

Content.

BY MARY RUSSELL BARTLETT.

Come to me like a mother, great Content,
And clasp me close with thy consoling
arm;

Deny the toy toward which my pleadings
went,

But be thyself the sore refusal's balm.
After the restlessness of childish play,
Kneel by my side at twilight as I pray,
Ay, after tears and bitter punishment,
Come to me like a mother, great Content.

Just as some willful child submits at last
To an inevitable threatened pain,
And straight way finds Love's arms around
him cast,

And, unexpected, learns to smile again;
So, after long resistance, hardly pressed,
I yield to stern necessity's behests
And looking up, behold above me bent
Thy brow, as of a mother, sweet Content.

Stay with me like a mother, kind Content,
I am afraid within the dark to lie,
Thy song be with my sobbing interblent
Till the Great Sleep shall come to close
mine eye,

Then lay me in my cradle in the ground,
And gently fold the turfy blanket round
And till God's angel be to wake me sent
Watch me like a mother, still Content.

—Christian Union.

Spring.

BY JOHN ANDREW BUCHANAN.

Smiling springtime once again
Has come to bless and cheer us,
The living verdure of the plain
Is growing greenly near us.

All o'er the blossom tinted land,
The scene is really splendid;
The fields are picturesque and grand
With herbs and grasses blended.

God made the sun that shines by day,
The drooping herb he raises;
He made the birds so blithe and gay
That warble forth his praises.

He gives us health, he gives us friends;
In pleasant homes he's placed us,
With many comforts that he sends,
His blessings oft have blest us.

Then let us ever thankful be,
To love and praise him ever;
And may we never, never see
His kindness from us sever.

The Old Sluice Box.

Where the rocks are gray and the moun-
tains steep,
And the gulch below looks dark and deep;
Where the gnarled pines in their rugged
pride

Loam gloomily up on either side;
Where the manzanita is crooked and thick
Where once was heard the shawl and pick
Where the shadows lie heavily upon the
rocks,

There lies half buried, the old sluice box.
The idle stream through it lazily glides,
Gently lashing its moulderling sides—
Sides that once were muddy and dim
From the yellow dirt that was cast within;
While across the stream, on the gravel
heaps,

The agile squirrel silently leaps,
And the crested quail, fluttering drops
For its evening drink from the old sluice
box.

Oh, many a day, with a weary hand,
Have I tossed in its bed the glittering
sand;
And dreamed, as I leaned on its rotting
side,

Raking the depths of its turbid tide,
Of father's gray hairs and dear mother's
smile,
And loved ones at home who were waiting
the while

The wanderer's return. But time sneer-
ingly mocks
At the days that I toiled at the old sluice
box.

From the moss-green rock on which I lean,
I gaze down into the sluggish stream;
The face that I see has graver grown,
And my voice, it seems, has a soberer tone;
And the wanton winds with my hair at
play

Shows that my locks have all turned gray;
Still I love to think of the days gone by,
When my spirits were light, my hopes
were high;

I could welcome again the rough, hard
knocks
To be mining once more with the old
sluice box.

—Maurice Gregory.

Thou hast two ears, and but one mouth;
Remember it, I pray;
For much there is that thou must hear,
And little say.

Thou hast two eyes, and but one mouth;
Ponder the reason well;
Full many things thou art to see,
And few things to tell.

Thou hast two hands, and but one mouth;
Nature has rightly done,
For she has given two for work,
For eating, one.

A Leaf From Annetta's Diary.

My mother told me that it would
be a good way for me to make believe
that I am telling Miss Annetta Four-
teen what happened. I asked my moth-
er, "Will she be I? Will Miss An-
netta Fourteen be the same I then,
that I am now when I am seven?"

She said, "she will be the same I,
and she will not be the same I."

She said, "Just as you are the same
you that you were when you were a
baby, and are not the same you."

She said that if I were the very
same you—no, the very same I—that
I was when I was a baby, I should
want a rattle to shake, and a ring to
bite, and to be trotted, and I should
pat a cake.

