

Poetry.

SOWING AND REAPING.

[Adele Proctor has written beautiful lines, but nothing more touchingly true than the following. What a lesson and a comfort they convey to every Christian.]

Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.
Scatter the seed, and fear not,
A table will be spread;
What matter if you are for weary
To eat your hard-earned bread?
Sow while the seed is green,
For the hungry must be fed.
Sow, while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep;
And your warm tears fall upon it,
They will stir in their quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance for the tears you weep.
Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you have passed away
Before the waving corn fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.
Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the stars light appear—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap your harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

The Fireside.

THE BOY WHO TOOK A BOARDER.

Once upon a time, long before any of your children were born—about two hundred and fifty years ago, in fact—a little boy stood, one morning at the door of a palace in Florence, and looked about him.

Why, he was standing there, I do not know. Perhaps, he was waiting for the butcher or the milkman, for he was a kitchen-boy in the household of a rich and mighty cardinal. He was twelve years old, and his name was Thomas.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder, which made him turn around, and he said with great astonishment:

"What! Is that you, Peter? What has brought you to Florence? and how are all the people in Cortona?"

"They're all well," answered Peter, who, like-wise, was a boy of twelve. "But I've left them for good. I'm tired of taking care of sheep—stupid things! I want to be a painter. I've come to Florence to learn how. They say there's a school here where they teach people."

"But have you got any money?" asked Thomas.

"Not a penny."

"Then you can't be a painter. You had much better take service in the kitchen with me, here in the palace. You will be sure of not starving to death, at least," said the sage Thomas.

"Do you get enough to eat?" asked the other boy, reflectively.

"Plenty. More than enough."

"I don't want to take service, because I want to be a painter," said Peter. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. As you have more than you need to eat, you shall take me on board—on trust at first, and when I'm a grown-up painter, I'll settle the bill."

"Agreed," said Thomas, after a moment's thought. "I can manage it. Come up stairs to the garret where I sleep, and I'll bring you some dinner, by-and-by."

So the two boys went up to the little room among the chimney-pots, where Thomas slept. It was very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs. But the walls were beautifully whitewashed.

The food was good and plentiful, for when Thomas went down into the kitchen and foraged among the meats, he found the half of a fine mutton-pie, which the cook had carelessly thrown out. The cardinal's household were conducted upon very extravagant principles.

That did not trouble Peter, however, and he enjoyed the mutton-pie hugely, and he thought that he felt as if he could fly to the moon.

"So far, so good," said he; "but Thomas, I can't be a painter without paper and pencils and brushes and colors. Haven't you got any money?"

"No," said Thomas, despairingly, "and I don't know how to get any, for I shall receive no wages for three years."

"Then I can't be a painter, after all," said Peter, mournfully.

"I'll tell you what," suggested Thomas. "I'll get some charcoal down in the kitchen, and you can draw pictures on the wall."

So Peter set resolutely to work, and drew so many figures of men and women and birds and trees and beasts and flowers, that before long the walls were all covered with pictures.

At last, one happy day, Thomas came into possession of a small piece of silver money. Upon my own word I don't know where he got it. But he was much too honest a boy to take money that did not belong to him, and so I presume he derived it from the sale of his "perquisites."

You may be sure there was joy in the little boarding-house up among the chimney-pots, for now Peter could have pencils, and paper and India-rubber, and a few other things that artists need.

Then he changed his way of life a little. He went out early every morning and wandered about Florence, and drew everything he could find to draw, whether the pictures in the churches, or the fronts of the old palaces, or the statues in the public squares, or the outlines of the hills beyond the Arno, just as it happened. Then, when it became too dark to work any longer, Peter would go home to his boarding-house, and find his dinner all tacked away nicely under the old straw bed, where landlord Thomas had put it, not so much to hide it as to keep it warm.

Things went on in this way for about two years. None of the servants knew that Thomas kept a boarding-house, or if they did know it, they good-naturedly shut their eyes. The cook used to remark sometimes, that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, and it was surprising he didn't grow more.

