

## Poetry.

## "WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED TO-DAY?"

Hast thou wandered far from the "reapers,"  
In search of perfect flowers?  
Hast thou lingered by murmuring waters,  
Or slept in the vine wreathed bowers?  
Will thy measure of worthless blossoms,  
Half hidden by withering leaves,  
Be a fitting gift for the Master,  
In place of the golden sheaves?

Hast thou climbed the towering mountain,  
With its dazzling robes of light;  
And sought for the fruit of the harvest  
On its cold and barren height?  
The poems of Pausanias in echoes,  
And its thorny crown bring pain!  
But not on the mountain's summit  
Canst thou gather the ripening grain!

Hast thou sighed for power and station;  
And sought, in the hidden mine,  
For the glittering hoards of treasure?  
That there in the darkness shine?  
Ah! not the wealth of the Indies,  
Must the tolling reaper bring,  
But the "gleaning" of whitened harvests  
For the Master's offering.

Hast thou wandered far into the marshes,  
Where the poisonous waters flow—  
Where the air is heavy with vapors,  
And the deadly nightshade grows?  
Is thy pure brow clouded with shadows—  
The scanda faded with day?  
In the fields of sin and temptation,  
Alas, hast thou "gleaned" to-day?

Or hast thou brought joy to the reaper,  
And strength to the sickening hand;  
Extended a hand to the helpless;  
Bade the erring in peace depart?  
Hast thou self and its pleasures forgotten,  
While seeking thy neighbor's bliss?  
Hast thou crowned e'en the undeserving  
With thy heart's sweet tenderness?

Reaper! the eventful coming:  
Soon shall thy glancing be o'er!  
The laborer's song of rejoicing  
Tell of the plenteous store.  
Bring forth the sheaves to the Master;  
So shall thy golden grain  
In the fields by the emerald waters,  
Blossom in beauty again!

—N. Y. Observer.

## The Fireside.

## A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

A wonderful deal always comes from what Solomon calls "a word fitly spoken." The Hebrew for "fitly spoken" here means "set on wheels." All our words are set on wheels. If they are good words, they are wheeling on for good. If they are evil words, they are wheeling on for evil. Remember this.

One day a little boy was tormenting a kitten. His little sister, with her eyes full of tears, said to him, "Oh Phillip, don't do that; it's God's kitten." That word of the little girl was not lost. It was set on wheels. Phillip left off tormenting the kitten, but he could not help thinking about what his sister had said.

"God's kitten, God's creature—for he made it," he said to himself; "I never thought of that before." The next day on his way to school, he met one of his companions teasing unmercifully a poor little starved dog. Phillip ran up to him, and before he knew it, he was using his sister's words, saying, "Don't do that! No, it's God's creature."

The boy looked ashamed, and tried to excuse himself by saying the dog had stolen his dinner. "Never mind," said Phillip, "you shall have half of mine." So they went on their way to school together, and soon forgot all about the dog.

But Phillip's words had been set on wheels again, and much good was to follow from them. Two persons were passing just as Phillip spoke, and they heard his words. One was a young man in prosperous business in a neighboring town; the other was ragged, dirty, miserable-looking creature. He had got into the habit of drinking, and in consequence of this had just been dismissed by his employer, and was going home feeling very unhappy and despairing.

"God's creatures," said the poor fellow, and it seemed a new idea to him too. "If that dog is God's creature, then I'm God's creature too, and he will help me if no one else will."

Just then he came to a tavern where he had been in the habit of wasting his money, and then going home to abuse his family. He stopped a moment—the temptation was very strong to go in, but the new thought was stronger. "No, I'm God's creature," he said to himself. "I'll go in there no more." And he went on toward home.

His wife was astonished to see him come home sober, and still more when he burst into tears, saying that he was a ruined man, and was determined to give up drinking, and try, by God's help, to be a better man.

Just then a knock was heard at the door. It was the gentleman of whom he had just spoken. He had heard Phillip's words too. They were words on wheels to him. He could not get away from them.

"This is one of God's creatures, too," he said to himself, as he looked at the poor ragged man who was walking before him. "He looks as if he needed help," he went on to say, "and perhaps I can give it to him." This led him to follow the poor man to his home. He found the man working. This was thankfully received, and faithfully done. The poor fellow kept his good resolution. He never was found in the tavern again, but became a sober, industrious, useful, happy man. And the simple words that little girl said on wheels when she spoke to her brother were the means of doing all this good.

