

## Poetry.

## "NOBODY'S CHILD."

Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,  
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,  
All day long I have wandered to and fro,  
Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to go;  
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,  
And the chill steel beating upon my bare head.  
Oh! why does the cold wind blow on me so wild?  
Is it because I am nobody's child?

Just over the way there is a flood of light,  
Beautiful children in robes so fair,  
And caroling songs in their raptures there.  
I wonder if in their blissful glow  
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,  
Wandering alone in the merciless street,  
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat!

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down,  
In its terrible blackness all over the town?  
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,  
On the cold, hard pavement, alone to die,  
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,  
And their mamma has tucked them out snugly in bed?

For no dear mamma on me ever smiled,  
Why is it, I wonder, no nobody's child?  
No father, no mother, no sister, no one  
In all the world loves me, even the little dogs run  
When I wander too near; 'tis wondrous to see  
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!

Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes when I lie  
Gazing far up in the deep, blue sky,  
Watching for hours some large, bright star,  
I fancy the beautiful angels are near.

And a host of white-robed nameless things,  
Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings,  
A hand that is strangely soft and fair,  
Carresses gently my tangled hair,  
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird—  
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—  
Calls me many a dear pet name,  
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame.

They told me of such unbounded love,  
And bid me come to their home above;  
And then with such pitiful, sad surprise,  
They look at me with their sweet, tender eyes,  
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night;  
I am going up to that world of light;  
And away from the hunger and storm so wild,  
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

## The Fireside.

## GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE BOYS.

"Do not hasten," said Mrs. Rivers to her friends, a visit and Mrs. Clifford, as they rose to leave, and judge of an hour or evening. "I want to take Mrs. Clifford up stairs to see what I have been doing to-day. I have just been putting the finishing touches to my boy's room, and I feel quite proud of my achievements."

"Your boy's room! What, Harry's?" said Mrs. Clifford. "You are certainly one of the very few mothers that spend any time on their boys' rooms, and I fear your labor will not be appreciated. Why, I don't believe my boys know what is in their room, and they also everything else, that I should never think of taking any trouble or making any outlay for them. I used to keep worrying over them, and making myself miserable because they would not be neat and careful, but of late I've settled down to the inevitable, and have made up my mind that they would be rough anyway, and it was of no use to try to make them different. People often speak of your Harry as looking so neat, and appearing so gentlemanly, but he is certainly an exception to most boys," said Mrs. Clifford.

As they went up the stairs, Mrs. Rivers answered, "I don't know about your theory, Mrs. Clifford; my experience does not agree at all with yours, at least in the matter of feeling that boys must inevitably be rough, for Harry was not inclined to be any better than the majority of boys." Here they reached the end of the hall, and Mrs. Rivers stepped forward, and as she lit two jets of gas, Mrs. Clifford exclaimed: "How lovely, lovely this room is, and you have done this for Harry! I'm sure I hope he will appreciate it, for I see at a glance that you have expended time and taste and money on it."

"Not so much money," said Mrs. Rivers. "Nearly everything in the ornamental way is inexpensive. Now that chair you are sitting on was made from a barrel, and the chair I covered it with was an old dress I had a great many years ago, so that cost me really nothing but the making; and these unbleached curtains are very simply made, and of small expense; the red stripes were but fifty cents I think, and Harry made the cornices for me, and helped me cover them. These little brackets and slipper-pockets and brush-case I have embroidered evenings while Mr. Rivers read aloud to me, so that I hardly missed the time I have taken for them."

"But these shelves," she continued, as she moved aside a beautiful wrought-iron chair, "are Harry's special delight. He is quite a good geologist, and very fond of collecting specimens, and some of his uncles who live in California, who know of his taste for such things, send him these crystals and quartz and copper gems, while other friends who have been in Europe, have brought him relics from many historical places there, so that he has had for some time quite a large box of valuables, as he calls them, and has been wanting a handsome incense case for them; but I did not feel that we could afford to get him one just now, so I induced him to make three walnut shelves, and I embroidered this sliding curtain, which is quite effective, but very simple, to shield them from the dust, and he was delighted with it. I think, myself, it is far prettier, and furnishes the room more than a case with the glass doors would. The books he has gathered gradually; many of them are Christmas presents, and this French table-cover an aunt of his gave him. He takes real solid comfort here, and I can see that he enjoys having so many pretty things of his own. The chair and bracket I have just finished to-day, but the other things have been here for some months."

