle, gun or sabre;
Rise in your might, assert your right,
Come forth, ye sons of Labor!

Nursing Wrongs.

A man strikes me with a sword and inflicts a wound. Suppose instead of binding up the wound I am showing it to everybody; and after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage continually, and examining the depth of the wound and causing it to fester, till my limb becomes greatly inflamed and my general health is materially affected; is there a person in the world that would not call me a fool? Now, such a fool is he, who, by dwelling upon little injuries or provocations, cause them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better it would be to put a bandage over the wound and never look at it again!



From Henderson's
Plant Catalogue for 1874

BUCHANAN COUNTY.

Fragment of Frontier History in Stephens, Formerly Buchanan County— Fate of Fiat Money.

Cor. Herald and Commercial.

Breckenridge, Oct. 15, 1879.

A gentleman of our county, not long since, rescued from the gathering dust and decay of oblivion, a record possessing many interesting features. It is written in our statute books, that Stephens county was formerly known by the name of Buchanan; but of the history of Buchanan county, little has ever been chronicled. Yet such a county was organized, and continued in an organized state for a period of about five years—from 1860 to 1865—being known, however, during the latter part of this time as Stephens county.

During the year 1865, the evils of the civil war culminated in such a state of affairs, that life and property on the extreme frontier being no longer afforded adequate protection from the attacks of hostile Indians, most of the settlers were forced to retire back east, and the county relapsed into barbarism, so to speak, and remained disorganized for more than ten years, or until the spring of 1876. That the early settlements were not of a very substantial character, is evidenced by the fact that at the end of this time nearly every vestige of them had disappeared. They doubtless consisted chiefly of temporary cattle ranches, with rough picket houses, since demolished by the rude "northerners," or destroyed by fire. To such an extent has this one decade of years effaced the traces of the former civilization, that in searching out and studying them, one feels somewhat as if he were exploring the depths of a remote antiquity, and exhuming the relics of a buried age.

The book to which reference has been made and which was brought to light through the antiquarian researches of Mr. R. A. McNeily, is the record of proceedings of the County Court of Buchanan county—a work that is, in deed, a faithful chronicle of the public events commemorated by it; "extenuating nothing, setting down naught in malice," nor obscuring with historical rhetoric or partiality, the simple facts the

in contained. The period covered by its pages, embraces the time of our civil war, and an additional interest attaches to it because it brings to view events that were the peculiar outgrowth of that struggle, and a state of affairs now no longer existing anywhere. Many useful lessons may also be gathered from these annals; one, at least, in political economy, that should especially commend itself to the Greenback party of to-day.

The first meeting of the County court, as shown by the record, was held Nov. 3, 1860, and it appears therefrom that Gaddis E. Miller was Chief Justice; Geo. James, B. W. Reynolds and A. Bishop, Commissioners; S. P. Newcomb, County clerk; S. L. Weatherford, Assessor and Collector; James Clark, Treasurer; J. E. DeLong, Surveyor, and T. Matthews, Sheriff of Buchanan county. This meeting and the several next succeeding, are stated to have been held at Reynolds' house, which, later in the history, and as civilization and learning began to assert their sway, is designated by the more euphonious appellation of the "Rancho del Reynolds." It is proper to note this as illustrating the progress of the arts and sciences, and the growth of literature and belles-lettres in these western wilds. Nothing was done at this meeting except to approve some official bonds.

The next meeting was held November 19, 1860, and it was "Ordered: That the town lots of Breckenridge be sold on the 20th day of December, 1860, on twelve and eighteen months times," and also, "that said sale be advertised for two weeks in the 'Whiteman,' a newspaper published in the town of Weatherford." Here is the inception, or, figuratively speaking, the conception of the town of Breckenridge, which though

now quite a bustling little city and the pride of the frontier, was not born until some sixteen years after the date of this last order. Though it is referred to as the "town of Breckenridge," yet at a still later meeting it appears that no site had been selected, and nearly two years later still the place is spoken of in the record as Camp Breckenridge. So mutable are human affairs, and so arduous the task of building mighty cities! An order was also entered providing for holding an election shortly thereafter for a district clerk; which order was regularly repeated for several succes-

sive meetings, until, finally, the subject growing monotonous, it was dropped. No district clerk appears on the scene until September, 1852—after a general election of county officers.

January 22, 1861, at "a special term, relating to business in general," these imaginary town lots aforementioned were again ordered to be sold February 21, said sale to be on six and twelve months time, and to be advertised for six weeks in the *Whiteman*; thus shortening the former term of credit and lengthening the advertisement—in both of which respects the court shows great sagacity. It is proper to note here that experience teaches men the great value of printers' ink—but how six weeks could intervene between January 22 and February 21, 1861, the record unfortunately does not disclose. S. P. Newcomb, the clerk, is appointed Commissioner to make deeds in the name of the county, and after all these things are done, as it seems to have accidentally occurred to the court, that they ought to procure a site for the town, it was accordingly ordered that this court do hereby file on the following described public domain, designating a tract of 320 acres, situated about three miles northeast of the present town of Breckenridge.

Feb. 18th, S. P. Newcomb was allowed seventy dollars for surveying the town lots, and two dollars per day was allowed to hands employed; but how many hands, or for how many days does not appear. Also, "ordered by the Court that one hundred dollars be and is hereby appropriated to anyone that will dig and wall a well in the public square in the town of Breckenridge and insure a plenty of good water for public use." This very liberal offer does not seem to have been accepted, for nearly two years later another is made, authorizing a contract to be let to the lowest bidder to dig a well at Camp Breckenridge. It is sad to relate that not even a hole in the ground can now be discovered as the result of all these labors of the ancient fathers. In 1877, the newly organized county of Stephens expended \$500 in digging a public well, and since then, the present Artesian Well Co. have expended about \$1000 more; and still "a plenty of good water for public use" has neither been procured nor "insured." The work, however, is still being vigorously prosecuted, and it is confidently believed that the "well in the public square of Breckenridge" will

be completed inside of twenty years from the date of the first order.

April 15, 1861, S. P. Newcomb was appointed "to run the unsurveyed boundry lines of the county." Tradition has it that he made the run at the rate of seventeen miles per hour, with a bunch of redskins in full cry after him. That he beat them home, is ample proof of the wisdom of the court in his selection for the race. After the customary orders for the sale of town lots, and the election of a District Clerk the meeting adjourned.

August 19th the court met, assessed the county tax at twelve and a half cents on the hundred dollars; allowed the County Treasurer eight per cent. for his services; ordered another sale of town lots and adjourned until "court in course."

At the September term, 1861, the following named persons were appointed grand jurors for the District Court, to-wit: W. L. Browning, James Westbrook, J. C. Clark, R. A. Clark, J. B. Matthews, Penn Lindsey, Levi C. Current, Lee Dobbs, S. L. Weatherford, J. Jackson, J. P. Hale, R. D. Miller, John Hitson, Wm. Hitson, J. E. McKelvy, — Nelson, J. N. Degraffenreid, G. E. Miller, Jr. The scarcity of men at this time is evidenced by the fact that the several road juries appointed at the same term did not contain a single name outside the grand jury list above. As the District Court did not convene until about fifteen years after this date, the jury doubtless stood "excused for cause." Of these grand jurors, Lindsey, Current, Degraffenreid are now substantial and respected citizens of Stephens county. Wm. Hitson lives in Palo Pinto county. J. B. Matthews is now one of the most influential citizens of Shackelford county; esteemed by all who know him, and like some of the old patriarchs "blessed with abundance of cattle and goods." The others have all died or removed to a distance, unless the J. Jackson mentioned be a son of T. E. Jackson, the pioneer merchant of the frontier, now residing at Albany, Texas.

Of the first set of county officers, Miller, the chief justice, and Jas. Clark, treasurer, removed to Colorado; S. P. Newcomb, the clerk, and a gentleman of many fine qualities, is dead; Tom Matthew, sheriff, now lives on the line of Erath and Palo Pinto; John Selman,

who succeeded him for a short time, is now the leader of a band of desperadoes in New Mexico. Selman was a partner in the cattle business with John Larn, who was killed at Albany last year, and but for the rapidity of his flight, would doubtless have shared a similar fate. Uncle Wat Reynolds (B. W.), now lives in Throckmorton county, and through his integrity, intelligence and wealth, is a leading man of his section.

April 17, 1862, a special term was held at Rancho del Miller, and it was "ordered that whereas the Legislature has changed the name of this county from Buchanan to Stephens county, that all process, articles, etc., be in the name of Stephens county." As the poet, Horace, truly says—"Tempora mutantur, and men mutantur with 'em."

The record of September 27, 1862, chronicles the installation of the newly-elected county officers. Many of the old ones were re-elected, and among the new ones are J. G. Steel, county clerk; Tom Nelson, sheriff—and at last comes the long sought district clerk, in the person of Tom L. Stockton. Official bonds approved and court adjourned.

Nov. 17, 1862, it was "Ordered, That on the 10th day of December next, at Camp Breckenridge, a contract be let to the lowest bidder to build a house in Breckenridge of the following dimensions, viz: a pickett house, fourteen feet square, covered with three feet boards, lain on with weight poles, good plank door shutter, with rock floor and chimney." But though man proposes, God disposes. Tradition reports that one load of poles—perhaps the "weight poles"—was hauled into the embryo city, but being kindled by the prairie fires, and now the lonely screech owl nightly lifts up his voice of lamentation over the downfall of that proud city, which, like Jerusalem after the siege by Titus, has not one stone left on another to mark its former site.

January 1, 1863, the court met and "Ordered, That 'county treasury warrants' to the amount of \$5,000, or so much as may be required, be issued, and that they be receivable for all county dues." This what deluded Greenbackers would call

a master stroke in public finance, but, especially, in the light of subsequent history, it looks more like a New Year's joke. At the June term of the next year it was "Ordered, That the county treasurer adverti-

that after the first day of July next the Stephens county money will be received at a discount of 33 1/3 per cent." And thou, too, Stephens yet in thine early prime, art thou fallen so low already? Here shameful repudiation presents its horrid front—the inevitable result of fiat money folly. Ah! 'twas ever thus, that the productions of such geniuses are entombed with "the early dead," and have written above them that solemn inscription, "sic transit gloria moonshine."

July 14, 1863, it was "Ordered That an order be issued for the gun-caps and cotton cards that are allotted to this county, now in the city of Austin." These sinews of war not forthcoming promptly, on December 5th following another order was issued to the Military Board at Austin for the gun-caps and "the sixty pair of cotton cards apportioned to this county;" and the county treasurer was allowed \$600 with which to pay for them.

May 17, 1864, it seems that the cards had arrived, and the clerk was ordered to distribute them; Chief Justice Miller was ordered to pay over to the Treasurer the war widows' fund received by him from the Collector, and J. C. Lynch and two others were appointed a committee "to examine into the condition of the widows of the county." As to the result and extent of the investigations made by this happy trio—favored of gods and men—the record is portentously silent. It has been suggested that the reason of this is that their researches are still being vigorously prosecuted—that they are still engaged in their labor of love.

October 1st, 1864, it was "ordered that \$12.35 be allowed to J. G. Steel out of the war widows' fund to replace the money paid by said Steel for Mrs. McClure's county cards." Steel was one of the committee, and strange as it may seem, it does not appear that the other two ever demanded re-payment from the county for expenses on any cards delivered by them.

A new court convened March 25, 1865, with T. F. Maulding as Chief Justice, but little appears to have been done at this the last recorded meeting of the original pioneer fathers of Stephens county. The fast encroaching tide of disorder and vandalism rolled over the country and the shadow of the dark ages gathered over the land.

B. R. WEBB.

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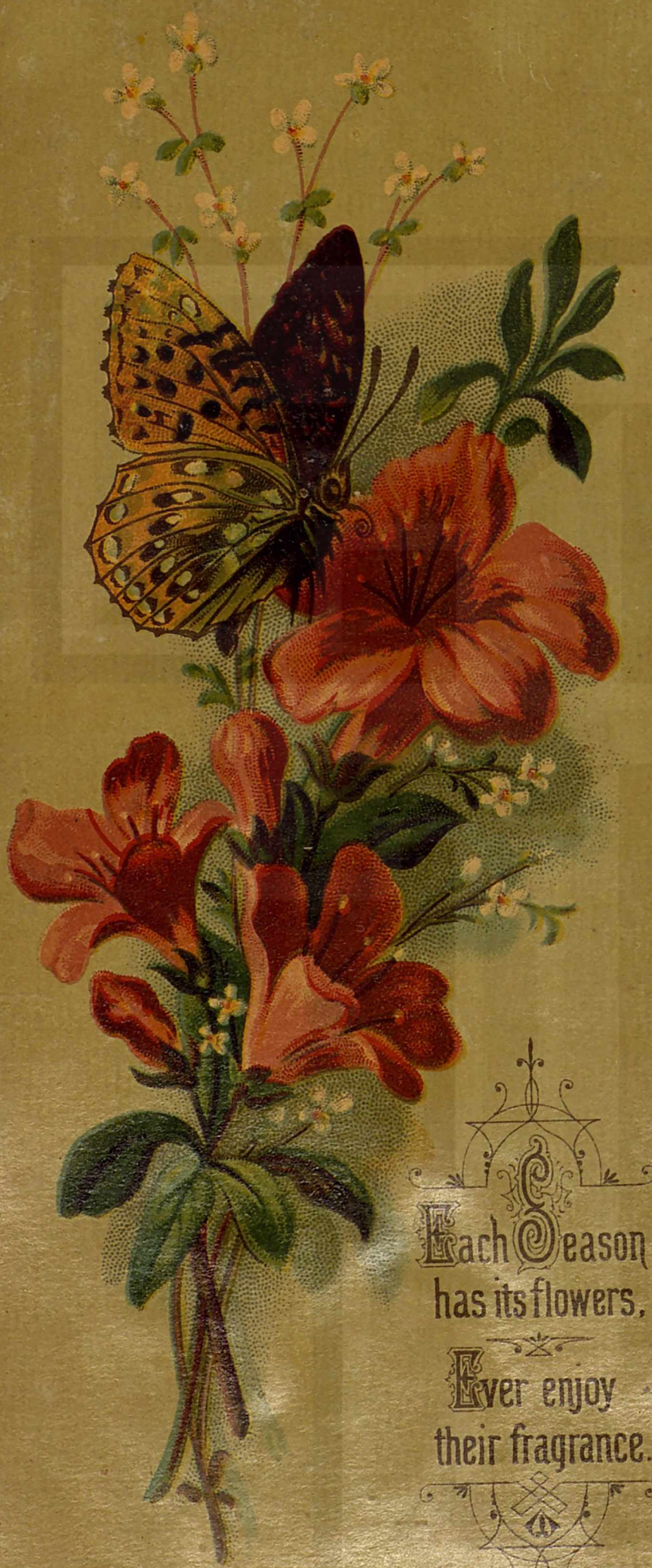
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Sunday Magazine.

