

## Poetry.

## AT FOURSCORE.

By ERIN E. REYNOLDS.  
She sits in the gathering shadows,  
By the porch where the roses blow,  
And her thoughts are black in the summer  
That vanished long ago;  
She forgets the graves on the hillside,  
Forgets that she is old,  
And remembers only the gladness  
God gave her heart to hold.  
As she sits there, under the roses,  
She turns her dim old eyes  
To the road that leads up the hillside  
To the glory of sunset skies.  
"They are late," she says, and listens  
With her knitting on her knee;  
"It is time for the children's coming;  
Where can the little ones be?"  
She fancies she hears them coming:  
"Ah, here at last," she cries,  
And the light of a mother's welcome  
Shines in her faded eyes.  
"You've been gone a long time, children;  
Were the berries thick, my dears?"  
She asks, as, gathered about her,  
Each child of old appears.  
She hears the merry voices  
Of the dear ones that are dead;  
She smooths out the shining tangles  
That crown each little head;  
She kisses the faces lifted  
To hers, as in days of old,  
And the heart of the dreaming mother  
Is full of peace untold.  
She listens to eager stories  
Of what they saw and heard—  
Of a nest in the blackberry bushes,  
And a frightened mother-bird;  
How Johnnie fell, and his berries  
Were lost in weeds and moss,  
And Mary was "fraid, and dreaded  
The brook they had to cross.  
So, while the night comes downward,  
She hears her children there,  
Forgotten the years that took them  
And the snowfalls in her hair.  
The love that will last forever  
Brings back the dear, the dead,  
And the faithful heart of the mother  
With her dreams is comforted.  
She looks the way up to the country  
Where her dear ones watch and wait  
For her, and I think of the meeting  
There at the Jasper gate.  
She will feel their welcoming kisses,  
And the children's father will say,  
As the household is gathered in heaven,  
"We're all at home to-day."

## CLINGING TO LIFE.

"I love to live," and the happy child,  
Looked up to his mother and gently smiled.  
His young heart throbbled with the fires of youth,  
His eye was bright with unselfish truth,  
His fair face shone with a hopeful gleam,  
And life seemed sweet as a poet's dream.  
"I love to live," said a maiden fair,  
Her life knew nothing of toil or care.  
She'd beauty and wealth and love untold,  
And all the pleasures that life can hold.  
She merrily sang as the days flew by,  
As birds will carol 'neath summer's sky.  
"I love to live," said an earnest man,  
I'm gaining from life all the good I can.  
All over the world men spoke his name,  
As crowned with the trust and noblest fame,  
Successful and happy, he stood in his prime,  
And thought of his future with hope sublime.  
"I love to live," a mother said,  
As she fondly knelt by a little bed.  
"My home is a paradise here on earth,  
We revel in happiness, love and mirth;  
And this dear babe with her winning ways  
Is the crowning joy of our perfect days."

## The Fireside.

## WHAT GEOMETRY WILL DO FOR A BOY.

Now, boys, let us have a little talk about geometry. You know it has been a famous study for boys for many ages. Euclid was an old Egyptian, who lived about 800 years before Christ. His treatise on geometry was the foundation for all modern works upon the subject. Ptolemy, who lived a century earlier, founded a noted academy at Athens, and it is related that over its entrance he placed this celebrated inscription: "Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here." This remark has been considered an important part of a good education for 2,000 years. Yet I hear many boys in these days saying, "I don't like geometry. I wonder what good it will do me." I once heard a very interesting story about Abraham Lincoln which may help you to understand the "good." Before Mr. Lincoln was a candidate for President, he made a tour through New England and lectured in many cities and towns. Among other places he spoke in Norwich, Conn. A gentleman who heard him and was struck with his remarkable logical power, rode the next day in the cars with Mr. Lincoln to New Haven. During the ride the following conversation took place:

