

9. Do not go into a building where there is a thick smoke, if you can help it, without a saturated sponge in your mouth, or a wet cloth or handkerchief over your mouth and nose.
10. In ascending or descending a ladder, do so with regular step, to prevent vibration.
11. Have metal or earthen vessels for matches, keep them out of the reach of children. Wax matches are not safe.
12. Never leave small children in a room alone where there are matches or an open fire.
13. Do not deposit ashes in a wooden vessel or upon a wooden floor.
14. Never use a light in examining a gas meter.
15. Never take a light into a closet.
16. Never smoke or read in bed by candle or lamp light.
17. Never put kindling wood on the top of a stove.
18. Never leave clothes near a grate or fire-place.
19. Be careful in making fires with shavings, and never use any kind of oil to kindle a fire.
20. Keep all lights as far from curtains as possible.
21. Never pour out liquor near a open light.
22. Always fill and trim your lamps by daylight, and never near a fire.
23. Never blow out a fluid lamp.
24. Never allow fluids used for lamps to be kept in a room where a fire or light is used.
25. Always try your coal-oil by pouring a little of it into a saucer or cup, and, if you can make it burn with a match or piece of paper do not use it.
26. Put wire work over your gas-light in show window, and keep your goods from them.
27. Benzine, naphtha, camphine, varnish, turpentine, ethereal oil &c., should be never drawn by candle or lamp light, or where there is a fire.
28. Sand in place of saw-dust should be used on the floors of oil stores, drug stores, &c.
29. Always use a closed lantern and never allow smoking in hay-barn, stables, warehouses, or in stories where goods are closely packed.
30. Always keep shavings and fine kindling wood away from steam boilers and furnaces.
31. Keep lofts, cupboards, corners, boxes, &c., free from greasy rags.
32. Before leaving your place of business see that all lights and fires are out.
33. Before going to bed see that your lights and fires are out.
34. See that your stovepipes enter well in the chimney.

VI. Miscellaneous.

1. THE DYING BLIND BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

This pathetic poem is copied from an English publication, called "The World." Whoever can read the plaintive strains of the poem, and not experience an emotion difficult to be suppressed, must possess feelings different from those which act upon our hearts.

Mother I am dying now,
Death's cold damps are on my brow;
Leave me not—each pang grows stronger,
Patient watch a little longer.
Sweet it is your voice to hear,
Though dull and heavy grows mine ear;
Wait and take my last adieu,
Never mother lov'd like you!
Though your form I ne'er might see,
Your image was not hid from me—
Stamp'd on my adoring mind,
Beautiful but undefin'd;
Ever fair and ever bright,
That vision fill'd me with delight.
Well I knew what'er might be:
Those oft-prais'd forms I could not see,
Might I all their beauty view,
None of them could rival you.*
Life to me was sweet and dear,

* It has been related of some who were recovered from early blindness, that they evidently expected to find those whom affection and kindness had endeared to them the most beautiful to the eye.

—From the German.

While I liv'd the tales to hear,
Told by you on wintry hearth,
All to make your blind boy mirth;
And I lov'd my voice to join
In chorus of hymns divine,
By which you fondly taught your boy,
To look to Heaven with hope and joy.
Sun or moon I could not see,
But lore measured time for me,
When your kiss my slumber broke,
Then I knew the morn had woke;
And when came the hour to pray,
Then I knew 'twas close of day,
When I heard the loud winds blow,
And I felt the warm fire glow,
Then I knew 'twas winter wild,
And kept at home—your helpless child!
When the air grew mild and soft,
And the gay lark sang aloft;
And I heard the streamlet flowing,
And I smelt the wild flow'r blowing,
And the bee did round me hum,
Then I knew that spring had come.
Forth I wandered with delight,
When I knew when days were bright;
When I climb'd the green hill's side,
Fancy traced the prospect wide;
And 'twas pleasant when I press'd
The warm and downy turf to rest,
Now I never more shall roam
The many paths around my home;
And you will often look in vain,
Nor hail your wanderer e'er again,
Never more on tiptoe creep,
Where he lay as if asleep.
Or with a low and plaintive moan,
Humming to himself alone,
On a bed of wild flowers stretch'd,
Starting when a kiss you snatch'd
Till nature whisper'd 'twas my mother,
And affection gave another!
But 'tis sweeter thus to die,
With my tender mother by,
Than to be in life alone,
When she and every friend were gone.
Mourn not o'er me broken hearted,
Not for long shall we be parted;
Soon in vales which ever bloom,
Which unfading flow'rs perfume,
In realms of life, of light and joy,
You will meet your poor blind boy.

N.

2. A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother will read again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable woe in the far ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect and prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality. The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the seashore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words or names in the smooth white sand which lies spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your running fancy may dictate, but the running tide shall, in a few hours, wash out and efface forever all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth and error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the eternal good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold finger can erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity can obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be of herself in this treatment of her child. How prayerful, how serious, and how earnest, to write the truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf in commending her dear child to her covenant with God.