

## Sixty-five's Unconsciousness.

BY OLIVETTE ELLEN.

Where are the dear old people gone—  
The ones we used to know—  
Whose wrinkled faces gently beamed,  
Neath locks as white as snow?  
Not one of those we used to love  
Dwells on the earth to-day;  
And left without their teachings kind  
We're prone to go astray.

Knitting within my open door,  
To-day, I watched the sky;  
While great, pearl-tinted, fleecy clouds  
Went slowly sailing by.  
A hesitating footstep came,  
And paused beside my chair;  
A maiden's hand seemed reverently  
To touch my faded hair.

I saw the timid, troubled look  
Upon the blushing face;  
Gently drew the hands in mine  
And asked what is it Grace?  
Beneath the downcast, snowy lids  
Was gleam of rising tears;  
She said "I come to you because  
You've lived so many years."

Then, sinking down upon a stool,  
Her face hid on my knee,  
She told, with tears and broken words,  
Her grief and fears to me.  
It seemed absurd—and yet 'twas true—  
The story sadly told—  
"A lover's falling out"—and she  
But seventeen years old.

She was so young. I almost longed  
To take her in my arms  
And sing a simple lullaby,  
To soothe the child's alarms.  
I thought of open dear, wrinkled face  
Whose counsel used to be,  
In vexed uncertain days of youth  
A guiding star to me.

I wished her here—but forty years  
She's slept beneath the sod—  
What could I do, save counsel give,  
And wisdom ask of God?  
Thus children often come to me  
In deference to my age,  
Alas! would one wise old friend were left  
To give them counsel sage.

## The Market Bells.

Sweet from his pipe the piper drew  
A strain that ravished all men's ears,  
And soared in triumph to the blue  
Wherein the skylark disappears.

The listening throng, or grave or gay  
Were hushed beneath the music's sway.  
When sudden on the silver notes  
A harsh resounding clangor fell:  
A shout went forth from eager throats—  
"The market bell! the market bell!"

Swift rushed the audience from the place  
The piper piped to empty space.

An old-world story this, antique,  
And told in cynic irony;  
The keen-edged humor of the Greek,  
It bears no sting for thee and me?

The sweet, the clear, the sad, the pain,  
Dear Nature woes us not in vain?  
Her mystic measures round us roll,  
We sit in silence at her feet,  
And, awed and blessed, we own control  
As potent as, alas! 'tis fleet.

For list! for haste! we know it well,  
Earth's loud, imperious market bell.  
—M. E. SANDSTER, in *Harper's Magazine*.

## Patrolling Barnegat.

Wild, wild the storm, and sea high run-  
ning;  
Steady the roar of the gale, with incessant  
under-tone muttering;  
Shouts of demoniac laughter fitfully  
piercing and pealing;  
Waves, air, midnight, their savagest trin-  
ity lashing;  
Out in the shadows there, milk-white  
combs careering;  
On beechy slush and sand, spurts of snow  
fierce slanting—  
Where, through the murk, the easterly  
death-wind breasting,  
Through cutting swirl and spray, watch-  
ful and firm advancing  
(That in the distance! is that a wreck? is  
the red signal flaring?),  
Slush and sand of the beach, tireless till  
daylight wending,  
Steadily, slowly, through hoarse roar nev-  
er remitting,  
Along the midnight edge, by those milk-  
white combs careering,  
A group of dim, weird forms, struggling,  
the night confronting,  
That savage trinity warily watching.  
WALT WHITMAN, in *Harper's Magazine*  
for April.

—Every religious periodical should  
have a fund for paying subscriptions  
for persons who are not able to pay.  
Who will set on foot such a work  
among us?

## Homer.

BY CECILIA.

Nell ran into the study, one day,  
with a wreath of laurel, exclaiming:  
"Uncle Philip, I made this for your  
old man!" pointing to a bust of Hom-  
er on the top shelf. "Didn't they  
once crown heroes with laurels?"

"Homer wasn't a hero," cried Tom  
"He was an old blind poet who went  
up and down the world singing verses  
I know all about Homer."

What had happened? Uncle Philip  
sprang out of the study-chair, let fall  
the book that he was reading, tumbled  
over two or three footstools, caught  
Tom by the shoulders, dragged him to  
the window, and ended the queer per-  
formance by giving him a hearty hug.  
"Know all about Homer, my boy! If  
that is true, I will send word to the  
scholars in England and Germany!  
Know all about Homer, indeed! Why  
Tom, you are a prodigy!"