J. That made me laugh.

Then my mother asked me if I
should not like now to read a cunning
little diary where Annetta baby put
down when she patted a cake the first
time, and jumped first time in a baby-
jumper, and fell out of bed; and I
said that I should.

And she said so would Annetta
Fourteen like to know about Annetta
Seven.

I shall tell something in my Diary
about Banty White.

She died this morning of the pip.
She was a little beauty. Oh, she was
just as white as snow all over! She
would come when we called her, and
she knew her name, and every one of
the family loved her very much. She
had four chickens once, and once she
had seven. They are sold. Oh, I
cried very much when she died! My
mother does not think it foolish to cry
for anything like that. She thinks it
is foolish to cry when you can't have
things, and when you cannot go to
places that you want to go to.

My mother counted the good things
of Banty White, and there were five,
and she said it would be a good plan
to put them in my Diary.

Kind. That is one of the good
things. Now I will prove it.

The Plaguer—he was my grown-up
cousin—says I must prove every one
one of her good things that I write
down. Proving means to prove that
anything you say is true.

My cat had three kittens, and two
died. My cat had fits. They were
running fits. She ran round and
round, and then she ran away. She
did not come back, and her dear little
kitten was left without any mother.
It had not begun to open its eyes yet.
The Plaguer told me to put it under
Banty White's wings, and she took
care of it. She did not push it out,
and when she called her own chickens
to come and eat something she wanted
the kitten to come too, and she
wanted the kitten to run under her
when the other chickens came under

there, and when the kitten did not
mind when she clucked to her, she
kept saying again, "Cluck cluck cluck
cluck cluck!" till somebody put
her under, there, and pretty soon the
kitten went herself when Banty White
clucked.

Not Quarrelsome. This makes two
good things. When any other Banty
ran to get the same crumble that she
was going to get, she did not fly at
that other one to peck it.

Not pick out the best. This makes
three. When anybody threw down
corn or crumbles, or bugs—my father
picks off squash bugs to give the hens
—she did not try to pick out the big-
est one, and she did not try to keep
the best place for herself. The best
henplace is nearest the back door
where they shake the table cloth. My
mother says that nobody can say Banty
White always tried to keep that
place for herself alone. She was will-
ing for the other ones to have that
good place too.

Not Proud. This makes four. The
Plaguer told me of this. We call him
the Plaguer because he sometimes
jumps out and says "Boo!" and scares
us. He said some hens are so proud
when they lay eggs that they want to
go round and tell everybody, so they

go round cackle, cackle, cackling, and
kut, kut, kut-darkuting, just as if to
say, "See what I've done! I've done!
What great good I've done!" but Banty
White never made a very big noise.
My mother said she heard my brother
cackle one day when he had brought
in some heavy sticks of wood. That
she said she heard a little girl cackle
one day when she had picked more
huckle berries than another little girl.
I know what one she meant. Me. My
mother does not think hens feel proud
She thinks they feel glad.

Obliging. That makes five. The
Plaguer told me of this one, but I
don't know if he meant earnest, be-
cause sometimes he says things for
fun. Obliging means to do things to
please other people, and not always to
do things to please yourself.

My mother laughed when the Plaguer
told me about this one. He said that
Banty White wanted to stop laying
eggs and sat on eggs, she gave up
cheerfully, if you covered her up with
a barrel, and began to lay again. One
day when my father and I went to
see my cousins, he put her under a bar-
rel to make her not want to set, and for-
bade my brother to give her any corn,
and she almost starved. Once when
the Shanghai-hen wanted to set in
the hen-house, my brother went way
into the corner of the hen-house, and
tried to get hold of her legs to pull
her off the nest, and she pecked his
hands so hard that he had to let go.

