THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING.

Backward gazing through the shadows,
As the evening fades away,
I perceive the little footprints
Where the morning sunlight lay
Warm and mellow, on the pathway
Leading to the open door
Of the cabin in the clearing,
Where my soul reclines once more.

O! that cabin in the clearing,
Where my Mary came a bride,
Where our children grew to love us,
Where our little Robbie died.
Still in memory blooms the red bud
By the doorway, and the breeze
Tingles with the spicewood's odor
And the catbird's melodies.

And I mind the floor of puncheons,
Rudely laid on joist and sill,
And the five place shaped and beaten
From the red clay on the hill;
With the chimney standing outside,
Like a blind man asking alms,
Made of sticks and clay and fashioned
By the builder's ready palms.

Half way up the flue wide throated
Does the hickory crosstree rest,
Whence depend the pot and kettle,
Where the great fire blazes best.
O! I smell the savory venison,
Hear the hominy simmer low,
As my Mary stirs the embers
That were ashes long ago.

Once again I hurry homeward,
When the day of toil is o'er,
And my heart leaps up in gladness
For in this wide-open door
Mary, in her homespun habit
With her hand above her eyes,
Gazes all around the clearing,
Till my coming form she spies.

'Tis for her I am a hunter,
And the fleet deer's sudden bound
Tells how swift and sure my aim is,
Ere his life-tide dyes the ground;
'Tis for her I am an angler,
And the spotted beauties woo
From their paradise of waters,
Ere the sun has cried the dew.

And the wild rose and the bluebell
That I pluck with gentle care,
Are for her who rules the cabin—
Mary, of the raven hair;
'Tis for her I smite the forest
Day by day with myriad blows;
'Tis for her the cornstalk tassels
And the golden pumpkin grows.

Often, winding through the woodlands,
Neighbors come with song and shout,
Enter for a day of pleasure
Where the latch key hangeth out.
And with ready hands assist us
At our labors, while the zest
Of our conversation brightens,
Till the sun goes down the west.

Aye, and once again I see them,
On a sad, sweet summer day,
When the rotin on the maple
Seems to sing his soul away;
And the clearing swims around me
In a tangled dream of woe,
And my weeping Mary whispers:
"Tell me why he had to go?"

"Why he had to go?" O, Heaven!
Did God want our little boy?"
'Tis the old unanswered question
Cankering in the heart of joy,
And subduing many a pleasure,
As I see those friends of old,
Riding tenderly our darling
In the forest's virgin mold.

Now that cabin in the clearing
Is but dust, blown here and there,
Where the palpitating engines
Breathe their darkness on the air;
Where my forests towered in beauty,
Now a smoking village stands,
And the rows of factories clus er
Grimly on my fertile lands.

Scarcely room enough is left me
For this double, clustering rose,
Where the baby and its mother
Side by side in earth repose;
Soon the last fond trace will vanish
Which proclaims that they have been:
But no matter—heaven's gateway
Opened wide to let them in.

Yet with Mary oft I linger
Where the well-sweep slanteth low,
Planning over all our labors,
When to plant and what to sow,
How to ride to Sunday meeting—
Plaiting on a proper day,
For the rolling and the quilting,
And the young folks' evening play.

"Eighty, and a memory only!"
Is that what you speak of me!
Well, the memory is a blessing,
And its pictures fair to see;
While the fairest and the sweetest
Lingers with the evermore—
'Tis the cabin in the clearing
And my Mary at the door.

—B. S. Parker.

THE REV. ABIEL.

"These practices are so fatiguing; I see no use in all this drilling; I'm quite certain of my part, and, of course, it's the only one with any difficult passages in it—that is, extremely difficult."

And Miss Chief Soprano slightly turned her head and glanced toward the study door. Immediately a chorus of voices was heard, and a chorus of eyes seemed to be similarly attracted by the aforesaid study door. The contralto elevated her little pink nose, which would be pink in spite of all the pearl powder in the world, as she replied: "I'm sure that run in the Te Deum is much more difficult than those simple trills that give you so much trouble."

"Well," said Mr. Basso, "I've practiced my part for two weeks hand-running and I'm sure I don't know it any better new than when I began."

But then he was a married man and nobody paid any attention to what he said. What business have married people in church choirs anyway?

Next, the high-pitched voice of the conceited tenor piped out:

"It is generally conceded that the more difficult parts belong to the tenor and soprano; however, the tenor in the new anthem is beyond all peradventure the more difficult as to execution as well as the more artistic as to effect."