Tom understood the point, and bore  
the laugh good-naturedly.

"Why, Uncle, I don't know  
just where nor when he was born,"  
he said.

"Don't know!" echoed Uncle Philip,  
drawing a long breath, and pre-  
tending to be somewhat disappointed.  
"No wonder, though," he added, "for  
wise men have puzzled their brains  
over those two questions for hundreds  
of years. We can take our choice of  
seven fine old cities, every one of  
which is named as the birthplace of  
Homer. Hear, Tom,—  
"Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Sala-  
mis, Rhodes, Argos, Athens, Orbis de  
Patria certat, Homere tau!"

"I think that he was born in Smyr-  
na, where there was once a Christian  
church. You can read in Revelation,  
second chapter, from the eighth to the  
eleventh verses, about that church;  
something very good is said about it,  
the church was not there, though in  
Homer's time."

"When was Homer's time?" Nell  
asked. She had booned the wreath  
around the dusty old head:

"The historian Herodotus says that  
Homer lived four hundred years be-  
fore him; that would make his time  
about 850 B. C."

"I wonder if there were figs or rais-  
ins in Smyrna in Homer's time?"

"Yes, of course. I dare say that  
he ate them every day for his break-  
fast. I should like to see the old  
grotto in Smyrna where he is  
said to have written his verses."

"I would rather go to Smyrna to  
see where Polycarp was burned,"  
said Lou. "Polycarp was St. John's  
friend, you know."

"Why was he burned?" asked  
Frank.

"O, because he was a Christian."  
"Polycarp was a noble man," said  
Uncle Philip. "Perhaps Homer, too,  
would have been a Christian, could he,  
have lived then and have known what  
Polycarp knew."

"Why, Uncle, Homer must have  
lived a little while after Solomon and  
just about the time of Elijah and  
Elisha. I wish he had known them!  
If he had only had the leprosy, and  
been sent to the land of Israel to be  
cured, like Naaman," said Nell, re-  
gretfully.

"Well, well, Nell, we must take  
things as they are, and ask what Hom-  
er really did for the world. Tom  
says that he wrote poems; I do not  
believe that he wrote a line!"

It was now Tom's turn to dance  
around the study. He was sure that  
he could turn the joke on Uncle Phil-  
ip.

"Why, sir, you believe that the  
Iliad and Odyssey are the poems of  
Homer: there they are, in black and  
white," pointing to the books on the  
library shelf. "The Iliad tells how  
the old Greeks went to war against  
Troy; how they besieged it for ten  
years before they could take it! and  
the Odyssey—why, that is the story  
of poor Ulysses, all about his troubles  
and shipwrecks on the way home af-

ter the siege of Troy. You know that  
when at last he got there, he found  
that almost every one had forgotten  
him, except, perhaps his wife and his  
faithful old dog! Why, Uncle, don't  
you really believe in Homer's poems?"

"You are a hasty hoy," said Nell.  
"Your Uncle merely said that that he  
did not believe that Homer wrote  
them. It is not likely that anybody  
wrote anything in those days."

"Oh, now I understand!"

"They composed verses, though,  
and went round singing them. Those  
who did this were called minstrels.  
They were sure to find listeners; even  
the children learned the verses. Per-  
haps Homer got the story of the Tro-  
jan war from these minstrels. If he  
had been an idle, careless boy, proba-  
bly, we would never have heard about  
these men or their verses. He seems,  
though, to have been a wide-awake,  
busy, brilliant man. One day—for he  
must have made a beginning, you  
know,—he went into the grotto at  
Smyrna, or perhaps under the fig-tree  
on the island of Chios, and thought  
over the first lines of his poem. What  
a good day that was, and how many  
busy days followed before the work  
was done."

"What then?"

"The story is that he went wander-  
ing through different countries, sing-  
ing his poems. Poor old blind Hom-  
er!"

"Yes, they say that he was poor  
and blind, and that on the whole, he  
spent a forlorn sort of life. I dare  
say that we could talk all day over  
the stories told of him. Some though  
are bold enough to say that Homer  
must have had very keen, bright eyes  
to have told so well about the rocks  
and mountains and valleys. If you  
should go sailing over the Aegean to-  
morrow, you would look at the very  
same coast that Homer described."

