

Poetry.

COMFORT ONE ANOTHER.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANFORD.

Comfort one another;
For the heart is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.
There is heavy burden bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
And half hearted that ever we are glad.
Comfort one another;
With the hand close and tender,
And the look of friendly eyes,
Do not wait with gaze unspoken,
While life's daily bread is broken,
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.
Comfort one another;
There are words of music ringing
Down the ages, sweet as singing
Of the happy choir above.
Ransomed saint and mighty angel,
Lift the grand deep-voiced evangel,
Where forever they are praising the Eternal Love.
Comfort one another;
By the hope of him who sought us
In our perils—him who sought us
Paying with his precious blood;
By the faith that will not falter,
Trusting strength that shall not falter,
Leaving on the One Divinely Good.
Comfort one another;
Let the grave-dim light behind you,
While the Spirit's words remind you
Of the way that led to the tomb.
Where no more is pain or parting,
Ever's bliss or tear-dropt starting
But the presence of the Lord, and for all His people room.

The Fireside.

HOW VOSS' BRAVERY WAS TESTED.

A group of young men were strolling one morning late April on the banks of the river Ar, which flows by the old town of Voss, in the district of Brunswick. There was a young man, the son of a farmer, and Fritz Band, the son of a miller, and a dozen others with their sisters and sweethearts.

Band, as usual, was loud-mouthed and voluble. He talked with one eye on the girls to see the effect.

"What do you say to a race, boys? There is John Voss with his big muscles. I can outrun or throw you in five minutes, lead."

Band nodded, threw off his coat, and was beaten in both races and wrestle. He was a big, shaggy fellow, and grew red with anger.

"If you want to look well in Jeanette's eyes," he muttered, "it is Nicholas Voss you should throw, and not me. She thinks more of his finger than of your whole bristly body."

Band was enraged. Everybody saw that plainly. He looked at Jeanette, standing with the other girls, like a modest little rose among flaunting dahlias. Nicholas Voss was playing with his dog on the other side of the field. He was a quiet, under-sized fellow, the son of the schoolmaster.

"Throw Voss! I can do it with one hand. No credit in that. The fellow has no more strength than a girl, poring over his books. I'll put him to a test that'll shame him. Jeanette shall see the stuff the baby is made of. Hey, Voss!" he shouted.

Nicholas came over, smiling, but colored a little as he passed the girls. He was a different, awkward lad, and felt his arms and legs heavy and the way whenever a woman looked at him.

"Come, girls," cried Band. The girls drew nearer, shy but curious.

"Here's a question of courage to be settled. Lead wants me to try a throw with Voss, but it wouldn't be fair, for I could find him with one finger, and blow him over for that matter."

Voss changed color; he played nervously with the dog's collar. He knew that it was true that he could not compete with Band in a trial of strength, but it was hard to be told it; before little Jeanette, too.

"But there's something Voss can do as well as I," said Nicholas eagerly.

"You can swim. Come, jump into the river yonder with me, and see which of us can reach the other shore!"

The girls looked at the river. It was swollen with the spring floods and filled with great lumps of ice which crunched and tore each other as they went rushing by.

"Ah, that would be a brave deed they said, looking anxiously at Band. Jeanette looked, and turned away with a shudder.

"Well, come, Band," said the other lads. "There's no cowardice in Band, that's certain!"

Band took off his woolen jacket and boots, straightening himself and clapping his hands. He was not sorry that the girls should see his broad chest and embroidered braces.

"Come, little ones, off with your coat! You're a famous swimmer—and Jeanette is looking—under his breath with an angry flash in his eye.

Nicholas looked at the lads waiting and at the excited, silly girls, and then at the river. He did not trust himself to look at Jeanette. In summer he had often swum the Ar at this very point. But his lungs were weak. He could not bear the slightest exposure; to plunge into this flood would be certain illness—perhaps death. And for no purpose but to gratify the pride of a vaporing, idle fellow.

