

## "Good Bye God Bless You."

This poem was one of the last written by Eugene Field before his death.

This seems to me a sacred phrase,  
With reverence impassioned  
A thing come down from righteous days.  
Quaintly but nobly fashioned:  
It well becomes an honest face,  
A voice that's round and cheerful,  
It stays the sturdy in his place,  
And soothes the weak and fearful.  
Into the porches of the ears  
It steals with subtle unction,  
And in your heart of hearts appears:  
And all day long with pleasing song  
It lingers to caress you—  
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong  
That's told "Good-bye—God bless you!"  
To work its gracious function.

I love the words—perhaps because,  
When I was leaving mother,  
Standing at last in solemn pause  
We looked at one another,  
And I—I saw in mother's eyes  
The love she could not tell me—  
A love eternal as the skies,  
Whatever fate befell me;  
She put her arms about my neck  
And soothed the pain of leaving,  
And, though her heart was like to break,  
She spoke no word of grieving;  
She let no tear bedim her eye,  
For fear that might distress me,  
But, kissing me, she said good bye,  
And asked our God to bless me.

## The Singer of the "Holy Angels."

BY GENEVIEVE IRONS.

(Continued.)

I am afraid that Prosper didn't run home to his dinner that day quite so nimbly as usual. I shouldn't wonder if he put his hands in his pockets and strutted through the town with something of an air, as he heard himself pointed out by one and another along the road as "the beautiful new solo who sang at the Cathedral this morning." It was silly, no doubt, but you wouldn't have been much wiser yourself; do you think you would?

Prosper, you see, in spite of his pretty face and his beautiful voice, was a regular boy, and not the least of an angel. If he had been an angel he would not have been spoiled by all this flattery, which I am sorry to say soon began to be the case.

He often sang alone now. The master was so much pleased with him, and was so sure that he would not break down, that whenever there was a particularly beautiful or difficult solo, it was certain to be given to Prosper. On those days the Cathedral was often quite full, for people used to come from a distance on purpose to hear him. I dare say some of the other boys felt jealous, and I know that Prosper felt vain, but no one seemed to think of this. Madame de Coulanges was charmed at his success, and when she gave parties she often had him to her house to sing to her friends. Besides this, she was so good to him in many ways, and so kind to his grandfather, that Prosper soon became very fond of her. He had found another friend, too, since he had come to the Cathedral, and that was Simon, the old sacristan. Simon took a fancy to Prosper from the first, for his own son had once been chorister here, and Prosper reminded him of Marc. There was nothing that this kind old man liked better than to hear him sing, and the next best thing was to stand in the porch as the people went out after service and listen to their praises of him. I wonder if Simon or any one else noticed that the boy never sang really quite so well as he did that first time? It couldn't be helped, I suppose, but the fresh innocence of his voice was gone; it was beautiful still; but in the old days he used just to sing to himself, without caring whether any one else heard him or not, and now he *did* care. That was the difference.

But Simon only knew that Prosper reminded him of Marc, and that was reason enough in his eyes why he should be perfect. It was a pity, he thought, that Prosper hadn't come to be chorister before, for he couldn't remain as sacristan much longer, since he was getting very old. Some hints

had already been dropped about his leaving, but Simon declared that he wouldn't go. "I've been here now these forty years," he said, "and, if God will let me, I mean to stay here a while longer. If I am turned away from the Cathedral, where I have served for more than half my life, I shall die of a broken heart." So he was allowed to remain on, but every week he grew more and more feeble, and at last a day came when old Simon's place was empty.

Prosper was not long in finding out what had happened to his friend. He had been seized with a terrible illness, from which, though he might live for some months, it was certain that he could never recover. When he saw Prosper he burst into tears.

"Ah! my son," he said, "I shall never again hear you sing in the beautiful service of the Church. It grieves me; it makes me weep; it is foolish, but I cannot help it."

"Never mind, good Master Simon," said Prosper, "I will come and sing to you whenever you like, and you can hear the Cathedral chimes, and perhaps with the window open you'll get some of the music too, as it comes up from the valley."

"It will never be the same, never the same," said poor old Simon. "But God's will be done; and if I have you to come and sing to me sometimes, I'll not complain. Only you musn't forget me."

"Forget you? indeed I won't! I'll come to you every Sunday afternoon, and once in the week besides, as long," said Prosper, kissing the old man's withered cheek, "as long as ever you live."

Prosper kept his promise truly until the day came, a sad one for Simon, when the doctor told him that he must leave Val-d'or, and go over the other side of the hill to a place where his married daughter lived, which was more healthy, and where he would have some one to take care of him and nurse him as he required. I am sure that Simon would rather have died neglected and alone in his own cottage, than have lived on for months in greater comfort in a strange place, away from the sound of the Cathedral bells and of Prosper's sweet singing. But he had very little to do with deciding the matter, for one day his daughter came and took him away over the hill to live with her. Simon didn't say much, but he wept quietly to himself. He thought they really might have left him there a little longer, for next week was Christmas, and what would Christmas be to him away from Val-d'or?

