

Christian Family.

Angel Reapers.

BY REQUEST OF J. L. F.

O, we are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin,
With sickles of truth must the work be
done,
And no one may rest till harvest's home.

CHORUS.

Where are the reapers, O, who will
come
And share in the glory of the harvest
home;
O, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of
sin.

Go out in the highways and search them
all,

The wheat may be there though the weeds
are tall;

Then search in the byways and pass none
by,

But gather from all for the home on high.

The fields are all ripening, and far and
wide

The world is now waiting the harvest tide,
But reapers are few and the work is great
And much will be lost should the harvest
wait.

So come with your sickles, ye sons of
men,

And gather together the golden grain;

Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are
bound,

And joyfully borne from the harvest
ground.

A Lock of Hair.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.

I stepped into the post-office in the
pretty little town of P. this morning
to mail a letter, and found the entrance
of the one box in which the white-
winged messenger of love and hate,
business and banter, are deposited, ob-
structed by the stalwart form of a man.
He stood reading a missive which he
had just taken from that little opening
among the glass cases, his back to the
aperture, his face toward me. I did
not ask the great man, six feet high,
with shoulders to match, to stand
aside.

A rough old farmer was he. His
coat had been left at home, and his
soiled shirt, besprinkled with hay-seed,
told what had brought him to town.
It might be that he had seen sixty
Summers, and that his sturdy strength
had battled with life's difficulties for
five decades since the merry laugh of
his boyhood startled the squirrels
among the walnut boughs. Those
broad, bony, toil-worn, brown hands
told their own story of labor as they
clutched the open letter, into which
his deep-gray eyes, shrinking away
under the heavily-lashed brows, were
gazing so eagerly.

No, I did not ask the man to move.
Would you know why? Reader, did
you ever see a brave and indomitable
man, one that could look peril in the
face and laugh to scorn the imminent
danger that would make weak men
quiver like reeds before a gale—did
you ever see such a man broken by
some grief that has scathed his man-
hood as the lightning withers the oak,
or as the breakers rend and dismem-
ber the frail bark in a storm? If you
have, let me ask you, could you ask
that man in such a moment to stand
aside for your petty interests? Could
you dare oppose your commonplaces
to the Niagara torrent that was sweep-
ing his best hope into the abyssal
waters below?

You need not answer. All you
could do would be to send a fervent,
silent prayer to the throne of God—
"O, Father in heaven, have mercy
upon him!" I did not ask him to
move. I could not, that man with
the open letter in his hand, that man
with the crumpled bit of paper clutched
between his great thumb and fore-
finger, out of which protruded a lock
of coarse black hair—hair as black as
his own was once before those manly
years had set their flying feet upon it,
and left here and there a dust of silver
gathered from the highway of time.

That lock of hair, that letter, that
look of agony, that iron woe that had
fallen upon his sense and was crushing

him! Was he turning to stone? Were
those livid lips closing over the shut
teeth made of steel? What did those
stern eyes see through that bit of
paper and athwart that lock of hair?
More of truth than ever psychologist
read from the same symbols. Away,
away on the banks of the James River,
near by where the white tents gleam
in the Summer sun, he sees a shallow
grave made ready for a poor boy that
was wounded on the Chickahominy.
Ha! he clutches the paper tighter, and
a great surging emotion, like the last
desperate wave that dashes the
mariner clinging to the wreck into the
black, storm-stirred sea, sweeps over
him.

He sees the column of soldiers bear-
ing the dead to that open grave; he
hears the low, shrill fife and muffled
beat of the drum, the chaplain's hur-
ried prayer, and sees him, ere dust is
added to dust and ashes to ashes, stoop
to sever from that fair young head
that lock of hair to send to the mother
who every night turns her face east-
ward and sends up a wailing supplica-
tion to God to spare the life of her boy,
her darling, her youngest. He sees the
earth receive the form, and hears the
tones of the fife as it trills forth
"Hail Columbia" while the sorrowful
company marches away.