"Come, come," cried Band, "Afraid?"

The lads and girls looked at Voss; even Jeanette's eyes were fixed curiously on him.

"I am not going to swim," he said.

"If he had bluffed it out in a strident, jocular voice, he might have carried the day. But he was painfully conscious that all they thought him of was a coward. He was a sensitive lad and it cut him to the quick.

"Afraid," said Band, laughing, insolently.

"Well, Voss, I wanted to do you a good turn, and let the girls see that you, the making of a man in you. But no matter," turning away contemptuously.

"A pity he could not wear gown and a bonnet," he said to Jeanette, loud enough for Voss to hear.

Voss turned away and went hastily down the road. He was bitter and angry, and would not go home to his old father in that mood. He went to the bear pit. Now everybody knows that bears are a sort of sacred animal to the Bernese, and Nicholas, like his neighbors, took a keen delight in watching the great sluggish beast in the pit. But he had no pride in them now; in fact though he loathed the barrier and looked with the crowd, he did not see them at all.

There were many strangers there that day, principally English travellers and Americans. Their children were climbing about the edge of the pit, as no Bernese child would dare to do.

"Take care, youngster!" cried a workmanman. They were there—these English and Americans. An English officer fell in last spring, and though he fought for his life, that fellow killed him!"

"Ach! see his red eyes, the murderer!" cried a woman.

All the people stretched their necks to look where he lay blinking up at them; and a stupid nurse-maid, with a child in her arms, stood on tip-toe to lean further over. There was a push—a scream.

"The child! Ach Gott! it is gone!"

The crowd surged and pressed against the barrier. Voss was almost crushed upon its edge. For a moment there was a silence like death as people looked with straining eyes into the darkness below. Then they saw the little white head close to the wall of the pit. Two of the smaller bears were snuffing it curiously. The monster that had killed

the Englishman was slowly gathering up his forelegs and drawing himself toward it.

There was scarcely any sound in the crowd. Men grew pale and turned away sick. A woman who had never seen the child before, fell in a dead faint on the ground. But its mother stood quite still leaning over the pit, her hands held out to it.

There came a wild cry from the crowd. A man had jumped into the pit. The bear turned, glared at the intruder with sudden fury, and then rushed upon him. He dealt it a blow straight between the eyes; but it fell like a feather on a stone wall.

"He leaps over him!"

"The others are coming on him!"

"Ach, what blows!"

"Well, struck! Again, again!" shouted the Englishman.

"But he can do nothing. He will be torn to pieces."

"Oh, the poor boy!"

"See, the bear has torn his flesh!"

"He has the child! He has the child! A ladder! A ladder!"

But there was no ladder to be found, nor weapons of any kind. The mass of people leaned over, praying, shouting, sobbing while the struggle went on below as silent as death.

The man, bleeding and pale, was pushed to the wall the child lifted high in his arms. The savage brutes surrounded him. There was a trunk of a bear in the center of the pit, placed there for the boys to climb upon. He measured it with his eye, gathered his strength, and then with a mighty bound, he reached it and began to climb. The bears followed to the foot of the trunk.

"A rope! a rope!"

The ropes were brought, and flung towards him.

"He has it! He will tie it about his waist. No, it is the child he ties. He will save it!"

He fastened the child, and watched it swim across in safety. When they threw him the rope again he did not catch it. He was looking at the mother when they put her baby in her arms. When he had taken the rope and tied it about him, a hundred strong hands English, French, Swiss, were ready to help him in. As he swung across the chasm, going half way to the bottom of the pit, the bear caught at him, but he held tight and the animal fell back with a loud cry.

There was great shouting when he stood on the grass in safety; everybody talked at once to his neighbor.

"God be thanked!"

"That is a brave fellow!"

"Who is he?"

"It is John Voss, the schoolmaster's boy."

"Where is he?"