One day, the cardinal took it into his head to alter and repair his palace. He went all out of the house in company with an architect, and looked into places that he had never in all his life thought of before. At last he reached the garret, and, as luck would have it, stumbled right into Thomas's boarding-house.

"Why, how's this?" cried the great cardinal, vastly astonished at seeing the little room so beautifully decorated in charcoal. Have we an artist among us? Who occupies this room?"

"A kitchen-boy! But, as great a genius must not be neglected! Call the kitchen-boy, Thomas!"

Thomas came up in fear and trembling. He never had been in the mighty cardinal's presence before. He looked at the charcoal drawings on the wall, and then into the prelate's face, and his heart sank within him.

"Thomas, you are no longer a kitchen-boy," said the cardinal, kindly.

Poor Thomas thought he was dismissed from service—and then what would become of Peter?

"Don't send me away!" he cried, imploringly, falling on his knees. "I have nowhere to go, and Peter will starve—and he wants to be a painter so much!"

"Who is Peter?" asked the cardinal.

"The kitchen-boy, Thomas, your Eminence!"

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"He is a boy from Cortona, who boards with me, and he drew those pictures on the wall, and he will die if he cannot be a painter."

"Where is he now?" demanded the cardinal.

"He is out, wandering about the streets to find something to draw. He goes out every day, and comes back at night."

"When he returns to-night, Thomas, bring him to me," said the cardinal. "Such a genius as that should not be allowed to live in a garret."

But strange to say, that night Peter did not come back to his boarding-house. One week, two weeks went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time, the cardinal caused a search for him to be instituted, and at last they found him in a convent. It seems he had fallen deeply in love with one of Raphael's pictures which was exhibited there. He had asked permission of the monks to copy it, and they, charmed with his youth and great talent, had readily consented, and had lodged and nourished him all the time.

Thanks to the interest the cardinal took in him, Peter was admitted to the best school for painting in Florence. As for Thomas, he was given a post near the cardinal's person, and had masters to instruct him in all the learning of the day.

Fifty years later, two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One of them was called Peter of Cortona, and people said of him, he was the greatest painter of our time. The other was called Thomas, and all they said of him was, "Happy is the man who has him for a friend!"

And he was the boy who took a boarder.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE THREE PICTURES.

BY MISS M. A. HOLY.

The wild, piercing winds blew along the streets of a large Western village, in which the contending armies for temperance and intemperance were waging a fearful warfare. But the winds and storms did not stop the combat between the friends of truth and the demons of earth. Men and women of all grades of society mingled freely in the contest, and thousands wondered when and where the matter would end.

The rumblers had formed a protective society, and had resolved never to yield while they had strength and power to resist the great temperance army that was arrayed against them. And the lovers of temperance had said, "We will never lay down our weapons of warfare until our cruel foe is slain of his power to destroy the bodies and souls of men," and so they went forth, with their flaming eyes, as soldiers of Jesus and as friends of humanity. Many in the "black army" had fallen and others were trembling with a strange fear, not knowing what to do while facing the flashing eye of truth. Some of the worst had yielded first, and had thrown down their arms at the feet of the conqueror, while the refined rumblers, who had been sustained by wealth and professing Christians, still clung to their idol and refused to give up their business.

"I will close my bar when I am convinced that my business has done or is doing any injury to the world," said a well-dressed, smiling landlord to a number of ladies who visited him in his clean, nicely-furnished bar-room.

"We came expressly to convince you of this, Mr. Le Grand," said an aged woman, drawing a picture from her pocket, and holding it up before the landlord. "Do you know the face that is mirrored here, Mr. Le Grand?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"No—yes, it is Willie Grey," he answered, suddenly growing pale.

"Yes, it is the face of Willie Grey as it was the first time he ever entered your gilded bar-room."

"Did you ever look upon a nobler-looking face, Mr. Le Grand?" she asked, holding the picture up nearer to the man.

