

Poetry.

TWO FACES.

BY MRS. F. A. PERCY.
I have so strange a thing to tell,
You hardly will believe it;
But as it is the very truth
I hope you'll so receive it.
Of a little girl I know
Who has two different faces,
As yet they're not, as you might think,
In two quite separate places.

No, both of them are in one place,
Quite close to one another;
But still when one of them you see
You cannot see the other.
By some strange trick this little lass
Keeps one face always hidden,
And only that one comes in sight
Which by her will is hidden.

There's one of them that seems to me
The loveliest of faces;
The beautiful to look upon
And full of charming graces;
So fair and sweet and kind it is,
So cheerful, bright, and sunny,
I would not sell that precious face
For a whole world of money.

This face my little lassie wears
When she is good and pleasant;
And oh! how glad I always am
When that dear face is present.
Such a delightful thing it is,
I wish 'twould stay forever,
And then the other face she has
Would come before me never;

For that's the face we always see
When she is cross and fretful,
And when of all her pleasant looks
She seems to be forgetful.
And this the naughty face appears,
So dark and so uncheerful,
So puffed up with scowls and frowns,
To look at it is fearful.

Oh! how I wish this gloomy face
She could keep always hidden,
And that for it to come in sight
Would be a thing forbidden!
Ah! then I should not care so much
Though she did have two faces,
If never of the ugly one
Could I see any traces.

—Independent.

HEAVEN.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isaiah xxxiii, 17.
I sing of a land, a land far away,
With its riches and pleasures untold,
Where the light of God's love is the light of that day.
Its beauties no tongue can unfold.

I sing of a rest—a rest, O how sweet,
When life's weary cares are all o'er;
A heaven of bliss, my friends there I'll greet,
And Jesus, my Saviour, adore.

I sing of a home, "the home of the soul,"
Its bright glories "eye hath not seen,"
Where ages on ages eternally roll,
And its joys are forever serene.

I sing of a city radiant and fair,
Its streets are all paved with pure gold;
Its walls set with gems more beautiful and rare
Than earth's richest mines can unfold.

I sing of a mansion, all glorious and bright,
That Jesus has purchased for me;
In that far away land, mine is a sure right,
When "The King in his beauty" I see.

I sing of a crown, a palm, and a lyre,
Which Jesus, my Saviour, will give;
For all who press onward and upward aspire
Shall life everlasting receive.

When I sing my last song, and death sets me free,
Come, angels, come, bear me away;
Where "The King in his beauty" forever I'll see
In the land "that is fairer than day."

The Fireside.

RED NOSE OR WHITE NOSE, WHICH?

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"John Clay—come! Toe-Singer—two! Pussy Pinkham—two! Jenny Foster—two!"

"Glad in geography!" rang out the command from the teacher's desk, and Steve Claypole dropped the slate on which he was making out a list of candidates for valentines from his stock of pictures. The list was not spelled and punctuated as correctly as the above, but Steve knew the names as soon as he saw them, and that was the most important point. Returning from the geography class, he continued the list.

"What are you doing?" was the question that came to him on the slate of John Steiner, his neighbor.

"Making out the valentines I'm going to send," was Steve's answer.

"Oh see! Look! look!" whispered John. As John did not know he advised Steve to look, the head of the latter whirled about excitedly in every direction.

"Claypole, put thy eyes on his book!" shouted the teacher.

Steve's head ceased its revolutions and his eyes were now trying to find his book.

"Out of the window!" whispered John again. Steve raised his eyes as quickly as he dared, and on the other side of the pines, streaked with crystal by the winter rain, saw such a miserable object!

A battered hat, a red nose and tangled black hair were about all the items Steve could see, for the rest of their owner was hidden by the high window-sill.

"Send a valentine to Red Nose," wrote John; "he lives down by the river just moved there."

John did not mean that the river had just moved there, though his lack of a comma implied it, but that the man was a recent arrival. Steve knew the house well. A black little shanty, it had two beautiful neighbors—a grove of tall pines through which the wind murmured, and a glassy river that, in response to the wind in the pines, rippled out a song over the rocks under the bridge near at hand.