But Nicholas had disappeared in the confusion. Nothing else was talked of the next day in Bern. In the shops and kitchens; at the balls, in the brilliantly-lighted great houses; even in the Government Council, the story was told, and the lad was spoken of with praise and kindness. At the theatre, somebody called for a cheer for him, and the whole house rose with the breaths! Mothers held their babies close to their breasts that night, and with tears prayed God to bless him.

Meanwhile, Nicholas lay in his cot tended by old mother and father. His legs were sorely torn. But he was happy, as he always was, at home.

In the afternoon, a messenger from the Council knocked at the door and left an official document. It was a deed conveying to Nicholas Voss a house and pasture land in the vicinity of the town.

He put it in his father's wrinkled hands.

"Now, father you are sure of a home for you and mother," he said.

He fell asleep soon after that. When he awoke the sun was setting, and alone on the bed, and the happy old people were watching him.

A few days later, his father put a little case in his hands.

"Look at this, my son. Never did I think a lad of mine would reach such high honor."

It was the gold medal of the Humane Society of Switzerland, awarded only to the bravest.

"And here," said his mother, "is a bunch of violets which little Jeanette left for you."

Nicholas eyes shone as he looked at the medal. But the flowers he held to his lips.

WHAT A MOTHER DID.

Some one who had noticed the influence of wives in promoting the good or evil fortunes of their husbands, said: "A man must ask his wife's leave to be rich." We doubt not that a similar observation of the influence of mothers upon their sons would justify the remark: "A man must ask his mother's leave to be great."

Years ago a family of four—a father, a mother and two sons—dwelt in a small house, situated in the roughest locality of the rocky town of Ashford, Conn. The family was very poor.

A few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep and one cow, supported them. The sheep clothed them, and the cow gave milk, and did the work of a horse in ploughing and harrowing. Cornbread, milk, and bean-porridge was their fare.

The father being laid aside by ill-health, the burden of supporting the family rested on the mother. She did her work in the house and helped the boys do theirs on the farm. Once, in the dead of the winter, one of the boys required a new suit of clothes. There was neither money nor wool on hand. The mother sheared the half-grown fleece from the sheep, and in one week the suit was on the boy. The sheep was protected from the cold by a garment made of braided straw.

The family lived four miles from the "meeting-house." Yet every Sabbath the mother and her two sons walked to church. One of the sons became the pastor of the church in Franklin, Conn., and he preached for sixteen years. Two generations went from that church to make the world better.

The other son also became a minister, and then one of the most successful of college presidents. Hundreds of young men were moulded by him.

That heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott. She was the mother of Rev. Samuel Nott, D. D., and of Elihu Nott, D. D., LL. D., President of Union College.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part—there all honor lies!"

But then a man who has and accepts his mother's aid is more likely to "act well" his part than one who has it not, or having, refuses to accept it.

DEVELOPMENT OF STEAM POWER.

A singular calculation has been made by some foreign arithmeticians, of the extent to which steam-power has developed. England, it is said, derives from the employment of her wealth of coal 7,000,000 of horse-power per annum; the United States, 7,500,000; Germany, 4,000,000; France, 3,000,000; Austria, 1,500,000. This is exclusive of locomotive power; and as, in the old and new world, the total number of locomotives exceeds 100,000, which are working on some 22,000 miles of railway, the horse-power is reckoned at 30,000,000. In France the horse-power of the locomotive is 2,388,995; in addition to 8,777 belonging to fixed engines. Steamers, not reckoning the ships of war, employ 173,039 horse-power; industries generally, 484,241. The total horse-power of all the machines and engines worked by steam in the world is estimated at 80,000,000.

Now, each horse is equal to about ten men, so that the steam-power of the globe represents a working force of 800,000,000 men. The population of the globe has been reckoned by German savants at 1,455,925,000, and the number of males between fifteen and sixty-five at about one-third of the population. This, in round numbers, gives the total of men of the working age at 500,000,000. As the steam-engine does the work of about 800,000,000 men, it follows that, since the invention of Watt and Stephenson spread its beneficent influence over all civilized countries, and all the resources of industry have nearly tripled; and this has been accomplished before the steam-engine, as a perfected practical agent, is half a century old.

