

Poetry.

THE WORK OF THE ANGELS.

The weary day with its cares had passed,
And the shades of evening came at last—
The setting sun, with a brilliant dye,
Had painted the clouds of the western sky;
And the shadows fell over sea and land,
As if spread out by a fairy's hand.

I sat and mused, in the twilight dim,
And I thought of the beautiful seraphim,
And, oh, how I wished I might always know
That they followed my wanderings to and fro!
And oft I questioned, the whole day through,
"What do the beautiful angels do?"

And I asked myself, with a silent tear,
Are the beautiful angels ever near?
My mortal grief do they ever see?
Do they love, and pity, and care for me?
And I laid me down on my couch and wept,
And soon, like a weary child, I slept.

I thought, in my dream, that I stood beside
The banks of a river, deep and wide,
And methought from the beautiful, star-lit sky,
Thousands of angels seemed to fly;
And the world was bathed in a flood of light,
Which flashed from the wings of the angels bright.

Rapturous music, rich and rare,
Sounds of melody filled the air;
But the heavenly beings seemed to fly
Far, far away, till I passed me by;
In sorrow and anguish I murmured, "Pray,
Beautiful angels, come this way."

Then a voice from the darkness said to me,
"Open thine eyes, and thou shalt see."
I looked—and lo! in my wondering sight,
Stood a beautiful being, clothed in white;
With a smile of love on the glorious face,
He held me close in a warm embrace.

I laid my head on his gentle breast,
Where, many a time, I had longed to rest,
And a voice from the radiance said to me,
"Lo! this shall thy guardian angel be;
In days of sorrow and nights of fear,
Thy gracious friend shall be ever near."

"And when in the closest you kneel to pray,
And the beautiful angels seem far away,
And you almost dream, in your weak despair,
That the pitying Master scorns your prayer,
Though the angels seem to have passed you by,
Then know, my child, they are very nigh."

Wiping the tear from the eye of grief,
Bringing the sorrow from my heart relief,
Leading the wretched wanderer back,
Placing his feet in the narrow track,
Keeping a record, just and true—
This is the work that the angels do.

And by-and-by, in that coming day,
They shall gather the wheat from the tares away,
They shall bear the saints, in their arms of love,
To that glorious city of rest above,
And the pearly gates shall enter through—
Lo, this will be the beautiful angels do!

—Mrs. L. D. Stuttle, in *Mother's Magazine*.

THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.

BY L. H. JAMESON.

(Mal. iii. 16, 17.)

In a book of remembrance,
Safely kept by the throne
Of our Father in heaven,
Is recorded each one
Of the names of the jewels
He will claim for his own,
When he sends forth his angels
To assemble them home.

Is my name written there?
Is my name written there?
In the book of remembrance,
Is my name written there?

Though their names be forgotten
And the place of their birth,
With their deeds of devotion,
By the Magistrate of Earth,
There is One that remembers,
And their names shall not die;
In His book of remembrance
They are written on high.

Is my name, etc.
I'm not anxious for riches,
Or to have my poor name
On a column of marble,
In the temple of Fame;
But I wish it recorded
With the pure and the good,
In the book of remembrance,
By the throne of my God.

Is my name, etc.
Every cup of cold water
To a thirsty soul given,
In the name of a Christian
Is recorded in heaven;
And the name of the giver,
We are told by the Lord,
In that book is recorded,
And shall have its reward.

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even now commenting unfavorably upon me in keeping you with Professor Fairlie, while Jennie and Mabel are at Miss Bacon's, and the little ones are still to be educated. Everybody in Brighton is aware that I am no longer under a salary."

Mrs. Ainslie spoke before her son could answer. "I do not think it a matter which affects all Milton's future that we should be guided by the criticisms of strangers. Jennie and Mabel have their aunt's little legacy, and that will carry them through. Brighton is a gossiping place; but I care little for its gossip," she said.

"Well, leave it to me," was Milton's last word, as he said, "good night."

