Poetry.

The Little Feet.

BY BIRDIE BELL.

Down the dusty street,
On a summer's day,
Two small, tired feet
Printed their slow way—
Shoeless feet were they.

Following, by chance,
On that childish beat,
Soon my idle glance
Saw the little feet,
Reddened by the heat.

Such a tiny form,
Such a haggard face—
As if some fierce storm,
Passing, left a trace,
Nothing could efface.

As I watched the child
Toiling slowly on,
One with footsteps wild,
Merry as a fawn,
Dancing, came along.

Ribbons on her dress;
Flowers in her hair;
Trailing, did caress
Her young face so fair,
Clear of every care.

Oh, the contrast sad,
Pitiful to see;
One so gay and glad,
Full of life and glee,
Step so strong and free.

Not a wish denied
Which her heart could make;
Every wish supplied
Soon as it could wake;
All her life to take

Sweets and happiness;
Not a joy unknown
Which her heart could bless;
While the sorrows strown
Round the pathway lone

Of the other's life,
Changed her day to night;
Made her childhood rife
With the cares which blight
Even man's full height.

To her mournful eyes
Came a deeper shade,
As in sad surprise,
On the little maid
Wistfully she gazed.

But when came the tears,
Quick she turned aside—
Even her young years
Felt an innate pride
Leading her to hide

All her pain so sad,
That her life should be
Void of all things glad;
For the mystery
Veiling God's decree

Blinded her young eyes
To Christ's tenderness;
Hid the love which lies,
Strong and sure to bless,
In His heart's recess.

Little tired feet,
Little tired heart,
Of the toil and heat
In life's busy mart,
Weary at the start—

Would that you might come
To the rest so sweet,
In the heavenly home—
Printing your small feet
On the golden street!

The Family.

PARENTS.

Mother, Consider.

The other evening, whilst taking my customary stroll, meditating on my text for the following Sabbath, the face maternal appeared at the door of a pleasant little home I had often noticed, and loudly ordered a little lad of three or so to "come in, and see if she did not do as she said she would."

The mother, in her wrath at being disobeyed, re-entered the house—not hearing the little one's sobbing explanation that he had stepped outside to fetch the baby in. Directly the blows and piteous cries fell upon my ears. Undoubtedly the little one had gone beyond the prescribed bounds; but it was to bring the wee toddling thing inside, who as yet heeded not commands, however harshly given, and his full heart and meagre use of words withheld the power of explanation.

Poor little man, how my heart ached for him! Kissless and sad he went to his bed. Mothers, do not whip them! Do not yourselves make shadows in the sunlight with which God always surrounds children. Do not let them be lulled to sleep by the falling of their tears, or by their own sad sobs and sighs. Far pleasanter it is, when you go to tuck them in at night, to find pink feet on the pillow, dimpled knees in air, toys yet in embrace and smiles on their sweet mouths. Yourselves bear in mind their last words, "If I should die before I wake." Treat them tenderly.

I took my little man a shot-gun to-night, and handing it over the gate, I said, "Now will you mind mamma, and stay inside when she tells you?" I am sure the "me will" was very sincere; but if they forget, bear with them. If childhood's days can not be free from sorrow, surely none ever may.

CHILDREN.

For the Lutheran Visitor.

Little Allan.

CONCLUDED.

Little Allan sat under the oak tree, playing with the pennies and counting them; there were just fifteen. The sun began to set beautifully behind a distant hill.

There came by on the road, an old man with a harp. Seeing a little boy, he came in and began to play. His hair was white, and his old, withered hands trembled as they touched the strings.

He finished playing. "Young master," said he, "I have walked a great way to-day and have to go on further still. I am old and poor; can not you give me a little money to pay for a night's lodging? It is hard for an old man to lie out on the grass all night."

"It is good to give to the poor," thought Allan; "aunt never sends them away empty handed." So he gave him the pennies his aunt had told him to put in her work-basket."

"God's blessing be with you, master," said the old man, and he went his way.

"I have done a good deed," said Allan to himself, and he took up his books and finished learning his lessons. As he closed his Bible, his aunt came and sat down on the grass by his side.

"How pale you look, aunt," he exclaimed.

"Yes I am very tired," said she, throwing aside her sun-bonnet.—"Phil has almost finished," she continued; "run to the house and bring me the pennies I gave you. I must pay him for his day's work."

"Oh aunt!" exclaimed Allan, "I gave them all to a poor old man who came in and played the harp for me."

