

The New Arrival.

MA.

A charming, little tiddy iddy bit of mother's bliss,
A tiny toddles, sweet as flowers of Spring;
A precious popsy wopsy—give it mammy, den a kiss,
A pretty darling it's witsy ting!

PA.

So that's the little fellow! A healthy-looking chap.
Another mouth to feed, as sure as fate!
No, wife, I don't consider that his coming is a mishap.
But still I could have done with less than eight.

BROTHER.

My eye! Is that the baby? What a jolly little pup?
But I say, ma, wherever is its nose?
And I say, father, by-and-by, when he gets more grown-up,
He'll wear my worn out jackets, I suppose.

UNCLE.

Another? Well, thank goodness, I am not a married man.
What! Don't I think him pretty? No, I don't.
To keep him from the workhouse you must do the best you can;
Don't think that I'll assist you—for I won't!

DOCTOR.

How are you getting on to-day? I trust we soon shall meet.
We mustn't think we're strong just yet, you know.
We'd better take a something which this afternoon I'll send.
And let me see—hum!—ha!—ah, yes—just so.

NURSE.

He's lovely, that he is, mum! See him sturdily little legs!
He's twice the size of Lady Smith's third;
And when he comes a cutting of his little toosy pegs.
He'll be a man, he will, upon my word.

NEIGHBOR.

Oh, yes, dear, he looks healthy, but you mustn't trust to that.
I do not wish, of course, your hopes to dash,
But when I see a tender babe, so ruddy, strong and fat,
I—look, dear, on his face! Is that a mark!

MA (da capo).

A charming little tiddy iddy bit of mother's bliss,
A tiny toddles, sweet as flowers of Spring;
A precious popsy wopsy—give its mammy den a kiss,
A pretty darling it's witsy ting!—*Fine.*

A Change.

With wooing voice and dazzling smiles she glides,
Upon the flowery paths we long to follow,
Her glory on the hill's tall crest abides,
Her music murmurs from the bosky hollow
She pours her vigor in the eager brain,
She nerves the head with loss and wrong to cope,
We mock the warning voice of change or pain,
Tracing the footsteps of the angel Hope.
But when the weary night seems almost won,
And the old valley that we loved of yore
Lies far below beneath the setting sun,
The radiance lights the golden head no more;
The soft wings droop, the ringing accents falter,
We cling around her feet, we worship yet,
And even as we kneel we see her altar,
And in her place, back pointing, stands Regret.
—*All The Year Round.*

Comedy.

They parted with clasps of hand,
And kisses and burning tears,
They met, in a foreign land,
After some twenty years.
Met as acquaintances meet,
Smilingly, tranquil-eyed—
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart upon either side!
They chatted of this and that,
The nothing that make up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.
Ah, what a comedy this is!
Neither was hurt, it appears;
She had forgotten his kisses,
And he had forgotten her tears.
—*T. B. Aldrich.*

"The Ups and Downs of Life."

It is a very common idea that the discipline of life consists of its painful or rough experiences. Suffering and sorrow, disappointment and opposition are the trials. The men whose course is all smooth we regard as having no trials. But this is a mistaken and very narrow view. The whole of life is a training-school. The tests of life are not all painful by any means, and the severest tests are not always those which press the hardest. The whole of life leaves its impress upon us. Its light and shade are equally needful to mature us, and we may pervert the light as well as the shade. It requires a summer as well as winter sunshine as well as frost, to mature the harvest. Some men are wrecked in prosperity, and some in adversity. It is very rare to find that perfect poise of character which Paul described when he said he "knew how to abound, and how to be in want." He had learned to bear the contrasts of life, its winter and its summer, with entire evenness of temper. He could bear that heat and the cold of human experience without being made feverish by the one or being chilled by the other. A healthy body maintains the same temperature in the hottest rays of summer and the coldest blasts of winter. A healthy spirit will maintain a corresponding poise.

But very few are thus balanced. Very few can bear sudden elevation without being made dizzy and giddy. What we call good fortune is often the greatest misfortune that could happen. We read of fortunes falling to poor girls or hard-working men, and call them the favored ones; but we know that in nine cases out of ten this was the most unlucky event of their lives. But if a man can be thus suddenly lifted into a different condition, and bear it—neither be puffed up by it nor lose his balance; neither break out into extravagance nor be betrayed into vice—there is the making of a king in him. Better than royal blood flows in his veins.

