

Poetry.

"FOR WANT OF A WORD"

"Lost for want of a word!"
 Fallen among thieves and dying.
 Priests and Levites passing
 The place where he is lying.
 He is too faint to call,
 Too far off to be heard—
 There are those beside life's highway
 Lost for want of a word!"

"Lost for want of a word!"
 All in the black night straying
 Among the mazes of thought,
 False lights ever betraying!
 Oh! that a human voice
 The murky darkness should stir!
 Lost and benighted forever!
 Lost for want of a word!"

"Lost for want of a word!"
 Too high it may be and noble
 To be ever checked in his stride,
 Or led to Christ in his trouble.
 No one boldly and truly
 To show him where he has erred—
 Poor handful of dust and ashes!
 Lost for want of a word!"

"Lost for want of a word!"
 A word that you might have spoken—
 Who knows what eyes may be dim,
 Or what hearts may be aching and broken?
 Go, scatter beside all waters,
 Nor sicken at hope deferred;
 Let never a soul by thy dumbness
 Be lost for want of a word!"

Miscellaneous.

A HARD LESSON.

FOR THE OLDER GIRLS.

Alice Herbert was tired and disappointed, and when this was the case she was very apt to be cross, and when cross was exceedingly disagreeable, and hard to be managed. Sometimes Alice was cross without the least shadow of an excuse for it, but on this occasion she was a good deal fatigued, and correspondingly ill-tempered. Mrs. Herbert saw the frown on her daughter's face, and the ugly look around her pretty mouth, the moment she entered the house, and proceeded diligently, as was her custom, to dispel the shadows that encircled her. Her tender efforts were all thrown away. Neither word nor action had the slightest effect. Alice would sulk and pout, and persist in declaring that she was the most abused girl that ever was born.

"Have you failed in your lesson, Alice?" Mrs. Preston inquired kindly. Let us do Alice justice, and state that she was a most industrious scholar, and always ambitious of keeping at the head of her classes.

"Yes," she answered with a snap, "I lost a mark in algebra, and two more in history; and who do you think got ahead of me in both these, and took composition prize away from me, too?"

Mrs. Preston hadn't the slightest idea.

"That mean little Plessey Sinclair," replied Alice.

"The mean, red-eyed creature; I hate her, that's what I do."

Mrs. Preston grew very sad as she listened to these miserable words. Her mother's heart ached to think that she could not enable this child she loved so well to understand the mischievous effect of such bitter thoughts and expressions. How would it be possible, she asked herself, with eyes full of tears, to arouse this child to a realizing sense of the misery she was accumulating for herself, and her friends, in the future?

"Is Plessey any better than she was when I last saw her?" Mrs. Preston inquired, in a tone so low and full of feeling that, at any other time, Alice would have immediately inquired into the cause; but now she took no notice.

"I don't know whether she is any better or not," she answered sharply. "She is always grunting, and her mother is forever coddling her. I hate Mrs. Sinclair, too."

"Alice!" interrupted Mrs. Preston, warningly. "She is a disagreeable fault-finding thing, and this afternoon when she was giving me my music lesson, she did nothing but preach, preach, preach. I don't see why she doesn't set up for a minister at once. I'm quite sure that's her business."

"What did she preach about?"

"Oh! a little of everything. I told her, to begin with, that I didn't know anything about harmony, or thorough-bass. All I wanted to know was to understand time and execution, so as to make a brilliant performer."

"Well?"

Mrs. Preston was evidently determined to touch the bottom of this conversation, if possible.

"Then she reminded me that my father and mother were not only amply able to have me instructed thoroughly in everything, but had desired her to take particular pains with the rudiments, and that she should obey orders or give up teaching me. Wasn't that fine in a woman who hasn't a dollar but what she earns giving music lessons?"

"What reply did you make, Alice?"

"Oh, I said indifferently (I should like to have boxed her ears, though) 'Just as you please, Mrs. Sinclair. I suppose there are other teachers to be found.'"

