

Poetry.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

Up to the solemn and my eyes are turning,
And slow I see the white-winged clouds go by,
For His dear presence my soul is yearning,
Who sometime will appear in yonder sky.
Days still pass and evening's starry banner
Follows after the setting sun;
And yet I sit in vain for the morning,
That all the white-robed, blood washed throng
shall sing.
Mornings come, and on the earth's broad bosom
Soft I see the waving shadows lie;
But I look in vain to see the glory
Christ will throw upon the morning sky.
Earth with funeral drapings lies in sorrow;
Deep the serpent-trail that sin has worn;
Shall we vainly wait the promised morning,
When shall come that light to bosoms torn?
And the deep, the restless ocean boar,
As its tides accustomed reaches span,
Seems to upon the tale of sin's sad story
Shine the morning stars of glory.
Thee and ever, tell of lost dominion,
As thou followest upon the shore,
When the day of peace with weary pinion,
Left bright Eden, to return no more.

Six millenniums, with their changing seasons,
Have slowly wheeled their cycles in the past;
Human souls, although endowed with reason,
Deeper into their lives have cast.

And the earth in sin, and darkness lying,
While her voice of music now is dumb,
Up to heaven still lifts her hands, while crying
For the Lord of mercy soon to come.

Soon will the earth behold his chariot nearing—
God so fulfill his promise in the sky,
Sinner will stand as he was, and fearing,
When he appears upon his flaming sky.

Saints shall dwell with Christ, at peace forever
Their feet shall stand on the new ground,
And all the ties that cruel death has severed
Forevermore shall be united.

Welcome the rest, the light, the joy, the river,
Pleasures shall last through all the years;
Bliss shall be all Christ, the gracious giver,
Joy without end, with free from pains and tears.

Up to the solemn and my eyes are turning,
And slow I see the white-winged clouds go by,
My faith is strong, and my heart is yearning,
For the Lord of mercy soon to come.

ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN.

The darkness fall, the wind is high,
Dense black clouds fill the western sky;
The storm will soon begin;
The thunder rolls, the lightning flash,
The lightning flash, the lightning flash,
Are all the children in?

They are coming to my side;
Their forms are in my arms I hide;
No other arms are near;
The storm may rage with fury wild,
With trusting faith each little child
With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near;
They'll go from this warm shelter here
Out in the world's wild din;
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow;
I'll sit alone and long to know
Are all the children in?

Will they have shelter then secure,
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,
And love is true when friends are near;
Or will they find a broken road,
When strength of heart they so much need,
To help them bear the tide?

God knows it all; his will is best;
I'll shield them now, and yield the rest
To his all-wise and all-wise hand;
Sometimes souls he loves are driven
Nearer the better land.

—Youth's Companion.

The Fireside.

JACK MCCLLOUD.

"There were three boys," said Uncle Peter, "in my school, one winter, that were fun-loving, mischievous, nothing really vicious or ugly in them, yet they made me a great deal of trouble. If I had occasion to mend or make a pen, or a copy or work a difficult sum, there was sure to be a twister, which swelled to a snicker around the room. When I looked up all eyes would either be upon me or the boys, who of themselves never seemed to be at all interested in what I was doing. Matters stood this way some days. I could find nothing special to scold them for, yet I knew they were the cause of the whole disturbance. Something must be done. After one of these periodic snickers one day I went to them, and said, pleasantly:

"Boys, you seem to have a great deal of fun here all to yourselves, which is most too bad, now tell me all what pleasures you do and we will enjoy the laugh together and have done with it. For we are here for something besides laughing. What is it?"

"Oh, nothing," they answered with such grimaces, that, of course, made the whole school laugh. "If it is nothing, then we have had quite enough. You are the oldest in the school, and I had looked to you to help me preserve order. I am sorry to say I am much disappointed. I am satisfied you are the cause of all this confusion in our otherwise pleasant school."

"Now, while I do not intend to cane or flog, I want you to be satisfied that I will not permit anything of this kind longer. Orson Pratt, you try to do better in the future, laying aside this silly waste of time, and help me, by your example."

"Yes, sir," answered the boys, frankly and readily.

"Nathan Hawley, will you be a help instead of a hindrance?"

"Yes, sir," came slowly, as though casting an effort. I expected opposition from this boy and was pleased with my success.

