

## Poetry.

## "ABIDE IN ME."

BY GRACE WHEELER HINDALE.

Abide in thee! I may remain  
Within thy heart divine,  
Hast thou no thought to cast me off,  
Wilt thou still own me thine?

Abide in thee! Shall I still wear  
Sweet mercy's crimson sign,  
Will vengeance drop and fall to smite  
This treacherous heart of mine?

Abide in thee! The house of love,  
And in thy banquet share,  
Communing with the happy guests,  
Whose robes are white and fair?

Abide in thee! When I have turned  
To ways which were my own,  
Lord, do I hear thee call my name,  
With pleading in thy tone?

Art thou so grieved that I should stray  
In thy strong heart in pain,  
That thou dost seek my wandering soul,  
To win me back again?

What tears are these which hide thy smile,  
I scarce can think them mine,  
Thy voice, so sweet, fills all my heart—  
I'm thine, dear Lord, still thine!

—S. S. Times.

## THE PARADOX OF TIME.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

Time goes, you say! Ah, no!  
Alas, Time stays, we go;  
Or else, were this not so,  
What need to chain the hours,  
For Youth were always ours?

Time goes, you say! Ah, no!  
Ours is the eyes' deceit  
Of men whose lying feet  
Lead through some landscape low;  
We pass, and think we go,  
The earth's fixed surface flows—  
Alas, Time stays, we go!

See, in what traversed ways,  
What backward Fate delays  
The hopes we used to know.  
Where are our old desires?  
Ah, where those vanished fires!

Time goes, you say! Ah, no!  
How far, how far, O sweet,  
The past behind our feet  
Lies in the even glow!  
Now, on the forward way,  
Let us fold hands, and pray;  
Alas, Time stays, we go!

## The Fireside.

## THE FALSE BALANCE.

Two little girls, in the early morning of an October day, were dressing in a sleepy fashion, or rather one of them was dressing, and the other sat on the side of the bed looking at her.

"There," said Bess, impatiently, "now that mean old shoe-string must go and break, and I know that bell's just going to ring. Turn over the leaf, Gussie, so we can be learning the text while we do our hair."

Gussie got up on the bed, and turned over the leaf on a roll of text which hung on the wall, and then stood a minute, reading it to herself.

"Why don't you hurry!" said Bess, looking at her. "What a text to pick out for folks! 'A false balance is abomination unto the Lord.' Pears to me if I was a Sunday-school committee, or whoever does print out those verses, I'd find some that had some sense to 'em."

"Why, Bessie Maynard, that's in the Bible, and I'd think you wouldn't dare to talk so," said Gussie, with horrified eyes.

"Well, I don't mean just that way, of course. I mean sense for everybody. You know yourself there's a difference. There's verses about wives, and husbands, and ministers, and—and grandmothers, and they don't fit everybody. I should think that verse was meant for grocery men that don't weigh things right, and I just wish they had to learn it."

"It's easy to learn, anyhow," said Gussie, "only I like to think about my verse. Some of them seem just a purpose for me, like 'Diligent in business,' and 'Whatever thy hand.'" "Yes," said Bess, complacently, "you are so slow, Gussie, and such a put-off, but there isn't a thing in this verse to think about."

There was a little silence, for Bessie was brushing her thick curly locks, and it took all her patience to struggle through the tangles.

"That's because you didn't brush it out last night," said Gussie.

"I'll pose so; but it's such a bother. Dear me! I'm just going to brush it this way; I can't stop."

"O Bessie! you know mamma won't like it; and it spoils your hair," said Gussie.

"It'll do for once," said Bess; "it looks all right, anyhow."

"I wonder," began Gussie, and then suddenly stopped.

"What?" inquired Bess.

"I didn't know—I thought, maybe, that might be what the text meant," said Gussie, slowly; "sort of half doing things; not giving quite as much as you pretend to."

Gussie stopped, afraid of offending the sister of whose superior gifts she stood greatly in awe; but Bess only laughed at her answer. "You do think of the queerest things, Gussie."

"That was what they all said of Gussie, but she kept on thinking."

"It was her day to dust the parlor."

"I'll help you," said Bess; "and then you'll get through so we can go for chestnuts."

"But you don't do the corners, Bessie, and you haven't moved any of the books," said Gussie, as she watched her sister's rapid whisk of the duster.

"What's the difference?" said Bess; "it looks all right; you'll pose anybody's going to peek around after a speck of dust? There, now, that's done!"

