

Poetry.

[Although the following poem may have been read, yet it will be read a second time.]

THE CHURCH WALKING WITH THE WORLD.

The Church and the World walked far apart,
On the changing shore of time,
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.
"Come give me your hand," cried the merry
World.

"And walk with me this way,"
But the good Church hid her snowy hands,
And solemnly answered, "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is to the endless death;
Your ways are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the World, with a kindly air,
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
And mine is broad and plain;
My road is paved with flowers and dew,
And yours with tears and pain;
The sky above is always blue;
No want, no toil, I know;
The sky above you is always dark;
Your lot is a lot of woe;
My path, you see, is a broad, fair one,
And my gate is high and wide;
There is room enough for you and for me
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,
And gave him her hand of snow;
The old World grasped it and walked along,
Saying in scornful tone,
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste;
I will give you pearls to wear.
Rich velvet and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."
The Church looked down at her plain white robes,
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church, with a smile of grace;
Then her pure white garments drifted away,
And the World gave in their place
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old
World,
"I'll build you one like mine;
Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine."
So he built her a costly and beautiful house;
Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there,
Gleaming in purple and gold;

And fair and shows in the halls were held,
And the World and his children were there.
And laughter and music and feasts were heard
In the place that was meant for prayer.
She had cushioned pews for the rich and great,
To sit in their pomp and pride;
While the poor folk, clad in their shabby suits,
Sat meekly down outside.

The angel of Mercy flew over the Church,
And whispered, "I know thy sin."
The Church looked back with a sigh, and longed
To gather her children in;
Then the sky World gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm."
Merely indulging in innocent sports,"
So she learned on his proffered arm,
And smiled and chattered and gathered flowers,
As she walked along with the World;

While millions and millions of deathless souls
To the horrible guilt were hurried.
"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay World with a sneer;
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales,
Which I like not for them to hear;
They talk of brimstone and fire and pain,
And the horrors of endless night;
They talk of a place which should not be
Mentioned to ears polite.
I will send you some of the better stamp,
Brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will tell them that people may live as they
list,
And go to heaven at last.

The Father is merciful, great and good,
Tender and true and kind;
Do you think he would take one child to heaven
And leave the rest behind?"
So he filled her house with gay divines,
Gifted and great and learned;
And the plain old man that preached the cross
Were out of her pulpit turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the
World,
"For more than you ought to do;
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need I trouble you?
Go take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine,
And pearls and jewels, and dainty food,
And the richest and costliest wine;
My children they love on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as we do and walk in the ways
That we are walking in."

Then the Church held tightly the strings of her
purse,
And gratefully lowered her head,
And answered, "I've given too much away;
I'll do, sir, as you said."
So the poor were turned from the door in scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside,
As the widows went weeping by;
And the sons of the World and the sons of the
Church

Walked closely hand in hand,
And the Mother, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.
Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,
"I am rich, and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing, and naught to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."
And the sky World heard her and laughed in his
sleeve,
And mockingly said aside,
"The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,
And her shame is her boast and pride."

The angel drew near to the mercy-seat,
And whispered in sighs her name,
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed,
And covered their heads with shame;
And a voice came down through the hush of heaven
From who sat on the throne,
"I know thy work and how thou hast said,
"I am rich," and hast not known
That thou art naked, poor and blind,
And wretched before my face;
Therefore, from my presence I cast thee out,
And blot thy name from my place."

The Fireside.

NED MERRILL'S BOOTJACK.

"Please pull up my boots, mother," said Ned
Merrill as he held a muddy boot in front of his
mother's face.

"Where is your bootjack?" she asked.
"O! I split it up for kindling wood to-night,"
replied Ned.

"Split it up for kindling wood? What did you
do that for? There are plenty of boards in the
woodshed."

"I was in a hurry," said Ned, "and I grabbed
hold of the first thing I came to."
"You are the laziest boy I ever saw," said Mrs.
Merrill as she took hold of the muddy boot and
pulled it off. You be sure you make yourself a
new bootjack to-morrow."

"Yes, mother, I will," said Ned, as he bade her
good night and went off to bed.

"You'll ruin that boot," said Aunt Louise, who
had been sitting in the room busily sewing. "You
wait on him entirely too much."

"His boots, you know, are rather tight for him,"
replied Mrs. Merrill, "and being wet, were really
hard to pull off. I don't intend pulling them off
again. He will make a bootjack to-morrow."