## "ONLY FIVE MINUTES."

"You're been stopping on the way again, Tom," said a poor widow to her son as he gave her the article he had been sent for. "Why don't you come straight home, when you know my time's so precious?"

"I did so, mother, until I got to Mr. Gaskill's," he replied; "and then I stayed to have a look through the window for five minutes."

"Only five minutes," replied the widow, "means a great deal when you come to reckon them all up." Tom Prior looked at his mother as if he had not understood her.

"Just look down your side," added the widow, "and then you'll see what I mean."

Tom had his side on his knee in a twinkling. "What am I to put down, mother?"

"Well, begin with five, and then tell me how many more minutes you waste in the course of a day."

Tom wrote the figures, scratched his head and looked into the fire.

"Wouldn't it be too many?" asked his mother. "Tom did not think so."

"Very well," continued Mrs. Prior, "there are three hundred and fifty-five days in a year, and a half an hour for each day gives you a total of one hundred and eighty-two and a half hours, or nearly eight days' time, lost in twelve months."

"Tom Prior put his hand between his lips and began staring at them before him."

"Five minutes you put down two hours for each day instead of thirty minutes," added his mother; "that will show a loss of more than a month in the year."

Tom Prior was a sharp lad, and soon perceived the use of the widow's argument.

"So it does, mother," he said.  
"But when I send you for anything I want, and you stay loitering in the street, my time has to be reckoned up as well as yours, hasn't it?"  
"Of course Tom could not deny that."  
"Then try and remember," said the widow, "what a serious loss even five minutes cost to me. You know, my boy, how very hard I have to work to pay rent, buy bread and keep you at school, so you should endeavor to help rather than hinder your poor mother."  
"I'll run all the way the next time," said Tom.  
"No, no; I don't want you to do that. I only want you to bear in mind that our lives are made up of these same minutes, and that we cannot afford to throw them away just as we please."  
Like a sensible little fellow, Tom Prior took his mother's lesson to heart; and it was a long, long time before he was again heard to use the words, "Only five minutes."

## LITTLE SAVINGS.

"What a nice little penknife," said Charlotte to her friend Hattie, as she watched her sharpening a pencil at recess. "You always have everything handy. I never get money enough to supply myself with these little conveniences, and she slipped a confession into her mouth, as Hattie closed her knife and put it away."

"My knife was a very cheap one, but it answers my purposes well enough. I have very little spending money; but then I try to turn it to the best account I can. I really think, Lottie, you have twice as much money as I in the course of the year."

"Why, Hattie, my father never gives me a dollar at a time, unless it is for some express purpose, like a new hat or dress, and mother has the spending of it."

"I am glad of times, and half-dimes, and pennies even," said Hattie, smiling.  
"A dime wouldn't be much," said Lottie indifferently.  
"But three of them bought my little knife, and two of them and a half-dime bought my little ivory there buttons you admired so much, those with my initials on them. Whenever I want any trifling sort of thing, I just begin and save every penny that comes into my possession till I get it. And I generally succeed! But really and truly, Lottie, I shouldn't have a single thing of the sort if I ate candy the way you do."

"Why, Hattie, you know I spend most trifling sums for these things. I like an orange with my luncheon, or a paper of candies, and father will always give me a bit of change to get it. They don't cost much."

"That is just what I am trying to show you. Come around to my room after school, and I will just show you what my little savings, and some very small earnings on the sewing machine, have bought for me. Then, maybe, you will adopt my plan, too. It will give you ten times the pleasure you get out of your sweets, and be of a lasting sort. The reward of just these little things is often a very great incentive. I know a gentleman who he would pick up a pin if he saw it on Broadway, for he remembered them when he would have given twenty-five cents for one. Convenience before luxuries, was always my mother's motto, and she carries out her principle all through the house. I don't believe any one in town, with as limited means, has a greater number of household conveniences, and she gets them, all she says, by 'little savings.'"

There are some older people who could adopt this young school girl's system with great advantage to themselves and those connected with them.—*Elletts in Early Days.*

THE DIFFERENCE.—A little girl was near the picture of a number of ships when she exclaimed, "See what a flock of ships!" We corrected her saying that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and a flock of sheep was called a flock. And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is master of the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude that a flock of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of purposes is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes called a herd, and a herd of patridges is called a covey, and a covey of hawks is called a galley, and a galaxy of rufians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of respectables is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlemen is called the elite, and a miscellaneous crowd of city folk is called the community or the public.

