

For the Messenger.
Rest.

BY GEO. P. WHEELER.

The rain falls gently on the sheltering roof,
Soothing my weary heart to sleep's repose;
My soul sinks into soft forgetfulness,
My head droops low—my weary eyelids close.

Around me float the memories of the past,
Like cloudland dreams—so sweet, so far,
So faint;
Like distant landscapes, dim in hazy mists
Whose chastened beauty artists ne'er can paint.

Sweet visions of my childhood's earliest years,
So dim that memory scarce can bring them nigh;
Faces of playmates loved in youth's bright hours
Gone to their Savior in eternity.

I see the flash of snow-white angel wings,
Gleam through the shadows clustering round my bed,
They come to me, still messengers of love,
And circle round me with their noiseless tread.

They tell me in their whispers soft and low,
Of the sweet promise of the home to be;
That pain, nor sin, nor woe can never come
Into that palace they have kept for me.

They tell me of a Savior's love divine,
Tell me the story of his love for me;
Whisper in flattering accents hushed and low,
Of the last agony on Calvary.

Gently my weary soul is lost in sleep,
But through the stillness of the darkened night
I know God's guardian angels watch,
Over my bedside 'till the morning light.

Grandmother Grumble Reads a Newspaper Item.

"Shot dead, by the wretch he had ruined,
In a gambling saloon in Broadway,
So that is the end of young Roberts;
His mother was Elisor Gray;
I knew her, a belle and a beauty,
Religious, too, after her way.

Though she never herself sought the wretched,
She was ready to aid those who would.
Church festivals, fairs and tea-parties
Were her chosen channels of good.
She never had scruples of conscience,
And wondered at people who could.

Her husband was loose in his morals,
And tight in his bargains; "but then,"
She said, "the fine honor of women
It is folly to hope for in men."
He died, and she did the best she knew how
For their one son, the handsome young Ben.

He loved her, obeyed her, believed her—
Not all children do—his best friend,
A decade of travel and culture,
A million of dollars to spend,
She gave him, and died. With all this done,
Who could have imagined the end?

But, if swindling to pay the old church debt
Is right at these vanity fairs;
If lottery sales and mock auctions
Must pay for the preaching and the prayers;
If post-office, grab-bag and fish-pond
Buy the organ, and carpet the stairs;
If woman her face and persuasion
To doubtful expedients lend,
Saying, "young people must have amusement,"
And measure the means by the end,
What wonder that some men go farther
Than their beautiful tempters intend?

That keeping the smooth ways divergent
From the rugged old footpaths of right,
In their blind search for pleasure and profit,
They sink from integrities height
To the madness of willful self-murder,
Or the fate of young Roberts last night?"

—Sel.

"Oh, shall it be a red rose, a red rose,
A deep tinted red rose?" said she.
"In the sunny garden-closes
How they burn the deep-red roses!
How they lift their glowing cups to me!"

"Oh, shall it be a blush rose, a blush rose,
A dewy, dainty blush rose?" said she.
"At its heart a flush so tender,
With a veiled and softened splendor,
How it droops its languid head toward me."

"Oh, shall it be a white rose, a white rose,
A fair and shining white rose?" said she,
"With its fair cheeks tinted faintly,
Like a vestal pure and saintly,
Lo! it lights its silver lamp for me."

—JULIA C. R. DORR.

Joe, the Chimpanzee.

When in England I was very much interested in the monkeys at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London. There were hundreds of all kinds and sizes, from the gigantic orang-outang to tiny creatures not much bigger than a large rat.

These monkeys had a spacious glass house, heated by steam; and as a tropical temperature was always maintained, tall palms and luxurious vines grew so vigorously within its walls that I have no doubt the quaint inmates supposed themselves in their native haunts.

They chattered and scolded each other, wildly chased stray little dogs and kittens, and really seemed to know so much that I half believed an old keeper, who told me the only reason they did not talk, was because they could make themselves well enough understood without.

Many funny stories I heard of their sagacity. One I recall of a nurse who shook a naughty little boy in the presence of some of the mother monkeys, whereupon all the monkeys began shaking all the young ones until it seemed as if their poor heads would drop off.

But, interested in all the singular inhabitants of the house, I grew attached to Joe, the young chimpanzee who had been brought a baby from the coast of Guinea the winter before. He had a little room on the sunny side of the monkey house, with a stove, a table, chairs and a couple of beds, arranged like the berths in a state room of an ocean steamer. Besides he had a man all to himself, to wait upon upon him; and it was no wonder the other monkeys were jealous of his superior quarters and the deference paid him; for while Joe was not handsome he was worth more money than all the others put together.

He was worth this great sum because he belonged to the most intelligent and interesting species of the monkey family, and only one or two of his kinsfolk had ever been seen in Europe, while the only one the Zoological Society had ever owned, had died of lung fever before he had inhabited his comfortable quarters many months.

Joe was about as tall as an average boy of eight or ten years. He wore a thick cloth roundabout, and a low flat trencher cap such as the Oxford students delight in.

