

Do Not Weep For Me.

BY A LITTLE GIRL.—M. G. B.

When I close this life of sorrow,
When from sin death sets me free,
I'll expect a "bright to-morrow."
Dear ones, do not weep for me.

When my heart is freed from sadness;
When my eyes no gloom shall see;
When my grief is turned to gladness,
Dear ones, do not weep for me.

When I'm taken from your number,
Still and cold though I may be,
Don't disturb my quiet slumber;
Do not, do not, weep for me.

When beneath the sod I'm lying,
And you're wont to think of me,
Think of Jesus and His dying,
Do not shed those tears for me.

For I've only crossed the river,
To that rest prepared for me,
By that kind and blessed Giver;
Then, why should you weep for me?

Soon, ah soon, you all will gather,
To that mansion; have no fears,
God's a kind, indulgent Father,
Look to Him and dry your tears.

Fallen Flowers.

One of the workers of the world
Living toiled and toiling died;
But others worked and the world went on
And was not changed when he was gone.
A strong arm stricken, a wide sail furl'd;
And only a few men sigh'd.

One of the heroes of the world
Fought to conquer, then fought to fail,
And fell down slain in his blood-stained
mail,
And over his form they stopt;
His cause was lost and his banner furled;
And only a woman wept.

One of the singers among mankind
Sang healing songs from an o'erwrought
heart,
But ere men listened the grass and the
wind
Were wasting the rest unsung like a wave;
And now of his fame that will ne'er de-
part
He has never heard in his grave.

One of the women who only love
Loved and grieved and faded away—
Ah me! are these gone to the God above,
What more of each can I say?
They are human flowers that flower and
fall;
This is the song and the end of them
all.

—Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

Baby-Love.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Hark! "Nobody cares for us old folks,"
The wind's turning eastward I know,
Else dear little Grandmother Berry
Would never be murmuring so,
Or put a small end of her capstring
Right into a gathering tear,
Or choke out a tremulous answer:
"There's nothing the matter my dear."

She's feeling quite pitiful somehow,
Neglected and lonesome, dear heart;
Maybe we forget years ago wedding
The young and the old folks apart.
Perhaps in this busy existence
We do not remember to say
The small, loving words in the household
To brighten for some one the day.

But see! there is the wee babe-lassie
Stretching out eager arms with a cry,
And straightway, 'mid loving caresses,
The cap-strings comes out of the eye!
The wind shifts due west in a hurry
When, "Bessie loves dan-ma," is said,
And I fancy Love shines like a glory
Around Bessie's close nestled head.

Oh, babies! with fingers like roseleaves,
Te touch wounded spirits so near.
When the Master so long ago blessed you,
He gave you a mission, 'tis clear;
For babies love old folks—God bless them
They miss not the golden looks gone,
They see not the eventide shadow
Eclipsing Life's roseate dawn.

But clearer of vision, it may be,
Since nearer than we to the sky,
They see the ripe hearts' tender treasure,
And pass youth and beauty both by.
So, grandma, "your case is not proven."
That babies love old folks is plain;
And Bessie shall help me to prove it
If I hear any mourning again.

—Fisk University has all the students it can accommodate. It has in Jubilee Hall 130 boarders, three or four young men occupying one room. A better class of students, as a whole, are now in attendance than ever before. They are younger and are further advanced when they enter than they were five or eight years ago. During the current year seven of the students have become Christians.

The Brakeman at Church.

On the road once more, with Lebanon facing away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World" and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church," I hazarded.

"No," he said, "I don't like to run on those branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and \$2 extra for a seat, fast time and only stop at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare in fifty miles. Stops at flag stations and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track; straight as rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their ticket before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the freethinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman; "dirt road bed and no ballast; no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of a go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target-lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said that he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't

believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere and has no superintendent. I may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?" I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road too—one of the very oldest in this country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but its pretty independent too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But its mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always pleasant class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodists?" I said.

"Now you're shouting," he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred enough all time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard' you can hear him to the next station. Every train light shines like a head light. Stop over checks are given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled companionatic conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air-brake on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha," said the brakeman, she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way, and not a side track from the round house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it through, double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two guages. But it runs through a lovely country; those river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and its a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connection and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionville! The train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

—Burlington Hawkeye.

—Senator Bruce, colored, of Mississippi, is the youngest member of the U. S. senate. He is only thirty-nine.

The Happiness of Queens.

Some of the Experience which Sovereigns of Europe have Passed Through.

There is nothing of which we hear sooner than this. When we are children our nurses charm us, and make us envious with their marvelous stories of life in the palaces. Can we ever forget the Prince Charming and what the Princess wore—her dress the color of the sun; how she rode in a carriage ornamented all over with rubies; that her sceptre was a single diamond, and her crown made of stars snatched from heaven?

