

## Poetry.

### NOTHING TO DO.

A strip of snowiest linen,  
Half-braided and stamped in blue,  
And the gleam of a threadless needle  
Piercing the pattern through;  
The needle is ready, yet the sweet little Lady  
Sits sighing for something to do.

Heaped on the table beside her  
Blossoms of every hue;  
Delicate, odoriferous roses—  
The rarest that ever grew;  
The vase stands ready while the sweet little Lady  
Sits sighing for something to do.

A silent harp in the corner,  
And melodies old and new  
Scattered in pretty disorder—  
Songs of the false and the true;  
The harp stands ready—still the sweet little Lady  
Sits sighing for something to do.

A sudden wind-sweep and flutter—  
The door wide open blew;  
A step in the hall, and swiftly,  
Like a bird, to the threshold she flew;  
Blushing, already the sweet little Lady  
Forgets she has nothing to do!

## Miscellaneous.

### NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR BOY.

In the year 1809 the French flotilla lay at Boulogne, waiting for an opportunity to make a descent upon the southern shores of England. Day after day Napoleon Bonaparte paced the beach, sweeping with his telescope the blue expanse of the Channel, watching the appearance and disappearance of the English fleet.

Among the Englishmen were prisoners at Boulogne, waiting for an opportunity to make a descent upon the southern shores of England. Day after day Napoleon Bonaparte paced the beach, sweeping with his telescope the blue expanse of the Channel, watching the appearance and disappearance of the English fleet.

One day as he was wandering along the beach, gazing sorrowfully across the waves towards the white cliffs of dear England, and thinking of his home among the green lanes of Kent, he saw an empty hogshead floating shorewards with the advancing tide. As soon as the depth of the water would permit, he ran into the sea, seized the barrel, shoved it to land, rolled it up the beach and hid it in a cave. The thought of home revived his arm, and a bright idea had dawned upon him and filled his heart with hope.

He resolved to form a boat out of the barrel. With his chop-bill for his only tool he cut the barrel in two. He then went to the wood that lined the shore and brought down some willow twigs, with which he bound the staves tightly together. During the time of his boat building he had frequently to leave the cave to watch the coming and going of the sentinels.

The sun was setting as he had finished his labors. In the frail bark he had so rudely and rapidly constructed, he was going to attempt to cross the channel, fearless alike of its wild currents and the storms that might arise. He returned to the lodging to eat his supper and wait till darkness set in.

Slowly with the impatient prisoner did the hours pass by, but the night came at last, and he set forth on his perilous undertaking.

By a circuitous route he reached the cave. The wind was blowing along the sea, telling of a coming storm, and not a star glimmered in the sky.

"This is the darkest night I ever saw," said the sailor to himself; "but I must have the better for me," and down he went toward the water, bearing his boat on his back. But alas! his hopes were to be disappointed; as he was about to launch it he saw the sharp cry of "qui vive!" rang in his ear, and instantly the bayonet of a sentinel was pointed at his breast. He was taken to the encampment, placed in irons, and a guard set over him.

On the following morning Napoleon was as usual pacing the beach, he was informed of the attempted escape of the lad, and the means he had employed.

"Let the boy and his boat be brought before me," he said.

The order was speedily obeyed. When Napoleon beheld the two-bound half-barrel and the youthful form of the sailor, he smiled, and turning to the prisoner said, in a tone, devoid of anger, for he admired the daring of the lad:

"Did you intend to cross the channel in such a thing as that? And last night of all nights! Why, I would not have ventured one of my gunboats a mile from the shore! But I see how it is."

Napoleon looked compassionately upon the prisoner, who stood before him with a countenance in which boldness devoid of impudence was displayed.

"I see how it is. You have a sweetheart over yonder, and you long to see her."

"No, sir, I have no sweetheart."

"No sweetheart! What! A British sailor without a sweetheart!"

"I have a mother, sir, whom I have not seen for years, and whom I yearn to see."

"And thou shalt see her, my brave British boy. A right noble mother she must be to have reared so gallant a son! You shall be landed in England to-night. Take this," handing him a coin of gold, "it will pay your expenses home after you are put on shore. Farewell."

As the grateful boy bowed his thanks and walked away, Napoleon turned to one of his aid-de-camps and said: "I wish I had a thousand men with hearts like that boy."

Bonaparte was as good as his promise. That very day he despatched a vessel, bearing a flag of truce, which landed the boy at Hastings, in the neighbourhood of which was his mother's home.

It is not necessary to tell of the meeting of mother and son; how they laid their heads on each other's shoulders and wept for very joy.

The sailor boy rejoined the navy. Many and many a time afterwards, when disabled for service, was he sorely stressed for want; often was his clothing scanty, and his head without a shelter; but the strongest and sternest of his necessities could never force him to part with the gift of the great Napoleon.

This deed of Napoleon was more glorious than if he had conquered a nation. The glory won by the sword is tarnished with blood, and sends sorrow and desolation into a thousand homes; but this simple act was greater than victory on the battlefield, for by it Napoleon conquered two hearts by love, and filled with joy the house of a widow and an orphan boy.

He sees, and I see—A boy, fills his pipe, and he sees only the tobacco; But I see going into that pipe brains, books, time, health, money, prospects. The pipe is filled at last, and a light is struck; and things which are priceless are carefully pulled away in smoke.

## BESSIE'S FATHER.

"Such a good father as I have got," said little Lena, in a loving tone; "he gives me everything I want, and is always so kind and pleasant. I do believe he is the best father that ever lived."

