# The Family.

## The Empty Cradle.

I have lost my children, and am desolate.—Isaiah xlix. 21.

Within a tiny nest at home
A little nestling used to lie,
Now flown, alas! where angels roam,
A cherub in its native sky.
But in our home, so dark with pain,
We kept that downy nest with care;
And joyfully one morn again
A little birdie nestled there!

In trembling bliss, we sought to bind
With stronger ties this one to earth,
And round it every heart-string twined,
And love as strong as e'er had birth.
But as we watched it night and day,
Its little wings grew strong and bright,
It panted for the shining way,
And plumed them for an upward flight.

We agonized in faith and prayer,
And fed it with the deepest love;
And as it grew so wondrous fair,
We called it ours, the precious dove!
But in the moment of our bliss
Its spotless wings essayed to soar;
It lives in brighter worlds than this,
And seeks its empty nest no more!

Through fadeless bowers of Paradise,
Where others soar on stronger wings,
Our lost one now unwearied flies,
And with its sister spirit sings.
Though desolate we linger here,
This thought e'er soothes a parent's care:
When we in that bright world appear,
Our angel children will be there!

*—New York Examiner.*

## The One-Eyed Servant.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Do you see those two pretty cottages on opposite sides of the common? How bright their windows are, and how pretty the vines trail over them! A year ago one of them was the dirtiest and most forlorn-looking place you can imagine, and its mistress the most untidy woman.

She was once sitting at her cottage door with her arms folded as if she was deep in thought, though, to look at her face one would not have supposed she was doing more than idly watching the swallows as they floated above in the hot, clear air. Her gown was torn and shabby, her shoes down at the heel; the little curtain in her casement, which had once been fresh and white, had a great rent in it; and altogether she looked poor and forlorn.

She sat some time gazing across the common, when all on a sudden she heard a little noise, like stitching, near the ground. She looked down, and sitting on the border, under a wallflower bush, she saw the funniest little man possible, with a blue coat, a yellow waiscoat, and red boots; he had got a small shoe on his lap, and he was stitching away with all his might.

"Good morning, mistress!" said the little man. "A very fine day. Why may you be looking so earnestly across the common?"

"I was looking at my neighbour's cottage," said the young woman.

"What! Tom, the gardener's wife?—little Polly, she used to be called; and a very pretty cottage it is too! Look's thriving, doesn't it?"

"She was always lucky," said Bella (for that was the young wife's name); "and her husband is always good to her.

"They were both good husbands at first," interrupted the little cobbler without stopping. "Reach me my awl, mistress, will you, for you seem to have nothing to do: it lies close by your feet."

"Well, I can't say but they were both very good husbands at first," repeated Bella, reaching the awl with a sigh; "but mine has changed for the worse and hers for the better; and then look how she thrives. Only to think of our both being married on the same day; and now I've nothing, and she has two pigs, and a"—

"And a lot of flax that she spun in the winter," interrupted the cobbler; "and a Sunday gown, as good green stuff as ever was seen, and, to my knowledge, a handsome silk handkerchief for an apron; and a red waiscoat for her good man, with three rows of blue glass buttons, and a flitch of bacon in the chimney, and a rope of onions."

"O, she's a lucky woman!" exclaimed Bella.

"Aye, and a tea-tray, with Daniel in the lion's den upon it," continued the cobbler; "and a fat baby in the cradle."

"O, I'm sure I don't envy her that last," said Bella, pettishly. "I've little enough for myself and husband, letting alone children."

"Why, mistress, isn't your husband in work?" asked the cobbler.

"No he's at the ale-house."

"Why how's that? he used to be very sober. can't he get work?"

"His last master wouldn't keep him, because he was so shabby."

"Humph!" said the little man. "He's a groom is he not? Well, as I was saying, your neighbor thrives wonderfully; but no wonder! Well, I've nothing to do with other people's secrets; but I could tell you, only I'm busy, and must go."

"Could tell me what?" cried the young wife. "O, good Cobbler, don't go, for I've nothing to do. Pray tell me why it's no wonder that she should thrive?"

