

THE CARRIER'S BENEDICTION

Gus Turns Orator and Poet.

My name is Gus, I make no fuss,
I am a quiet man,
And hence you see, you must agree,
To give me what you can.
Without the noise of other boys,
I do my duty well,
And so it's true of each of you,
That you'll do yours as well.

No need to stay, so long to say,
That you your duty know,—
But what I'd do if I were you,—
I's, quickly let me go.
And each, himself, the little elf,
Would scarcely ever miss,
That he might place, in the embrace,
Of this my humble fist.

Another thing that I might bring,
To urge you to be quick,—
A long address, just from the press,
I might on you inflict.
With all your names and Christmas
games,
Well woven into rhymes,—
Now I don't swear,—but best beware,
And bring out quick, your dimes.

That Carrier boy, is full of joy,
Who lives in such a town
As Abbeville, where every till,
In silver does abound;—
Prosperity and energy,—
They find here, their abode,
As many mills, and big green hills,
And new railroads here showed.

My duty done, to every one,
In Spring and Winter day,—
So now my life, tho' I've no wife,
Is blithe as days of May.
If you forget, and will not let,
Your purse strings loose for me,
The blithesome ways of many days
Knocked out of me will be.

To each of you, the friends so true,
Of Wilson's Press and Banner,
I bring good cheer, to close the year,
In this poetic manner;—
Now if it be that you can see,
Your way quite clear to trust us,
The Banner will, be better still,
I'm humbly yours, Augustus.

Christmas.

Dainty little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Blue and gray and scarlet,
In the freights of glow.
Curly-pated sleepers
Safely tucked in bed;
Dreams of wondrous toys and
Dancing through each head.
Furry little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Stuffed with sweet surprises,
Down from top to toe.
Skates and balls and trumpets,
Dishes, toys and drums,
Books and dolls and candies,
Kits and sugar-plums.
Little sleepers waking;
Bless me, what a noise!—
Wish you merry Christmas,
Happy girls and boys!
The Nursery.

Christmas Carol.

Down the ages floats the echo
Of an anthem sweet and clear,
Chanted by a host of angels,
In the calm Judean air.
Oh! the glory and the rapture,
Of that loud, triumphant strain:
Sweetest song e'er sent from Heaven,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
There's no minor in the carol,
Sadder notes belong to earth,
Naught but joy and peace and gladness,
Brightening hearts that droop beneath,
Crushing weights of gloom and darkness,
Fearless sadness, voiceless care,
Mourning unshaken, and despair,
Bringing hope to grim despair.
Oh! that heavenly benediction!
Chanted on the natal day,
Of the King of earth and heaven,
Rang there ne'er so grand a lay.
Blessed peace! sent here from Eden!
Like a snow-draped pure and white,
Calm life's great, stormy billows,
Lighting up earth's blackest night.
Holy hymn, forever ringing
"Through the corridors" of years,
Bringing peace to high and low,
Drying sorrow and the tears,
May the white-robed angel choir
Chant for aye that happy strain,
May the saints unite in singing
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Santa Claus on the Train.

On a Christmas eve an emigrant train
Sped through the darkness of night,
And cleft the pitchy dark in train
With the gleam of its fierce head-light.
In a crowded car, a noisome place,
Sat a mother and her child;
The woman's face bore wan's wan trace,
But the little one only smiled,
And tugged and pulled at her mother's
dress,
And her voice had a merry ring,
As she lip-ped, "Now, mamma, come and
guess
What Santa Claus'll bring."
But sadly the mother shook her head,
As she thought of a happier past;
"He never can catch us here," she said,
"The train is going too fast."
"O, mamma, yes, he'll come, I say,
So swift are his little feet."
They run all over the world to-day,—
I'll hang my stocking up here."
She planned her stocking to the seat,
And closed her tired eyes,
And soon she saw each longed-for sweet
In dreamland's paradise.
On a seat behind the little maid
A rough man sat up;
But a soft light, on his features played,
And stole into his heart.
As the cars drew up at a busy town
The rough man left the train,
But scarce had from the steps jumped down
Ere he was back again.
And a great big bundle of Christmas joys
Bulged out from his pocket while
He filled the stocking with sweets, and toys
He laid by the dreamer's side.
At dawn the little one woke with a shout,
"Sweetest, what do you find in mine?"
"I knowed that Santa would find me out;
He caught the train, you see."
Though some from smiling may scarce re-
tain,
The child was surely right,
The good saint Nicholas caught the train,
And came aboard that night.
For the saint is fond of masquerade
And may fool the old and wise,
And so he came to the little maid
In an emigrant's disguise.
And he dresses in many ways because
He wishes no one to know him,
For he never says, "I am Santa Claus,"
But his good deeds always show him.
Henry C. Wash.