MARRIED PEOPLE WOULD BE HAPPIER.

If home trials were never told to neighbors. If household expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If both tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each would try to be a support and a comfort to the other.

If each remembered the other was a human being, not a selfish being.

If husbands and wives would take some pleasure as they go along, and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public, and more common manners in private.

If husbands and wives would take some pleasure as they go along, and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake.

If men would remember that a woman can be always smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door-bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend to a sick baby, cut finger of a two-year-old, gather up the playthings of a four-year-old, tie up the head of a six-year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school, say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would be too much to expect from the man who during the day wouldn't let her carry as much as a bushel.

—Saturday Evening Star

THE WRONG CANDEL.

Among many amusing anecdotes of the Russian imperial family, related in the late Karl Bender's memoirs, is the following highly characteristic story of the eccentric Grand Duke Constantine, Czar Alexander's eldest uncle. While residing at Warsaw, Constantine gave a splendid banquet to a number of the great Polish nobles, to each of whom, at the conclusion of the feast, an ordinary tallow candle was served on a plate by the attendant lackeys.

As soon as all his guests were supplied with these peculiarly unappetizing objects, the grand duke, who had given orders that an imitation candle, admirably executed in marzipan, should be placed on his plate, rose from his seat and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, let us eat, to the honor of Russia, the favorite national confection of my country. Look at me. This is the way to do it." So saying, he threw back his head, opened his mouth wide, and inserted therein two inches or so of the dainty in question. As he closed his teeth, however, the expression of his countenance assumed an extraordinary change. One of the noblemen sitting in his immediate vicinity had contrived to substitute his own genuine tallow candle for the marzipan imitation set before the grand duke, who, not choosing to betray himself to his guests, found himself compelled to chew at one end a portion of the good Russian tallow, as an example to all the victims of his detestable jest, none of whom, of course, dared to abstain from doing as the terrible Constantine did. It is needless to say that the dexterous appropriator of the marzipan candle, while devouring that toothsome article with a joyful heart, baffled suspicion by the most hideous violent contortions, expressive of loathing and nausea.—London Telegraph.

THE ACTIVE BOY.—Your little son is perhaps troublesome. He is never quiet, and he constantly demands attention. How shall you abate this nuisance? You may try to destroy his bad habits by scolding him, by rebuking him, by lectures, by punishments. That is one way, but not the best. These bad habits often spring from an instinct of activity—an intense desire to do something—which the Creator has given the child as a means of mental and moral growth. In pulling up the tares, you are in great danger of rooting out the wheat also. If you succeed by force in changing his disagreeable torment of perpetual activity into a dull quiet, you have changed a bright boy into a dull one. A better way than destroying this tendency is to fill it by giving him plenty of occupation of an innocent kind. Give him a heap of sand to dig, blocks of wood to build houses with, a box of tools, and boards to saw. Set him at work, useful or interesting, or at least harmless. He will like all this better than mischief. All his irregular activity was a cry for something to do. Give him that, and you will have no further trouble.

GOOD MORNING.—Don't forget to say "Good morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do you good and do your friends good. There is a kind of inspiration in your "good morning." Heartily spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is so also of kind, heartsome greetings. They cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, somehow make the wheels of life run more smoothly. Be liberal with them, then, and let no morning pass, however dark and gloomy it may be, that you do not help at least to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.—Selected.

PLEASANT EVENING.—Make the evenings pleasant, mothers, if you wish to keep your husbands and children at home. A lively game, an interesting book read aloud, or, in musical families, a new song to be practiced, will furnish pastime that will make an evening pass pleasantly. A little forethought during the day, a little pulling of wires that need not appear, will make the whole thing easy, and different ways and means may be provided for making the evening hours pass pleasantly, dark and gloomy it may be, that you do not help at least to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.—Selected.

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