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Each Season
has its flowers.
Ever enjoy
their fragrance.

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Resting On the Rock.

The foundation of the church of Christ is a rock. It is neither built upon a theory, a notion, or a dream; but upon the sure foundation-stone laid in Zion. The individual Christian builds upon the same basis, and finds firmness, stability, and permanence there. Other structures may totter, but the foundation of God standeth sure and steady. The feet of the wicked may slide; but the rock beneath us stands fast. Storms and tempests may howl around us; the clouds above us may be black; currents may sweep, and waves may dash at our feet; but beneath all this turmoil stands the rock. "Upon this Rock I will build my church." "Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, . . . a precious corner-stone . . . he that believeth shall not make haste." Happy are they whose feet are upon the rock, who rest upon a sure foundation; who amid the storms of life, the shadows of death, the whirlwinds of judgment, and the mighty ordeals of eternity, stand safe upon a sure foundation, and fear no harm that can come to them.

"The Mountains of Norway."

The king asked the artist who had taught him to play; and Ole Bull answered, "The mountains of Norway, your Majesty." The mountains of Norway poured their spirit into his willing spirit; the voice of Norway, rolling from its cliffs and sounding from its valleys, whispering in its pines and murmuring in its seas, ran sounding and trilling along the string he touched, until the heart of the world answered to his heart. What teaches a man to be great? A great thought of God. What makes him diligent in his service? I ask a man, and he answers, "A great thought of character taught me how much I can be; a magnificent thought of service showed me how much I can do. I was waked to it; I was summoned by it; I heard it in God's providence; I listened to it in God's house, that I might break with myself, break with the very centre of my life, that I might push on to higher employments and greater accomplishments, that I might have a more profound and blessed experience. When I hear God say how great I might be, and how great things I might do for him,—how large a manhood I might fulfill, and how much of divinity I might possess, then 'the mountains of Norway' taught me to live, and I live in the life that evermore grows into the stature of the divine fullness."

Dr. Alex. McKenzi

Napoleon's Siesta.

'Napoleon I. was noted for the ease with which he went to sleep. For weeks at a time two hours' sleep out of the twenty-four was sufficient for him. He is reported to have said: "Different matters are arranged in my head as in drawers. I open one drawer and close another as I wish. If I desire repose I shut up all the drawers and sleep. I have always slept when I wanted rest, and almost at will."

As the blessings of health and fortune have a beginning, so they must also find an end. Everything rises but to fall, and increases but to decay.

The enjoyments of this life are not equal to its evils, even in number; there is no joy which can be weighed against the smallest degree of grief.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

BY H. C. LODGE.

"The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,"
That's grandmamma's black one all wrinkled and spare,
And Aunt Anna's blue one, from Boston, as lean
As if 'twere a pole for her favorite bean;
That long one of cotton, so white, is mamma's;
That short, clumsy, darned one, of course, is
papa's;
That one all embroidered of silk is Miss Kate's,
How graceful and fragile it looks by its mates;
Its foot is so tiny, its ankle so neat,
The print of its garter yet clings to it sweet;
The little red, plump one is Willie's, we know,
Because it has one little hole in its toe;
That woolen one, shapeless and big as a bag,
Is Ellen's, the cook; of its size she may brag;
And there are the baby's wee socks on a chair,
So fleecy and soft. Santa Claus may despair
To fill them with anything nearly so sweet
As the dear little fellow's own pink, dimpled feet.
Oh! are not these stockings a poem divine
In being, like poetry, "feet" on a "line?"

Little Dora's Soliloquy.

I can't see what our baby boy is dood for, anyway;
He don't know how to walk or talk, he don't know
how to play;
He tears up ev'ry single zing he posser-billy tan,
An' even tried to break, one day, my mamma's
bestest fan.
He's al'ays tumblin' 'bout ze floor, an' gives us aw-
ful scares,
An' when he goes to bed at night, he never says
his prayers.
On Sunday, too, he musses up my go-to-meetin'
clothes;
An' once I foun' him hard at work a pincin' Dolly's
nose;
An' ze ozzer day zat naughty boy (now what you
s'pose you zink?)
Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;
An' 'stead of kyin' dood an' hard, as course he
ought to done,
He laughed, and kicked his head 'most off, as
zough he sought 'twas fun.
He even tries to reach up high, an' pull zings off ze
shelf.
An' he's al'ays wantin' you, of course, jus' when
you wants you'self.
I rather dess, I really do, from how he pulls my
turls,
Zay all was made a purpose for to 'noy us little
dirls;
An' I wish zere wasn't no such zing as naughty
baby boys—
Why—why, zat's him a-kyin' now; he makes a
dreful noise,
I dess I better run and see, for he has—boo-hoo!—
Felled down ze stairs and kille^d his self, *whatever*
s-s-s'all I do!

—[St. Nicholas.

DOT LEEDLE RASGEL.

I kin saw you, you shly leedle rasgel,
A beekin' ad me drough dot shair;
Come here right away now and kiss me—
You dought I don't know you vas dere.
You all der dime hide from your fader,
Und subbose he can't see mit his eyes.
You was goin' to fool me—eh, Fritzey—
Und gafe me a grade big surprize?
Dot boy was a reckular monkzey—
Dere vas noding so high he don't glimb;
Und his mudder she says dot his drouzers
Vants new bosoms in dem all der dime.
He vas shmar, dough, dot same leedle feller,
Und he sings all der vile like a lark,
From vonce he zids ub in der mornin',
Dill ve drofe him to bed adter dark.
He's der bissiest von in der fam'ly,
Und I bed you der louder he sings
He vas raisin' der dickens mit some von—
He vas up do all manner of dings.
He vas beekin' away, dot young rasgel,
Drough de shair—Moly Hoses! vot's dot?
Dot young sun-of-a-gun mid a sceesors
Is cut all der dail off der cat!

—New York Telegram.

I don't rekolect doing enny thing that I
was just a little ashamed ov but what some-
body remembered it, and waz sure, once in a
while, to put me in mind ov it.

Young man, learn to wait; if you undertake
to sett a hen before she is ready, you will lose
your time and confuse the hen besides.

Nature seldom makes a phool; she simply
finishes the raw materials, and lets the fellow
do the job to suit himself.

When sing for aye, "God's way is best."

Things that Should be Taught.

Teach children that a true
lady may be found in calico
quite as frequent as in velvet.

Teach them that a common
school education, with common
sense, is better than a college
education without it.

Teach them that one good
honest trade well mastered is
worth a dozen beggarly profes-
sions.

Teach them that as they expect
to be men some day, they can-
not too soon learn to protect
the weak and helpless.

Teach them that to wear
patched clothes is not a dis-
grace, but to wear a "black eye"
is.

Teach them that God is no
respector of sex, and that when
he gave the seventh command-
ment he meant it for their own
good as well as their sisters.

Teach them that God helps
those who help themselves.

Do all this and you will have
brought them up "in the way
they should go."

Grandmother's Sermon.

From the Saratoga Sun.

The supper is o'er, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago.

When grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the firelight
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they shall have ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart to-night—
Only a refrain, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done."

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay-colored, and some are white;
And some are ashen gray."

"But most are made of many hues,
With many a stitch set wrong;
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong."

"There are long, plain spaces, without a break,
That in life are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care."

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
We count, and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says that our work is done."

The children came to say good night,
With tears in their bright young eyes,
While in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

RELIGIOUS READING.

How to Look at Things.

I went to see a lady once who was in
deep trouble and in great darkness on
account of the great afflictions which
had come to her from the hands of the
Lord. She had fallen into deep mei-
ancholy. When I went in she was
working on a bit of embroidery, and as
I talked with her, she dropped it wrong
side up, and there it lay, a mass of
crude work, tangled, everything seeming
out of order. "Well," said I, "what is
this you are engaged at?" "Oh," she
replied, "it's for a Christmas gift." I
said, "I should not think you would
waste your time on that. It looks
tangled, without design or meaning,"
and I went on abusing the combination
of color, and so on. "Why, Mr. Pente-
cost," she said, surprised at the sudden
and abrupt change of the subject on
which we had before been talking, and
the persistency with which I had op-
posed her work—"why, Mr. Pentecost,
you are looking at the wrong side. Turn
it over." Then I said, "That's just
what you are doing; you are looking
at the wrong side of God's working with
you. Down here they seem tangled,
but up there he is working from the
right side." Down here we are looking
at the tangled side of God's providence;
but he has a plan, here a stitch, there a
movement of the shuttle, and in the end
there is a beautiful work. Be not
afraid, only believing. Believe him in
the darkness; believe him in the mys-
teries. Let him that walketh in dark-
ness, and seeth not the light, yet trust
in the Lord.—G. F. Pentecost.

THE BENDED KNEE.

Go when the morning shineth—
Go when the noon is bright—
Go when the eve declineth—
Go in the hush of night;—
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee—
All who are loved by thee,—
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy dear Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis here denied thee,
In solitude to pray,—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing,
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer!
When'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

—[Sunday Magazine.

Who blesteth other:—his daily deeds,
Himself will find the healing his spirit needs:
For every flower on others' pathway strewn,
Bestows its fragrant beauty on our own.

"Did you present your account to the
defendant?" inquired a lawyer to his
clerk. "I did, sir." "What did he say?"
"He told me to go to the duece, sir."
"Well, what did you do after that?"
"Why, came to you, sir."

ge
yet J. BY MRS. S. M. CLARK.
ted ght, frosty eve, near the last of De-
or,
oon man was out, if I rightly remember.

Santa Claus stood in the door of his shop,
ed with wonderful things, from a doll to a top;
th a puzzled look in his twinkling eye,
e scanned the bare earth and cloudless sky.

ome Nature was dressed in russet brown—
he had quite forgotten her snowy gown.

he sleigh and the reindeer all seemed to say:
We belong to the past; we have had our day."

ut the jolly old saint only whistled the more,
as he buttoned his coat and stepped from the
door,

While his plump little wife in a wonderful frill,
Peeped cheerily out, like the soul of good will.

"O, Santa!" she said, reflecting his thought,
"Is all our year's labor to go for naught?"

"Is there no way to reach those dear girls and
boys?
ust our love tokens haunt them like ghosts of
lost joys?"

hen a happy thought struck the jolly old saint,
Not one waiting youngster shall breathe a com-
plaint,

"We can send some, my dear, by kind 'Uncle
Sam';

will be such a joke all the mail-bags to crain.

"Then there is what they call the lightning ex-
press.

I can outrun the fleetest wild deer, I confess.

And if we fall short of pictures and toys
or there's scores and millions of good girls and
boys),

"We can telegraph on to a town that I know,
ld Gotham by name, where they're not very
slow."

hen he laughed till the tears quite blinded his
sight,
and the dolls and the jumping-jacks danced with
delight.

Dame Santa Claus shook her wise head in dismay:
Tis a pity, my dear, but there's no other way.

know times have changed, and the chimneys, so
dear,
e choked up with stovepipes and furnaces
queer;

And the reindeers so fleet are cast in the shade
I the great fiery steed some inventive soul made;

While even the stockings, once hung with such
care,
re not found by the mantel, or, indeed, any-
where.

The good old-time customs are linked with the
t past;

se are growing old fogies, I fear, very fast."

Now, don't take to grumbling," said Santa, "I
t fear

t at, living away in this Northern clime here,

Ve are apt to forget that the world moves along,
And old ways will follow, so let's speed them with
song.

b The children will love us, progress as they will,
t their hearts cling to Christmas and Santa Claus
still.

Then three cheers for the good times, the old and
the new;

Thank God for the Christ child, with love that is
true.

Ring out, merry bells, your merriest song,
ing peace and good will to all the great throng.

Have joy to the sorrowing, hope to the sad,
est to the tollworn, make every heart glad.

This day, of all others, should teem with de-
light--

impe of the sunshine that follows life's



CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Let charity reign in that great heart of love
Till life is illumined with peace from above.

"Chime again and again, oh glad Christmas bells!
Till the fountain of joy in every heart dwells."

Then Santa Claus mounted his fleetest reindeer,
With a pack on his back and a "Good-bye, my
dear."

He flew like the wind over mountain and plain;
And scattered his gifts for the darlings like rain.

Then go and do likewise, as far as ye may,
For where there's a will there is ever a way.

Be liberal; always this lesson believe,
"Tis truly more blessed to give than receive.

Christmas comes! He comes! He comes!
Ushered with a rain of plums;
Hollers in the windows greet him,
Schools come driving past to meet him,
Gifts precede him, hills proclaim him,
Every mouth delights to name him;
Wet, and cold, and wind, and dark
Make him but the warmer mark;
And yet he comes not one embodied,
Universal's the blithe godhead,
And in every festal house
Presence hath ubiquitous.
Curtains, whose snug room-enfolders,
Hang upon his million shoulders;
And he has a million eyes
Of fire, and ears a million pies,
And is very merry and wise—
Very wise, and very merry
And loves a kiss beneath the berry.
—[Leigh Hunt.

