

Castles in the Air.

I am fair with the flush of girlhood,
My heart is as light as air,
My future is brilliant with promise
Of days which hold no care.
I am clothed in silks and satins,
The belle of the ball-room I,
While envious eyes are watching,
As haughtily I pass by.

I am traveling in far off countries,
Idling 'neath Italy's skies,
Enchanted with scenes that delight me
Where'er I may turn my eyes.
I have suitors—yea, by the dozen—
Kneeling so low at my feet,
While pride to my heart runs riot,
And the sense of triumph is sweet.

I am queen in a lordly castle,
With servants at my command,
And ease and comfort and pleasure
Close within reach of my hand.
Lo! the fire has burned to embers,
The room is chilly and dark,
There's a well-known step at the doorway,
For John is coming, and, hark!

The coo of my own dear baby,
Lying awake in her nest,
And we welcome papa together,
I and the child on my breast;
For though my castles have fallen,
And grandeur has vanished away,
No queer could be prouder or richer
Than I with my dear ones today.

—Harper's Weekly.

"Here Am I."

"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man, rack-
ed with pain the whole night through,
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till
his lips with honey grew.

But morning came, the tempter said: "call
louder, child of pain."

"See if Allah ever hears, or answers 'Here
am I' again."

Like a stab the cruel evil through his
brain and pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a
darkness sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says, "my
child, thus dismayed?"

"Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy
soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often;
never heard the 'Here am I,'
And I thought, 'God will not pity, will
not turn on me his eye.'"

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said
'Rise, Elias; go'

Speak to him the sorely tempted; lift him
from his gulf of woe.

"Tell him that his very longing is itself an
answering cry;

That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah,
is my answering; 'Here am I.'"

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel un-
defiled;

And in every "O my Father!" slumbers
deep a "Here, my child!"

—Dischateddin.

Song of Spring.

Invisible hands from summer lands
Have plucked the icicles one by one;
And shy little lifters, away from the sun
Lain hold on the roots of the grass in the
sands;

And O, and O,
Where is the snow?
For the crow is calling,
And showers are falling.

Ho, willow and weed! Each secret seed
Is up, and out of its garments gray;
The music of waters is heard in the
mead;

And limping old winter is whither away?
And O, and O,
>Where is the snow?
For the snake is crawling,
And showers are falling.

—Wide Awake.

Lines.

There are gains for all our losses
There are balsams for all our pains;
But when youth, the dream, departs
It taketh something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign—
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
Which will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

God gives us love. Something to love,
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it thrives
Falls off, and love is left alone.

—Tennyson.

Nettires.

"JUDGE NOT THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

CHAPTER I.

To commence: The time was morn-
ing; the scene, Miss Nettire's bed-
chamber; the personages, Miss Nettire,
and an angel on whom she had open-
ed her eyes.

Miss Nettire was a person who reg-
ulated herself by infallible rules. She
never deviated from them by the
breadth of a hair. You at once per-
ceive she could have had no faults.
Her neighbors did deviate from these
rules; worse yet, sometimes wholly
denied their efficacy.

Being faultless herself, Miss Nettire
had all the more time to devote to her
neighbors, and as a right-minded woman,
was in constant concern about
them.

Therefore, when as I have just said,
she beheld an angel, who demanded of
her the names of the most grievous
sinners who offended her, she might
have been startled, but she was not
amazed beyond measure. She had a
feeling that it was very much what
might have been expected, and that
the angel's selection of a guide was not
amiss. She answered the question
with a full degree of composure, and
then a vast complacency expanded
within her. Now it would be seen,
with the sanction of heaven upon her,
who was right—she, or the people who
sneeringly declared that, if she were a
saint, they preferred to remain among
the sinners. How would they do now?
Would they shrink, or swoon, or fall
on their knees and call on her for pro-
tection?

II.

To proceed: Place, the parsonage;
persons, the much-enduring pastor and
his more enduring wife. Miss Nettire
and the angel invisible.

