

Poetry.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter day;
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, unheeded, and amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out."
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.
Lest the carriage wheels of the horse's feet,
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest lad of all the group—
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm,
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother understand,
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

A WORD FOR THE MOTHER.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile;
Sweet childhood will tarry at best but while;
And they will pass from the portals of home,
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.
Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "good-night!"
The mantle of slumber is veiling the light;
And may be—God knows, on this sweet little face,
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.
Yes, say it: "God bless my dear children, I pray!"
It may be the last you will say for aye!
The night may be long ere you see them again;
And motherly children may call you in vain!
Drop sweet benedictions on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite,
The spirit may leap from the moaning to night.
—Living Epistle.

The Fireside.

EMMA'S MITE.

Not the widow's mite, for it was pretty, blooming
Girl of fifteen, who stood upon the doorstep
Holding her favorite Uncle a tearful good-bye.
Between her soft palm and his, he held her right
Hand, lay a new, crisp twenty-dollar greenback,
His parting gift to her.
"Make a good use of it, dear, and don't spend it
for fo-dols," whispered Emma Edward.
"I won't," said Emma, and I thank you very much,
dear," whispered back Emma through her tears.
"I don't need thanks. And now good-bye, dear;
good-bye, good-bye! Be a good girl, and God bless
you!"
Emma Edward ran down the steps, sprang into the
carriage and was gone.
Emma could not keep back a few tears as she
went into the house, for she loved Uncle Edward
best of all her relatives, and he was going away for
a long time.
It was Saturday afternoon—the time for the regu-
lar business meeting of the church of which Emma's
father and mother, her Uncle Edward and herself
were all members.
Her mother was not well enough to go this week,
so Emma dressed to go alone. All the time she
was dressing, and after the last pretty bow and
glow was neatly buttoned, and she was walking
with buoyant step through the shady city street,
her mind was busy, deciding what her Uncle's gift
she should purchase.

"Oh, I've got it! I've got it!" she softly cried
to herself. "I will buy a couple of those lovely,
lovely paintings in Restine's window. I was wish-
ing for them yesterday. That 'Fruit piece' is per-
fectly splendid! Such grapes, plums, berries and
apples I never saw. Even a glass of lemonade,
with a slice of lemon in it. And then such laid,
scapes! That 'Potomac' scene is so quiet and rest-
ful. Why, it would be summer all year round in
room where one or two of them were hanging!
They will be something I can always keep, and I'm
sure Uncle Edward would approve of that use for
the money. For twenty dollars I can get two of
the handsomest, in the most elegant, heavy frames.
And I won't even tell them that they are sent
from me. That'll be a sweet surprise!"
Emma reached the church at the second bell
was ringing, and took her place, as usual, in the
choir, for she was one of the "swee" singers in
Israel."

She tried to compose her thoughts into a mood
befitting God's house, and when Mr. Carson rose
to pray, she could join in his petition with heart-
felt earnestness, and did not (as, alas, so many do)
snicker her Maker with the bowed head and closed
eyes, a semblance of reverence, while her thoughts
were wandering anywhere else in the world.
And when they rose to sing that sweet hymn—
"Jesus paid it all! All the debt I owe,"
As her sweet voice rose in the chorus, her young
heart throbs with love, on the wings of devotion to the
throne of infinite love.

The main subject of business occupying the
minds of the church, this afternoon, was the build-
ing of a new house of worship, which, indeed, was
needed; the present one being an old, dilapidated,
weather-beaten, uncomfortable place, too hot in the
summer, too cold in the winter, and at all times a
blot upon the beautiful city street.
Now, new churches cannot be built without
money, and for this Mr. Carson made a warm ap-
peal. "Much had already been raised," he said;
"the members had done well, but they must try to
do better. The new house was soon to be finished
and ready for dedication, and he was not willing that
before the house was ready to let what was
every one of you have some share in the ownership
of the sanctuary. None of you can tell what ser-
vice ten dollars, or five dollars, or one dollar, or if
you can't afford that, even half a dollar, or if you
—all the debt we owe. Not a part, but all; let us
improve his example and pay off the debt we owe
on this house before we give it to him. I tell you,
brothers, we can't sing that hymn 'under a roof
that isn't paid for.' Come now; we'll make one
more effort. Is there any one who will give more
than he is willing to give, even a little, just let them
arise in their seats, and we will attend to them."

