

Slipping Away.

They are slipping away—these sweet, swift years,
Like a leaf on the current east:
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as the weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breeze hid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the whistle down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair:
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word!

Be True, Boys.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys!
Though clever at ruses
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys!
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys!
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys!

But, whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys!
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

—Christian Guardian.

Twenty Years.

BY BELLE W. COOKE.

I have climbed to a sun-lighted hill-top,
And gazed down the path of the years,
And afar in the haze of the distance
A vision of beauty appears.

One sweet day of my life hangs before me,
With its halo of brightness around;
I remember the glow on the landscape
The day that my lover was crowned.

Crown'd—the king of my heart and my future;
Fear hung not a cloud in the sky,
As we sailed up a love-lighted river,
Its beauties isles gliding by.

I remember the sweetness of silence,
The breath and the depth of a tone,
The wonderful measure of gladness
That came with the whispered "my own."

To-night I am counting them over—
The twenty swift years that are gone—
And I still can be proud of my lover,
Though the brightness of youth is now flown.

I have wept over trials and crosses,
Have many a want unsupplied;
But I think I have gained from my losses,
And rejoice that my gold has been tried.

I have passed through the valley of shadow—
The valley that no man hath trod—
Where the mother, in joy or in anguish,
Is brought by her peril to God.

I have seen the sweet eyes of my babies
Give answering smiles to my love;
Have closed the dear eyes of my darling,
To open in beauty above.

"And why do I tell you our story?"
Perhaps you would question me thus,
When in all the events of my journey
No strange thing has happened to us.

I am glad I may stand as a witness
That love is not always a cheat;
That God is a very near helper,
And life in His service is sweet.

Mine Childhood.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEEDLE YAWOB STRAUS."]

Der schiltren they vas poot in ped,
All tucked up for der night;
I dakes mine pipe der mantel off,
Und py der fireside pright.

I dinks about when I vas young—
Off moder, who vas tead,
Und how at night—like I do, Hans—
She tucked me oup in ped.

I mindt mo off mine fader too,
Und how he yoozt to say,
"Poor poy, you haf a hardt oldt row
To hoe, und leedle blay!"

I find me oudt dot id vas drue
Vot mine oldt fader said,
While smoothing down mine flaxen hair
Und tucking me in ped.

Der oldt folks! Id vas like a d'ream
To sheepk off them like dot,
Gretchen und I vas "oldt folks" now,
Und haf two schiltren got.

Ve lofes d'hem more as nefer vas,
Each leedle curly head,
Und efr night ve dakes d'hem oup
Und tucks d'hem in d'ir ped.

Budt d'hem, sometimes, when I feels pine,
Und all dings lonesome seem,
I wish I vas dot poy again,
Und dis vas all a d'ream.

I want to kisse mine moder vonce,
Und when mine brayer vas said,
To haf mine fader dake me oup
Und tack me in mine ped.

EDITOR'S DRAWING, IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.

—A great many people have just about enough religion to make them unhappy. —J. H. Foy.

Forty Dollars.

"What! Forty dollars more? Forty dollars, only for trimmings! My mother never spent so much on any dress. Hate to seem cross, my dear, but with so many business men failing every day, one sees the wisdom of economy. Explain my dear."

"Well, papa," said Emma, "it's just this: Madame Farine says that I need ten yards of a trimming at four dollars a yard. The dress is half finished, and really money goes so. There were other things to get. I am ashamed to ask, but I was obliged to do so."

"Very well, my dear," replied the merchant, "there is the money, but I don't think you'll need any more before Christmas. Times are not good you know, and—dear me! forty dollars for trimming! Women are getting worse than ever."

Emma Rome slipped the roll of notes into her purse with a feeling that it was dearly bought; but fate has placed so many women in the condition of beggars, and it is so customary to do as Emma did, that she almost wondered at the little pang which shot through her heart. Besides, her father seemed to forget the matter soon, and she knew that he was called rich—that, actually forty dollars was but a small sum for him. So breakfast over, and Mr. Rome off for that mysterious region known as "down town," she dressed herself becomingly and started on her shopping expedition. On the way, thoughts of her new dress ran through her mind. She intended to wear it on an occasion which to her seemed very important. Some one was to be present whose opinion she valued—some one she admired very much. Did he admire her?

She had asked herself the question over and over again. She had even pulled away the petals of a marguerite one by one, counting them as they fell with the words: "He loves—he loves me not." And there were to be many handsome girls present, and she was not vain. Oh, she must look as well as possible.

Thus absorbed, she found herself several blocks below her destination. There was nothing for it but to walk back, and the way lay through streets filled with miserable tenement houses. The fashionable girl hurried along until all at once, she found a sort of barricade across the street. The middle object of this barricade was a sewing machine, to which on one side, clung a woman, on the other a man. The woman was crying; the tears splashed down on her hands. An attendant crowd of residents contemplated this scene with evident interest, and Emma became, perforce, one of the number.