The other boy, Jack McCloud, was the most good-natured in the school. I knew him at home as a pleasant boy. It was with easy assurance I turned to him and asked him a question; to my surprise, he dropped his head and laughing, said:

"I dun—no."

"You don't know," I exclaimed, expressing my astonishment a little sharply. "You know whether you mean to go on annoying me and disturbing the whole school, or whether, like your companions, you are ready to make the same promise, don't you?"

"He-he, I dun—no," he chuckled. I turned away amazed yet determined. I went to the boys several times during the afternoon asking if they were ready to make the promise, always receiving the same answers, "He-he, I dunno."

After the closing exercises of the school I requested Jack McCloud to remain in his seat, which he did in a quiet manner, hands in his pockets, and eyes rolled to the ceiling, that sent the children laughing from his home. When we were alone, I said:

"We will make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and you will understand that, be it a night or a week, you cannot leave this house until you have made up your mind to do differently."

"No answer," but a very significant shake of the head.

"I looked on him for some time, wondering what he was up to. I waited all the while, and he never moved the fire. I waited a short while longer, and he threatened a storm. The wooden shutters

rattled, and the wind whistled wildly around the corners; quaint shadows crept boldly out from the darkness and lengthened on the walls; now and then limbs of the forest trees struck the old school-house spitefully, or dragged their length on the roof as though making an entrance.

"By the way," I remarked, as though to myself, "we may as well have supper we needn't starve." Stopping to the door, I called to come children, still lingering in curiosity, "run home and tell your mother to send supper for two here."

They scampered off well pleased to have something to do.

Jack's face grew longer and longer as the darkness deepened. I began a search from desk to desk, gathering a few stalks of candle left from a recent spelling-school. I laid them in a row upon my desk, continuing my soliloquy:

"That piece may burn an hour, this," measuring and measuring carefully, "an hour and a half,—I don't know, pretty small size may burn a half-hour,—the whole, perhaps, three hours." I heard a faint sigh, then an audible sob. I knew Jack had been looking at me, but as I turned, his head dropped upon his arms, stretched on his desk, in real grief, a pitiable sight in the dim light. Without noticing his dejection, I asked:

"Which would you rather do, Jack, burn these pieces in the forefront of the night, or reserve them to the last? The hours will seem long, I suspect, I do not think we can sleep much."

No answer.

I went to his side laying my hand upon his shoulder, continuing in the same voice, "Or would you rather give me the promise now and go home? Have you made up your mind?"

"Yes, sir," came with a sob.

"You think you will take care in the future to set a good example before the younger ones?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

He shot out of the door on a run. His home was a mile and a half through the woods. I had some misgivings. Not that I had done right, but I was engaged to a pretty cousin of Jack's, and I was not certain how the family would take it. I was soon reassured. His father had started after him, and not getting much satisfaction from the boy at his delay, came on to my boarding place. I explained just how it was.

"You have done a good thing," said the father. "Jack is a good boy, and so good-natured, that somehow when he does do wrong at home he slips out of it."

"So it proved. John McCloud has been a popular and successful minister many years. Only a few months since I met him when he laughingly told the story of that night in the old schoolhouse, adding, seriously, 'It was the turning-point of my life.'—The Interior.

THERE'S DUST ON YOUR GLASSES.

I don't often put on my glasses to examine Katie's work; but one morning not long since I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping. "Did you forget to open the windows when you swept?" I inquired; "this room is very dusty."

"I think it is, but on your eyes, glasses, ma'am," she said, modestly. And sure enough, the eye-glasses were at fault, and not Katie. I rubbed them off and everything looked bright and clean, the carpet like new, and Katie's face said, "I'm glad it was the glasses and not me this time."

"This taught me a good lesson, I said to myself on leaving the room, and one that I shall remember through life."

That evening Katie came to me with a kitchen trouble. The cook had done up and so, and so, and had said so and so. When her story was finished, I said, smiling, "There is dust on your glasses, Katie; rub it off, you will see better." She understood me and left the room.

I told the incident to the children, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other, "Oh, there's dust on your glasses!" Sometimes I am referred to, "Ma'am, Harry has dust on his glasses—can he rub it off?"

When I hear a person, criticizing another, condemning, perhaps, a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person or persons, I think, at once, "There's dust on your glasses; rub it off." The truth is everybody wears very fine glass, only the dust is a little thicker on some than others, and needs harder rubbing to get it off.