Miss Nettire looked hard at the an-
gel. This was a degenerate parson. He
was on horseback when he should
have been visiting sick old women;
and he paid three visits to Mrs. Haut-
on, who occupied the most stately
house in Juneroseville, where he paid
one elsewhere. If ever the thunder
fell, what head better merited it than
that of this selfish, frivolous, worldly,
time-serving, latitudinarian priest?
And again Miss Nettire looked hard at
the angel. The parson laid down his
book, and looked anxiously at his
wife.

"I am troubled for Mrs. Hauton,"
he said with a sigh. "Her trials are
so many! First, the death of Lucy,
and now this terrible anxiety. Mr.
Hauton is undoubtedly insane, and
yet his insanity is mixed with so
much cunning that it would be no easy
matter to prove it; and she is ob-
liged to look on quietly while he reck-
lessly throws to the wind her chil-
dren's property; and to crown it all
comes this trouble between John and
his father. The young man will not
credit his father's mental condition—
insists on remonstrating with him as
if he was a reasonable being. The
poor woman feels as if she was losing
her faith under these repeated afflic-
tions.

Mrs. Parson looked sympathizing.

"You will ride there, to-day,
James?"

"I shall go there, but I shall not
ride. I hear that some of my congre-
gation are displeased with my new
diversion. Their version of the mat-
ter is, their parson rides about for
pleasure and ease while the afflicted
suffer and die without him."

"And so you will walk two miles
and a half through this deep mud—
you who are already weak?" replied
his wife, a red spot beginning to glow
on either cheek. "What did the doc-
tor tell you James? That you could
not hope to remain another year in
your pulpit without active exercise,
and exercise taken for pleasure, too.
He said you might as well file a piece
of steel everyday in the year on ex-
actly the same spot and not expect to
wear a hole there. Follow my exam-

ple, sir, and don't walk with the fear
of Nettire before your eye when your
duty to God and yourself calls you
another way. "I had no outside wrap
this winter" (Miss Nettire started).
"To buy one out of your salary, was
not to be thought of. I had given my
shawl to Kate; I could not see her
come shivering home from school every
day. I had some pieces of silk ten
years old, and two extra breadths of
cashmere left from my dress pattern.
Between the two I contrived myself a
paletot. It was cut after the latest
style. I could cut it no other way.
I lined and wadded it, and embroidered
it to hide the piecing and help out
the silk. It is very comfortable and
you say becoming. Well, Miss Nettire
stands aghast, I am told. She says,
it is no wonder that so many young
women are going straight to destruc-
tion, and that people sneer at Christi-
anity, when a woman who, from her
position alone, should be pre-eminently
adorned with good works, attires her-
self instead in gold and pearls and
brodered array. That, means my
piecing. What should I do? Remain
a prisoner in the house, and then be
censured for non-attendance at the
church, non-visiting, etc.? I cannot
serve two masters, and I prefer God
to Miss Nettire. Be a wise man. Go
and do likewise."

Miss Nettire's face was crimson.
What sermons she had preached with
that paletot for a text? What a
scape-goat for the sins of the commu-
nity was that luckless horse in her es-
timation! and how much she had ad-
ded to Mrs. Houton's heavy burdens!
How natural, simple and inevitable
looked these things that in her eyes
had been inexcusable!

III.

Time, lunch-time; place, Mrs. Gore-
out's breakfast-room; persons, the an-
gel and Miss Nettire, Mrs. Goreout
and her cousin Sue.

Mrs. Goreout was a pretty woman,
and made the most of it. Her chest-
nut hair was rolled back becomingly
from her arch face. A light-minded
bit of lace perched jauntily over her
forehead, evidently setting up for a
breakfast cap, though it could have no
reasonable expectation of being taken
for anything more than a rosette. In
Miss Nettire's opinion this bit of lace
was the key-note to Mrs. Goreout's
character. It was of no possible use.
It could not keep her warm. She did
not need it, for she was not bald. It
was just there to look pretty. Mrs.
Goreout's highest aim and constant
endeavor, although she hypocritically
pretended to care about better things.
"Now," thought Miss Nettire, "if
she knew an angel was looking at her,
I wonder if she wouldn't wish herself
in a plain gray dress instead of that
ruffled wrapper, and whether she
would try to tuck her hair behind her
ears or not."

