

"WHAT MADE THE PEOPLE MOURN HIM SO?"

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE President is dead, you know.
They buried him the other day;
The whole world watched the funeral,
For miles along the crowded way
The mourners marched with looks of woe
And tramping footsteps, silent all.

A Queen laid flowers upon his tomb;
Strong men and little children cried,
And all the land was bowed in prayer,
There seemed no other thought beside,
Nor could a heart that day find room
For common joy or common care.

What made the people mourn him so?
Far mightier folk than he have died,
Great kings and queens have buried been
With pomp and circumstance and pride;
But no one really cried, you know,
Or grieved for the dead king or queen.

The lords and ladies wore black clothes;
But laughed and gossiped just the same,
And talked of the new king to be,
And few spoke praise and many blame;
But over Garfield's still repose
All voices hushed to tender key.

And no voice but found words to say
Words full of praise and love and grief
For the lost friend, the brave, kind man,
The trusted leader, and wise chief,
Who set the battle in array,
And fell just as the fight began.

What made the people mourn him so?
Because he was so good, so strong,
So true to God, so true to men,
So sweet and patient in that long,
Long pain, still knowing as we know
He never could be well again.

Because he did not feign or lie;
Simple and true was all he did,
And brave and manly to the end;
Cheerly he smiled the fires amid,
Content to live, content to die,
Still trusting all to God, his friend.

Would you not like to be mourned so?
Not many men, not any man
Has had such burial as this,
Since the first day the world began;
It cannot often be, you know,
There are not many lives like his.

But this is left for me, for you;
We can be brave as he was brave,
And love our country and our friends,
And give ourselves, as once he gave,
To keep along the good, the true,
Forgetting self and selfish ends.

Then, though no queenly hands may strew
Our graves with flowers, or nations weep,
Though few may mourn us or may miss,
Lying down for our last, long sleep.
The Lord will keep his promise true,
And guard our dust and mark it his.

LOVE TO GOD GIVES PEACE.

A POOR wounded boy was dying in the hospital. He was a soldier, but a more boy for all that. The lady who watched by his bedside saw that death was coming fast, and placing her hand on his head she said to him, "If this is death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet your God?" The large dark eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over the young soldier's face as he answered, "I am ready my dear lady, for this has long been His kingdom," and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart. "Do you mean," questioned the lady gently, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?" "Yes," he answered; but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul already well on its way through the dark valley and shadow of death.

And still he lay there with his hand above his heart, even after that heart had ceased to beat, and the soldier boy's soul had gone up to its God.

WORDS AND THEIR MEANINGS.



WORDS, words! The commonest of all things! The baby is beginning to make them his own, the street-boy has an abundant supply; the lively school-girl never tires of using them; and the college youth flounders in a sea of words!

What are they, and where did they come from? is a question we may well ask when we consider their importance, for important they are, little as we may think of their worth. Perhaps you have seen the man, or woman, or child, who cannot speak. Silent in a world of sound, they can make known but few of the thoughts, and hopes, and desires, that fill their minds, for words fly before them, and they can never make one of the ready little messengers their own!

We owe so much of our happiness to words, that we can well spend a little time in getting better acquainted with them, and we may be sure that they will well repay our efforts, for many of the words that fall from our lips every day have a family history that is full of interest, and that is sometimes very amusing too.

Let us glance at a few of our common words, and perhaps our interest may be awakened in the study, and we may be led to an acquaintance with the great family that will be of real pleasure and profit to us.

Boys and girls who are studying geography hurry over the long name "Newfoundland," with, perhaps, never a thought of whence or why. But take it apart, or pronounce it slowly, and you will find what was true of it when it was first discovered, it is *new-found-land*. To be sure there was plenty more land that was equally *new-found*, but this name, which the discoverer, who was, we presume, a man of few words, gave to this island, stands as its name to-day.

Every child learns at an early age what the *butterfly* and the *buttercup* are. But why are they so called? The most common species of either is yellow, and because butter is, or ought to be, yellow, our ancestors gave the names, dear to every lover of beauty and grace, to the insect and wild flower.

There is a class of compound words which would mean far more to us if we would but stop to think of them. You say, "I am thankful." Are you full of thanks? or are you only using a common expression? If you are a Christian boy or girl, you have often said, no doubt, "I am trying to be faithful." Never say it again without asking yourself the question, "Am I trying to be *full of faith*; not to have a little faith, or to have faith for some thing, but to be *full of it*?"

These are only a few examples of compound words which may be taken apart and looked at, but if they set us to thinking and inquiring about others they have served their purpose, and we may pass them by.

