

## Poetry.

## HIS FRIENDS?

"And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in Thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those which I have received for the sake of my friends."  
—Zech. xiii. 6.

"I stand at the door and knock," said He,  
"And if any man will open to me,  
I will come in and abide."  
And they answered, "Lord, we are friends of Thine,  
Our home is dark till Thy light shall shine."  
And the door was opened wide.

So the Master entered and took His seat,  
And the children playing about His feet,  
And the men all craved with care;  
And the women tender the dear home-place  
Grew tender and glad in a new strange grace,  
Because the Lord was there.

But the days passed on and the months and years,  
With the cheerful blessings of smiles and tears,  
Of sunshine and of rain;  
And men grew careless, and hearts were cold,  
And eyes were not eager His face to behold,  
And the welcome did not remain.

So they slighted the Master staying there;  
They hurt Him greatly and did not care,  
And bitter words they said,  
"It does not matter if we forget!"

"But He who knew that He loves us yet!"  
But He only bowed His head.

Will He pass away through the open door?  
Nay, for He came to stay.

They said, "Come in," and they called Him Friend,  
Having loved His own He loves to the end,  
And He does not go away.

Oh, wonderful face with its patient pain!  
They will surely look at its light again,  
So He waits till the time should be,  
He blesses them tenderly every day,  
They never will wear His love away,  
So faithful to them is He.

But by-and-by when they come to know  
How changed is their love of years ago,  
While His has grown not old,  
When their hearts cry to Him and find Him there,  
Loving as ever, how will they bear  
To think they have wounded Him!

Marianne Farnham.

## THE ALPHABET OF SUMMER.

A is for the apple-blossoms  
Coming with the spring.  
B is for the buttercups  
That merry May will bring.  
C is for the crocus buds  
Pushing through the mold.  
D is for the dandelions  
With their crowns of gold.  
E is for the elder-blossoms  
White as driven snow.  
F is for the flower-de-luce  
That mid the rushes glow.  
G is for the garden-glow  
As the meadow-grasses  
Wave everywhere.  
H is for the honey-suckle,  
Scenting all the air.  
I is for the idle hours  
Spent in gathering posies.  
J is for the lovely June  
With her wealth of roses.  
K is for the lady-slugs  
And all their chattering chatter.  
L is for the lily-pads  
Floating on the water.  
M is for the morning-glories,  
Flowering high and low.  
N is for the daisy buds  
Where the dandelion grows.  
O is for the orioles gay,  
Singing loud and sweet.  
P is for the poppy-heads  
Flashing through the wheat.  
Q is for quinces, hanging  
Golden in the sun.  
R is for the little rills  
Laughing as they run.  
S is for the silver gull  
Of the harvest moon.  
T is for the tender light  
Of nature's afternoon.  
U is for the underbrush  
Where hand-nuts are brown.  
V is for the luscious vine  
With their purple crowning.  
W is for the woodbine, when  
The green and golden blends.  
X is for the exodus  
Of robins and of wrens.  
Y is for the yellow leaves  
That set the woods aglow.  
Z is for the gentle zephyrs  
Vanished long ago.

—Mrs. J. M. Dana.

## The Fireside.

## HERALDS! ONE CENT EACH!

"Heralds! Heralds! Only one cent!"  
What a desperate attempt to earn brave and business-like, struggled with disheartenment and failure, in this little voice! The little fellow must be very hard up to be calling out Heralds at one cent each, at mid-time of night, nine o'clock was it and he was bitterly cold.

I stood back in the shadow of the station, and watched to see if any would buy. Not one. As one after another passed, I saw such a look of despair and wretchedness pass over his poor, white face as no pen can describe.

Suddenly he caught a glimpse of me, and darted across the street.

"Only one cent, sir," and he lifted those dark eyes to mine with the mute appeal one sees sometimes in the eyes of a dumb animal in pain.

"You want make much profit, at that rate, my boy. Do you mean to sell all those to-night?" pointing to the lot under his arm.

Then again came that expression of despair which I had seen on his face as he stood in the light of the street lamp. But he looked up bravely, and said:

"If any one will buy." Then he saw someone coming up the street, he darted off.

"Heralds! Heralds! Only one cent each!"

But the man never turned his head.

