

Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season.
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair summer could bring.
Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mingles the fair-splending landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes.
The Sun from his cloud-piercing chamber
Smiles soft on a nation so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The flowers, have not passed away.
There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light, azure haze in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there;
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.
These days so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, fearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As at parting we watch a dear friend.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year,
Thou darling, whom nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How faint would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet launds of Nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.
Not alone to the sad fields of Autumn
Dost thou a last brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-wide spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more;
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best—
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

The Fireside.

MISS CHAPIN'S EXPERIMENT.

BY MRS. C. EMMA CHENEY.

"Neneah, are you ready to come out?"
No answer.
"Neneah, Neneah, do you hear?"
A rustling noise as of some one moving about was the only sound.
Sad Miss Chapin turned away from the closed door and returned to her own room.
Here she sat down, and tried to think of some way to soften the girl's heart. Falling to choose any plan, she rose and went slowly to the study; for Mr. Allen was the principal of this school, and here was his presence-chamber.
Once admitted, she said dimly:
"I have come to see you about Neneah. She still refuses to yield, and there is but one penalty left."
"Well, well," Mr. Allen replied, a little impatiently, "I can't see why that should not be resorted to, if she remains surly and disobedient."
"This is her second day of confinement in her own room without communication, and she is as hard as ever," Miss Chapin went on. "If the poor girl were not an Indian, having had no mother's teaching to help her, I should not feel so badly."
"But you would have her obey, surely? I see no way left now, but the 'solitary confinement' with bread-and-water diet and the hard bed—yes, Miss Chapin, that above all," Mr. Allen replied. "Did you ever notice that the Indians are especially fond of a soft bed?"
"Yes. No doubt that is because they have none at all in their wigwags," she answered.
"Bread and water are no more to Neneah's taste than to that of any white girl, I fancy," continued the principal. "And I think a wholesome use of both will be beneficial to Miss Neneah Crow Wing. At all events, we'll try it."
Seeing that all discussion was useless, the teacher again returned to her willful pupil. This time she entered without the permission which she had asked in vain. Seating herself beside the girl, she took one of Neneah's tawny hands in her own, and tried to win her to a right mind by a gentle argument. Now and then the dull red of the Indian girl's cheek grew a shade more bright, but by neither word nor sign did she reply.
After half an hour spent so fruitlessly, Miss Chapin left her. With a light step she hastened once more to the study.

"Mr. Allen, at the risk of being unwelcome, I have to trouble you again upon the same business." The formal bow of one who has already made up his mind, and who is determined to change it, was given. She had silenced a less brave woman; but Miss Chapin began resolutely. "Will you let me try an experiment in Neneah's case?"
Mr. Allen hesitated. "You must not let that girl off so free," he said at length.
"But may I not choose her punishment?"
"Well, if you will really inflict a punishment, — yes, I think I can trust your discretion. Will you tell me what it is?"
"If you insist, certainly; but I would rather not. Will you not wait to the result?"
"I would like to know beforehand."
"Very well, then," and the bright flush rose to Miss Chapin's cheek, but she spoke very quietly. "I am going to bear Neneah's penalty for her."
"You will do no such thing, madam," he exclaimed excitedly. "The person who commits an offense, in this school must bear the consequences."
"That was not our Lord's way in dealing with us," she answered softly. "It surely must be safe to follow his example. I beg you to permit me to stand in this poor girl's place this once," she pleaded. "That nothing else can conquer her, I am sure; this may not, but let me try."
The principal was all out of patience.
"Fiddle-de-dee!" he exclaimed. "Have we returned to the times of knight-errantry?" Then, seeing Miss Chapin's disappointment in her face, he added pleasantly, "But do say you please. Send for me in time to make your visit, however, for you are sure to end your days in the 'dark chamber' if you wait for Neneah's repentance."
Radiant with success, away sped Miss Chapin, straight to the culprit.