But Mrs. Goreout evidently had no
suspicion of the angel. She sat com-
placent in her iniquitous gown, smil-
ing as she dropped lumps of sugar in-
to her cousin Sue's coffee, and talking
in a pleasant voice.

"Grievous things are said against
me? What are they Sue?"

She smiled and coined a word on the
spot.

"Nettires."

"Oh!" Mrs. Goreout's white fore-
head contracted a little.

"You are a member of the church,
and yet, Miss Nettire says, you are ab-
sent half the time from the prayer-
meetings, and from the missionary
meetings; and more than that, she
don't see, for her part, how she can
come flouncing to the communion and
prayers in silk and velvet. She
should think you would be afraid."

Mrs. Goreout sighed, and looked
down for a moment, and then flashed
a bright smile at Susan.

"Foolish to care, is it not? I won't
care. It is true, I was not at the
prayer meeting last Wednesday. But
there was a reason for it. Old Lisha's
complaint is just now so bad that she

keeps her bed. I could send her
what she needs; but you know there
are plenty to attend the prayer meet-
ing, and there are not plenty who will
bathe Lisha's poor limbs, and brush
her hair, and talk her into a happier
humor. She told me once that for
years her heart was as hard as a stone
because she thought that God had
made one world for the rich and an-
other for the poor, and that the rich
threw alms to her, and such as her,
as they would to a dog, to keep them
from being too troublesome. But when
ladies who were rich and happy and
fortunate left their grand houses to
sit down with her in her smoky room,
and talk to her about her troubles,
and waited on her with their own
hands for Jesus' sake, then indeed she
did believe there was a Jesus, and
that Christians did love one another.
Now, Sue, I would never dare to stay
away when she needed me, after that.
Think of the harm I might do to any
one already sore at heart."

Miss Nettire winced. She felt the
gaze of the angel fixed on her with a
look of solemn inquiry.

"And about the Missionary Socie-
ty," continued Mrs. Goreout, "I was
absent from that, too. It was the only
day in the week on which I could
take old Mrs. Bathersby and Miss
Simcox to drive, and they have grown
to count so on that weekly ride! They
have so little pleasure; and though
they save every cent just to live, they
are so proud it is the only thing I dare
offer them. They like the change and
they like, too, to have the carriage
drawn up in front of their door. Their
poor, poverty-hunted souls shake off
their bondage, and you can feel that a
pleasant sense of ease and importance
is warming them through every fiber,
as they chat with me and lean back
on the cushions in an elegant manner.
It is pure selfishness, I suppose, on my
part. These are good women, and if
the cup of cold water is not to be for-
gotten, I suppose even such a trifle as
this will bring its blessing."

"And the silk and velvet?" queried
Susan. "If meat makes my brother
to offend, I will eat no meat while the
world stands, you know. And your
dress does offend Miss Nettire."

"Yes, I know; but how, if eating no
meat would offend a weaker brother
yet more?" said Mrs. Goreout, gravely.
"I like to look nice, and yet I do sup-
pose I should have no right to trip
Miss Nettire with my fashions if it
were not for Frank. He declares that
my good spirits and tasteful dress are
the best arguments he has ever heard
in favor of religion; and that he can
have confidence in a piety that does
not consist chiefly in asceticism, but
does everything as to God, even re-
joicing and looking lovely. Miss Net-
tire does not need me as much as
Frank. Her conversation is not at
stake, while my influence over Frank
depends very much on such trivial
matters. But I know what I can do.
I can try to be better friends with
Miss Nettire. I fancy we have none
of us enough of what Rosa calls 'love
charity' for her. We think too much
of the prickles, and not of the real
goodness in her character."