Texas Editor—A Mormon editor is
in jail for supporting four wives.
"That's the way it reads."
"And he supported four wives?"
"Just so."
"Well, I don't believe it."—Texas
Sittings.

Peace and Good Will.

"Peace, peace on earth!" the angels sang,
On Christmas night, so long ago,
And as their song was borne along,
The shepherds heard below.
"Good will to men!" the song went on,
"Glad tidings of great joy we bring;
In Bethlehem, in a manger ride,
Lies Christ, the Saviour King!"
And leaving all their flocks behind,
The shepherds hastened on the dawn,
To bend the knee to Him, their Lord,
Who, as a babe, was born.
So we may hear the "Christmas song"—
"Peace and good will" still echoing;
So we may bring our joyful hearts
To worship Christ, our King.
And we may join the angel choir,
Their message can't be wrong—
"Glad tidings of great joy to all,
Christ is our Saviour King!"
Though lonely may the singer be,
And all unaided start his voice,
The heavenly song will wing its way,
And make some waiting heart rejoice!
Helen Percy, in Good Housekeeping.

Do Children Pay?

"Sometimes I just think children
don't pay," said one of my careworn
and discouraged neighbors one day.
"What do you think about it?"
"What do you think about it?"
"Well, I don't know," I replied and
my conscience smote me even while I
spoke. But then I said, in mental
self-reproach and self-exuse for saying
it, "I know I didn't pay," and I
don't think I did.
But when it comes to my own
bairns—do they pay?
Well, they are, in sight of trouble.
Indeed they are, and they cost time
and money, and pain and sorrow.
There are three of them, and they
are little ones still, and my friends
who have larger children tell me that
I need not expect a time when my
babies will be less trouble than they
are now. I can not expect a time to
come when they will be a source of care
and anxiety, and hope and fear—no,
not even when they have gone forth
to homes of their own, and have their
own little ones around them.
Do they pay now? Here I am,
wearing old clothes and trying to
brush my hat to make it look like
new, that my Johnny and Sammy
may have new kites and referers, and
hats and shoes, and look as well as
other children. They do kick out
shoes so dreadfully, and they haven't
the first conception of conscience
about it either. They tear and smash
and destroy, and do into everything,
particularly the toys.

Does a two-year-old baby pay for
itself up to the time it reaches that in-
teresting age? Sometimes I think
not. I thought yesterday when my
own baby slipped into my study and
scrubbed the carpet and its best white
dress with my best ink. He was
playing in the bath ten minutes
after a clean dress was put on him,
and later in the day he pasted fifty
cents' worth of postage stamps on the
parlor wall, and poured a dollar's
worth of the choicest white rose per-
fume out of the window "to see it
wail."
Then he dug out the center of a
nicely-baked bit of cake, and was
found in the middle of the dining-
room table, with the sugar-bowl be-
tween his legs, and most of its con-
tents in his stomach.
He has already cost more than \$100
in doctor's bills, and I feel that I am
right in attributing my few gray hairs
to the misery I endured while walk-
ing the floor with him at night during
the first year of his life.
What has he ever done to pay me
for that?
Ah! I hear his little feet pattering
along out in the hall. I hear his little
rattle of laughter because he has es-
caped from his mother, and found his
way up to my study, at a forbidden
hour. But the door is closed. The
worthless little agabond can't get in,
and I won't let him in. No, I won't.
I can't be disturbed when I'm writ-
ing. He can just cry, if he wants to;
I won't be bothered for—"rat, rat,
tat," go his dimpled knuckles on the
door. I sit in perfect silence. "Rat,
tat, tat."
I sit perfectly still.
"Papa."
"No reply."
"Peeze, papa."
Grim silence.
"Baby, tum in; peeze, papa."
"He shall not come in."
"My papa."
"I write o—"
"Papa," says the little voice, "I
lub my papa; peeze let baby in."
I am not quite a brute, and I throw
open the door. In he comes, with
outstretched little arms, with shining
eyes, with laughing face. I catch him
up in my arms, and his warm, soft lit-
tle arms go around my neck, the not
very clean little cheek is laid close to
mine, the baby-voice says sweetly, "I
lub my papa."
Does he pay?
Well, I guess he does! He has caused
me many anxious days and nights.
He has cost me time and money and
self-sacrifice. He may cause me pain
and sorrow. He has cost much. But
he has paid for it all again and again
in whispering these three little words
in my ear, "I lub papa."
Our children pay when their very
first feeble little cries fill our hearts
with mother-love and father-love that
ought never to fall among all earthly
passions.