Ned Merrill was a boy who always put off every-
thing in the shape of work until the last moment.
The old adage, "Lazy folks work best when the
sun is west," was true in his case. He had the
kindling to split for the fire, the water to bring
from the well, and the cows to feed three times a
day, but his mother often said that it was such
hard work to get Ned to do these things she would
rather do them herself. He could easily have stepped
into the woodshed and split up kindling enough
in a few minutes to last three or four days; but he
always, as Aunt Louise said, dreaded everything in
the shape of work. He would wait until dark before
he got about his chores, and then he would split up
his bootjack or something else that lay near him,
saying, "I can easily make another."

The next night, when bedtime came, Ned looked
all around the kitchen as if he had lost something.
"He has not made that bootjack," thought Aunt
Louise as she saw the boy try to pull off his boots
on the chair-rungs and on the wood box. "I wonder
what he will do," thought she.

Ned's mother was in the pantry, stirring up buck-
wheat cakes for breakfast. When she came into the
kitchen she said, "Haven't you gone to bed yet,
Ned? I thought you went up stairs long ago."

"I can't get my boots off," replied Ned, in a
fretful tone.

"There! I knew you wouldn't make the bootjack
to-day, when you said you would," exclaimed his
mother.

"I forgot it," replied Ned.

"You didn't forget to go to Tom White's for
your ball or to go skating with Willie Rounds; but
you always forget to do anything you consider
work."

While Mrs. Merrill was talking, Ned was tugging
and pulling away at his boots, and soon a word
which he knew he ought not to say, escaped his lips,
and made the tears come in his mother's eyes. She
silently went to her boy and pulled off his boot.
While she was pulling off the second one, Charles
Brown, a neighbor's son, came in to borrow some
yeast. He looked with amazement at Ned, as he
sat in a chair while his mother pulled off his muddy
boots.

"Does your mother pull off your boots, Ned?"
he asked.

"Why don't you have a bootjack?"
Your mother must be very good. I would not dare
ask my mother to do such a thing for me."

Ned looked quite ashamed, although he was such
a selfish boy that the fact of his mother's doing
such a menial service for him, was not what shamed
him; it was the thought that Charles Brown had
seen the transaction and resented it.

The next day Ned seemed to have forgotten all
about the event of the evening; also, the making
of the bootjack. He went off skating with a crowd
of boys, without as much as bringing his mother
one pair of water.

"Where is your bootjack, old fellow?" shouted a
dozen of voices as Ned went down the ice.

"I never heard of making a bootjack out of a
mother before," exclaimed Harry Jones. "My
mother would apply the boot to me externally, I
guess, if I stuck my muddy boots up in her face."

All the afternoon Ned went by the name of
"bootjack."

His mother felt ill at ease that he went
home an hour earlier than usual.

His mother met him at the door and said "Hello
up, Ned." Ned was used to this kind of welcome
his mother always wanted him to hurry up, and
asked him a number of questions such as, "Did
you water the cow this noon, Ned?" "Did you feed
her?" "I have not a drop of water or a stick of
wood in the house; why didn't you get me some
before you left?" Ned was used to such questions;
but when his mother showed him a very nice box
which the expressman left at the house that after-
noon, directed in large letters to "Ned Merrill,
Tiptonville, Mass.," he was astonished and de-
lighted.

"It must be from your Uncle Joshua," his
mother said: "It is your birthday to-morrow,
and he has remembered it."

"I'll get the hatchet and open the box," said
Ned, rushing into the woodshed.

As usual Ned had to look around for some min-
utes to find the hatchet, because he threw his tools
down wherever he used them, and never remembered
where he had them last. After hunting around for
some time, the hatchet was found, and Ned
pried open the box.

Imagine his astonishment and disappointment, to
find a bootjack inside, with a card attached bearing
these words, "To Ned Merrill, from a friend who
thinks mothers are made of too good materials to
be converted into bootjacks."

Ned was so vexed that he cried; but it taught
him a good lesson. Instead of neglecting his work
until the close of the day, he did it up at the pro-
per time; and instead of making his mother wait
upon him, he waited upon his mother.

It was some weeks before the matter of the
express box was alluded to by either mother or son;
but one evening, when they were sitting alone to-
gether, with the wood box piled full of wood, and
the kindling lying by the stove, his mother said,
"Ned, do you know I am very happy nowadays?"

"I don't know how to say asking you if you have
your work, and working all the time for fear you
have forgotten something."

"That bootjack business cured me," said Ned.
"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that
taketh a city."—*Susan T. Perry on Evangelist.*

FAITH.