And there is equal peril in coming down. The peril is different, but none the less. It is no uncommon thing for a man to fall from affluence to poverty. There is a great deal to bear in such a change, more than one would think. It is not merely less money, smaller rooms, cheaper clothes and coarser food. This could be easily borne. But there is the entire change of one's condition and association. Privileges are cut off, influence is lessened, friends fall away. It is hard for a man to see why his judgment is not as good, now he is poor, as when he was rich. Yet he finds it does not have the same weight. His word used to be listened to with such deference, and now it is heard with impatience, if at all. If a man could move in the same circle, enjoy the same regard, and exert the same influence in his poverty as he did in his wealth, the change would not be so great, but we find—

The friends who in sunshine live,
When winter comes have flown.
It is hard to bear all this. There are thousands of beaten men who are beaten altogether, bankrupt in life as well as fortune, in spirit as well as purse. Some are broken in courage and never take hold of life again, some are made sour and fault-finding, very Ishmaelites, with their hand against every man, and fancying every man's hand against them; some are made sensitive, suspicious and jealous, driving away the friends who would love to remain true.

But when a man can come down and bear all the results of it, and still be true to himself, still be a man, there is nobility in such a character of finer grain than sits in castle or hall. When a man can accept all the consequences of his change, and yet bear himself like a man, the grace of God reigns in that heart. I do not mean a man who goes about with defiance in his look, as if he would say, "I am as good as

any of you yet." Nor a man who is broken by his misfortunes, and moves about with a meek, submissive air, as if he would ask pardon for being alive; but a man who calmly and resolutely meets the changed conditions of his lot, and does the best he can, "with malice toward none and charity toward all." There is a grandeur in such a character which surpasses brave exploits or daring deeds. It is the ruling of the spirit, which is better than taking a city.—*RICHARD CORDLEY in Christian Monitor.*

Moody's Seminary.

Mr. Moody, the great revivalist preacher, whose home is in New England, is laying the foundation of a school for poor girls. He has found that in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts there are many daughters of farmers, girls of great worth, who are very anxious to have a good education but who have not the means to procure it at the larger seminaries or female colleges where the expenses are high. He proposes to found a school of a high order at which these daughters of poor farmers can be educated at a very small expense.

Making a particular effort to reach out a helping hand to these classes of poor, who may furnish many able scholars, Mr. Moody's hopes for a success from the beginning seem well grounded. Last winter the school was in operation under the charge of Miss Tuttle, the principal, but it was small compared with what it promises for the coming year. In a circular there is named the principles upon which the school will be managed and the course of study to be followed. In it Mr. Moody says:

It is the object of those interested in the establishment of this seminary to afford opportunity for those girls whose means will not permit them to attend the schools now in progress. If this object can be gained in a purely Christian home, and a thoroughly practical education be given, and if girls shall go forth equipped for a noble Christian womanhood, the desire of its friends will be gratified. At the beginning of the year a fine brick building was erected for recitations; but the house occupied as a home being fully inadequate to the needs of the institution, in a new one beautifully situated on an eminence, three stories high, with fifty rooms, the next seminary year will re-open. The care of this building and the general work of the house will be carried on by the students, under the direction of a house-keeper. The government will be such as is needful for the comfort of all, and any pupil who is not willing to regulate her conduct thus, cannot be retained to the restriction or injury to others. Parents must not send daughters who cannot be governed at home, as it is at variance with the purpose of its founders that any one should apply who is not hungry and thirsty for knowledge, and anxious to improve every opportunity and enter heartily into the spirit of the institution. All applicants must pass satisfactory examinations in arithmetic as far as interest, also in other fundamental studies. History not required. Those in advance of this standard will be examined upon past work, and classified accordingly. Good health must be insisted upon. The Bible is intended to form the basis not only of the belief, but of the life of the institution.

Already about \$50,000 has been spent upon the school for the purchase of land and the erection of the seminary building. This has been contributed by gentlemen who have confidence in Mr. Moody, and see the importance of filling the field he has entered. Among them are William E. Dodge, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., ex Gov. Morgan, Thurlow Weed, Willis James, James Talcott, of New York; Mr. William M. Grover, the wealthy sewing machine inventor, of Boston; Mr. Sears, of Boston, and some gentlemen

of Springfield. No difficulty in raising money is expected, if a good account can be given of it. No chairs of instruction are yet permanently endowed; hence arises another necessity for keeping the outgoes within the income. The corps of instructors includes the Principal, Miss H. W. Tuttle, three young women educated at Mount Holyoke and Wellesley, and a matron. A more beautiful spot than the location of the new seminary building would be hard to find. It commands a fine view of the Connecticut valley, and looks out upon the near hills of New Hampshire and the distant peaks of the Green Mountains. The place is only a short distance from the New Hampshire State line. Fifty-seven rooms are included in the three floors of the building. They are neatly and comfortably furnished for the students, but they are small for study rooms. In location and in strong financial and personal support the seminary has unusual advantages, and if it succeeds according to Mr. Moody's plans, it will be a noble monument to his sympathy with hard-working, unfortunate girls.—*Methodist.*

The Help Yourself Society.