Do your children pay?—Detroit Free
Press.

The Children's Christmas.

Dear little children, did you hear
That on the earth there did appear,
Upon Judea's starlit plains
A band of angels with sweet strains,
And with you heard their sweetly sing
"Do you hear the news they bring
Of Christ, who surely should be born
On that first happy Christmas morn?"
You surely know he lived and taught,
And surely he was crucified,
And know that he was crucified,
And that you join this Saviour died;
And will you give him but his due,
And love him as he once loved you?
Say, will you choose that better part,
You'll go to love him all your heart?
Yes, preloved children, you have heard,
That Jesus, the holy word,
That Jesus, who was crucified,
For you, and all the world hath died,
And do you look and see him die,
And see him rise and go on high,
And do you see him sitting there,
For you and all engaged in prayer?

He is your Advocate above,
Your great, high Priest, a God of love,
He loved you once; he loves you still;
O, love him, and say now you will;
O, love him, and then when you go
You'll go to love him on high,
And live with those gone on before
On heaven's bright, eternal shore.

"Straight from the Rock."

"Straight from the rock," So said a
little boy, as he brought a pitcher of
pure cold water to his dear sick moth-
er. "Thank you, my dear," respon-
ded the suffering one; "I hope you, too,
will drink 'straight from the Rock.'"
By the lad's quiet, thoughtful look, it
was evident that he had interpreted
his mother's meaning.
Does every reader of The Sword and
the Trowel know what it is to drink
"straight from the rock"? Have the
eyes now reading these lines been sup-
plemented by an inward power of vi-
sion called "the eye of faith," with
which the soul has seen "the smitten
Rock" in Jesus Christ, from whom
there flow "rivers of living water"?
We read of one, in olden days, whose
eyes God opened, and she saw a well
of water. "Have your eyes been thus
opened? Have you heard—reader of
those lines—with other ears than those
of your head, the voice of the Son of
God, as he says, "Whoever drinketh
of the water that I shall give him shall
never thirst? If not, listen—listen—
LISTEN NOW! "Ho, every one that
thirsteth, come ye to the waters." "If
any man thirst, let him come unto me
and drink." "Whoever will let him
take of the water of life freely." Come
at once, "straight to the rock" Christ
Jesus, and drink from the spring of
eternal life. Drink freely; as freely
as the cattle standing knee-deep in
mid-stream on a hot, sultry day.
The little lad may not have known,
yet, in every deed, Christ's own desire
"Give me to drink," was being gratified,
and the gift of this small cup of
cold, clear water shall in no wise lose
its reward. And when you come
"straight from the rock," bring with
you, fellow-Christian, a pitcher for
the thirsty; a cooling draught for
some one who cannot reach the foun-
tain-head. Many of the Saviour's lit-
tle ones, and sickly ones, and aged
ones, cast longing eyes toward you
and Jesus is saying, "Give ye them to
drink: freely ye have received, freely
give."
The old book, God's Word, is a rock,
from which the streams of refreshing
grace are ever flowing. Yet how few,
alas! are found habitually going
"straight to the Rock" to drink. So
many rest content in having "the
truth" brought to them. This, we
know, is oftentimes blessed, and some-
times necessary; but how delightful,
how refreshing, how invigorating,
when, by the cool, sweet, bubbling
spring, the soul sits God to form the
foundation-stone of his house, i. e.,
church; but typically represents Jesus
the Messiah.—Meyer. He is the sure
foundation of the Christian church.