Scarcely ever in her life before had Emma Rome been in close contact with actual misery. Poor, to her simply meant not rich. Now she was among rags, and dirt and misery, forced to stand still for a moment and look upon it. At first, the only emotion it excited was disgust. But as she was about to seek a passage through the squalid crowd, words fell upon her ear that her attention:

"Forty dollars I've paid on that machine, and now you'll not give me time. I only ask time. I'm an honest woman. I'll pay you. Man, do you know it's all there is between us and starvation? Let me have the thing back. It's but ten dollars I owe you."

"You've owed that two months," replied the man. "Come, let go, Missus. I don't want to hurt you. I've got to obey orders. Money or the machine, was what the boss said."

But the woman did not relinquish her hold. Still clutching the machine she turned her agonizing eyes upon the by-standers.

"Forty dollars," she repeated, "and the machine but fifty, and he's taking it. I never failed until Jim broke his leg, and his work stopped, and his wages with it, and I'd doctor's bill and

all."

"No, that she didn't," cried a voice from the crowd. "I'm knowing of her honesty."

"And he'd better be off with his cart," cried a man who had stalked out of the entry of the house near which the crowd had gathered, rolling up his sleeves.

"Look here, good people," explained the man who held the machine: "I don't want to do this. I obey orders or lose my place, and my bread and butter. She'd better go to the boss and talk to him—not to me."

"I've been," said the woman. "He's made of stone. I told him he'd starve us. He will. There, what is the use of my fighting like a drunken body in the streets?—a decent woman! They've the power. Take it. And she let go her hold and covered her eyes with her hands."

But in the place of these rough, red fingers, others, dainty and small, and well-gloved, came down upon the cover of the machine. Emma Rome had pressed forward, and now spoke:

"Stop," said she, "will you let this woman keep her machine if I pay you ten dollars?"

"Them's the boss's orders, Miss," replied the man, "and I'd be glad to do it, too."

Then, while the crowd gathered close, and the woman who had told her piteous tale sobbed with joy, Emma drew the sum named from her purse, received in return a receipt, which she gave to the poor woman, and experienced for the first time the delight which the performance of an utterly unselfish act brings with it.

Moreover, when the machine had been borne up stairs, Emma, who had exchanged a few words with its owner, followed her to her miserable room, noted its poverty, heard all the bitter tale. It was a true one—the hot tears told that.

"But I don't mind anything now, Miss," said the narrator. "Now the machine is my own, I don't mind how hard I work. And the only great tug is the landlord—four dollars a month for rent."

"As much as a month as a yard of that trimming," thought Emma, with a little pang.

She questioned the woman further, and found that her landlord lived down stairs. And before she turned from the door she had emptied her purse, and paid three months' rent in advance.

"Your husband will be well and at work by that time," she said; and there were no regrets for the lost fringe as she took her way homeward. Nay, she was not even stung to the soul when Madame Earle remarked, with a glance that said volumes:

"The black lace from your old grenadine dress? Certainly, since that is your taste."

The dress, however, was not unbecoming, despite the refurbished lace, and Emma wore it to the party. She was quite conscious that every woman of her acquaintance knew what the dress was trimmed with, but her conscience whispered to her that she had done right. Moreover, the light of the better thought was on her face. Somehow Arthur Maime found himself more than ever attracted by it; and as she drove home that night, Emma felt that the marguerite which had said to her, "he loves," had been no false prophet.

She had learned two lessons in a little while: one, that the poor might be clothed and fed from the trimmings of the rich; the other, that extravagance in dress never yet won any man's heart. She never forgot either.

—The family of the Chinese professor in Cambridge occupy the attic of the house, while the servants sleep down stairs. According to the Chinese notions of rank, the master and mistress of the house must not occupy sleeping-rooms below the servants.

Select Reading.

—Pride has two seasons; a forward spring and an early fall.

—Philip Henry said: "There are two things we should beware of—that we never be ashamed of the Gospel, and that we never be a shame to it."

—"My son," said an old man, "beware of prejudices, they are like rats; and men's minds are like traps; prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they get out."

—"If you boast of a contempt for the world, avoid getting into debt. It is giving to gnats the fangs of vipers." —Christian Preacher.

—Anna Dickinson is reported as saying that she will never marry until she can bake a loaf of bread, and that she will never bake bread while she has her senses.

—A letter, timely written, is a rivet in the chain of affection; and a letter untimely delayed, is as rust to the holder.

—"The heart will commonly govern the head." What a confusion when the head determines to be master! What a pride in being able to say, I am master of myself; my head rules. Such persons escape the tragedies of life; and the great blessings also pass them by.

