

## Poetry.

## SINGING IN THE RAIN.

BY JANE M. READ.

Out in the rain, the dripping rain,  
A little robin sings  
A song of love, a sweet refrain,  
As to the twig he clings.  
He sings, "good-night, I go to rest,  
Good-night, good-night, I seek my nest,  
Secure I sleep,  
In darkness deep,  
My wing above my crest,"  
Out in the storm of care and pain,  
My heart, O Father, sighs,  
A pleading song, a sweet refrain,  
And peace and trust it brings.  
I sing, O Lord, I seek thy breast,  
On thy sure promises I rest;  
Thy power can keep,  
In darkness deep,  
And make that darkness blest.  
Still River, Mass.

## WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE AT SCHOOL.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

How quiet and lonely the home always seems  
When the little ones are all away!  
When no longer I hear to light, echoing steps,  
Or child-laughter and frolicsome play!  
When the toys and the music are all laid aside,  
When the chairs all orderly stand,  
When no sweet dewy lip is upraised for a kiss,  
And I clasp no warm dimpled hand!  
The hands on the clock move so slowly around  
I think they must strangely go wrong;  
Yet I glance at the sun but find its bright disk  
Just as slowly goes creeping along!  
And I wonder if all the lone mothers who wait  
In their homes, so shady and cool,  
Find the ceaseless hours so long and so drear  
When the little ones are all at school.  
The birds gaily sing, but there's never a song  
So pure as a dear baby's voice;  
The sweet flowers bloom, but the fair human  
flowers  
Are the crowns that make my heart rejoice;  
And life's burdens are light as the soft thistle-down;  
And its cares—I scarce know what forms  
When I glance at the straight, manly features of my  
boys,  
Or hear their shouts ringing afar.  
Ah! the years that are gliding so slowly away  
Will rob me of childhood's pure joys,  
When sober women and vigorous men  
Take the place of my girls and boys!  
And those days may move longer and lonelier still;  
For I know now how long I must wait  
For the echoing feet and the holiday hours,  
And the welcome clasp of the gate.  
And when, one by one, they leave the old home,  
In life's warfare to take each a place,  
Ah! how I shall miss each dear, loving voice,  
And the smile of each smiling face!  
And perchance I shall think life was sweetest  
and best  
When they followed the time-honored rule,  
Even though, day by day, I now dearly say,  
"The children are all gone to school."

## The Fireside.

## JUST ONE GLASS, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MRS. C. A. STYVERSTER.

I heard a boy say the other day that he didn't believe there was any harm in just one glass of beer or cider, or even something stronger! Not he! But I do, you see, and so I told him, with my reasons for my opinion. I might have told him a little story, which I have told before, and which has some bearing on this subject. I will tell it to you, boys, and if you think it slightly fictional, I can only say that truth is often stranger than fiction, and that at the bottom of nearly all the tragedies of real life, is wine, or beer, or cider, or some other intoxicating liquor of their class.  
I see, as plainly as if I saw it only yesterday, a pleasant country road, winding in an outwinding of the hills and valleys with the pale winter sunshine lying over all. Two boys walk slowly along the road, talking in boyish fashion, but one with a sullen and scowling brow, the other with a perplexed and sorrowful look that said sadly enough upon his fresh innocent face.  
Will Osborne and Charlie Jones were school-mates and cousins and firm friends, though as unlike as possible. Will was all energy and patient perseverance, and gentle and loving as a girl. Charlie was sensitive, and easily discouraged, fond of fun and frolic; and I am sorry to say he was the kind of "fun" which ends in disgrace and sorrow; and more than once Will had helped him out of boyish scrapes. Then poor, penitent Charlie would try to be a little more sober and steady, but it would not last very long before there would be trouble again, for their teacher had no patience with idleness or stupidity or nonsense.  
The boys had been into town, and having finished their errands, were retracing their steps homeward. But how different the way seemed! They were deaf and blind to all the pleasant sights and sounds which in the morning made life seem so beautiful to them. But a very little while had happened. Had any harm been done? Ah, he shall see! The fact was that Will had seen his cousin go to a saloon, where they had been for hidden to go, by their parents and teacher. That was not the worst of it, either. For, stepping upon the stairs to call to him that he was waiting, Will saw Charlie drinking something from a glass. He started as if he had been caught in a very mean thing, as indeed he had, and followed Will up the stairs with a scowling face. They talked a little, as I said, in boyish fashion, but Will was ill at ease. He was wratched at the discovery he had made; he knew if he said anything to Charlie he would be angry, and if he did not say anything about it, he would not be doing his duty. Oh, that word duty! I am sure that word had led our brave Will up to the cannon's mouth, as it has many another. So he said, gently,  
"Oh, Charlie! I am so sorry you went into that dirty place! And you were drinking something, too! Oh, Charlie-boy, how could you?"  
"Says I," said Charlie, "and that's for I saw you are coming to see me!"  
He was in a towering passion when he saw his cousin looking calmly at him, very much as one would regard a small puppy yelping at his heels, he grasped Will by the collar, and shook him violently.  
"I'd like to knock you down, you are—"  
Will shook him off before he finished the sentence, saying, calmly,  
"Charlie, you know I would not fight with you, any way! And you are not yourself, Charlie! I'd forgive you anything!"  
"Sure enough! He was not himself. The strong beer had driven him nearly frantic. Only one glass! Was any harm done? He raised his clenched fist, and with angry, profane words, approached his cousin.  
"Why don't you say I'm drunk? That's what you mean!" and now after blow fall upon poor Will, who stood his ground bravely, but would not fight. There was something so dreadful to him in Charlie's scowling face and glaring eyes that he was very pale as he said,  
"Charlie, I will not fight with you if I can help it! But be sure I shall give you, if I fall at all! Oh, what did he give you in that dreadful place? I wish you had not gone."  
"It is none of your business. I will knock you