"Neneah," she said kindly, "Mr. Allen has sentenced you to the 'dark chamber' until you are willing to do what is right, and you know only too well, poor girl, what that means."
Neneah's face only grew the more dogged.
"I grieve to think of you, dear, shut up in that lonely room so dark and bare, with such a hard bed to lie upon, and only your own naughty heart for company. So I had asked Mr. Allen to forgive you freely, on his part, and I am going to leave you punishment for you."
The girl started and looked at Miss Chapin, then fell into her state of dull indifference again.

"When you wish my forgiveness, Neneah, come to me and I will give it to you. I shall not see you again till you come to seek me."
So saying the teacher closed the door after her, and immediately gave herself up, a prisoner in the "dark chamber."
Neneah could hear the key distinctly, as it turned upon her friend, but she also felt a keen sense of her own freedom.
In her stolid way she tried to enjoy her liberty.

It was Saturday, the day so welcome to teacher and pupil alike, so that in the general bustle of a holiday Miss Chapin was scarcely missed.
The affair was known only to a few, and no explanations were necessary.

Sunday evening found her still a prisoner. That night the chapel was crowded, for a stranger addressed the students, and the singing was especially attractive.

During the services, Mr. Allen received the urgent message that Miss Chapin desired to see him immediately.
She had been conscious for an hour that some one was stealthily moving outside her door, and at last a paper had been thrust under it. She had sent for Mr. Allen to ask that this paper might be examined as soon as possible, as she had no light.

It was from Neneah. In rude, unformed letters the poor child told her she had lain awake all the long night thinking of her teacher, and what she was suffering for her sake. She could bear it no longer, and she humbly begged to be forgiven, promising to be a good girl always.

Even Mr. Allen's heart was touched, and Miss Chapin wept for joy. They went together to Neneah's little room, and found her crying bitterly. She was ashamed of her tears. She repeated her promise of obedience most gladly.

Ignorant and unreasoning, Neneah faithfully kept her word. And in this, as well as in her tender love for her teacher, this Indian girl put many a follower of the blessed Jesus to shame; for we often forget who bore our punishment because he first loved us.

GRANDMOTHER'S PSALM.

A TRUE STORY.

Ethel lived out in the country, just where a broad lane turned off from a dusty road. In the California winter the lane would be green again, but just now, in the hot summer time, the grass on either side of the way was dry and brown.
Behind Ethel's house was a barn, and down the lane a little way was another little house, where Mrs. O'Brien lived with her five children.
One day Ethel went to play in the lane. First she climbed into an empty hay-wagon beside the barn, and had a frolic with the big dog, Bruno. Then she saw a squirrel further down the lane, and ran down near Mrs. O'Brien's house to watch him. Suddenly one of the windows in the house was raised, and Mrs. O'Brien thrust her head out and shouted, "Shure, an' it's blind that ye are, Ethel Perry! Go away wid ye! Don't ye see the small-pox flag?"

"What flag?" asked Ethel, looking around in alarm.

Mrs. O'Brien pointed to the roof, where away a red cloth.

"An' sure, it's my Jimmie what was took with the small-pox yesterday mornin'," she said. "Run home to yer mother, Ethel, darlin', and don't ye be after comin' near this house again, and she slammed down the window, and Ethel ran home as fast as she could."

"O mother," she said, bursting into the kitchen.

"Mrs. O'Brien told me to run home quick. Jimmie's got the small-pox!"

Mrs. Perry turned pale and dropped the plate she was washing.

"The small-pox?" said she. "O, Ethel, have you been to her house?"

"No; only playing in the lane," said Ethel.

"But she called to me out of the window, and told me to run home."

"What shall I do?" cried Mrs. Perry. "Now, just as likely as not, we shall all catch that dreadful disease, and some of us die!"

"Don't worry, daughter," said grandmother, from her seat by the window. "Don't you remember what David said: 'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee? I think that that promise is just as much for us as for David.'"

But Mrs. Perry still looked worried that afternoon, and called in the doctor, and had all the family vaccinated.

Day after day passed, and still the O'Briens were sick, and one after another were all seized upon by the disease. That one day a horse went down the lane, and the Perrys learned that Jimmie O'Brien was dead.

The wind keeps blowing directly from the window towards ours," said Mrs. Perry, as she watched the little funeral procession going by the window.

"I wish that miserable family had never moved into this neighborhood!"