To which speech there was no reply, as the tenor's voice had enjoyed the superior advantages of a year's cultivation in the city, while the rest of the singers had not gotten beyond a few quarters' lessons at the winter singing school.

But the study door opens, and immediately several pairs of feminine eyes brighten and several feminine faces put on their most bewitching smile; for be it known to all concerned, that the opening of the study door announced the coming forth of the rector, and furthermore that the rector was a handsome, rich, unmarried man, and last and most important of all, it was decided that the rector must take to himself a wife—an opinion in which the party most concerned heartily concurred. But then came the vexed question, whom to marry. The new brick rectory was all paid for, and the large sitting-room with the bay window was very plainly meant for a sewing society room. But then the first time the society met there, it got no farther than the front porch, and who ever heard of a sewing society holding forth on a porch and a front porch at that! No, that secret and august body, in whose keeping repose the affairs of the entire town, must hold meetings with closed doors. But the unsurmountable difficulty in the case was that the doors were already closed and the key twenty miles away, in the pocket of the Rev. Abiel. The Rev. Abiel was so forgetful. So an indignation meeting was held and it was decided without a dissenting voice that the Rev. Abiel must marry, and, as I stated above, the one question now was, "Who?" And as the Rev. Abiel emerged from the study door it is not to be wondered at that he was immediately beset. It was very plain that the rector's choice must fall on one of the choir, as that body presented the elite of Mossbank society. The playful element was represented by the contralto, who by virtue of being the youngest and smallest of the group, was naturally expected to do the sportive. She was such a child. This dear child was quite sure the rector needed some one to cheer him up, to lighten the heavy cares of his office with a joyous, cheery disposition. And, too, she served as an excellent foil to the beauty and dignity of Miss Chief Soprano, who had been heard to say that the position of rector's wife was one which should be filled by a woman fitted by education and breeding to preside with graceand dignity insoexalted a sphere; but that, alas! in this flippant age, where could one look for such a rare combination of charms! And here she elavated her eyebrows and with a shake of the head leaned back in an attitude of quiet grace and dignity, meant to challenge the admiration of all hearers. The rest of the soprano and alto had their charms and countercharms, which they failed not to display to the best possible advantage; but the chief soprano and the little contralto were generally supposed to be "considerable ahead." I must not forget to mention the organist, although she didn't count; just a quiet, unobtrusive little body, who played for church and Sunday school and taught the infant class, and who was always in her place, too. Then she was secretary of the sewing society and on the sick committee, and if the truth must be told the little organist was the real head and body of this committee, as she was the only one always ready to sit up with a sick member. But then, as she made no fuss about what she did, of course nobody else did. And as she did not seem to think she deserved any special praise, nobody gave it her, for "the world helps those who help themselves" is true in a great many ways.

So when the idol advanced toward the choir, the contralto immediately assumed her role, and with a hop, skip and jump went to meet him. She playfully took his arm and began chatting away at a great rate. The chief soprano posed gracefully, and when the rector reached her, exchanged with him a dignified greeting. The lesser lights giggled and acted as lesser lights usually do. The little organist about whose rank in the noble army of "setting for the rector" nobody troubled himself, glanced up shyly as the rector extended his hand. He then went over to the reading desk to mark the lessons for the next day, first giving the number of the hymn to be sung the next Sunday.

"Oh! dear me; must we sing that? We'll have to practice it over and we want to get through early to-night. I never will get ready for Easter," and the speaker pouted in so artless a manner.

And so the practice went on, the soprano putting a little piece of dignity into each trill and most gracefully prolonging her last note about a minute after every other voice was still.

"Oh, my gracious, I'm so tired—just sung out! Let's stop and rest awhile. I've been at work so hard to-day, making the shirring for the cutest Easter bonnet you ever did see. I declare I've pricked my fingers sore with that horrid needle. Just see," continued she, holding up her rosy finger towards the reverend gentleman. "Aren't you sorry for me? We poor girls do have an awful hard time trying to look nice, all for you horrid men, too!"

"Ah! if you ladies only knew how we appreciate the results of your labors, I am sure you would feel amply repaid," lisped the tenor, who was "sweet" on the playful contralto. This nice speech, however, seemed all wasted on the little lady, who looked up into the rector's face for a reply, but this gentleman was not versed in the polite nothings of conversation.

"Well, for my part," said he, "I hope that your music will so attract the congregation that nobody will have any thought for the matter of dress."