One day I walked to the door of his room and knocked. The keeper said "Come in," and as I did so Joe walked erect over the floor to me, pulled off his cap with his left hand and put out his right to shake mine. When I said "It is a fine morning," he bowed briskly; but when I added, "Are you pretty well, Joe?" He shook his head and looked very sober. The keeper explained: "Joe had a cold, and that made him very low spirited."

Joe was listening attentively; and when the man finished, he shivered and drew up the collar of his jacket round his hairy throat, as if to confirm the statement.

I gave him an apple, which he looked at a moment, then opened the door of the oven of his stove, and put it in out of sight. Seeming to understand that the fire was low, he pulled a basket from under the lower berth and took some bits of wood from it to the stove. Then the keeper handed him a match, and he lighted a fire as cleverly as any Yankee boy I ever saw.

"Show the lady how you read *The Times*, Joe," said the keeper.

Joe drew up a chair, tilted it back a little, spread his legs apart, opened the sheet, turned it until he found the page he wanted, then settled himself into the exact position of the comfortable English gentleman who supposes *The Times* is printed for his exclusive use. It was impossible to help laughing, and the sly twinkle in his narrow

eye assured us Joe himself knew how funny it was.

Quite a crowd had gathered at the open door of his room, and as he noticed it, he put his hand in his pocket drew out the one eye-glass Englishman so particularly effect, and put it to his eye looking as weakly wise as Lord Dundreary himself. After a little he grew tired of so many spectators, left his chair and quietly shut the door in their faces.

Looking about as if he would do something more for our amusement, he remembered his apple in the stove oven. Running there he took hold of the door, but suddenly drew back, for it was hot. He laughed a little at his discomfiture which he took in good part, stood thinking a moment, then used his pocket-handkerchief as deftly as a dainty lady would to accomplish his purpose. But if the door was hot, the apple, Joe logically reasoned, must be hotter; so he ventured not to touch it before opening his knife. Wondering what he was going to do, I found him sticking the blade into the apple and bringing it out in triumph. The keeper gave him a plate, and after letting it cool a little he offered it to us. We courteously declined, but the servant tasted, explaining that Joe did not like to eat anything alone. Then Joe followed, but he did not like the flavor, and being asked if it was sour, he nodded.

We were told that he in common with the other monkeys liked oranges and bananas better than any other fruits. Yet he kept tasting a little of the apple from a spoon while the keeper told us how the sailors who hoped to capture his mother only succeeded in bringing him off alive after they had killed her. They had hard work to keep him alive on board ship, but found a warm nook for him by the gallery fire. He was in fair health when they landed, so they obtained the larger price offered by the Zoological Gardens; but in spite of the most devoted care, he seemed to languish in his new home.

"Do you love me, Joe?" the man ended his story with. Joe nodded, smiled, and put his head lovingly on the other's shoulder.

As we left that day, Joe took his hat, cane, and heavy wrap, and escorted us to the great door of the monkey house, shaking our hands as we bade him good-bye.

Another time when I called he was taking tea, using milk and sugar and handling cup and saucer as if he had been familiar with them from his earliest days. He motioned us to take chairs. We did so and he jumped up, found cups for us, and then passed a plate of biscuits, laughing with glee as we took one. I have taken tea with many curious individuals, but never expect to be so honored again as to be invited by a chimpanzee.

Noticing his hand was feverish I found his pulse was 130. I said, "What is the matter with him?"

"Consumption is what kills all of them," the man answered, low, just as if talking before a human invalid.

From that day Joe failed rapidly, and one morning, under the head of "Great Loss," *The Times* announced that he died at midnight.

I went down at once to see the keeper whose grief I knew would be keen.

He told me how for a few days, Joe could only be persuaded to take food by seeing him eat and hearing him praise it, how he made him sleep in his berth by his side, and when death came, held his hand through the last struggle.

The man's voice actually choked with sobs as he said, "It don't seem right, indeed it don't, not to have a funeral for him! He ought to have had it."

I never heard Joe had any funeral, but I did hear that he was stuffed, and looks more like a big boy than when he was alive. MRS. ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS, in December *Wide Awake*.

Tapestry.

The earliest account of tapestry wrought with the needle, for hangings and garments, is in Exodus, where the curtains of the Tabernacle which divided the Holy place from the Most Holy are described as of "fine twined linen, with blue, purple and scarlet; with cherubim of cunning work—wrought with the needle," etc.

The Israelites doubtless borrowed this beautiful art from the Egyptians, while in bondage to them; for the latter was skilled with both needle and loom, and also in dyeing and painting.

The Babylonians illustrated the mysteries of their religion, and recorded important historical events, in pictorial embroidery.

To such perfection was this work carried by the ancient Greeks that they attributed the invention to Minerva.

Such value was set upon it that the poets sang its praise; kings vied with each other in encouraging the art, and possessing the richest specimens.

