

MEMORY GEMS.

Do thy little, do it well,
Do what right and reason tell,
Do thy little, God has made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring,
God employeth every thing.
All the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne,—
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

—Anon.

MR. CORLISS AND THE BIRDS.

The late Edward Corliss, of Providence, the inventor and manufacturer of the great Corliss engine, was a man who valued his business largely for the opportunities which it brought him of doing thoroughly and unpretentiously humane acts. Very many stories are told at Providence of his generosity to people in his employ, and especially of a way he had of coming to some employee or workman who looked ill or overworked, or who had complained of having a hard time, and saying to him, "Now, look here; you are not looking well. You had better go off somewhere for a rest for a few weeks, and I will take care of your family while you are gone." And the man was started off on a vacation of months, if months were needed, without any apprehension on his mind as to the needs of his family.

Mr. Corliss, not very long before his death, had occasion to build an addition to his manufactory—a big "L" for additional machinery. To prepare the foundation of this L, it was necessary to remove a ledge of rock by blasting. The men to do the work on the addition had been employed and put on the pay-roll; the materials had been purchased and brought to the building, and the work of blasting had begun. The next morning Mr. Corliss passed by the place where work was proceeding, when the foreman in charge, knowing his interest in pretty things, called him.

"See here, Mr. Corliss," said he; "here is a bird's nest that we've found, and that's got to go."

He showed the manufacturer a robin sitting upon a nest that had been built, fast and snug, in a crevice of the rock, among some bushes that grew there. The bird flew off her nest as the men came near, and showed five blue eggs, that looked as if they had just been laid.

"Can we move the nest somewhere else?" asked Mr. Corliss.

"I'm afraid not, sir. We'd tear it to pieces getting it out, and it isn't at all likely that you could get the bird to go to sitting again anywhere else. We've got to go on, so we may as well rip it out and throw the eggs away."

"No," said Corliss, "we won't disturb her. Let her bring out her brood right there."

"But we'll have to stop the work on the building!"

"Let us stop it, then."

And so orders were given that operations on the addition should be suspended. They were suspended; and the hands stood still, drawing their pay for doing nothing, or next to nothing, while the robin sat on her nest with her air of great consequence and zealous attention to business, and had her food brought her by her mate, and at last hatched her brood. And then there were three weeks more to go by, at the least, before the young ones could fly. Corliss visited the nest frequently, not with any uneasiness or impatience to have the robin and the young ones out of the way, but with a genuine interest in their growth. The old birds had all the time they wanted; and when at length they had sternly helped the clumsy, reluctant youngsters over the edge of the nest, and they showed themselves able to get about on their own hook, orders were given to resume the building operations; and the

dull boom of the gunpowder, tearing the rocks apart, was heard when the birds had peeped.

It was an idle freak, a practical man would say, of a man who may have had more money than he knew what to do with. Perhaps it was a freak; but it was one of the sort of freaks that make the world better.—*Listener, in Boston Transcript.*

A HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

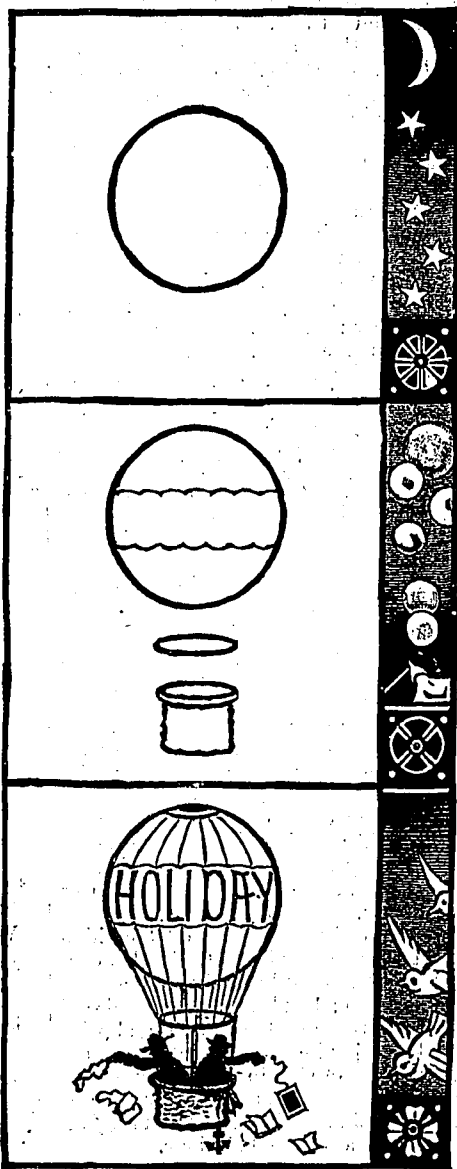
It was years ago, and I was in a New England country town, called there to speak for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Resting at a farm-house, a little fellow, in the glory of his first pants, came into the room, and after looking me over, announced, "I've got the heathen woman's friend, I have." Of course I thought of the paper of that name, so I replied: "Do you like the little paper, *The Heathen Woman's Friend*?"

"Of course I like her: she 'longs to me, and she ain't paper, neither."

"What is she, then; come and tell me about her?"

"Well, you just come out o' doors, and I'll show her to you;" and he led the way.

HOW TO DRAW A BALLOON



THIS is a circle or
a ring,

A bond or bound
for anything.