POEMS.

I.—GRIEF.

There are despairs which seem to blast and
kill,
That darken day and rob the stars of light,
That make the manliest weep as women might,
That bend the valor of the human will—
Despairs which burn like hopeless love; and
still
Love can transfigure while it seems to blight;
Strong hearts feed nobly on their grief, despite
A world where hearts can ever thrive but ill.
Sweet love and laughter are the dream of
youth,
And soft contentment is a golden bar
Which shuts a life within its commonplace;
But the old world grows wiser in the truth
That sorrows fashion us to what we are
And rouse the invincible genius of our race.

II.—HOPE.

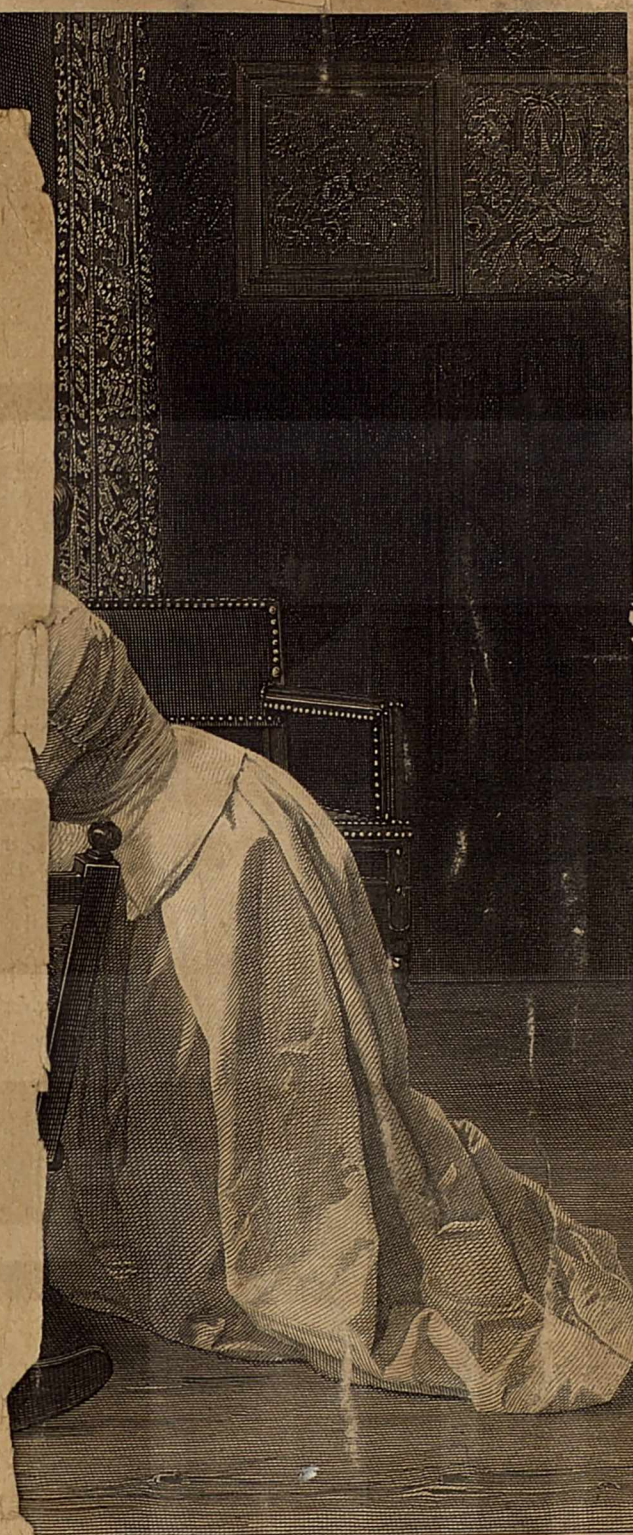
I may not close my thought or sight to all
The scourge and struggle of our common lives,
I may speak boldly of a world that thrives
On self-destruction, war, disease, and thrall;
And yet my hope cries clearly as the call
Of jubilant thrushes when the Spring revives;
It has the wings of dawn and blithely strives
To sing when life is nearest to its fall;
Dreams, creeds, and aspirations may go by
Like friends that have betrayed us; but we
stand
Sublime and strong while one thing fills the
heart—
Hope born immortal to us till we die,
Which makes such men of us that we with-
stand
The wolfish years which crush us and depart.

III.—LOVE.

Love is forever and divinely new,
As young as when the first heart learned to
beat,
As strong, as tender, and as wildly sweet,
The immortal part of us, the crown of few.
Out of the savage lust of life it grew,
As a soft flower-growth out of light and heat,
A spirit of fire that time could not defeat,
Which made the antique world it overthrew.
Unshaken amid the wreck of ages, one
Known of all life and speech for every mouth,
One song that echoes world-wide and one
time—
One thing worth living for beneath the sun,
As beautiful as Summer in the South,
And full of passion as the heart of June.
G. E. MONTGOMERY.

God's Way is Best.

This blessed truth I long have known,
So soothing in its hopeful tone,
Whate'er our trials, cares, and woes,
Our Father's mercy freely flows,
That on His bosom we may rest,
For God is good, "His way is best."
Trouble without and grief within
Are the sure heritage of sin;
And e'en affection's voice may die,
In the last quivering, gasping sigh;
But what though death our souls distress,
'Twere better thus, "God's way is best."
Misfortune's dark and bitter blight
May fall upon us like the night;
Our souls with anguish may be torn
When we are called o'er friends to mourn;
But what assurance doubly blest,
To feel that all "God's ways are best."
Yes, glorious thought, in yonder sky
Are joys supreme that never die;
That when our earthly course is run,
We'll live in regions of the sun,
And there upon the Savior's breast,
We'll sing for aye, "God's way is best."



PRAYER.

"Peace Be Still."

Good and evil be at rest!
Why this warfare in my breast?
"Peace, be still!"
O Master's speak!
These Thy blessed words I seek,
For I am weak.
Now, as when the waves were held,
By thy Master influence quelled,
Breathe a calm
As wonderful great,
Make the waves of sin abate
While I wait.
While I wait, I question not
Thou canst cleanse from each foul blot
Left by waves
Of pride and guile,
Things discordant reconcile
E'en though vile.
Rough and high the wave doth rise,
Yet I hear with glad surprise,
When o'erwhelmed
By my self-will,
Thinking that Thou hear'st not still—
"Peace Be Still!"

BABYLON AND THE TOWER OF BABEL.

The magnitude and grandeur of this Oriental capital of twenty-five centuries ago stagger all belief. Any account of them even the most sombre, is like a tale of Arabian romance. It was fifteen miles square and was entirely enclosed by walls one hundred feet thick and three hundred feet high. The walls were further mounted with two hundred and fifty towers, seventy-five feet higher than themselves. There were twenty-five hundred miles of streets in the city. It was built those marvellous hanging gardens. These were a kind of artificial garden bed into the air upon immense piles of masonry. It was a stupendous work, and was the result of gallantry.
King Nebuchadnezzar constructed them at his queen, who came from a mountainous country, Ecbatana, might have the delight of a mountain garden. There were terraces here from fifty to seventy-five feet in height and four feet in diameter. The Tower of Babel was partly a temple and partly a mausoleum. It was built of sun-dried bricks, of eight enormous stories, each of a different color. The land of Shinar, between the Tigris and the Euphrates, is a rich alluvial plain, devoid of stone, yet nature has compensated its inhabitants by making the soil a peculiar mixture of clay and sand, which, mixed with water and baked in the sun, produced a brick more durable than any we are acquainted with. Then the bitumen, which flows out of the ground, forms a cement so solid that the bricks are held together as one immense mass. Hence the marvellous durability and preservation of these ancient ruins. The summit of the tower was crowned with a shrine, and within it a mighty image of Belus, the Chaldean Jove, forty feet high and of solid gold, was placed. The terrible denunciations of the wicked, effeminate and cruel city which are contained in the Hebrew prophets have been strikingly and literally verified. Its places have become a dwelling-place for owls, and so the voice of history speaks with a loud and thrilling emphasis to our generation, assuring us that the wrath of God rests upon all the workers of iniquity, and that it will be sooner or later overtake them.

THE LAST DAY OF MAY.

Adieu the month which Beauty loves,
Which decks the meadows and the groves,
Which swells the feathered warblers song,
And health and transport leads along!
Adieu! but thou wilt come again,
And paint with flowers the vernal plain,
Again thy sky-wave robes resume,
And breathe around thy sweet perfume.
But man, when once his May is past,
Beholds a sky with clouds o'ercast;
The May of youth returns no more
To gild the tempest-beaten shore.
No more return the vernal morn,
When youth, on wings of rapture borne,
On every plain, in every grove,
Thought but of ecstasy and love.
Thus would the moral songster say,
With whom no longer it is May,
Virtue can cheer the breast alone,
When youth, and strength and beauty's gone.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARK.

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r,
oon man was out, if I rightly remember.
S. Claus stood in the door of his shop,
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th a puzzled look in his twinkling eye,
e scanned the bare earth and cloudless sky.
me Nature was dressed in russet brown—
he had quite forgotten her snowy gown.
he sleigh and the reindeer all seemed to say:
We belong to the past; we have had our day."
ut the jolly old saint only whistled the more,
as he buttoned his coat and stepped from the
door,

While his plump little wife in a wonderful frill,
Peeped cheerily out, like the soul of good will.

"O, Santa!" she said, reflecting his thought,
"Is all our year's labor to go for naught?"

"Is there no way to reach those dear girls and
boys?
ust our love tokens haunt them like ghosts of
lost joys?"

hen a happy thought struck the jolly old saint,
Not one waiting youngster shall breathe a com-
plaint,

"We can send some, my dear, by kind 'Uncle
Sam;'
ill be such a joke all the mail-bags to cram.

"Then there is what they call the lightning ex-
press.
can outrun the fleetest wild deer, I confess.

And if we fall short of pictures and toys
or there's scores and millions of good girls and
boys),

"We can telegraph on to a town that I know,
ld Gotham by name, where they're not very
slow."

hen he laughed till the tears quite blinded his
sight,
and the dolls and the jumping-jacks danced with
delight.

Dame Santa Claus shook her wise head in dismay:
Tis a pity, my dear, but there's no other way.

know times have changed, and the chimneys, so
dear,
e choked up with stovepipes and furnaces
queer;

And the reindeers so fleet are cast in the shade
the great fiery steed some inventive soul made;
While even the stockings, once hung with such
care,
re not found by the mantel, or, indeed, any-
where.

The good old-time customs are linked with the
t past;
e are growing old fogies, I fear, very fast."

"Now, don't take to grumbling," said Santa, "I
t fear
t at, living away in this Northern clime here,
We are apt to forget that the world moves along,
And old ways will follow, so let's speed them with
song.

The children will love us, progress as they will,
their hearts cling to Christmas and Santa Claus
still.

Then three cheers for the good times, the old and
the new;

Thank God for the Christ child, with love that is
true.

Ring out, merry bells, your merriest song,
ing peace and good will to all the great throng.

Give joy to the sorrowing, hope to the sad,
est to the toilworn, make every heart glad.

This day, of all others, should teem with de-
light—
impe of the sunshine that follows life's

in contained The named



CHRIS

"Let charity reign in that great heart of love
Till life is illumined with peace from above.

"Chime again and again, oh glad Christmas bells!
Till the fountain of joy in every heart dwells."

Then Santa Claus mounted his fleetest reindeer,
With a pack on his back and a "Good-bye, my
dear."

He flew like the wind over mountain and plain;
And scattered his gifts for the darlings like rain.

Then go and do likewise, as far as ye may,
For where there's a will there is ever a way.

Be liberal; always this lesson believe,
'Tis truly more blessed to give than receive.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, oh tide of years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears;
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away!
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a Summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded—our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours.
None like mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall o'er my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Happily will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song—
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been but a dream,
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

BEGINNING AGAIN.

When sometimes our feet grow weary
On the rugged hills of life,
The path stretching long and dreary
With trial and labor rife,
We pause on the upward journey,
Glancing backward o'er valley and glen
And sigh with an infinite longing
To return and "begin again."

For behind is the dew of the morning
With all its freshness and light,
And before our doubts and shadows,
And the chill and gloom of the night;
And we think of the sunny places
We pass so carelessly then,
And we sigh, "O Father permit me
To return and begin again."

We think of the many dear ones,
Whose lives touched ours, at times,
Whose loving thoughts and smiles
Float back like vesper chimes;
And sadly remember burdens
We might have lightened then,—
Ah, gladly would we ease them
Could we "begin again!"

And yet, how vain the seeking!
Life's duties press all of us on,
And who would shrink from the burden,
Or sigh for the sunshine that's gone?
And it may be, not far on before us,
Wait fairer places than then;
Our path may lead by still waters,
Though we may not "begin again."

Yet upward and onward forever
Be our path on the hills of life!
But ere long a radiant dawn
Will glorify trial and strife,
And our Father's hand will lead us
Tenderly upward then,—
In the joy and peace of the better world
To begin again."



Painted by Willems.

Engraved & Printed by Elmes Brothers.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

MIZPAH.

"The Lord watch between me and thee
when we are absent one from another."

A broad gold band engraven
With word of Holy Writ—
A ring, the bond and token
Which love and prayer hath lit,
When absent from each other,
O'er mountain, vale, and sea,
The Lord, who guarded Israel,
Keep watch 'tween me and thee,
Through days of light and gladness,
Through days of love and life,
Through smiles, and joy and sunshine,
Through days with beauty rife;
When absent from each other,
O'er mountain, vale, and sea,
The Lord of love and gladness
Keep watch 'tween me and thee.

Through days of doubt and darkness,
In fear and trembling breath;
Through mists of sin and sorrow
In tears, and grief, and death—
The Lord of life and glory,
The king of earth and sea,
The Lord, who guarded Israel,
Keep watch 'tween me and thee.
—The Argosy.
first baby
to a good d.