"I should read all about the places  
as I sailed along."

"How could you, Tom, when you  
do not read Greek?"

"Why, Nell, child, Homer's poems  
have been translated into English.  
Pope and Cowper did that years ago,  
and there has been a new translation  
lately," Tom did like Nell to seem  
stupid or forgetful.

"I wonder the Greeks really cared  
much about these old poems?"

"Why, yes, of course. The boys  
used to commit them to memory.  
When they wished to know anything  
about their gods, they would go to  
these poems, just as we go to our  
Bible. But think how different they  
were from our Bible! The gods that  
Homer tell about were far worse and  
cruel, wicked men!"

"I am glad that we were not  
Greeks, to believe in such dreadful  
beings," said Frank.

"I don't know how the children  
could sleep," said Lou, who always  
finished her evening prayer with the  
dear words:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Well, little girl," said Uncle Phil-  
ip tenderly, "if our talk to-day makes  
the Bible seem more precious, we  
may count that among the good doings  
for which Homer lived."

Nell thought that was tracing  
things very far back; but Uncle Phil-  
ip said: "We, none of us, know how  
the words that we speak or write may  
help or hurt people, all over the world  
years after we are dead!"—N. Y. Ob-  
server.

## She's Always Good.

She never sighs; she never grumbles,  
She never cries when down she tumbles.  
She never soils her pretty dresses;  
She never spoils her silken tresses.  
With cap on head and wee hands folded,  
She's put to bed and never soiled.  
Oh, she's a pearl no mischief scheming;  
There's such a girl don't think I'm dream-  
ing.  
But not to tell her name were folly—  
You knew her well—she's your own dolly.

## The Girls of Dehra Doon.

Who are they? You never heard  
of them before, did you? And this is  
the wonder of it, that in a world that  
is now girdled with telegraph wires,  
and traveled over constantly from the  
Equator almost to the Poles; these  
girls live and flourish, a happy and  
useful community, and you know  
little or nothing about them. I will  
write and tell you of the girls of  
Dehra Doon.

In one of the most beautiful valleys  
of India, at the foot of the Himalaya  
Mountains, is the Doon. It is shut in  
from the plains by a low range of  
mountains—hills only compared with  
the lofty and famous Himalayas. The  
sacred Ganges flows by one end of  
this lovely vale, ten miles wide and  
sixty miles long; and at the other  
end the river Jumna rolls toward the  
sea. About midway between these  
two rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna,  
and on a rise of ground from which,  
each way, water runs to the river,  
high and healthful for situation, stands  
the city of Dehra, and in it a large  
building that cost \$25,000.—Oriental  
in style, picturesque, airy and som-  
nolent, where one hundred and  
twenty girls are gathered.

It is not the domestic establishment  
of an Eastern monarch, nabob, prince,  
or merchant. These girls are not  
slaves. They are not heathen, though  
many of them are the daughters of  
Indians. More than twenty years  
ago, the Rev. David Herron and Rev.  
Mr. Woodside proposed to found a  
seminary for the education of the  
daughters of the members of Christian  
churches in India. It was a noble  
thought. They had no means, but  
they had strong faith. The Christian  
women of Dehra were the first to con-  
tribute to the grand design. The  
missionaries gave it their encourage-  
ment and prayers. Women in America  
and England heard and helped, and in  
a short time the money was given  
and the house was built. The daugh-  
ters of the country came. They came  
to stay. For it was wisely made one  
of the conditions of admission that  
the pupils should not be removed at  
the caprice of parents.

Some of the parents, ardently  
anxious that their daughters shall  
have Christian education, are unable  
to pay even the very small sum that  
is required for their maintenance, and  
kind ladies in America are fond of  
making provision for one or more of  
these Indian girls. In the list of  
supporters are the names of ladies in  
New York, Philadelphia, Norristown,  
Kenia, Baltimore, Port Jervis, Trent-  
on, Chicago, Albany, and many other  
places. India and England have  
ladies taking upon themselves the  
responsibility of sustaining pupils at  
Dehra Doon. It does not cost much.  
When we think of paying a thousand  
dollars a year or more for board and  
tuition in a first-class female seminary,  
we are astonished to hear that the  
regular price in this institution is  
three dollars a month, or thirty-six  
dollars a year, which covers all the  
expense except clothes and bedding.  
And when the parent cannot meet  
this small charge, the girl is received  
without cost to the parent; and in all  
cases where the girl is an orphan, she  
is welcomed as a daughter of the  
house. Under one roof the Superin-  
tendent Mr. Herron, and his family,  
the teachers and the pupils, pursue  
the daily life of a Christian house-  
hold.

