

Poetry.

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

"They tell me thou art come from a far world,
Babe of my bosom! that these little arms,
More resolute than the wings of a dove,
More with the memory of flight's source o'er—
That through these fringed lids we see the soul
Steeped in the blue of its remembered home;
And while thou sleep'st come messengers, they say,
Whispering to thee—and 'tis then I go!
Upon thy baby like a smile of heaven.
And what is thy far errand, my fair child?
Why away, wandering, from a home of bliss,
To find thy way through darkness home again?
Wert thou an untired dweller in the sky?
Is there, behest, the cherub that thou wert,
The cherub and the angel thou mayest be,
A life's probation in this saddle world?
Art thou with memory of two things only,
Made and light, left upon earth astray
And, by the watchers at the gate of heaven,
Looked for with fear and trembling?"

God! who gavest
Into my guiding hand this wanderer,
To lead her through a world whose darkling paths
I tread with steps so faltering—have not me
To bring her to the gates of heaven, alone!
I feel my feebleness. Let these stay on—
The angel who now visit her in dreams!
Bid them be near her pillow till in death
The closed eyes look upon Thy face once more!
And let the light and music, which the world
Borrowed of heaven, and which her infant sense
Hails with sweet recognition, be to her
A voice to call her upward, and a lamp
To lead her steps unto Thee!"

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Observer.

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY.

"Children, I will tell you a sad but a true story.
It is an incident in my own early life and one which I
never can forget. Although nearly thirty years have
passed since the occurrence I am about to relate, the
recollection of it still rankles in my heart, awakening
even now the most painful emotions of grief and
shame. I was a headstrong and wilful boy, and al-
though I loved my mother dearly, I often wounded
her kind and loving heart, and as I have reason to
believe, caused her many hours of pain and bitter
sorrow. When I was about the age of Jack, my mother's
youngest sister came from her home in the far
West, to spend the summer with us and relieve my
father, whose health had been for long time delicate,
of some of her household cares. She was a merry
lively-hearted maiden, who identified herself with all
our childish interests, and sympathized in all our
trials, whose bright and cheerful face carried sun-
shine to every heart, and who seldom failed in win-
ning to obedience the most sulky and refractory
child. She had brought as a present to myself and
my younger sister, who bore her name, a set of bat-
tledores and shuttlecock. One lovely evening we
were out upon the lawn playing in high glee.

"We had practised until we had become quite ex-
pert in the game, and had sent the delicate shuttle
back and forth for the hundredth time without allow-
ing it to touch the ground, when, in the midst of our
earnestness and excitement, Susan the nursery maid,
came with a message from mother to the effect that
it was past our usual bedtime, and as the dew was
falling, we must come immediately in. Lucy, good
and obedient child that she was, without a word of
dissent, threw down her battledore and ran into the
house. But I stood rooted to the spot, declaring
firmly, that 'I would not go, that I was not a baby
to be sent to bed at dusk, and Susan might tell my
mother so.' Aunt Lucy, in her seat by the window,
hearing loud tones and angry words, quickly con-
sidered the true state of affairs, and dismissing Susan,
whose remonstrances only served to exasperate me
the more, with sweet and loving influence sought to
win me back to better feelings, and to submission
and obedience. It was all in vain, my obstinacy was
unyielding. I lingered out of doors until the twilight
was rapidly merging into night, when I stalked sul-
lily up stairs, past the parlor, past the nursery,
past the room where my mother lay on her couch an
invalid, and where the children had gathered at their
evening prayers, to my own little room so carefully
fitted up by that mother's watchful care, whose ten-
der, loving spirit I had so grieved. I lay tossing on
my prayerless bed till long after midnight. I had
not invoked the care of my Heavenly Father or im-
plored his forgiveness for the sins and follies of the
day. How could my sleep be peaceful and refresh-
ing? I awoke from my feverish, restless slumbers
at the first dawn of day, and with the morning light
came bitter repentant thoughts and a resolution to
seek the forgiveness, first of Him who is ever ready
to welcome back His erring, penitent children, and
then of my dearest mother, to whom as God's vicar-
gent upon earth, my next obedience and love were
due. I hastily dressed myself, and on knocking at
my mother's door, it was softly opened by my aunt,
who told me sorrowfully that my mother was very
ill, that the physician had given orders that she must
be kept very quiet and free from everything that
could agitate her. I rushed back to my own little
room, and threw myself on the bed in a perfect agony
of grief and remorse.

"Five weary days dragged themselves along and
all the while my mother lay dangerously ill, until at
length, one summer evening as the sun was going
down in a perfect sea of glory, angel forms bore her
pure spirit up the shining ladder to that immortal
land where there is no more pain!