"I wonder," said grandmother, "if the poor creature have enough to eat."

"If they hadn't," said Mrs. Perry, "no one would ever dare to go there with anything."

"Well," said grandma, "it seems as though the neighbors might put things down not far from the house, and call Mrs. O'Brien to come and get them. Anyway, I can't help worrying for fear they haven't enough to eat."

So next day, before Mrs. Perry knew anything about it, grandmother went out into the lane with some bread, and called Mrs. O'Brien to the window.

"Bliss ye for your kind heart," cried Mrs. O'Brien. "Shure its hungry enough we are, an' me wid me two hands so full of work that I can't get time to make bread, let alone havin' no yeast flour."

Grandmother put the bread down in its paper bag outside Mrs. O'Brien's door, and she called her to the window, and got it. Mrs. Perry was much alarmed when she heard what was done, but grandma insisted on repeating her errand of mercy every day or two, for she could not bear to think that the sick people were suffering for lack of food.

"Grandma," said Ethel, during one of those anxious days, "what is the disease was spreading through the neighborhood, and one knew who would be seized upon next. What was that verse that you said when you first heard about the O'Briens having the small-pox?"

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee," repeated grandma.

"That's true," said Ethel.

"Yes," said grandma; "I'll show it to you in the Bible." And so grandma took her big red-covered Bible, that was never very far away, put on her spectacles, and showed Ethel the seventh verse of the ninety-first Psalm. "Look at this next verse, too, Ethel," said she. "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even thou shalt not be afraid, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

"Why, then, it's all true," said Ethel, confidently. "I know we won't get it. And so days passed, and bad news came from one and another house near by that had been visited by the dreadful disease. Ethel used to read those verses again and again, and pray that they might prove true to them. And the promise was fulfilled, for though many died during that summer, yet Ethel's house was excepted. "I shall always believe that Psalm," said Ethel afterwards. "For I've proved it, and I know it is true." — *The Watchman.*

THAT'S JUST ME.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery-store, walked a tall, muscular man, evidently a fresh-comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:
"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"
"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know. What can you do?"
"Do," said the man; "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost any thing. What do you want done?"
"Well, if I was to hire a man it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow; one, for instance, that could lift a sack of coffee like that yonder and carry it across the store and never lay it down."

"There, now, cap'n," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift any thing I can hitch my back to. You can't suit me better. What will you give a man that suits you?"
"I'll tell you," said the merchant. "If you shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice I will hire you for one year at one hundred dollars a month."

"Done!" said the stranger.
By this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and was waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who threw the sack across his shoulder with perfect ease, and carrying it twice across the floor, went to a large hook, which was fastened to the wall and hung it up, and then turned to the merchant, and said:
"There now, it may hang till doomsday; I shall never let it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and a hundred a month, and it's all right."

The clerk broke into a laugh, and the merchant disclaimed, yet satisfied, that he had a senior partner in the firm, and worth a million dollars.

TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun,
One gathered nuts, the other had none.
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is still only just on the wane."
Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate;
He housed him at last, but he housed him too late,
Down fell the snow from the pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed;
One always perfect, the other disgraced,
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said,
"It will climb by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling: Their looks have turned gray,
One as a governor sitting to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day:
One is at work, the other at play.
Living unearned, for dying unknown—
The business here hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I long to impart to your thought;
Answer me this and my story is done,
Which of the two would you be, little one?

HOW TO INTRODUCE PEOPLE.

"I do dislike to introduce people to each other," said Eto to me one day last week.

"Why, pray I asked. It seems to me a very simple thing."

"Well, when I have it to do I stammer and blush, and feel so awkward, I never know what should be mentioned first, and I wish myself out of the room."