"Willie was a fine-looking young man," the landlord stammered.

"Yes; a fine-looking young man in the days of young love, before he came to visit your bar-room. But I have another picture, Mr. Le Grand. Who is this?" And another one was held up before him.

"Willie Grey," the landlord answered, growing paler still, as his eyes fell upon the picture of a bound criminal in a dark prison-cell.

"Yes, this is Willie too," the old woman went on; "but this is his face as he left your bar-room, after five years after he entered it. Do you know Mr. Le Grand, why Willie Grey is confined in prison?"

"He was confined there for murder," the landlord gasped.

"You are right, Mr. Le Grand. Willie Grey is my son, and he took his first drink here in this very room, and the last one also. He took them both from your own hands, Mr. Le Grand. You know that he was drunk when he struck his own sweet child the cruel death-blow. And the old mother wept in a voice of agony. The landlord did not reply, and the speaker went on. "This is not all, Mr. Le Grand. I'll tell you the whole story, for perhaps you do not know it all. Willie's wife died broken-hearted, and sleeps in the valley's dust, and I am bereft of the staff upon which I hoped to lean. To-morrow I go to the poor-house. But if you wish, I will show you one more picture."

And then another still was held up before the trembling man. All that appeared in this picture were two graves, a large and a small one, without a stone. "We were not able to erect a stone to their memory," the old woman said, "but it is just as well. Now, do you say that your business has done no injury to the world, Mr. Le Grand? If you do, we will turnish you with further proof."

"Don't, for God's sake!" the man exclaimed, grasping the bar for support.

"Will you give up your business and sign this temperance pledge?" another voice asked.

"Yes, yes, everything he said, as he grasped the paper, and, after writing his name upon it, fell back unconscious into a chair.

Those three pictures were exhibited in almost every place where the rum-demon dwelt, and the touching story told. Rumblers trembled as they looked upon them, and nearly all gave up their sad business.

POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.

A report from the United States Bureau of statistics, at Washington, just issued, contains an interesting table of the population of the earth, taken chiefly from the work on that subject issued this year, at Götting, by Drs. Behm and Wagner, and founded on the most recent authorities. By this statement the aggregate population of the earth is given at 1,391,023,000—Asia being the most populous continent and containing 798,000,000, while Europe has 200,000,000, Africa 200,000,000, America 84,500,000 and Australia and Polynesia 4,000,000. In Europe the leading nations are credited with the following numbers: Russia, 71,000,000; the German Empire 41,000,000; France, 36,000,000; Austria-Hungary 30,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 30,000,000; Italy, nearly 27,000,000, Spain, 16,000,000, and Turkey nearly 16,000,000. The other countries do not exceed 5,000,000 each. In Asia, China, which is by far the most populous nation of the earth, is credited with 450,000,000; Japan, 30,000,000; the East India Islands, 20,000,000; Burmah, Siam, and Farther India, nearly 20,000,000; Turkey, 15,000,000, and Russia, nearly 11,000,000. The Australian population is given at 1,674,500, and the Polynesian 1,783,500. New Guinea and New Zealand being included in the latter. In Africa the chief divisions are West Sudan and the Central African region, 80,000,000; the Central Sudan region, 30,000,000; South Africa, 20,000,000; the Galla country and the region east of the Nile 15,000,000; Samarra, 8,000,000; Egypt, 5,000,000; and Morocco, 6,000,000. In America two thirds of the population are north of the equator, where the United States has nearly 39,000,000, Mexico

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According to these tables, London, with 3,234,260, inhabitants, is the most populous city in the world, while Philadelphia, with 674,022 inhabitants in 1870, is the eighth city in point of population. These eighteen cities, in their order, are the following: London, 3,234,260; Suichau (China), 2,000,000; Paris, 1,851,792; Peking, 1,300,000; Teheuchau-tsin, 1,000,000; Hangchow-fu, 1,000,000; Shanghai, 1,000,000; Singapur, 1,000,000; Canton, 1,000,000; New York, 942,262; Tientsin, 900,000; Vienna, 834,284; Berlin, 823,241; Hankow, 800,000; Yeddo-fu, 800,000; Calcutta, 754,545; Tokio, (Yedo), 673,447; and Philadelphia, 675,022. St. Petersburg, 667,060; Bombay, 644,005; Moscow, 611,670; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 547,538; Liverpool, 498,405; and Rio Janeiro 430,000.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I want it!"—"I want it!"