"Those loving lips were forever sealed, never to
speak the words of forgiveness which my penitent
agonized heart so longed to hear! No words can
portray my sorrow and remorse. It seemed beyond
endurance. It was only at the foot of the cross and
on the bosom of a merciful and compassionate Sa-
viour, that my agonized heart found at last peace and
comfort.

"My dear children, if this sad episode in my own
early life shall have the slightest influence in deter-
mining you to yield to your parents that instant and
unquestioning obedience which is their right due, I
shall be fully paid for the pang it has cost me to
recall these bitter memories of my thoughtless boy-
hood. God has placed over you parents, who have
a right to your instant and unqualified obedience.
Yield it cheerfully and without a murmur, although
you may not always see the wisdom of the command.
Let it be your constant aim to seek the happiness of
those who have all your lives long, sacrificed and
toiled for you. Then you will never know the feel-
ings of remorse and unavailing sorrow, which sooner
or later, must plant with thorns the pillow of the
thankless and disobedient child."

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THE PARSONAGE PUMP.

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When he moved into the house several things were
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He got putty and fixed the window-sashes so that
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Some of his parishioners thought him particular
because he could not be easy under the petty annoy-
ances which have been mentioned. To confess the
truth he was a little particular, and he was also
nervous. So much so that he could not sit down
and write a sermon with doors slamming and panes
of glass rattling in the windows.

The greatest trial however was with the pump.
When he took possession of the house the pump was
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The chairman of the committee on the parsonage ad-
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this admission the pastor had to be satisfied. Mr.
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Things went along in this way month after month.
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He left his sermon and proceeded to the kitchen.
He saw dismay on the face of his wife. The pump
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"Can't you fix this pump again?"
I want, and I want, was his reply.

I can, was a word he did not use very often in re-
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the Stratford boy succeeded to the title and wealth
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since, he had the pleasure of meeting Lady Sterling
at a dinner party, and was delighted to answer her
many questions about her birthplace in Connecticut."

A STRATFORD GIRL.

A late number of *The Nation* has the following ac-
count of a blacksmith's daughter of the beautiful
town of Stratford, one of the loveliest towns of Con-
necticut, lying upon Long Island Sound. The story
is said to be as authentic as it is interesting:

"At the commencement of the present century a
young man made his appearance in the village, and
spent a few weeks at the tavern which then existed
to afford shelter to stage-coach travellers. When
he came and what his business, none could guess.
Directly opposite the tavern stood the small cottage
and the forge of a blacksmith named Folsom.

He had a daughter who was the beauty of the village,
and it was her fortune to captivate the heart of the
young stranger. He told his love, said that he was
travelling *itineris*, but in confidence gave her his real
name, claiming that he was heir to a large fortune.
She returned his love, and they were married. A
few weeks thereafter the stranger told his wife that
he must visit New Orleans; he did so, and the gos-
sips of the town made the young wife unhappy by
their disagreeable hints and jeers.

"In a few months the husband returned, but be-
fore a week had elapsed he received a large budget
of letters, and told his wife that he must at once re-
turn to England, and must go alone. He took his de-
parture, and the gosspies had another glorious oppor-
tunity to make a confiding woman wretched. To all but
herself it was a clear case of desertion. The wife be-
came a mother, and for two years lived in silence
and in hope. At the end of that time a letter was
received by the Stratford beauty from her husband,
directing her to go at once to New York with her child,
taking nothing with her but the clothes she wore, and
embark in a ship for her home in England. On her
arrival in New York she found a ship splendidly fur-
nished with every convenience and luxury for her
comfort, and two servants ready to obey every wish
that she might express. The ship duly arrived in
England, and the Stratford girl became the mistress
of a superb mansion, and as the wife of a baronet,
was saluted by the aristocracy as Lady Samuel Ster-
ling. On the death of her husband, many years ago,
the Stratford boy succeeded to the title and wealth
of his fathers, and in the last edition of *Peagee* and
Darvenatage, he is spoken of as the issue of 'Miss
Folsom, of Stratford, North America.' When the
late Professor Sullivan visited England some years
since, he had the pleasure of meeting Lady Sterling
at a dinner party, and was delighted to answer her
many questions about her birthplace in Connecticut."

SOME DIFFERENCE.—A few years ago, a little fellow,
Eddy, not slow in roguery, complained that James
had been throwing stones at him. The teacher in-
quired into the matter, and found the charge correct.
She said to Eddy—"What do you think you should
do if you were teaching, and had such a boy as that?"

"I think I should flog him," was the reply.

Upon this, James began to fear the result, and so
he fled in his complaint.