The parents sat and talked awhile over the fire. They were aristocrats both, and had been used in younger days to wealth. Of late they had been struggling with poverty and were growing discouraged. Some of the practical people who are always at hand with advice had been talking to Mr. Ainslie, who was sensitive and impressionable, about his folly in keeping Milton at school.

"The boy should go to work," they said, ignoring the fact that there are many kinds of work in the world, and that some can do one kind and some another.

Milton went to bed and to sleep. The next morning he was up early doing the various chores, assisting to get the breakfast, and holding the baby while his mother stirred up batter for cakes.

"I should be lost without you, my dear," she said when all was ready and they took their places at the table.

"I must be off early," the boy said, and he started for school at eight instead of half-past.

"I wonder what plan he has in his head," she thought, looking after him. But the dishes were to be washed, the bread to be baked, the children's lessons to be heard, before they went to school, the baby to be washed and dressed, and a half dozen other things to go through one pair of hands, before dinner-time. The house too, must be kept very quiet, that Mr. Ainslie might write without interruption. So she had not much time for wondering.

Meanwhile Milton had gone straight to the minister's house, and had been shown to the study. "Mr. Lee," he said, as he bowed, cap in hand, "would I do for section, do you think? I heard on Sunday that the church is looking out for somebody."

"You?" exclaimed the pastor. "Why, Milton, the duties are responsible, and—arduous—yes, I should call them arduous. You go to the professor's daily?"

"I am stout and strong. I can make the fires, sweep the church, ring the bell, clear away the snow, and do all Mr. Lee does, if I can have the wages he earns. I want to keep on with my studies, but I cannot do it unless I can pay my own way. Father cannot afford to, pay for me longer."

Mr. Lee's memory went back a few years to his own boyhood. He had not had a rich father to aid him. And he felt thankful every day for the tough experiences which had stiffened his muscles and braced his heart for life and duty.

"I will speak to the committee, Milton," he said, "and I think they will give you a fair trial. It will not be child's play, my boy, but I think there is the stuff men are made of in you."

Summer and winter for the next two years, the church of Brighton was taken care of by its new member, Milton Ainslie. At first some of his companions held themselves a little aloof from him, because of his office; but he did not mind their coldness. He was bent on learning, and to learn he was willing to make sacrifices. His father blushed when he heard what Milton had done, but was ashamed of the blush, as he ought to have been, and his mother uttered no remonstrance. In winter he had many a hard hour's work, many a cold walk in the bitter wind and the dark nights, but when the villagers heard his merry whistle, as he plodded homeward, or caught the gleam of his lantern, they nodded approvingly, and more than one said:

"There's the grit in Milton Ainslie! He'll be in the pulpit yet."

This was the greatest promotion they could think of. Away went the weeks and months; and summer visitors who flocked to Brighton for pure mountain breezes and sweet sunshine, began to notice the gentlemanly young man who was always on duty at the church. He studied as faithfully as he worked, and always had a text-book in his pocket, to use at odd minutes. In due course the time passed, and Milton was ready to go to college. There he found that he had no light task; but he, although his diligence and thoroughness so well served him that he gained a scholarship. But a brave heart never flags in the face of difficulty, and he went forward with honor. The day came at last when the Brighton prediction was fulfilled, and the lad who had been sexton was heard in the pulpit, an eloquent preacher of the "truth of God. Father and mother, silver-haired now, listened to his voice with deep gladness in their hearts. The fair young daughters, who sat by their mother, were proud of the brother who had thus far proved himself a true man, and Milton Ainslie thanked God and took courage as he looked forward to the coming year.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

"FOR HIS SAKE."

Nine o'clock on Saturday morning, and Hettie still standing by the stove baking cakes.

For whom was she baking cakes at such a late hour? For the family? Most assuredly not. The family breakfast had been eaten and cleared away a full hour and a half ago.

Hettie was baking cakes for brother Rob, who at that moment was sitting in the dining-room leisurely eating his breakfast-cakes and maple-syrup, regardless of what the clock said, or of the Saturday work that was waiting for Hettie.

