

Poetry.

THE ONE SON IN TWO.

These verses are from the Magazine called Temple Bar. The undying image of the baby on its mother's knee, and the terrible reality of that sweet baby boy grown up to be a rowdy, perchance a runaway criminal, is a vision seen by some parents, who are frequently the fondest and most affectionate, though perhaps not the wisest in their manner of loving and training their children.

I have two sons, wife,
Two, and yet the same;
Both are only one, wife,
Bearing but one name;
The one is bearded, sunburnt, grim, and fights across
the sea:
The other is a little child who sits upon your knee.

Only one is here, wife,
Free from scath and harm;
I can hear his voice, wife,
All about the farm.
The other is a great, strong man, wherever he may be,
But this one, shadowy and dim, is sitting on your knee.

One is fierce and cold, wife,
With a wayward will;
He has passed through fire, wife,
Knowing good and ill;
He has tried our hearts for many a year—not broken
them; for he
Is still the stainless little one that sits upon your knee.

One did wilful wrong, wife,
Bringing us to shame;
Darkened all the farm, wife,
Blotted our good name;
And when our hearts were big with grief, he sailed
across the sea—
But still we keep the little son that sits upon your knee.

One was rash and dark, wife,
Would have say for say;
Furious when child, wife,
He went his wilful way;
His voice in sinful rage was loud, within the farm; but he
Remained the crowing little one who sat upon your
knee.

One may fall in fight, wife—
Is he not our son?
Pray with all your heart, wife,
For the wayward one;
Pray for the dark, rough soldier who fights across the
sea,
Because you love the little one who smiles upon your
knee.

One in sinful fight, wife,
As I speak, may fall;
But this one at home, wife,
Cannot die at all.
They both are only one; and how thankful we should be
That we cannot lose the darling son, who sits upon your
knee!

PAY YOUR DEBTS AND BE HAPPY.

John Perkins and Silas Tower were walking in company. It was morning, and they were on their way to business. Perkins was a young man—perhaps eight-and-twenty; and Tower was approaching the middle age.

'Ah,' said Perkins, in a tone of fretfulness, 'here comes Matthew Baldwin.'

The person thus alluded to was at that moment crossing the street, and as he reached the side-walk he stopped in front of our two friends. He was a rough clad, brown-faced man, with a frank, open countenance, and he earned his bread by hard work from day to day.

'Good morning,' said Matthew Baldwin. Perkins and Tower returned the salutation.

'Mr. Perkins,' pursued the laboring man, with a show of nervousness in his manner, 'could you make it convenient to let me have a little money this morning?'

'I declare, Matthew, you have hit me in a most unfortunate moment,' replied John Perkins, laughing. His laugh was a business laugh.

'I am sorry, sir,' said the laboring man. 'The bill is only eight dollars; and I need the money very much. If you could contrive to spare me part of it—'

'No, no—hold on for a few days, Matthew, and you shall have the whole of it.—I haven't got it now. If I don't see you when I have it, I'll send it to you.'

Matthew Baldwin turned away with a reluctant step, and the two friends pursued their way.

'Poor Matthew is disappointed,' remarked Tower.

'Yes, I suppose so,' responded Perkins.

'I had half a mind to offer to lend you the money for him.'

'I'm glad you did not, Silas; for then I should have been forced to pay him.'

'But, John, you surely would not keep the poor man out of his money if you could raise it for him.'

'I do not like to pay myself short,' was Perkins' reply.

Silas Tower believed that he knew his friend's fault, and determined to speak his mind freely.

'I think,' he said, in a careful considerate way, 'that you could have paid Matthew Baldwin eight dollars if you had so wished. Am I not right?'

'If I had wished to pay away all the money I have with me, I suppose I could.—But I don't like to do that.'

'Why not?'

'Why not?' replied Perkins, with elevated eyebrows. 'Why—because I like to have a little money by me.'

'For what?'

'For what?' was the echo. 'Why—there may be a thousand things for which I might need money.'

'And for what can you need money more than to pay an honest debt to a hard-working needy man? Now, John, you must pardon me, if I speak plainly.'

'Go ahead,' cried Perkins, with a light laugh.

'Then, here it is,' continued Silas Tower: 'If you had eight dollars in your pocket when Matthew Baldwin asked you to pay him that sum, the money really belonged to him. He had worked for it, and you had received the full value of the demand. You had no more right, in honor, to keep that money than you would have to embezzle a like amount.'

'Upon my life, Silas, you put it strong; but I don't see it. Do you like to be without money?'

'No; but I would rather be without money than be in debt.'

'Do you mean to say that you would have paid away your last dollar had you been in my place a few minutes ago?'

