

For our Cozy Corner.

MY VALENTINE.

Soon, oh! soon, a day approacheth,
I'm reminded by the view,
Ranged along the glassy counters
Dainty treasures rare and new.
As I paused to gaze upon them,
Said the man of accents fine,
With an eye to prosperous doing,
Will you buy a valentine

No, said I, with firm decision,
They would be no use to me ;
"Are there not some little children
You could send them to?" said he.
Children, said I, oh, what nonsense !
Children need not things like these ;
Yet this version of the question
Did not well the merchant please.

As I took my journey homeward,
Still his words rang in my ear,
Thinking how the lace-like beauties
Little children's hearts would cheer,
How the words, so kind and tender,
Joy to such as these impart,
Is it true, then rose the question,
These are not for children's hearts?

Then my thoughts went onward, searching
For the children, such a host ;
I'll write *one* for all the children,
But 'twill be for orphans most.
May you all be ever happy
With the joys true friends impart ;
May the storms of life ne'er find you
Where I hide you in my heart.

POSTSCRIPT.

Yesterday I saw two orphans,
They were just so sweet and fair,
That "Who are they?" was the question,
Of the many people there.
So I sought the eldest maiden,
Took her tiny hand in mine,
Asked her kindly, "Whose girls are you?"
Quick the answer, you'll divine.

"I am papa's, grandma's, grandpa's,
Auntie's,"—here she caught our smile,
Then she paused, in painful wonder,
Gazing timidly the while.
"What's your papa's name?" I questioned,
"Isaac," said the little one.
"What's his other name?" She answered
Right at last, "'Tis Isaac Bunn."

Then a kindly woman near them,
Told the tale so sad to hear,
That the darlings have no mother,
Yet *she* tries their hearts to cheer.
Good were they all day, and quiet,
With a grace that always charms,
Till, at last, each sank to slumber,
In some gentle stranger's arms.

Feb. 13th, 1892.

COUSIN JULIA.

A TOUR TO DETROIT NINETY-NINE YEARS AGO.

In the year 1793 the United States Government and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends sent out an expedition to the shores of Lake Erie in an endeavor to effect a general peace with the various Northwestern Indian tribes. The three United States Commissioners and six representative Ministers of the Society of Friends proceeded in two divisions to Upper Canada, one party, among whom was Joseph Moore, of Flemington, N. J., maternal grandfather of the late Sarah (King) Pound, of Farmington, N. Y., and brother to the Samuel Moore, of Nova Scotia, who afterward settled at Norwich, C. W. and to Edward Moore, of Rahway, N. Y., advanced from Philadelphia through the wilderness of the State of New York on horseback to the foot of Lake Erie, the other division, of which Jacob Lindley and William Hartshorn were members, went by boat from New York by way of the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, smaller streams and Lake Ontario to the mouth of Niagara River, on whose banks they rejoined their overland associates. After visiting the various families of Friends settled in that vicinity, the Quaker members of the expedition ascended Lake Erie and the river to Detroit, where they remained for about two months awaiting the arrival of the Commissioners, who had tarried in Upper Canada.

The obstinate refusal of certain tribes to consent to the settlement of the whites north of the Ohio River defeated the object of the expedition. After the conference below Detroit, the party returned to the neighborhood of Niagara Falls, and thence to Philadelphia, which was reached after an absence of about four and one-half months, and which was suffering an epidemic of yellow fever. It was undoubtedly the fatigue and exposure of this long journey that rendered Joseph Moore an easy victim of the plague soon after reaching his New Jersey home.