Willie was a little boy about seven years old.
His father was a drunkard, and his mother had a
very hard time to get him to bed.

One day in winter Willie said:
"Mother, can't I have a pair of new boots? My
feet are all out of these. The snow gets in, and I
feel awful cold."

The tears came into his mother's eyes as she
said:
"Well, Willie, my dear boy I hope soon to be
able to get you a new pair."

After waiting for some days Willie said:
"O mother, it's too bad! Can't I get some boots
somehow?" He stood thinking a moment and then
said, "O, I know what to do. I'll ask God to
get them for me. Why didn't I think of that be-
fore?" Then he went up to his own little room,
and knelt down by his bed, and covering his face
with his hands he said, "O God, father drinks;
mother has no money; my feet get cold and wet;
I want some new boots. Please, Lord, get me a
pair. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then he went down stairs and waited for an
answer.

Shortly after this a kind Christian lady, who
lived near them, called in, and asked Willie to take
a walk with her. Willie went. Pretty soon the
lady saw Willie's toes coming out of his boots.

Then she said:
"Why, Willie dear look at your feet. They'll
freeze. Why didn't you put on a better pair of
boots?"

"These are all I have, ma'am."

"But why don't you get a new pair?"

"Mother has no money to get them with. But
I've asked God to get me a new pair, and I'm wait-
ing till He sends them."

Tears filled the lady's eyes when she heard this,
and leading Willie into a shoemaker's shop, she
had him fitted with a nice pair of new boots.

This made him very happy, and he thanked the

good lady for her kindness. As soon as he returned
home he went up to his mother, and showing her
his new boots, said:

"Look, mother! God has heard my prayer, and
sent me the boots. Mrs. Gray's money bought
them; but God heard me ask for them, and I sup-
pose He told Mrs. Gray to get them for me." Then
he knelt down by his mother's side and said:
"O God, I thank Thee for these nice new boots.
Make me a good boy, and take care of dear mother.
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Willie had just the same kind of faith that Abrah-
am had. We can think of him as an example of
prayer and an example of faith. And we need not
have better illustration of how we can pray and
how we are to have faith in God than this story of
Willie gives us.

OUT OF SIN INTO CHRIST.

Out of bondage, sorrow and night,
Into thy freedom, gladness and light;
Out of my sickness into thy health,
Out of my want and into thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into thyself,
Jesus, I come; Jesus, I come.

Out of my shameful failure and loss
Into the glorious gain of thy cross;
Out of earth's poisons into thy balm,
Out of life's storms into heavenly calm,
Out of distress into jubilation praise,
Jesus, I come; Jesus, I come.

Out of unrest and arrogant pride
Into thy restful will to abide;
Out of myself to dwell in thy love,
Out of despair into raptures above,
Upward for eye on captives of a dove,
Jesus, I come; Jesus, I come.

Out of my death and the shade of the tomb,
Into thy life and radiant home;
Out of the depths of ruin untold
Into the gates of thy abiding fold,
Into the streets and city-walled fold,
Jesus, I come; Jesus, I come.

—Rev. W. T. Sleeper.

PIETRO'S SONG.

It was a Saturday night. Everything seemed
robust in evening, a kindly dream, and was it not a
royal robe sent by the King of kings to enfold the
earth, and keep out the fierce cold from the tender
rootlets and branches?

By and by the storm seemed to have driven every
one within doors, when a shadow crept from behind
the pillar of the great church, and if you had been
there you would have seen a very bright-faced boy
carrying a guitar under his arm. It was Pietro.

"Oh! dear, what shall I do?" he thought. "I
am so cold and hungry. I will try some more. It
may be that some one will hear me; but the storm
makes such a noise that I fear not." He turned his
instrument, and began to sing in a wonderfully
sweet voice.

As he sang, he forgot hunger, cold, everything.
He did not care whether any one was listening or
not, for his heart was warmed by a ray of hope,
and he knew that One in heaven heard him. But
some one was listening.

The organist of the great church had remained
late to arrange the music for the next day, and was
wondering what he should do for some one to take
the place of one of the singers, who was sick. Sud-
denly he started forward and listened intently, as
Pietro's voice rang clear and sweet upon the night
air. If he could only secure such a voice as that,
who could be it? He stole softly down stairs and
into the great door, and waiting in the shadow of
the column, listened until the boy had finished
singing. Then he called him to him, and took him
in the church, and while Pietro was warming him-
self, he told his story.