'Certainly, I would. And why should I wish to keep it? If I have money in my pocket, which is not already appropriated, I use it to supply my wants—'

'And to meet emergencies,' suggested Perkins.

'Yes—to meet emergencies,' admitted Tower. 'And what greater emergency can arise than the coming of such an application as Baldwin made to you? When a friend wants to borrow money of me, I am apt to consider my own convenience first; but when a man comes to me for money which I owe him, I pay him if I have it in my possession. In the first place, the money is really and truly his, and I only have it in keeping for him. Matthew Baldwin is a poor man, working hard to support himself and family; and when you hired him, you knew that he needed his pay from day to day—or, at least, from week to week. When he had done his work, you owed him eight dollars; and, if you had eight dollars in your pocket, the sum was his, and not yours; and when he asked you for it, and you told him you could not pay it, you were acting out what I should call one kind of embezzlement.'

John Perkins laughed.

'And,' pursued Tower, taking no notice of the interruption, 'there is another reason why you should have paid the money, even though it took your last penny. You should have done it for your own good. While a man is in debt he cannot afford to waste money; but he will not save it if he carries money just for the sake of spending it.—Now, mark me, John, and say if I do not tell the truth: If you made it the fixed rule of your life to pay all your debts as soon as they were due, you would, in one sense, never be in debt; and you would then never be spending the money which was not yours. This determination, put into practice, would free you from all embarrassment, and lead you into the confidence of your fellows. In short, the man who never gets into debt, or who, if debt must come, holds the liquidating of that as of the chiefest necessity, will be pretty sure to prosper; and, in the end, he will not be likely to be called to pay his last dollar. And now, my dear fellow, if you want my advice, I can give it to you.'

'Go ahead.'

'Do you go back this morning, and pay Matthew Baldwin what you owe him. Go now, before you go to your work. If it takes the last dollar go and do it. Or, if you have but the eight dollars, go and tell him so, and ask him to divide with you.'

'I guess I must think of it awhile,' said Perkins, with another laugh.

'At all events,' added Tower 'you will

allow me to speak with you again on the subject?'

'Certainly.'

At this juncture the two friends separated, Tower going to his store, while Perkins pursued his way to the machine shop, where he earned two dollars and a half a day. This was Monday morning.

On Tuesday morning John Perkins saw Matthew Baldwin on the street, and he avoided him—shrank off down a narrow by-way, so as not to meet his poor creditor.

On Wednesday morning John Perkins saw Matthew Baldwin again; but he was not forced to dodge out of his way, for this time the poor man was standing at the door of a physician's office.

On Thursday as John Perkins was going to his shop, he saw in the street ahead of him, Matthew Baldwin and Silas Tower, engaged in conversation. Directly Baldwin crossed the street and went away, while Tower waited for Perkins to come up. The two friends shook hands, and passed compliments of the morning.

'Poor Baldwin is in trouble,' said Tower, as they walked on.

'Ah, how so?' asked Perkins.

'His wife is very sick—has been sick over a week; and two of his children are down with the diphtheria. One of them the doctor thinks will die. Poor fellow! I pity him. What with nurses to hire, and medicine to buy, and provisions of all kinds he finds it hard to get along. I lent him five dollars this morning; or rather, I paid him in advance for some work he has promised to do for me.'

John Perkins seemed to be a little nervous.

'By the way,' pursued Tower, after they had walked on a little while in silence, 'have you paid Baldwin that eight dollars yet?'

'No—I haven't,' replied John reluctantly.

'Have you got money enough with you to pay it?'

'No.'

'How much have you?'

'Not over three or four dollars.'

'Now, John,' said Tower with a sudden earnestness, 'I am going to ask you a question; and you can answer me or not, as you please. What have you done with the money you had on Monday morning?'

At first John Perkins could not tell what he had done with it; but finally he made out to account for part of it. There were two theatre tickets at fifty cents each. One oyster supper for himself and a friend—a dollar. A horse and wagon for a moonlight ride—two dollars. And then he owned to numerous glasses of soda and beer. In all he accounted for six dollars or thereabouts.

'I declare,' said Tower, shaking his head, speaking with solemn seriousness, 'I would not like to borrow money of Matthew Baldwin for such purposes!'

'How?' uttered John. 'Borrow—of Matthew Baldwin?'

'O, you need not try to hide the truth, John. You know what I mean.'

At this point the friends separated; and as John Perkins walked towards his shop the words of Silas Tower rang in his ears. Did he know what his friend had meant? Aye—that he did; and when he reached his place of work he reflected long and seriously.