But Gussie, with the thought of that false balance in her queer little head kept on until the work was thoroughly done, saying to herself, "If I pretend to give mamma a pound of work, and only give her half a pound, I'm sure that's a deceitful balance."

The next thing in order was to pick over the grapes for jelly, and even patient Gussie sighed over the big basket, but, as usual, Bessie's part was completed long before hers.

"I wish you could learn to be a little more nimble with your fingers, Gussie," said her mother, and Bessie said, "an undertone," "It's 'cause you fume so; 'point' a bad grape does give her half a pound, I'm sure that's a deceitful balance."

"I don't care," said Gussie, feeling a little touched by her mother's criticism. "I shan't have any false balances 'bout my work, 'cause the Lord can tell a bad grape if it is smashed up, and it isn't the grape that matters, it's putting it in."

Only one thing more stood between the little girls and the holiday excursion for chestnuts. The history lesson must be learned for Monday, and then they would be as free as the birds. "How I hate it," said Gussie, "stupid, dry stuff about Adam-is-ter-a-tions. I don't see any use in knowing it, anyhow."

"I'll tell you what," said Bess, "let's begin about the middle, because the first of it never does come to us."

"And then," said Gussie, "Miss Marcy will 'pose of course we know the beginning."

"Yes," nodded Bess, beginning to gabble over the words, "I'm going to finish in half an hour—"

"On account of these things it was plainly impossible!"

"But we don't know what things," said Gussie. "No, and I don't care."

"And if Miss Marcy 'poses we know and gives us a credit, it'll be a deceitful balance, 'cause we make her think we know a pound when we only know half a pound."

Bessie's face flushed a little. "I just wish, Gussie Maynard, you wouldn't talk any more about that grocery man's text. It's just nonsense trying to make it fit us."

But after all Bessie did not feel quite comfortable, and she went back and learned the beginning of her lesson.

"There," said Gussie, "that's good, full weight, and I don't intend to be a 'bomination any more.'—Congregationalist."

## YOU NEVER TOLD US.

He stood in the door of the Sabbath-school room, waiting to finish a conversation with a lady who held a boy by the hand.

"Don't you think it would be well to let the scholars take part in some exercise on the subject of temperance, Mr. Johnson?" asked the lady.

"You are the superintendent, and if you should assign the scholars any texts or verses about the subject, I know they would be glad to get them. You would, Edie, wouldn't you?"

"What! Say something, say a verse!" asked the boy, one of the kind whose eyes are forever snapping, hands forever moving, head forever turning, and whom all occupation is a delight because a constitutional necessity. "I would, and I know lots of others would speak."

"Temperance, did you say?" inquired Mr. Johnson, so coldly that Mrs. Atwood felt a shiver at once.

"Yes, sir."

"Alas! it is not judicious, I think, to speak on controverted subjects in the Sabbath-school, and where a difference of opinion exists. I feel that it is better for people to think about temperance as they please. But it is time for me to call the school together, and the speaker moved along the entry like an iceberg drifting out of sight."

"What did he say, mother?" asked Edie. "That people had better think about temperance as they pleased!"

Mrs. Atwood was so absorbed in her painful thoughts that she did not pay any attention to the question.

"Days, weeks, months, even years slipped by. A hard winter visited the city of N— There was hardness in every direction. The severe cold that prevailed so long seemed to freeze up everything. It reached the money bags in the vaults, and the tills in the counters, and the purses in the pockets of capitalists, ice forming everywhere and stopping the flow of money. At least a very scanty stream of the article dribbled into one poor home in a tall, gaunt tenement house. A mother was there watching by the bed of a consumptive son, a young man."

"A cold night," he said, "mother!" "Yes, it is."

"What makes you think it is snowing? Seems as if it were getting into bed," he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"It is snowing."

"She went to the window and looked down into the street. A rough wind was driving the flakes in clouds through the streets, threatening to smother the lamp-posts and the very houses."

"I can't seem to see any one coming," she muttered. "It is so cold here."

"I can't tell whether it is the snow or the serpents," said the son, in a loud whisper.

"He is wandering again," said the mother, bending over the bed. "It will be warm soon, I think."

"Yes, warm soon—soon—ha-ha!"

His laugh was that of a mind breaking like a ship from all moorings, drifting out into a dark sea. That evening a note had been left at the door of a gentleman in the neighborhood, and it read thus:

"There is a sick man, a consumptive, living in the district, at No. 182 Putnam street. They are pretty delicate, and if you could get them some food and coal to-night, I know it would be acceptable."

