

Poetry.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

BY W. E. WARDER.

This world is lovely, fair and bright,
The sunlight sweeps our brow,
But it will be as beautiful
One hundred years from now!

The birds will sing as sweetly then
Their spring tide roundly,
The sunshine dance upon the hills,
As in the olden days.

The haunts we loved in childhood's years
Will bloom as sweetly still;
But other forms, unknown to us,
Our places then will fill;

The streams will glide as gently on,
With music sweet and low,
Upon whose banks at eventide
We roamed so long ago.

The same bright sun will still pursue
His trackless course on high,
And stars as bright and beautiful
Will still gleam in the sky;

With lightness step the spring will come,
With cool refreshing showers,
With laughing brooks, with singing birds,
With sunshine and with flowers.

Although the earth will be as gay,
The birds sing on each bough,
They will not sing their songs for us
One hundred years from now!

The flowers will then unfold their leaves,
But will not bloom for us,
And though it seems a distant day,
It surely will be thus!

All living things upon the earth
Must wither, drop and die,
And we shall soon have passed away,
Like cloud-tints from the sky;

Faith points us with confident glance
To realms where parting scenes,
Where streams of love are flowing from
The crystal fount of peace.

Then let us strive to win our minds
From all the dreams of strife,
And toil to write our names within
The glorious book of life;

And let us strive to win a crown
To place upon our brow,
That may "all be well" with us
One hundred years from now.

C. WIS.

Miscellaneous.

APPLE-BLOSSOM.

BY CHERRY MAY.

"And a little child shall lead them."
A New England Sabbath! You know how much that phrase expresses. I believe it was Theodore Parker who thought our New England Sabbath were kept too strictly; but who, writing from Paris, said he would give much to see one there. It is true even of this "puritan land," that very many steps are turned pleasure-ward instead of churchward, though it does seem to me as if there ought to be more real pleasure in listening to the word of God on that day which he has set apart for us, than in disobeying the divine injunction to "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

The church bells in one of our large towns were ringing for morning service, and people were hurrying from all directions; but there were loiterers about the streets. A group of sailors was standing at a street corner. One of them, the eldest of them all, whom the others addressed as Ben, was a man who must have seen sixty-five summers and winters; and as life on the sea is not apt to improve one's complexion, it gave to the weather-beaten tar a much older look.

"There comes a pretty craft sailin' up the street; the little one, I mean," he was just saying, as a young lady, fashionably attired, approached, accompanied by a child of about ten years, dressed in a blue silk walking-suit, cut after Madame Demore's latest fashions for children; and he gave an oath by way of assertion.

They heard him, and the little girl looked sorrowfully at him.

It must have been the child's fresh face that so reminded him of an apple blossom, but he involuntarily uttered the word aloud, for there were no apple blossoms in that seashore town although it was the month for them—May.

"Come," said Madge, "we shall be late;" but the child stopped, then went back. It seemed to her, as she afterwards told her mother, as if something within told her she must ask that man to stop swearing and go to church.

So her aunt went on without her.

"I am sorry to hear you swear."

Had it come from an older person, he probably would have answered by swearing; but he couldn't utter an oath with that frank face lifted so pleadingly to his.

"Well, Apple-blossom, I won't again, that is, be fore you."

"Why do you call me that?" asked the child.

The other sailors who had been standing there, now turned to.

"Come, Ben," said one impatiently, "ain't you going with us?"

But Ben took no further notice of them than by shaking his head in the negative. He was answering the child.

"Why do I call you Apple-blossom? Because you are like one. We used to have them on the old farm down in Maine. Well, I don't know, but I haven't seen many apple-blossoms since then."

I wonder if he thought then of the aged parents whose hearts he broke by his running away; and how the old farm had passed into the hands of strangers. If he did, his face betrayed none of it. But then it was so long ago, the bright, boyish face of fifteen was scarred and showed the wrinkles of sixty-five in its frame of iron-gray hair, and the boy Benny, the son of a deacon, taught religiously and carefully, until he was led away, had become the sin-hardened sailor, "old Ben," who, from his low associations, had grown so like them that he seemed nearly as ignorant as those who had never had the advantage of a common school education.

Fifty years! and during that time—oh, God knows his record.

This time Apple-blossom spoke. "I want you to go to church with me."

"To church!" repeated Ben; "that's no place for me."

"Don't you ever go?"

"I stumblin' on one once, in New York, but they ain't over-and-above parlayin' 'bout giving a core like me a seat; and so didn't stay."

"You shall sit with me in grandfather's pew."

"No, my aunt."

"I'm glad on't. She looks mighty stuck up, as if she wouldn't trouble herself about an old chap like me."

The child felt this to be the truth; so she only said, by way of explanation: "I live in New Hampshire; but I am to spend the summer here at grandfather's; and my aunts are very good to me, though they are proud;" then after a slight pause, she added:

"You will go with me, will you not? It is time we were gone."

The man said, "yes," half ashamed to be betrayed into a concession of something so foreign to his habits.

Had Aunt Lucy been there, she would have drawn her silken robes away lest they should touch the old man; and I am not sure but Apple-blossom's mother, kind and gentle as she was called, would have done so; but Apple-blossom's bronzed boots were very near the old leather shoes of the sailor, and she reached out one of her delicate hands for him to take.

She spoke again:

"You, lassie, I've followed the sea for nearly fifty years, seen foreign countries, and had some hard knocks and poor pay. But this next is to be my last voyage, and then,"—as if the man could fathom the then.

Nothing more was said till they reached the church. Then Ben drew back; but Apple-blossom's blue eyes looked into his with all the fearlessness of childhood that will not be answered, No. So he entered.