He held out a stick for her to bite
while he pulled her with the other
hand, and she did bite it a little while
but when he began to pull with the
other hand she stopped biting that
stick and began to peck at that other
hand. Then he threw sand in her
eyes so she could not see his hand, but
she could, and she kept pecking that
hand he was taking hold of her legs
with. Then he put his hat on her
head, so that she could only peck at
the inside of that, and he took hold of
her legs then and got her off. This is
a very funny story. My brother
could not get out of the hen-house.
The button on the door of that hen-
house turned round itself and got
fastened in there and he had to stay
there more than two hours, without
anybody knowing he was in there. It
grew dark, and he hollered as loud as
he could, and then he pounded, and
then he cried, and then he kicked the
door, and then he did all the same
things over again, and more things.
When my father went in the barn to
get something, he heard him kicking.
He let the hen go and she went back
into the corner, and set down on the
nest again.

I cannot think of anything more to
tell about Banty White.—Mrs. A. M.
Diaz in *Wide Awake*.

A Lady On Gymnastics.

For years past I have been con-
vinced that the mania for gymnastic
exercises, athletic development and
muscular power has been productive
of a vast deal of harm. Years ago
the theory in vogue for gaining health
was dieting, and hundreds of people
dieted themselves into insanity or the
grave. Now the mania is for exer-
cise, and hundreds of young men, and
(although it may seem to be a
ridiculous statement) young women
also, are killing themselves by "exer-
cise." Nature rebels at "knotted"
muscles, and requires the full payment
of a serious penalty whenever the
folly is perpetrated of developing
muscles as a business, through the
swinging of dumbbells and Indian
clubs. The long walks, which are
taken too frequently and with quite
too much vim, under the influence of
a spirit of emulation or to win a bet,
are productive of far more injury than
benefit. But, most of all, I want to
call attention to the idea of daily
bathing. It is a simple form of
suicide, lacking the element of crime,
because done through ignorance, lack-
ing the horror, because it also lacks
the criminal stains and mangled form

of the ordinary suicide.

Our young men are not content
until they are scrubbed bald-headed
by the willing barber, and look in
their youth very "near of kin," in-
deed, to their aged grandsires. Were
it not for the exceeding tenderness
and the quick rebellion raised when
the whiskers are tampered with, and
the fact that fashion benevolently and
fortunately guards them, no doubt
they, too, would be shampooed out of
existence so effectually as to leave the
"coming man" without that becom-
ing adornment.

The poor body is literally scrubbed
out of existence. Nature guards her
outposts very jealously, but she can-
not do double duty in one direction
without signal failure in some other.
Consequently, when the surface of the
body is daily denuded of the cuticle
under the vigorous application of the
barbarous "coarse towel," she must
repair damages at the expense of the
digestion or the natural elimination of
morbid matter; some organ loses the
harmony with its fellows which is
necessary to a perfect whole. Clean-
liness is not only "next to godliness,"
but a very large part of it, and it is
highly important that bathing should
be employed as a hygienic force; but
not the shower-bath when an ex-
hausted body is slowly waking from
an unnatural sleep; nor a cold sponge
when the day's duties have exhausted
mind and body both. To change the
clothing frequently, and permit a
thorough airing; to expose the entire
surface of the body for a few moments
to the air of the room on raising and
retiring; a light brushing with a soft
brush or a fine towel, and a good bath
once or twice a week, are all that an
American can endure and retain
health. Light exercise of these mus-
cles called into play in the daily
routine is also desirable, but it should
be calisthenic, not gymnastic, and
should not include a vigorous pound-

ing of the chest, than which nothing
can be worse for the lungs.—A LADY
PHYSICIAN, in *N. Y. Times*.

Printing Type.