What is meant by the head of the
corner? Ans.—The corner-stone laid
at the foundation binding the walls to-
gether.
How do you understand verse 18?
Ans.—That whosoever shall fall upon
that stone, shall be broken; shall be
broken—be greatly injured; but it
was possible still to repent and be saved.
But on whomsoever it shall fall:
if they continue to reject Christ, he
will yet be exalted to be their judge
and king, and they will be utterly
destroyed. This was fully illustrated
by the destruction of Jerusalem. Had
the Jews accepted Jesus and his teach-
ing, Jerusalem would not have been
destroyed by Titus.
19 And the chief priests and the scribes
the same hour sought to lay hands on him;
and they feared the people; for they perceived
that he had spoken this parable against them.

What did the rulers seek to do?
What hindered them? Ans.—They
feared the people who had come from
other parts of the country and were
not prejudiced against Jesus. The
rulers were afraid that if they under-
took to put him to death, the people
would rescue him and probably cause
a riot.
Why were they now specially angry
against Jesus? Ans.—They perceived
that he had spoken this parable
against them. Nothing makes a
wicked man so angry as to be told
of his meanness.

Kindness in a Street Car.

One warm spring morning a poor
woman entered a heavily-laden down-
town cable car, in one of our large
Western cities. Besides her large
market basket, she had two small chil-
dren, hardly more than babies. A
glance at her care-worn face and the
shabby, although clean, attire of her-
self and the children, told at a
glance of many a struggle with pove-
ty.
She was evidently on her way to
market, and having no one to leave
the babies with at home, had been
forced to take them with her. Per-
haps this had been the case before, for
with a glance at the "rules and regu-
lations,"—all fares five cents cash, and
only infants in arms free,—she put her
basket on the floor in front of her, and
took both the children in her arms for
the long, weary ride.
Shortly afterward there entered the
car two daintily-dressed school-girls,
as fresh as the June morning itself.
Their merry faces sent a thrill of plea-
sure to the hearts of the other passen-
gers, so much of youth's buoyancy
and happiness did they seem to bring
with them.
They found seats next to the poor
woman, and after a minute or two the
one nearest said to her: "Let me hold
the little boy for you," at the same
time transferring the warm little bun-
dle of humanity from the overcrowd-
ed mother's lap to her own.

The words were spoken so gently,
and accompanied by a smile so win-
ning, that the little fellow made no
objection, but was happy and content-
ed all the ride, especially when a rosy-
cheeked apple from the pretty lunch-
basket found its way to his tiny hands.
"The woman's grateful," "Thank you!"
as she left the car, showed that not only
were the weary arms rested, but the
heart cheered, by the little act of
thoughtfulness.
"What made you do that, Ruth?"
asked her companion. "See how he
has nuzzed your nice clean dress. It
would have been so much easier to
have paid his fare, and let him have a
seat."
"Yes," said Ruth, "it would have
been easier, but I don't think it would
have been so kind."
"God bless her!" exclaimed an old
gentleman with white hair and gold-
rimmed spectacles, as the corner was
reached where the girls got off to go
to school; "God bless her, and may she
long live to make the world brighter
and better by her kind acts."

A Christmas Hymn.

The air was still o'er Bethlehem's plain,
As if the great night held its breath,
When life eternal came to reign
Over a world of death.
All nature felt a thrill divine,
When burst that meteor on the night,
Which, pointing to the Saviour's shrine,
Proclaimed the new-born light.
Light to the shepherds! and the star
Guided their silent midnight fold;
Light to the wise men from afar,
Bearing their gifts of gold.
Light to a realm of sin and grief;
Light to a world in all its needs;
The light of life—a new belief
Bisling o'er fallen creeds.
Light on a tangled path of thorns,
A path leading to a martyr's throne;
A light to guide till Christ returns
In glory to his own.
There still it shines, while far abroad
The Christmas choir sings now and then,
"Glory, glory unto our God!
Peace and good-will to men!"

Chastening or Revenge?

I knew a lady who, in one instance
at least, chastised in a perfect fashion
and with perfect results, though the
child corrected was under twelve
months old. The baby had all a ba-
by's inexperienced love for bright, hot
things—the fire, the shining tea-pot,
the lamp. "Burning-burning!" and
"Baby mustn't!" were not enough, so
baby was allowed to touch the hot tea-
pot with the tips of those adventure-
some rebellious little fingers; and it
was sufficient. What baby thought
about it, I cannot say, but never, as
she grew older, was she known to at-
tempt that fatal play with fire or light
which has cost so many a precious lit-
tle life. More: she became one of the
most obedient of children, with the in-
telligent, willing obedience born of
perfect confidence in the reason and
rightness of the maternal laws.
With children who are of an age to
understand "moral suasion" explana-
tion, a clear and patient setting forth
of the wrongness of the naughty deed
should surely first be tried, and failing
that, to allow the evil which is per-
sisted in to bear its natural fruit must
be the most proper and efficacious pen-
alty; only when such methods are im-
practicable should arbitrary inflictions
be resorted to, and never without un-
mistakably showing that an unmixed
desire to cure the erring tendency, and
not in the slightest degree, a spirit of
retaliation for the annoyance caused
by it, is your only motive.

