

Poetry.

NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear—
To busy crowds, who scarcely pause to hear—
These are not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night
Over soiled robes, that once were pure and white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
Longing for Christ to make it clear and whole—
These are not lost.

The happy dream that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self, and more of truth;
The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which at last Mary at the Master's feet—
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for other's good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the ways of sin—
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for, in thy city bright,
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,
And things long hidden from our gaze below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
These are not lost.

—Selected.

The Fireside.

THE GREEN BOTTLE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"I believe I'll have a glass of something comfortable," said Tom Barnaby.

Tom Barnaby was not a member of any temperance society whatever, and had no dislike to the taste of liquor. Not that he was a drinking man. Oh dear, no! Never was drunk in his life; never even slightly overcome by liquor. But still—well, still every now and then a nice glass of something comfortable struck Tom in a comfortable light, and he generally took it when it did.

To-night, it was cold and chilly and gloomy, and the wind rattled the shutters, and crouched down the chimney, and made a banes of itself along the street; and Tom, who was not very fond of reading, could not lose himself in book or magazine, and there was no one to talk to, and the resolution above recorded seemed to be the most natural thing in the world. "A glass of something comfortable," said Tom, "and a biscuit, and then I'll turn in."

Then Tom went to the closet to look for a vessel in which to bring the necessary liquor for the comfortable something from the corner store, and spied on an upper shelf a green bottle, with a fat body and long neck, which had nothing in it, and smelt of nothing, and he set it upon the table, while he stirred the fire and put the kettle on, that everything might be ready on his return.

Mrs. Tom was absent from home, and Tom was keeping house for himself. He was on his knees before the stove, raking it, when he heard a groan. It was faint, far-away, sounding groan; but it had such a ghostly sound that he started.

"What's that?" he cried; and something answered: "Only me."

And jumping to his feet, Tom Barnaby stood staring about for there was nothing in the room that ought to have had a voice but himself—not even a kitten or a canary bird.

"Who is me?" cried Tom.

"Tom ought to know," said the voice.

And this time Tom saw it came from the green bottle.

"I declare, if it isn't in the bottle!" said Tom. "Is it spirits, or what?"

"Yes, worse luck. It is spirits. Bad spirits too, Gin, rum, and brandy—whisky and alcohol!"

"Oh, that kind!" said Tom.

"Yes," said the bottle. "Years devils. I've been possessed by them all. Five years and they led me such a life that I wish I was smashed; years and years until your wife got me, and put blessed vinegar in me. Nice, sharp, respectable vinegar, that never did more than give some poor cabbage-ate the colic. And I thought I should end my days in a decent vinegar bottle, and here I am—may I have one of the devils back, I know. Oh, what did that dear woman go away for? Why did she go?"

Tom, who had grown used to the phenomena of a talking bottle, and did not mind it at all by this time, nodded his head sagely.

"Right there," he said. "It's exceedingly uncomfortable to have a wife, and you are very foolish to talk as if you had. What harm is there in a moderate drink? All you'd hold wouldn't harm a fly. You've been listening to teetotalers."

"I haven't been listening to anybody," said the bottle. "I've formed my own conclusions. There was a time when I thought as you do. It was when I was a bran new bottle, with a gilt label, 'Best Holland Gin,' on me, and my owner the liquor dealer, took me out of my case and handed me over to Jack Barker, who had just finished painting the store."

"Here, Jack," says he, "this will help you keep Christmas."

"Thank ye," said Jack; and off I went under his arm.

And then, in a bright little room, with a pretty wife and a nice old grandfather, and two cunning little babies looking on, he opened me.

"What a nice smell!" said she—the pretty wife. And then he made some stuff with lemon and sugar, and they all drank some; and the babies looked at the light shining through my green sides and the gilt label on me. And the old grandfather said the drink had gone to his head, and he should have to be carried up stairs, and they all laughed at that because it was such a good joke.

I liked myself then, and what was in me. Before I was empty the first time I felt pleased to be such a favorite that I was.

Ah, dear! I was filled up again, and again, and again; and after a while I began to see things changing about me. The wife's face was not so bright; the old grandfather never laughed; the babies were out; and one day Jack staggered in, took me up, drank the last drop from me, and tumbled into a chair. The wife began to cry.

"Oh, Jack!" says she, "Oh, Jack! how I hate that dreadful bottle! We were so happy before it came into the house!"

She blamed me, but I knew it was the evil spirit in me that she meant.

"You've lost your place, Jack," says she. "Every thing has changed. You don't love me any more. You don't care for the children. It's all that bottle."