I said this to John one day, some little matter coming up that called for the remark. "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then," said he. "There's Mr. Sandoe, and Mrs. Sandoe; so they are always ready to pick at some one, to stir, to hint; I don't know, I don't like them."

"I think my son John has a web bit on his glasses just now," he laughed and asked, "What is a body to do?" "Keep your own web rubbed up and you will not know whether others need it or not," I replied. He replied, I think as a family we are all profiting by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of "There's dust on your glasses."—Maud Manning.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

1. That fish may be sealed much easier by first dipping into boiling water about a minute.

2. That fish may as well be sealed if desired before packing down in salt, though in this case do not seal them.

3. Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

4. That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

5. That milk will curdle now milk; hence in preparing milk porridge, gruel, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

6. That fresh meat after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool air over night.

7. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

8. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, collars, etc.

9. That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid the whitening process by the addition of a little sperm, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

10. That beeswax and salt will make your rusty iron as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the iron is rubbed, then first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

11. That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions, and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bed-bug remedy, and that a coat of white-wash is ditty for the walls of a log house.

12. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water and render them as pliable as new.

13. That kerosene will make tin tea-kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woollen rag with it, and it will also remove stains from and clean varnished furniture.

14. That cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

HEARING FROM WALK.—"No, no, nobody can do that!"

But anybody can do that,—with a microphone. And what a microphone?

Why, it's a machine by which very low sounds, that don't seem to be sounds at all, may be made to grow so loud and clear that you can easily hear them. If any of you come across one of these things, just take it to some quiet room spot, and coax it to let you hear the grass grow.

There's one feature of the microphone that is likely to be troublesome; it makes loud noises sound hundreds of times louder. Something must be done, therefore, to prevent the use of these machines on any F. & F. of July. That would be what nobody could stand, I should think.—St. Nicholas.

MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN.

A FABLE AFTER APOCAL.

A man falling a tree on the bank of a river, by chance let his axe slip from the bottom. It dropped into the water and sank to the bottom. The woodman, distressed at the loss of his tool, he sat down on the bank and grieved bitterly. Mercury appeared, and asked him what was the matter. Having heard the man's story, he dived to the bottom of the river, and bringing up a golden axe, he offered it to him. The woodman refused to take it, saying it was not his. This also the man refused, saying that that, too, was none of his. He dived a third time and brought up the axe that the man had lost. This the poor man took with his great joy and thankfulness. Mercury was so pleased with his honesty that he gave him the other two into the bargain. The woodman told his adventure to his mates, and one of them set off for the river, and let his axe fall in on purpose. He then began to lament his loss, wailed, and howled. Mercury appeared as before, and demanded the cause of his grief. After hearing the man's account, he dived and brought up a golden axe, and asked him if that was his. Transported by the thought of the precious metal, he eagerly answered that it was, and greedily attempted to snatch it. The god, detecting his falsehood and impudence, not only refused to give it to him, but refused to let him have his own. This it is seen that greed punishes itself.—Christian Weekly.

How to REUSE VELVETS.—Velvet, if wet, becomes hard, knotty, and sticky, and to all appearances spoiled, but can be made as good as new, as well as when first taken from the store, if it is made quite damp, wet thoroughly—only not enough to drip, on the wrong side, and then with the assistance of another hand over a very hot iron, but not allowed to touch the iron at all. One should hold the hot iron face upmost, while another holds the damped velvet close to the iron. In a few minutes the "glaze" goes, and the velvet becomes like new, the knots and the water in the water through the tissues of the velvet, forcing the steam out at the upper side, thus separating the small fibres that, having been damped or wet on the surface, flatten down and adhere together in hard bunches. If one should attempt to iron the velvet where it has been wet, it would only flatten these fibres still more and make the surface harder; for this reason it is important that the velvet should not touch the hot iron.

After the velvet assumes its proper appearance it is well to spread it over a skirt board, or table, and brush gently with a soft brush. Be sure that it is thoroughly free from dampness before putting it away in its proper place.

When velvet is crushed by packing or use, hold the parts detached over a basin of hot water—the lining, or wrong side, next the water—and the "pile" will soon rise up and look like new.—Mrs. W. H. Beecher.

