

## Poetry.

## "COULDEST THOU NOT WATCH?"

BY LAURA SANFORD.  
 "Couldst thou not watch,  
 Not watch with me one hour?"  
 Faintly we catch

Through Time's humming mist these pained  
 words' power.  
 Not watch one hour?  
 What Scott's indignant ire  
 Our souls outpour.

Toward hearts like clouds, unstirred by sacred  
 fire.  
 Not watch one hour,  
 And that hour seraph-trod,  
 While heavens lower  
 And earth's cheek touches the bare breast of  
 God.

Would we thus sleep?  
 Dear Lord, our love sloth-free  
 Would cleave the deep  
 Of thousand slumbers to watch once with thee.

"Couldst thou not watch?"  
 Haunting thee breathes to me  
 Close at the latch  
 Of my soul's door this mournful midnight plea.

Where art thou, Lord?  
 Outlooked with some poor wretch,  
 Stricken, abroad,  
 Didst thou with him a cry for help outstretch,  
 And I sleep!

Such sighs do pierce the night,  
 And yet I keep  
 Wrapped in the slumberous dreams of my  
 delight.

Oh, say not yet:  
 "Sleep on now, take thy rest."  
 Let me forget  
 All rest whilst thou, my Saviour, art oppress.

Let me, dear Lord,  
 Watch Life's one hour with thee;  
 Where'er grief's chord  
 Is struck on earth is thy Othello's mane.

## The Fireside.

## WHAT CAME TO DILLY'S HOUSE.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.  
 Dilly was perched on a fence-post, her little red  
 hands clasped behind her back. The three or four  
 small trees that peeped out through her ragged shoes  
 were red, also, for the autumn day was cold, but  
 Dilly was used to such tricks. Toddlies, the baby,  
 who could not climb the fence, contented himself  
 with looking through. He was bundled up in an  
 old-fashioned Dilly's own invention—in old shawl;  
 and, if the round face that peered between the  
 fence-rails was roused by the chill wind, he, like  
 Dilly, had grown accustomed to such discomforts.

It occurred to Freddy Burr, in the next yard,  
 however, that their situation was scarcely agreeable.  
 He looked up from the stick he was trying to split  
 with his hatchet, and asked:  
 "What makes you sit up there such a day as  
 this? Why don't you go into the house and keep  
 warm?"

"Cause I'd rather stay here and watch you,"  
 said Dilly, solemnly. "Taint no fun in the house."  
 I can tell you, if I didn't have a warm coat and  
 scarf and these thick boots," remarked Freddy,  
 displaying the pair of red-tops, that was his pride.

Dilly looked at them, and an old, vague wonder  
 arose as she did so, and grew more distinct, until,  
 presently, it took shape in words.  
 "Why don't I have such things, too, Freddy  
 Burr—shoes and new clothes, and something to  
 wear on my head?"

"Cause your father drinks 'em up," answered  
 Freddy, promptly, and without the slightest hesi-  
 tation in disclosing the truth.

Dilly pondered a moment, and as promptly de-  
 clined:  
 "No, he don't either. Folks can't drink such  
 things. Where do you get yours?"

"My father buys 'em for me; and the reason  
 yours don't get any for you 'cause they all go  
 into old Barney's rum-barrel, down at the corner.  
 That's the way of it, sure as you live, Dilly Keene;  
 and it's awful mean, too," declared Freddy, grow-  
 ing indignant as he explained.

Then a voice from the pretty house beyond called  
 Freddy; and he ran in, while Dilly and Toddlies,  
 with their amusement of watching ended, turned  
 slowly away. Dilly surveyed the baby and her  
 self thoughtfully, and sat down upon an old log  
 to meditate. If that Freddy Burr had told her  
 was true, something ought to be done about it; and  
 the longer she pondered the more fully she became  
 convinced that she had heard the truth.

"Cause other folks has things and we don't, and  
 it must be ours go somewhere else," she reasoned.  
 "They can't be a nobody there either. I'm just  
 sure they can't. Mebby I've got a hood—mebby  
 I had one now. Wish Toddlies had—"

She stopped, as a brilliant pain flashed suddenly  
 through her brain. Wouldn't her mother be sur-  
 prised if she could do that—poor mother, who was  
 out watching, and who would be so tired when she  
 came home at night?

"Toddlies, let's do it!" she said, springing up  
 excitedly. "Let's go and see if we can get some  
 of 'em."

"Yah!" answered Toddlies, contentedly; and,  
 taking his hand, Dilly opened the creaking gate  
 and led the way down the street.

There were a number of men in the store at the  
 corner—a queer crowd, with a certain air about  
 the lower half of their front windows. Dilly saw  
 when the door opened; but she was a determined  
 little body, when once she had decided upon the  
 proper thing to do. So she only clasped Toddlies'  
 hand closer, and walked in, up to the counter,  
 hearing an extra effort to speak distinctly, because  
 her heart beat so fast.