He was Real Nice.

A LITTLE GIRL'S COMMENTS ON A
BISHOP THAT MADE A NOISE.

Bertha was very fond of play; in
fact, she was a little inclined to be a
romp, and the more noise she made
the better it suited her.
Bertha's mamma did not allow her
to play with some of the boys in the
neighborhood because they were rude
too; but there was one gentle little
boy who lived near, and he and Bertha
had fine times together.
Once Bertha and her mamma were
spending the day at a house where a
Bishop was visiting. The Bishop was
a small, boyish-looking man, and he
was extremely fond of children, so he
and Bertha were friends directly.
And what a merry time those two
had! Bertha seemed to have found a
playfellow after her own heart, and
the Bishop appeared to enjoy their
frolics as much as she did.
When the time came for Bertha and
her mamma to leave, the little girl
walked up to the Bishop and said:
"I wish you would come and play
with me some afternoon. Mamma lets
me play with nice boys!"
Then she added to her mamma, in a
coaxing tone:
"He's real nice, mamma, if he does
make a noise!"
And Bertha wondered why every
body laughed.

"SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY."—
We have recently read a most humor-
ous description of a donation party
given to a good country clergyman, in
part payment of his small salary, the
principal results being twenty-seven
bushels of beans and a large variety of
second-hand clothing for his five chil-
dren. The patience of the clergyman's
wife gave out. On the next Sunday
she dressed all her five children in
the *domest second-hand clothing*, and
under her direction they marched up
the aisle just as the good pastor was
reading that beautiful passage, "Yet
Solomon in all his glory was not
arrayed like one of these." We need not
add that the next donation party was
of an entirely different character.
Christmas is coming, and perhaps this
story may suggest to some of our read-
ers that there are better things to give
the pastor than second-hand clothing
and twenty-seven bushels of beans.

A REJOINER.—The Editor of the
Home Department has received the
following:
"In The Christian Advocate of May 8,
1890, a young lady is reported as
saying: 'As long as men admire slender
and tapering waists, women will
wear tightly-laced corsets.'
"Where is the man who admires
such waists? Let him stand up. I
never met one. Certainly thoughtful
men, whose admiration is alone worth
having, pity, if they do not despise,
the wasp-waisted simpletons. I hope
you will do all you can to open their
blind eyes."

PRESCRIPTION TO FIT THE CASE.—
There is a good story about a German
doctor who told an American lady
when she consulted him about her
child to give the child a bath.
"Why, doctor," exclaimed the
mother, "he has a bath every morn-
ing."
"Humph!" said the doctor, "omit
the bath then."
"Who knows but the doctor was
right?" The Germans under-bathe
and the Americans over-bathe.

The world is a looking-glass and
gives back to every man the expres-
sion of his own face. Frown at it and
it will in turn look sourly upon you;
laugh at it and with it and it is a jolly,
kind companion; and so let all young
persons take choice.—Thackeray.
It is easier to resist temptation than
recover from a fall. But many refuse
to believe this, and so fall and are crippled
for life.

What Others Say.

Richmond Advocate.
PUBLIC VIRTUE AND PRIVATE VICE.
The political history of America has
furnished some conspicuous examples
of the attempt to make the people be-
lieve in the compatibility of public
honor and fidelity to a party with per-
sonal corruption and the employment
of dishonorable election methods.
Men who are familiar with all sorts of
"ways that are dark and tricks that
are vain" and not in the least scrupu-
lous as to their use to effect a party aim
are or affect to be surprised that it
should be doubted whether their
statesmanship and patriotism are reli-
able and valuable. Some of these
have been from time to time promoted
to headship in governmental affairs
and become chief organizers and di-
rectors of important political move-
ments. Temporary success seemed to
give the endorsement of Fate; "vox
populi, vox Dei" was accepted as a
maxim, and conscientious men who
believed in goodness and purity, genu-
ine, unchangeable and universal,
were told to stand aside as not suited
to "practical politics." But they
have shown a perverse disposition not
to stand aside. And more and more
they are getting in the way, very in-
conveniently, of aspiring candidates
and managers of party "machines." They
will believe, and which is much
more to the point, they are making
the people at large believe, that an in-
dividual rascal is a political rascal;
that clean hands and pure hearts will
not be guaranteed in the political arena
unless they exist in private life. These
critics teach the doctrine, very pes-
tiferous to demagogues and men des-
titute of moral principle, that "the
end" does not "justify the means";
that the liberties and welfare of the
public cannot safely be entrusted to
rogues, liars, drunkards and adulter-
ers and their allies.

