

## Poetry.

## THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Ah! here it is, that dear old place,  
Unchanged through all these years;  
How like some sweet familiar face  
My childhood's home appears!  
The grand old trees beside the door  
Still spread their branches wide!  
The river wanders as of yore,  
With sweetly murmuring tide.  
The distant hills look green and gay,  
The flowers are blooming wild,  
And everything looks glad to-day  
As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,  
I catch no fond, enduring tone,  
I clasp no friendly hand;  
I think my mother's smile to meet,  
I list my father's call,  
I pause to hear my brother's feet  
Come bounding through the hall;  
But silence all around me reigns,  
A chill creeps through my heart—  
No trace of those I love remains,  
And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair;  
What though the lulling flowers  
Still shed their fragrance on the air,  
Within life's golden hours?  
The loving ones that cluster here,  
These walls may not restore;  
Voices that filled my youthful ear  
Will greet my soul no more;  
And yet I quit the dear old place  
With slow and lingering tread,  
As when we kiss a clay-cold face  
And leave it with the dead!

## The Fireside.

## BE TRUE.

BY M. P. H.

"This plaguey Algebra! I never can do these examples!" said the young girl threw her book down very impatiently.

"Why, what is the matter now, Sadie?" said Ellen Johnson, a quiet, observant girl, who stood by the school-room window studying her history lesson.

"That whole page of examples, that Miss Norton gave us to do, I haven't done one of, and I never can, I know."

"Oh! Yes you can; they are easy; I did them in about an hour last night."

"You don't know how, then, won't you?"

"I would, Sadie, but you know Miss Norton said that we have to help each other."

"The hateful old thing! She knew they were the hardest in the book."

"Don't say so, for I am sure she helps us all she can."

"Perhaps she does you, but she never helps me."

"How can you say so? I am sure she is always ready to help you when you try to get your lesson."

"Don't I always try?"

"I don't know, Sadie, but I often see you looking around the room, and Miss Norton often speaks to you."

"Well, I can't keep at it all the time as you do, and if I did, it wouldn't do any good. She's got a tip that she has, as Hattie says, and she couldn't live if she couldn't scold me."

"Now Sadie, you know that's wrong. You have heard her say many times that she did not like to talk to us so much, and wished we would do right because it is right in the sight of God."

"Of course she'd say so, but if she doesn't like to, what makes her?"

"She is obliged to, because we do not right."

"If she would treat all alike, I wouldn't care so much. You know yourself that if you ask to do anything, it's always 'yes, my dear,' but if I ask a favor she has forty questions to ask before she'll grant it."

"But, Sadie, do you think she would if you were always honest?"

"I never told her a lie in my life," and Sadie's eyes flashed angrily.

"No, but you try to make her believe that you have your lesson a great many times when you haven't looked at it, and that is dishonest, isn't it?"

"I don't do any worse than the other girls do, so you needn't lecture me."

"What's all the fuss about, girls? You look as solemn as Tom's owl," and a lively girl skipped into the room.

"O Angie, is it you?" said Sadie. "I just asked Helen to do these awful sums, and she won't, but has given me a half hour's lecture instead. Have you done them?"

"Mel no indeed. You don't suppose I'll bother my head about them, do you? Haven't any time."

"What did you do last evening?"

"Went down to May Austin's party, and, O girls! I had such a splendid time. You ought to have been there, every one of you. Fred was home from college, and he just kept the fun going all the evening, and then we had an elegant supper."

"Do stop talking, and tell me what you are going to do, Angie. Miss Norton said if we failed to-day, we must recite to Prof. Walker for a week, and I never can do that."

"I guess it wouldn't hurt you. I think it would be fun; we have a chance to see all those fellows reading Virgil, and they are magnificent," rattled the lively girl.

"I don't care anything about them, if you will only tell me how you are going to get out of this."

"Nonsense; don't worry, just look here," and Angie opened to the page of examples, every one of which was worked through with a pencil upon the margin of the book as her sister was then.

"Who did that?" asked Sadie.

"Oh, Tom, when he was here, and I have his book, you see."

"But Miss Norton said we were never to copy our examples in our books, only in our heads," said Helen.

"What if she did, if one's head won't hold them, the book must," laughed the lively girl.

"What would she say if she should see them?"

"Oh, I look out for that. I'm away down to the end of the class, and the new task my book, and I always take another one, if I ask her any questions."

"It is a real cheat," said Helen, "and I would not copy them if I were you, Sadie. I would rather get excused."

"Haven't any earthly excuse; played all the evening when I might have worked," she answered, still copying.