"Please, sir, have you got anything of ours a-  
 soak here?"

There was an instant's silence, and then a shout  
 of laughter from the men.  
 "Well, now, that's a new way of putting it.  
 Hey, Keene, these youngsters of yours want to  
 know if Barney has you in soak here?"

An old slouch hat behind the store was raised  
 a little, but there was no other sign of the man  
 heard. Dilly shrunk back abashed.  
 "Oh! I didn't mean him."

"What did you mean, then?" asked a coarse,  
 red-faced man, advancing from behind the bar and  
 speaking in tones not at all gentle or amiable.  
 "Shoes and coats and such things," faltered  
 Dilly. "Hoods—I'm afraid it's spoiled with the  
 whisky; but mebby Ma could wash it out. Wouldn't  
 you take some of 'em out of your barrel, Mr. Barney.  
 We need 'em awful bad."

"I should think as much," muttered one of the  
 bystanders, surveying the two dilapidated figures; but  
 Mr. Barney's wrath was rising.

"What barrel? Who sent you here?" he de-  
 manded, angrily.

"Your rum-barrel," answered Dilly, standing  
 her ground desperately, though with a little catch  
 in her breath that was just ready to break into a  
 sob. "We want to have 'em out of the time, and she  
 looks so sorry; and we don't have any nice dresses at  
 our house, like Freddy Burr's; and no new shoes,  
 nor caps, nor anything. I asked Freddy where our  
 good things went to, 'cause they don't come to our  
 house; and he said you had 'em down here in your  
 barrels. I sure can't make anybody's drink taste a  
 bit better to have a poor little boy's and girl's new  
 shoes and dresses and everything in the barrel."

"You're right there, Sis. It's nigh about  
 spoiled the taste of mine," said one of the group  
 at the counter, putting down his glass with a queer,  
 perplexed look.

But there was no perplexity in the barkeeper's  
 look. That was wrathful. "We've had young paga-  
 muffs, as fast as your feet will carry you, and  
 never let me catch you inside these doors again."

He stepped toward them, as if to drive them out;  
 but the man behind the stove suddenly arose;  
 "Take care, Barney! You'd better not touch  
 them. You know how about often enough,  
 Bein' with the law, for the complaints for which you're  
 famous, particularly in Colds, Coughs or stoppage of  
 circulation, Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Summer and  
 Bowel Complaints, Stomach, Sprains, Rheumatic Pains,  
 Swelled Face, &c., arising from  
 your customers these last few days of it being very  
 useful by putting a few  
 drops in a little warm milk to resuscitate young  
 lambs after having been thoroughly chilled through."

Does his mother call? Not kite, or ball,  
 Or the prettiest game, can stay  
 His eager feet as he hastens to greet  
 Whatever she means to say.  
 And the teachers depend on the little friend  
 At school in his place at nine,  
 With his lessons learned and his good marks  
 earned,  
 All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him too,  
 This boy, who is not too big  
 For a morning kiss from mother and Sis,  
 Who isn't a bit of a prig;  
 But gentle and strong, and the whole day long  
 As merry as a boy can be;  
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"You always accuse some one of cheat-  
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The other boys laughed, and I stopped my brisk  
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"That is a pity," I said. "Now you just think  
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 Now you boys that have Willie's marbles, do you  
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The boys looked thoughtful, but were silent, and  
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 "Do you think your Sunday-school teacher  
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His companions all laughed, and I must have  
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"I will tell you just how it is, ma'am. We  
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"But you go to Sunday-school?" I queried.  
 "Oh, of course, we have always been since we  
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"I think it would be nice to have a story-book  
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"O mother! I will try and remember. Why, I  
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All little children, are there not a great many  
 who, like Rena, say their prayers without any mean-  
 ing in them? God cannot listen to such prayers. They  
 are not for Him unto whom all hearts are open, all  
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 He knows what we think, and what we feel, and  
 what we do, and what we say, and what we think  
 when we say, "Now I lay me to sleep, and pray  
 that God may watch over you, waking and sleeping."

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.  
 "How can I be beautiful?" Every boy and girl,  
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 dear! I can't do anything with that class, or I  
 never knew what to say to such boys,' and then  
 she comes and sits down at the desk, and they  
 can't help asking the questions, and don't mind  
 whether we know the answers, and never explain  
 anything to us, nor tell us stories; and next Sun-  
 day some one else takes the class; so you see why  
 I said there were so many of our Sunday-school  
 teachers."

"I think it would be nice to have a story-book  
 Sunday-school teacher," went on the little fellow,  
 drawing a long breath, "because, you see, my  
 mother is dead, and I haven't any brother or  
 sisters, as some of the fellows have. I live with  
 my grandpa, and she is as good as a grandma to