"Mr. Lincoln, I was delighted with your lecture last evening." "Oh, thank you, but that was not much of a lecture; I can do better than that." "I have no doubt of it, Mr. Lincoln; for whoever can do so well, must inevitably be able to do better." "Well, well, you are a good reasoner, aren't you? That is true." "But that reminds me," continued the gentleman, "to ask how you acquired your wonderful logical power. I have heard that you are entirely self-educated, and it is seldom that I find a self-educated man who has a good system of logic in his reasoning. How did you acquire such an acute power of analysis?" "Well, Mr. G., I will tell you. It was my terrible discouragement which did that for me." "Your discouragement?" "What do you mean?" "You see," said Mr. Lincoln, "that when I was about eighteen years of age I went into an office to study law. Well, after a little while I saw that a lawyer's business was largely to do things. And I said to myself, 'Lincoln, when is a thing proved?' That was a poser. I could not answer the question, and finally said to myself, 'What use is it for me to be in a law-office, if I can't tell when a thing is proved?' So I gave it up, and left the office and went back home, over in Kentucky."

"So you gave up the law?" "Oh, Mr. G., don't jump at your conclusions; that isn't logical. But, really, I did give up the law, and I thought I should never go to it. This was in the fall of the year. Soon after I returned, to the old log cabin I fell in with a copy of Euclid. I had

not the slightest notion what Euclid was, and I thought I would find out. I found out, but it was no easy job. I looked into the book and found it was all about lines, angles, surfaces, and solids; but I could not understand it at all. I therefore began, very deliberately, the beginning. I learned the definitions and axioms. I demonstrated the first proposition; I said, that is simple enough. I went on to the next, and the next; and before spring I had gone through that old Euclid's geometry, and could demonstrate every proposition like a book. "I knew it all from beginning to end. You could not stick me on the hardest of them. Then, in the spring, when I had got through with it, I said to myself one day, 'Ah, do you know now when a thing is proved?' And I answered right out loud, 'Yes, sir, I do.' Then you may go back to the law shop," I went. "Thank you, Mr. Lincoln, for that story. You have answered my question. I see now where you found your logical acumen; you dug it out of that geometry." "Yes, I did, often by the light of the pitch-pine knot. But I got it. Nothing but geometry will teach you the power of abstract reasoning. Only that will tell you when a thing is proved." Said Mr. G., "I think this is a remarkable incident. How few men would have thought to ask themselves the question, 'When was a thing proved?' What constitutes proof? And how few young men of eighteen would have been made to master the whole of Euclid in a single winter, without a teacher. And still fewer, after that had done so well, would have realized and acknowledged what geometry had done for them; that it had told them what proof was." So, my young friends, you may perhaps see by this incident what geometry will do for a boy.—*Congregationalist.*

## MOLLY'S PENNIES.

The young assistant editor of one of the most important magazines in New York is also the teacher of a class of little ragamuffins in a Mission Sunday-school. These children are allowed to bring a penny each on Sunday, for the help of other children still worse off than themselves. Mind, they are allowed, as a privilege—not required, or even expected. It is not before them as an honor to help in the good work; and many of them bring their penny regularly—others when it is convenient—others seldom; but there is scarcely one so poor as not sometimes to produce it.

Among the class is one little mite, perhaps six years old, who always comes well-patched and clean, yet whose whole aspect shows her to be one of the very poorest of those poor. She is not a pretty child. Life has been hard on her, and pinched her little face, and made sharp angles where there ought to be soft outlines and dimples; but she has bright, eager eyes, and she never loses a word the teacher says to her, and she feels that she is one of his most hopeful scholars.

One Sunday of winter, when the times were very hard, he heard a small voice at his elbow,—"Teacher?"

"Well, Molly?"  
"Please, sir, here's four pennies, for this Sunday, and three more Sundays."  
"Why do you bring them all at once, Molly?" the teacher asked, with curious interest.  
"Because, please, father is out of work, and he said there might not be any pennies if I did not take them now," and the thin little brown hand slipped into his a brown paper parcel in which the four pennies were carefully wrapped.

