

Poetry.

From the N. Y. Observer.

THE BETTER LAND.

Dear Father, I ask for my mother in vain,
Has she sought some far country her health
to regain?
Has she left our cold climate of frost and snow,
For some warm sunny clime where the soft
breezes blow?

Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy loved mother is gone
To a climate where sorrow and pain are un-
known,
Her spirit is strengthened, her frame is at rest,
There is health, there is peace, in the land of
the blest!

Is that land, my Dear Father, more lovely than
ours?
Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming
the flowers?
Does summer shine over it all the year long?
Is it cheered by the glad sound of music and
song?

Yes, the flowers are despoiled not by winter
or blight,
The well-springs of life are exhausted and
bright,
And by exquisite voices such hymns are ad-
dressed
To the lord who reigns over the land of the
blest.

Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear,
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger
while here,
From her foreign companions I know she will
flee,
And sigh dearest father for you and for me.

My darling, thy mother rejoices to gaze
On long served friends of her earliest days;
Her parents have found there a mission of rest,
And welcome their child to the land of the
blest.

How I long to partake of such meetings of
bliss,
That land must be surely more happy than
this;
On you, my kind father, the journey depends,
Let us go to my mother, her kindred and
friends.

Not on me, love, I trust I may reach that
bright clime,
But in patience I wait till the Lord's chosen
time,
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious
behest,
To guide thy young steps to the land of the
blest.

Thou must toil through a world of dangers my
boy,
Thy peace it may blight and thy virtue destroy;
Nor wilt thou alas! be withheld from its snares,
By a mother's kind counsel, a mother's fond
prayers.

Yet fear not, the God whose directions we
crave,
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield and to save;
And his hand may yet lead a glorified guest
To the home of thy mother, the Land of the
blest.

The Family.

The Little Stranger.

Though a man of very strict principles, no
man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr. By-
ron; he had a vast fund of humor, an every-
day wit, and with children, particularly, he
loved to chat familiarly and draw them out.
As he was one day passing into the house, he
was accosted by a very little boy, who asked
him if he wanted any SAUCE, meaning vegeta-
bles. The doctor inquired if such a tiny
thing was a market man. "No, sir, my
father," was the prompt answer. The doc-
tor said, "Bring me in some squashes." In
a few moments the child returned, bring-
ing back part of the change; the doctor told
him he was welcome to it; but the child would
not take it back, saying his father would blame
him. Such singular manners in a child at-
tracted his attention, and he began to exam-
ine the child attentively: he was evidently
poor, his little jacket was pieced and patched
with almost every kind of cloth, and his trow-
sers darned with so many colors it was diffi-

cult to tell the original fabric, but scrupu-
lously neat and clean withal. The boy very
quietly endured the scrutiny of the doctor,
while holding him at arm's length, and ex-
amining his face. At length he said,

"You seem a nice little boy; won't you
come and live with me and be a doctor?"

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Spoken like a man," said the doctor, pat-
ting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim
came to say there was a little boy with a bun-
dle down stairs wanting to see the doctor, and
would not tell his business to any one else.
"Send him up," was the answer; and in a
few moments he recognized the boy of the
squashes (but no squash himself, as we shall
see;) he was dressed in a new, though coarse
suit of clothes, his hair very nicely combed,
his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle, tied
in a homespun checked handkerchief, on his
arm. Deliberately taking off his hat, and lay-
ing it down with his bundle, he walked up to
the doctor, saying,

"I have come, sir."

"Come for what, my child?"

"To live with you, and be a doctor," said
the child, with the utmost NAIVETE.

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh
immoderately; but the imperturbable gravity
of the little thing, rather sobered him, as he
recalled, too his former conversation, and he
avowed he felt he needed no addition to his
family.

"Did your father consent to your coming,"
he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"I told him you wanted me to come and
live with you and be a doctor; and he said you
was a very good man, and I might come as
soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother, what did she say?"

"She said Doctor Byron would do just
what he said he would, and God had provid-
ed for me." And said he, "I have on a new
suit of clothes," surveying himself, "and here
is another in the bundle," undoing the ker-
chief, and displaying them, with two little
shirts, white as snow, and a couple of neat
checked aprons, so carefully folded, it was
plain none but a mother would have done it.
The sensibilities of the doctor were awakened
to see the fearless, the undoubting trust with
which the poor couple had bestowed their
child upon him, and such a child. His cogi-
tations were not long; he thought of Moses in
the bulrushes, abandoned to Providence; and,
above all, the thought of the child that was
carried into Egypt, and that divine Saviour
had said, "Blessed be little children;" and
he called for the wife of his bosom, saying,
"Susan, dear, I think we pray in church that
God will have mercy UPON ALL YOUNG CHIL-
DREN."

"To be sure we do," said the wondering
wife; "and what then?"

"And the Saviour said, 'Whosoever re-
ceiveth one such little child in my name, re-
ceiveth me; take this child in his name, and
take care of him; and from this hour this
good couple received him to their hearts and
homes. It did not then occur to them that
one of the most eminent physicians and best
men of the age stood before them in the per-
son of that child; it did not occur to them
that this little creature, thus thrown upon their
charity, was destined to be their staff and stay
in declining age—a protector to their daugh-
ters, and more than son to themselves; all this
was then unrevealed; but they cheerfully re-
ceived the child they believed Providence had
committed to their care; and if ever benefi-
cence was rewarded, it was this instance.—
Family Circle and Parlor Magazine.

THE HAPPY GIRL.

Ay, she is a happy girl, we know by her
fresh looks and buoyant spirit.—Day in and
day out she has something to do, and she takes
hold of work as if she did not fear to soil her
hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we love
and respect, wherever we find them—in a palace
or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind,
they never turn up their noses before your
face, or slander you behind your back. They
have more good sense and better employed
What are flirts and bustle-bound girls in com-
parison with these? good for nothing but to
look at; and that is rather disgusting. Give
us the industrious and happy girl, and we care
not who worship fashionable and idle simple-
tons.

USES OF MONEY.

If a man had eyes, hands and feet that he
could give to those who wanted them; if he
should either lock them up in a chest, or
please himself with some needless or ridicu-
lous use of them, instead of giving them to his
brethren who were blind and lame should we
not justly reckon him an inhuman wretch? If
he should rather choose to amuse himself with
furnishing his house with these things than to
entitle him to an eternal reward by giving
them to those that wanted eyes and hands,
might we not justly reckon him mad? Now
money has very much the nature of the eyes
and feet; if we lock it up in chests, or waste
it in needless expenses upon ourselves, while
the distressed want it for their necessary uses;
if we consume it in the ridiculous ornaments
of apparel, while others are striving in naked-
ness, we are not far from the cruelty of him
that chooses rather to adorn his house with
hands and eyes than to give them to those that
want them. If we choose to indulge ourselves
in such enjoyment as have no real use in them,
and satisfy no real want, rather than to ob-
tain an eternal reward by disposing of our
money well, we are guilty of his madness that
chooses to lock up eyes and hands rather than
to make himself forever blessed by giving
them to those that want them.—*Law's Call
to Christians.*

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