A certain young woman named Hanna, slipped down on a piece of bananas;

She shrieked and oh my'd!

And more stars she spied

Than belonged to the star-spangled bannan.

A gentleman sprang to assist her,

And picked up her muff and wister;

"Did you fall, ma'am?" he asked her;

"Do you think," she replied,

"I sat down for the fun of it, mister?"

—New York World.

—Bad thoughts are worse enemies even than are tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your hearts so full of good thoughts that bad thoughts may not find room.

—A sour, complaining, fault-finding, sort of religious literature creates a morbid taste in those who read it for that sort of stuff; just as the trashy novels of the times create an appetite which they alone can supply. The former produces a leanness of soul, as the latter does poverty of mind. —Christian.

The world goes up and the world goes down,

And the sunshine follows the rain;

And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown

Can never come over again,

Sweet wife,

No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man is cold,

And night will hallow the day;

Till the heart which at even was weary and old

Can rise in the morning gay.

Sweet wife,

To its work in the morning gay.

—Charles Kingsley.

—Those who do nothing are generally the first to find fault with those who work. They can tell just what needs to be done, just when it ought to be attended to, and if any failures are made, they would have known better, they would not have acted so unwisely. What a pity that those persons who understand so well how to work, should remain idle; if only they would be persuaded to teach by example the blunderers who are willing to work, how much might be accomplished. —Ex.

A RELIC OF COLUMBUS.—A relic of Columbus has been discovered at Trinidad. Irving tells the story that on August 1, 1498, the fleet of Columbus came to anchor off Trinidad. During the night a loud noise was heard and a huge wave was seen coming down on the fleet. The wave was caused by the sudden rising of the rivers which flow into the Gulf of Paria. It struck Columbus' ship, but, as it is recorded, it only carried away an anchor, and this anchor has now been found by a Senor Agostino. It is of primitive form and has the date 1497 on the stock.

A Mother's Training.

There were six members in the household—three sons and three daughters. The mother was a cheery, quiet, religious woman, thoroughly bound up in her household. The husband was a resolute, defiant, outspoken unbeliever. He was a journalist, and lost no opportunity to have his fling at Christianity. Unbelievers, as bitter as himself, were frequent guests at his table, and made themselves merry with the Bible and religious faith before the children. The mother seldom bore any part in the conversation. Not one of the children entertained the opinions of the father. As they grew up, one after another came into the church. The sons especially, were noted for their intelligent piety. I felt a great curiosity to know how Mrs. Long accomplished her difficult task—by what means she had neutralized the influence of her husband, how she had led her entire flock into the fold of the Redeemer. I asked Mrs. Long to give me some clue to her method. "Well," she said, "it is a simple matter. I never opposed my husband, never argued with him, nor disputed on the subject of religion. I never belittled him in the eyes of the children. But I never allowed them to go to bed without reading a few short verses of something the Savior had said. I put his words over against the words of men. If the devil cast in the tares and went his way, might not the truth be as potent? And that's the whole of it." —Christian at Work.

Speak Short.

An aged minister said to a young brother, "Speak short. The brethren will tell you if you don't speak long enough."

The counsel is good, good for speakers and good for hearers, good for writers and good for readers. Length without breadth and thickness is a very poor recommendation in a sermon, a prayer, or a newspaper article. The power of condensation, abridgement, and elimination of useless matter is greatly to be coveted. When a man has five minutes in which to speak, he will usually consume one or two of them in telling the people what he is going to say, or in informing them that he has "been thinking" of something which he proposes to relate. If men who have something to say would say it, if those who have had thoughts would speak them, and those who had something to write would write it, omitting prefaces, introductions, and useless and unmeaning remarks, much time and space would be saved with no loss to any one. But how hard it is to be brief. It takes gallons of sap to make a single pound of sugar, but the sweetness pays for the condensing. A little word said and remembered is better than any amount of weary, casual talk which men endure and gladly forget.

How to DUST.—Florence Nightingale says that dusting in these days is nothing but flapping dust from one part of a room to another, and says she cannot see why it is done. A duster should be well shaken out of a window every few minutes, but if one is in too great a hurry to take the number of steps necessary for this, or if it be impossible to keep the window open while one is dusting, it is possible to rid the furniture of every atom of dust by using two cloths, one very slightly dampened and the other dry. The former will remove the dust, and the latter the slight moisture left by the former. Do not wet a duster which you mean to use in this way. Sprinkle it and roll it up over night as if you meant to iron it, and when you have done using it, dry it thoroughly, shake it out, plunge it in cold water, and dry it again. It is better to use bright-colored cloths if you can; they do not look quite so ugly when drying, and it is sometimes necessary to have them in sight during the process.