Rob was nineteen, four years older than Hettie, and considered it his privilege to tease his sister and lord it over her generally. Often he would come down stairs late and demand his breakfast of Hettie in a tone of authority, as if of course it was the business of her life to wait upon him. As often, too, the sister would reply with sharp, ugly words, multiplied by many more on his part—words that left a sting all day long.

On this particular morning Rob had been more exasperating than usual. He said the cakes were burned, then that they were raw; and he asked Hettie if she had to wait to have some flour ground before she brought any more.

Besides all this, it was a warm morning, and mother was sick, and life seemed all up to poor Hettie. Do you wonder that her face was drawn into a scowl, and that the frowns grew deeper with each cake turned? I don't think she tried very hard—to tell the truth—to have those cakes right; for certainly they were not as nice as Hettie's cakes, and she was not as nice as Hettie.

Rob was waiting for Hettie. "Rob says he wants a glass of water."

The small messenger who said this was the baby and pet of the house. Now, if it had been any one else but baby Lillie, Hettie would have said, "Tell him to get it, then;" but she could not tell him herself to send such a message by this little sister, so she slammed her plate on the table and went to get the water.

Lillie watched her sister a moment as she jerked the pump-handle up and down, and then with a puzzled look asked:

"Hettie, are you getting it for his sake?"

"For his sake! What do you mean? Whose sake?"

"Why, for Jesus' sake, I guess. It is in my Sunday-school lesson for to-morrow about getting a cup of water for his sake, and I don't see how we can when he isn't here. Will it do to give it to anybody?"

Poor, startled Hettie! It was in her Sunday-school lesson, too. She had so longed last night for an opportunity to give a cup of cold water for his sake, to prove that she was trying to be a disciple; had thought wearily of the coming morning with its round and homely duties, and had sighed and said there was nothing she could do. Was it possible that there was a chance right in her own home? Could she even give this glass of water in his name?

These thoughts rushed swiftly through her brain, and quick as the thoughts followed this answer:

"Yes, it should be done for Jesus. She looked at the glass. It was not clear, and she knew the water she had filled it with must be warm and taste of the iron pipe because she had not pumped it out enough."

Hastily she reached after a clean glass and pumped until the water was cold and sparkling as crystal. Instead of the hard thump she had intended, she set the glass down gently in silence by Rob's plate, and went swiftly back to those cakes.

The dried-up things were thrown away, the damper opened, the fire made to roar, the griddle to smoke, and soon another set of cakes, golden-brown beauties, had taken their places on the plate.

"I say, how many years are you going to keep me waiting for those cakes?" was his greeting as she opened the dining-room door.

"The fire wasn't burning nicely; it is all right now," she said meekly.

Amazement shone in every line of Rob's face as he saw the tempting cakes and heard the gentle reply. But Hettie did not see his face; for she was standing over the stove again. The next time she went in, he said in a pleasant tone:

"That will do, Hettie; they are beauties, though, and I wish I had time to eat more of them."

Hettie was almost tempted to tell that he would have had more time if he had come down stairs sooner. But she did not; she held her lips firmly, and so no sharp stings got out that time.

After Rob had gone Hettie sat down on the back doorstep to cool herself off and think a minute. Rob was not a Christian; she had been praying for him, and here he was! He was her own cross words and ways that were keeping him back.

The next evening as she was starting for church, she lingered in the hall a moment when Rob was putting on his overcoat preparatory to going, she did not know where; for it was not his habit to attend this meeting.

"Rob," said she, half timidly, "I wish you would go to the young people's meeting with me to-night."

"How do you know but I will?"

"Oh, will you?"

"I shouldn't wonder. You see, Hettie, some-

body told me he was going to the meeting last night, and I've been waiting for you to see if it was all talk. Yesterday morning I made up my mind to have something you didn't have once—something that helped you. I'm sure if there is anything I'd like to find it, too. I said to myself, if she can stop snapping and snarling, why can't I? At any rate, I mean to go to this meeting every Sunday night after this."

And Hettie, full of smiles and tears, could only murmur below her breath, "O Rob, I'm so glad!"

"—The Parson."

HOW NEEDLES ARE MADE.