"Now, how long will this room look as it does to-day?" said Mrs. Clifford. "Harry will not keep things in order, will he?"

"Indeed he will," said Mrs. Rivers. "I would like to have you see his bureau," then opening the drawers, which were in perfect order, she remarked: "Harry could lay his hand on any article in his room in the dark, and he never leaves his bureau or anything he has been using about the room. His clothes are hung in his closet, and for years he has been so in the habit of being orderly that it is second nature to him now."

"I don't know what my boys would say if they should see this room," said Mrs. Clifford. "Their room looks like pandemonium all the time. I would not dare show a friend into it after they have gone out for an evening. Their muddy shoes would be in the centre of the floor; a wet towel and whisk-broom on the bed; their shaving material all over the bureau; every drawer open, and neckties, shirts, and socks, and handkerchiefs and papers hanging in sleeves, strings, suspenders and papers hanging in anything but an artistic way out of them, while clothes would be slung about on the chairs in a reckless style, and the closet doors standing wide open, exhibiting a most forlorn prospect. But I have reached that point that I don't speak of it any more, but just go on and pass along. Of course it has discouraged me from trying to have anything nice, and with such boys it is no wonder that we all say, 'That's good enough for the boys—anything is good enough for them.'"

"But did you ever think," said Mrs. Rivers, "that perhaps the thought that they felt that you acted from the feeling that anything was good enough for them, had made them more careless and heedless than they otherwise would have been?"

1. Early inculcate frankness, candor, generosity, magnanimity, patriotism and self-denial.  
2. The knowledge and fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.  
3. Never mortify the feelings of your child by upbraiding it with dullness, neither inspire it with self-conceit.

"All Members have not the same Office." Rom. xii. 4.

BY EVA TRAVIS.  
I could not do the work the reapers did,  
Or bind the golden sheaves that thickly fell,  
But I could follow by the Master's side  
And watch the mowed field I loved so well.  
Right in my path lay many a ripened ear,  
Which I would stoop and gather joyfully;  
I did not know the Master's will was there—  
"Handfuls of purpose" that he left for me.

I could not cast the heavy farmer's net;  
I had not strength or wisdom for the task;  
So on the sunlit hill, with spray drops wet,  
I sat, and earnest prayers rose thick and fast.  
I pleaded for the Master's blessing here,  
My brethren toiled upon the world-wide sea,  
Or over that I knew his smile so fair  
Came shedding all its radiance on me.

I could not join the glorious soldier band;  
I never heard the ringing battle-cry;  
The work allotted by the Master's hand  
Kept me at home, while others went to die.  
And yet when victory crowned the struggles long,  
And spoils were homeward brought both rich and poor,  
He let me help to chant the triumph song,  
And bade me in the gold and jewels share.

Oh, Master, dear! the tiniest work for Thee  
Finds response beyond the highest thought;  
And feeble hands that worked but tremblingly  
The richest colors in the fabric wrought.  
We are content to take what Thou shalt give,  
To work or suffer as thy choice shall be:  
Forsaking what thy wisdom bids us leave,  
Glad in the thought that we are pleasing Thee!

## HOME HINTS.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Select small ones, remove with a knife all of the outer skins, so that each will be white and clean; drop into brine strong enough to float an egg, and let remain there six hours. Bring strong vinegar to a boil; add lots of horseradish and cinnamon bark; with a few cloves and two or three red peppers, and pour hot over the onions, previously drained from the brine.

CAMPION OINTMENT.—This is the best ointment for sore eyelids, nostrils, and many other uses. It removes inflammation, and is very healing. Thanks to the kind help of my sensitive mother, I have used it for a long time. One half ounce each of white camphor, best sweet oil, spermaceti, and small quantity (few drops) of glycerine.

Put all but glycerine into a porcelain cup, and set on stove, not on the front but back part of stove, where it will not burn; stir frequently until dissolved, then add the glycerine, and put in an ointment cup with closed top.