"Well," said he, "it's no business of mine, you know but as I said before, it's no wonder, people thrive who have a servant [illegible] hard-working one, too—who is always help[illegible] them."

"A servant!" repeated Bella—"my neighbor has a servant! no wonder, then, everything looks so neat about her; but I never saw this servant. I think you must be mistaken; besides, how could she afford to pay her wages?"

"She has a servant, I say," repeated the cobbler—"a one-eyed servant—but she pays her no wages, to my certain knowledge. Well, good morning, mistress, I must go."

"Do stop one minute," cried Bella, urgently; "where did she get her servant?"

"O, I don't know," said the cobbler; "servants are plentiful enough, and Polly uses her's well, I can tell you."

"And what does she do for her?"

"Do for her! Why, all sorts of things—I think she's the cause of her prosperity. To my knowledge, she never refuses to do anything—keeps Tom's and Polly's clothes in beautiful order, and the baby's."

"Dear me!" said Bella, in an envious tone, and holding up both her hands; "well she is a lucky woman, and I always said so. She takes good care I shall never see her servant. What sort of a servant is she, and how came she to have only one eye?"

"It runs in her family," replied the cobbler, stitching busily; "they are all so—one eye apiece; yet they make a very good use of it, and Polly's servant has four cousins who are blind—stone blind; no eyes at all; and they sometimes come and help. I've seen them in the cottage myself, and that's how Polly gets a good deal of her money. They work for her, and she takes what they make to market, and buys all those handsome things."

"Only think," said Bella, almost ready to cry with vexation, "and I've not got a soul to do anything for me; how hard it is!" and she took up her apron to wipe away her tears.

The cobbler looked attentively at her. "Well, you are to be pitied, certainly," he said, "and if I were not in such a hurry"—

"O, do go on, pray—were you going to say you could help me? I have heard your people are fond of curds and whey, and fresh gooseberry syllabub. Now, if you would help me, trust me that there should be the most beautiful curds and whey set every night for you on the hearth; and nobody should ever look when you went and came."

"Why you see," said the cobler, hesitating, "my people are extremely particular about—in short about cleanliness, mistress; and your house is not what one would call very clean. No offence, I hope?"

Bella blushed deeply—"Well, but it should be always clean if you would—every day of my life I would wash the floor, and sand it, and the hearth should be whitewashed as white as snow, And the windows cleaned."

"Well," said the cobbler, seeming to consider, "well, then, I should not wonder if I could meet with a one-eyed servant for you, like your neighbors; but it may be several days before I can; and mind, mistress, I'm to have a dish of curds."

"Yes, and some whipped cream, too," replied Bella, full of joy.

The cobbler then took up his tools, wrapped them in his leather apron, walked behind the wall-flower, and disappeared.

Bella was so delighted, she could not sleep that night for joy. Her husband scarcely knew the house, she had made it so bright and clean; and by night she had washed the curtain, cleaned the window, rubbed the fire-irons, sanded the floor, and set a great jug of hawthorn in blossom on the hearth.

The next morning Bella kept a sharp look-out both for the tinny cobler and on her neighbor's house, to see whether she could possibly catch a glimpse of the one-eyed servant. But, no—nothing could she see but her neighbor sitting on her rocking chair, with her baby on her knee, working.

At last, when she was quite tired, she heard the voice of the cobbler outside. She ran to the door, and cried out—

"O do, pray come in, sir; only look at my house!"

"Really," said the cobbler, looking round, "I declare I should hardly have known it—the sun can shine brightly now through the clear glass; and what a sweet smell of hawthorn!"

'Well, and my one-eyed servant?" asked Bella; 'you remember, I hope, that I can't pay her any wages; have you met with one that will come!'

'All's right,' replied the little man, nodding. 'I've got her with me.'

'Got her with you?' repeated Bella looking round, 'I see nobody.'

'Look, here she is!' said the cobbler, holding up something in his hand.

Would you believe it? the one-eyed servant was nothing but a needle.