RULES FOR PARENTS' PARADISE.—We came before a little article the other day, consisting of a copy of rules and regulations, which the writer said he found pinned upon the wall of a room where lived a large family of remarkably well-behaved children. If you think it would be hard to keep up many of them in mind all the time, just think also what a happy place it would be home if you only could. Here they are:

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Never shout, jump, or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons up stairs, or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do, or not to do, a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not of those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the bed and or now off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlor, with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Eat your food fast, and feel confident by your mother.—*Hutchinsell.*

DURABILITY OF TIMBER.—Beneath the foundation of Savoy Place, London, oak, elm, beech and chestnut planks and planks were found in a state of perfect preservation, after having been there for 630 years.

While taking down the old walls of Tunbridge Castle, Kent, there was found in the middle of a thick stone wall, a timber course which had been closed for 700 years.

Some timber of an old bridge was discovered while digging for the foundations of a house at Dutton Park, Windsor, which ancient record incline us to believe were placed there prior to the year 1500.

The durability of timber out of ground is even greater still. The roof of the Basilica of St. Paul, at Rome, was framed in the year 818; and now, after more than 1,000 years, it is still sound, and the original cyprus-wood doors, of the same building, after being in use more than 600 years, were, when replaced by others of brass, perfectly free from rot or decay, the wood retaining its original color.

The timber dome of St. Mark, at Venice, is still good, though more than 800 years old. The roof of the Jacobin Convent, at Paris, which is of fir, was executed more than 400 years ago.

START THE BEST STIMULANT.—The best thing for a man to do when he feels weak to work his way through, is to go to bed and sleep a week if he can. This is the only true preparation of power, the only actual recuperation of brain force. Because, during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, and in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the

son labor, since the very act of thinking consumes, burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or nerve of the splendid steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The place of those which have been consumed in the process of animal action, can only be supplied by the nutritive particles in the blood, which are obtained from the food previously eaten, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, and stillness in sleep. More stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they only goad the brain, force it to a greater exertion of its faculties, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not power enough to swallow any thing, and it is over.—*Watchman.*

## AUTUMN HYMN.

BY PAUL H. HAYES.

Lord! I have reached the Autumn of my years,—  
The Autumn, time of darkness and slow tears;  
How desolate now the pathway that I tread,—  
Its end the silent gardens of the dead!

More dreary day by day the landscape grows;  
And heavier day by day my weight of woes;  
The sunken earth and boundless heaven o'erflooded,  
One rayless cloud enfolds a rayless world!

The flesh is weak; from out the hungry mould,  
Wherein I soon must slumber, breathless, cold,  
Mixed a cold with dews—"Where now thy trust?"  
(Ors a stern voice), "which mocked the grave-yard dust!"

I think I fail! I think me, and without,  
The phantom phantoms page of fear and doubt;  
Vain, tremulous hands are vainly stretched abroad,  
They grasp undraped! where, where are hope, and God!

Forsooth! 'gainst the night mist slowly rise,  
To show the gleam between of pitiful eyes,  
And lovelier for the neighboring cloud-land's town,  
Thy face, dear Christ! is smiling gently down!

And far above thee, thro' the brightening calm,  
Shine the pure thorns of amaranth-blossom, and palm,  
Where glorious light in light now glorious faints  
Round the white brows of angels, and of saints!

—S. Vines.

## USEFUL HINTS.

TEA.—Keep tea in a close chest or canister.  
BREAD.—Keep bread or cake in a tin box or stoneware jar.  
NETTING.—Always grade nettles at the blossom end first.

COFFEE.—Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles.

RED ANTS.—Scatter branches of sweet-fennel where they congregate.

STAIN ON SPOONS.—From boiled egg is removed by rubbing with a little salt.

CHALK-REMARKS.—Chalk-remarks will keep all winter in a fiction of water in a cellar.

TO PRESERVE MILK.—A spoonful of grated horseradish will keep a pint of milk sweet for days.

CORKE.—When corke are too large to go into a bottle, throw them into hot water a few moments, and they will be ready for use.

GIAMBER CURE.—Water and salt used may be preserved pure a long time if put up in casks with the inside charred.

POLISHING.—Flour of emery, which is cheap, and is kept at all drug stores, is excellent for polishing everything, except silver. Keep it in an old pepper box.

SILVER POLISH.—To one quart rain water add two ounces ammonia and three ounces of precipitated chalk. Put into a bottle, keep well corked, and shake before using.