POTATO SALAD.—Mrs. A. C. R. sends the M. Advertiser this recipe. Put 16 large Irish potatoes on to boil in salt and water. Slice 4 small onions and slice nicely. Make a dressing of 4 eggs, 1 pint of vinegar, 1 cup of drawn butter, 5 teaspoonsful of mixed mustard, 6 or 8 tablespoonsful of olive oil; plenty of salt, red and black pepper. Mix the 4 yolks and the mustard together, add the salt and pepper; then the drawn butter; then the vinegar, and lastly the oil. When the potatoes are ready, slice them in a shallow dish, alternately with the onions. Pour the dressing well over the potatoes and mix warm, and taste well. Garnish the dish with parsley, celery tops, or any other greens. It can be prepared on Saturday for Sunday's lunch, and set away in the cellar or pantry. But be sure to turn a tin pan or wooden bowl over it if you have not a large dish cover.

GRATITUDE OF AN ELEPHANT.—A story comes from Feuchery, England, where a menagerie has been paying a visit, which illustrates the well-known character of the elephant for humane feelings in a remarkable degree. Among the elephants was a very fine female elephant, called "Lizzie," which was attacked with a violent fit of colic, and suffered intensely. A local chemist, whose success as an animal doctor is well-known, treated "Lizzie" and saved the animal's life. On the procession passing the chemist's shop recently the elephant immediately recognized her benefactor, who was standing at the door of the shop, and going to him, gracefully placed her trunk in his hand. The chemist visited the exhibition at night, and met with an unexpected reception from his former patient. Gently seizing the "doctor" with her trunk, the elephant circled him with it, to the terror of the audience, who expected to see him crushed to death; but "Lizzie" had no such intention, and after having thus demonstrated her gratitude by acts more eloquent than words, she released the doctor from her embrace and proceeded with her appointed task. The elephant seems to possess a holier sense of gratitude than some people do.

STICK TO THE FARM, BOYS.—At a time when there are ten men in waiting for every business opportunity that the cities afford, farmers' boys who are contented with their lot, and who have a chance for the future in the country, have a better chance than those who are rather than well as the army of the unemployed in the cities. The cities would run to waste but for fresh blood and energy which so constantly come into them from the country, but it is also true that where one man makes a fortune large numbers fail to get even a foothold. In very many respects life in the country is sweeter, purer, healthier, better, and in every way more desirable than life in the town. Notwithstanding this it is so universally admitted to be true, the farmers' boys who become dissatisfied with the farm, perhaps because their work is not made so pleasant and profitable to them as it might be, will not readily believe it. They do not show their faith by their works.—New England Homestead.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.—As a wife and mother she can make or mar the fortune and happiness of her husband and children. By her thrift, prudence, and good management, she can secure to her partner and herself a competency in old age. By her tender love she can often restore him to good health. By her counsel and her love she can win him from bad company. She can do as much as a man, perhaps even more, to do good. If she chooses to do. As a wife she can ruin her husband by extravagance and folly; by want of affection she can make an outcast of a man who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring bickering and strife into what has been a happy household. She can become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good. As a mother her words and her ways should be kind, loving and good. If she reproves, her language should be choice and refined. The true mother rules by the laws of kindness; and to children the word "mother" is synonymous with everything pure, sweet and beautiful.

THE POPULATION OF THE EARTH.—The fifth publication of Rev. Walter's well-known "Population of the Earth," makes the number of the earth's human inhabitants for the current year 1,349,145,000, an increase of fifteen millions over the estimate of last year. The increase is attributed partly to natural growth, partly to immigration, and partly to recent conquests. The distribution of the population among the great geographical divisions is as follows: Europe, 312,368,480; Asia, 281,000,000; Africa, 205,219,500; Australia and Polynesia, 4,411,300; America, 86,216,000.

It did not pay to take advantage of another's necessities. It is done, however, constantly, and it does not pay to be so. You may buy things for less than they are worth for some time, but the balance has got to be paid in the end.

First give yourself, then your child, to God. It is but giving him his own. Not to do it, is robbing God.

Always prefer virtue to wealth—the honor that comes from God to the honor that comes from man. Do this for yourself. Do it for your child. Let your child know how to raise your child in a high standard. Do not sink into childlike selfishness.

Give no heedless commands; but when you command, require prompt obedience.

Never induce a child in cruelty, even to an insect.

Cultivate a sympathy with your child in all his joys and sorrows.

Be sure that you never correct a child until you know that he deserves correction. Hear its story first, and fully.

Never allow your child to whine and fret, or to bear grudges.

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