A QUESTION WELL PUT.—A valuable friend and able farmer, about the time the temperature reform was beginning to exert helpful influence in the country, said to his new hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you, when I hired you, that I think of trying to do your work this year without rain. How much more must I give you to do without?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it; you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I'll give you a sheep in the fall, if you do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it; you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I'll give you a sheep in the fall, if you do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said, "Father, you give me a sheep if I do without rain, but you don't give me a sheep if I do without rain."

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you do without!"

The youngest son, a stripling, just then said, "Father, you give me a sheep if I do without rain, but you don't give me a sheep if I do without rain."

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also, if you do without."

Presently Chandler speaks again:

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

This was a rouser; he hardly thought of it, but he could give up the "good creature" of his father's appeal was from a source not to be easily disregarded. The result was, the demon was banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.

SEMON BY AN OLD CORNISH CORBLER.—"He first findeth his own brother Simon." Now, I am sure that "a good plan to go looking after one's own." Every soul in the world do belong to one Lord. He made 'em, every one, and he bought 'em, every one, and the debt is a debt. They're his every way; and the debt is a debt. I've often thought what a poor master the devil's servants have got. Why, when he came up to tempt our mother Eve in Paradise, he hadn't got any bit of a thing to bribe her with, an' all he could do was to tempt her to steal her Master's apple. He haven't got anything at all of his own.

And here didn't say, "I'll try to do the good I can," and then do nothing because he couldn't find any to do; but he says, "There's Simon, I'll go and catch him. That's the way, pick out one soul and set your heart 'pon it; get to pray for that one, and go on trying 'till you've got it; and then try for another. We might do a great deal 'o good in the world, if we didn't try to do so much. Two heard folks a singin', and meaning it, too—

"Where the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small."

An because the realm of nature wasn't theirs, they didn't give anything at all.—Daniel Quorn.

RULES FOR SPOILING A CHILD.

1. Begin young by giving him whatever he craves for.

2. Talk freely before the child about his smartness as an incomparable.

3. Tell him he is too much for you, that you can do nothing with him.

4. Have divided counsels as between father and mother.

5. Let him learn to regard his father as a creature of unlimited power, capricious and tyrannical, or a mere whipping-machine.

6. Let him learn (from his father's example), to despise his mother.

7. Do not know or care who his companions may be.

8. Let him read whatever he likes.

9. Let the child, whether boy or girl, rove the streets in the evenings—a good school for both sexes.

10. Devote yourself to making money, remembering always that wealth is a better legacy for your child than principles in the heart and habits in the life; and let him have plenty of money to spend.

11. Be not with him in hours of recreation.

12. Strain out a grain and swallow a camel; chastise severely for a fable, and laugh at a vice.

13. Let him run about from church to church. Ecclesiasticism in religion is the order of the day.

14. Whatever burdens of virtuous requirements you lay on his shoulders, touch not one with one of your fingers. Preach good and practice irreconcilable wickedness.

These rules are not untried. Many parents have proved them, with substantial uniformity of result. If a faithful observance of them does not spoil your child, you will at least have the comfortable reflection that you have done what you could.

A house left uncovered when not in exercise will soon grow a heavy coat of coarse hair. This becomes a hindrance to rapid motion, and should be prevented by judicious blotting.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP.

T. B. BARKER & SONS, have just received—50 cases FELLOWS' SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES. For sale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, 30 and 37 King Street.

SCOTCH WINDOW HOLLANDS! WHITE, 18, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000, 1002, 1004, 1006, 1008, 1010, 1012, 1014, 1016, 1018, 1020, 1022, 1024, 1026, 1028, 1030, 1032, 1034, 1036, 1038, 1040, 1042, 1044, 1046, 1048, 1050, 1052, 1054, 1056, 1058, 1060, 1062, 1064, 1066, 1068, 1070, 1072, 1074, 1076, 1078, 1080, 1082, 1084, 1086, 1088, 1090, 1092, 1094, 1096, 1098, 1100, 1102, 1104, 1106, 1108, 1110, 1112, 1114, 1116, 1118, 1120, 1122, 1124, 1126, 1128, 1130, 1132, 1134, 1136, 1138, 1140, 1142, 1144, 1146, 1148, 1150, 1152, 1154, 1156, 1158, 1160, 1162, 1164, 1166, 1168, 1170, 1172, 1174, 1176, 1178, 1180, 1182, 1184, 1