down!" and with the fury of a wild beast he rushed upon his cousin again.  
Will parried the blow and stood his ground again, but somehow, he made a false step, and was dashed to the ground. The dear, curly head fell upon a sharp rock with a dull, heavy sound. A slight shiver ran over the little, boyish limbs. Then one long, quivering sigh, and the angel of Death bent down and lifted one of earth's gentlest spirits to the Saviour's bosom.  
Charlie was arrested for manslaughter, pleaded guilty, his only defence being, "I had drunk one glass of strong beer at Phil Rich's saloon. Ask him about it. I didn't know what I was doing. Oh, he was my dearest friend! I loved him. It was the glass of strong beer did it!"  
No harm in a glass of beer, boys! Go to the prison where the wretched boy is serving out his sentence, and let his haggard, despairing face answer you! Oh, my dear boys, don't you put an enemy into your mouths that will steal away your brains! Don't have anything to do with these miserable drinks! Don't touch, or even taste, or handle them! "For at the last!"—it is not sooner—they will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

## PAT O'BRIEN'S DOG.

BY JONIE KEEN.

"There, boys, stop that, I say!" and Will Carlton, hastily handing a pile of school-books to a lad standing near him, ran as fast as possible to overtake some boys who were surrounding a dog to fasten something to his tail.  
"And what right have you to stop our fun, I should like to know!"  
"The answer to that, my boy, is that you would have to stop cruelly toward a poor dumb beast!"  
"Who's going to hurt the dog, I'd like to know?" exclaimed another rude boy.  
"That's so; we merely mean to set him off on his travels with his trunk behind him," added a third, with a coarse laugh which all joined.  
But Will Carlton, nothing daunted by their scowling looks for meddling, as they called it, with their rights, bravely bounded in their midst, caught up a vacant lot, and released the dog before they had time to severely know what he was doing. But as the dog, with a joyous bark, escaped from them, their anger was rebuffed, and turning round defiantly towards Will, their fists were doubled up as though ready for a fight.  
"Six to one," said Will, drawing himself up proudly and facing the angry boys, "then added, with a scornful curve of the lip, "I might expect just such conduct from boys who would fasten a tin can to a poor dog's tail!"  
One and another dropped his doubled-up fist down by his side and seemed cowed by Will's fearless manner.  
"I'll tell you what, boys, it's down-right mean-spirited to frighten a dogtail to death by such a trick. How any of you can find sport in it is more than I can tell!"  
"It's only Pat O'Brien's old cur," said George Drake, the bully among them. "He is on one of his sprees, and we meant to let the howling dog give him a scare."  
"Yes, and frighten him out of his senses, or worse!" added Tom Brown. "So, you see, we have stopped our doing good."