So the good work was not to suffer, however hungry the child's mouth might be before the month was over. The teacher wondered how many of the rich men, playing with fortunes as a child plays with toys, would remember, before making some desperate throw, to provide for the charities they were wont to help, lest there should not be any money in the weeks to come.—*Youth's Companion.*

## HEART-BEATS.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "rummy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

"Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?"  
"He did so," said, "Count it carefully; what does it say?"  
"Your pulse says seventy-four."  
"You sit down in a chair and asked him to count it again." He did so, and said, "Your pulse has come down to seventy."  
"I then lay down on the lounge, and said: 'Will you take it again?'"  
"He replied, 'Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!'"

"I then said, 'When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest. Because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by 60, and it is 600; multiply it by 24 hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different; and as the heart is throwing 6 ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night.'"

"When I lie down at night without my alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take the wine or the grog, you do not allow that rest; for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting that rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very weary and find that the next day's work will have taken a little more of the 'rummy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below!"—*Scientific American.*

## THE TOAD.

"Of what earthly use is a toad?" a naturalist was asked.  
"It is a very useful animal around the house. There isn't a better fly catcher. I trained a toad once, and kept it in my room. Its place was on the window bench, and it was as diversion to it as it was to me. If a fly came in, it was as if it were its tongue, they would be invisible. Its aim is as unerring as its glance. Its tongue is made so that it can shoot it out nearly two inches. It is as sharp as it is a fly as upon the point of a needle, and it departs as quick as a man can wink. It requires very great attention to see the operation."

"How do they live in the winter?"  
"Toads crawl into a crack in the earth or bury themselves in mud. There are numerous stories about the length of time they can live without food or air. Mr. Buckland's experiments showed that they could live two years, so that we must conclude that the legends of the discovery in the bowels of the earth of toads that possibly lived before Noah are misleading. They certainly get a medium of life in their hiding places. There is no trustworthy account of a toad living in a log cabin. There are toads found in stone, but they are merely housed up in a solid coat of sun-baked clay, which on the exterior seems as hard as a stone, but which, in all probability, contains some fissure invisible to the naked eye, through which it gets air and drink."

"The toad is occasionally found concealed in a knot of a tree, where it has been injured in bark; but here, too, it is not wholly looked up from air. It has the power of contracting its body and swelling it to twice its natural size. It certainly can live in a greater state of torpidity than almost any other animal, and, being born a tadpole, it is likely to be carried in the water to very extraordinary places."

"Does it have any cry?"  
"Yes; curiously enough, it has a cry that sounds like an infant screaming under a pillow. Its utterance is strangely human, but it comes forth only when it is injured or frightened."

One of the best ways to cure sore throat is as follows: Write a cloth out of salt and cold water, and keep it quite wet and bind tightly about the neck. Cover this with a dry cloth. It is best to use this remedy in the night.

## YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

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## POETRY.

## WALKING WITH JESUS.

Children, let us walk with Jesus,  
Walk beside Him hand-in-hand;  
Let our light shine bright and brighter  
As we near the heavenly land;  
Let our words be kind and gentle,  
Let our ways be always true,  
For the Saviour waits for us,  
Knowing all we say or do.

If we now remember Jesus,  
He will walk with us and lead us;  
When our eyes are old and dim,  
He will guide us safely, sweetly,  
To our rest beyond the skies,  
Where no wave of grief can touch us,  
Where no flower of beauty dies.

—The Youth's Visitor.

## CHILDREN'S MYST.

From the sunny morning  
To the starry night,  
Every look and motion  
Meets our Father's sight.  
From our earliest breath  
To our latest year,  
Every sound we utter  
Meets our Father's ear.

Let us, then, be careful  
That our look shall be  
Brave and kind and cheerful  
For our Lord to see.  
Help us, O our Father!  
Hear our earnest plea—  
Teach thy little children  
How to live to thee.

—The Youth's Visitor.

## THE MYSTERY.

No. 197.—QUESTION ACROSTIC.  
1. By whom was Queen Esther adopted and brought up?  
2. Who was the grandfather of David?  
3. Who was the first King of Israel?  
4. To what prophet was food brought by an angel?  
5. By whom was a jawbone used as a weapon?  
The initials give the name of one of the most important characters in the Bible.

—The Youth's Visitor.

## No. 198.—DEEP LETTER PUZZLE.

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