In the early days of the French monarchy we read of women working tapestry with the needle.

In the 6th century, when Clovis embraced Christianity, even the streets were decorated with this costly fabric during the festivities in honor of the event.

At the dedication of the church of St. Denis, where generations of kings lie buried, the decorations were of tapestry, wrought with gold and silver and pearls.

Tapestry was wrought with the needle in France, until the 9th century, when the demand for it had become so great that weaving was introduced and a manufactory established in the Abbey of St. Florian, in 985. Monks then wove in their cloisters; while ladies in their seclusion, portrayed with the needle on canvass the stories that poets had sung of the deeds of their fathers, as well as those of their living lords and lovers.

The walls of the palaces were high, and of rough, cold stone, and the tapestried hangings hid as well as ornamented them. Shakespeare speaks of Falstaff hiding behind the arras (tapestry made at Arras) in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Horsemen were now robed and horses caparisoned in this costly work at tournaments, and on the occasion of great triumphal entries and other public celebrations. The tapestries of Flanders were early famed for their beauty, and the Bayeux tapestry which is still preserved is of priceless value as the work of fair Flemish fingers which have been for long centuries, in the dust.

In very early times tapestry was confined mainly to altar-cloths and other church decorations, but the growing demand for it as wall hangings, and furniture coverings, and carpets, resulted in the establishments of looms at Antwerp, Bruges, and other cities; that made in Arras being the most famous.

A piece representing the battles of Alexander the Great was among the gifts sent by the king of Flanders to the Sultan in 1379, for the ransom of captives taken in battle. It portrayed, also scenes of history and romance; the feats of fabulous heroes; and grotesque figures of men and animals.

Some pieces of this work were almost national annals, and were styled historical tapestries.

In the 16th century Francis I. established manufactories of this fabric at Fontainebleau. Hitherto it had been made in pieces and joined neatly into great hangings; but now it began to be woven in one large web.

Francis brought workmen from Flanders, paid them well for their skill and supplied them with the richest materials, including gold and silver thread. His son Henry II. established manufactories in Paris, but after his death the art declined, and

little was done until Paris was decorated for Louis XIV.

Now came in the present style known as "Gobelin tapestry," from the name of the dyers on whose premises it was manufactured. Here are carpets now woven for the palaces, but we must not judge of their style by that known among us as "tapestry carpeting" the word itself simply meaning coverings or hangings; *tapisserie* is the French word, which our manufacturers have as good a right to use as those who weave for royalty—even if we cannot carry "high art" into their work.

In the reign of the last named king Raphael and other Italian masters copied, and weaving became one of the fine arts.

In 1862, ninety men were employed in weaving, mainly for the palace of St. Cloud. Occasionally the supply exceeds the demand of royalty. Now a piece may be purchased by an ordinary mortal provided he has money enough to pay for it.

The art was patronized by Henry VIII. in England, and Windsor palace Hampton Court, and other homes of royalty were decorated with copies of the best English painters in tapestry.

The hangings were not fixtures, but were raised on frames, and were often taken down and forwarded to decorate the chambers of kings and queens when on royal "progresses," as their journeys were then called.

A good story is told of a blunder occasioned by this practice. Henry IV., in wishing to do great honor to the Pope's legate, ordered his most costly tapestry to be hung at St. Germain, where he was then on a visit. By a terrible mistake one was sent which satirized the Pope and his court at Rome—a much more dreadful thing in that day than it would be in ours. You may be sure it came down quicker than it went up!

These ancient tapestries are now of great value, not only for their antiquity, but also as historical records of great events. The banquet, the chase and the tournament are as truthfully described as are the siege and the battle, forming pictorial story-books of mammoth dimensions.

You can imagine the labor of making carpets and drapery by the slow stitch of the needle on canvass, and will not wonder that the *haute lisse* or high loom (the one mostly in use now), has taken its place. In this loom, the frame and the warp are perpendicular.

There are two rollers; one at the top, around which the threads are wound; and one below, over which is rolled the finished cloth.

The outlines of the design are drawn on the threads in front, but the pattern is hung at the back, and the workman, standing between that and his work, has to turn round continually to look at it, and never sees the beautiful design he is carrying out unless he goes round in front to do so.

Some of the Gobelin tapestries have all the delicacy of a picture. But the work is very slow, and so can never become common nor cheap. One who can afford to order a small piece of it now must wait two or three years for it.—*Companion*.

—A Londoner, who has traveled over the United States, writes: "I do not think the women of America quite appreciate the deference and respect they receive at the hands of their countrymen. They are too apt to accept special courtesies as a right. No wonder so many of them dislike England, where men too often give them mere equality of position, letting them fight their own way in a crowded railway depot or omnibus station without the slightest acknowledgment of the privilege of the stronger sex, which is to be kind and gentle in its treatment of the weaker. Yet a pretty American girl once said to me: 'I admire an English husband because he does not let his wife fool him as an American husband does, but I wouldn't marry an Englishman. I should be afraid of him.'