But Jack was too tipsy to care what she said. He staggered over to the table, took me by the neck, and carried me to a liquor store. There they put another devil into me. That one drove the furniture out of the house; but by bit it was passed.

Then they left the house itself and were in a cellar somewhere, she took in washing; some of the money she earned went for more evil spirits to fill me.

Didn't I loathe myself! One night I sat on the table and saw the old grandfather lying dead, and Jack drank on the floor at the foot of the bed. Didn't I loathe myself! I tried to topple off, but I couldn't manage it. If ever bottle did desire to smash itself, I did. But it was no use. Happy

bottles, beautiful cut glass, cologne bottles, innocent water bottles have been broken when they most desire to last, no doubt; but I, who had become a dwelling place for devils, I lasted.

"They carried the old grandfather away, and his poor daughter got a black dress somehow. One night Jack went moping out of the house with a bundle under one arm and no under the other. The bundle was his wife's mourning dress for her father. He took it to a pawnshop and pawned it for enough to fill me twice. The poor little woman never had a decent dress again."

"She was in rags. She was hungry. I've seen Jack clutch her hand and wrench the money she earned for her children's bread from it, and then go off with me. Think if I had to do and abet him, and hear her say things about me that were very natural, seeing she did not know how I hated the devil that lived in me, but that were hard to bear. But he fell down stairs with me in his pocket, and broke his head, and didn't break me. I hit me against things, I lasted, not mine. I must have a guardian devil, I lasted so."

"One day—it was such a bitter day, ice, and snow, and sleet everywhere—just five years from the Christmas I'd been made a present to Jack, he stood, ragged and dirty, at a bar room stove with me in his pocket—my neck sticking out. Up came the proprietor."

"Now, Jack Barker," says he, "why don't you go home?"

"He was ashamed to have him there, you see, a ragged creature with his coat out, and a black eye and a broken nose. He used to be called Hand-some Jack Barker before he took to filling me. Think of that."

"Now he looked up with a miserable abject whine."

"Go home with an empty bottle on a Christmas Eve!" says he. "You didn't say to go home when I came here with full pockets, Mr. Jones."

"Well, no, I didn't," said the man, "and it would have been better if I had. I'll fill your bottle for you, Jack Barker."

"He filled it—no one knows with what—and the poor wretch staggered home. Oh, the wretched cellar—the miserable straw bed in the corner; the wife lying sick upon it. I remember them so well."

"She was very sick and there was a little baby beside her. Just think of another baby there."

"Happy Christmas!" said he, as he staggered in. "Happy Christmas!" said she. "Oh, this dreadful day! That bottle came to us first on Christmas."

"It takes so little to put a drunken man in a rage. He answered her with an oath."

"Anybody would think I was drunk to hear you talk," said she. And the poor woman answered: "Oh, Jack! are you ever sober? Oh, Jack! Jack!"

"And then he flew at her. He took me by the neck, and beat her with the head with me. The cork fell out, and the liquor poured over the breast, and over the face of the little baby lying upon it. It mingled with her blood."

"At that she screamed. Then she lay still. Her face grew white. I knew I was a murderer. Oh, let me break! I cried. Let me be broken into fragments!" But her fair flesh was smothered to pulp, her delicate bones broken, and I was sound as ever; when Jack, led by Heaven know what mad fancy, left his victim and staggered into the street again. The snow was falling. The air was white with it. He staggered along muttering to himself. At last he came to a wharf, and stumbled across it. I believe a boat lay there on which he had been once before, and where they had given him drink."

"See him, ahoy!" cried he. "Hullo! hullo! See him, ahoy!"

"Nobody answered him."

"I'm coming!" he muttered. "I'm coming aboard. I shan't stay at home to be preached to. I'm my own master!"

"Then he took one step more. Splash—crash! He was through the thin ice, under the water."

"Thank Heaven," said I, "my miserable career is ended."

"Then I turned as cold as ice myself, and there was a roaring in my neck."

"Next thing I knew it was broad daylight, and I was floating on the water."

"There's a bottle," said some one, it was a bare-legged boy. He stooped over the side of the boat, and caught me."

"There was a man drowned here last night," said he to another boy at his side.

"Did you see him?" said this one.

"Yes," said the first. "He was drunk and killed his wife. They've got an inquest on her, down in the cellar over there. I say, I'm going to sell this bottle to Bill, the junk man."

"So I was saved, and, much against my will, stood in the junk-shop window for a week. The water had washed the blood off me. I had no mind of liquor left, and along comes your wife."