"Pietro, would you like to sing for me in the
church to-morrow? You shall go home with me to-
night, and we will have a warm supper, and in the
morning, after you have rested, we will try the
music; though if you sing as well as you have sung
to-night, there will be no need of my practicing."

"Oh! sir, I will do anything for you that you
want me to. You are the first one who has spoken
a kind word to me to-day."

"Well, some, my boy, never mind that; we will
have our supper now."

The next day every one congratulated the organ-
ist on his taste in selecting his singer for the prin-
cipal part. "I did not get him," said he to his
rector, "God sent him. And I think he is right.
Do you not think so? Pietro was never
in want of friends after that, and he became a great
singer and musician, and he has always used his tal-
ents for the glory of Him who had given them to
him.—*Children's Banner.*

RESPECT FOR PARENTS.

If children could realize but a small portion of
the anxiety their parents feel on their account they
would pay far better respect to parental wishes.

A good child, and one of whom confidence can be
placed in one who does not allow himself to disobey
his parents, nor do anything when his parents are
absent, that he has reason to believe they would
disapprove were they present. The good advice of
parents is often so engraved on the heart of a child,
that after-years of care and toil do not efface it;
and in the hour of temptation the thought of a
parent has been the salvation of a child, though
the parent may be sleeping in the grave, and the
ocean may roll between the child and the tempted
child. A small token of parental affection, borne
about the person, especially a parent's likeness,
would frequently prove a talisman for good. A
Polish prince was accustomed to carry the pic-
ture of his father always in his bosom, and on any
particular occasion he would look upon it and say,
"Let me do nothing unbecoming so excellent a
father."

Such respect for a father or a mother
one of the best traits in the character of a son or
daughter. Honor thy father and thy mother, that
it may be well thee, is the first and first command-
ment with promise, says the Sacred Book, and happy
is the child who acts accordingly.

BOY'S ESTIMATE OF HIS MOTHER'S
WORK.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire and gets
my breakfast and sends me off," said a bright young
boy. "Then she gets my father up and gets his break-
fast and sends him off. Then she gets the other
children their breakfast and sends them to school;
and then she and the baby have their breakfast,"
and then she is "most two, but she can talk and walk
as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"
"I get \$2 a week, and father gets \$2 a day."

"How much does your mother get?"
With a bewildered look the boy said: "Mother!
Why, she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of
you."

"Oh, yes; for us she does. But there ain't any
money into it."—*Ez.*

HOME HINTS.

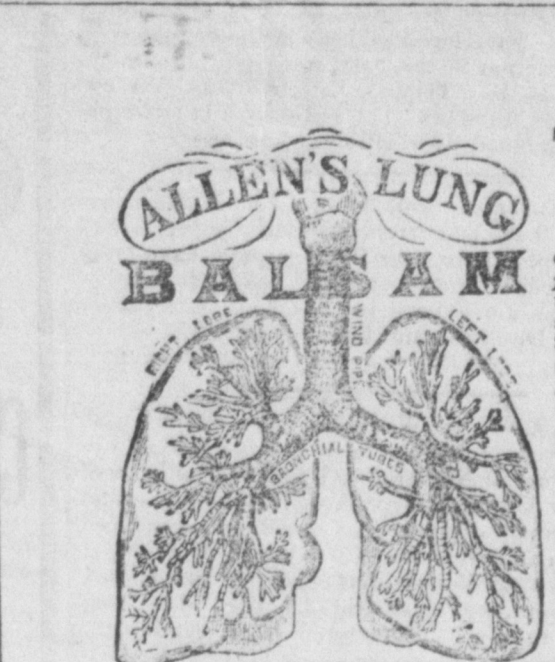
TO REMOVE a grease spot from silk, lay it on a
thick pad of tissue or blotting paper, cover it with
another similar pad and press it under a moderately
hot iron. The surface around the iron must be
protected or the heat may change the color of the
silk.

APPLES BAKED.—Core but do not peel a dozen
of large smooth apples, fill the cavities with sugar
and grated lemon-peel; also, a little of the lemon
juice and a clove. Put them in a buttered pan.
Bake in a quick oven for half an hour. They are greenings,
fifteen minutes will be sufficient. Eat them warm,
with or without milk or more sugar.

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It cures the phlegm of the lungs; changes the secretion and
purifies the blood; breaks the irritated parts; gives strength
to the diaphragm; brings the liver to its proper
action, and imports strength to the whole system.
It is the most effective and satisfactory remedy for
that it is warranted to break up the most distressing
coughs, in a few hours, if not a few days. It is warranted
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