'I declare,' he muttered to himself, as he rolled up his sleeves, and arranged his tools, 'I think Tower is right. I could have paid Baldwin last Monday morning if I had only thought so. I wish I had.' He set his lathe and fixed a bar of iron for turning. 'If I had paid him,' he continued, as he watched the bits of iron drop from the revolving bar, 'I should at this moment be better off than I am. Of course I shouldn't have borrowed money to go to the theatre with, nor to pay for horses with. By the powers! Silas told the truth. That money honestly belonged to Matthew Baldwin.'

And so, through the day, John Perkins talked with himself upon the subject thus brought before him, and before night he had resolved that he would turn over a new leaf.

On Friday morning John Perkins saw a man carrying a little coffin into Matthew Baldwin's house. The sight caused him to reflect more deeply than he had done on the day before. That little coffin, with its tale of bereavement and woe, led him into sympathy with the sufferers; and the thought that his failure in duty might have added to the sufferings of the lowly household smote him to the heart.

Saturday evening Perkins knocked at Matthew Baldwin's door. The poor man answered the summons. He was bowed with grief and his eyes were red with weeping.

'Pardon me for calling at this time,' said Perkins, in subdued tones; 'but I thought you might need the money I owed you.'

'Indeed, sir, I do need it; and I thank you for your kindness in remembering me? The man's face brightened as he received the money, and he expressed his thanks again.

'In the time to come,' said John Perkins, 'I may have considerable work for you to do; and I promise that you shall never again have occasion to ask me twice for what is your due.'

And he kept his word.

People who were acquainted with John Perkins and who saw him often, fancied that he walked more stately and proudly than he used to walk; and the impression with some was, that he had met with a stroke of good fortune. The grocer, the baker, and the butcher were among those who imagined that a large sum of money had fallen to him.

Six months passed away. John Perkins and Silas Tower were walking together as we have seen them before.

'My dear Silas,' said John, in continuation of a conversation already begun, 'I owe it all to you. To you I am indebted for my emancipation from one of the meanest and most galling states of servitude that ever laid its yoke upon the neck of man.—Six months ago I was hampered with petty debts, and I was growing more and more inclined to shirk the payment of them; but it is so no more. I now regard a debt as a thing to be shunned; but if I must incur a debt, I pay it as soon as I can. If I had an enemy and was malevolent enough to wish him ill, I can think of no greater evil to call down as a curse upon him, than a state of bondage to—perplexing, harrassing debt.'

HOW THE POPE LIVES AT HOME.

We transfer this sketch to the columns of the Canadian Illustrated News, as it seems to have been written without very much animus, and professes to give minute details.

E. E. Hall writes from Florence, Italy, as follows:—

Your readers may be interested in knowing something of the private life of the present Pope. Though in these days he is a very public character, and his reign is likely to mark an epoch in the history of politics and religion in Italy, and though, as a public administrator he may have much to vex him, yet as an old bachelor at home, he evidently enjoys life, and has a 'good time' generally.

It must be known as preliminary, that the private apartments of the Vatican are beautiful and very rich, overlaid with gold and silk. There are, however, occasionally seen a few painted wooden chairs, very simple, not to say miserable, souvenirs of the apostolical plainness of another age. The same may be said of the Quirinal, Castle Gandolfo, and all other Pontifical residences.

The Pope usually rises at six o'clock in the morning; about seven he says mass in a chapel which joins his sleeping-room. The Cardinals and Roman Bishops generally have the same habit. At Rome, when a prelate rents a furnished apartment, he places in a closet a small, portable altar, where he says mass. In many of the apartments now rented to strangers, the remains of these temporary altars and vestiges of these masses are found. The valet de chambre makes the responses on these occasions. For the Pope this valet is a prelate, a priest, or a deacon.

In the Vatican (there are ten private valets de chambre; the most intimate are classed according to age, passing from the eldest to the youngest. Monsignors Stella, de Merode, Talbot, (an Englishman,) and Ricci, are the four persons always near him. They keep him company, and amuse him, and make him laugh, which is not a difficult thing, for in private life Pius IX. is always laughing and happy.

At eight o'clock the Holy Father takes breakfast, which consists of coffee and some very simple accompaniments. At that time Monsignor Stella alone is present; he opens the correspondence, reads it or gives a summary of it. It is the most private moment of the day. At nine o'clock, breakfast being finished, he reads his private correspondence. Then Cardinal Antonelli comes down from his rooms above, and enters the apartment of the Pope. He is very gentle, very humble, a real treasure; he addresses the Pope sometimes as 'holy father,' sometimes 'most blessed father; he praises the genius of the Pope and his wonderful knowledge of affairs; he is indeed his very humble servant. This political conversation—this labor of the king