Nashville Christian Advocate.
The following statement was made
to us a few days ago by a gentleman of
the utmost probity. We give it for
what it is worth. "I belong," said he,
"to an Association of 1,300 ex-Confed-
erate soldiers, who are scattered over
twelve counties in Eastern Kentucky
and five in West Virginia. Every
one of these old soldiers is self-support-
ing. The Association has a large fund
accumulated through many years
from admittance fees and yearly dues,
and has advertised extensively through-
out that territory that it is anxious to
give help to any comrade that needs
it. Up to date, however, there has
not been a single application for fi-
nancial assistance. In all the State of
Kentucky there are only three ex-
Confederates who are inmates of alm-
shouses."

Nashville Christian Advocate.
Many Christians seem to think that
an unusual pressure of adverse influ-
ences excuses them from the necessity
of living up to the highest level of
conduct. Where did this notion origi-
nate? It is certainly not found in
the Bible. The very time above all
others when we ought to be true and
faithful is when the difficulty and the
danger are the greatest. There may
be some excuse for the soldier who re-
laxes his watchfulness in the camp,
but none for him who is surprised on
picket or plays the coward in the thick
of the fight. To show signs of weak-
ness in the supreme emergencies, is to
confess that our piety is not fitted to
serve the ends it was intended to
meet.

Nashville Christian Advocate.
Why will not men speak as natural-
ly when they stand in the pulpit as
they do when they are carrying on an
ordinary conversation? Every trace
of affectation in a preacher discounts
his influence. Especially is this true
of affected tones of voice. Whining
and whimpering are utterly unmanly.
Against genuine emotion, and the ex-
pression of it, not one word can be
said. What we are condemning is the
effort to put on the appearance of
feeling where the reality of it does not
exist.

Nashville Christian Advocate.
Great grace is as easily secured as
any measure of grace when there is a
willingness to pay the price.

NATIONAL GREETINGS.—The peo-
ple of all lands have a way of saluting
each other when they meet, but they
do not all say as we do, "How do you
do?" The Swedes say, "How can
you?" The Dutch, "How do you
fare?" The Italians, "How do you
stand?" The Spaniards, "Go with
God, señor." The Russians, "How do
you live on?" The Egyptians, "How
do you persevere?" The Poles, "How
do you love yourself?" The Ger-
mans, "How do you find yourself?"
The Arabians, "Thank God, how are
you?" The Persians, "May thy sha-
dow never grow less." The French,
"How do you carry yourself?" The
Turks, "Be under the guard of God."
The Chinese, "How is your stomach?
Have you eaten your rice?"

A SAFE ANSWER.—Miss Lucy (dy-
ing with curiosity) to fellow-boarder:
"Mr. Fowler, Jennie asked me the oth-
er day whether you were engaged. If
she asks me again what shall I tell
her?"
Mr. Fowler: "Tell her—tell her—
you don't know."

Wear the Smile of Gladness.

You who with youth and beauty beam,
Come wear the smile of gladness,
From eye and lip let sunlight gleam,
Unmixed with care and sadness.
The light and joy of that bright ray,
Some saddened eye may borrow,
To dry the tear and drive away,
The gloomy cloud of sorrow.
And you upon the noon of life,
With courage high, unbending,
Be hopeful, zealous in the strife,
The right and truth defending.
Your best indeed, who daily share,
The smiles of those your abiding,
Will you to discontent and care,
Like weaker ones be yielding?
No, while fond words, all free from guile,
Are round your forehead breathing,
Then let the smile that answers smile,
Your lips and eyes be wreathing.
And you, whose heads are bowed with age,
Be cheerful, zealous in the strife,
And while your eyes are tracing life's last stage,
Let love your soul be flaring.
So richest falls sun's setting glow,
The hill tops all adorning,
So calmer smiles should grace your brow,
Than when in youth's bright morning.
Let hatred, strife and malice cease,
With envy and complaining,
And let the smile of love and peace,
All o'er the earth be reigning.
And though the tear may sometimes rise,
To soften needful sorrow,
With trusting hearts and hopeful eyes
Look toward a brighter morn-
ing.
Mrs. Orrey Hemenway.