"Well, no do it, it's just as wicked as lying, for it's a real cheat."

"Nonsense, Helen; don't be so over nice," said Angie.

"I don't think that we can be over-nice in the matter of doing right."

"Well, are you; just as if there was any wrong in Sadie's copying these examples when she hasn't time to do them for herself?"

"She did have time if she hadn't wasted so much. If she copied them, she can't understand them, and what good will it do?"

"That's her lookout not yours, and I guess we will pass as good an examination as you; never you fear."

"We ought not to study merely for that."

"Well, I do. To get through that well is all I ask, for father will be in that," said Sadie.

"If we expected to be 'skunked,' as you do, and rule with the red iron, we'd be as good as you, but we don't, do we, Sadie? We'll get through these four years some way, and then good-bye to school forever."

"I'm not to be a teacher, I would study

for the good I might do in the world, for none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth in his own self."

"Time enough for that by and by. Come, Sadie, there's the bell; let us take our seats."

Sadie succeeded in copying the last example before the bell rang for the class. She could give no reasons, but they must be right, for Tom Head was a good scholar and never failed. Like two many others, she was a surface scholar. If she managed to get through with a lesson well, it was all she asked. She did not like hard work, yet, unlike the lively Angie, she could not throw the care of study off. She liked her father's commendation, but he was far away, and could only send the word for the yearly examination. If he dugger did well on those days he commended her very highly, rewarded her in some way, and was satisfied until a year from that time. Ah! how many parents will answer for this one sin.

Merchants find time to look at their stock before purchasing; Farmers, time to study well how best to manage the farm; Lawyers, time to study their cases thoroughly before they shall attempt them; and even God's ministers find time to study the wants of their people before they shall preach to them; but how many of these find time to look into the education which their children are receiving?

When the class assembled for recitation, they found several visitors in. Sadie recited, for it was the first time she had copied her examples, and she feared Miss Norton would find her out. She and Angie were seated at the farther end, and some unknown reason Miss Norton walked down to them and said, "Will you allow me to take your books for our visitors?"

"She dared not refuse, and with consternation handed them to her. Examples were assigned, and all went to the board. Angie stood for a moment, and then turning, said,

"I can not do that one, Miss Norton. I haven't tried it."

"You may take the next one then."

The class was large, and each example had been given out twice, and Angie's sharp eyes saw the one that was given her already done, and quickly copied it. Sadie could not do hers, neither could she understand Angie's sign for her to copy it. After four moments of staring blankly at the board she burst into tears and went to her seat. Angie blundered some in her explanation, but went through with it fairly, and found to her seat congratulated herself that she wasn't such a goose as Sadie. But this time her sin was to find her out, and after assigning the morning's lesson, Miss Norton said,

"I am very sorry that any of my pupils should have failed after what was said yesterday, but you have, you know the penalty, and I shall not expect to see Angie and Sadie a week. Professor Walker will hear you recite at this hour during that time. I sincerely hope you will come back with a love for study, and for the right, which is far more important. I ask you to stop and think where this system of deception will lead you. You wish to be noble and true men and women, such that the world may rejoice that you have lived in it. Your school life must discipline as well as prepare you for your future life work. What you are now you will be then. The same character you then that do now. Are you willing to go through life with the feelings and habits that are clinging to you now? If not, let me beg of you to overcome them before they are fully formed."

"THE NEAREST WHITE CHILDREN WHO LIVE NEAREST THE NORTH POLE."

This is about the house that Peter Jensen built and the family who live in it. The house and family are the nearest neighbor to the north pole; that is to say, only a thousand miles or so from it.

It is a curious little habitation with a very great deal of roof on it, which roof slopes up toward the sky with a saucy sharpness that seems to say to the winter winds: "Bury me if you can, but you will have a good deal to do before I'll go under."

On one end of the pointed roof there is a flag-staff, and in the centre of it (the roof) there is a chimney. Sometimes when the wind went down, which does not happen very often, a little flag flutters from the flag-staff. You may think that it is red, white and blue, perhaps, with stars and stripes upon it, and that it belongs to the United States of America, but no; it is white and red, without a speck of blue in it, and it flutters away in the Arctic air to tell the great fields of ice, the rocky islands, and the mighty icebergs that little Denmark owns there every one.

Tenadrenth, a pointed roof are four rooms, with such furnishings as you never saw in anybody's house in all your life. In the first place you would see, were you to look in, in each room an immense stove that seems to take up half the room, and these stoves are kept packed full of Danish coal to keep the family from freezing to death during the night, which is not like our nights, but a regular overgrown giant of a night, a hundred days long.