"What answer did she make to this?"

"Oh, you know she never answers back; I wish she would just once. She said that I had a good touch and an excellent idea of time, and when at my best a spirit that would not be satisfied with sham; that two-thirds of the professional musicians had no idea of the science of music; and that by-and-by when I wanted to compose, I should not have a single principle to help me; and a mess more stuff that I can't remember. Plessey you know has written a little march for the gymnastic class, and they are both as proud of it as two peacocks. I suppose Plessey's mother did half of it. So I told Mrs. Sinclair that when I wanted to compose a march or a sonata, I'd send around and get Plessey to help me."

"Well?"

"That was about all; she turned away her head and commenced to sniffle, and muttered something about Plessey's time on earth being short—I don't remember what it was. I don't see that anything else Plessey Sinclair, and the rest of the girls don't, that she takes notice of every pain and ache she has, and we don't."

Mrs. Preston was wounded to the very depths of her heart, that her daughter, only a child, whom she had taken such infinite pains with, should find it possible to thus insult her teacher, was very hard to bear. Mrs. Preston's sympathies were quick and practical. She had become greatly interested in the Sinclairs, and it was partly due to her strenuous efforts in their behalf that the mother had been able to support her family of four children by giving lessons in music. What should she do now? She understood Mrs. Sinclair's keen sensitivities and loving soul well enough to feel that Alice had deep-

ly grieved her, and she knew too that Alice would hardly have entered into the full particulars of this most distressing interview, had she not suspected that the truth would ultimately have been brought to light.

"You can go to your room now, Alice, and remain until tea time," said Mrs. Herbert.

"I promised Sue Bingham I'd come down to her house and help her make some bows for her party dress," said Alice, ill-temper now giving way to disappointment.

"Remain in your room until tea time," repeated Mrs. Herbert, sadly, "and try and think over what you have done to-day, what pain you have inflicted; and see if you cannot devise some means to atone for your cruel conduct."

An hour afterwards one of Mrs. Sinclair's little boys came in hurriedly, and wanted to know if Mrs. Preston would please come over to his mother's house a little while. Plessey was very sick, and his mother was frightened.

Mrs. Preston determined that Alice should accompany her; and ten minutes afterward mother and daughter presented themselves at the residence of the Sinclairs. Alice was entirely unaware of the reason for this sudden visit.

"I would rather not go, mother," was the only protest made by Alice, who had come down from her room a good deal subdued, and looking very much in earnest.

Poor Mrs. Sinclair was overwhelmed with grief. Plessey, who had been subjected to spasms caused by some spinal trouble, was now in the most terrible convulsions. The doctor had been and gone, evidently considering the case beyond his skill to reach. The girl was entirely unconscious, and as she clenched her little hands in the agony that was fast separating the spirit from the casket that contained it, her mind went over the events of the past few hours with singular clearness.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "I wish I hadn't taken that prize from Alice Herbert. She blames me, but I wanted to write my composition as well as I could. She wasn't thinking about her algebra when I got above her. Alice always knows her lessons, and she is angry with me now. Please tell her, mamma, that there is room enough for us both. Poor Alice! Poor Alice! Why did I hurt her so? Tell the girls, mamma, to play that march a little faster; don't you see it drags?"

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" sobbed Alice, burying her head in the pillow. "Plessey, Plessey, do you say I forgive me, or my heart will break. Plessey dear, do open your eyes and tell me that you will never think of it again," continued the excited girl.

"Why, that is Alice's voice," said Plessey, stopping a moment to listen, coming back once more to a knowledge of her surroundings. "She told me this morning that she hated me."

"Oh, but Plessey, I didn't mean it. It was only because I was wicked enough to be disappointed about the prize. Do please forgive me."