Miss Belden rose, without speaking, and went into the house.

"I wonder if aunt is vexed," thought Allan; "surely she is not angry because I gave the old man the money."

Miss Belden came out of the house with her bonnet and shawl on.

"Where are you going, aunt?" asked Allan.

"To the store," replied she.

"Why the sun has set, and the store is three miles off; it will be dark before you get back."

"I know it, but I must get some change to pay Phil. Phil," said she, to the little boy who had been weeding the garden, and had just come to the house to be paid, "I am sorry to say you will have to wait two hours for your money; go into the kitchen, where you will find a plate of bread and butter which you can eat, and then do what you can to amuse yourself until I return." Then turning to Allan, she asked him if he would like to accompany her.

Allan put on his hat and walked along by her side. "Oh, aunt!" said he, "if I had known you had no change but those pennies, I would not have given them away; but could not Phil wait until Monday for his money?"

"No," replied Miss Belden. "I promised it to him, and he is the only son of his mother and she is a widow. I can not keep back what is her due; I must go to the store and get them to change five dollars for me."

"Could not Phil take the five dollars and get it changed? He is an honest boy; I am sure you might trust him with it."

"I know he is an honest boy, and I am quite sure he would not take the five dollars to spend upon himself, but might he not give it away to some beggar?"

"Give it away! why to give away money that was not his own would be just the same as stealing!" said Allan.

"And whose was the money you gave to the old man?" asked his aunt.

"It was yours," replied Allan, after a short pause. "I have done very wrong. Oh aunt! I did not mean to do wrong; I thought I was doing the best thing I could do."

"I know it, my child, and that is the reason why I did not reprove you. I wanted you to think more deeply. Remember through all your life, that though it is right to be generous, it is very wrong to dispose of anything that is not entirely our own."

They were now well on their way, and Miss Belden changed the conversation to gayer subjects. As they walked home the moon rose, and their walk was a pleasant one, but Miss Belden was very tired after it. It grieved Allan to think that he had caused her so much fatigue, but he learned by that walk, and the circumstances that attended it, two things: not to be generous unless he could at the same time be just, and also, that we should examine ourselves at all times with great care, lest we deceive ourselves and mistake our bad actions for good ones.

When little Allan went to Sunday School the next day, it was not with a careless, irreverent haste, but slowly and thoughtfully, that he repeated the words, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Observer.

Around the World.

NO. VII.

THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., August 21, 1869.

It is a week since we reached San Francisco, but I am still in a maze—a mystery. I did not lose my consciousness during the long journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was all a reality when, after spending two or three days in traversing the older States, we crossed the Missouri and swept out upon the broad prairies of Nebraska, and over the Black Hills, the highest elevation on the Pacific Railroad, and then over the Rocky Mountains, and through the great Salt Lake Basin, and over the Sierra Nevadas, the grandest portion of the whole route. All this was real. The way did not seem long at any time, owing to the novelty of the scenes through which we were passing, and the truly delicious ease of our means of locomotion, but it was not difficult to realize that we were actually spanning the continent. Seven days and seven nights of steady travel upon a smooth road, behind a locomotive, will tell upon any distance, and when, early on the morning of the seventh day of our actual journeying, we crossed the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, we almost strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of the broad Pacific, although it lay a long day's journey out of sight. As we descended the magnificent slope, along precipices 1,500 feet in depth, we felt sure that we were coming into the Golden State, and when we saw the wheat-fields and vineyards, and the abundance of luscious fruits at the railway stations greeted our eyes and then our palates, we became more and more pleasantly assured that we were within the borders of California, the cornucopia of the country.

At Sacramento, 117 miles from San Francisco, we took the steamer, but darkness had settled down upon us before we entered the bay, and long before we saw the lights of San Francisco. It was 11 o'clock when we stepped ashore, and we were taken in a close carriage to the hotel, so that we did not get a glimpse of the town until the next morning. And then—when we walked out into the streets on our way to church, instead of a mushroom city of twenty years, made up of rough boards and canvas, like the new cities through which we had passed along the line of the Pacific Road, we found ourselves in an old established town, with broad streets and magnificent stone buildings, as substantial and imposing in appearance as those of cities which have been built for centuries. Many of the buildings too, have such a solid, contented look about them, that it seems hardly possible they were unknown and unthought of twenty years ago. I can not make it real that this is San Francisco, and I am more at a loss to tell where I am than I have been at any previous point in the journey.