The pastor waited. There was a profound hush.
Nobody moved for a moment. Then a little form
tremblingly rose in the choir seats, and quickly sat
down again.
Mr. Carson went to her at once.
"Ah, Emma, this is right," he said, bending
down to write her name on the card. "How much
shall we set down?"
"Twenty dollars, please," whispered Emma.
"How much?"
Mr. Carson bent lower, thinking he had certainly
misunderstood her.
"Twenty dollars," repeated Emma, with a smile.
Then, seeing Mr. Carson's perplexed look, she
whispered: "It's all right, Mr. Carson. The money
is waiting for you at home."
The minister nodded, and went back to his place,
to announce that one more effort such as they had
made that afternoon would secure the fulfilling of
their hopes.
And Emma thought she had never been so happy
as she was during the remaining moments of that
meeting.
As she walked home Mr. Carson joined her—he
lived directly across the street from her father's
home—and he asked her how she could afford to
give so much.
Emma explained, and then he said warmly:
"Well, Emma, that money is set down for your
account *you* under, and put out to interest for you.
It's a safe investment—you'll more than get it back
some day."
"I don't doubt it," returned Emma. "And I'm
sure Uncle Ed would approve of it, too," she added,
to herself, as Mr. Carson left her.

When she got home, and told her father and
mother what she had done, they did not object at
all. They said very little about it just then, but
the very next Monday, when Emma came in from
an afternoon walk and went up to her own room,
she found, smiling down upon her from the wall,
the lucious fruit-piece with its ruby, gold and pur-
ple globes of juicy richness, and the cool, dewy,
quiet landscape which she had admired and coveted
in Restine's tempting window.
They were framed in handsome frames of ebony
and gilt; and in one corner stood a card, upon
which Emma read these lines:
"For our dear little daughter, from her loving
parents."
So you see the Lord doesn't always wait very
long to pay back what we lend him.

BROOMS AND BEAUX.

BY CHARLES T. PRESTON.

One day while on a visit to one of our smaller
Massachusetts cities, I hailed a horse-car, settled
myself in a corner, and looked out on the shifting
scenes on the streets. Two young men, evidently
book keepers or clerks, followed me in, and took
seats near me. They were friends, it seemed, and
this was their conversation:
"What are you going to take to the 'Walter
Scott Society' this winter, Joseph?" asked the older
and taller of the two.
"I had intended to do myself the honor of in-
viting Miss Nellie Stoughton to go with me, but
yesterday I changed my mind."
"How came that about?"
"Well, then, yesterday a man from the country
drove into town with a load of brooms, which he
hoped to dispose of at the house-furnishing store;
but not finding a market for them, and the roads
being so bad, he determined not to take them home
again. He drew up at the corner carriage near
our store, and commenced selling his stock from
the sleigh about the time people were going for their
two o'clock mail.

"They were good brooms. The price was low,
and they went like the first hot chestnuts of the sea-
son. Quite a crowd gathered around him, and it
seemed that almost every representative of a family
bought one or more. Ever so many women took
one and walked along naturally and independently
with it.

Mr. James, one of the partners of the house
where I am employed, and who is a bachelor, stood
by my side looking out of the window, with a very
evident enjoyment of the scene. All at once he
dug out of the doorway, and as the south wind
blew his gray hair every which way, he ran across
the sidewalk to the car, saying, 'they are dirt
cheap; give me half a dozen.' They were handed
out. He paid for them hastily, and turning round,
gave one to Flynn Biddy, who sweeps the store, two
to Parson Potter and one to an old dame man who
lives with his wife in the alley back of the store.
Just then, Nellie and Jane Stoughton and Kate
Holt came along. Mr. James knows them all well,
and he now greeted them cordially, and in a few of
the pleasant, part words which are always at his
tongue's end, sent a broom to mother Holt, and
one to mother Stoughton. They are both widows,
you know.

