

march of ambition or the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unapplauded zeal through their humble round of duty are not unnoticed by the Great Task-master's eye; and their endowments, though accounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the Kingdom of heaven.

CURE FOR CORNS.

The *Journal of Applied Chemistry* says:—"Soak the feet in warm water, then, with a sharp instrument, pare off as much of the corn as can be done without pain, and bind up the part effected, with a piece of linen or muslin thoroughly saturated with sperm oil, or, what is better, the oil which floats upon the surface of the pickle of herring or mackerel. After three or four days, the dressing may be removed by scraping, when the new skin will be found to be of a soft and healthy texture, and less liable to the formation of a new corn than before. We have this receipt from a source which we cannot well doubt, and publish it for the benefit of many suffering readers.

The pain occasioned by corns may be greatly alleviated by the following preparation:—Into an ounce phial ask a druggist to put two drams of muriatic acid and six drams of rose water. With this mixture wet the corns night and morning for three days. Soak the feet every evening in warm water, without soap. Put one-third of the acid into the water, and, with a little picking, the corn will be dissolved.—*Jessie Piessie.*

Poetry.

THE COURTIN'.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

God makes sech nights, all white and still
Fur'z you can look or listen.
Moonshine an' snow on fields an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,
An' pecked in thru the winder;
An' there sat Hully all alone,
'Tth no one nigh to hinder.

A fireplace filled the room's one side,
with half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the poostiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The old queen's arm that grat'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, cos she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to cillin',
An' she looked fully as rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom come to look
On sech a blessed cretur;
A dogrose blüshin' to the brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A I,
Clean grit an' human natur;
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton,
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with some twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, dauced 'em, druv 'em;
Fust this one, an' thot, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly, like curled maple;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'ill.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez his'n in the choir;
My! when he made "Ole Hundred" ring
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she blushed scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin' bunnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

That night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to 've got a new soul;
For she felt earlin'-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-solo.

She heered a foot, and knowed it tu,
A raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to ouco her, feelin's flew,
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfic o' the sekte;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But her'n went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her chair a jerk
Ez though she wished him furdur;
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose!"
"Wa'al—no—I came dasignin'!"—
"To see my ma? She's sprinkl'n' clo'es,
Agin to morror's I'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean ye: an' say no
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on th' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin'!"
Says she, "I think likely, Mister;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—wa'al, he up an' kist her.

When ma, bianchy upon 'em slips,
Hully sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smilly roun' the lips,
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary;
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow hid in Jenocary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how matters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red came back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fandy;
An' all I know is, they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.