I could not help stopping in the midst of my writing just now, to watch some little sparrows on the porch-roof just outside my window. It is a regular feeding-place for them, for we scatter crumbs there every day just for the pleasure of their company! even the baby has caught the spirit. He is something like

That bad little girl of Dunce
Who never would finish her crust,

So he saves his for the sparrows. It is raining, and Louie's last crust is beautifully soaked, just on the edge of the roof. Down came an old mother-sparrow and four great baby-sparrows. I never should have known they were her babies only for their actions, for they were as big as she was, and a great deal fatter. They never offered to touch the bread, but all sat in a row screaming at their mother to wait upon them, with their mouths wide open.

There is no reason in the world why they should not help themselves, only that they always had been fed by her. They were not patient children, but each seemed to be crying out, "Me first, mother, me first!" in such a distracting way, that the mother seemed quite confused in her efforts to satisfy them. They would hop before one another, and catch the crumbs from each other's mouths in a very greedy way; and if the mother tried to eat a bite, most likely they would snatch that up, too. No wonder she was very thin and looked tired—at least I thought so. She flew off with a bite of bread to a tamarack tree near by, to eat it in peace, but three greedy children pursued her. The fourth stayed by the bread, and it was funny to see his attempts at helping himself. He would dive his bill into the bread, and then jump back as if it had burned him.

I have seen some great children about as helpless and exacting, and their poor mothers usually looked thin and weary and troubled. From morning till night you will hear such questions as "Mother, where is my history?" "Mother, won't you sew on my shoe-buttons?" "Mother, won't you sew a button on my jacket?" "Can't you put up my luncheon, I am in such a hurry?" Every one of these things the boys and girls could have done quite as well for themselves if they had only thought so. There is no reason why a boy should not learn to sew on a jacket-button as well as his sister. It is not half as hard as learning to skate or whittle. Boys and girls, if you wish your beloved mother to live long and happily with you, join at once the "Help Yourself Society."—*Ec.*

Personal Rights.

There is a large class of small infringements upon the rights of the person, against which there is no protection by law. If a man spits on the wayfarer, or thrusts a stick between his legs, or trips up his heels or jostles him rudely, or throws vitrol or any unclean thing upon him, or crowds close to him and screams in his ear, or "makes faces" at him—any of these acts done purposely is so far in the nature of assault that the affronted person, if physically able, might stand justified in retorting by any muscular exertion not severe for the offense. But suppose the act is not leveled against any particular person, and that it has no conceivable intent of disturbing anybody? A legion of persons drop fruit skins on the sidewalk, regardless of the possibility that any piece may cause fracture or sprain to somebody; umbrellas and canes are carried in such a way as to make the loss of an eye possible; whoever carries paint or other uncleanly articles is quite careless whom he rubs. Tobacco leads to constant infringement of personal rights. The street car is made loathsome by the chews, smokers are everywhere, and some of them never fail to disregard the obvious rule that nobody, whether a user of the weed or not, likes to be made the direct recipient of the products of tobacco consumption, laden with the personal characteristics of the consumer. The catalogue of the offenses is almost endless. It is difficult to draw the line exactly, because, although a noseless person, for example, is not a pleasant sight, such a person's right to use the street could not be questioned, nor have we a right to object to a bizarre costume because it offends our refined taste; yet, suppose a person likes asafetida, employs it as a perfume and then goes to church, or that somebody whose clothes soil whatever they touch, pushes through every kind of people in the street? Evidently a wrong done to the person does not require that some particular subject for it is selected, or even that there is an intention to do wrong. These acts are done because they suit the convenience or gratify the desires of the doer. The people who go through the world, figuratively speaking, with their elbows striking out from their sides, are doing what they like, without troubling themselves how they affect others. There is no remedy for these sins of manners through life except in a gradual recognition of the rights of the rest in little as well as in large things.—*New York Times.*

Talk Over What you Read.

Nearly forty years' experience as a teacher, says a writer in the *Christian Union*, has shown me how little I truly know of a subject until I begin to explain it or teach it. Let any young person try the experiment of giving in conversation, briefly and connectedly, and in the simplest language, the chief points of any book or article he has read, and he will at once see what I mean. The gaps that are likely to appear in the knowledge that he felt was his own will no doubt be very surprising. I know of no training superior to this in utilizing one's reading in strengthening the memory, and in forming habits of clear, connected statement. It will doubtless teach other things than those I have mentioned, which the persons who honestly make the experiment will find out for themselves. Children who read can be encouraged to give, in a familiar way, the interesting parts of the books they have read, with great advantage to all concerned. More than one youth I know has laid the foundation of intellectual tastes in a New England family, where hearty encouragement was given to children and adults in their attempts to sketch the lectures they had heard the evening previous. The same thing was done with books.