"Dear me," spoke up one of the lesser lights as the rector turned to his book, "I have been nearly a week on a lovely blue silk, and I'm sure I hope everybody will notice it; that's what I got it for."

"And," spoke up the contralto to the chief soprano, "I know you will have something handsome for Easter. You always do. And Miss Mantua told me yesterday that you were trying to find some one to make one of those new style dolmans."

"Yes," the young lady addressed replied, "I sent to St. Louis for a pattern, and I can't find any one to make it for me; but that is a matter of little consequence. I shall make it myself. I shall consider it the duty of every woman to be able thoroughly to perform every detal pertaining to a woman's position."

"Ah!" thought the rector, "there is a woman of good common sense. Just the sort of mistress every house should possess."

Again the voice of the playful one is heard:

"What are you going to have new, Stella?"

I doubt if the low and rather short "Nothing" was heard even by the questioner. The rector heard it, however, and he saw, too, as she hastily stooped to replace a fallen book, a tear drop to the floor.

"Poor little girl," he thought. "I wonder if they are so poor; such a useful, good little body, too; it is astonishing how women's hearts do go out toward finery!" and he turned again to his book, and the singers to their trills and runs, and nobody knew of the heart-ache of the organist.

"They'll all look nice but me, and he will think me uglier and more insignificant than ever before. I might just get a new hat, but then poor mother couldn't have her new cushion, and she wants it so much, and, besides, I have just turned my cashmere Christmas and it looks real nice." Then as the words of the hymn they were practicing for the morrow fell on her ear,

"Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free."

"I ought to be ashamed of myself; here I have the promise of two new music scholars to-day and instead of being thankful—oh, I am so ashamed of myself!"

And the singers looked at each other and smiled in surprise as the soft voice of the little organist joined in the last verse.

CHAPTER II.

It was Easter morning. The good people, the bad people, and the indifferent people of Mossbank were hurrying along in response to the invitation of the bells. The good people went to see if everybody else were doing their duty. The bad people went "just for the fun of the thing," and the indifferent people went because everybody else did.

Twice had the Rev. Abiel opened the study door; the first time was the hour for beginning the service. There was the congregation. Oh! but where was the choir? The organist was the only member present of that important factor of the day's celebration. The second time was ten minutes after, when the people were wondering why they did not commence. This time the choir was present with the exception of the chief soprano and contralto.

But the Rev. Abiel finally walked up the aisle to the pulpit. The church was full and the opening anthem had been well advertised, and here, at the climax, there was no opening anthem, owing to the absence of those who were to render it. The little organist did her part bravely. Three times did she play through the voluntary without stopping. The rector began reading the opening sentences. There was a flutter at the door. Somebody turned his head; that was the signal for every head in the church to be turned. The chief soprano, her step a little more hurried than usual with a slightly disturbed expression on her face, and resplendent in the new handsome silk dolman, walked up the aisle to the choir, which was at one side of the pulpit; the bugles and beads on the new garments sparkled in the sunlight of that bright Easter morning. One of the lesser lights nudged her neighbor and whispered with a complacent smile, under cover of her prayer book, "She looks horrid!"

Just as the sentences were finished there was heard flutter number two, and the playful contralto entered, the pink mass of flowers and lace on her head only rivalled by the color of her nose, and as she tripped up the aisle she became the center on which all eyes were fixed—this only serving to make her more flurried in manner and florid as to nose. And when they stood up to begin the second anthem the whispered, "How unbecoming pink is to you," did not serve to quiet the troubled spirits of the owner of the pink bonnet, so she "lost her bearings" and began in the wrong place, which confused the others and would have caused a complete breakdown if the organist had not, with all the power she could bring to bear on her instrument, covered it over with an interlude that was not in the notes. And so it was all through the services. There was, very evidently, a disturbing element somewhere about the choir. Even the Rev. Abiel could not fail to perceive that, and as he watched the performers he noticed but one bright, happy face; but one face among the young girls of that choir that seemed in perfect harmony with the beautiful Easter tide and that was the face of the little organist. The Rev. Abiel wondered why it was that he had never before noticed what a sweet expression Miss Stella wore, "and," thinks he, "how simple and fresh she looks." The only change in her dress was a bunch of violets at her throat, and as the reverend gentleman looked the face became sweeter and he gave a start as he realized where he was and where his thoughts were.

But the service is over. The congregation has dispersed and the singers are standing in a group. The rector joined them just in time to hear, "I don't know what is wrong about it; I made it exactly by the pattern," and to see one of the others examining the silk dolman to find, if possible, the defect.