## Ida's Fall.

"You wasn't ever a sweet little girl like me, was you, mamma?" said Ida Lowe, suddenly looking away from her doll, which had kept her quiet for nearly ten minutes, and up into her mother's face.

"Who told you that you were sweet, Ida?" said Mrs. Lowe.

"'Twas Bridget told me so when I was eatin' the sugar and preserved fruit. She said I was the sweetest little girl that ever did be."

"I'm afraid that I was never very sweet then," said her mother, laughing; "although I was certainly very little once—for I was sick so much that I had very few sweatmeats given to me."

"Did you have the croop like me, mamma, and have to stay in bed and take medicine, and then couldn't ever do anything you wanted to, so you shouldn't take cold?"

"I never had the croop, dear; but I was often sick, and I was not nearly as strong as my little Ida."

"Did you used to cry, mamma, and wish you wasn't sick so much?"

"No, I didn't cry a great deal; I think I was a pretty happy child, after all—for I had a great many kind friends to amuse me."

"And how did they 'muse you?"

"O, in a great many ways. They dressed my dolls for me, they read to me, and told me stories, and—"

"There, mamma, that's just what I want you to do this minute. Please tell me a story."

"A story, Ida! what shall it be about? Shall I tell you one about myself?"

"No; I don't want you to. I want to hear a story about a fairy, that was all dressed in yellow gors, with a silver ward, and—"

"Silver wand, dear."

"Yes, silver wand; and she changed a naughty little girl into a good little girl, and put wings on to her and she went right up to the sky."

"Why, Ida," said her mamma, "I don't know any such story as that."

"Well, then, I'll tell you about it. "There was a little girl and she had a mother; but she didn't mind her mother; and so she went right off into a big wood, but there wasn't any bears there, only she saw a beautiful lady, and she said—"

Here Ida suddenly interrupted herself by exclaiming, "O, look! there's Uncle Frank coming into my gate, and my splendid Aunt Mary, too! How glad I am, mamma! I shall run right down and see them."

"No, darling, not this minute," said her mother. "Sit still, while I go and see if baby is sleeping quietly; and then I will smoota your hair, so that you may look fit to be seen, and we will go down."

I *shall* go now," muttered Ida to herself as her mother left the room. I know mamma will stay as much as fifteen minutes, and Uncle Frank nor Aunt Mary won't never think of notussin' my hair; besides, I've went down stairs all sole alone, only papa kind of looked at me once in a while."

And so Ida, knowing that she was doing wrong, ran out of the room. She felt very sure that she could go down stairs safely; but in her eager haste, as she reached the bottom of the stairs, her foot slipped, and she rolled over and over, down, down, down, in dreadful dismay, and screaming, of course, with all her might.

Her Uncle's kind arms were ready to receive her at the foot of the stairs, and plenty of carees from both uncle and aunt for the poor little child, who was much more frightened than hurt. Then her mother came; and after a good deal more petting from these three loving friends; Ida, who was quite worn out, fell fast asleep.

"Can you tell me, Ida," said Mrs. Lowe the next day, "where to find that good fairy who makes little children mind their mothers? I shall need her, if my little girl is going to disobey me any more, as she did yesterday."

Ida hung her head, and looked very much ashamed; then she jumped up into her mother's lap, and put her arms around her neck.

"I shan't ever be naughty any more, mamma, not a single speck; for you are the bestest little mother that ever lived to this world and I don't want no old fairies here."