Suddenly he starts, and his gaze is
turned, not from the letter, but from
the grave and its guest to the home
near by where the good mother stands,
even now shading her eyes from the
sunlight as she looks to see if the dust
of his hay-cart is not to be seen. How
can he meet her with that letter and
that lock of hair! How can he tell her
that George is dead, that he was shot
through the shoulder, that he has lain
six weeks in the hospital, that his
young breath passed away, telling
them, "Cut a lock of my hair for
mother and Nellie. Tell mother I am
going home where war does not come!"

How can he tell her that! He, the
stout-hearted, that cut down the forest
forty years ago with strong hands,
that chased the wolf to his lair, and
tracked the bear that invaded his fold
to the depths of the forest with un-
faltering steps! He who has not wept
for years, and who could walk to the
stake without paling one drop of his
proud blood! He who almost rebelled
at the law that would not let sixty
years, with rheumatic limbs, stand in
the ranks and march to battle against
the traitors to his country! He, who
never knew fear, how can he go home
and tell her that!

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Who are you, man or woman, for
whom this prayer has not old, sweet
associations? who, hearing its words,
hears not too the "memory bells"
ringing up from the golden plains of
your childhood, and feels not the soft
gales from the morning-land of your
life sweeping over your souls?

You may be a man now in the
pride and strength of your years; you
may have carved out for yourself an
honorable name and destiny in this
world; mayhap you are the owner of
broad lands and proud homes, and
your heart grown hard in its battle
with the world.

But stop a moment and listen to
this little verse, so simple that the
merest babe who learns to lisp the
words, can comprehend them, and so
grand in its magnificence and faith
that the wisest sage shall only have
learned fully the true lesson of life
when the soul utters them as it did
in its infancy.

Let us see! how many years ago
was it? Twenty, thirty, forty—no
matter; at the old sound of "Now I
lay me" they have all rolled back
their massive doors, and you go down
through them to the old red, one-
story house where your life first took
its morning. You see the little win-

dow on the right side, close under the
rafters. Ah! you slept sounder
slumber and dreamed sweeter dreams
in that old garret than you ever did
in your lofty chambers, with the
gilded ceiling and snowy draperies;
and what of it if your bed was a
straw one, and your coverlet made of
red and yellow "patches" of calico,
you never snuggled down so con-
tentedly under your spring-mat-
tresses and Marseilles counterpanes.

"Now I lay me." How softly
sleep would come and weigh down
your eyelids as you repeated the
words after her! Ah! you can hear
her very tones now stealing across
your heart, though it is so many years
since death silenced them, and you
feel the soft touch of her hand on
your pillow, and the tender, lingering
of her kiss upon your lips—you
break down here; proud man as you
are, the memory of your mother is
more than you can bear. If she had
only lived, you would not be what
you are now; but, thanks be to God,
she left you something holy and
blessed beyond all meaning—some-
thing that can not grow old, nor dim,
even in the "unspeakable brightness"
beyond the shining gates—the
memory of a loving, praying Christian
mother.

Reader, it may be many years since
you repeated this prayer, or, alas! it
may be that, in the din and struggle
of life you have forgotten to pray at
all, and that at night you have lain
down on your pillow, never thinking
of the shining ranks of angels that
God's mercy stationed around you
or thanking him for the day and for
the night.

But come back, we beseech you, to
the old prayer of your childhood. You
can not have outgrown that, no mat-
ter if your hair is frosted with the
snows of life's December, and if your
years are threescore and ten. Kneel
down by your bedside, and, uttering
these words, see if something of the
old peace and faith of your childhood
does not come back to you—if some-
thing of its dew and its blessing fall
not upon your slumber.