It was a strange and novel sight, and well bred people stared to see the rough, reckless-looking old man following the granddaughter of the aristocratic Mr. St. John. Straight into her grandfather's pew she led him, then closed the door, taking the seat next to it, half-fearful lest he would go out.

"Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow."

The minister was earnest, eloquent and withal clothed his words in such simple language that even poor Ben could understand, and his heart was melted as it had not been before since boyhood's sunny days. Audibly he cried out: "Oh, my God, forgive me!"

And again the people stared. Oh, how mortified Aunt Madge was!

But Apple-blossom, her child nature seemed to comprehend that the man was indeed penitent, and bending her head reverently forward, she prayed that God would forgive him.

Then the sermon ended; the organist played a closing anthem, the benediction was pronounced, and the congregation went out. Apple-blossom gave Ben her street and number, receiving his name in return—Ben Lander—then went out with Aunt Madge and left Ben alone with the man of God.

(Conclusion next week.)

A HASTY SPIRIT.

"There, I'll see if I'm going to be plagued with that any more," exclaimed the excited mother, seizing the offending toy from the child's hand and going toward the gate.

"Don't, mother, don't burn it up!" screamed little Benny. The child's plea was unavailing; already the flames had spoiled the pretty painted toy. For two whole days the tiny whistle (as present from Uncle John) had made little Benny as happy as a child could be. Every room in the house had rung with its shrill music, frightening the baby and torturing old ears with its screechings, all rare sport for Ben, who persisted in keeping up the din, despite of threats and entreaties. All the boys in the village had seen and admired the wonderful whistle, and a penknife had been offered in exchange for the coveted toy.

This last was a tempting offer for the coveted toy. The low noise finally triumphed over the desire for whittling. Poor Benny, his precious whistle would never make any more noise for him. He looked the picture of despair, sitting before the grate with his tear-stained face, contemplating his idol in ashes. It was his first real sorrow, and it seemed almost more than his child heart could bear. The sorrowful face filled the mother's heart with regret for the hasty act. "Go out and play," she said pleasantly. But Benny's heart was too full of sorrow for that.

Before his usual bedtime he crept away to his trundle bed. The low sabbings reached the mother's ear long after sleep had closed the little fellow's eyelids. Stepping softly to the room where he slept, she knelt by her darling boy, kissing away the hot tears. Smoothing back the molten curls, and giving a fresh tuck to the bed clothes, she went back to her work. But her thoughts were ill at ease. She knew the child deserved punishment, but not in the manner and spirit in which she had given it. Her hasty temper had led her into an act of injustice, almost cruelty, to her child, and she resolved, as she had done many times before, never to be so hasty again.

When the morning came she missed the childish prattle, the caress of the velvety arms, and the bright lips put up lovingly to hers for the good morning kiss. With sad forebodings she bent over the bed where little Benny lay. The little face, flushed with fever, rested restlessly upon the pillow, moaning its least treasure. The sunny blue eyes were heavy with pain. With that anxious, loving care which only mothers know, she tended the suffering child, pleading with heaven for his precious life, that she might allow, for the past. Too late. A few brief days of suffering and the angels took little Benny home.

Death left a darker shadow in that dwelling, the earth left upon that coffin with a gloomier sound, for the better memories in the mother's heart. Others may be spared the bitter experience through which her spirit learned the lesson of self control.

Better were it, though, that the child died in his innocence, than it should come to years of maturity with such a character as a hasty, passionate spirit on the part of her to whom is committed his training, begets—*Ben's Herald*.

CARELESSNESS.

Some years ago there was a fine collection of Egyptian curiosities in New York city, collected by Dr. Abbot during his long sojourn in the wonderful land. There were many blocks of curiously sculptured stone, which were of great interest to scholars and antiquarians. The most beautiful of these represented the return of one of the Pharaohs in triumph from a distant war, dating back nearly two thousand years before Christ. It was obtained at great expense, and boxed with the greatest care. It had survived the attacks of time for three thousand years, had borne its transportation across the great waters in safety, but a careless carman dumped it on the Broadway pavement, and shivered it to fragments.

Such is the result of a little carelessness. All the former care of the owner was of no avail. That one moment's careless act ruined it all.

So, too, in our lives, a little carelessness often mars what we can never repair. A little thoughtless exposure of the health may lay the foundation of lifelong disease and wretchedness, or end our life prematurely.

It was a little thing for a man to jump on the train the other day when it was in motion, but his next consciousness was of sitting beside the track with both legs cut off above the knee. He had just time to summon a lawyer and make his will, and then he stood face to face with death.

It does not pay, boys, to be in such haste to jump off the ferry boat before it touches the landing, or to delay going on board the cars until they are in motion. All the world could not replace a sound limb for you, if you lose one, or give you an equivalent for one.

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ANNUAL CHRISTMAS SALE OF SILKS AT REDUCED PRICES.

Encouraged by the success attending the sale of the past Christmas, we have determined to offer the whole of our large stock of New and Elegant Silks, of this season's importation, at greatly reduced prices. The stock consists of every variety of Black, Plain Colors, and Fancy Silks, usually found in a first-class establishment. In addition to the new stock will be added the remainder of last season's importation, which will be cleared out at nominal prices. The sale will be continued after Christmas.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,
2 Market Square.

THE FOLLOWING GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT COST: 200 yards Camp Blanketing, Grey; 100 yards of Grey Blankets; 50 pieces of Canada Twined; 2 doz. Knit Drawers; 2 bales Factory Cotton; 50 pieces Flannel; a quantity of Clothing.

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