

GOING HOME.

Kiss me when my spirit flies—
Let the beauty of your eyes
Beam along the waves of death,
While I draw my parting breath
And am borne to yonder shore
Where the billows beat no more,
And the notes of endless spring
Through the groves immortal ring.

I am going home to-night,
Out of blindness into sight,
Out of weakness, war and pain,
Into power, peace and gain;
Out of winter, gale and gloom,
Into summer breath and bloom;
From the wand'rings of the past
I am going home at last.

Kiss my lips and let me go—
Nearer swells the solemn flow
Of the wondrous stream that rolls
By the border-land of souls—
I can catch sweet strains of songs
Floating down from distant throngs,
And can feel the touch of hands
Reaching out from angel bands.

Anger's frowns and envy's thrust,
Friendship chilled by cold distrust,
Sleepless night and weary morn,
Toll in fruitless land forlorn,
Aching head and breaking heart,
Love destroyed by slander's dart,
Drifting ship and darkened sea;
Over there will righted be.

Sing in numbers low and sweet,
Let the songs of two worlds meet—
We shall not be Sundered long—
Like the fragment of a song,
Like the branches of a rill
Parted by the rock or hill,
We shall blend in tune and time,
Loving on in perfect rhyme.

When the noon tide of your days
Yields to twilight's silver haze,
Ere the world retedes in space,
Heavenward lift your tender face,
Let your dear eyes homeward shine,
Let your spirit call for mine,
And my own will answer you
From the deep and boundless blue.

Swifter than the sunbeam's flight
I will cleave the gloom of night,
And will guide you to the land
Where our loved ones waiting stand,
And the legions of the blest
They shall welcome you to rest—
They will know you when your eyes
On the Isles of glory rise.

When the parted streams of life
Join beyond all jarring strife,
And the flowers that withered lay
Blossom in immortal May—
When the voices hushed and dear
Thrill once more the raptured ear,
We shall feel and know and see
God knew better far than we.

—James G. Clark.

HOW A BOY BECAME A PAINTER.—Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, in the last *Harper*, says of Benjamin West, the great painter: At nine years of age he drew hairs from a cat's tail, and made himself a brush. Colors he obtained by grinding charcoal and chalk, and crushing the red blood out from the blackberry. His mother's laundry furnished him with indigo, and the friendly Indians who came to his father's house gave him of the red and yellow earths with which they daubed their faces. With such rude material the lad painted a child sleeping in its cradle, and in that first effort of genius executed certain touches which he never surpassed, as he affirmed long after, when at the zenith of his remarkable career.

ONE of the lady teachers in a Reno public school, a few days since, was laboring with an urchin on the science of simple division. This is what came of it: "Now Johnny, if you had an orange which you wished to divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?" Johnny: "A suck."

A SMALL boy could not see why the "leaves" of tables, not resembling any leaves with which he was familiar, should be so called. At last he found it out. "I know," he cried. "They are called leaves because you can leave them up or you can leave them down."

THE FOX AND THE MASK.

I will tell you a very old fable which I think a very clever one:

A fox once happened somehow to get into a theater; and on the floor was lying a very handsome mask, made to be worn by some actor when he played the part of a hero.

Among the ancient Greeks—and this fable was written by one of them—actors always wore a mask, which was made beautiful or ugly, serious-looking or comic, to suit the character. Now a fox is a clever, prying fellow; he turned the mask over and over; he looked at the outside, and looked at the inside. The outside was beautifully painted, and smooth, and come plete; the inside was hollow.

"A fine, handsome head!" said the fox, "What a pity it is there are no brains."

Now there are some little girls and boys who think a great deal more about the outsides of their heads than the insides; who do not learn their lessons properly, nor care about improving their own brains. If they spend so much time and thought on their looks, they will be just like the mask, and people will think of them as the fox thought: "What a fine head this is!" What a pity there are no brains in it!

Pray, my little friends, think of this.—*Little Wide Awake.*

THE TYRANNICAL HUSBAND.—Among so-called gentlemen there is often the overbearing, tyrannical husband, at whose voice children and servants flee; sored, probably, by difficulties in his business or profession, but surlily keeping his trials from his wife, and snappishly resenting all her attempts to win his confidence. Who so capable as she to soothe and to aid, by her womanly tact and discrimination, made keener by its concentration in her little world—home; and have we not sacred warrant that the wife is a helpmeet for the man, not a slave to minister to his material wants only, whilst he grudgingly doles out his money, never dreaming that the order of his house is only arrived at by a thousand little domestic cares, so heavy in the total, yet a labor of love when lightened by kind, husbandly interest. This man acts as if he were devoid of affection himself, and grossly presumes on his wife's early inculcated sense of duty.