"I'll do it," wrote back Steve, chuckling away as he thought of a certain valentine-caricature he had chanced to possess—one of the rough, brutal kind that ought to be used as kindling-paper for the very next fire to be built. It was a fiery-faced individual, plainly a sot, and his portrait was labeled, "Red Nose."

"Just the thing it was," said Steve, "and it shall be dropped for a start."

"Em," he said to his sister, "I've got just the cutest thing to send to an old red nosed fellow that lives down by the river, they say. See there! Ain't that a beauty?"

Emma did not seem to enjoy the sight at all, and Steve looked disappointed.

"I don't like it, Steve."

"What if you were the man down by the river, and you had a red nose and you were a drunkard; would you like to have anybody send such a thing?"

Steve scratched his head. He had not thought of the question in that light.

"But he's an old drunkard, Em."

"Drunkards have feelings. That is not the way to make them better," he sent them such stuff. Now look here, Steve."

A man stood before the house whose nose was not red but white.

There, send that. It's a pretty picture at any rate. There, drop that for the old folks, and I will put in an envelope several small pictures for the children, if there are any."

"Somebody saw two children near the house, Em."

"Now, I suppose a valentine may mean good wishes, and we can send such to anybody. I don't believe we ought to hurt anybody's feelings. Now, shall I be Red Nose or White Nose, which? Let it be white."

"I guess you are right, Em."

"Emma! Emma!" rang out a voice.

"There's mother calling, Steve. I must go."

Emma's mother was standing by the window, looking out into the pelting rain.

"I told you, Emma, I might need to go after a washwoman, but you won't have to go, and I am glad of it, this rain is so bad."

"Why not go?"

"Mrs. Stickney, knowing I was in need of a washwoman, said that she was at liberty to-morrow, and would come if I wished. I told her to send the woman. Mrs. Stickney has had her once, and says she washes well."

"Who is the woman?"

"I've forgotten her name. She is a stranger to me."

That night it cleared off about an hour after supper. The clouds were brushed off the sky by the winds, that made their brooms fly back and forth. The stars flashed like gold buttons rubbed up specially for the occasion.

"Twen't stay fair long," said Steve's father. "The wind backed in, and it will swing round again and fetch rain."

"I don't care," thought Steve, "if it will only stay fair long enough to let me drop my valentine."

Steve and various other boys were busy for an hour dropping their missives; running up to a door, dropping a valentine, pulling a door bell, and then scampering behind a tree to peep out and see who would come to the door. The outlook was not satisfactory at all, when in one case a certain "grandpa" came to the door, and shouted out:

"Little boys had better go home to bed."

When Steve returned, Emma asked him:

"Did you leave the valentine at the river-house?"

"I did, madame, and one woman and two children came to the door and screamed, 'Oh!'"

"Supposing they had found that Red Nose there?"

"It would have been bad, I allow, but it was not intended for them."

"They would have seen it and been hurt by it."

"The next morning, Steve went into the kitchen after breakfast, and there was the new washwoman at the tub. Having by a diligent beating of soap-suds raised a bed of soft, white froth, she was now leaning over her tub, halting in her work, as she told a story to Steve's mother.

"Och, marm, and a blessing came to our house, sure as ye are born. I'm the one that's sorry to say it, and yet fact is it that my Patrick loved his liquor. He kept us all a-billin' hot. But this last night as I was, some youngsters left a card to me—valentines they call 'em marm. We took and carried 'em into the house, me and the childer; such an illigant picture of a home, a fine civiler farm, and the like. Patrick came home early, and for a wonder, he walked straight. He was pleased with the farm, and this mornin', this mornin', he came to me and sez he'd drammed a frame that he was a temperance man. I sez to the farm was his, and 'Maggie,' sez he—'I was the very word he called me, sort of love, as he once did—I've made up my mind to be that temperance man, and—who knows? I may be the man to own as fine a farm as that, intirely.' Wasn't my heart o'to batin'! He want's to jine the pledge, and niver a one have sp. But I've been sayin' to myself, 'these comin' here, and take that fine boy of yours, perhaps he'd write it and send it to him, this very blessed hour now."

