

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

The Family and the Farm.

Woman's Work.

Darning little stockings
For restless little feet;
Washing little faces,
To keep them fresh and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons,
Teaching catechism,
Praying for salvation,
From heresy and schism,
Woman's work!

Sewing on the buttons,
Oversewing rations,
Sothing with a kind word
Others' lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets,
Cooking saffen cooks,
Entertaining company,
And reading recent books,
Woman's work!

Burying out of sight,
Her own misbalung smart,
Letting in the sunshine,
On other clouded hearts;

Binding up the wounded,
Healing of the sick,
Bravely marching onward,
Through dangers dark and thick,
Woman's work!

Loading little children,
And blessing manhood's years;
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path;

Smiling by the wayside,
Content with what she hath,
Woman's work!

Letting fall her own tears
Where only God can see;
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Teaching by example:

Yearning for the gateway,
Golden, pearly, ample,

Woman's work!

At last cometh silence—
A day of deep repose;

Her looks smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose;

Leaves resting gently
Upon the marble cheek;

A look of blessed peace
Upon the forehead meek.

The hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still;

The cold lips know no smile,

The noble heart no thrill;

Her pillow needs no smoothing,

She craveth for no care—

Love's tenderest entreaty

Wakes no response there.

A grave in the valley,
Tears, bitter sobs, regret;

Another lesson taught,

That life may not forget;

A race forever hidden;

A race forever run;

From the Methods of the ROME,

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY MARY TAYLOR.

THE BLACK SPECTACLES.

"Loop back the curtains, nurse," said Bella,

after she was in bed; "for I know, I feel sure,

that to-morrow will be a stormy day."

"Why, look out now, Bella," said her sister

Grace. "How can you say so? The stars are

shining as bright as bright can be."

"That may be so, but the sun went down

behind a cloud of yellow, and there wasn't a bit

of red in the sky, for I was watching to see it."

"Well, we will see, Bella, when to-morrow

comes," and the two girls fell asleep, thinking of

the next day's picnic.

The curtain, that had been looped back by the

sun, let in the first rays of the bright morning

sun, and, after traveling quietly toward them,

finally lighted upon the faces of the two sisters,

waking them to the fact that it was some time

past broad daylight.

"Yes, and a bright day, too, Bella! Where's

your rain?" Grace asked, while she dressed.

"Come here, only look! Red in the morn-

ing, the sailor's warning. Don't you see there

has been a bright streak of red over the east,

but it has faded out? I am sure it will storm.

We will have rain before night."

Grace passed anxiously out, searching for the

obnoxious red line predicting bad weather. When

she found out where it was, she pronounced it

yellow—decidedly yellow—but, as Bella persist-

ed in calling it crimson, she only said, as she left

the room, "I expect they are over everything, the

horrid, black little creatures!"

But the three that were on that pie were all

that could be seen; and though their appearance

created great consternation, they ate with good

appetite in spite of that, and enjoyed their dinner,

though Bella cried out several times when an impudent daddy-long-legs crept on her dress;

and once she thought a blade of green grass over

her shoe was a green snake, and was very sure

that a horde of snakes was over their heads, for she

saw one bee flying about, and was equally con-

cerned that bees and grasshoppers were under the

table-cloth.

"Table moving," said Rufus. "I never knew

before that toads and frogs were spiritualists. I am sure they all have as much right to

the woods as we have. I don't wonder they make themselves at home! If they could speak,

I expect they would say, 'We are at home, and wish you were.'

"Come here, only look! I hope the pickles and vinegar won't tumble all over the plates and cakes like they did last year. The girls told me everything was ruined; they couldn't eat anything they carried. Do you see how dark it is growing?" The sun went under a cloud for an instant, and then came out brighter than ever. "It is all mudding over already; I declare it is too bad!"

"There, it is shining again!" exclaimed Grace.

"It is as clear as possible. I think we could not have a more charming day for our picnic."

"But, Grace, you know you never think it will rain."

The party was to start for the grove at nine, under the care of their teacher; and at that hour a large wagon with four horses drove up.