"I think I can make it plain to you," I said. "You invite Mabel Thompson to spend an afternoon with you. She has never been at your house before, and your mother has never met her. When you enter the sitting-room, all you have to do is to say, 'Mother this is my friend Mabel; Mabel, my mother.' If you wish to be more elaborate, you may say to your Aunt Lucy, 'Aunt Lucy, permit me to present Miss Mabel Thompson; Miss Thompson, Mrs. Templeton.' But while you introduced Mabel to your father, or the minister, or an elderly gentleman, naming the most distinguished personage first, you present your brother, his chum, and your cousin Fred to the young lady, naming her first. Fix it in your mind that among persons of equal station the younger are introduced to the older, and that inferiors in age, position, or influence are presented to superiors. Be very cordial when in your own house you are introduced to a guest, and offer your hand. If away from home, a bow is commonly sufficient recognition of an introduction, speak both names with perfect distinctness." — *Harpur's Young People.*

WHAT AILED A PILLOW.

While Annie was saying her prayers, Nell trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone she would take from under its frame a figure in gold and white, golden curls and snowy gown, by the bedside.
"Now, Annie, watch!" "Annie, just see!" "O, Annie, do look!" she said, over and over again.

Annie who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayer and crept into bed, whether her thoughts sister followed, as the light moon set in just so many minutes. Presently Nell took to dozing, punching, and "O dearing," then she laid quiet awhile, only to begin again with renewed energy.

"What's the matter?" asked Annie, at length.

"My pillow!" tossing, thumping, kneading.

"It's as flat as a board, and as hard as a stone; I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There's no prayer in it!"

"For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse, and then she scrambled out on the floor with a shiver it felt, but she was determined never afterwards to try to sleep on a prayerful pillow."

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered, soon after getting into bed again. "It's all right now!"

USEFUL HINTS.

(From Fuchs's Health Monthly.)

"Don't sleep in a draught."

"Don't try to get cool too quickly after exercising."

"Don't sleep in a room without ventilation of some kind."

"Don't use your voice for loud speaking or singing when hoarse."

"Don't try to get along with less than eight hours' sleep."

"Don't sleep in the same undergarment you wear during the day."

HOME HINTS.

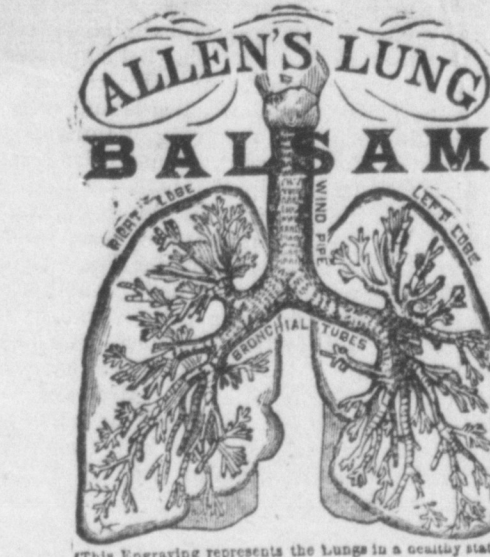
Mica in stoves when smoked, is readily cleaned by taking it out and thoroughly washing with vinegar diluted. If the black does not come off at once, let it soak a little.

When, as in a case of sickness, a dull light is wished, or when matches are mislaid, put powdered salt on the candle till it reaches the black of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept throughout the night by a small piece of candle.

CRUCIFIX, it is said, can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply salt and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater, and shave off in small particles a tea-spoonful of salt; then mix it with twice its amount of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

PRESERVED RHUBARB.—Four pounds of rhubarb—the red kind—four pounds of loaf sugar, and five ounces whole sugar. Peel and cut up the rhubarb into small pieces, add the sugar and ginger, and boil until clear. Put and tie down as for other preserves. This should be of a brilliant red color and is very good for serving with blancmange, moulded rice or rice flummary.

A nice and easily made custard pudding is made of one cup of cut, chopped fine, and with every bit of gristle removed; one cup each of molasses, milk and fruit; raisins and currants mixed, or dried cherries, or best for this purpose; one heaping tablespoonful of brown sugar; one teaspoonful of vinegar dissolved in a little hot water, complete the ingredients called for, with the exception of flour enough to make a stiff batter. Stir the mixture well, if very so, gradually add to be certain not to stir the flour in, steam in an earthen pudding dish for three hours. Serve with wine sauce, or with the common pudding sauce of flour, sugar, butter and water.



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