When gold was first discovered in California, San Francisco was a little hamlet, largely made up of the adobe or mud houses which are still occasionally to be seen here and in other parts of the State. It lay along the natural water-line of the bay, which is now nearly half a mile inland. I have been taking a walk with one of the ancient settlers, a man of about forty-five, who pointed out to me the spot on which he landed in 1849. It is now in the very heart of the busiest part of the city, a half mile from the wharves, several solid blocks of stores and long streets lying between, on ground which has been filled in at great expense.

Speaking of old settlers reminds me that almost every man I meet came here in 1849. Whether the first settlers have a pre-emption right and have driven away later comers, or how it is to be explained I can not tell, but it has been quite amusing on making inquiry, "How long have you been in California?" to receive in so many instances the reply, "Twenty years; I came here in 1849." This speaks well for California and for the city of the Golden Gate, that so few who have taken up their residence here should wish to return to an eastern home. And, indeed, there seems to be a fascination about life in California, and especially in San Francisco, which acts like a spell upon those who come here to reside. What it is, I have not yet been able to determine; I have not yet come within the power of the charm. Some say that it is in the climate, but if that be the cause we have taken an unfortunate specimen. The whole week thus far has been marked by cold chilling winds, so cold that even the citizens themselves go armed with heavy overcoats, the ladies appear in the streets and at church robed in the warmest of fur capes; and fires are quite in vogue. We have not had a day of right genial, pleasant weather, but fogs in the morning and cold winds nearly all of the twenty-four hours of every day. With the winds, which blow steadily, comes the dust, which is very annoying as it sweeps down the sand-hills and through the streets of the city. We are told that the pleasantest weather is in the winter season, that winter is the real summer of California; and we would fain believe it is; yet Californians speak in terms of admiration of the very weather that has been penetrating our bones. But the old proverb, *De gustibus non disputandum*, I presume is as applicable to the gusts of San Francisco as to any others.

I do not propose to give any particular description of San Francisco. This has been done so often that every reader of the *Observer* must be familiar with it and with its statistics. I find it, however much larger in extent, more magnificent in its general aspect and in the style of its buildings than I expected. It looks as if it might have been founded by the Spaniards in the early discovery of the country, and beautified and improved by the Americans during all the past century. Taking into account its recent origin, it seems more like a creation than a city built in the ordinary way.

We have been looking somewhat about the city and its suburbs, in which there is not very much to occupy the attention of a stranger, excepting the curiosity of the city itself. Every one that comes to San Francisco must go to the Mint, where almost the entire coinage of the country is made—the amount coined in the Mint at Philadelphia being a trifle in comparison. It is a miserable old building, without room for the various operations, and still less room for visitors; but a new building is in course of erection.

Speaking of the Mint brings up what has been to my mind one of the most striking instances of the providence of God; one in which his hand is as wonderfully displayed as in almost any other in the history of human affairs. It was not a matter of chance that the gold of California was discovered just at the time that it was, although it was found incidentally while digging a mill-race. Gold must have been trodden under foot and kicked about like stones by the scientific explorers and ordinary travelers in this region for a century or more, and no one who does not regard the hand of God in the common events of life can tell why it should not have been discovered and brought to the knowledge of the world long before, when every valley and hillside abounded in the precious metal. The period in the history of the world when it was needed to develop and carry out the great plans of Divine Providence had not come. But when the time for peopling this western portion of the continent, and for opening the highway of the nations by which the whole world is now brought into close communication, and by which the way is so wonderfully prepared for the spread and triumph of the glorious Gospel had arrived, the mines of California were thrown open, thousands flocked hither from all parts, and within less than a quarter of a century the whole aspect of the world is changed. We have entered upon a new era. Others may see nothing remarkable in all this, but I choose to recognize in it the hand of the great Ruler of the world, who is accomplishing his own purposes and who is preparing to bring all nations under the power of the Gospel.

There are two or three places in the vicinity of San Francisco which every stranger is expected to visit. One of these is the Mission Dolores, one of the old Spanish Roman Catholic missions established during the last century along the Pacific coast, and in the interior, for the conversion of the Indians. About an acre of ground is enclosed by a high adobe wall. The buildings are of the same material, the chapel and the cemetery being the only portion still kept sacred. The rest is occupied as a station for the city railroad, of which it is the terminus. The whole has now a very dilapidated appearance, and will soon form part of the dust of San Francisco. In the neglected cemetery, I found on a tombstone the following:

Though Boreas blows and Neptune's waves
Have tossed me to and fro,
Yet, by heaven's decrees you plainly see
I am harbored here below with many of our fleet,
In hopes of Admiral Christ, to meet.