"Poor old Simon," said Prosper, when they told him of it; and he thought to himself, "he shall have some Christmas singing all the same, even if I have to walk both ways to give it to him."

Christmas eve came with all the excitement and bustle which, somehow, it always seems to bring. No snow had fallen yet, but the north wind blew pitilessly over the hill, through the leafless forest, as you know the north wind does when it says, "there will be snow." Everything looked about as cheerless as it could, yet Prosper, as he buttoned his warm coat across him to set out for the Cathedral service at four o'clock, thought of poor old Simon, and determined to keep to his resolution. "It will be cold work going over the hill," he thought, "but perhaps this will be Simon's last Christmas here, and I shall like to think I helped to make it happy."

So an hour later, in the teeth of that bitter wind, while the other choristers were sitting down to a nice hot supper, Prosper set off to go to Simon's cottage. For need I tell you that in spite of his little vanity he was a brave, unselfish boy?

Simon was fretful this evening. It was colder here, he told his daughter, than in Val-d'or; the wind would blow the house down, he was sure—even now his bed was rocking as if it were aboard ship. And poor Marie, as she bustled about to wrap the old man up with shawls and blankets, and tried her best to steady the rickety bed, was forced to own that father was "very difficult" to-night; by which she meant hard to please.

Suddenly the wind went down. It does stop so at times in the midst of a storm. Marie was thankful, for now she hoped her father might drop

off to sleep and forget his troubles. Instead of this he turned round and tried to raise himself in bed.

"Marie, what voice is that?" he said.

"There is no voice, father; you are dreaming. The wind has gone down, and it is quiet now; try and go to sleep."

"Don't talk nonsense, Marie. Don't tell me there is no one out there singing. It is Prosper, I know it. I am sure of it. What is to-day?"

To be Continued.

## Hints to House-keepers.

Dried orange and lemon peel in equal proportions will prove a useful flavouring for milk puddings, custards, &c.

When ironing, if the iron is rough and sticks, and is difficult to work, sprinkle a little salt on the ironing board and rub the iron well up and down on it. It will speedily make the iron smooth again and prevent its sticking.

Sliced onion fried in butter or in butter and flour, and rubbed through a sieve and put into soups just before serving, gives a fine flavour and good color.

Clean japanned trays with a sponge wrung out of tepid water, rub dry with a cloth and polish with flour. If the trays are very dirty a little soap may be used, but on no account apply boiling water, for it will certainly cause the varnish to crack and peel off in a most unsightly way.

Dishes should be arranged for washing in the following order: Glass, silver, cups and saucers, plates, and other dishes. Wash the cleanest first, and only a few at a time. Two pans, one for washing, and one for rinsing, should be used. Plates should be well scraped before washing, and dish cloths and towels kept very clean and sweet.

APRICOT CHARLOTTE.—Butter a mould. Cut a stale loaf into fingers, and a round the size of the bottom of the mould; fry them in butter and arrange them in the mould. Pare and stone one and one-half pounds of apricots; boil them in one pound of sugar for half an hour. Pour into the mould, cover with slices of bread dipped in butter, and bake in a moderate oven. Turn out on a dish and sift powdered sugar over it.

CORNMEAL GEMS.—Beat two eggs, add half a cup of sugar, two coffee-cups of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of flour, and enough cornmeal to make a stiff batter. A tablespoonful of shortening improves it. Have the pans very hot and greased well; bake twenty-five minutes.

Idealized baked apples are not baked at all, but steamed. When they are done fill the core cavities with candied fruit. For the filling of eight apples a cooking school recipe is four ounces of candied cherries and two of candied pine apple. Chop the fruits and simmer them in a half-cupful of sugar and a cupful of water. Arrange the apples, when cooked, on an ice-cream dish; fill the centres heaping full of the fruit, draining it free from the syrup. Boil the syrup till thick as honey, flavor with vanilla or good sherry, and baste the apples with it. Serve cold, with whipped cream heaped around the apples just as they are sent to the table.

CURRENTS.—It should be remembered that currants are a particularly dirty fruit, and should always be washed before they are used. The best way to do this is to put them in a colander, sprinkle a little flour on them, then rub them round and round for a minute or two, shaking the colander well to detach the stalks, and make them fall through the holes. When this is done we may pour cold water gently over them, drain them, lay them gently on a towel, and dry them gradually at the mouth of a cool oven or before the fire. When quite dry lay them on a white cloth, and look over them carefully to see if there are any stones. As currants must be dry when used, they ought to be washed as soon as they are sent from the grocers, and be put in jars ready for use. If they have not been washed it is better to be content with rubbing them well in the colander, rather than to wash them and use them wet, for wet currants will make a heavy pudding or cake.