Miss Nettire gasped. From the sol-
emn, benignant presence near her,
something like a halo seemed to shine
about Mrs. Goreout. "A great sob
came choking into the spinsters'
throat.

"Go back," she said, huskily, "to
Sally Nettire's house. She is the sin-
ner whom you came to seek, and who
ought to arouse all my righteous
wrath. I believe now, if we could but
know all, there are few for whom there
is not some palliation, and no case in
which we can be certain of judging a
righteous judgment, and that is why
God forbade us in our blindness to
judge at all. I could get over the rest
but to think that such a butterfly as
Maria Goreout should be doing things
for Jesus' sake. I am going home to
pray not to be judged as I have judg-
ed others."

IV.

Miss Nettire at her window.

"I wonder why Julia Pritchard is
forever in the street? I should think
she had better be at home with her
bed-ridden mother." Pulling herself
up: "No, I don't! I won't think
like that. Maybe she has the best of
reasons."

Miss Nettire had concluded that the
angel's visit was a dream, but it had
left its traces. Hence a constant suc-
cession of single combats between her-
self and her second nature in private;
in public a reformed edition of Miss
Nettire as set all Juneroseville won-
dering. If angels' visits were not so
few, how certain other communities
might be similarly benefitted!—Select-
ed.

Select Reading.

—He who makes a great fuss about
doing good will do very little; he
who wishes to be seen and noticed
when he is doing good will not do it
long.

—On the tombstone of Rev. Dr.
Morrison, the renowned Chinese
missionary, is the following character-
istic epitaph: "I have sinned; I have
repented; I have trusted; I have
loved; I sleep; I shall rise; and
through the grace of Christ, though
unworthy, I shall reign."

—The late Dr. Nathaniel Emmops,
being asked for his opinion concern-
ing four clergymen, replied: "The
first is Calvinisticalish, the second
Calvinistical, the third Calvinistic, the
fourth a Calvinist." There are more
of the first class, in these days, we
presume, than of the fourth. Most of
them now take their Calvinism in a
diluted form, so to speak.

—Gold and silver are now reckoned
in Wall Street by the ton, and the
specie vaults built by the Government
two years ago are found to be too
small. The present influx of hard
money is beyond all expectation. One
hundred and twenty tons of gold in
Government hands! What an enor-
mous sum! To this, however, is to
be added six hundred and thirty tons
of silver.

—A London tourist met a young
woman going to the kirk, and, as was
not unusual, she was carrying her
boots in her hand, trudging along
barefoot. "My girl," he said, "is it
customary for all the people in these
parts to go barefoot?" "Fairly they
do," said the girl, "and partly they
mind their own business."

—To keep upper rooms cool in
summer and warm in winter, paint
the roof white.

—Chin Chin is a celebrated Chinese
speaker.

—At thirty we are all trying to
carve our names in big letters upon
the walls of this tenement of life;
twenty years later we have carved it,
or shut up our jackknife.

—Dr. James Freeman Clarke, in a
recent sermon said, "I have noticed
that men holding extreme opinions in
what is now called free religion are
often just as bigoted as the most
orthodox. The modern school of Ger-
man and English materialists, who
know nothing in the universe but
matter and force, are the narrowest
fanatics whose books I meet with.
They despise every one who believes
more than they do."

"Perish policy and cunning."

Perish all that fears the light:

Whether losing, whether winning,

Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee

Some will flatter, some will slight;

Cease from man, and look above thee—

Trust in God, and do the right.

—Dr. Norman Macleod.

—What the editor printed—"The
Hon. Luke Letherlung, our distin-
guished representative to the National
Congress, has very kindly favored us
with a copy of his able and masterly
speech on the 'Improvement of Bob-
tailed Frogs.' What the editor said
—"What in thunder does that fool
send his rubbish here for?"—Boston
Transcript.