Now the Rev. Abiel had been the only boy in a family of seven children, and it is highly probable had gained an insight into feminine "fixins." He saw at a glance what was the matter, and somehow he seemed to have lost his awe for the wearer of the garment, for he said: "You have forgotten to press your seams, Miss Roena," and turned to speak to some one else, and did not see the sudden flush of anger and mortification which overspread the usually serene face of the chief soprano.

"Miss Stella"—how she started at the sound of his voice, so low and right in her ear—"Will you let me call for you to-night and walk home with you after service?" and the sweet blue eyes of the shy little organist drooped beneath the earnest brown ones so intently regarding her, and she gave a happy smile and forgot to answer him. And the contralto, who has been watching this by-play and knows the game is up, smiles most tenderly on the tenor, thereby raising him from the depths into which her frowns of the last six months have cast him.

It was late that night when Stella came and laid her head on her mother's lap.

"Mother, dear, I cannot take the two music scholars, after all."

"Oh, my daughter! I feared it was too good to be true. There's nothing on this side of the grave for the poor music teacher and her invalid mother but sorrow and disappointment."

"Mother we won't live in the cottage any longer."

"Squire Hunter has raised the rent? I knew it! I've been expecting it all winter; but— Why Stella—what is the matter? You look as if it were good news instead of the death-blow to me." And the speaker was interrupted by a fit of coughing that told a pitiful tale.

"Oh! mother, dear, this has been a beautiful Easter. A joy has risen above all the sorrow and turned it into gladness. I can't take the two scholars, because I've promised to take a big one and he won't let me have any others, and we must give up the cottage, because we are going up to the new rectory to live—Jim and me, mother, and somebody else."

And the shining, glad eyes told the rest of the story; and a prayer of gratitude went up from the weary heart of the sufferer.

MORAL—Girls who spend all the Lent in preparing for a grand exhibit can't afford to risk a new color, and be sure you press your seams.

Ornaments for Tombs.

Greek antiquity had evaded death and neglected the dead; a garland of maenads and faunds among ivy leaves, a battle of Amazons or centaus; in the late semi Christian, Platonic days, some Orphic emblem or genius; at most, as in the exquisite tombs of the Keramikos of Athens, a figure, a youth on a prancing steed, like the Phidian monument of Dexileus; a maiden draped and bearing an urn; but neither the maiden or youth is the inmate of the tomb; they are only types, living types, no portraits. Nay, even where antiquity shows us Death or Hermes, gently leading away the beloved, the spirit, the manes, the dead one, is unindividual. "Sarkophagen u. Urnen bekranzte der Heide mitt Loben," said Goethe; but it was the life everlasting because it was typical, the life not which had been relinquished by the one buried there, but the life which danced on, forgetful, round hic ashes. The Romans, on the contrary, graver and more retentive folk than the Greek, as well as more domestic, less coffee-house living, appear to have inherited from the Etruscans a desire to preserve the effegy of the dead, a desire unknown to the Greeks. But the Etrusco-Roman monuments, where husband and wife stare forth togaed and stolaed, half reduced to a conventional crop-headedness, grim and stiff as if sitting unwillingly for their portrait, or reclining on their sarcophagus lid, neither dead nor asleep, nor yet alive and awake, but with hieratic mummy stare, have little of aesthetic or sympathetic value. The early Renaissance, then, first bethought it of representing the real individual in the real death slumber. And I question whe her anything more fitting to be placed on a tomb than an effigy of the dead as we saw them when the coffin lid is closed down, as we would have given our all to see them but for one little moment longer, as they continue to exist for our fancy with the grave; for to any but mormid feelings the loved one can never suffer decay. Whereas a portrait of the man in life, as the throning popes in St. Peter's, seems heartless and derisive; such monuments striking us as conceived and ordered by the inmates when alive, like Michel Angelo's Pope Julius, and Browning's Bishop, who was so preoccupied about his tomb in St. Praxed's Church. The Renaissance, the late Middle Ages, felt better than this. On the extreme pinnacle, high on the roof, they might indeed place against the russet brick or the blue skye, amid the hum of life and the movement of the air, the living man, like the Scaligers, the mailed knight on his charger, lance in rest; but in the church below, under the funereal pall, they could place only the body such as it may have lain on the bier.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Pistol and a Moral.