"Doing good!" And again their came that scornful curve of the lip which cowed and shamed the boys. "Taking advantage of Pat's condition to get what you call fun out of his poor, half-starved dog! You have not half the kindness of heart or measure of pity that that dog has!"  
"What do you mean by saying such things to us, Will Carlton? Though you do set yourself up as one of the big boys, you've no right to come in our midst to stop our sport!"  
"I've the right of every brave man and boy in this free country to stop cruelty toward dumb animals, whenever or wherever seen, and that is why I am in your midst now!"  
"Will's made a speech," called out one who had taken little part in that rude sport and still ruler of defiance of the boys. "Let's put him up on this stump and call for more!"  
"Agreed!" shouted all; and with their minds somewhat diverted, the scowling looks disappeared. So Will, deciding to humor them, allowed himself to be led to the stump.  
"You admit, boys, that Pat O'Brien, our janitor, is up-on one of his sprees; therefore he is unable to defend his rights. Isn't that a cowardly way of taking advantage of him and his dog—a dumb beast who cannot tell you of the torture he would endure with a tin can tied to his tail, to say nothing of the mortification to him of such a proceeding, especially on encountering others of his kind? Why, it is their tail that is the most expressive part of them. They wag it when happy, and let it sink down between their legs when they are ashamed of anything. Seems to me some of you are in need of such looking appendage at this very moment!"  
One and another looked first angry, then the corners of their mouths puckered with a smile, and finally their came a hearty, approving laughter from them all.  
"It is neither kind nor Christian," added Will Carlton, "to hurt or tease a poor dumb beast. And, boys, it is enough to draw tears to one's eyes to see that poor creature's faithful watch over his master. I've seen him tug at his tail to raise him up out of the gutter, and actually push him with all his strength away from some dangerous place. Then sitting off, so, unobscuredly with his jaws, down by his fallen master to watch over him. How often, or how many hours at a time he has done so, and in a half-starved condition himself, nobody knows. And then such pitiful looks as he has given to those passing by! I tell you what, it makes a body feel that such faithful creatures must have hearts and minds, if they have not souls."

A grover look came over the faces of the boys as they surrounded Will, and it was evident to them that their feelings had been roused, so he simply added:  
"Boys, let's follow that noble dog's example, and see what we can do toward helping Pat and his dog, and keeping him steady upon them, instead of teasing his dog and making him angry. There will be more fun, or real heartfelt pleasure at least, in doing so."

The feelings of the boys were completely changed. Strayed by Will Carlton's leave defense of the dog, they gave him three hearty cheers as he stepped off the stump. And then and there they resolved never again to show cruelty toward poor defenceless, dumb creatures.

## OUR BABY.

I never could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry and pull hair and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and it can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going about the baby and saying "ain't it perfectly sweet?"  
The worst thing about a baby is that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterward. Folks say, "Here, Jimmy! just hold the baby a minute, that's a good boy!" and then as soon as you have got it they say, "Don't do that! my goodness gracious, the boy will kill the child! hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch!" It is pretty hard to do that, but what did they care? They didn't want to go to it, but it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little

while, and if the baby waked up I was to play with it and keep it from crying, and he sure you don't let it swallow any pins." Of course, I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out, so I left it just for a few minutes while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back up the stairs again, the baby was awake and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish with a sponge in it on the end of a wire that Sue uses to black her shoes, because girls are too lazy to use the regular blacking-brush.

The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read the *Young People*. The next time I look at him he'd got out on the sponge and about half his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came home she would say the baby was spoiled and I had done it. Now I think an all-black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all-white baby, and when I saw the baby was part black I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than ever it had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so good pleased. So I hurried up and gave it a good coat of black. You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried just as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get the baby dressed again when mother and Sue came in.

I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain and an unnatural son it will rankle in your heart for years. After what they said to me I didn't even seem to mind about father, but went up stairs with him almost as if I was going to church or something like that. The next morning the baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctor says it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and it tells you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think that it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world. "Jimmy Brown," in *Harper's Young People*.