The great curiosity of San Francisco is Seal Rock, and, so far as I know, perfectly unique. San Francisco is situated on a tongue of land which froms the western wall of the bay. The city, therefore, stands with its back to the Pacific Ocean, which is some six or seven miles distant across this high promontory of sand. Directly on the ocean shore, some four or five hundred yards from the land, two rugged rocks rise abruptly out of the water to the height of seventy-five feet or more, covering an area of perhaps an acre. These rocks are the property and the habitation of an immense colony of sea-lions, as they are called, or seals, who hold undisturbed possession and who are protected in their right of property and from all injury by statute law. Upon the lofty shore overlooking these rocks a fine house of entertainment is erected, called the Cliff House, on the piazzas of which visitors sit and watch the movements of this congress of seals and listen to their discussions, which consist mainly of sundry deep growls and vociferous barks, often resounding far above the noise of the waves which break upon the rocky shore. Some of these sea-lions are of enormous size, and it is an amusing sight, which never loses its interest, to watch them in their clumsy efforts to climb to the very pinacles of the rocks to sun themselves, which they do by means of their fins and tails. They often come in conflict, struggling for the high places, and then we are sure to hear the loud disputation, unlike any controversy which I have ever heard before. There are seals of all sizes, from the tiny cubs to the strong old settlers, who look as if they might have been masters of the rock for a hundred years. I doubt if there is another such scene to be witnessed any where upon the earth or sea, and the great curiosity is that these undomesticated denizens of two elements are living in a community of their own, almost within stone's throw of a frequented shore, in as wild a state as when the continent was discovered, constantly within the sound of human voices, and yet as apparently unconscious of the vicinity of man as if they were a thousand miles from land. Altogether unconciously are they contributing to the entertainment of all who visit the Pacific coast, for no one can come to San Francisco without visiting the Cliff House and the sea-lions. EUSEBIUS.

House and Farm.

How Butter is Flavored.—Butter is never made "bitter" by oversalting; it is only when the chlorides of calcium and magnesium are in excess in salt used, that *salt* imparts a bitter taste to butter. Pure butter without salt will not putrify, but it is the cheesy or nitrogenous matter, either carelessly or unconsciously left in, or permitted to get into, butter, which causes it to become frowy or bad; and far more poor butter is made from this cause than from the use of salt of any kind, or in quantities too great or too small.

Carrots contain large quantities of nitrogen, and the use of them as coloring matter for butter is *very dangerous*; they had better, if used at all, be fed to the cow.

Make butter clean from foreign and noxious matter; salt it with salt discharged from chlorides of calcium and magnesium; salt so as to preserve, and not pickle, and good butter will be the result.

Statistics of Occupations.—The importance of statistical data in regard to human life is probably nowhere plainer seen than in some statistical facts lately published by Dr. Heinrich Needon, Staff Physician to the Royal Saxony Sanitary Department, having reference to the military levy of 1868. The influence of certain trades and occupations upon the bodily development is very strikingly shown, and in adducing them here they may serve as a reliable guide in the selection of healthy pursuits for children. Of the segar makers who were liable to military duty two-thirds were found unsuitable on account of bodily defects; of teachers the same per centage was found; of persons engaged in writing, as clerks three-fifths; of the mercantile classes, three-fifths; of the compositors, gymnasialists, printers, braziers, watch makers, instrument makers, tailors and musicians, about one-half; of those engaged in manufactories, and dyers, somewhat less; of weavers and lace makers, two-fifths. The cause of this unfitness is undoubtedly, with writers, merchants, segar makers, braziers, watch makers and tailors, the sedentary mode of life; with musicians, the over-exertion of the lungs; with workmen in manufactories, bad air; with gymnasialists, secret sins and abnormal intellectual excitement.

Persons engaged in out-door or healthy occupations show a more favorable per centage. Of slaters only one-eighth portion was unfit for acceptance; of carpenters and mariners, one-fourth; of potters, three-tenths; brewers, two-ninths; butchers, one-third; millers, four-fifteenths. It must, however, be borne in mind that to the latter occupations mostly strong boys are taken. Of the whole number, thirty-three per cent. were sickly, thirty-three per cent. consumptive, especially among weavers and printers.

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