A note from our minister, said Mr. Berry. "He has been calling there to-day, probably. I will take some food and coal with me to go with me. I wonder if my guest would like to come with me? I have some idea of one of our poor districts."

The gentleman visiting Mr. Berry said he would like to go, and the two started off, a basket of coal and food hanging on Mr. Berry's arm. Through the snow they trudged, and then they climbed a dark flight of stairs leading up somewhere from the black hole labelled "182."

"Where? how cold. We'll have a fire at once," said Mr. Berry, as he stooped over the stove in the consumptive's room, quickly changing the mite, rust piece of iron into a creature that laughed and sang, chuckled and roared, flashing out into the room a cheerful warmth. The companion of Mr. Berry had gone to the sick young man's bed.

"I am sorry you are sick," said the visitor. "Thank you, but the snakes are bad."

"He is wandering, sir," exclaimed the mother. "But you wait a moment. His mind will come back again."

The young man had fastened his dark, sunken eyes on the stranger, and seemed to be making an effort to recognize him. It was a painful effort. It was hard to bring back the ship that had broken from its moorings, drifted off into the wilderness and blackness of the sea.

"Don't—don't I know you?" he asked. "Perhaps so."

"Did you keep Sabbath-school—once?" "Yes."

"Oh yes, I remember him."

"Didn't you—once—say—you wouldn't—have a temperance service—and people—had—better think—as they please?"

"I dare say. People were rather fanatical on the subject."

"I am—Edie—Atwood—"

"I wouldn't," said his mother. "It will make you cough."

Just—raise—me—once. I only say—Mr. Johnson for you may still be superintendent—and will know—what—do—another time. I acted as you advised—and—did—as I pleased. You told—us—of—the evil of—strong drink. I ruined—myself—in that way, and—here—I am—"

"Oh, don't, don't, Edward! Oh, quick, quick! Help!" screamed the mother.

But no help could reach Edward Atwood. His soul had drifted out upon that sea from which no vessel ever returns.—Selected.

## TEASING.

To tease means, literally, to pull or to scratch, and refers to the little petty annoyances which are harder to bear than more serious trials. Teasing is one of the meanest occupations in which any one can indulge, and the propensity to have fun at others' expense is always from the devil, and should be resisted. Those who have been hurt and disappointed (I incident remember the pain and disappointment as long as they live. When I was a little girl, some one, I shall never tell you, brought me one afternoon a neatly folded package, with the pleasant words, "Here is a present for you." With the eager expectation of a child, I opened the bundle and found three sticks of wood, and ran hastily away to hide the tears which would spring to my eyes.

A gentleman asked his little three-year-old nephew to give him a bite of his half eaten banana. The child held it out quickly, and the uncle took it and ate it all. The child cried for a long time, and could not be comforted, even by the promise given by the uncle, and afterward fulfilled, that he would bring him two bananas the next day. Such teasing as this is downright wickedness, and will surely be punished.

My young friends never tease. It is ignoble. It is unworthy of a Christian. It is violating the golden rule. It will certainly meet with retribution.

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surely be punished, for "With what measure ye mete shall be measured to you again."

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HOME HINTS. POTATO CHOCQUETTES—Add to four or five mashed potatoes a little butter, Cayenne pepper, and the beaten yolk of one egg. Beat the potatoes with a fork, roll them into little balls, which roll in egg and cracker crumbs, and fry them in a wire basket in boiling fat.

ORANGE WAFERS—One half pound of sugar, one quarter pound of butter, four eggs. Separate the whites and yolks and beat four light; one lemon, half the rind and all the juice, or lemon extract. Drop from a teaspoon upon buttered paper, and bake in a quick oven. Spread the under side with orange marmalade, and place two together. These are very delicious.

INDIAN MEAL PUFFS—Into one quart of boiling milk stir eight spoonfuls of Indian meal and four spoonfuls sugar; boil five minutes stirring all the time. When cool add six well beaten eggs. Bake in buttered cups half an hour. Mix with meal and sugar a little soda and salt.

CAKE WITH NUTS—The hickory nut season is here now, and the following way of making cake can be tried: Two teaspoons of sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of thin cream, three and a-half cups of flour, two spoonfuls of baking powder mixed with the flour, three eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and one large cupful of the hickory nuts chopped or broken in small bits.

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