These girls are carried on and  
through courses of study similar to  
those in the public schools and some  
of the colleges in America. Recently  
the highest class has been permitted  
to go up to the Calcutta University  
Examination, where one of them was  
examined six hours a day for four  
successive days, and passed honorably.

At the outset it was thought im-  
portant to confine the studies to the  
native language, but it was soon  
found that the range and density of

the English tongue made it far more  
desirable to give them access to its in-  
exhaustible and increasing stores.  
Their usefulness in India is greatly  
enhanced by this course. Mr. Herron  
says:

"I have been pleased to find that  
they avail themselves of this invalua-  
ble privilege. A short time ago I met  
one of the pupils, a girl about fifteen  
years of age, reading as she walked  
in the avenue of their play ground.  
"What is that you are reading?" I  
asked. "A book of poetry," she re-  
plied. "Whose?" "Walter Scott's."  
"Which of his poems?" "The Lady  
of the Lake." "Do you like it?" "Yes,  
I have read it several times?" "Very  
much." "How much have you read?"  
"I have read Longfellow's poems,  
Jean Ingelow's 'Willis', Pollock's  
Course of Time, Burns, Goldsmith's,  
Walter Scott's." I was surprised;  
and as I walked along I thought to  
myself, what a store of rich thought  
and beautiful imagery that child has  
in her mind that she could not have  
had if she had not learned English."

It is amusing to note, the selection  
the girl had made, and it may be  
that she had read only what was put  
into her hands by her teachers. But  
she had evidently made herself famil-  
iar with more of the poets of Eng-  
land and America than many young  
ladies who have enjoyed the privileges  
of very costly schools in Christian  
lands.

An English gentleman, visiting the  
school was so much delighted that he  
sent from Bombay the sum of twenty-  
five dollars, to be expended in con-  
fectionary for the entertainment of  
the girls. They voted to send the  
money to a famine region. When he  
heard it, he sent other twenty-five  
dollars with orders to buy sweet  
things for themselves, which they  
did.

These are the girls of Dehra Doon.  
It is pleasing to know that far away  
among the mountains of India there  
is such a bright spot, made brighter  
by the Sun of Righteousness, whose  
"every prospect pleases," and the  
sweet power of Christian education is  
training a hundred young women for  
usefulness in their native land. Greatly  
are to be honored the men and the  
women who give their lives to the  
work. They will have their reward.  
And it would be well if our children,  
and especially the pupils of our  
schools and colleges, would bear in  
mind that these children, rescued by  
the grace of God from ignorance, are  
making, perhaps, a better use of their  
opportunities than they do who are  
enjoying the fool nonce of civiliza-  
tion.—E.

## A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat

should be stopped. Neglect frequently  
results in an Incurable Lung Disease or  
Consumption. Brown's Bronchial  
Troches are certain to give relief in Asthma,  
Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption  
and Throat Diseases. For thirty years  
the Troches has been recommended by  
physicians, and always give perfect satis-  
faction. They are not new or untried but  
having been tested by wide and constant  
use for nearly an entire generation, they  
have attained well-merited rank among the  
few staple remedies of the age. Public  
speakers and Singers use them to clear and  
strengthen the Voice. Sold at twenty-  
five cents a box everywhere.

## Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken  
of your rest by a sick child suffering and  
crying with the excruciating pain of cutting  
teeth? If so, go at once and get a  
bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup!  
It will relieve the poor little sufferer  
immediately—depend upon it; there is no  
mistake about it. There is not a mother on  
earth who has ever used it, who will not  
tell you at once that it will regulate the  
bowels and give rest to the mother, and  
relief and health to the child, operating  
like a magic. It is perfectly safe to use  
in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and  
is the prescription of one of the oldest and  
best female physicians and nurses in the  
United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents  
a bottle.

—Dip the tips of nails in grease,  
and they will easily drive into hard  
wood.

—It is said that geese will thrive  
better, and their flesh be more deli-  
cately flavored, if fed upon raw pota-  
toes, than upon any other substance.