The boy came back to me, and caught something in my face, or the touch of my hand, as it rested on his shoulder, made him feel he had a friend: for suddenly he looked up, and with a quivering lip said:

"I shouldn't care if it wasn't for little Nell."

"Who is Nell?" I asked.

"My little sister. She hurt her back, an' has to lie on the bed all day, and she hasn't had anything but a crust this morning an' an orange this noon."

"And what have you had to-day?" I asked.

He hung his head a moment, then raising it, said quietly:

"Nothing; but I'm a boy, an' I can stand it," pulling up his coat-collar around his neck and rubbing his little red hands.

"Where are your father and mother?"

"Died last spring. Mother died of consumption. An' after she died, father seemed to lose strength, an' fore long he died too. But Mrs. Long was kind an' she said as long as we had no place to go, we might stay in her attic. An' then Nell fell on the stairs and hurt her back, an' by an' by she couldn't sit up no longer, an' she lies on the bed all day. Mrs. Long sometimes goes up an' does things for her. But she has six children of her own, an' her husband's drunk, an' she can't do much. An'—that's all I think."

"Will you take me to see your sister if I will give you the price of your papers?"

The boy looked up with bewildered eyes; then

suddenly he dropped the papers, throw his hands up towards his shoulders, and his head dropped on his breast. I could feel the poor thin frame shaking with his sobs.

Presently he recovered himself, and raising himself, said:

"Sense me, sir, but you seem so kind," and he stooped to gather up his papers.

"How many papers have you?"

"A dozen, sir."

"Well, here are twenty-five cents for them. Now, we'll go and see Nell."

He turned to me with a face all lighted with gladness.

"You are very kind, sir!" He seized my hand and kissed it.

I was glad it was my bare hand. I had taken off my glove to count out the money. The kiss was like a benediction. I felt as if the Lord had said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto me."

I followed the boy—Philip Whittier was his name—and stopped at a butcher's, a baker's, a grocer's and a coal dealer's.

When we reached Smith Court our arms were full of packages, and the coal man at our heels.

We climbed the stairs, and groped our way into the little dark attic. Philip lighted one of the candles we had bought, and then went and leaned over the bed, and I saw two little thin arms twined around his neck, and caught the gleam of golden curls against his black locks.

I must have caught cold standing out of doors so long. At least, my handkerchief had to come out pretty often, and my spurs would get dim.

Then I set to work to build the fire. How wife would have laughed! But I managed it. And what do you think she said to me when I got home, just after I'd kissed her?

"Why! Tom Brent! What is the matter with your face?"

And when I looked in the glass, there were black streaks down my cheeks where I'd rubbed them with my black hands after lighting the fire. It was all owing to that abominable cold.

After the fire was all right and I'd washed my hands, I went to look at little Nell; and it would have made the sphinx weep to see that little golden-haired angel.

"I'll have to own up, I cried like a woman, and she put her little hands up and stroked my old grey whiskers, and it seemed to me as if the Lord had sent my little girl that died back to me."

I left Philip and Nell quite comfortable and went home, where I found wife half frightened to death at my being so late. So, after I'd made myself respectable with clean face and cuffs, I pulled her on to my knee, and asked her if she'd like a boy and girl to take care of.

I declare I could hardly get the little woman to wait till morning, so was so anxious to go after them.

Next day wife went to see Nell. Philip was out with his papers, and I went for a doctor. When he came he said the child was suffering from starvation more than anything else. If she could be well taken care of, she would in time get well.

At night, on return from business, I ran up to Philip's attic to see after Nell, and you never saw such a change as that blessed little wife of mine had made.

There were clean sheets and flowers, and some picture-books on the bed, and a bright fire. The room was as bright as a new pin.

I went home intending to give wife a fatherly sort of talk about overworking herself, but she met me in the hall looking as bright as a young girl, and the first thing she said was:

"Oh, husband, I'm so happy!" I forgot all about my sermon.

Then she dragged me off up stairs to the room that would have been our little maid's if she had lived; and there was everything fixed for Nell, and just across the hall was Philip's room.

Next day the doctor brought Nell to us, and Philip came that night. That's twelve years ago this month.

Thought I was telling a story of yesterday. Well it does seem like it to me.

Phil is a man now, and he takes hold of business with such a will, that when I'm ready to step out he's ready to step in.

