

HOME

There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serene light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting
shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to the
pole;

For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter,
wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of
life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be
found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY.

ON A REFRIGERATOR.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

It was Bern Cartney's first visit to New York. He and his mother had come down from their home in the North to spend a fortnight with some relatives in Connecticut, and now the two were on a day's shopping excursion to the metropolis.

"I don't think the horse-cars are as nice as the Boston ones," remarked Bern, critically, as they entered one of the large dry-goods stores; "But it is great fun to watch the elevated railroad."

Indeed, Bern had kept his eyes so steadily fixed on the trains passing back and forth between himself and the sky that he had no means left of guarding against collisions with lamp posts, telegraph poles, and show cases on the earth.

"Now, Bernie," said Mrs. Cartney, as they left the bewildering, bustling shop. "I'm going to a dressmaker's next, and as I can't leave you anywhere, you'll have—"

"Oh, please just let me stand on the sidewalk here, where I can watch the trains!" eagerly broke in Bern. "I'll stay right on this very stone till you come back."

"No indeed," returned his mother, as she halted under an awning to think. "How could I tell one stone from another? Besides you're tired enough to sit down I fancy."

Why, here's just the thing!" cried Bern, suddenly, as he perched himself on the lid of a small refrigerator that stood on the sidewalk in front of a furnishing store. "I can see the cars splendidly from here, and won't stir till you come."

"But perhaps they'd object," began Mrs. Cartney. Just then the proprietor came out to ask how he could serve her.

"Let me see," she replied, as she glanced around the shop. "Oh yes. I want a rolling pin. You remember, Bernie, your aunt Jane spoke about needing a new one yesterday."

So the purchase was made, and confided to Bern's keeping, and Mrs. Cartney asked if he might sit on the refrigerator for about twenty minutes, while she went around the corner.

"Well," was the response, "I've no objection, if he keeps his feet still and doesn't kick the paint off."

Bern promised to sit like a statue, and having received many injunctions from Mrs. Cartney not to move till she returned he swung himself up on the lid again, and watched his mother disappear in the

crowd. Just then two trains whizzed by overhead, and when that double excitement was over, a street band began playing at the corner. The last compelled Bern to exercise great strength of will in order to prevent his heels from keeping time against the refrigerator.

A balky car-horse furnished the next interesting event; but as the animal had chosen to take his stand about half a square away, Bern was again compelled to exercise a great deal of self denial in order to stick to his ice-chest.

"Hullo! Come off that!"

Bern brought his eyes back from the middle of the block to find a ragged newsboy addressing him.

"What do you want?" he inquired politely.

"Why I want yer ter get down from that ere 'frigerator," went on the young New-Yorker. Then noticing Bern's good clothes, which very likely held plenty of money, he continued, in a lower tone, "I was knocked off with boxed ears last week, so you'd better gimme two cents for tellin' yer, an' slip down easy 'fore the—"

"Fire! Fire!"

The last two words came in loud tones from a man who rushed out of the next store with the dread cry, and leaving Bern completely mystified, the newsboy tore off to the alarm-box.

If the country boy had thought the streets crowded on ordinary occasions, his breath was almost taken away by the throngs that now swarmed on the sidewalk.

"Where is it?"

"How big?"

"Call the engines!"

These cries with the everlasting "Fire! fire!" made the scene as confusing for the ear as for the eye; but Bern never stirred from the refrigerator.

"I'll be like the boy on the burning deck," he resolved, as the clanging bells of the fire-engines added their terror to the hour.

Such a galloping of horses, scattering of people, and puffing of smoke as there was!

"Oh, how will mother ever be able to get to me?" thought Bern. "And if I leave the refrigerator, how'll I ever get to her? I don't know where the dressmaker lives, and—"

But at this point in his reflections the boy's whole attention became absorbed in dodging the burning brands that began to fall about him, and in gazing at the sheets of flame pouring from the windows of the house next door.

Still he never made a motion to leave the place, not even when the clerks began to rush back and forth carrying things out of the store.

"Mother may come back any minute, and she must find me here on this lid; so I'll stay as long as the refrigerator does," was his resolve.

Brighter and fiercer grew the flames, thicker fell the cinders, and faster ran the clerks, until finally Bern expected that they would carry the refrigerator off from under him.

But just as he became nearly frightened to death by a shower of sparks and a brand that first struck the refrigerator and then fell to the ground near his feet, he heard some one shout out that the wind had changed. Then somebody else announced that the fire was under control, and before very long the last spark had been quenched.

Slowly the crowd dispersed, the engines departed, pale women regained their color, and everybody began to wonder for how much the property had been insured. Meanwhile Bern sat there patiently on the ice-chest, rolling-pin in hand, wondering what had become of his mother. He could see by the clock in the store that it was after twelve, and he was sure she had left him before eleven.

He had lost his interest in the elevated trains, there was not even a hand-organ to divert him, and, worse than all, he was growing terribly hungry.