"Peace Be Still."

Good and evil be at rest!
Why this warfare in my breast?
"Peace, be still!"
O Master's speak!
These Thy blessed words I seek,
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BUCKLE UP

BY MRS. S. M. CLARK.

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While his plump little wife in a wonderful frill,
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"Is all our year's labor to go for naught?"

"Is there no way to reach those dear girls and
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"We can send some, my dear, by kind 'Uncle
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"Will be such a joke all the mail-bags to cram.

"Then there is what they call the lightning ex-
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And if we fall short of pictures and toys
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And the reindeers so fleet are cast in the shade
the great fiery steed some inventive soul made;

While even the stockings, once hung with such
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The good old-time customs are linked with the
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Ve are apt to forget that the world moves along,
And old ways will follow, so let's speed them with
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The children will love us, progress as they will,
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still.

Then three cheers for the good times, the old and
the new;

Thank God for the Christ child, with love that is
true.

Ring out, merry bells, your merriest song,
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Give joy to the sorrowing, hope to the sad,
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This day, of all others, should teem with de-
light—

mpire of the sunshine that follows life's

in contained The named

AFTER THE BURIAL.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I.

Fallen with Autumn's falling leaf
Ere yet his Summer's noon was past,
Our friend, our guide, our trusted chief—
What words can match a woe so vast?

And whose the chartered claim to speak
The sacred grief where all have part,
When sorrow saddens every cheek
And broods in every aching heart?

Yet Nature prompts the burning phrase
That thrills the hushed and shrouded hall,
The loud lament, the sorrowing praise,
The silent tear that love lets fall.

In loftiest verse, in lowliest rhyme,
Shall strive unblamed the minstrel choir,—
The singers of the new-born time
And trembling age with outworn lyre.

No room for pride, no place for blame—
We fling our blossoms on the grave
Pale, scentless, faded, all we claim,
This only—what we had we gave.

Ah, could the grief of all who mourn
Blend in one voice its bitter cry,
The wail to heaven's high arches borne
Would echo through the caverned sky.

II.

O happiest land whose peaceful choice
Fills with a breath its empty throne!
God, speaking through thy people's voice,
Has made that voice for once His own.

No angry passion shakes the State
Whose weary servant seeks for rest—
And who could fear that scowling hate
Would strike at that unguarded breast?

He stands, unconscious of his doom,
In manly strength, erect, serene—
Around him Summer spreads her bloom:
He falls—what horror clothes the scene!

How swift the sudden flash of woe
Where all was bright as childhood's dream!
As if from heaven's ethereal bow
Had leaped the lightning's arrowy gleam.

Blot the foul deed from history's page,
Let not the all-betraying sun
Blush for the day that stains an age
When murder's blackest wreath was won.

III.

Pale on his couch the sufferer lies,
The weary battle-ground of pain;
Love tends his pillow, science tries
Her every art, alas! in vain.

The strife endures how long! how long!
Life, death, seem balanced in the scale,
While round his bed a viewless throng
Awaits each morrow's changing tale.

In realms the desert ocean parts
What myriads watch with tear-filled eyes,
His pulsebeats echoing in their hearts,
His breathings counted with their sighs!

Slowly the stores of life are spent,
Yet hope still battles with despair,
Will Heaven not yield when knees are bent?
Answer, O Thou that hearest prayer!

But silent is the brazen sky,—
On sweeps the meteor's threatening train,—
Unswerving Nature's mute reply,
Bound in her adamant chain.

Not ours the verdict to decide
Whom death shall claim or skill shall save;
The hero's life though Heaven denied
It gave our land a martyr's grave.

Nor count the teachings vainly sent
How human hearts their griefs may share,—
The lesson woman's love has lent
What hope may do, what faith can bear!

Farewell! the leaf-strown earth enfolds
Our stay, our pride, our hopes, our fears,
And Autumn's golden sun beholds
A Nation bowed, a world in tears.

—Boston Globe.

BREVITY OF LIFE.

We are born: we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! Wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violent spring
Unseen by human eye!
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die.

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life, is all thy song,
"Endure and—die!"

—[Barry Cornwall]

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

How blest is he who knows no meaner strife
Than art's long battle with the foes of life!
No doubt assails him, doing still his best,
And trusting kindly nature for the rest;
No mocking conscience tears the thin disguise
That wraps his breast, and tells him that he lies.
He comes: the languid sufferer lifts his head
And smiles a welcome from his weary bed;
He speaks: what music like the tones that tell
"Past is the hour of danger—all is well!"
How can he fell the petty stings of grief
Whose cheering presence always brings relief?
What ugly dreams can trouble his repose
Who yields himself to soothe another's woes?
Hour after hour the busy day has found
The good physician on his lonely round;
Mansion and hovel, low and lofty door,
He knows, his journeys every path explore—
Where the cold blast has struck with deadly chill
The sturdy dweller on the storm-swept hill,
Where by the stagnant marsh the sickening gale
Has blanched the poisoned tenants of the vale,
Where crushed and maimed the bleeding victim
lies,

Where madness raves, where melancholy sighs,
And where the solemn whisper tells too plain
That all his science, all his art were vain.
How sweet his fireside when the day is done,
And cares have vanished with the setting sun!
Evening at last its hour of respite brings,
And on his couch his weary length he flings.
Soft be thy pillow, servant of mankind,
Lulled by an opiate art could never find;
Sweet be thy slumber—thou hast earned it well—
Pleasant thy dreams! Clang! goes the midnight
bell!

Darkness and storm! the home is far away
That waits his coming ere the break of day;
The snow-clad pines their wintry plumage toss—
Doubtful the frozen stream his road must cross;
Deep lie the drifts, the slanted heaps have shut
The hardy woodman in his mountain hut—
Why should thy softer frame the tempest brave?
Hast thou no life, no health, to lose or save?
Look! read the answer in his patient's eyes—
For him no other voice when suffering cries;
Deaf to the gale that all around him blows,
A feeble whisper calls him—and he goes.
Or seek the crowded city—summer's heat
Glazes burning, blinding, in the narrow street,
Still, noisome, deadly, sleeps the envenomed air,
Unstirred the yellow flag that says "Beware!"
Tempt not thy fate—one little moment's breath
Bears on its viewless wing the seeds of death;
Thou at whose door the gilded chariots stand,
Whose dear-bought skill unclasps the miser's hand,
Turn from thy fatal quest, nor cast away
That life so precious; let a meaner prey
Feed the destroyer's hunger; live to bless
Those happier homes that need thy care no less!
Smiling he listens; has he then a charm
Whose magic virtues peril can disarm?
No safeguard this; no amulet he wears,
Too well he knows that nature never spares
Her truest servant, powerless to defend
From her own weapons her unshrinking friend.
He dares the fate the bravest well might shun,
Nor asks reward save only Heaven's "Well done!"
Such are the toils, the perils that he knows,
Days without rest and nights without repose,
Yet all unheeded for the love he bears
His art, his kind, whose every grief he shares.
—[Centennial Anniversary Poem.]

No Time for Hating.

Begone with feud! away with strife;
Our human hearts unmating!
Let us be friends again! This life
Is all too short for hating!
So dull the day, so dim the way,
So rough the road we're faring—
Far better weal with faithful friend
Than stalk alone uncaring!

The barren fig, the withered vine,
Are types of selfish living;
But souls that give, like thine and mine,
Renew their life by giving.
While cypress waves o'er early graves
On all the way we're going,
Far better plant where seed in scant
Than tread on fruit that's growing.

Away with scorn! Since die we must
And rest on one low pillow;
There are no rivals in the dust—
No foes beneath the willow.
So dry the bowers, so few the flowers,
Our earthly way discloses,
Far better stoop where daisies droop
Than tramp o'er broken roses!

Of what are all the joys we hold
Compared to joys above us?
And what are rank and power and gold
Compared to hearts that love us?
So fleet our years, so full of tears,
So closely death is waiting;
God gives us space for loving grace,
But leaves no time for hating.

—A. J. H. D.

Dress.

To be magnificently dressed costs money; but to be dressed with taste is not expensive. It requires good taste, knowledge, and refinement. Never buy an article unless it is suited to your age, habit, style, and the rest of your wardrobe. Nothing is more vulgar than to wear costly dresses with a common delaine, or cheap lace with expensive brocades.

What colors, it may be asked, go best together? Green with violet; gold with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and gray with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Gray and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is to some skins the most becoming; not, however, if there be much color in the cheeks and lips, and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach color is perhaps one of the most elegant colors worn. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. But whatever the colors or materials of the entire dress, the details are all in all; the lace around the bosom and sleeves, the flowers—in fact, all that furnishes the dress. The ornaments in the head must harmonize with the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the head, and the flowers which are worn in the hair, should decorate the dress.

Old Sayings.

From the Glasgow Herald.

As blunt as a beetle,
As sharp as a lance,
As grave as a preaching,
As gay as a dance,
As late as the gloamin',
As like as two peas,
As crook'd as a ram's horn,
As round as a cheese.

As flat as a flounder,
As sticky as gum,
As wide as a common,
As tight as a drum,
As white as a miller,
As black as a crow,
As lean as a greyhound,
As bent as a bow.

As frail as a handbox,
As stout as an oak,
As queer as a Quaker,
As game as a cock,
As cute as a lawyer,
As square as a die,
As keen as a razor,
As warm as a pie.

As drunk as a piper,
As sober as a judge,
As clean as a shaving,
As filthy as a smudge,
As swift as an arrow,
As slow as a snail,
As blithe as a linnet,
As right as the mail.

MARK TWAIN ON BABIES.

His Serious Talk to the Soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—Mark Twain's remarks at the banquet of the Army of the Tennessee to-night were in response to the following toast:

The Babies: As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities.

Now, that's something like. We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground—for we've all been babies. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby—as if he didn't amount to anything! If you, gentlemen, will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life, and recontemplate your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal—and even something over.

You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere bodyguard; and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else; you had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop you advanced in—the other direction, and mightily glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No; you got up and got it! If he ordered his pap bottle, and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you; you went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your mental office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself to see if it was right!—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste that stuff yet.

And how many things you learned as you went along! Sentimental young folks still took stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles in his sleep it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but "too thin"—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour—half-past 2 in the morning—didn't you rise up promptly and remark (with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday school much) that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? Oh, you were under good discipline. And as you went fluttering up and down the room in your "undress uniform," you not only prattled undignified baby talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing, "Rock-a-by-baby on the tree top," for instance. What a spectacle for an army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbors, too, for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at 3 in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, and proposed to fight it out on that line if it took all night—"Go on! What did you do?" You simply went on till you dropped in the last ditch.

I like the idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything. Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself; one baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to; he is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities—do what you please you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot; and there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection.

Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are. For in one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething. Think of it! and putting in a word of dead earnest, unarticulated, but perfectly justifiable, profanity over it, too; in another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining Milky Way, with but a languid interest, poor little chap, and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet nurse; in another, the future great historian is lying, and doubtless he will continue to lie till his earthly mission is ended; in another, the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of State than what the mischief has become of his hair so early, and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time! And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeur and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth—an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening also turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago! And if the child is but the prophecy of the man there are mighty few will doubt that he succeeded.

Humor is the oil of wine of merry greeting.

Narrowness is the mother of unbelief.
—Jos. Cook.

BABYLON AND THE TOWER OF BABEL.

The magnitude and grandeur of this Oriental capital of twenty-five centuries ago stagger all belief. Any account of them even the most sombre, is like a tale of Arabian romance. It was fifteen miles square and was entirely enclosed by walls one hundred feet thick and three hundred feet high. The walls were further mounted with two hundred and fifty towers, seventy-five feet higher than themselves. There were twenty-five hundred miles of streets in the city. In it was built those marvellous hanging gardens. These were a kind of artificial garden lifted into the air upon immense piles of masonry. It was a stupendous work, and was the result of gallantry.

King Nebuchadnezzar constructed them that his queen, who came from a mountainous country, Ecbatana, might have the delight of a mountain garden. There were trees here from fifty to seventy-five feet in height and four feet in diameter. The Tower of Babel was partly a temple and partly a mausoleum. It was built of sun-dried bricks, and eight enormous stories, each of a different color. The land of Shinar, between the Tigris and the Euphrates, is a rich alluvial plain, devoid of stone, yet nature has compensated its inhabitants by making the soil a peculiar mixture of clay and sand, which, mixed with water and baked in the sun, produced a brick more durable than any we are acquainted with. Then the bitumen, which flows out of the ground, forms a cement so solid that the bricks are held together as one immense mass. Hence the marvellous durability and preservation of these ancient ruins. The summit of the tower was crowned with a shrine, and within it a mighty image of Belus, the Chaldean Jove, forty feet high and of solid gold, was placed. The terrible denunciations of the wicked, effeminate and cruel city which are contained in the Hebrew prophets have been strikingly and literally verified. Its places have become a dwelling-place for owls, and so the voice of history speaks with a loud and thrilling emphasis to our generation, assuring us that the wrath of God rests upon all the workers of iniquity, and that it will be sooner or later overtake them.

THE LAST DAY OF MAY.

Adieu the month which Beauty loves,
Which decks the meadows and the groves,
Which swells the feathered warblers song,
And health and transport leads along!

Adieu! but thou wilt come again,
And paint with flowers the vernal plain,
Again thy sky-wove robes resume,
And breathe around thy sweet perfume.

But man, when once his May is past,
Beholds a sky with clouds o'ercast;
The May of youth returns no more
To gild the tempest-beaten shore.

No more return the vernal morn,
When youth, on wings of rapture borne,
On every plain, in every grove,
Thought but of ecstasy and love.

Thus would the moral songster say,
With whom no longer it is May,
Virtue can cheer the breast alone,
When youth, and strength and beauty's gone.

SNAKES IN THE GRASS.

BY ERNEST J. OLDMEADOW.