Nell stands to wife and me in place of Maud. To see her dancing about the house like a young fawn does my old heart good. Phil would like to see her a little more dignified. But when Nell bounds down the stairs, and throwing her arms about his neck says, with a kiss between every other word:

"Phil, I'm only a child, and I mean to be a child just as long as I can, you dear dignified old Phil," then Phil stops his handsome head and kisses her on the cheek and mouth, and I can see he wouldn't have her lose her sweet, wild ways for anything in the world.

We, sir!

We thank the Lord for our children, every night.

## A DIFFERENCE IN HOSPITALITY.

A good many years ago two young men, John and James, Boston boys both, were fellow clerks in Kilby Street, Boston. John went to Chicago in his middy days, prospered, married, raised a family, and his head was gray because he well-to-do, substantial citizen, open-handed and open-hearted. James remained at home. He, too, prospered, married, raised a family and became one of the "solid men of Boston." Now it fell out that when John's eldest son (they called him Jack), was twenty one, he visited Boston, bearing a letter to his father's old friend, whom he found in a dingy Pearl Street counting room, deep in *The Advertiser*.

Jack presented the letter, and stood hat in hand while the old gentleman read it twice. "So you are John's son?" said he. "You don't look a bit like your father. There was a pause, Jack still standing. 'What brought you to Boston?' he was asked.

"Well, sir," said Jack, "father thought I had better see his old home, and get a taste of salt air."

"Going to be here over Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"My boy is No.—at Trinity. Hope to see you there. Get to have met you. And here the interview ended."

Now it chanced that, not long after, James, son, moving through the West, reached Chicago. He remembered his father's friend by name, and hunted him up in his office.

"Well, my son," said a pleasant voice before he had closed the door.

"My name is James—sir, said I thought—"

"I might have known it. Where's your baggage?"

"At the hotel, sir."

"At the hotel? Well go and get it, and take it right up to the house," answered the genial old gentleman, closing his desk with a vigorous slam. "We'll go right up now. There's plenty of time for a drive this afternoon. This evening you can spend in company with my girls, and to-morrow you and I will take a run out on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Road, and have a look at the country. Then I want to take you out to the stock-yard, and have a trip on the lake, and—"

"But sir," broke in the overwhelmed young man, "I must go home to-morrow."

"Tut, tut, my boy, don't talk that way. You can't begin to see this city under a week, and you're going to stay that long, anyhow. And he did. In fact, he's there now.

## PULLING CALLIE'S TOOTH.

"That tooth must come out," said mamma.

Because, you see, it was loose, and there was a new tooth pushing right along behind it.

"It'll hurt!" said Callie, with a doleful quiver.

"Not much, I guess," answered mamma, cheerfully. "Open your mouth, dear, and she man-

aged to be a strong linen thread around the tooth before Callie shut her mouth again, tight.

"I can't have it pulled!" said she.

"Very well," said mamma, vexed a little, "you must keep the string around it until you can."

Then Callie's trials began. Papa was going over to the village, and when Callie might go with him. But how could she with that awful string hanging out of her mouth.

"Maybe I can pull it now," said Callie. "Count ten, mamma."

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," counted mamma, with long pauses.

"Oh, I can't," cried Callie.

And she didn't; and papa went to the village without her.

It was almost fourth of July, and there was to be a picnic in the grove, and Nellie Slater said her mother was going to make currant pies. Callie liked currant pies above everything else, to eat.

"But you can't go to the picnic with that string," said mamma.

So, one day, Callie went out on the door-step, and set down to think it over. Joe was splitting wood in the yard. Joe was pulling the chaise-boy.

"I'll tell you how to pull it," said he.

"How? I asked Callie.

"Hit it to the door-knob and then open the door," said Joe. "If you're 'fraid 'twill hurt, you needn't open it but a little."

"Well, I will," said Callie; and she tied one end of her "tooth-string" to the door-knob. But it wasn't a bit of use, for when she opened the door she walked right in after it.

Joe's eyes began to laugh.

"I guess I'll get a drink of water," said he. He went in, and pretty soon he wanted to come out again.

"Go easy! I-o-h!" screamed Callie.

But Joe didn't go a bit easy. He banged the door open so quick that Callie couldn't keep up with it. And there hung her tooth on the door-knob.