"Kate Holt took the one I tendered her, saying,
'I thank you gracefully, but we were just needing a
new broom sadly. Mother will be glad, but I shall
appreciate it more, because you see, I do all the
sweeping; and she tripped gracefully up the street,
carrying the broom as indifferently as if it had been
a silk umbrella or a roll of muslin."
"The Misses Stoughton, however, hesitated about
accepting the gift. Neither of them offered to take
it, but it was held out to Nellie, and she dared
not refuse. Mr. James, who is the superintendent of
her Sabbath-school, by refusing it, she carried it a
little distance, looking exactly as if she had never
seen a broom before, and supposed it to be an in-
signia of dishonor.

"As soon as the two girls turned the corner and
started down Grand Street, I ran around to another
room in the store to look at them. Mr. James, who
had just come in, followed, chuckling after me, and
was reared through the closed shutters to see what
they would do. Nellie had laid the obnoxious article
against a lamp-post, and was determined to leave it
there. But Jane would not allow that, and they
quarreled about it until some people came to see
to whom they made excuses, Jane laughing and nearly
bending herself double, and covering her face with
her hands in a paroxysm of merriment, and Nellie
giggling and holding that 'dreadful broom' gingerly
in her hand.

"After awhile they compromised the matter by
taking arms, taking the despised article between
them, covering the brush with their drapery, and
miming slowly away.
"Little things test the character," chuckled Mr.
James. "The wife of a poor man who has got his
way to make in the world, mustn't be afraid to
hand out a broom."

"Thank you, Mr. James," said I. "All my in-
terest in the Stoughton family has vanished with
that broom handkerchief. I think I will transfer my
attention to Kate Holt."
"Ah!" said my employer, "she's a girl in a
thousand—quiet, intelligent and lady-like. There
she goes now. Put on your hat and walk with her
to the bank; here's a draft to be cashed."

"I obeyed and matters were settled satisfactorily
with Kate as she walked along by my side, broom
in hand."
"Ha! ha!" laughed the tall young man. "I'm
glad that your eyes are opened at last, Joe. I was
afraid you intended to throw yourself away upon
that bundle of afflictions, Nellie Stoughton, and
asked the question I did for the purpose of giving
you advice which I am glad to hear is uncalculated
for one left here. Good morning."

"Good morning," I said with a shake of the hand,
and we parted the car on one side, the other on the
other. But the little narrative was an shining impres-
sion upon my mind.—*N. S. Herald.*

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—In a sketch of the life and
character of the late President Lincoln, the follow-
ing is given as a short account which he was in the
habit of preaching to his children: "Don't drink;
don't smoke; don't gamble; don't lie; don't cheat;
don't swear; don't chew; love your fellow-man; love
truth; love virtue, and be happy."

TIM'S KIT.

It surprised the shiners and newboys around the
post-office the other day to see "Timmy Tim" come
among them in a quiet way, and to hear him say:
"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes,
a half box of blacking, a good stout box, and the
outfit goes for two shillings!"
"Go in away, Tim!" queried one.
"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the
awfullest kind just now!"
"Go in on a scurion?" asked another.
"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he
answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took
the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-
room of a daily paper, and there he found a man,
and said:
"I guess I can write it if you'll give me a pencil."
With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death
notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote
it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:
"Died—Lately of scarlet fever, aged three
years. Funeral to-morrow, gone to Heaven; left
no survivors."
"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.
Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big
tears came, his chin quivered, and he pointed to
the notice on the counter and gasped:
"I—I had to sell my kit to do it, but he had his
arms around my neck when he died!"
He hurried away home, but the news went to the
boys, and they gathered in a group and talked.
Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted
boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box
was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased
in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd
of ragged but big-hearted urchins. Did God ever
make a heart which would not respond if the right
chord was touched?—*Detroit Free Press.*