"You shan't have it."

"I want it, and I will have it."

"I want it myself, and I'm going to keep it."

That's the way the trouble generally begins. It is a small war, and even to-day it is not so scratching nor biting nor punning nor saying very ugly words, nor doubling up of little fists.

"I want it!" has caused more quarrels than almost anything else in the world. Often a quarrel has begun with a very little want, almost as small as a child's doll. One side wanted it as much as the other side did. The question got to be, who was the strongest? It generally turned out that the strongest wanted it the most, and got it if it was worth having. If one side wanted it more than the other, the strong one would generally let the little one have it.

To fight for a holy principle is noble. To quarrel and snatch and try to get every good thing that we see that belongs to other people, is not lovely. If you want people to love you and treat you kindly, begin early to treat everybody else kindly.—Good Cheer.

SEVEN-DOLLAR TRIP.—A traveler on his journey meets a robber in the woods. "Give me your money," cries the highwayman, "or I'll shoot you."

"It may be," thinks the traveler, "the man is in want," and he generously gives him six dollars. "Take this, God bless you. Farewell!"

"Stop! stop!" cries the robber; "I see another dollar, and I must have it." "O, sir," replied the traveler, "be content. Of my all, seven dollars, you have six, and I only one to give me on my journey."

"Give me that seventh dollar," cries the robber, drawing his pistol.

What do you think of the robber? "The meanest thief I ever could conceive of." What is his name? Sabbath-breaker.

FEEDING HOGS.—The feeding hogs for pork, which is more or less the business of every farmer, should be begun as early in this month as can be made convenient. The new corn being the chief, it is not so late for feeding, this matter is very likely to be delayed until it becomes quite convenient to gather a portion of that crop. This throws the necessary time for feeding into the cold weather of December, when it takes a much larger quantity of food to make the same amount of flesh and fat. A certain portion of caloric is necessary to keep up the body, and when the atmosphere becomes cold, the carbon of the food which would turn to fat, is burned out, to keep the animal comfortable, and an extra consumption is required to answer both purposes. Hence the necessity for tight houses and comfortable bedding in severe weather. Hogs that have had the run of a good pasture without other food, will not fatten well in less than five weeks; if not in very good condition when brought to the pen six weeks will not be too long a time. They should be confined, therefore, by the 20th of the month at latest.

For the greatest economy of food, close pens, with floors of dirt or more from the ground, should be used. These floors may be tight, but inclining a little in one direction, and sufficiently opened at one side to get rid of litter and manure. If we were fattening for home consumption and without the strictest regard for economy, we should fatten in a small pasture with a running stream, providing only a shed for sleeping. There is great economy both in grinding and cooking the food of fattening hogs. A practical objection to it lies in the fact that our great article of food, Indian corn, is not sufficiently dry, when the season commences, to shell readily, and this cost of labor, which amounts to a very large period, makes it very agreeable to throw both from your own hands, Mr. Le Grand. You know that he was drunk when he struck his own sweet child the cruel death-blow. And the old mother wept in a voice of agony. The landlord did not reply, and the speaker went on. "This is not all, Mr. Le Grand. I'll tell you the whole story, for perhaps you do not know it all. Willie's wife died broken-hearted, and sleeps in the valley's dust, and I am bereft of the staff upon which I hoped to lean. To-morrow I go to the poor-house. But if you wish, I will show you one more picture."

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