"ORIENTAL" CURTAINS.—Take cream-colored cotton. At the top and bottom put first a strip of black calico or alpaca, about a quarter of a yard wide; then a little wider strip of dark red or yellow, then the black again, the same width as at first. The top and bottom must be alike, and the strips neatly stitched together on the wrong side. Very handsome heavy curtains are made of coarse ladies' cloth, or rep dress goods. This being double width, only one strip is required for a window. They are especially designed for parlors or dining rooms, something lighter being prettier for the common sitting or sleeping rooms. It is well to line them, for instance with rose-colored or yellow silesia (which you can get for fifteen cents a yard), putting gimp or fringe on the edge or not, as suits your fancy.

"GOING to leave, Mary?" "Yes, mum; I find I am very discontented." "If there is anything I can do to make you comfortable, let me know." "No, mum, it's impossible. You can't alter your figger to my figger, no mor'n I can. Your dresses won't fit me, and I can't appear on Sundays as I used at my last place, where missus's clothes fitted 'xactly."

GRANDMA (with whom the girls have had a slight difference of opinion): "I'm sure, girls, I don't know where you get your nasty temper from." Nellie: "Certainly not from you, grandma, for you have never lost any."

"WHAT a beautiful sight!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, rapturously, as she looked out over the beautiful scenery from a Pennsylvania railroad car. "Yes," replied Jones, without raising his eyes from his paper—"anthracite."

A SCARECROW NOT A SCARECROW.

An umbrella for a scarecrow
Was in a corn field placed,
And with loud caws the sly old crows
Around it gravely paced;
When suddenly a shower fell,
And under it they went,
And staid until the rain had ceased,
As in a little tent.
And said they, as they all trooped out,
"That man's a jolly feller;
Not only plants the corn for us,
But lends us his umbrella!"
—*Harper's Young People.*

"SORRY IS NOT 'NUFF."

"Allan! Where is Allan?"

A moment ago he was playing with his little cart in the yard, hauling dirt to the currant bushes. I cannot tell how many cartful he carried. He was as busy as a little man. But Allan was gone; there is his cart.

"Allan! Allan!"

"I'se here," at last said a small voice from the back parlor.

"What are you there for?" asked his mother, opening the door and looking in.

Allan did not answer at first. He was standing in the corner with a very sober look on his face.

"Come out to your little cart," said his mother; "it is waiting for another run."

"I'ee not been in here long 'nuff," said the little boy.

"What are you here for at all?" asked his mother.

"I punishing my own self. I picked some green currants, and they went into my mouth," said Allan.

"Oh, when mother told you not to! Green currants will make my little boy sick," said his mother, in a sorry tone.

"You needn't punish me," said Allan. "I punish my own self."

His mother had often put him in the back parlor alone when he had been a naughty boy, and you see he took the same way himself.

"Are you not sorry for disobeying mother?" she asked Allan.

"I sorry, but sorry is not 'nuff. I punish me. I stay here a good while and thinks."

Is not Allan right? Sorry, if it is only sorry, is not enough. How often children say they are sorry, and yet go and do the same thing again! That is a very short, shallow sorrow. Allan felt this; so he was for making serious work of it.

AN old farmer out in Indiana says that for his part he don't know where the present rage for trimming bonnets with birds is going to end. Only four or five years ago he bought his daughter a humming bird, next year she wanted a robin, the next a pheasant, and this season he declares he had to chain up his Thanksgiving turkey or she'd have had that perched on top of her head.

A MAN, passing through a gateway in the dark, ran against a post. "I wish that post was in the lower regions!" was his angry remark. "Better wish it was somewhere else," said a bystander. "You might run against it again, you know."

A MAN who had \$65 stolen from him received a note with \$25, saying: "I stole your money. Remorse naws at my consens, and I send some of it back. When remorse naws again I'll send some more."

IMMENSE WAGONS.—Three immense wagons to be used in the mines of Colorado are being made in Chicago. The back wheels are six feet three inches in diameter and the tire is five inches wide. The wagons, including box, are nine feet high. They are each to be drawn by twenty yoke of oxen, and are capable of carrying ten tons each.