

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

Poetry.

TO THE CHILDREN.

BY PRIERE CART.

Dear little children, where'er you be
Who are watched and cherished tenderly
By father and by mother;
Who are comforted by the love that lies
In the kindly depths of sister's eyes,
Or the helpful words of a brother:

I charge you, by the years to come,
When some shall be far away from your home,
And some shall be gone forever;

By all you will have to feel at last,

When you stand alone and think of the past,

That you speak uniformly never!

For cruel words, nay, even less,

Words spoken only in thoughtlessness;

Not kept against you after;

If they made the face of a mother sad,

Or a tender sister's heart less glad;

Or checked a brother's laughter;

Will rise again, and they will be heard,

And every thoughts, house word,

That ever your lips have spoken,

After the lapse of years and years,

Will bring from you such bitter tears

As fall when the heart is broken.

May you never, never have to say,

When a wave from the past on some dreary day

Its wrecks at your feet is strewing,

"My father had not been bowed so low,

Nor my mother left us long ago,

But for deeds of my misdoing!"

May you never stand alone to weep,

Where a little sister lies asleep,

With the flower turf upon her,

And know you would have gone down to the dead

To save one curl of her shining head.

From sorrow or dishonor:

Yet have to think, with bitter tears,

Of some little sin of your childhood years,

Till your soul is anguish-riven;

And cry, when there comes no word or smile,

"I signed, but I loved you all the while,

And I wait to be forgiven!"

May you never say of a brother dear,

"Did I try to help and guide him?

Now the snare of the world about him lies,

And if unshamed he live and die,

I shall wish I were dead beside him?"

Dear little innocent, precious ones,

Be loving, dutiful daughters and sons,

To father and to mother;

And to save yourself from the bitter pain

That comes when regret and remorse are vain,

Be good to one another!

N. Y. Independent.

Miscellaneous.

EYES OPEN.

"Our minister said in his sermon, last evening," said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a prosperous wholesale dry-goods merchant, on Market-street, as she doctored her manuf of porcelain and marble on Monday morning, "that he who wanted to do good must be on the lookout for opportunities; that God does not find our work, and bring it ready fitted and prepared to our hands; but he spreads the world before us, and we are to walk through it as Christ and the apostles did, with eyes open, looking for the sick and suffering, the poor and oppressed."

"Now, I am certain," continued the lady as she placed a marble Diana in the centre of the mantel, "I should like to do some good every day—one less to do better when they go to rest at night; and I'll just keep my eyes open to day, and see if I come across any opportunities that under ordinary circumstances I should let slip."

Half an hour later Mrs. Beach was in the nursery with the washerwoman, who had come for the clothes.

"I wish, Mrs. Simms," said she, as she heaped the soiled linen into the basket, "that you would get Tommey's aprons ready for me by Wednesday; we are going out of town to remain until Saturday, and I shall want a good supply on hand for such a careless little scamp as he is!"

"Well, I'll try, ma'am," said the washerwoman. "I've got behindhand a good deal since Sammy got the hooping-cough; but now he is better I must try and make up for lost time."

"Has he had the hooping-cough? Poor little fel! How old is he?" questioned the lady.

"He was three last April, ma'am."

"And Tom is four," mused the lady. "Look here, Mrs. Simms, won't you just open the lowest drawer of that bureau, and take out those four green worsted dresses in the corner? Tom's outgrown them, you see, since last Winter, but they're as good as new. If you want them for little Sammy, they'll do nice without altering, I think."

"Want them, Mrs. Beach?" answered the washerwoman, with tears starting into her dim eyes. "I hasn't any words to thank you or tell you what a treasure you are! Why, they will keep the little fellow as warm as toast, all winter."

"Well, I'll place them on the top of the clothes," said the lady, smiling to herself as she thought, "My eyes have been open once to day."

Not long afterward Mrs. Beach was on her way to market—for she was a notable housekeeper—when she met a boy who had lived a short time in her family the year before, to earn a few cents, wait on the door, etc. He was a bright good-hearted, merry-faced boy, and had been a great favorite with the family, and Mrs. Beach had become interested in him; but this morning she was in quite a hurry, and would have passed the child with a cordial but hasty "How are you, Joseph, my boy? Do come and see us," had it not struck her that Joseph's face did not bear its usual happy expression. She passed with the memory of last night's scene flashed through her mind, and she asked, "Is anything the matter with you Joseph?"

The boy looked up a moment with a half confiding expression into the lady's face; the latter triumphed. "Mr. Anderson's moved out of town," he said, pushing back his worn but neatly brushed cap from his hair; "so I've lost my place, and little Mary's sick; and that makes it very bad just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her sympathies warmly enlisted; "but never mind, Joseph; I remember, only night before last, my brother said he would want a new errand boy, in a few days, for his store, and he'd give a good one two dollars a week. Now I'll see him to day, and get the situation for you, if you like."

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