Beneath the ample shadow of their wagon
Some lonely emigrants have built their fire;
The flames leap up like some fierce, captive dragon
Which struggles in its ire.

Mother and children peacefully are sleeping
Beside the roaring camp-fire's cheerful glow;
The settler, gun in hand, his watch is keeping
'Gainst wolf and Indian foe!

All the hot day he's been alert and wary,
Now he must watch all through the weary night;
And, till the dawn, must scan the rolling prairie,
Patched with the young moon's light.

How chill the moonbeams are! How sad and dreary
The drowsy waters mid the rushes weep!
He lets his tired eyes close, with watching weary,
Lies down—and falls asleep!

The pale moon's beams upon the plain are lying,
A gentle murmur rises from the rill;
The night wind through the swaying grass is sighing,
And all things else are still.

Is it the night wind sighing in the grasses?
Is it the wind which makes them bend and shake?
Ah, no! Into the moonlit space there passes
A coiling rattlesnake!

It sees the watchman sleeping at his station,
And glides along with fiercely flaming gaze,
Its eyes reflect in dreadful concentration
The roaring camp fire's blaze.

Is it the night wind sighing 'mid the grasses?
And are the slim stems stirred at its command?
No! From the shade into the moonlight passes
An Indian, knife in hand!

He sees the wife, he sees the children dreaming;
Tightens his grasp upon his shining knife;
Sees, on the sleeper's gun, the firelight streaming,
And swears to take his life!

He knows not of the snake, and both are creeping,
With poisoned fang, and direr poisoned blade,
To where the wornout emigrant is sleeping,
In the great wagon's shade!

Two snakes they are! and through the grass each pushes,
With gliding body and soft-treading feet;
And where the singing brook swirls past the bushes
Serpent and Indian meet!

The pale moon's beams upon the plain are lying;
A gentle murmur rises from the rill.
Hark! a sharp hiss, a rush, a horrid crying,
And all again is still.

The settler wakes—arises—grasps his rifle—
"What was that fearful, that heartrending
scream?"

And then he smiles "Afraid—at such a trifle!
'Twas but some dreadful dream!"

He paces up and down the camp till morning,
Almost forgets the dying Indian's cry—
Forgets quite when the goddess fair of dawning
Dyes gold the Eastern sky.

He eats his morning meal, then feeds his horses,
Prepares them both for journeying on again;
The wheels from out their turfy bed he forces,
And starts across the plain.

Lightly he walks along; the warm rays fill him
From the bright sun which shines high overhead;
He knows not of the snake which sought to kill him,
But saved his life instead.

He knows not that there lies black and bitten
A swollen corps among the trampled weed:
A record in the grass the night has written
Which he will never read!

45 Queen street, Chester, England.

There is but one philosophy, though
there are a thousand schools, and its
name is fortitude—to bear is to conquer
our fate.

SUNSET.

BY A. ELLMORE.

As nature calmly sinks to rest,
The sun withdraws his light
And paints in golden streaks the West
And faintly says, Good-night.
Come, let us muse; the day is spent;
We've toiled beneath the sun.
This day was given—no, only lent;
The victory's lost or won.

We've borne our toils; we've traveled on;
One moment would not stay.
Come, now, and throw our burdens down
And cast our cares away.
The cuckoo and the nightingale
And the cricket 'mong the flowers
Begin their songs of mournful wail
Which tell of vesper hours.
The lark has ceased his evening lay,
The partridge finds her nest,
The tired axeman wends his way
To his humble place of rest.
Beneath yon covert, calm and cool,
And in that woody nook,
Pellucid waters form a pool,
From thence a noisy brook.

Our kinsmen often drank thereof,
Like those at Jacob's well,
And thrust their sunset day far off—
At noon, alas! some fell.
Our parents sat upon that hill
And viewed the varying moon,
They listed to the rumbling mill,
And sang their favorite tune.

But they are dead; their sun is set;
They toiled their livelong day,
And when the rose with dew was wet,
From us they went away.
So, briefly, fades God's creature, man,
Like odor from the flower;
At most his time is but a span,
It may be but an hour.

Pray, earnest soul, what hast thou done
In the battle and the strife,
This short expanse from sun to sun,
To scatter seeds of life?
The poor have trod the stony road,
The rich for wealth have striven;
But who has sought to ease their load
By pointing such to heaven?

RIDING ON A RAIL.

BY JOHN G. FACTS.

Whistling through the forests,
Tumbling through the bridges,
Bumping over arches
Or derailed on ridges,
Colliding in the mountains,
Telescoping in the vale,
Bless me! it is awful,
Riding on a rail.

Men at different stations
Don't know red from blue.
Get the signals mixed up,
Engineers too.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Smashed up all together.

Whistling through the forests,
Tumbling through the bridges,
Bumping over arches,
Or derailed on ridges,
Colliding in the mountains,
Telescoping in the vale,
Bless me! it is awful
Riding on a rail.

—[Philadelphia Call]

For the Companion.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

I wear them yet. In memory blest,
And dear for many a thought untold,
Still gleam untarnished on my breast
Two little studs of blue and gold.

No dew-drop, and no flower that dots
The sod of spring, can soothe my sight
Like these, my twin forget-me-nots,
The remnant of a lost delight.

Long kept and fondly, they have known
Each motion of my daily breath.
No other ornament I own;
My jewels are the gift of death.

And sometimes now my eyes grow wet
When fancy's dream will half restore
The lone one of the broken set
From a dear breast that beats no more.

For there were three when sunshine woke
Their beauty for my boy that died:
They never parted till the stroke
That snatched him from his father's side.

And when his pretty spoils of dress
From friendly hands I took with tears,
One gem was left, with love's caress,
To share his sleep through sorrow's years.

So, whiles mid light and dark I wait,
As married notes in music chime,
These twain invoke their vanished mate,
And link eternity with time.

The silent grave hath secret speech
With flowers that blossom on its turf:
The radiant shells that strew the beach
Are children of the stormy surf.

My bosom-grief is less forlorn
Since these my bosom-gems to me
Are beauty budded from the thorn—
Are relic pearls of sorrow's sea.

In their still lustre mystic rays
I catch, where others take no heed,
As once alone could priestly gaze
The Urim and the Thummim read.

A light is in each jewel-beam,
Of eyes remembered as they smiled;
The sky is mirrored from the stream
That weltered o'er my buried child.

And oft when murmurings would not cease,
Their gleam to hope my heart has won,
And calmed to tones of Christian peace,
Its restless cry, "My son! my son!"

O loved and lost one! Could the grace
Of these meek tokens in me gain
Thy pureness for their resting-place,
The treasure were not worn in vain.

And these shall stay; though all the rest
Of love's memorials quit my hold,
No hand shall plunder from my breast
My little studs of blue and gold.

SIX LITTLE WORDS.

Six little words lay claim to me each passing
day—

I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

I Ought: That is the law God on my heart has
written,

The mark for which my soul is with strong
yearning smitten.

I Must: That is the bound set either side the
way

By nature and the world, so that I shall not
stray.

I Can: That measures out the power entrusted
ed me

Of action, knowledge, art, skill and dexterity.

I Will: No higher crown on human head can
rest;

'Tis freedom's signet seal upon the soul im-
pressed.

I Dare is the device which on the seal you
read

By freedom's open door—a bolt for time of
need.

I May among them all hovers uncertainty;
The moment must at last decide what it shall
be.

I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may—
The six lay claim to me each hour of every
day.

Teach me, oh God! and then, then shall I know
each day

That which I ought to do, must, can, will,
dare and may.

—Wisdom of the Brahmin.

The Devil's Deadfall.

Six months ago, two men, Charles Martin and Wm. Hoge, went into Sullivan's saloon, or rather, the Devil's deadfall, under the agency of Mr. S., on Main street, B—. They agreed to knock off hats for the drinks. Martin knocked off Hoge's hat three times out of four; so he had to treat the crowd. His brain being maddened by previous doses of the devil's poison, he became sullen over Martin's victory. He was standing outside the door when Martin left the house, and although Martin begged him not to shoot, he fired at him twice. One shot took effect in his arm, the other lodged near his heart, resulting in death in one hour, and sending a soul unsaved to its doom. Money saved Hoge's life, but he is in the penitentiary, while Sullivan, the Devil's agent and cause of the crime, is still carrying on his master's business.

About the 22d of May, 1882, Fred Scarf, son of Dr. Scarf, a talented young man twenty-two years of age, went into this same saloon, drank, on a wager, six glasses of poison called whiskey, sat down on a chair and died in three minutes, without God and without hope. His body was taken to his mother, a lifeless corpse.

Still this "well-regulated" pitfall into perdition is kept open, and the devil—soul and body murderer—is sustained in his business. Since the doom of the last victim, Maj. Williams, a brave soldier of the Union army, and at the time a local editor of the *B— Index*, drank himself crazy, went up the railroad a quarter of a mile, laid down on the track, was cut to pieces by the train, and strewn for a hundred yards along the way. Thus three souls, at least, in a few months' time, in one place, have fallen victims to the saloon deadfall.

Will not this intelligent, humane age and nation, which enacts laws for the protection of beasts, birds, and fishes, rise up, in the name of God and humanity, and deliver the already ensnared millions, and destroy this monster curse that threatens the purity and peace, the hopes and fortunes, the very lives and immortal destiny of our rising offspring? O Lord, how long shall the strong arm of the law tolerate this most deadly foe of all the interests of society?

Gospel Trumpet.

Ordaining a Saloon-Keeper.

Let us look and listen while the authorities ordain a saloon-keeper.—He openly professes that he has been "called" to sell rum; and he is recommended as a man of "good moral character" by some one who is willing to back him financially. The license fee is paid, and he is pronounced all correct by the ordained authorities, who now proceed with the ceremony, substantially as follows:

"Take thou authority to tempt men. Take thou authority to rob men of their money and reason. Take thou authority to stain our streets with blood. Take thou authority to fill our jails, and increase taxation. Take thou authority to destroy the sons of men, and take thou authority to defy the commands of high heaven. And when you are called to an account in the day of judgment, *present this license*, and say that we, the authorities, who have been elected by Christian people, authorized you to *sell rum*."

The Palm Tree.

Shining.

Our business is, not to *talk* about shining, not to have theories about the way of doing it, but by our good works to *shine*, and so to bear testimony to the Lord. The simple thought meets a thousand difficulties. "I am very poor; my candlestick is tin instead of silver. If I were richer I should be of more use." Let your light *shine*. "I am feeble in health; half my time is passed within a sick room. My candlestick is a broken one." Let your light *shine*, even if there is no more candlestick than to hold the candle from falling over. "I am very much out of the way—in a very obscure corner; far off from the general eye and observation. I wish I were in a better position." Let your light *shine*; the Lord knows why he has placed you where you are. Be sure he has a purpose worthy of being accomplished.

Dr. James Culross.



HOSPITALITY.

Me wear white gloves at her wedding? No, no.
Full dress? Aye—I understand;
But, wife, I must give our daughter away
With a free and uncovered hand,
As I took yours, her mother, so long, long
ago;
Then weddings were sacraments, now they
are show.

And what could I do with my hands in gloves,
If my eyes should fill up with tears?
I haven't control of my heart today
As I had in earlier years.
No, no, for her sake it won't do; I must try
And not overcloud with my tears her fair
sky.

But I want her to feel, when I come to call
On the God of her parents to bless;
The child of our years, the touch of my hand,
And the warmth of her father's caress.
And, too, I would cherish the touch of her
face,
And feel her heart beat in my parting em-
brace.

When I lifted her first to my heart, then
these hands
Were calloused with toil; for I wrought
And doubled exertion for yours and her sake;
And often, aye, often I've thought,
To hide in one's age the privations of youth
Is of all the unmanliest kind of untruth.

Wear your laces and diamonds—you've
earned them, good wife—
Look your best; but let me extend
Hospitality's hand all ungloved to my guests.
Suppose, now, some old cherished friend
Should appear without gloves?—can't afford
them, maybe;
That man must receive double welcome from
me.

"And how will the bridegroom look on it,"
you ask,
"To receive from ungloved hands his
bride?"
Well, I trust and believe he has wisdom
enough
To receive what we give him with pride;
And I hope he'll remember the wife that he
loves
Is the daughter of one who has no need of
gloves.

The Scenes of Childhood.

From the National Bottler's Gazette.

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained:
The malarious farm, the wet, fungus-grown wildwood;
The chills then contracted that since have remained;
The scum-covered duck pond, the pigstye close by it,
The ditch where the sour-smelling house drainage fell;
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard high it—
But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mould-crusted bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind,
Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted
In the water of wells, by analysis find;
The rotting wood fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algae, the frog of unusual size,
The water—impure as the verses of Byron—
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it—
I considered that water uncommonly clear;
And often at noon when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy!
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell,
And soon with its nitrates and nitrites, and slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh! had I but reckoned, in time to avoid them,
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught,
I'd have tested for organic germs, and destroyed them
With potass permanganate ere I had quaffed;
Or, perchance, I'd have boiled it, and afterward strained
it
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined,
Or, after distilling, condensed, and regained it
In potable form, with its filth left behind.

How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink!
But since I've become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science, I shudder to think:
And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing,
The story for warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing,
And I gag at the thought of that horrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, that fungus-grown bucket,
In fact the slob bucket that hung in the well.

KNITTING THE STOCKING.

The supper is o'er, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago.

When grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been
sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shown in the young girl's
eyes
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the firelight
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they will have ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart to-night—
Only a refrain, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours has just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to work,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gray-colored and some are white;
And some are ashen gray.

"But most are made of many hues,
With many a stitch set wrong;
And many a row to be ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long, plain spaces without a break,
That in life are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
We count, and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread
And says that our work is done."

The children came to say good-night,
With tears in their bright young eyes,
While in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

When I am Dead.

From the Guardian.

