

Poetry.

STRIVING.

There is no rest without the toil, The patient, earnest endeavor;

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

How may I know that in the Lord I'm daily growing?

The Fireside.

THE ORIOLE FAMILY.

It was a cozy, snug, little home, in which three young Orioles first opened their eyes.

There was a hole in the side that served for door and window, and within, the walls, ceiling and floor were made of the softest down.

But it was rather sweet and appeared to get smaller each day. And as their wings began to grow, how they longed for space to flap and try them!

The little ones had no feathers on them at all, at first, and were very funny and ugly; but they were growing in beauty every day.

This ought to have been a very happy little family, and would have been for the youngest; but he was an impatient, restless fellow.

One day when these little birds were at home by themselves, this disobedient one took it into his head to climb up to the door and look out.

"Pah!" he said at last, "it don't look so far down to the ground; I believe I could fly down there, easily; I have a mind to try."

"O don't, brother, don't!" the other two cried; "something will surely happen to you. Don't you know mother told us never to venture out from the door in her absence, and to be content to stay quietly in the nest until she taught us how to fly."

"Yes," said the little sister; "and don't you remember she was telling us about the other day of the cruel cat who lives down there and pounces upon every helpless young bird that chances in her way?"

"And have you forgotten the boys, the heartless boys, that the eldest brother, who often throws rocks at us birds? What mercy would they show to a poor little fledgling?"

The mother's voice in the distance put an end to his ambitious designs for that time, and, hoping he would give them up altogether, the others did not tell their mother about his plans.

But the next day, when they were again left alone, he clamored once more to the opening. "Ah! what foolish children you are," he said, "to stay down there in the dark, when you might be up here enjoying the light and air; why, I feel as if I should grow as rich as the sun for it; and he flattered his wings excitedly. "I can't for the life of me see why we should be kept shut up like a parcel of babies just out of the shell. There is not a thing in sight that could possibly hurt me, and there are crowds of birds down there hunting for bugs and things. I long to be among them—and so I will!"

Mother may keep her flying lessons for you; I am sure I don't need them; and he flattered his wings again. The brother and sister begged and pleaded with him, even stretching up and trying to catch him from behind with their bills; but, jerking away from them, he spread his wings something as if he had seen his parents do, and let go his hold of the nest.

The brother and sister heard him touch the ground with a little thump. After a while they heard his excited twittering of enjoyment as he hopped about among the feathered tribes, as strange and new to him as if so.

you your first lesson in flying this very evening," the mother twittered and said, "If he had only waited, but now that the hateful beast has tasted our blood, I shall be afraid to show your faces in this neighborhood for several days."

"Many a time did the other two recall their brother's sad fate when tempted to murmur at their mother's short lessons, or their own slow progress in flying. And, long afterwards, when they had homes of their own, they would tell the mournful story as a warning to their own little nestlings."

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

"What a looking room!" exclaimed Olive Kendall, as she came in from school and added to the confusion of the sitting-room by throwing her satchel on the lounge.

Olive threw herself into an easy chair and looked out of a large bay-window. It was pleasant to turn her head that way to look around the disordered room. She only wished she could turn her thoughts away from the room easily, but she could not so long as that voice kept saying:—

"You know that briglet in and with the twain, and that Kate is getting dinner, and that there is no one but yourself to put the room in order—your little sister, Nora. Why not go to work and have a surprise for mamma when she comes in?"

"Lella and Nora, we really ought to fix up the room," said Olive, with a half-grown. "The twain have scattered their things. Won't you help?"

"In a minute," answered Nora. "We only want a little crooked piece to go right in there."

"Yes," responded Lella, "it's Finland." Olive looked about the room in a hopeless, helpless sort of way. With Lella and Nora both in Finland, she thought, "I may as well give up expecting their help. If it were only a game!"

"She stood a moment in thought. Her face suddenly brightened. She went to mamma's desk and cut six slips of paper, then wrote a word on each. "Are you getting some strips ready for Consequences?" asked Lella, a new interest in her face, as she looked up from the pieces of map.

"No, but you've guessed pretty well," admitted Olive. "For it's a game—a new one!"

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"Yes, Olive, tell us how," pleaded Lella, "and then we'll help with the room. We truly will."

"I don't think you'll like the game," said Olive, "but I'm sure that mamma will."

"Then we shall, of course," said Nora, very decidedly. "Let's begin it now."

"Olive laid the slips on the table—the written side down. Then she said: "Now, we are to draw in turn, the youngest first. Come, Nora!"

Nora looked at the different pieces of paper, put her finger on the last, and then suddenly changed her mind and took the one nearest her.

"Don't look at it yet, Nora," said Olive. "Oh, I shall certainly look, if Lella doesn't hurry," said Nora, excitedly, shutting her eyes very tight, but soon opening them to ask: "Is there a prize Olive?" and jumping up to do it.