After the stoves you would next take notice of hags, puffing black bags lying all about the sides of the room, and skins of wild animals hanging where the walls ought to be. The bags are filled with lovely down from the elder duck, and with other men's pure Peter Jensen's household could never get to sleep and wake up again in that habitation. Somewhere between the stove and the elder-down bags you will find Peter Jensen's children. How many there are to-day it is impossible to tell, but Dr. Isaac Hayes found in the house four years ago Johanna Maria, aged seven (you must think of her now as eleven), Jennie Caroline, aged five, and Julius Christian, whose age was three years and a little more, and who to-day is older than his elder sister was then.

If you didn't chance to be too cold to think of such a thing, you would be certain to laugh at the first sight of the Jensen children; for you can have no idea how large children are who live on the upper side of the Arctic circle, where they get dressed, and to tell the whole truth, I must add that they are dressed pretty much all the time up there, and present the appearance of living puff balls made up in seal-skins, for their entire clothing is made up of the skins of animals.

Johanna and Maria Jensen are pretty little girls with fair faces and light hair. Johanna had never seen a little white girl except her sister Maria, while Maria had only seen Johanna, and as for poor little Julius Christian, he had no idea how a white boy would look.

When the long giant of a night comes on the house is banked up with snow, and the little windows are doubled, the stoves and lamps are kept burning all the time, and the little Jensens get tired of sleeping and crawl out from under the pile of elder until they are tired, then sleep again, and wonder when daylight will come. During the winter night the children cannot go out of doors because it is so cold, a great deal colder than our thermometer can measure, and could they go out, they would find only wind, ice and snow to play with, and they are dismal playfellows when there is neither sun nor moon to light them up, though I don't quite remember that the sun ever did light up anywhere.

Do you wonder why Peter Jensen built his house under the north pole than any other white man's house on the earth? I will tell you. It was because Peter Jensen is a hunter of bears, foxes, reindeer and seals. Peter went to Copenhagen at that little Denmark that owns all Greenland, and there he "married him a wife," and he wished to take her with him on his hunting expeditions, and so he built a house to keep her and himself in.

Peter Jensen's real name is Governor Peter Jensen, and he governs, or had four years ago, sixty-two savages. For this service Denmark pays to him yearly a salary of twenty-five dollars.

The sixty-two savages hunt with Peter, and altogether they get during the hunting season about five thousand dollars' worth of skins and furs. Governor Jensen's portion of this amount is two hundred and fifty dollars. I am afraid it will be a long time before he will be rich enough to take his wife and children home to Copenhagen at that rate.

In the summer of 1870 the Jensen children had a great treat. They saw white men and a real live steamship called the "Panther."

Dr. Isaac Hayes went to visit Governor and Mrs. Jensen in the queer little house. He petted the children, ate venison, drank duck and cakes made by Mrs. Jensen's own hands, and when he came home, told about his visit there in a book called "The Land of Desolation," or you would never have heard of the three white children who live nearest to the north pole.—Hearth and Home.

## HOME HINTS.

TO BANISH FLEAS AND LICE.—Pennsylvania, a common weed in pastures and meadows, is very offensive to fleas, lice, mosquitoes. To use it advantageously, take lard, and rub or grind it with a muller on a smooth flat stone, slate, or piece of marble, with the dried or green plant leaves, stems, and blossoms, until well mixed. Let it stand twenty-four hours, melt at a low heat, and strain. With this anoint the ears and neck of an animal, or the perches and nests of poultry which may be infested. A small quantity may be rubbed under the wings of a hen, or under the neck of a young chicken. A few drops of the oil of pennyroyal in sweet oil, rubbed on the face, neck, and hands, will keep off mosquitoes, however thick they may be. A good night's rest may be secured in the worst infested woods or swamps, where these insects or black flies do most abundantly, by the use of this mixture. Keep it out of the eyes, as its presence there is not agreeable.—Hearth and Home.

Under Clothing.—The Herald of Health recommends white underclothing, as not only more healthful, but warmer on account of its not radiating the heat of the body, as some other colors do. As other strong colors, it is also a preventive of skin poisoning, resulting from deleterious dyes. The Journal of Chemistry gives an instance of the poisonous effect of aniline colors upon the skin, in the experience of a gentleman of Byfield. He had, a few days previous, purchased some new undershirts of cotton, colored with various tints, among which aniline red predominated. In a short time after putting on the garment, a peculiar eruption of an irritating nature appeared on the portion of the body covered with the cloth. The effects were not merely local, but a considerable swelling and inflammation of the face and neck, and in some cases, the eruption was caused by the dye colors, it may be stated that a portion of the garment about the neck and under the arms, where the line came in contact with the skin no eruption or redness appeared. It is not probable, the Journal remarks, that the number of persons is large who possess such idiosyncrasies of constitution as to be easily poisoned by dyes of color, but that there are some does not admit of a doubt.