TO CLEAN BRASS KETTLES.—When much discolored, pour with soap and ashes, then put in half pint vinegar and a handful of salt, put on stove, let come to a boil, take cloth, wash thoroughly, and rinse out with water. If using every day, the salt and vinegar and rinsing are sufficient.

The secret of preserving eggs is in excluding the air and sealing the pores of the shell. This may be done by dipping the eggs in molten tallow, and afterward packing them in lard, layer upon layer, covering the uppermost with bran. Or salt may be used instead of lard; or water saturated with lime and salt is also good. An English lady, an experienced poultry-breeder, has preserved eggs in this solution, keeping them for several years, without a single failure.

BAKED APPLES.—This is a very beautiful dish, and may be made a very enticing one. Pare and core large, juicy apples, but do not break them in pieces; fill the centres with sugar, a little lemon juice, and a thin bit of the yellow part of the lemon rind; put a clove in each apple; lay them in a pan with a little water in the bottom; sprinkle sugar on the tops and bake. Remove them often, and when done set away to cool. Put them on ice if you can; the colder they are the better. Whip cream and spread over them thickly; send powdered sugar around with them. If you live in the city center yourself by serving the apples with rich milk and sugar, or a boiled custard may be poured over them.

CLOSETS AND SHELTERS.—If you want to know whether a housekeeper is thorough or not, don't go to the parlor, or the hall, or the vestibule. Ask her back-door or kitchen-closet. If the one be littered about with rags and tatters and loose papers and floor-cloths and brushes, you may know she is not neat. If the other be full of pots and pans thrust in helter-skelter; if the gridiron stands there with the charred fragments of the last leg of mutton clinging to its bars; if there are bottles and jars and crocks all huddled in confusion there in that out-of-sight, out-of-the-way place, you are not a nice housekeeper. Bright is very likely to resent such investigation into these parts of her domain, but the mistress has a perfect right to know all about it, and to insist on order and cleanliness here. If she insists, firmly, but kindly, she can have her own way.

The closet for china, glass-ware, preserves, and everything else, should be clean, dry, kept free from dust, and so arranged that anything wanted could be found in the dark.

## THE BOYS WHO SMOKE.

Smoking is the first step on the wrong road.—*C. O. Carter.*

I never see a young man smoking a cigar but I say to myself: That young man is taking the first step to ruin.—*Adams.*

The master of the Edinburgh Reformatory lately said: "We have eighty boys here. Scarcely one who has not been a smoker or a chewer, and most of them both."

I believe that to one who smokes tobacco before bodily powers are developed, ever makes a strong vigorous man.—*Dr. Ferguson.*

Shut smoking as you would self-destruction. Lured. Dear boys, do not despise these cautions against an evil habit. Parents, insist upon your boys not smoking.

PLASTER PUTS RATS.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer recommends the German plan of dealing with rats, which is safe for the poultry but death to the rodents. Mix calcined plaster such as plasterers use to make "hard finish" on walls one third of the plaster with three parts corn-meal; mix dry, and place where you will keep dry, under stable doors, for instance. The action of the lime, as soon as it comes in contact with the moisture of the rats' excreta, is this: The plaster sets, becomes hard, and death to the rat is the sure result, and should your pigs, cats, or dog eat the rats, no trouble comes, as the plaster is already set. Poultry readily grind it in their crops.

## DR. GRANNING'S Sarsaparilla FOR THE BLOOD.

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SYPHILIS,  
SCROFULA,  
SALT-RHEUM,  
ALL  
SKIN-DISEASES,  
TUMORS,  
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The Autumn, time of darkness and slow tears;  
How desolate now the pathway that I tread,—  
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To show the gleam between of pitiful eyes,  
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## THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG.

Author of "Kathleen," "Bliss Sweet," &c.  
FAVORITE SONGS are a rare volume of over 700 pages, in the best style of the art, on the latest tinted paper, and illustrated with 125 thoroughly selected and engraved, from Original Designs, by the most eminent artists, together with the facsimile of the original autograph copies of 20 famous poets. The illustrations are numerous and exquisitely wrought. What can be more beautiful than the one which reflects the following spot where—  
"Maiden's smile on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadows sweet with hay."

One of these lovely New England landscapes, which the author has succeeded in capturing so beautifully and so artistically in the song it illustrates.  
Compositions, such as these, are the illustrations accompanying the "Songs of the Woods," where the streamlet, dashing beneath the rustic bridge, goes chatting—  
"Over stones way,  
To join the bounding river."

"Till late by Philip's farm it flows,  
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