

Poetry.

THE GRECIAN BEND.

Let's have the old bend, and not have the new;
Let's have the bend that our grandmothers knew;
Over the washtub and over the churn,
That is the bend that our daughters should learn.

Let's have the bend that our grandmothers knew;
Over the cradle, like good mothers true;
Over the table, (the family round.)
Reading the Good Book 'mid silence profound.

Let's have the bend that at church they did wear,
Bowing them lowly in meek, humble prayer;
Not sitting erect, with the modern-miss air,
With the "love of a bonnet" just perched on one hair.

Leave the camel his hump—he wears it for use;
Leave the donkey his pannier—and cut yourself loose
From fashions that lower, deform and degrade!
To hide some deformity, most of them made.

Let our hearts of false hair and hot yarn skeins be shorn;
Let our garments be easy and light to be worn;
Don't shake in December and swelter in June,
And appear like unfortunates struck by the moon.

Let's spend the time in things nobler than dress!
Time that was given us to aid and to bless;
Time that is fleeting and passes away;
O! let us work while we call it to-day!

Let's have the old bend instead of the new;
Let's have the old hearts, so faithful and true;
Away with all fashions that lower and degrade!
To hide some deformity most of them made.

W A S H I N G.

EVENING.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

1. A - bide with me; fast fall; the ev - en - tide; The darkness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

A - men.
When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me.
Change and de - cay in all around I see; O Thou who changeest not, a - bide with me.
Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord a - bide with me.

- 4. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ils have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5. Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.