Senator Haile, of Springfield, Mass., offered to the members of the military committee of the legislature a gold-mounted revolver as a prize to the best marksman. The contest took place at the state camp ground at Farmingham, and Col. Bancroft, of the house, was the winner. It may not have occurred to Mr. Haile that the revolver has been uncommonly busy of late, and that it is not desirable to encourage the possession or use of that mischievous weapon. It is quite possible that Col. Bancroft may be trusted not to make an improper use of Mr. Haile's gift, but the fact that it was given shows that it is regarded as a valuable possession, and tends to stimulate the purchase of pistols by persons who have no more need of them than Col. Bancroft has, and are much more likely to do mischief with them. In such a community as this not one man in a thousand has any business with a revolver; it can be used for no legitimate purpose. It is the weapon of assassination, or of accidental homicide. Every day's dispatches tell of its deadly work in the hands of a ruffian, a lunatic or a fool, and not once a year do we hear of its doing any good. Whoever can do anything to make the carrying or owning of a revolver discreditable will be a public benefactor.—Worcester Spy.

"They're Swearing Yet."

An eminent divine from one of our inland districts, having a very lively horror of the dangers of the sea, took passage on board of an ocean steamer, with a particular recommendation to the care of the captain. On the fist day out, the wind being fresh and the sea lively, the parson became quite alarmed, and spoke to the captain, who smilingly taking him by the arm, led him to the forecastle scuttle, and told him to look down. When he heard the men talking very roughly to each other, and swearing and damning one another's eyes and limbs, he was struck with horror, and the captain said to him: "Do you suppose those men would use that kind of language if they thought there was any danger?" A few days after a severe and dangerous storm was encountered, and the parson was observed by the captain making his way with great difficulty to the forecastle scuttle. He immediately came back, muttering to himself, "Thank God, they're swearing yet."

There Was Something the Matter with Him.

A young man who possessed a poor voice, but who firmly and steadfastly believed that he had in him the making of a first-class tenor, engaged a teacher to give him music lessons. When asked how he liked his teacher, his reply was a good master, but he was altogether too religious for him.

"How too religious?"

"Why, while I am practicing he walks up and down the room wringing his hands and praying."

"What is his prayer? What does he pray about?"

"I can't exactly say, but yesterday I caught the words, 'Heavenly Father! how long must I endure this?' There was doubtless something the matter with him. But he has not given me his confidence about his troubles."

Mrs. Katherine Chase, for so she now signs herself, having finally acted upon the permission of the courts and the advice of her counsel to drop the name of the man who has tried so persistently to injure her, is living quietly at her father's old home, Edgwood, busy with the care and instruction of her children.

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JUST RECEIVED AT GARRISON'S SEWING Machine store, 167 Third street, Portland, Oregon, 160 cases of Household Sewing Machines. During two and one half years' use in Oregon the Household has forced its way to the front. Its superior merits are now well known to the public. Agents wanted to sell in every town in Oregon.

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The "Whims" theatrical company, that is now playing with so much success in Portland, will make an interior tour playing as follows: June 4, New Tacoma; 5-6, Seattle; 7-8-9, Victoria; 11, Port Townsend; 12, Port Gamble; 13, Port Blakely; 18, Vancouver; 19, Dalles; Pendleton, 21-22; Walla Walla, 23; Dayton, 25-26; Waitsburg, 27; Dalles, 30; Oregon City, July 3; Salem, 4; Eugene, 5; Corvallis, 6; Independence, 7; McMinnville, 9.

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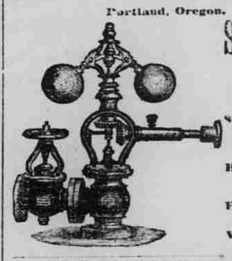

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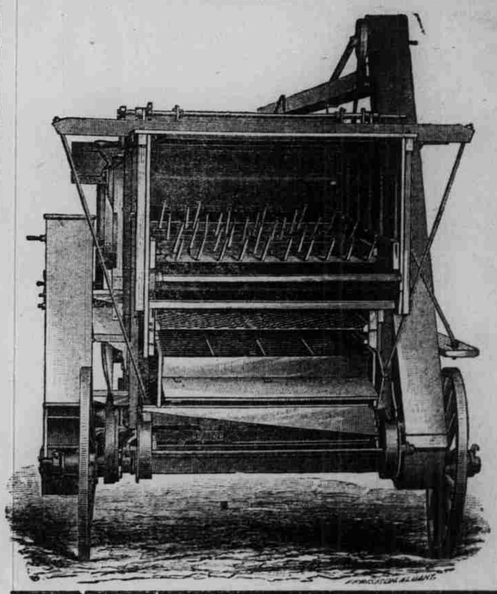

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