When I am dead,
I would not have the rude and gaping crowd
Around me gather, and, in lamentation loud,
Tell of my virtues, and with vain regret
Bemoan my loss, and, leaving me, forget.
But I would have the few of kindly heart,
Who, when misfortune came, so nobly did their part,
And oft by thoughtful deeds their love express—
These would I have, no more, no less,
When I am dead!

When I am dead,
I would not have the high and storied stone
Placed o'er my grave, and then be left alone;
But I would have some things I once did love,
Ere I did leave the joyous world above,
Placed o'er me. And each succeeding year
I'd have my friends renew them, and oft linger near,
With loving thoughts upon the dear one laid below,
And talk of times departed long ago,
When I am dead!

When I am dead,
Forgive—Oh this I pray far more than all—
The anguish I have caused, the deed beyond recall.
Think kindly on me as I lie so still,
So poor a subject for an angered will.
Think of some generous deed, some good word spoken,
Of hearts bound up I found all sad and broken;
Think gently, when this last long rest is mine,
And gaze upon my form with looks benign,
When I am dead!

FRANKLIN P. DALY.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

I wear them yet. In memory blest,
And dear for many a thought untold,
Still gleam untarnished on my breast
Two little studs of blue and gold.

No dew-drop, and no flower that dots
The sod of spring, can soothe my sight
Like these, my twin forget-me-nots,
The remnant of a lost delight.

Long kept and fondly, they have known
Each motion of my daily breath.
No other ornament I own;
My jewels are the gift of death.

And sometimes now my eyes grow wet
When fancy's dream will half restore
The lone one of the broken set
From a dear breast that beats no more.

For there were three when sunshine woke
Their beauty for my boy that died:
They never parted till the stroke
That snatched him from his father's side.

And when his pretty spoils of dress
From friendly hands I took with tears,
One gem was left, with love's caress,
To share his sleep through sorrow's years.

So, while mid light and dark I wait,
As married notes in music chime,
These twain invoke their vanished mate,
And link eternity with time.

The silent grave hath secret speech
With flowers that blossom on its turf:
The radiant shells that strew the beach
Are children of the stormy surf.

My bosom-grief is less forlorn
Since these my bosom-gems to me
Are beauty budded from the thorn—
Are relic pearls of sorrow's sea.

In their still lustre mystic rays
I catch, where others take no heed,
As once alone could priestly gaze
The Urim and the Thummim read.

A light is in each jewel-beam,
Of eyes remembered as they smiled;
The sky is mirrored from the stream
That weltered o'er my buried child.

And oft when murmurings would not cease,
Their gleam to hope my heart has won,
And calmed to tones of Christian peace,
Its restless cry, "My son! my son!"

O loved and lost one! Could the grace
Of these meek tokens in me gain
Thy pureness for their resting-place,
The treasure were not worn in vain.

And these shall stay; though all the rest
Of love's memorials quit my hold,
No hand shall plunder from my breast
My little studs of blue and gold.

Here and Yonder.

I walk in the crowded city,
And the pavement pains my feet,
And nothing but piles of buildings
Shut in the stones of the street;
But I only see the meadow
And the wood so cool and sweet.

I walk in the crowded city,
And mix with the noisy throng,
And the din is like to the beating
Of a great, incessant gong;
But I only hear the brook flow
And the brown wood thrush's song.

I walk in the crowded city,
And daily the many grow more,
And they fill up the street like a mill race
As hither and thither they pour;
But I only see a cottage
And a maiden at the door.

I walk in the crowded city,
And buy and sell in the mart,
But still in its crush and clamor
I feel that I have no part;
For the sweet, fresh life of the country
Forever abides in my heart.

I walk in the crowded city,
But see the green meadow still,
And look through the piles of buildings
To the wood that crowns the hill,
And alone with the cottage maiden
I wander afar at will.

EDWARD WILLETT.

THE SILVER LINING.

No beauty shines through leaden skies,
No glory comes from gloomy night,
No love-light gleams from weeping eyes;
And as a flock of birds, storm-driven,
Before the boisterous winds of Heaven,
Small seeds of doubt, like grains of sand,
Are scattered through the shining land,
Bringing sadness, drear and blight.

But leaden skies hide golden stars,
Behind the night lurks glad some day,
And weeping eyes not love debar;
And as to the warm South are sent
The birds in happy wonderment,
So every seedling doubt hath sown,
By faith's proud flowers, so stately grown,
Are choked, and fall like dust away.



"I WONDER IF I COULD DANCE."

Remembered.

Oh! give thy boy a loving kiss!
The day may come when he will miss
Thee from the household chair;
Then, in the book of memory,
Like lilies pressed thy kiss may be,
With treasured sweetness there.

Oh! when an old man stands alone,
Musing beside some crumbling stone,
There comes a gleam of joy:
That in some brighter world than this
He'll meet the one he used to kiss
When once a happy boy.

Childhood is like the mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips may operate on a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon a polished steel, staining it with rust which no after-scouring can efface.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne;
These are the things that shall rise
Far above golden shining skies.

Those Old Songs.

[To The News.]

Love the simple, dear old songs
My father and mother sung,
While softened twilights fell around
The hearth, when I was young.
The tender, happy days when we
Would gather 'round their knees,
And laugh and chatter like the birds
That fluttered through the trees.

See the happy crowd to-night;
The eyes of sunny blue
Are lifted up with sweetest smiles
To those of darker hue.
And nut-brown locks are mingling close
With shining golden bands,
While little curly heads are bent
On dimpled, baby hands.

Still listening to the low, sweet tones
Of father, as he read,
About the things we ought to learn—
So he and mother said.
And many a tender lesson there
We gladly, gaily learned—
Oh! the sweet words of praise they gave,
The prizes that we earned.

At last, when good-night kisses came,
When childish prayers were said,
And mother's blessing rested on
Each little curly head;
When we were told to "go to sleep
And not talk any more,"
Then we would lie and watch them through
The half-unfolded door.

Here, hand in hand, these two would sing,
Such sweet and tender lays—
Their very souls seemed lifted up
To God in earnest praise.
And father often pressed his lips
Upon the hand he held,
While her clear and birdlike voice
In sweetest music swelled.

"Am I a soldier of the cross?"
I almost hear it yet—
"Show pity, Lord; dear Lord, forgive;"
My heart can not forget.
Those dear, old songs they love so well,
And sung so long ago,
Their hands clasped in each other's
For life's weal or for its woe.

My father's hand is reaping now
The wheat his life had sown,
While mother's feeble fingers hold
The staff of life alone.
And when we hear her sometimes sing
Those songs of other years,
Her voice will tremble, and we know
Her eyes are full of tears.

Though on his distant grave the stars
Shine softly as I write;
The songs he loved and sung sweep through
My inmost heart to-night.
And soon I know these two shall stand,
Beyond this vale of pain,
With clinging, joyful hands, and sing
Those dear old songs again.

MARY HUNT McCALLEN.

Port Chadbourne, 1884.

Heaven Near to the Heavenly.

IN MEMORY OF THE THREE—LUCILLE, TOMMIE,
IRENE.]

We are not far from those we love—
Death is a narrow river;
We wait the signal from above,
And then we cross forever.

And soon the living and the dead
Across that stream shall meet;
For life goes on with hurried tread,
And time knows no retreat.

We are abroad, a broken band,
And those gone on before
Are waiting in the spirit-land
Till we shall leave the shore.

Then with a steady eye look up,
Nor from the prospect start.
Let courage, trust and lively hope
Live in a lonely heart.

For those across the swelling stream
No look of sadness wear—
No cloudy day, no joyless dream,
No lonely pathway there.

Then to the dead let smiles, not tears,
And words of faith be given;
From earnest souls let doubts and fears
And vain regrets be driven.

And, braving well the toil and storm,
With heart and hope above,
The nearer are we heaven and home—
The nearer those we love.

Baylor College.

J. H. LUTHER.

HOSPITALITY.

Me wear white gloves at her wedding? No,
Full dress? Aye—I understand;
But, wife, I must give our daughter away
With a free and uncovered hand,
As I took yours, her mother, so long, so
ago;
Then weddings were sacraments, now they
are show.

And what could I do with my hands in glove
If my eyes should fill up with tears?
I haven't control of my heart today
As I had in earlier years.
No, no, for her sake it won't do; I must try
And not overcloud with my tears her face
sky.

But I want her to feel, when I come to call
On the God of her parents to bless!
The child of our years, the touch of my hand
And the warmth of her father's caress.
And, too, I would cherish the touch of her
face,
And feel her heart beat in my parting embrace.

When I lifted her first to my heart, through
these hands
Were calloused with toil; for I wrought
And doubled exertion for yours and hers sake
And often, aye, often I've thought,
To hide in one's age the privations of youth
Is of all the unmanliest kind of untruth.

Wear your laces and diamonds—you've
earned them, good wife—

Look your best; but let me extend
Hospitality's hand all ungloved to my guests
Suppose, now, some old cherished friend
Should appear without gloves?—can't afford
them, maybe;

That man must receive double welcome from
me.

"And how will the bridegroom look on it,"
you ask,

"To receive from ungloved hands his
bride?"

Well, I trust and believe he has wisdom
enough

To receive what we give him with pride;
And I hope he'll remember the wife that he
loves

Is the daughter of one who has no need of
gloves.

The Scenes of Childhood.

From the National Bottler's Gazette.

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained:
The malarious farm, the wet, fungus-grown wildwood,
The chills then contracted that since have remained;
The scum-covered duck pond, the pigsty close by it,
The ditch where the sour-smelling house drainage fell;
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard high it—
But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mould-crusted bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind,
Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted
In the water of wells, by analysis find;
The rotting wood fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algae, the frog of unusual size,
The water—impure as the verses of Byron—
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it—
I considered that water uncommonly clear;
And often at noon when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy!
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell,
And soon with its nitrates and nitrites, and slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh! had I but reckoned, in time to avoid them,
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught,
I'd have tested for organic germs, and destroyed them
With potass permanganate ere I had quaffed;
Or, perchance, I'd have boiled it, and afterward strain-
ed it.
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined,
Or, after distilling, condensed, and regained it
In potable form, with its filth left behind.

How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink!
But since I've become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science, I shudder to think:
And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing,
The story for warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing,
And I gaze at the thought of that horrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, that fungus-grown bucket,
In fact the slop bucket that hung in the well.

our fate.

The True Wife.

Oftimes I have seen a tall ship glide
by against the tide as if drawn by some
invisible bowline, with a hundred strong
arms pulling it. Her sails unfilled, her
streamers were drooping, she had neither
side-wheel nor stern-wheel, still she mov-
ed on stately, in serene triumph, as with
her own life. But I knew that on the
other side of the ship, hidden beneath the
great bulk that swam so majestically,
there was a little toilsome steam-tug, with
a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was
tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if
the little steam-tug untwined her arms
and left the ship, it would wallow and
roll about and drift hither and thither,
and go off with the reflux tide, no man
knows whither. And so I have known
more than one genius, high-decked, full-
freighted, idle-sailed, gay-pennoned, but
that for the bare, toiling arms and brave,
warm-beating heart of the faithful little
wife that nestles close to him so that no
wind or wave could part them, he would
have gone down with the stream, and
have been heard of no more.—*Oliver Wen-*
dell Holmes.

FROM THE FAIR.

BY FARMER GOODALL.

Well, wife, I'm powerful weary, I've walked about
the town
From early morning yesterday, until the sun went
down,
And at the musty tavern, I early went to bed.
But could not sleep for rattling carts, and noises
overhead.
I saw the Exhibition, quite countrified it feels,
Until you reach the building full of whirligigs and
wheels.
Some good machinery there I saw, and elsewhere
some handsome cows,
While the horses were good racers as every one al-
lows.
But I didn't see a pair of steers to beat our Blithe
and Bess;
They haven't old-time farmers' wives to rear 'em
now, I guess.
For you had always luck with calves. I think they
understand
Critters as well as men folk, a woman's gentle hand.
Yes, I went to see the apples, but chanced to go at
night
And the fruit looked rather sickly seen by the elec-
tric light;
There's nothing like God's sunshine for fruits or
flowers or folk.
But it didn't matter to the crowd, that went to
laugh and joke.
They go to see each other, and hardly care a pin
For all the fruit or pumpkins the gardeners can put
in.
I passed the grounds this afternoon when going to
the cars
And a little boy and girl stood looking through the
bars.
And said one unto the other "Johnny, I do wish so
I had a quarter for I'd like to go and see the show."
Wife, my hand went into my pocket as quick as you
could wink,
And their childish pure enjoyment—I tell you made
me think—
For I wondered why the rich men who have so
much cash to spare,
Don't buy a few hundred tickets for poor children
to the fair.
It refreshes the tired eyes that "look out on the
dusty street
Where is neither tree nor water nor anything cool
or sweet."
And of all that grand State Fair there was nothing
pleased me so
As the faces of those children when they first saw
the show.

[The Rural New Yorker.

A boy will think he is killed
if asked to rock his baby brother,
but he will rock the hens in
the next yard when I am dead,
and think

DON'T STAND ON THE TRACK.

A thought strikes my soul with a feeling
of awe

That life is a railway, whose engine is
law,
Which knoweth no rest and never turns
back.

While it shrieks out its warning—"Don't
stand on the 'Track!'"

There are laws for the body, and laws for
the soul,

By yielding obedience their force we
control;

They know no exemption for white or
for black,

Then hark to the warning—"Don't stand
on the 'Track!'"

The iron-horse, Progress, forever rolls on.
Old systems die and new ones are born.
We must go with the engine that never
turns back,

Or else heed the warning—"Don't stand
on the 'Track!'"

Young man! keep awake on the journ-
ey of life—

Your pathway with terrible danger is rife;
The speed of the iron-horse never grows
slack,

For the love of your life, "don't stand on
the track!"

Shun the fumes of the cup as the rattle-
snake's breath—

You are playing with fire that will burn
you to death;

Yield not to temptation, tho' fierce its
attack,

Remember the Warning—"Don't stand
on the 'Track!'"