"What made you?" she demanded, and she sat down to cry about it. But when she found it didn't break the least mite, nor hurt any, she began to laugh instead.

"Anyhow, now I can go to the picnic and have some currant pie," she said, "and that's one comfort."

## PEACE.

Fierce was the wild willow,  
Dark was the night;  
Oars labored heavily,  
Murmurs trembled,  
Peril was nigh;  
Then said the Son of God,  
"Peace! it is I!"

Ridge of the mountain wave,  
Lower thy crest!  
Wail Euroclydon,  
Be thou at rest!  
Peril can none be,  
Sorrow must fly,  
When shall the Light of light,  
"Peace! it is I!"

Jesus, Deliver!  
Come aboard me;  
Soothe thou my voyaging  
Over life's sea;  
Thou, when the storm of death  
Rears, sweeping by,  
Whisper—O, Truth of truth!  
"Peace! it is I!"

—St. Annals.

## BRANDY AS A MEDICINE.

Brandy kills multitudes every year who enjoyed perfect health before they began to use it; then it seems fair to infer that it will kill the sick more speedily.

Dr. Lee said that he was living near Buckingham Palace, in London, when Prince Albert was taken sick. His case was doing well for a few days, when they began to give him brandy to strengthen him, to enable him to recover more rapidly; the more he was stimulated, the worse he grew, until he died.

It is true that they believed it did not make it so for him, but their thinking so did not make it so.

Some years ago, when it was the custom to attempt curing delirium tremens by giving brandy, one out of every four died at Edinburgh hospital. Since then, the professor of the medical department of the hospital has treated over three hundred cases of delirium tremens, without alcohol, without losing a single patient.

Prof. Gardner, of the Glasgow University, gave a hundred men thirty ounces of alcohol; seventeen died out of the hundred.

Nine cases of young persons who were not allowed wine or whiskey, not one died.

In a teetotal hospital, at Leeds, England, of three hundred patients who took not a drop, all recovered. Let facts decide.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

## A CHILD'S HEART.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with painful effort, sat down on a curb-stone to rest.

A good-looking, free little one, the oldest about nine, stopped in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. She smiled. Suddenly the smile faded, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the old woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm sorry," said the little girl, as her chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers, but I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I would like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you for ever," sobbed the old woman, and for a minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy."

Peetereetere, who was three well-dressed children, put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her, were greatly pleased. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go:

"Oh children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for; but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years."

## A GOOD CEMENT.

A good cement for mending almost anything may be made by mixing together litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or fresh putty. This cement is useful for mending stone jars or any coarse earthenware, stopping leaks in seams of tin pans or wash-bowls, cracks and holes in iron kettles, etc. I have filled holes an inch in diameter in kettles, and used the same for years in boiling water and feed. It may also be used to fasten on lamp-tops or tighten loose joints of wood or iron, loose boxes in wagon-hubs, and in a great many other ways. In all cases, the article mended should not be used till the cement has hardened, which will require from one day to a week, according to the quantity used. This cement will resist the action of water, hot or cold, acids, and almost any degree of heat.

## A DANISH PUDDING.

Take three quarts of currants through a cloth, and add water until it makes four quarts of juice. Put this over the fire with two pounds of sugar; cinnamon and lemon to the taste; skim it well, and when boiling, add a scant pound of the finest sago. As soon as the latter is transparent and jelly, pour it into moulds. When cold serve with cream.

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OTAWA, Ont., March 2, 1880.

The writer has been selling Perry Davis' Pain-Killer now for the last 22 years, and can confidently recommend it to the public as a sure remedy for Cholera, Diarrhoea, Sore Throat, Chronic Coughs, Bronchitis, Bunches, Scalds, &c. Have known it to cure a case of Spotted Sore Throat of twenty years' standing, when all the usual remedies failed. The patient took half a teaspoonful in water three times a day, and perished the third time a day with one teaspoonful in a wineglass of water.

Yours,  
H. F. MACCARTHY.

USED INTERNALLY, it cures Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painters' Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Sudden Colds, Sore Throat, Coughs, &c.

USED EXTERNALLY, it cures Blisters, Felons, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores and Sprains, Swellings of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Clapped Hams, Frost-bitten Feet, &c.

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