Olive nodded, and then she said: "You are to draw in turn, the youngest first. Come, Nora!"

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WHEN THE DARK COMES.

The mother, anxious, full of pain, Toiled listless through the weary day, Saying, but saying still in vain, "Daughter, be quiet in your play."

But when the shades of evening fell, The weary mother had her will; Sweet slumber brooded like a spell, The little maid grew strangely still;

Lay quiet at her mother's feet, Pondering a thought half understood, "Mamma," she said in accents sweet, "When the dark comes, what makes me good?"

"Then I don't care for doll or ring, I do not want to disobey; I muse on every naughty thing That I have done throughout the day. "I think, if mamma should not live! I want to do just what I should. I ask you then, to please forgive. When the dark comes, what makes me good?"

Ab, me! not only children wait, Till the dark comes to see the light. When the shadows of some evil fate Fling'er over hopes the gloom of night; Or, when his fever and unrest In nearly o'er, when shadows long Fall deadly o'er as from our west, Then we remember all our wrong; Cling closer to the Father's breast, And pray, "Forgive, for Christ's dear sake. Lo! the dark comes, and we would rest Until the brighter dawning break."

A DANGEROUS DOCTOR. They were playing together, Ruth and Stephen. Ruth was three years younger than Stephen, but he was a good-natured boy, and willing to play anything she fancied.

On this particular day, trouble had come to Ruth's family; every one of her five children, baby and all, had small-pox. Stephen was the doctor; he had been through all that sort of thing many times; it was a favorite play of Ruth's, and Stephen was a good mimic, and acted out grave and generally Dr. Courtney very well indeed.

There was, however, one unusual thing about his practice. Stephen always himself swallowed the medicine he prescribed for Ruth's sick children. He counted the pulse, talked wisely about "Terrible symptoms," gave careful directions as to the temperature of the room, and the care that should be taken about draughts, then carefully measured from a curious-shaped bottle, which was always in a pocket, a large-sized spoonful of liquid, and turning away to the anxious little mother, swallowed it. Ah! don't you wish that doctor of today, who come with their large bottles of ugly, dark-looking liquid, had the same rule! But no, I hope you don't wish so; better put it in the drain, and let it gurgle away down the sewer pipes, if it were the same medicine that Stephen used.

What do you think? That bottle was always filled with cider! Not so very sweet cider either, though that was the name by which it was called. It came into the world as a way of turning itself into sour cider very quickly, and the boys who like it much, are sure to like it better after it has been in the bottle a while. After a while, when it sparkles so that it bites a little, they like it best of all. Stephen was very fond of it; as I have told you, he kept his medicine-bottle always filled.

"The child ought not to have that cider," his grandmother would say, "it really stings." But the mother would answer, "Oh, well, he only wants it to stir up his spirits; he plays doctor for her, you know, and that is medicine; it looks more like medicine than plain water, and Rutie likes him to have it."

Poor foolish mother! If she had watched she would have discovered that Stephen was growing more and more fond of playing doctor, and that there was a great deal of medicine taken by Rutie's children.

Last night, only last night, I was in Rutie's room. She is thirteen years old now, and Stephen is sixteen; they play doctor as usual. But Rutie sat flattening her nose against the window pane, waiting until nine o'clock in the hope that Stephen would come in time to take her to the young people's rehearsal; then she went weeping to bed; Stephen did not come. She wept for something more than the disappointment about the rehearsal. She wept a great deal through the night. What was the matter? Why, at 11 o'clock Stephen had helped her to a policeman, and to-day his father had to pay a bill of \$100, and the girl had been smothered. He had been drinking hard cider and did not know what he was about. Poor Stephen, and poor mother and father, and poor Rutie! The habit commenced in fun has grown on him, until now he cannot stop it.—The Parson.

ANECDOTES OF LONGFELLOW. The poet Longfellow was such a thorough-bred gentleman, that the most timid were at ease in his society, and the presumptions were held in check. "All the vulgar and pretensions people in the world," he exclaimed, "are to be put down by the elegant simplicity of the poet's manners, 'ought to be sent to see Mr. Longfellow, and learn how to behave!'"

The poet was gifted with rare insight into character, and always said the right word to the right person. On being introduced to the late Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, a quizzed old gentleman, who dearly loved a joke, reference was made to the similarity of the first syllables of their names.

"Work makes the man, and want of it the fool," replied Mr. Longfellow, quoting Pope's famous line, and making one of the best repartees on record. Probably no American unless it was the President of the United States, received so many visitors as the poet. They came from all parts of the world, were received—even the humblest—with a gracious kindness, which said, "The man who wishes to see me is the man I want to see."

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