Later the *Almanack de Gotha* recalls these golden fables of our infancy and we see again the Queens with their blonde hair and bright eyes, their crowns high upon their heads, and their great cloaks of velvet trailing from their shoulders. They smile with the smile of tranquil goddesses; they are beautiful among the beautiful, happy among the happy; before them one bows or goes upon his knees; the earth is made sweet by the caress of their feet; men only breathe as they nod; joy is everywhere about them.

O sovereigns! O rulers! look what destiny has done for you.

Queen Victoria reached the throne—adorable, charming! Crowned at Westminster when just 16, she married the husband of her choice, one of those Coburgs, who were the handsomest men of their time. She loved so passionately that she poisoned her own life and that of her husband, who was a martyr to her idolatry. Her jealous imagination saw infidelity everywhere and always; ladies once her dear friends became odious to her. She drove away the ladies of honor, and, at a Court ball, she slapped the face of a pretty girl to whom Prince Albert had addressed a few words.

A day came when death called this husband, so fondly loved and on that day died, also England's Queen. The heart had gone out of the body of the woman, and nothing was left. Everything seemed to have been brusquely torn away, and so great was her despair, and so long did it last, that years afterward, they discussed a regency in Parliament. The motion was defeated; but after that the living corpse of her who had been Victoria, came from time to time, to open Parliament. The English, who respect the dynasty, lowered themselves before the eternal grief of this old woman, for they saw still the crown of the Queen above the widow's cap. But she never smiled save when, perchance, the name of Prince Albert was mentioned.

The Queen of Belgium has an only son. The child of ten years is as sweet and exquisite as a cherub. The royal infant is sick. It is night, and he suffers, for he burns with fever. He tries to smother his cries of pain. The Queen, notwithstanding her agony worn out with long watching, and obeying the supplications of her ladies retires for a little repose. But she cannot sleep. She leaves her bed and returns, in haste to her son. She approaches softly. The prince appears to be soundly sleeping. His breathing is equal and easy. The pale face of Henriette lightens with happiness. Her boy is then saved since he can sleep. She goes out. Then the royal baby calls the doctor. The doctor bends over him. "Do not tell mother," he says. "It makes her feel happy to think that I sleep."

That child will never be a king. To-morrow, in the evening, he is dead.

It is ten years since the Belgian prince is dead, and no other child has come to the Queen. At Brussels they seldom see her. She is always with herself. If she goes out she hears nothing, sees nothing. Her hair is white. Her dress is always black. Her ladies of honor are old and ugly, and made still more ugly by the ugly

ennui of this court in lethargy. No one dares smile before the queen, who still weeps always and who cries "For methere is nothing more in the world."

All alone the Empress of Russia plunges into the intoxication of her tears. She knows that, for along time, the true crown of the Empress is not that which she wears. She has always with her the portrait of the Emperor—the likeness of the man who loves her no more.

Margaret of Italy dies slowly with a terrible malady. She knows that her days are numbered.

The Empress Eugenie lies upon the ground with seven spears driven right through her heart. Throne, husband, son, beauty—all are gone.

For having touched the crown of Spain, two young Queens fall as if struck by lightning. The Duchess of Aosta flies to Italy and wastes, in sickness and agony, to death. Mercedes, the Queen of 18 years, for whom life seemed so full, is cold as marble in her tomb.

Christina of Austria, hears nothing but the noise of the pistol, sees nothing but the gleam of the dagger.

Maximilian went to Mexico, and paid for his ambition with his life. When the graves closed over him it held also the world of Carlotta. Since then her present is the past. Her brain is blinded, and she does not even know that she suffers.—*Translated from the French.*

Biting at the Bare Hook.

I was sometime since walking upon the wharf where a fishing boat lay, writes a Christian traveller, and as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and standing beside his boat, said:

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business. What kind of fish are these?"

"They are codfish," replied he.

"How long are you usually out, in order to obtain your load?"

"Two or three weeks," he answered.

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you had hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes, hard work," said he.

"With what do you bait those fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"Well, now did you ever catch a fish without bait?"

"Yes," said he, "I was out last year, and one day when I was fixin' my line, the bare hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in."

"Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on a bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn; and after a pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him, "I guess that's a minister."—*Ex.*

—Paper bricks are now being manufactured in Wisconsin, and lately a few were made by one of the paper-mills of California, in which State they bid fair to meet with much favor inasmuch as plenty of the best fibrous material—particularly aquatic rushes and vast forests of paper cactus, the latter substance being admirably adapted for the purpose—grow near at hand. Moreover, houses built of these bricks would need no plaster and could be easily moved on wheels. It is said that the Chinese make the soles of all their shoes out of paper similarly prepared.

—Mr. Spurgeon's Pastor's College has educated 472 ministers since it was founded, and 132 churches have been formed, and 36,123 persons baptized through its instrumentality.