With eyes never closing, your watch you
must keep,

For our passions are often, like wild
beasts asleep;

Sin takes from the soul what it never
brings back—

For the sweet hope of heaven—"Don't
stand on the 'Track!'"

LOVE NEVER DIES.

BY S. W. PEARCE.

Tell me not that love will die,
Though the years pass fleeting;
Lasting as the earth or sky
Is the true heart's beating.
Storms and shadows may beset,
Or by cares surrounded;
Parted wide by space and yet
Fall of faith unbounded.

Love is true, e'en though by Fate
Severed be the loving;
Patiently the heart will wait
Till the cloud removing.
Time again shall, face to face,
Bring true hearts united,
And once more fond arms embrace,
Souls in true love plighted.

Love ne'er dies—'tis as the sun,
That for boundless ages
Ceaselessly its course has run
Through earth's changing stages.
Firm, unchangeable, and true,
Lives Love on forever;
And when Time itself be through,
Love shall waver never.

The Kinds of Life Not Worth Living.

A life of mere money-getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires, and next to them those who have \$500,000. There is not a scissors grinder in New York or Brooklyn so anxious to make money as those men who have piled up fortunes for years. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many shipwrecks, too many perditions. They build their castles and open their picture galleries and offer every chance for happiness to come, but she will not.

So also a life that chiefly strives for worldly approval is a failure. The two most unfortunate men in the United States for the next six months will be the two presidential nominees. Two great reservoirs of malediction have been gradually filling up, and about midsummer they will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to them, and they will begin to play on the two nominees, and they will have to stand and take it--the falsehood, the caricature, the venom, the filth, and they will be rolled over in it, and be choked with it. To win that privilege a hundred candidates are striving.

The same thing is seen on a smaller scale in the strife for social position. Good morals and intelligence is not necessary; but wealth, or the show of wealth is absolutely indispensable. It does not make any difference how you get your wealth, if you only get it. Perhaps you get it by failing four or five times--the most rapid way of accumulation in this country. If a man fails once he is not so very well off; but if he fails twice he is comfortable, and by the time he fails three times he is affluent. But when you really lose your money, how quick they drop you! High social life is constantly in a change--insecurity dominant, wretchedness dominant and a life not worth living.---Dr. Talmage.

Life.

Life is not what we try to make it,
No, not by any means;
It is the reverse quite frequent,
Despite our higher aims and schemes.

We labor, execute and plan
For the good of those around us,
Until the brain is in a whirl,
Battling with life's stern realities.

All this we could do, and deem it a pleasure,
Provided our efforts were crowned with success;
That our loved ones could only appreciate our endeavors;
But alas! we are doomed to failure and neglect

Then is it a wonder that we fail in well doing,
Or is it a wonder we cry out in our grief
That life is a burden to all who embark?
We are weary of living, and long to depart.

God grant we shall strive to do every duty,
Regardless of trials that lie in our path,
And live as we should in every particular,
Though discouraged and deserted by those we
loved best.
Goodrich, Mich

ETHEL MAY.

Life.

What has life? Many sad, sad things,
With little joy;
No happiness to us it brings,
Without alloy.

Though lovely earth has ever had
Such bright array,
Its vestment bears the impress sad,
"Passing away."

All things of terrestrial birth,
Will transient prove;
Nothing stable if found on earth,
Of all we love.

The fairest, sweetest flowers may grow
In summer day;
But when the chilling north winds blow
They cannot stay.

The rustle of dead leaves we hear,
And mark their fall;
They whisper of the waiting bier
And sable pall.

We may have friends, our love for whom
Words cannot tell;
Soon we must bear them to the tomb,
And say "farewell."

Objects most cherished, one by one,
Are taken hence;
And oft we gain for labor done
No recompense.

Although our cross is heavy here,
And hard to bear;
Let us believe that rest is near,
And not despair.

For oh! why should we care, or sigh
At pain below?
Relief is found beyond the sky
From ev'ry woe.

The Savior calls in tender tones--
"Come ye who will;"
There yet remains for weary ones,
A blessing still.

And sorrows that now darken o'er
Our dreary lot,
Will be forgotten on the shore
Where grief is not.

Kenton, Tenn. CLARA BUSH.

Don't Desert Old Friends.

Don't leave old friends, when in distress,
You knew in brighter hours,
Who now, perchance, pluck but the thorns,
Where once they owned the flowers.
Give them the same old welcome,
Not pass by with scornful frown;
Do all you can to help them;
Don't desert them when they're down.

The via vite's up hill work,
And slander's wordy strife
Oft sheds its baneful glamour
Mid the seething crowd of life.
Some who we thought were true friends,
Before misfortune's cowl
Our pedestal o'ershaded,
Now desert us when we're down.

As a leaf upon the streamlet,
Or a tempest-tossed boat,
Full many on the sea of life
Can scarcely keep afloat.
So help up those who helped you,
In the day of their renown;
Though now the cloud hangs o'er them,
Don't desert them when their down.

Could we lift the mystic curtain
On our coming joy or care;
Could the lights e'en dimly flicker,
Bidding us beware! beware!
Shadows through the twilight telling,
More cross than glittering crown,
Then should we like the old friends
To desert us when we're down?

DANBY K. TRAYVERS.
Birmingham, England.

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

BY JAMES PEARSON PARKS.

O may thy boat still smoothly float
Down life's swift flowing river,
Sheltered from every stormy wind,
May thy life's bark be ever.

And may the sun shine on thy way,
Thy life be one long pleasant dream,
And fair winds waft thee day by day,
Still onward with the flowing stream.

And may thy bark, thus peaceful glide
In sunny waters ever more,
Down the years and o'er the tide
'Till anchored by the golden shore.
London, England.

Those Old Songs.

[To The News.]

I love the simple, dear old songs
My father and mother sung,
While softened twilights fell around
The hearth, when I was young.
The tender, happy days when we
Would gather 'round their knees,
And laugh and chatter like the birds
That fluttered through the trees.

I see the happy crowd to-night;
The eyes of sunny blue
Are lifted up with sweetest smiles
To those of darker hue.
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With shining golden hands,
While little curly heads are bent
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The prizes that we earned.

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And not talk any more,"
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The half unfolded door.

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Their very souls seemed lifted up
To God in earnest praise.
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Upon the hand he held,
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In sweetest music swelled.

"Am I a soldier of the cross?"
I almost hear it yet--
"Show pity, Lord; dear Lord, forgive;"
My heart can not forget.
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The wheat his life had sown,
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Those songs of other years,
Her voice will tremble, and we know
Her eyes are full of tears.

Though on his distant grave the stars
Shine softly as I write;
The songs he loved and sung sweep through
My inmost heart to-night.
And soon I know these two shall stand,
Beyond this vale of pain,
With clinging, joyful hands, and sing
Those dear old songs again.

MARY HUNT McCALDER.
Fort Chadbourne, 1884.

Heaven Near to the Heavenly.

[IN MEMORY OF THE THREE--LUCILLE, TOMMIE,
IRENE.]

We are not far from those we love--
Death is a narrow river;
We wait the signal from above,
And then we cross forever.

And soon the living and the dead
Across that stream shall meet;
For life goes on with hurried tread,
And time knows no retreat.

We are abroad, a broken band,
And those gone on before
Are waiting in the spirit-land
Till we shall leave the shore.

Then with a steady eye look up,
Nor from the prospect start.
Let courage, trust and lively hope
Live in a lonely heart.

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No look of sadness wear--
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No lonely pathway there.

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And words of faith be given;
From earnest souls let doubts and fears
And vain regrets be driven.

And, braving well the toil and storm,
With heart and hope above,
The nearer are we heaven and home--
The nearer those we love.

Baylor College. J. H. LUTHER.

"One More Kiss, Mamma!"

I rocked my baby boy awhile,
And called out many a sleepy smile
Upon the little lips, till he
Almost asleep had seemed to be.
Then, in his crib I laid him down.
My little lamb, with eyes so brown,
And kissed the rosebud mouth so sweet,
Then turned to go, with noiseless feet.

But quick from Mischieftand there flew
A little sprite. What did it do
But whisper to my sleepy pet,
"Don't let mamma go from you yet."
Then sat my boy upright in bed,
And shook his tangled, curly head.
"Me no as'leep, mamma," cried he,
So turn an' tis me, one-two-free!"

"Just one kiss more," I said, and pressed
The dear form close to my breast,
But, multiplying one by ten,
I kissed him o'er and o'er again,
Till, thinking he was satisfied,
Again I left my darling's side.
But, just as I had reached the door,
A roguish voice called: "Jes' one kiss more."

I went again with kisses sweet
His own dear, coaxing lips to meet,
And, while I waited, singing low,
To Dreamland he at last did go.
Ah, me! when he shall older grow,
Will mother's kisses please him so?
God guide us both till life be o'er,
And I may kiss my boy no more!

—[Mary D. Brize.]

WHY IS IT SO?

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on.
I sometimes wonder which is best;
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night hours go.
Some hearts beat, where some hearts break
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some hands fold, where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so thro' ages and thro' lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread,
In tireless, march, a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek, when others shun the fray.

Some sleep on while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their names, above a grave.
—Father Ryan.

Fallen Leaves.

The somber sky bends, frowning gloomily,
Over the somber earth, where frost
Has whitened all the hills, that sullenly
Mourn for the grass and flowers lost
Under the fallen leaves.

The once blithe cricket's voice is still;
The poplar's slender branches tower
Beside the hushed and frozen rill,
Up through the heavy clouds that lower
Over its fallen leaves.

The rabbit runs with agile feet
Through rustling piles of leaves grown brown,
Seeking in winter's twilight fleet
The tender shoots that clothe the ground
Beneath the fallen leaves.

While still the blackbirds' voices fine
Start shrill echoes that never sleep,
And in the thickets of the pine
The sad wind ceaselessly doth weep
Amid the fallen leaves.

Their mournful rustling e'er recalls
Long silent voices from the past.
And loved forms that from our halls
Have gone, in peace to rest at least
Hidden by fallen leaves.

And as the wind unceasingly grieves
O'er the dead children of a summer sky,
As ceaselessly my fired spirit weaves
Sad memories of lost days, I long to lie
Lifeless with fallen leaves.

For still my soul with weary, drooping wings,
Throbs quick, responsive to the stinging pain
Of "Death and Life," and longs for healing springs
Of love in Heaven where endless summers reign,
There are no fallen leaves.

Alabama.

ALETHEA.

NO SUNSET TO-NIGHT.

No sunset to-night, no glory
Is over the pallor of snow;
Dark is the heaven above us,
And dark is the earth below.
No sunset to-night, no tinting
Of purple, or pink, or gold:
The day dies sadly in shadow,
And the night comes dark and cold.

Sunshine to-morrow morning! Sunshine
Will brighten the eastern sky;
The birds will tell us at dawning
As they go twittering by.
The pallor of snow will vanish,
And the dark clouds drift away;
The grass is under the snow-drifts,
And the blue sky under the gray.

No sunset to-night in the household,
The hearth-stone is dreary and still;
There is something the matter with father,
And mother is weary and ill.
No playing to-night in the parlor,
No story, no laughter, no song,
And the little ones go to their sleep
With a feeling of sorrow and wrong.

But to-morrow, when shadows lengthen,
The hearth will be ruddy and light;
Children will climb on the father's knee,
And the mother be well and bright;
And the sun o'er the little household
Go down in the glory and bliss
Of laughter, and story, and music,
Of a father's and mother's kiss.

And my heart has oft mournfully said:
"In my life no sunset to-night:
Gray is the sky and horizon,
Clouds piling to left and to right;
Gone are the purple and amber tints,
The shimmer of pink and of gold:
My day has been all in the shadow,
And my night cometh dark and cold."

Then, lo! in the morning new glory,
New beauty of earth and of sky,
New hope in my love and my duty,
As the lark sings gladly on high:
"Shadows last only a night-time;
Like a happy bird, sing them away;
For after the night comes the dawning,
And the blue sky is under the gray."

Wild Flowers.

Oh, dainty baby foresters
That hide in silent nooks,
That linger by the cowpaths
And peep into the brooks.
Your dimples bring me back again
The merry days of old,
When every wood was fairy-land
And buttercups were gold.

By mossy rocks and nodding ferns
You lift your timid eyes,
And by the wounded maple trees
In smiling groups arise.
No more the shrieking winter winds
Affright the naked woods,
But all the scented aisles are gay
With Flora's dappled hoods.

Again the daisy's snowy sails
O'erspread the grassy seas,
Again a thousand tiny masts
Bend low before the breeze;
And daffodils, in scented robes,
On sunny knolls are seen,
And dandelions, like little suns,
Shine out amid the green.

Though years have sped since first for me
You made the meadows bright,
And many a sunset-tinted dream
Has faded into night,
Still do I hail with boyish love
The violet's balmy breath—
Still joy to see the crocus burst
From Winter's icy death.

I trace the tints of deathless Hope
In all your tender beauty,
Ye tiny buds that sing to man
Mid stony paths of duty,
That whisper of a paradise
The toiling years shall give,
When grief, and hate, and death shall die,
And only love shall live!

—[Augustus Watters.]

GRANDPA AND GRANDMA.

Grandpa in his cradle lies: golden hair and soft blue
eyes;
Dimples twinkling here and there in his little face
so fair.
A dainty, darling Grandpa he, sweet as baby boy can
be.

Grandpa walked alone to-day—timid, trembling all
the way;
Crowing when his walk was done, and the first grand
victory won.
Happy little Grandpa he, growing fast a man to be.

Grandpa is a scholar next, o'er "Rule of Three" and
fractions vexed,
Then—oh, very sad to say—a truant, leaving books
for play.
Careless little Grandpa he, merry as a rogue can be.

Grandpa to a party goes, meets Grandma, sweet as
any rose;
Shyly sit they side by side, conversation vainly tried.
Bashful little Grandpa he, as any little beau would be

Grandpa soon his jacket doffs, and at "youngsters"
grandly scoffs;
Boasts a cane and "stove-pipe" hat; sets Grandma's
heart a-pitapat,
Until at last "engaged" is he, proud as lover e'er
can be.