Never fill a lamp while it is lighted
Never fill it near another lighted lamp
or a gas jet. Never fill a lamp and
then set the filler down near it and
proceed to light the lamp; get the oil
can away first.
If a lamp has a feeding-place on the
side be sure that this is tightly closed
before lighting the lamp.
Better always fill and trim lamps by
daylight.
Always select lamps with a broad,
heavy base.
Never use a large lamp, or any lamp
with a standard, as a "run-around"
lamp. There are plenty of small
lamps with handles "standing on their
own bottoms," easily carried and ad-
mirably adapted for safe use for such
purposes.
Be very careful that lamps in brackets
or hangers are above the reach of
people's heads.
Never permit children to handle or
light lamps.
In putting out a lamp, always turn
the flame very low before blowing into
the chimney; then blow a quick,
short puff, and then turn up the wick
again to be sure the flame is extin-
guished. Some lamps are provided
with extinguishers, but they are usu-
ally very unsatisfactory. There is no
danger in blowing out a lamp, if the
flame is first turned very low.
Let these and other precautions
which common sense will suggest be
carefully observed in the care of lamps,
and the kerosene lamp will cease to be
the source of annoyance and danger
that it now is in many households,
and will become truly "a joy for-
ever."—Mrs. Sarah Jessup.

A growing family of children can
completely satisfy hungry appetites on
baked beans with a bit of pork, some
bread and a glass of milk each, while
a dish of rice would only aggravate,
in place of satisfying their physical
needs. If baked potatoes and bread
and butter are set before them, they
should be accompanied by a little bac-
on or some beefsteak.
If light breakfasts of bread are used
one of the forms of the bread should
be of corn meal or of oatmeal, and
plenty of milk used with it. Lacking
these there can be eggs served. Crack-
ed wheat is nutritious also.
Vegetarians may deary meat, but in
our opinion most persons need meat or
some vegetable which is equally
strength-giving, at least once a day.
Egg-plant fried, tomatoes fried,
beans baked or boiled, pea-soup,
cracked corn, corn-meal mush, whole
wheat or oatmeal, or cheese or ome-
lettes can on a pinch be made to do
duty in place of meats, but not for
long.

SOMEBODY SAYS.—When anything
is accidentally made too salty, it can
be counteracted by adding a teaspoon-
ful of sugar and a teaspoonful of vine-
gar.
To curl feathers, put some coals of
fire on a shovel; sprinkle brown sugar
on the coals, and hold the feathers in
the smoke.
If you cannot obtain a hearth-rug
that exactly corresponds with the car-
pet, get one entirely different; for a
decided contrast looks better than a
bad match. Neatness is better than
richness, and plainness better than
display.
Powdered potato thrown into rat-
holes will drive the rodents away.
Mice will never gnaw through a
piece of cotton sprinkled with cay-
enne, that is stuffed into their holes.

IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE.—That a
man with a narrow head can have a
big heart.
That people who can pay and won't
pay, ought to pray very loud in meet-
ing.
That to be dissipated in youth is the
surest way to be steady in after life.
That what is not sauce for the goose
ought to be sauce for the gander.
That the life can be right while the
heart is wrong.
That a man who lives an irreligious
life all the week could be much of a
Christian on Sunday.—Ram's Horn.

A mixture of dry earth and land
plaster is good to use as an absorbent
in the stable for the purpose of retain-
ing the ammonia, which is lighter
than air and gives that strong pun-
gent smell in stables.
Never wash macaroni. The cook-
ing water dissolves everything unde-
sirable.
Tea should never be made in a tin
pot. The tannic acid in tea unites
with the tin and produces a poison.

The harder our work the more we
need solitude and prayer, without
which work becomes mechanical and
insincere.
Our idea of a real nice girl is one
who can with poorer people and re-
sist talking of the nice things she has