The moon is as old as the world, at least, and it is interesting to know where it found a name. Our ancestors looked upon this heavenly body as a time-measurer, and named it accordingly. The root from which *moon* is derived means to measure, and the name answers every purpose, though we do not count time by moons, as did

our forefathers. The Latin name, *luna*, however, is an exception to this popular understanding of the peculiar work belonging to the moon, as this means "the shining one," and our word *lunatic*, which comes from this, is a reminder of the old belief that wandering wits depended upon the motions of the moon.

The word *slave* takes us back to the Slavonians of eastern and western Europe, who were held in such contempt by the more cultivated Germans, and often held in bondage by them. Who would expect a short word to open a whole chapter of history to us? But it may, as in this case and in many others.

A great many words are no longer used in their own proper sense. Thus, to forgive, is to "give up." One may forgive a debt, when he gives up a claim; or he may forgive an offence when he gives up unkind feeling on account of it, but in the original sense of the word he could not forgive an offender.

We have called attention to a very small number out of the great army of words that have each their own story to tell, but our object is only to direct our young student friends to this charming study, which is really more pastime than study.

We are quite sure that one who begins to study words will also begin to watch his own words. Where there are several words to express the same idea, how shall we know which to choose? It is quite natural to use the one that we have been accustomed to hear. But that may not be the best. We must learn to listen to the words of educated people, and especially to observe the use that the best writers make of words. Do not let your vocabulary be made up in any degree from the sensational stories that abound in these days, and the only way to prevent this will be to let them entirely alone! Our use of words is very largely affected by what we read, and if we want to cultivate the true, and right, and beautiful use of words, we must go to the best source of supply—the best books.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S GRIT.



HERE were nine hundred wounded, who were at once sent to the hospital at Scutari. Miss Nightingale had arrived there with her bevy of lady nurses. Her first act showed her wonderful energy and determination. The steamers laden with the wounded had cast anchor at Constantinople. There were not yet any mattresses or bed-clothes on the camp beds in the hospital, and the latter were not nearly sufficient in number for the wounded coming. Miss Nightingale went to the quartermaster-sergeant in charge of the stores, and asked him for the stores which she required. He told her there was everything she could desire in the magazines, but that she must get the Inspector-General of Hospitals to write an official letter to the Quartermaster-General, who would send him an authority to draw the stores, and that she might then receive them on showing this authority. Miss Nightingale asked how long this would take. On being told that three days would be the shortest time necessary

for the correspondence, she answered that nine hundred wounded officers and men would be in the hospital in three hours, and that she must have what they required immediately. She then went to the magazines, and, telling the sergeant of the guard there who she was, asked him if he would take an order from her. He said he would, and she ordered him to drive in the door. This was done, and the wounded were provided for in time.

Her firmness at surgical operations was something marvellous. Her appreciation of her mission was grand. She stood one day with spirits, instruments, and lit in hand, during the performing of a frightful amputation. Half a dozen young lady nurses were beside her, holding basins, towels, and other things surgeons might want. A harrowing groan from the patient suddenly put them all to flight, except Miss Nightingale, who, turning calmly round, called to them "Come back! Shame on you as Christians! Shame on you as women!" They returned holding each other's trembling hands, and some of them almost ready to faint. But they got over their nervous weakness as their novice advanced, and did an amount of good that yet lives in the memory of many a man rescued from death and pain by their gentle ministrations.

Miss Nightingale's work was duly appreciated. At a large dinner party given by Lord Stratford, when peace had been made, to the superior officers of the army and navy, Miss Nightingale also was among the guests. When the ladies had withdrawn, the Ambassador made a speech recording the services rendered by those present, and gracefully alluded to the important part played by her. Where I was sitting, flattering remarks were made on the conduct of those whom Lord Stratford had so warmly praised. It was at last proposed that every one should write on a slip of paper the name which appeared to him most likely to descend to posterity with renown. The names were written and given to the proposer of this benevolent form of ostracism. Every one of them contained the name of Miss Nightingale. An enthusiastic cheer was raised, in which the two commanders in chief, Sir William Codrington of the army and Lord Lyons of the navy, were among the most clamorous in their applause, Lord Stratford leading the hurrah.—*Temple Bar.*

AUSTRIAN WOMEN.

WOMEN in Austria work as bricklayers and as borers, and may be seen carrying loads of mortar and buckets of bricks up high ladders. They dig and wheel barrows of "ballast" as nimbly as their lords. They chop wood, carry water and offer to black your boots in the streets; and they perform many other little offices which, according to our notions, hardly come under the denomination of women's work. Perhaps this state of things is unavoidable in a country where it is considered necessary to keep a standing army of 800,000 men. The women work inordinately hard, while hundreds of idle men are constantly sauntering about in various uniforms, doing nothing at all, except perhaps blowing a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

Why cannot men begin to glorify God with a yard-stick, a pair of shears, a hand saw, and a goose quill in their hands, and not wait for golden harps?