In a font of type, such as is used in
printing a book or newspaper, the dif-
ferent characters used are as follows:
29 capitals, 29 small capitals, 33 small
letters, 8 points, 11 references, 10 fig-
ures, 9 fractions, 5 braces, 4 dashes, 8
spaces and quads, 20 italic capitals, 33
italics small capitals, and 5 italic points.
Total 213 different characters. The
place of each one of these must be so
familiar to a compositor that he can
instantly put his hand upon it when
wanted. The relative use of the small
letters and points in composition is
about as follows: a, 42½; e, 60; i, 40;
o, 40; u, 17; b, 8; c, 15; d, 22; p, 8½;
g, 2½; r, 31; s, 40; t, 45; v, 6; w, 10;
x, 2; y, 10; z, 1; comma, 22½; semi-
colon, 4; colon, 3; period, 10.

—The American Tract Society has
just issued a paper from which it ap-
pears that its hundreds of colporteurs
have performed nearly 5,236 years of
personal labor in their house work
among our many destitute, circulating
above 14,000,000 volumes of evangeli-
cal truth in the homes of those who
otherwise would have had no religious
reading; conversed with more than
6,700,000 families on personal religion;
made 12,187,426 family visits, includ-
ing 1,682,705 families habitually neg-
lectful of all evangelical preaching. It
has issued annually in books, tracts and
papers an average of 10,000,000 copies,
and in 145 languages or dialects. Its
grants to the needy have reached
almost to \$1,730,993; and for over a
generation not a penny of any dona-
tion has been used for agency, or any
machinery whatever. Two hundred
and fifty colporteurs missionaries were
employed by it in our land the last
year, and several have been annually
at work in Ohio.

"Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught."

Principle More Than Position.

In 1818 an English Episcopal min-
ister, at the close of a brilliant and
much-applauded life, sent for a neigh-
boring clergyman, and said to him,—
"I am about to die, and I am un-

prepared."
The two ministers read their Bibles
together and prayed. The invalid
died in peace, and the visitor received
from the scene an impression that in-
fluenced his whole life. He resolved
to devote himself wholly to the ser-
vice of God, and that with such
humility and self-forgetful zeal that
any event in life would find him pre-
pared.

That visitor was Henry Francis
Lyte, the author of the well-known
hymns, beginning,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,"
and
"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

He relinquished all selfish ambi-
tions, and accepted a curacy on the
wild coast of Devon, where he might
work for Christ among the poor. He
gathered here a large Sunday school
from the sea-faring populations,
preached to the sailors, and devoted
himself, with a self-consuming zeal, to
the humble duties that met him on
every hand.

He was removed from the society of
the great and the learned, yet he was
very happy. He thus tells his ex-
perience in a poem that we doubt
that many of our readers have seen:

"Long did I toil, and knew no earthly
rest;

Far did I rove, and found no certain
home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering
breast,

Who opens His arms, and bids the weary
come.

With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am His, and He is
mine.

"Yes, He is mine! and naught of earthly
things,

Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth
or power,

The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forget His love an
hour;

Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's
thine!

Go! I my Savior's am, and He is mine.

"The good I have is from His stores sup-
plied;

The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my friend, I'm rich with naught
beside,

And poor without Him, though of all
possessed

Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content while I am His, while He is
mine."

At the age of twenty-eight, when
reaping a rich harvest from his work
among sailors, he found his health
giving way and his strength failing.
He had desired to write something by
which his influence in the church of
Christ might live. For this he prayed,
and his prayer was answered. He
wrote "Abide with me, fast falls the
eventide," after he had administered
the communion to his people for the
last time.

He went to France. There at Nice,
with the purple sky above him, and
the blue Mediterranean spread out
before him, he lived a short time,
when the message from the future
world came to him and found him
prepared.

He had regarded the work of Christ
as more than position, but his ex-
perience became to him a source of
poetic inspiration which has caused
his name to be honored in all Christian
lands.—*Youth's Companion*.

—Those of our readers who are pub-
lic speakers should not get discouraged
if their audiences are sometimes small.
Very great persons sometimes draw a
very small hearing. There are more
than 700 members in the two British
Houses of Parliament. Yet, when the
Queen's speech was read a week or
two ago dissolving it, there were pres-
ent only thirty-nine, out of the whole
number. Not very complimentary to
her gracious majesty.—*Evangelist*.