"Mother said we'd go to a restaurant as soon as she come back," he reflected. "Oh dear! why didn't I go with her to the dressmaker's and sit on the steps, even if it was in a side street without any cars to watch?"

It was as much as he could do to keep from kicking the refrigerator in his impatience. The clerks in the store went out by turns to get their lunch, and at five minutes to one the proprietor hurried home to dinner, and there were still no signs of Mrs. Cartney.

"What if she's been run over?" thought Bern, with a shudder, and he suddenly became possessed with a wild desire to to rush off somewhere and find out. But then she might come while he was gone.

"If this was only a corner grocery, I might buy an apple or something," and Bern sighed as he looked at the rolling-pin, so suggestive of Aunt Jane's famous pies.

The next moment a horrible thought struck him. Perhaps his mother had forgotten where the furnishing store was! It was quite possible, as she had not been in New York before in years.

If the refrigerator had been filled with ice, Bern could not have been more chilled than he was by suspense, doubts, surmises, and dread anticipations. What would become of him, alone—

"Bernie!"

It was Mrs. Cartney's voice, and by her side stood a policeman.

"Have—have you been arrested?" faltered Bern, clinging tightly to her arm.

"Arrested!" exclaimed his mother. "Why, I've had the police out looking for you. Where have you been all this time?"

"Just sitting on this refrigerator, as you told me to."

"But I thought the whole place was afire when I turned into the avenue, and I was half wild about you, so I went straight to the station-house. I've been to the dry-goods store, the railroad depot, and then I thought I might find you somewhere near the ruins, if the fire was over."

"I guess you forgot about the boy on the burning deck," said Bern, as they went off to lunch.

EDUCATION OF AUSTRIAN GIRLS.

The education of girls in Vienna is somewhat peculiar, and perhaps worthy of note. Up to fifteen years of age they are kept at their studies, but are not deprived of society. They dress very simply, rarely wearing a silk gown till the day they leave the schoolroom for the ball-room. After they leave school they go through a year's, or even two years', teaching in the pantry and in the kitchen, under some member of the family, or even, in some cases, in another family, under trained cooks. They may never be required to cook a dinner, but they are thus rendered independent of cooks and servants, as they learn how to do everything themselves, long before they begin house-keeping on their own account. When married, they are most affectionate wives and mothers. An Austrian lady, in fact, is as accomplished and learned as an English governess, as good a housekeeper and cook as a German, as witty and vivacious in society as a Parisian, as passionate as an Italian, and as handsome as an American—some of the most beautiful women in Europe being found in Vienna.

During a dense fog, a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel, and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog. Can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot; "but until the biler busts we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.

WOMEN'S DRESSES.

Lady Manners says much more is spent by ladies on dress than was formerly the case; yet good, useful, and pretty materials may be had for very moderate prices. When, however, the home-spun tweed, or the cambric, is made up by a tailor or a first-rate dressmaker £10 or £12 will be charged for it. This sum used to be the price of a silk gown. Many ladies at the present time, whose fortunes cannot be considered large, spend six hundred a year on their toilets, and it is not unusual for a thousand to be expended by those who go out a great deal. Sixty guineas for a Court dress is a not uncommon price. Though brocades and satins now rival in richness those in the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, they do not seem to possess equally lasting qualities. At all events, many of their wearers are "constant to a constant change." There are now costumes for every variation of the barometer, specially adapted for every occasion. At 5 o'clock tea the most glowing velvets and rich laces may replace the sensible serge suit for an hour, until the tea gown has to be changed for the less comfortable but equally costly dinner dress. Young unmarried girls were formerly dressed with the utmost simplicity; white draperies, like those Sir Joshua Reynolds used to paint, were considered in every respect most suitable for them; but now, too often, three, four, or five hundred a year are spent on the dress of a girl whose fortune may never exceed that amount. How much kinder it would be, instead of letting the money dissolve into clouds of filmy net, to lay aside a part it to increase her marriage portion. It has been said that, no matter how humble the dwelling, wherever a young man and a young woman who love each other make their home, there is paradise. But with the expensive habits of our days it requires some courage for a young couple who have passed their early years in luxury to marry on small means. Experience, however shows that those who determine to live with simplicity and to exercise self-denial for the sake of each other may enjoy the perpetual feast of mutual affection without spending largely. But it is easier to begin married life in an economical manner than to retrench.

MODEL MOTHERS.

Model mothers are of the first importance in moulding the nature of a child; and if we would have fine characters, we must necessarily present before them fine models. Now the model most constantly before every child's eye is the mother. "One good mother," said George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is loadstone to all hearts and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precepts at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy. Even children are judges of hypocrisy, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly seen through. The teaching of the friar was not worth much who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeve—*Samuel Smiles*.

Bass, who has been abroad, describes his experience of ship board as follows: "You see it is very rough. The steamer kept going up, up, and then down, down; so after awhile my stomach stayed up and the steamer went down."