How to Thrust Brooms.—Brooms are so gener-
ally used and abused that their abuses worn off,
they are soon discarded. When a broom begins to
scurion to wear and tear, place it in a pan of boil-
ing water for a few seconds, shaking it well, and
drying it quickly in the sun or near the fire. If the
bottom edge is wearing unevenly, tie a string
around it until it is dry, and trim off the uneven
edge carefully. Whisk brooms should be treated
in the same way.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.
EDITED BY ELLIOTT, P. O. BOX 3,421, BOSTON, MASS.
Contributions and answers respectfully solicited.
380.—PUZZLE.
Like a sister of mercy at poverty's door,
quietly, silently, kindly, and true,
No ostentation, no love for display,
In silence I quietly come on my way,
To the poor and needy, I bring relief,
A thousand bright gems he takes to his breast,
Maiden's name. Mrs. T. H. T.
381.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
A consonant; a Greek prefix; a humorist; a verb;
a vowel.
Johnston.
382.—DROP LETTER PROVERB.
—o—d—e—l—n—y—h—n—h—p—r—e—
—o—l—
—i—n—t—o—l—l—t—e—
—a—l—l—o—a—i—g—
—n—t—e—y—w—l—t—h—
Smith's Clerk.
383.—HISTORICAL CHARADE.
My first is a man who delivered Israel before
they had a king. My second is a kind of molten
rock. My whole is the name of a battle in
Monmouth.
Ernest W. L.
384.—HIDDEN FEMINE NAMES.
Hand Lamer that book.
John has the best herbium.
GILLEY.
385.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
My 1, 5 is a noun.
My 10, 4, 2 is an adjective.
My 6, 7, 12 is a part of a chain.
My 3, 11, 8 is a weight.
My whole is a New Brunswick family name.
Johnston.

386.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
My first is in sorrow, but not in land;
My second is in sorrow, but not in send;
My third is in sigh, but not in moan;
My fourth is in hope, but not in stay;
My fifth is in sing, but not in stay;
My sixth is in come, but not in go away;
My seventh is in nabob, but not in miser;
My eighth is in foolish, but not in wisest;
My whole is original.
Hampton.

387.—EAST WORD SQUARE.
A boy's nickname; an irregular verb; a beverage.
Wicklow.
388.—PUZZLES.
Place two vowels between 5 and 500 and make
an empty space.
Place 54 between two vowels and form a tree.
Cambridge.
389.—PORTAL PUZZLE.
My first is a noun, my second is a verb, my third
is a noun, my fourth is a verb, my fifth is a noun,
my sixth is a verb, my seventh is a noun, my eighth
is a verb, my ninth is a noun, my tenth is a verb,
my eleventh is a noun, my twelfth is a verb, my
thirteenth is a noun, my fourteenth is a verb, my
fifteenth is a noun, my sixteenth is a verb, my
seventeenth is a noun, my eighteenth is a verb,
my nineteenth is a noun, my twentieth is a verb,
my twenty-first is a noun, my twenty-second is a
verb, my twenty-third is a noun, my twenty-fourth
is a verb, my twenty-fifth is a noun, my twenty-sixth
is a verb, my twenty-seventh is a noun, my twenty-
eighth is a verb, my twenty-ninth is a noun, my
thirtieth is a verb, my thirty-first is a noun, my
thirty-second is a verb, my thirty-third is a noun,
my thirty-fourth is a verb, my thirty-fifth is a noun,
my thirty-sixth is a verb, my thirty-seventh is a noun,
my thirty-eighth is a verb, my thirty-ninth is a noun,
my fortieth is a verb, my forty-first is a noun, my
forty-second is a verb, my forty-third is a noun, my
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forty-sixth is a verb, my forty-seventh is a noun,
my forty-eighth is a verb, my forty-ninth is a noun,
my fiftieth is a verb, my fifty-first is a noun, my
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sixty-eighth is a verb, my sixty-ninth is a noun, my
seventieth is a verb, my seventy-first is a noun, my
seventy-second is a verb, my seventy-third is a noun,
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