After this, Ida's mamma talked to her a long time about the sin of disobedience, and told her to try and be a good little girl always, so that she might be one of the lambs of the dear Saviour's fold.—*Congregationalist.*

## The Laugh of Woman.

A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees led on by a fairy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have; and we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing in the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirit of mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose to poetry; it flings flowers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more than the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.—*Prentice.*

## The Most Beautiful Hand.

Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as the shape of the beautiful members whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last, "I give it up, the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."—*Ploughman.*

# Temperance.

## Mr. Nobody's Advice; or how I Became a Teetotaler.

In the month of November, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-four, I arrived in this city of New York, on my return from China; and, liking good quarters, I went to the Sailor's Home in Cherry street to board, and remained there till the ship was paid off. But as I loved a tot a little too well, and the folks at the Home were all sober sides, I thought it was too decent a place for me to stay in. So I paid my bill, picked up my dunnage, and made sail for a rum-hole, in Cherry-street, and took up my abode there with other drunkards like myself. I had been living in the house about ten days; and, lighting upon a sober interval, I thought I should like to know how the account stood. So I asked Mr. Boniface for my bill. He informed that I was forty-one dollars in his debt. This surprised me by its magnitude. But, remembering that I had been drinking pretty heavy, and spreeing it very freely, and consequently could not tell exactly how much I had really drawn, I said nothing about it.

It so happened, however, that the drinking of the last ten days had not agreed with me, as I had eaten but little, and, as a consequence, the whole of the next week I was quite sick. So I staid at home, and for a wonder, kept sober. During the whole of that week I was wide-awake and kept an account of the money I drew, which amounted in all to about seven dollars. Well, when the week was out, I went to him again and asked him how we stood. He took down his book and, after a little figuring, he said: "Your bill is just seventy-one dollars and thirty-five cents." So that for my seven dollars he had charged me just a little over thirty. This stunned me altogether, and I told him I would not pay it. But how was I to help myself? That was the question. I went to a friend of mine, and told him how I had been served; and talked about law and justice. But my friend said it was no use for me to go to a magistrate about it, as I could do nothing. And he remarked, that "there was no justice for drunkards." This set me a thinking, and I made a vow that I would never put it into the power of any man to serve me such a trick again.

My friend said: "The best thing that you can do is to pack up your duds, pay your bill, and go to a decent boarding house." I took his advice, and moved off to a temperance house in Pearl street, kept by that good man Captain Roland Gelston. Here I tried to taper off; but I soon found out that this tapering off, or merely reducing my potations was bad business. It kept me stupid all the time, and made me say and do many things which I was ashamed of when in my right senses. Well, on the twenty-fourth of December, there was a good deal of talk of one J. B. Gough, who was to address a temperance meeting in the old Mariner's Church in Roosevelt street. And, after supper, one of my fellow-boarders came to me and said: "What do you say if you and I go to the meeting at Mr. Chase's and sign the pledge?" "Agreed," says I, and off we went. The house was full. We stood and listened about half an hour, and then they sent round the contribution-box. I threw in a piece of silver. Then they passed the word along that, if any one wanted to sign the pledge, they should come forward. So my friend and I walked up and signed the articles, got our certificates, and started for home. And I have kept the pledge ever since. I came mighty near breaking it however, the next morning. My coppers were hot. I wanted my bitters, and I made a bee-line for the corner groggery, a rum-hole, in which I was no stranger, for I had freshened the nip there many a time. I went up, took hold of the door, and had got about half in, when it seemed as if somebody took hold of me with both hands around the waist, and held me, whispering in my ear at the same time, 'Don't go in! don't go in!' as plain as I ever heard anything in my life. And I actually turned round and looked—but there was no one there. But I took *Mr. Nobody's advice*, shut the door, kept my pledge, and have been glad of it only once, and that is all the time ever since. For it has kept me from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. It has caused me to be respected, enabled me to use my knowledge instead of abusing it.

I suffered a good deal at first, as a result of breaking off my bad habit. But I was the gainer in the end. I went to sea sober, soon had a good chest of clothes, was respected wherever I went, soon became an officer, had better food and pay, and a better place to live in than a dark, damp, forecastle. Aye, more, I walked steadily aft, until I became a captain myself, and escaped the dirty work that drunkards are often forced to do on board a vessel. But more than all, and better than all, I, have learned to love the Lord Jesus Christ, became a member of his body, the Church, and am this day on my way to the kingdom of heaven, into which, as a drunkard, I never could enter. Glory to God in the highest! I am on my journey home!"—*New York National Temperance Advocate.*


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Nov 28

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