

Youths Department.

MY MOTHER'S SILVERY HAIRS.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

I gaze upon the silvery hairs
That o'er my mother's temples stray,
And think how dark must be the cares
Which scattered their untimely gray,
My childish waywardness, perchance,
Has often pained her weary head,
Has dimm'd the ardor of her glance,
And o'er her face a shadow spread.

Was it her labor to restrain
The approach of every want by day?
Long vigils by my couch of pain,
Till the last star had sunk away?
O! was it tender love for me,
A constant and unwearied care,
That traced those lines of silver ray
Through the rich mass of jetty hair?

O Thou who gav'st the tender friend,
Teach me with kindness to repay
That love which makes our spirits blend
The care that shaped my youthful way!
Teach me with love as true, sincere,
To sooth her swift declining years,
And next to thy great name revere
My mother's sacred silvery hairs!

HISTORY OF ALCOHOL.

LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS LISTEN!

"Ma—come, you have promised to give Sallie and me the History of Alcohol, which you say has done so much mischief in the world, by clothing children in rags, and leaving them orphans upon the cold charities of an unkind world."

"Yes! ma," said little Sallie, who was not yet quite five years old, and whose curiosity had been greatly excited, by repeated stories told her of the sad effects of alcohol, not only upon grown men and women, but also upon little girls and boys, who have followed their bad example, and as she ran up to her mother with the exclamation upon her sweet little cherub lips, her eyes beamed with an expression of beauty, that significantly betrayed not only her interest, but the intelligence with which she ever sought all opportunities of improvement. As she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and imprinted a kiss, she again exclaimed "Yes, dear ma, tell us all about that enemy of good men. And because it was the bad instrument in the hands of the Wicked One, that caused Mr. Jones to murder his daughter Rosa. Oh, ma was'n't that awful and sad? When he was sober he was so kind and good, and I know he loved Rosa, for he used to call her his little darling and his pet, and when he would come home he would take her in his arms and kiss her just as you do me and sister Mary. But liquor made him mad—and so it would you too ma, wouldn't it?—and then he killed her, poor little Rosa. Oh ma if he had never touched a drop, Rosa would still be living, and perhaps here to day to hear you tell about Alcohol. So now, ma, please begin."

"Well," said Mrs. Addison, "as you are now anxious to learn something about its history, after knowing a good deal about its evil effects upon some of your little friends and acquaintances, I'll begin by first saying:—It was in Arabia where alcohol was first discovered some 950 years ago, by the son of a strange woman, Hagar as the Bible represents her, and which farther says, that his hand was against every one, and all the world were against him."

You may imagine a picture, on either side is represented as growing in beautiful luxuriance the banana tree, while in the centre flows a stream of pure water. And in the distance is a temple raised to a heathen god. How quiet and beautiful it looks. Nothing you see but what administers to man's happiness and enjoyment. Yes, there is beautifully blended, and spontaneously offered, Nature's best gifts; God the giver of every good and perfect gift, presents and tenders to man that

which would have been healthful to his body and invigorating and improving to his mind. There stand the bread fruit trees, at then base flows the sparkling water; but the son of the strange woman Hagar converted their healthful fruit into a deadly poison, which is used as a substitute for water. Ladies used it as a powder to paint themselves, that they might appear more beautiful. During the reign of William and Mary an act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent that the retailers in intoxicating drinks put up signs in public informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have some straw to get sober on.

In the 16th century, distilled spirits spread over the continent of Europe. About this time it was introduced into the colonies, as the United States were then called. The first notice we have of its use in life, was among the Hungarians in mines, in the 15th century. In 1581, it was used by the English soldiers as a cordial. The alcohol in Europe was made of grapes and sold in Italy and Spain as a medicine. The Genoese afterwards made it from grain and sold it as a medicine in bottle, under the name of the water of life. Until the sixteenth century it was only kept by apothecaries as a medicine. During the reign of Henry VII., brandy was made known in Ireland, and soon its alarming effects induced the Government to pass a law prohibiting its manufacture.

About 120 years ago it was used as a beverage, especially among the soldiers in the English colonies in North America, under the preposterous notion that it prevented sickness and made men fearless on the battle field. It was looked upon as a sovereign specific—Such is the brief sketch of the introduction of alcohol in society as a beverage. The history of it is written in the wretchedness, the tears, the groans, poverty and murder of thousands.

Now, my dears, I have given you the history of alcohol, and I hope you will never use a drop of that beverage which as you know may destroy both soul and body.—Union A. K.

The Trusting Heart of Childhood.—The peaceful character of the World's Fair is finely illustrated by the following anecdote:—At the grand opening of the crystal palace, while thousands awaited the arrival of the Queen, a little boy five or six years old got away from his mother, ran into the midst of the central crowd of dignitaries and diplomats, walked up the steps of the platform on which was the chair of state turned around and stood looking about happy and delighted, and then went back again to the cover of the wing from which he had escaped. It showed a sense of perfect security—a feeling in the boy that there was nothing to frighten him there. He probably could not have done or felt as he did in any assembly of thirty thousand people that ever met before.

Ill will never speaks well, nor doth well.

To Poets.—The last number of Frazer's Magazine has the following excellent advice to young poets—or, rather, to the would-be poets, that so pester newspaper editors and the world:

"Oh! sit still, and don't break the blessed silence by such noises as that. Sit still, and read your Homer, and your Shakspeare, and your Dante, and your Milton, and your Goethe, and learn to be modest, and to get some definite and truthful meaning for your own words before you utter them. Stop writing, the whole clan of you, for Heaven's sake, and do something—walk a hospital, teach in a ragged school, drive a locomotive, handle a felling-axe; or if you can do nothing else, just jump over the nearest bridge, and see how you feel after it—do anything, in fact, that will bring you face to face with one fact, with one simple, universal word, or thought, or feeling of human nature—the one, be sure, which are just the deepest, and most awful, and most poetic, because they are common to you and to every coal-heaver. But turn art no more into Pharisaism—crow no more; and with such crows, too!—as if a bantam hen on a rainy afternoon—because you, the supposed poet, are not as other men are."

A person with his clothes torn never wants a companion in rags.

THE BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer day.

The flowers bloomed—the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had hither strayed.

Just at an aged birch tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,
A tree concealed me from their view,
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say do—let me hear in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
I see the bird on yonder tree,"
The poor boy sighed and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers you say are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees.
And pretty buds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And can feel the leaf's green shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given!
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see—
But why ask me a thing so odd?
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "O, never weep for me,
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I God shall see."

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too,
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up the poor blind child
And opened first his eyes in heaven!

THE RIGHT STUFF.

On Tuesday last, a hardy tough looking Yankee boy came into the city with a quantity of berries for sale, and while one of our merchants was paying him for a few quarts of berries, he learned from him several interesting facts in history, which we think worthy of being recorded to the honor of the boy's perseverance, and for the encouragement of others, both men and boys, in the battle of life. The boy is now only a little over 12 years of age. His father died when he was young, leaving a poor widow with three children, this boy and two little girls. When the boy was less than ten years of age, he conceived the idea, a true American idea, and which we wish every American fully entertained, and appreciated, of owning a piece of land, and he set himself about a calculation how he could manage to pay for it. Having satisfied himself of the result, he found a piece of land which would suit him, about three miles from the city, and his application