Grandpa, Grandma, glad together, have their joyous
summer weather.
Summer o'er, down hill they go, dear old heads as
white as snow,
Children clinging lovingly to Grandma's neck and
Grandpa's knee.

Grandpa, 'neath life's winter skies, daily walks with
dimming eyes,
Wrinkles gathering day by day where the dimples
used to play.
Grandpa, Grandma, side by side, faithful whatsoe'er
betide.

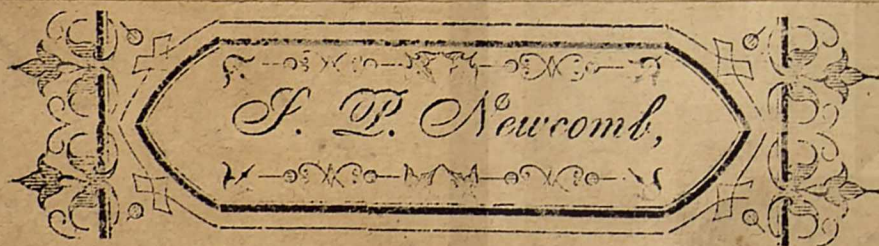
DRAWN BLANK.

The passionate grief beside the dying bed;
The passionate longing for the vanished
bliss;
The passionate yearning for the glory fled;
Of each we ask: "Can life bear worse than
this?"
Aye—answer weary lips and tired eyes,
To violent sorrows, solace Nature grants;
Worse than the world's supremest agonies,
Are all its empty blanks—its hopeless
wants.

When vivid lightnings flame and thunders
crash,
When the fierce winds lash the fierce sea to
storm,
We see the beacons by the lurid flash,
The tossing spray-clouds glittering ra-
bows form;
But when below the sullen drip of rain,
The waters sob along the hollow shore,
'Tis hard to think the sun can shine again,
The dull waves gleam to living light once
more.

When time saps slowly strength and hope
away,
And the black gulf yawns by the lonely
path,
When the dumb night creeps on the empty
day,
And the one clue of all is held by death;
Look not to faded joy or lingering love,
To wake the powers youth and faith had
given,
Take patiently the lot we all must prove,
Till the great bar swings back and shows
us Heaven.

—All the Year Round.



The Compass.

Little Jack—"What did pa mean by saying he was captain of this ship?"

Ma—"Oh, that is only his way of saying that he is head of the house."

Little Jack—"If pa is captain, then what are you?"

Ma—"Well, I suppose I am the pilot?"

Little Jack—"Oh, yes, and then I must be the compass."

Ma—"The compass? Why the compass?"

"Little Jack—"Why, the captain and pilot are always boxing the compass, you know."—*Philadelphia Call.*

BOTH PERFECTLY WILLING.

If I should steal a little kiss,

Oh, would she weep, I wonder?

I tremble at the thought of bliss—

If I should steal a little kiss!

Such pouting lips would never miss

The dainty bit of plunder,

If I should steal a little kiss,

Oh, would she weep, I wonder?

He longs to steal a kiss of mine—

He may if he'll return it;

If I can read the tender sign,

He longs to steal a kiss of mine;

"In love and war"—you know the line,

Why can he not discern it?

He longs to steal a kiss of mine—

He may if he'll return it.

A little kiss when no one sees—

Where is the impropriety?

How sweet among the birds and bees,

A little kiss when no one sees;

Nor is it wrong, the world agrees,

If taken with sobriety.

A little kiss when no one sees,

Where is the impropriety?

"And They Shall See His Face."

"Ye shall have tribulation in the world."

The Master knew the joy would be the dearer,
When at our feet the enemy was hurled,
To find our trials only brought Him nearer.

'Tis then that we shall realize the thought,
'Twas not so hard to bear our light affliction,
For we shall see the weight of glory brought,
And hear the Father's loving benediction.

"And they shall serve Him," with no tears or night;
Rest, anxious hearts, on words like these endearing,
And wait in patience for celestial light,
Whose brightness heralds the Divine appearing.

"And they shall see His face," and with him talk;
For nevermore shall ear or eye be holden,
While all in sweet companionship shall walk,
Singing his praises through the City Golden.

How cheap earth's crosses, for so rich a crown,
Whose halo shall forever be abiding!
My soul, ask not to lay thy armor down—
Thine is the victory, if in Christ confiding.

Sweet promises, that far the pain exceed;
May their bright hues tinge every cloud of sadness,
Till the exchanging I no longer need,
But sight shall bring eternity of gladness.

Christian Secretary.

Josephine Braman.

The Coming of the Lord.

Mark xiii. 33.

Come suddenly, O Lord, or slowly come:
I wait thy will; thy servant ready is:
Thou hast prepared thy follower a home,—
The heaven in which thou dwellest, too, is his.

Come in the morn, at noon, or midnight deep;
Come, for thy servant still doth watch and pray:
E'en when the world around is sunk in sleep,
I wake and long to see thy glorious day.

I would not fix the time, the day, nor hour,
When thou, with all thine angels, shalt appear;
When in thy kingdom thou shalt come with power;
E'en now, perhaps, the promised day is near!

For, though in slumber deep the world may lie,
And e'en thy Church forget thy great command;
Still, year by year, thy coming draweth nigh!
And in its power thy kingdom is at hand.

Not in some future world alone 'twill be,
Beyond the grave, beyond the bounds of time;
But on the earth thy glory we shall see,
And share thy triumph, peaceful, pure, sublime.

Lord, help me that I faint not, weary grow,
Nor at thy coming slumber, too, and sleep;
For thou hast promised, and full well I know
Thou wilt to us thy word of promise keep.

Jones Very.

We Reap What We Sow.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for wo,
'Tis the law of our being—we reap what
we sow;
We may try to evade them—may do what
we will,
But our acts like our shadows, will follow
us still.
The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,
And detects in a moment, the base from
the pure;
We may boast of our claims to genius or
birth,
But the world takes a man for just what
he's worth.
We start on the race for fortune or fame,
And then when we fall, the world bears
the blame;
But in time ten 'tis plain to be seen,
There's a screw somewhere loose in the
human machine.
Are you wearied and worn in this hard
earthly strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten
your life?
Remember this great truth has often been
proved,
We must make ourselves lovable would
we be loved.
Though life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the waters,
comes back.
This law was enacted by Heaven above,
That like begets like and love begets love.
We are proud of our mansions of mortar
and stone,
In our garden are flowers from every
zone;
But the beautiful graces that blossom
within,
Grow shriveled and die in the Upas of
sin.
We make ourselves heroes, and martyrs
for gold,
Till health becomes broken, and youth
becomes old;
Did we the same for a beautiful love,
Our lives might be music for angels above.
We reap what we sow—Oh! wonderful
truth;
A truth hard to learn in the days of our
youth.
But it stands out at last, as "the hand on
the wall."
For the world has its debit and credit for
all.
—Copied from an old newspaper of the
year 1812.

WAITING FOR MOTHER.

The old man sits in his easy chair,
Slumbering the moments away,
Dreaming a dream that is all his own,
On this gladsome, peaceful day;
His children have gathered from far and near,
His children's children beside—
And merry voices are echoing through
The "Homestead's" hall so wide.

But far away in the years long flown
Grandfather lives again;
And his heart forgets that he ever knew
A shadow of grief and pain.
For he sees his wife as he saw her then—
A matron comely and fair,
With her children gathered around his board,
And never a vacant chair.

Oh! happy this dream of the "Auld Lang Syne,"
Of the years long slipped away!
And the old man's lips have gathered a smile,
And his heart grows young and gay.
But a kiss falls gently upon his brow
From his daughter's lips so true;
"Dinner is ready, and, father dear,
We are only waiting for you."

The old man wakes at his daughter's call,
And he looks at the table near—
"There's one of us missing, my child," he says,
"We will wait till mother is here."
There are tears in the eyes of his children then,
As they gaze upon an empty chair;
For many a lonely year has passed
Since "Mother" sat with them there.

But the old man pleads still wistfully:
"We must wait for mother, you know!"
And they let him rest in his old arm chair
Till the sun at last sinks low;
Then leaving a smile for his children here,
He turns from the earth away,
And has gone to "Mother" beyond the skies,
With the close of the quiet day.

KISSES TO GROW ON.

By Mrs. M. L. Rayne.

"Three kisses and one to grow on."

She was only a baby, but she held up her
sweet red lips, tipped back her blessed little
head, shut the bright eyes and went the rounds
from one member of the family to the other,
repeating the phrase she had just heard from
her young mother's lips,

"Three kisses and one to grow on."

They caught her up, the darling, and kissed
and kissed her fair baby face, pulled the soft
curls, squeezed the dimpled shoulders, and fol-
lowed her every movement with wistful, wor-
shiping eyes, until she came to the sour, dis-
appointed member of the family, whose
worlds were all hollow, and dolls stuffed with
sawdust. She tiptoed up to the stern, bearded
face and put a fat, chubby little hand on each
unyielding knee.

"Three kisses and one to grow on."

"What does all this tomfoolery mean?" in-
quired the gruff, grumpy voice.

"Baby is 3 years old to-day," said the young
mother, feeling how hard it is to explain a
simple, foolish custom that has no particular
meaning, "and so we give her a kiss for each
year and one to grow on. But you needn't
kiss her, Uncle Ben, if you don't want to."

What was it the old man saw in the limpid
eyes lifted to his?—a vision of the green fields
and still waters of Paradise? or did some pre-
scent knowledge possess him, that he caught
her up in his arms as he had never done be-
fore, and kissed her again and again?

"Not want to kiss her?" he said, in a broken
voice, "why, I should as soon think of refusing
to kiss an angel from Heaven. There! pet;
there! and there! Now may you grow on this
one even to the heights of Heaven—never short
of their standard, little one. That is the old
man's prayer."

"Three kisses and one to grow on;" three
short and beautiful years, and now—

"Her age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by months and years
Where she has gone to dwell."

But I often wonder if we would not all reach
nearer the gates of paradise if we had more
kisses to grow on.

"To the height of the sinless angels
The little one has grown."

Oh! great family of humanity, lead all your
weary wandering ones up the divine heights by
kisses. They are stronger than blows; they
leave no stings like bitter words; they are
blessed memories that blossom in our crown
of thorns when those whom we kissed have
gone from us a little way beyond tears or
kisses; grown on that precious nourishment
into the higher life, in the city whose builder
and maker is God.

YOUTH.

We hold it and we count it naught—
Scarce give the lovely thing a thought,
Until it flies. Ah! then 'tis sought
With eager care and tearfulness,
But ne'er again, to soothe and bless,
Cometh the fair young guest again—
Our beckonings are all in vain,
And soon the day begins to wane,

Unto the sober-tinged eve;
And then, no longer do we grieve,
For vanished youth, but sit and weave
Bright stories of its shining face;
Its merry smiles, its nameless grace;
And fondly hope to meet once more,
When the long day is past and o'er,
Our friend upon the nearing shore.

Never Satisfied.

The valley seems full of enchantment,
That the mountain conceals
But when we have climbed the
The mystical beauty flies.

The future gleams bright through
That envelops it close from to do
But when what was future is certain
And the veil is cast away.

It is naught but the same old story
That the moments have told us before,
And with deep, unsatisfied longing
We clamor for something more.

Far up on the hills of Ambition
Flowers blossom of Heaven-born hue,
But when, with the deepest contrition
For all we have failed to do,

We labor both day-time and even
To mount up to the glories afar—
And thus, wading near Heaven,
Nearer our beckoning star,

We dream to extinguish the longing
That erstwhile burned fierce in the breast,
We discover 't is this belonging
Has faded—dimmed—like the rest.

In winter we long for the spring-time,
Beyond us it temptingly strays.
But when the drear cold and the wind-time
Depart, leaving milder days,

When the streams their cold bonds are breaking,
When the flowers appear on the hill,
When nature to life is awaking,
The longing remaineth still.

A bird in the heart depths is singing
And we listen to catch the sweet song
We hear all the notes that are ringing
But interpret the meaning wrong.

For the song that the bird was singing,
And the music our voices declare,
Far different echoes are ringing
Through the clear surrounding air.

The beautiful strains of the breast-song,
When separated, have lost their spell,
And that which we deemed our best song
Unheeded by others fell.

The artist, at twilight day-dreaming
Of great pictures his hand shall create,
Seeks the canvas, with eyes bright gleaming,
And feelings highly elate.

But the vision that rose in dreaming,
Enchanting in every detail,
Is lost. And the loveliness gleaming
Behind idle fancy's veil,

Like vapory mist on the mountain,
Is dispersed at the coming of day,
And like to a fairy-land fountain
The vision fadeth away.

The student in college halls learning
Glances into the future and views,
While, his light at eve dim burning,
A moment he steals to muse.

Himself, crowned with honor and glory,
Successful in every plan,
When future is present his story
Reveals him an obscure man.

A man who has failed in attaining
The heights that his fancy once mounted,
Has striven in vain for the gaining,
Whose triumphs are easily counted.

And even these triumphs are bitter,
Lovely outside, yet gall at the core;
And through all the glamour and glitter
A longing for something more.

But a voice may be heard, if we heed it,
Ever whispering in the breast,
"Seek the kingdom of Heaven," ye need it,
And He will add the rest.

Boston, Mass.

DETERMINED.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Want of good sense is the worst of
poverty.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than to
bear them.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than
age or sorrow.

Of vain things, excuses are the vainest.
—Charles Buxton.

After the battle of arms comes the
battle of history.—James A. Garfield.

Violent excitement exhausts the mind
and leaves it withered and sterile.—
Fenelon.

There is no strength in exaggeration;
even the truth is weakened by being ex-
pressed too strong.

If the power to do hard work is not
talent it is the best possible substitute
for it.—James A. Garfield.