## THE FARM.

SCRATCHES.—Scratches, or greases may very often be cured by washing the legs with warm water and soap, and, after drying thoroughly with a soft cloth, applying glycerine or lard, perfectly free from salt. If this does not avail, a pound of "concentrated lye" or carbonate of potash may be dissolved in two quarts of water, and put into a bottle. A quart of a pint of this solution should be put into a pailful of cold water, and the horse's heels bathed with it night and morning. The legs should be dried immediately after bathing, but, considerably, and the water will cause a skin after the bath. The stable should be kept clean and no snow or ice allowed to remain on the legs.

SCOTCH THE FRIGHTENED.—Horses and children are often most cruelly treated, and sometimes killed by mismanagement when frightened. A child screaming from terror at some huge dog, is rudely shaken, and even severely struck, by a mother who herself is thrown into a similar state of fear by a mouse or a spider. My indignation is often aroused by the sight of some man, undoubtedly an ardent coward, who is beating a nervous horse because he trembles at the sight of a cat or a dog. Such conduct only aggravates the difficulty. The terrified one is not inspired with the confidence which is essential to a feeling of safety. In the case of the animal it is impolitic and cruel; in the case of a child it is outrageous beyond expression. A shock to the delicate nerves of a feeble or sensitive child will sometimes cause immediate convulsions and fatal illness, and sometimes a result quite as much to be dreaded—will unsettle the mind and weaken the nervous system.

FEEDING PIGS.—Farmers overlook the necessity for variety in the diet of their pigs. All our domestic animals require a great variety of food, to supply all the wants of the system. We have no doubt but that the frequent cause of disease in a long life, is the green clover in summer, besides green and lightness to the food, furnishes a large proportion of muscle-forming matter, and phosphate of lime for the bones. In winter, when green clover cannot be had, the next best green food is beets, carrots, turnips, etc., and when these are not to be had, short cut clover or other hay, boiled with meal, will answer the purpose, and will be eaten greedily. Several different kinds of grain should be ground together to give variety, and this can usually be done by the farmer without inconvenience. We have an acquaintance in Wisconsin, who has found it profitable to feed large numbers of pigs and hogs, in winter, on barley and corn ground together, mixed with an equal quantity of short-cut clover hay, all boiled together. Upon this diet their pigs have been remarkably healthy and their health perfect.—Live Stock, Farm and Fire-side Journal.

BOX STALLS FOR COWS.—People who remember how their fathers used to tie up oxen and cows in stanchions, and how they have seen the most improved bovine torture banished at the dictates of humanity and their places supplied with chains, are in a degree excusable for thinking that our present stable arrangements are all the most gentlemanly or most invidious cow could desire; but those who stop and think a moment will see that there is chance for further improvement, in fact that the present practice of tying up cattle does not meet the requirements at all.

Cattle are naturally among the most cleanly of animals, fastidious in their food, drink and lodgings. They never seek of their own accord mudholes to lie or to wallow in. Their toilets are made with their tongues, with which they remove the scales of dirt from their faces, and with their tails, and perform other offices. When they lie down they naturally spread themselves over considerable ground; when they get up they want room to do it in. It is the most unhygienic and unkindly arrangement to compel them to stand and lie in manure and filth they are unable to reach many parts of their body.

## OBITUARY.

Emily, wife of E. M. Gabel, died at Bridgeport, Me., April 30, 1874, aged 24 years and 8 months. Sister Smith became a member of the F. C. Baptist church of Bridgeport, in April 1870, since that time she has been a devoted and active member, and by her daily walk and example has adorned the doctrine of her Lord and Savior. She was a great sufferer in her last sickness, but ever patient, waiting for her Saviour's call. She was never inclined to murmur, but manifested the most profound faith in Christ. The sting of death was totally removed. She talked of her Saviour, and longed to be with Him. A few hours before her death she gave up her last tie to earth, being her babes; her passing followed like a river, and although suffering the agonies of death, she never uttered a word beyond the grave. Her face constantly wore a smile, which lingered on her remains until she was conveyed to the tomb. Conscious to the last, she entered the shadowy vale, leaving no child, leaving a husband, two babes, and a large collection of friends to mourn their loss.

JOSEPH SMITH, Editor.

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