The drive was not more than three or four miles, but the twenty boys and girls already seated thought the one the best part of the day pleasure, and the two girls were received and welcomed with warm exclamations of delight. As

their basket was handed in, a number of voices cried, "Here, Gracie, sit by me!" and, though room was instantly made for Bella, it was very evident that she was not the favorite. Bella's thoughts were entirely too much occupied to notice this, however; and, after she was fairly seated in the wagon, she found that Jessie, the youngest of the party, was on one side and Rufus, the greatest tease in the school, on the other.

"How pleasant it is now!" she said. "I thought the rain would come down in showers before nine o'clock."

"It is going to rain," said Jessie, opening wide her blue eyes.

"It looked like it this morning, and last night there was a many sunset."

"I am sorry," she sighed.

"Sorry, whose sorry? I think it is. What's the matter?" and, suddenly catching a glimpse of Jessie's disengaged face.

"Bella says it is going to rain—it is."

"Of course, she means in will rain," said Holmes. "I should be more worried if she meant in will rain and harder than ever more."

Several of the others heard this and anxious scanned the bright blue sky for some appearance of rain.

"Take care of your bonnets and fine frocks," continued Rufus. "There's a storm coming. It will probably rain yes, rain a good deal between now," he hesitated, "and Christmas."

He laughed heartily at his own joke, and the others joined in readily.

"So, don't look downcast, Jess, until you hear or see the first drops."

Bella, much relieved, now appeared to be enjoying the drive with the others, when, suddenly, one of the wheels jolted over a large stone in the road, and bounced the wagon up higher than usual.

"Hurrah! that's fun," exclaimed Rufus.

"How dreadful it would be if the wheel should run off!" said Bella, in a low voice, to Jessie. "I should think a job like that would make it, and how dreadful it would be! Just think of it, if this large wagon full of girls and boys should be tumbled over! O dear! I wish we hadn't jolted over that stone so hard."

Jessie began to look pale at this suggestion, and just then the driver whipped up his horses a little faster than they had been going, and her fears increased when Bella continued:

"O dear! I never thought about it before we started, but what would become of us if those great horses should run away with us? How wild they look now! How foolish to have only one driver, when very often, one man cannot manage one horse, if it is running away!"

Jessie was now trembling.

"Please, Grace, may I sit by you?" she asked.

If she was not safer after changing her place, she left so; and Bella was quiet the rest of the drive, as Rufus was on one side, and a girl who seldom noticed her on the other; and, besides, the ride was soon over.

"I hope the pickles and vinegar haven't been pouring over our cake all this time," she said, dolefully, as the baskets were being taken out.

"Plenty for you if it has," replied Rufus, as the whole party prepared to cross the small bridge that led the way to the place selected for the picnic ground. Jessie clung to Grace as they passed over.

Bella hesitated and drew back as the others followed.

"Isn't that bridge very old? It looks so crazy. Suppose it should break!"

"You would fall in the water, then, and we should have to fish you out," said Rufus; "and it isn't deep enough to drown a mosquito. Come on, for all the others had passed over and were waiting."

"I never knew we were to cross a bridge like that."

"Come on," shouted Rufus, impatiently.

You are not heavier than all the others, are you?"

She crossed over the shallow little brook with fear and trembling, and followed the others through the narrow path that led to the woods. A bramble bush caught her dress, and she, trying to extricate herself, a briar ran in her fingers, and she called loudly for assistance. Grace ran back to see what was the matter, and in an instant she was free.

"O dear! I never thought the way would be like this, Grace."

"Do try and enjoy yourself, now you have come," said Grace. "You make the others uncomfortable."

The day glided on. Under the shade of the green trees Bella could not watch the clouds, and almost forgot the shower she had predicted; and dinner was going on when Bella's scream from her attracted the attention of the whole party.

"O girls! look over your pies, do! Mine are covered with ants."

"Evening brush them off and save the rest," said Bella. "I expect they are over everything, the horrid, black little creatures!"

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