Steve wrote it! Well, no, but his mother did, and Steve took it on his way to school, to get it signed. Having found the one he sought, and succeeded in getting him to place his trembling signature upon it, the man seemed to suddenly straighten up into more of manliness. Pushing back his tattered hat, and wiping his forehead with his bit of a handkerchief, he said, looking the lad squarely in the eye:

"It's a great deal o' interest, you seem to be takin' 'air, for an old bit of a fellow like me, and your very kind, I should say. There's not many like you. The more's the pity, and he turned and made his way back into the tumbled-down old house."

The hot blood dyed Steve's cheeks as remembrance to him of the valentine he had planned to send, and as he walked away, he drew a long breath of thankfulness that his good angel of a sister had thwarted the sending of Red Nose.—Royal Road.

THE GOLD EAGLE.

A good many years ago a merchant missed from his cash-drawer a gold eagle, which was worth twenty dollars. No one had been to the drawer, it was proved, except a young clerk whose name was Weston. The merchant had sent him there to make change for a customer, and the next time the drawer was opened the gold eagle had disappeared. Naturally, Weston was suspected of having stolen it, and more especially as he appeared a few days after the occurrence in a new suit of clothes. Being asked where he had bought the clothes he gave the name of the tailor without hesitation; and the merchant, going privately to make inquiries, discovered that Weston had paid for the suit with a twenty-dollar gold piece.

That afternoon the young clerk was called into the merchant's private room and charged with the theft.

"It is needless to deny it," the merchant said. "You have betrayed yourself with these new clothes, and now the only thing that you can do is to make a full confession of your fault."

Weston listened with amazement; he could hardly believe at first that an accusation could be brought against him, but when he saw that his employer was in earnest he denied it indignantly, and declared that the money he had spent for the clothes was his own, given him as a Christmas gift a year ago. The merchant sneered at such an explanation, and asked for the proof.

"Who was the person that gave it to you? Produce him," he demanded.

"It was a lady," answered Weston, "and I can't produce her, for she died last Spring. I can tell you her name."

"Can you bring me anybody that saw her give you the money or knew of your having it?" asked the merchant.

"No, I can't do that," Weston had to answer. "I never told anybody about the gift, for she did not wish me to. But I have a letter from her somewhere, if I haven't lost it, that she sent with the money, and in which she speaks of it."

"I dare say you have lost it," the merchant sneered. "When you have found it, sir, bring it to me, and then I will believe your story."

Weston went home with a heavy heart. He had no idea where the letter was; he could not be sure that he had not destroyed it; and it was the only one he had. He was very much distressed, and he began to think of the consequences of his confession.

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"What if you were the man down by the river, and you had a red nose and you were a drunkard; would you like to have anybody send such a thing?"

Steve scratched his head. He had not thought of the question in that light.

"But he's an old drunkard, Em."

"Drunkards have feelings. That is not the way to make them better," he sent them such stuff. Now look here, Steve."

Emma went to her bureau-drawer, and brought back the picture of a sunny, thrifty home. Near it were bars and cattle yards and plump big stacks.

convinced of this. What else could he do? Nothing, but pray again for help and guidance and strength to endure whatever trouble God might choose to send upon him. Skeptics may sneer at such prayers as that; but Weston (who is a middle-aged man now, prosperous, respected by all men, and deserving of respect) would smile and say, "Let them sneer."

"When I rose from my knees," he said, telling me the story years afterward, "I happened to catch my foot in an old rug that I had nailed down to the carpet because it was always curling at the edges. The nail at the corner had come out, and stepping down to straighten the rug I saw a bit of paper peeping out. I pulled it from its hiding-place, and it was the letter."

"How it got there I don't know. The fact that I had found it was enough for me, and if I hadn't gone on my knees again to give thanks for such a deliverance I should be ashamed to tell you the story now."

"I brought that letter to my employer. It proved my innocence, and he apologized. A month afterward the gold piece was found in Mr. Finch's overcoat-pocket. He had never put it in the cash-drawer at all, though he thought he had. He raised my salary on the spot to pay for his unjust suspicions; and I have never yet repented of trusting the Lord in my trouble.—Young Reporter.

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