"Not better than my father, I am sure," spoke up Carrie proudly; "he could not be better than my father; and my father is so handsome, too; Mrs. Williams told Aunt Kate he was the handsomest man she ever saw."

"And my father is best of all," said little Bessie Miner, timidly; "so kind and loving, so noble and good; and O, I cannot tell you half he does for me! Little Bessie's cheeks flushed rosy, and her violet eyes grew radiant with a light which was beautiful to see."

"Your father!" exclaimed Carrie and Lena in a breath; "I thought your father was dead!"

"I have a father, but he is a long way off, although he seems very near to me," replied Bessie sweetly. There is not a day but I have some loving message from him; and he sends me such beautiful things, everything I ask him for that he thinks it will do for me to have."

"Well, that is strange," said Carrie, exchanging looks with Lena; "so your father is living after all!"

"Yes," murmured Bessie, in a reverent tone, "my father lives, and is ever mindful of me, one of the smallest and humblest of his children. And, my dear schoolmates, whispered Bessie, lovingly, 'he is your father too; and he will give you all the good things he gives me, if you will only ask him for them.'"

"O," replied Lena, in a tone of awe; "we did not know you meant God. He does not seem like my father. He is a great way off. I cannot go to him as I do to my own dear papa."

"O yes, you can," said little Bessie; "if you will only love him he will make you so happy. You can love your own father just the same as you do now, and then you will have two fathers, while I have only one. I tell him all my troubles, and he comforts me so much. It was not for my heavenly Father's love, I should be wretched indeed. O, dear Lena and Carrie, will you not have him for your father too?" Bessie's blue eyes were moist with tears, and her little companions looked very grave and thoughtful.

"Dear Bessie," said Carrie, meekly, "I have always thought of God as a great and awful being; I did not think of him as a gentle and loving Father; but now I think he will seem a good deal nearer to me. I will try to love him, Bessie, as much as you do; but you must show me how."

"That I will, dear Carrie," replied Bessie, joyfully; "and then, if you should lose your own father, you will have one who will never forget nor forsake you."

Ab, little one, have you such a father? Have you little Bessie's faith and love towards your Father in heaven? If you have not, learn of this trusting little disciple, copy her bright example, and you will find a Father more loving and generous than any earthly parent—CHILD'S PAPER.

## ADVICE FOR BOTH SIDES.

A countryman walked into the office of a lawyer one day, and began his application.

"Sir, I have come to get your advice in a case that is giving me some trouble."

"Suppose now," said the client, "that a man had one spring of water on his land, and his neighbor living below should build a dam across the creek through both farms, and it was to back the water up into the other man's spring, what ought to be done?"

"See him, sir, sue him by all means," said the lawyer, who always became excited in proportion to the aggravation of his clients. "You can recover heavy damages, sir, and the law will make him pay well for it. Just give me the case, and I'll bring the money from him."

"But stop," cried the terrified applicant for legal advice. "Let that have built the dam, and he threatens to sue me."

The keen lawyer hesitated a moment before he tackled his client, and kept on. "Ah! well, sir, you say you built a dam across that creek. What sort of a dam was it, sir?"

"It was a mill-dam."

"A mill-dam for grinding grain, was it?"

"Yes, it was just that."

"And it is a good neighborhood mill, is it?"

"So it is, sir, and you may well say so."

"And all your neighbours bring their grain to be ground, do they?"

"Yes, sir, all but Jones."

"To be sure it is. I would not have built it but for that. It is so far superior to any other mill, sir."

"And now," said the old lawyer, "you tell me that Jones is complaining just because the water from the dam happens to put back into his little spring, and he is now threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to say is, let him sue, and he'll rue the day as sure as my name is Barnes."

## BEAUTIFUL LESSON.

Some time ago a boy was discovered in the street, evidently intelligent, but sick. A man who had the feeling of kindness strongly developed, went to ask him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come to me."

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer of the boy in whose eyes and flushed face he saw the evidence of fever.

"God sent for mother, father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away to his home up in the sky; and mother told me when she was sick, God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything; and so I came here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion. "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said:

"Mother never told me a lie, sir; but you have been so long on the way."

What a lesson of truth! and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with tales.

LONG DRESSES.—Oliver Wendell Holmes uses the following language, none too strong, in reference to one of fashion's foolish and offensive freaks: "But confound the make-believe women who have turned loose in our streets; where do they come from? Not out of Boston parades, I trust. Why there, not a boat or a bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Be- cause a queen or a duchess wear long robes on great occasions, a maid of all work, a washer woman, a street sweeper, a milkmaid, a tradeswoman, a school girl, a girl who must make herself a nuisance, trailing through the streets, picking up and carrying about with her—bah! that's what I call getting vulgarized into your bones and marrow. Show over dirt is the attribute of vulgar people. If a man can walk behind one of these women, as she takes up as she goes, and not feel ashamed, he has a tough stomach. I would not let one of them into my room without serving them, as David did Saul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts! Don't tell me that a true lady over-ascertains the duty of keeping all about her sweet and virtuous, as she takes up as she goes, and not feel ashamed, he has a tough stomach. I would not let one of them into my room without serving them, as David did Saul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts! Don't tell me that a true lady over-ascertains the duty of keeping all about her sweet and virtuous, as she takes up as she goes, and not feel ashamed, he has a tough stomach. I would not let one of them into my room without serving them, as David did Saul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts! Don't tell me that a true lady over-ascertains the duty of keeping all about her sweet and virtuous, as she takes up as she goes, and not feel ashamed, he has a tough stomach. 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