Needles pass through the hands of eighty workmen before they are ready for the trade, and valuing the needles at two dollars per thousand, eight thousand operations are enumerated by twenty persons. There are five series of operations in the manufacture—conversion of the wire into needles, in the rough, tempering, annealing, polishing, and finishing of the polished needles, and putting up into packages. The conversion into needles in the rough involves twenty operations, the principal of these being gaging the wire, cleaning, reeling, and cutting into pieces of a length equal to two needles. Sharpening, or pointing, is done by means of grind-

stones. By the aid of a leather turntable the workman holds fifty wires at a time. The latter become red-hot by friction on the stone, and a constant stream of fine particles of steel and stone is thrown off, which formerly brought about phthisis in the workman after a time; but the adoption of powerful ventilators has now remedied all that.

After pointing, the wire is cut in two, the head is flattened, and then annealed. Then the eye is punched in the head by means of a steel punch, the operation being performed by children. Other children "hole the needles;" that is, remove the particles of steel detached by the punch. After this, the heads are hollowed, sorted, and, when necessary, cemented. Tempering and annealing the raw product require nine operations; but they are performed with lots of thirty pounds in weight, each containing more than three hundred thousand needles. Polishing is the longest operation, although one million are polished at once. It requires five operations, each of which is repeated seven or eight times. The needles are put into rolling cylinders along with small, hard stones and oil of cedar. The stones gradually become crushed, and the friction of the particles during the motion of the rollers affects the polish. The oil polish is performed with oil alone and coarse hair. The sorting of the polished needles involves five operations; and, after burningishing, which is a very delicate and important process, and that which gives the luster, the needles undergo the last operation of being put into packages.

WHO HAS THE HAPPY OLD MEN?

I met him one day on my way to the place where prayer was wont to be said. He had just passed that milestone of life, labeled "Seventy-five years." His head was bent, his limbs trembled beside his staff, his cheeks were lined with wrinkles, his hair was white, his eyes were dim, and his face was furrowed. Withal, he still seemed fond of life and full of gladness, not at all put out by his lot. He hummed the lines of a familiar hymn, as his legs and cane carried him along.

"Aged friend," said I, "why should an old man be so merry and cheerful?"

"All are not," said he.

"Because I'm happy at my time of life?"

"Are none other happy at your time of life?"

"No, not one, my friendly questioner," said he; and as he said more, his form straightened into its stature of his younger days, and something of inspiration set a beautiful glow upon his countenance.

"Listen, please, to the truth from one who knows, then, where it round the world, and no man of over three-score and ten shall be found to gainsay my words—the devil has no happy old men."—*Sel.*

HOME HINTS.

RICE WITH TOMATO.—Wash your rice thoroughly; put it over with plenty of water and boil hard for twenty minutes without stirring; add an equal quantity of stewed and strained tomato; season with salt, butter and cayenne pepper. Serve very hot.

ROAST LOIN OF VEAL.—For the stuffing chop a small onion, a handful of parsley, and fry in butter; add a half-pound of sausage meat; mix with one pint of bread crumbs, salt, pepper and thyme, and moisten with two well-beaten eggs. Sew the flap of the meat firmly over the under side to enclose this stuffing. Place in the pan, with salt, pepper, and a pint of broth and bake often.

LEMON JELLY-CAKE.—One cup butter, two of sugar, three of flour, one of milk, and the whites of six eggs; one teaspoonful of yeast-powder. Bake in layers. For the jelly: Take the yolks of eggs, the juice of three lemons and grated rind of one, one cup sugar, one-half teaspoonful of butter. Cook in granite, iron, or porcelain, and stir all the time to prevent curdling. One minute boiling will cook it. If you like, you can stack your cake with it immediately.

The Scriptures are the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick, and the support of the dying.—*Robert Hall*.

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Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

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Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number of yards in width.

We have put more twist into this warp than is formerly had, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than can be made with any other material. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.

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Our stock embraces every length from 1 Elastic or 1 Button to 10 Button length, in various qualities and styles.

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1885. — AUGUST — 1885.

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