And remember that sooner or later
you will "lie down to sleep" when
this prayer will be all that your soul
can take, all that will avail of your
rank, or wealth, or fame, whatsoever
you most prize in this world, which is
but the shadow of eternity. Ah! we
shall soon pass the "green threshold
of our common graves;" but the
little prayer, the first, it may be, that
we took upon our childish lips, shall
follow us as we sail out under the
solemn arches of the "River of
Death"—follow us a sweet, faint,
tender air from the shores; and when
we shall cast anchor, "the Lord our
souls shall take."—*Ex.*

"School's Out."

Reader, did you ever pause and con-
template that particular and peculiar
phase of human nature developed by
the existent school boy when released
from study and discipline—when
"school is out," and he is on his way
home?

Ordinary humanity, when released
from the toils of the day, is prone to
seek rest and relaxation. The boy
scorns all such effeminate ideas. He
is composed of but three parts—legs,
arms and yell, and the yell is the big-
gest part of him. His legs and arms
have been kept in irksome compulsory
quietude all day, and must now be ex-
ercised. His voice has been seething
and swelling in him for hours, and
now must have vent.

As soon as he is clear of the school-
house, steps he stops and deliberately
yells a yell that is ear-splitting, but
which has no more object, meaning or
direction than the midnight vocifera-
tion of a mule, and yet it appears at
a full run with the arms flying about,
like the scintillations of a pinwheel.
He is no respecter of persons and is
utterly indifferent whether he runs
down a smaller boy, spins an aged

citizen three times around, or mashes
a girl's hat over her eyes in his head-
long career.

Nervous ladies hug the sides of the
houses as he rushes by in a drove
like a whirlwind and screams like a
steam-whistle.

"Mercy on us! If that boy was only
mine I'd—" but just then her own boy
flies past, falls over a dry goods box,
bounces up, kicks at another boy, and
is chased across the street and around
the corner before she can get the
"You Robert!" with which she in-
tends to annihilate him, out of her as-
tonished throat.

There is but one thing that has the
slightest soothing effect on the boy
when he is on his way home from
school. He can see his old man further
than Professor Hall can see a haystack
with a telescope, and the moment that
parent dawns upon his vision he be-
comes as proper as a model letter-
writer, and the neatly modulated
voice with which he wheedles the
author of his being out of five cents
on the spot, is a lesson for future ambi-
tious savings banks and passenger
railway presidents.

The amount of racing, jumping, pul-
ling and hauling and howling that a
school-boy can concentrate into a
transit of two squares is positively as-
tonishing, and the preternatural cool-
ness and quietude with which he takes
his red face and panting breath into
the kitchen and asks if supper aint
most ready, is a human conundrum
that calls for unqualified admiration.

The Woman who Edits "Wide Awake."

I went to the home of the "Wide
Awake," that altogether delightful
magazine for children, and found it in
a carpeted corner of that great hive of
children's literature, D. Lothrop & Co.,
32 Franklin street. Its editor from
the first has been Ella Farman, a self-
educated woman of the State of New
York. The daughter of a clergyman in
an inland town, she had the old,
off-repeated battle of the gifted, the
delicate, the young, the poor, to fight
over. Slowly, surely, always in the
most womanly way, she won. In time
she, with her family, moved to
Michigan. It was she who wrote a
few years since, in the *Atlantic*, an
article entitled "How Two Girls
Tried Farming." It was the true
story of the actual experience of Ella
Farman and a girl friend. "Lou" did
the roughest work. Ella, who was
physically delicate, wrote the stories
that earned the money to pay for the
farm. On this farm Mr. Lothrop
found her, after he had printed in
book-form several of her stories. A
true knight of childhood, he bore off
this fairy for their especial enchant-
ment, and set her down to wave her
wand in their service in the little nook
of the great publishing house where I
found her. Alas! you will say, there
a young man found her also. They
did what man and woman are prone
to do—married. And now two desks
instead of one stand in the office of
the *Wide Awake*. It is no reflection
on its literary excellence to say that I
doubt if any other child's magazine in
this country has put into it quite so
much of heart. Its embellishment are
especially noticeable, not only for the
extreme beauty, but for their especial
adaptation to child eyes and to child
life. In their way they could not be
more exquisite—and in nearly every
instance find their design in the poetic
mind, sympathetic heart and unerring
artistic instinct of husband and wife.
So much real genius, industry and tact
go into the *Wide Awake*, it is destined,
I think, to long life and a vast consti-
tuency. Ella Farman is now busy
preparing for the new year a child's
almanac, to be issued by Lothrop &
Co. Twelve poets contributed a
poem for each month in the year. It
is exquisitely illustrated, and nothing
in its way would be more apropos and
beautiful.—MARY CLEMMER.