Add to the circle, if
you please,

Another ring and
Stilton cheese.

A few more changes,
and you'll soon

Behold a "Holiday"
balloon.

Through a long yard, a gateway and another yard he hurried me, till, pausing beside a stake to which a cord was tied, he pointed: "There, do you see her, 'The heathen woman's friend'?"

My eyes followed the cord, and the other end was tied around the leg of a silver-gray hen, which was clucking and scratching in a most motherly fashion for the chickens around her.

"Don't she look like the heathen woman's friend?" asked my little entertainer.

"I don't think I quite understand; you will have to explain this to me," I said.

"Well, you know about mission bands, don't you? You see, I'm in one of them, and we are going to get a lot of money. Jimmy Lake and John Jones have got a missionary hen, and papa gave me one. My Aunt Fanny, she said I'd better call mine 'The heathen woman's friend,' and so I did. We set her on some eggs, and

how many chickens do you think she hatched?"

It seemed impossible to count the restless little things, but looking at Benny's beaming face, I said, "Oh, a dozen, I hope."

"Oh, she did better than that; we set her on thirteen eggs, and she hatched every one. Don't you think she's the heathen woman's friend?" he asked, triumphantly.

Further questions drew out the statement "papa is going to buy all the chickens that grow up, and I'm going to put all the money into mamma's mite-box. Don't you guess 'twill burst the top out, and the bottom too?"

In talking with the mother, I learned that considerable influence would be brought to bear by older brothers to test Benny's missionary zeal, and she promised to write me the results, which I give in brief. The "Friend" brought up the brood with the loss of only one chicken; and when the dozen were sold they made a nice sum, and Benny was told that he was under no obligations to give more than the price of one to missions. However, Benny was firm: "I promised 'em to the Lord, and I won't be mean enough to cheat him,"

families in New England, if not elsewhere. The only way to light one of these brimstone matches was to bring it in contact with a spark of fire. For this purpose there used to be kept in every house a small tin box filled with burnt rags, and this was called a tinder-box. In order to obtain a light, a common gun flint was struck with considerable force against a piece of steel made of convenient size, which produced a few sparks; these lodging upon the burnt rags, made sufficient fire to enable one to readily light the match. These smouldering rags, for the sparks thus obtained did not produce a blaze, were afterwards extinguished by a round tin cover called a damper. To thus create fire required some experience, especially in damp weather, or with cold fingers on winter mornings.

We have known people to make "a bad piece of work" with the flint and steel, and to succeed only with great patience in "striking a light." If one happened to be cross or nervous, the chances were that he could not succeed at all; nor was it an unfrequent sight to see the good wife of the house running across the street with a shovel to borrow a shovelful of "live coals" from a neighbor, the chimney smoke of whose dwelling proclaimed that she had a fire. The change to the match of commerce was one of the first of what we now consider modern convenience. In many families it was one of the children's "chores" to prepare wood for the matches, and to dip the ends in melted brimstone. These matches were sometimes to be bought in shops, but New England economy more frequently led each family to prepare its own. Still it was not uncommon for poor children to make a trifle of money by selling matches to their more unfortunate neighbors.

In sparsely-settled neighborhoods great care was exercised at night by the head of the house to "keep the fire." He took precaution that there should be a good bed of "live coals" at the hour of retiring; these he covered with many shovelfuls of ashes to prevent them from burning out. The next morning the coals were usually found to be "live" on raking open the ashes, and served to start the day's fire. It was not an impossible feat to thus preserve the family fire through the year without recourse to tinder-box or matches. The modern friction match was welcomed by most housekeepers, although here and there some old people objected to it, considering it a dangerous article, as no doubt it is when carelessly used or left lying about. The first friction match invented, required to be drawn across a piece of fine sand-paper in order to produce a light. This was called a lucifer, and was much safer, although not so convenient as the present match. Then came the present patent friction matches, which used to be called "locofocos." There were no fancy match-boxes in "old times," and the tinder-box was not considered an ornamental article, but was kept out of sight in the cupboard or on the kitchen mantel-piece.—*Henry Brooks, in Wide Awake.*

WOMAN'S MISSION.

Dr. Herrick Johnson says in "Christianity's Challenge": "I stand amazed before the revelations of the last decade as to how a woman may help Christ's kingdom come. What unused and unguessed resources have been lying hid, which this 'woman's work for woman' has called out of the secret places and sent on missionary errands around the world! It is the dawn of a new day, and there scarcely has been a brighter since the angels made the Judean air thick with melody when Jesus was born. It looks, after all, as if the strategic point in the warfare for this world's supremacy were the heart of woman. That won, and the family is won. And when up goes the family, down goes heathenism."

FOUR THINGS come not back: the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.—*Mohammedan Proverb.*

and though he was teased and taunted, he held on: "I can't lie to the Lord," and every cent was given as promised.—*Mrs. J. K. Barney.*

THE OLD TINDER-BOX.

Probably there are few children of the present day who have ever seen or even heard of the old-fashioned tinder-box and matches. Yet fifty years ago the friction match, now so universally used, had but just been invented, and did not come into general use for many years. Before the year 1836, or thereabouts, housekeepers were obliged to use matches of domestic manufacture. These were small pieces of white pine wood, perhaps twice the size of our match, the ends of which had been dipped in melted brimstone. A small iron skillet in which to melt the brimstone, was once a common kitchen utensil in many