## SOWING AND REAPING.

Every one is sowing, both by word and deed. All mankind are growing, either wheat or weed; Thoughtless ones are throwing any sort of seed.

Serious ones are seeking seed already sown. Many eyes are weeping, now the crop is grown. Think upon the reaping—each one reaps his own.

Surely as the sowing shall the harvest be—See what you are throwing over hill or lea, Words and deeds are growing for eternity.

There is one all-knowing looking on always, Fruit to Him is flowing, feeling for the day—Will your heart be bringing in the grand array?

Ye that would be bringing sheaves of golden grain, Mind what you are sowing, both from hand and brain, Then mind glad songs singing, you shall glean great gain.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
My first is in nail, but not in peg;  
My second is in arm, but not in leg;  
My third is in cannon, but not in drum;  
My fourth is in clause, but not in bun;  
My fifth is in deacon, but not in saint;  
My sixth is in oil, likewise in paint;  
My seventh is in us, and in ice;  
My whole is a coming of guests.

REINOLD.  
LETTER CHANGES.  
Change the initial of the pace of a horse and make a bundle; change again and make a part of the body; again and make a carriage; again and make a name; again and make a want; again and make a garment; again and make a small nail.

JERRY.  
CHARADE.  
My first is simple from the cow,  
My second simple from the pan;  
If you will simply join us now,  
You have a simple boy or man.

CURTAINMENTS.  
1. Curtail the name of a state and leave principal.  
2. Curtail to entreat persistently and leave an argument.  
3. Curtail a part of the body and leave to perceive in a certain manner.  
4. Curtail inflection of the voice and leave a weight.  
5. Curtail a word and leave a sailor.  
6. Curtail a word and leave a portion of the face.

DECANTATIONS.  
1. Behold to oscillate and leave a passage.  
2. Behold to strike and leave a personal pronoun.  
3. Behold to improve labor and leave to request.  
4. Behold to stare at and leave a pronoun.  
5. Behold to vibrate and leave part of a bird.  
6. Behold to revolve rapidly and leave a pointed instrument.

OLD SOL.  
ANSWERS TO LAST PUZZLES.  
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Death leaves a shining mark.  
BLANKS.—1. Deign, 2. Pame, 3. 2. Pame, 3. 2. Pame, 4. Dear, 5. 4. Dear, 6. 4. Dear, 7. 4. Dear, 8. 4. Dear, 9. 4. Dear, 10. 4. Dear, 11. 4. Dear, 12. 4. Dear, 13. 4. Dear, 14. 4. Dear, 15. 4. Dear, 16. 4. Dear, 17. 4. Dear, 18. 4. Dear, 19. 4. Dear, 20. 4. Dear, 21. 4. Dear, 22. 4. Dear, 23. 4. Dear, 24. 4. Dear, 25. 4. Dear, 26. 4. Dear, 27. 4. Dear, 28. 4. Dear, 29. 4. Dear, 30. 4. Dear, 31. 4. Dear, 32. 4. Dear, 33. 4. Dear, 34. 4. Dear, 35. 4. Dear, 36. 4. Dear, 37. 4. Dear, 38. 4. Dear, 39. 4. Dear, 40. 4. Dear, 41. 4. Dear, 42. 4. Dear, 43. 4. Dear, 44. 4. Dear, 45. 4. Dear, 46. 4. Dear, 47. 4. Dear, 48. 4. Dear, 49. 4. Dear, 50. 4. Dear, 51. 4. Dear, 52. 4. Dear, 53. 4. Dear, 54. 4. Dear, 55. 4. Dear, 56. 4. Dear, 57. 4. Dear, 58. 4. Dear, 59. 4. Dear, 60. 4. Dear, 61. 4. Dear, 62. 4. Dear, 63. 4. Dear, 64. 4. Dear, 65. 4. Dear, 66. 4. Dear, 67. 4. Dear, 68. 4. Dear, 69. 4. Dear, 70. 4. Dear, 71. 4. Dear, 72. 4. Dear, 73. 4. Dear, 74. 4. Dear, 75. 4. Dear, 76. 4. Dear, 77. 4. 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