Selecting Meats.

In selecting beef to roast, if it be
for a small family, the rib is by far
the best and most tender cut; have
some of the bone removed; then
make your butcher skewer the beef.
The best beefsteak for boiling is
porter-house. The best beef for *a la
mode* is the round; have the bone
removed and trim off all the gristle.
For corned beef, the round is also the
best.

For mutton roast, choose the
shoulder, the saddle, or the loin or
haunch. The leg should be boiled.
Small rib chops are best for boiling;
those cut out from the leg are gener-
ally tough. Mutton cutlets to bake
are taken from the neck.

For roast beef, the loin, breast or
shoulder is good.

Veal chops are best for frying; cut-
lets are more apt to be tough.

In selecting beef, take that which
has a loose grain, easily yielding to
pressure, of a dark red color, smooth,
and whitish fat; if the lean is pur-
pleish and the fat is yellow, it is poor
beef. Grass-fed is the lightest, ox the
best, and next heifer.

Perhaps the nicest mutton roast is
a small leg, the bone taken out and
the cavity stuffed with forced meat.
The best beef roast is (for three) about
two and a half or three pounds of
porter-house. Sirloin ranks next. A
rump roast is very nice. Two or
three pounds is a great plenty for
three. In chops, that from the hind
leg of mutton is best, unless you can
get a "meaty" sirloin. The same in
pork; about one and a quarter to one
and a half pounds is sufficient; beef
steak, about the same quantity.
Porter-house is cheaper than sirloin,
having less bone. Rump steak and
round, if well pounded to make them
tender, have the best flavor.—*Ex.*

Who Will be Crowned in Heaven.

A five-dollar note would be an ex-
travagant price to pay for her es-
tablishment and all it contains, but if,
heroic womanhood ever found ex-
ploiment in human shape, it can be
seen nightly upon St. Charles street,
just below the Academy of Music. A
week ago Grandma Wilson was in
Memphis baffling pestilence by her
tireless vigilance. Hailed by a terror-
stricken community as their guardian
angel, Elizabeth in the zenith of her
splendor could not have commanded
the adulation which spontaneously
went forth to that plain old woman.
For thirty-eight days and nights
during the frightful harvest of death
at Grenada those withered hands
were often the only ones to soothe
the burning brow or close dying eyes.
To her tender care were committed
their children by dying parents. Ap-
pointed by the divine mandates of
gratitude universal executrix, in that
season of deadly peril and death the
confidential friend of the highest, she
now sells peanuts on St. Charles
street. She did so before, and were
another epidemic to carry desolation
into a thousand homes, after another
heroic battle with disease, would do
so again; but is Cincinnati, returned
to his plow, much more heroic than
Mrs. Mary Ann Wilson, returned
from the devastation of Grenada,
Grand Junction and Memphis, to her
peanut stand? Mrs. Wilson was a
faithful nurse here in 1837. During
the epidemic of 1853 she was on duty
the entire summer. In 1855 she
devoted her time to the sufferers of
Norfolk. Another year she visited
Savannah; and, in short, for forty-
one years this noble woman has flown
to the aid of the sick and suffering
the moment she heard of their needs.
There is a seat above for her among
the best of God's children.—*New
Orleans Times.*

—Nothing is beneath you if it is in
the direction of your life; nothing is
great or desirable if it is off and away
from that.—*Emerson.*