"What a nice flat bottle!" says she—just what I want. How much for it?"

"And Billy charged her four cents, and some honest soul brought me."

"My career of vice has begun again," said I. "And I expected something else; but, bless the dear soul, she put vinegar in me—nice, sour, innocent, respectable vinegar—and I've become a good reformed bottle ever since. And now you—you—your husband, are going to put the devilish spirit into me again. Oh, do break me first. I don't want to destroy another household."

"You shan't," said Tom Barnaby.

"Here you go back on your self. I leave you to innocence and vinegar; and I think I'll make a cup of strong coffee."

"Right," said the bottle.

"And so the bottle stands still beside the crust, on Mrs. Barnaby's dresser; and Tom Barnaby is still a sober man.—State Sentinel."

"GENTLEMAN SAM."

"Oh! oh! oh! My oranges! oh dear! my oranges!"

"Well, rag-boy; why don't you pick 'em up?" sneered a well-dressed boy, tall and handsome, I was about to say; only, you know, "Handsome is about as deep."

"Oh dear! I can't, it's so slippery and they roll so fast! Do, do help me!" You jogged my arm and made me drop 'em—indeed you did! Oh just look at Dick Murphy crumpled 'em into his pocket! An oh! there is Billy Keeler eating 'em, an Dan, an oh! dear! do help me!"

"When I'm in the orange business, Miss Raggs, I'll let you know. Here's one of your oranges, baby—but on the whole, I guess I'll eat it myself. As I haven't any use with me, suppose you charge it to my account."

"Whatever shall I do? They're most tender 'em all, oh dear! oh dear!" The little orange vader ran back and forth on the icy pavement like one distracted, as the boys poked out one orange after another from some crack where they had lodged, and then coolly initiated the example set them.

"Hold on, Peggy!—Herald! Herald! Herald!"—Don't ye cry so!—Latest edition! News up to 5 o'clock!—I'll help ye!" cried a new comer whom the boys hailed as "Newboy Sam." "Here you, Jack! Just ye hold onto these yer papers, an' I'll stan' treat yer nights for ye—Now Peg—here goes!" The spy newboy dashed hither and thither, picking up oranges, fresh and clean from every nook and corner; one—two—four—eight—dozen! the thiefing little urchins (regular town-dozens) making great parade of helping. It was very plain to see that 'Newboy Sam' was a leader and favorite among them; and some how he shamed all meanness, for Dick Murphy hastily emptied his pockets of the stolen fruit.

"I hooked 'em," was all Dick said. They were two very shabby looking oranges with a suspicious hole in one end, that Dick put into Peg's basket. But Sam didn't laugh. Sam knew better than to say or do, what a strong temptation it was for poor, half-starved Dick to keep those luscious oranges that he had tasted.

No; Sam didn't laugh. But another boy laughed so long and loud that Dick slunk away as it caught in a mean trick.

Somebody else laughed too—laughed in his heart—Do you know—boys—how nice it feels to laugh away down in your hearts?

This somebody that laughed in his heart was good old Squire Bond. He laughed at two things. He laughed to see 'Newboy Sam' helping little Peg, and all the boys (but one) helping Sam in his generous act; and he laughed still more when poor, untaxed Dick restored the stolen oranges.

Old Squire Bond has been standing for ever so long under that awning in front of the great book store. We didn't see him, but we saw the boys. He had his own reasons for watching those boys. But now he stepped out on the pavement.

"Stop a moment, youngsters," he cried, addressing the well-dressed boy, who seemed seized with a sudden desire to depart—"I have seen you somewhere before. Ah yes, I have it, 'he' continued half to himself. 'Now,' said he, 'who are you? and who's your father? I should like to know who had the bringing up of such a fine chap.'"

"Something in Mr. Bond's tone stung the boy, and he drew himself up proudly as he replied: 'My name is Sam Houston, Sir, and my father, my father is a gentleman!'"

"Ah indeed!" said the squire. Then he suddenly wheeled about to look for the newboy, who was busily sorting his papers, preparatory to a fresh start.

"And what's your name, my brave, little fellow?"

"Sam Scott, Sir."

"Has another Sam! Pray are you the son of a gentleman, too?"

"Oh, no, Sir! I ain't got no father now. An' I other gents warn't no gentleman neither. Leastways he used to 'buse Marny awful, an' me 'an' Cad. An' now he's dead, an' Marny—she's left!"

"Happy 'er!" said the squire. "She's old girl!"

"Happy?" said she. "Oh, this dreadful day! That bottle came to us first on Christmas."

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