A heavenly smile irradiated the beautiful features as she answered faintly, "I do with all my heart. Promise me that you will be kind to my darling mother, for I am going away, and she will be so lonesome. Kiss me Alice. Help the girls who have hard work to get their lessons." Five minutes after this the gentle girl breathed her last in her mother's arms. That lesson was a hard one, and will never be forgotten. Alice can never make up to Mrs. Sinclair the loss of her daughter, but no child was ever kinder to a parent than Alice to Plessey's mother.

RESPECT FOR THE AGED.

One cold winter morning, when the sleet froze as it fell, rendering the walking dangerous even to the young and strong, my attention was drawn to a man whose age and infirmity made it almost impossible for him to get along.

We were both walking in the same direction, but he was upon the opposite side of the street. I watched him with anxiety, fearing every moment that he would miss his footing.

Presently a beautiful young girl, richly and fashionably dressed, came down the street. Just as she was about to pass the old man he slipped, and would have fallen if he had not stretched forth her hand to save him.

She stopped a few moments to talk with him, then taking his arm, turned out of her way and led him home. What a contrast they presented! The young girl in her elegant attire, and the aged man in his worn-out garments.

It was a beautiful picture, an eloquent sermon upon the respect which the young owe to the aged.

I afterward found that the old gentleman had once held a high position, but through no fault of his own had lost his property, and was then very poor and almost blind. How he must have prized the kind attention of the young girl, now that he was forsaken by the friends of his more prosperous days!

Perhaps we all need to be reminded of the Bible injunction: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man."—*American Messenger.*

SPEAK CORRECTLY.

The New-York Witness gives the following to its young readers on learning to speak correctly. And the editor of the *Christian at Work* wants to say this in addition: Children, if you are going to speak correctly when you are men and women, you must begin to do so while boys and girls.

A good, pure English is a better foundation for the children of America than any mere chattering of poor French and worse German. Learn first to use your own language well, and then you may go on to add as top-stones, one after another of the various languages, as many as you can use well and to advantage.

"Boys and girls should learn to speak correctly while they are children, for it will be hard to correct wrong habits when they become older."

"The other day a little girl asked: 'Shall you go to-morrow?' The answer was, 'I dunno.' How much better to pronounce the words correctly, and to say to-morrow and don't know. Never say, *sch* fine apples; but *such* fine apples. *Justas* live is just as improper expression. You should say, *just as live*. And don't say *I ain't*. There is no such word as *ain't* in the English language. You should say, *I'm not* or *isn't*."

"I heard a boy say, 'I never saw *sch* apples.' That was very bad pronunciation. Another said, 'I can *holler* louder than you'; but a bright little fellow replied, 'I don't think I can *holler* at all, though I can *hullo* so as to be heard a quarter of a mile.'"

"Now, children, try hard to speak properly, and never use such words as these:

To-morrow, Ain't,
 Dunno, Holler,
 Sch, Figgers.

"There is one mistake that almost everybody makes in saying 'He don't.' It is well enough to say, 'I don't,' or 'they don't,' but it should be, 'He doesn't.'"

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WATCHMAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

WE have already drawn attention to the annual meeting of the Society of Arts, held on the 22nd current, under the presidency of M. Th. de Saussure, and are now able to furnish some further details.

Professor Rort, in delivering a most interesting report, passed in review the operations of the Industrial section, in reference to Commerce, having treated of the competition that has taken place in the manufacture of chronometers. This competition was instituted with the object of testing the workmanship and precision of chronometers turned out by Geneva manufacturers, and none but those adapted for pocket use were admitted. They were deposited in charge of the authorities at the Observatory, and underwent the most searching ordeal possible to be applied to pocket instruments of this class. The jury specially retained to decide the difficulty of choice, whom to award the palm of excellence unanimously decided in favor of Messrs. J. M. Badollet & Co. This firm having carried off the sole prize by exhibiting a chronometer which fulfilled in the highest degree every condition required, crowned their first success by gaining honorable mention for two other chronometers.

In addition to this triple honor was received with enthusiastic applause, and Professor Humbert, President of the Fine Arts Section closed his meeting with happy and humorous dissertation upon subjects connected with this department.

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