

The Song of the Wreck.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The wind blew high, the waters raved,
A ship drove on the land,
A hundred human creatures sared
Kneeled down upon the sand.
Threescore were drowned, threescore were thrown
Upon the black rocks wild,
And thus among them, left alone,
They found one helpless child.

A seaman rough, to shipwreck bred,
Stood out from all the rest,
And gently laid the lonely head
Upon his honest breast.
And travelling o'er the desert wide
It was a solemn joy
To see them, ever side by side
The sailor and the boy

In famine, sickness, hunger, thirst
The two were still but one,
Until the strong man drooped the first
And felt his labors done.
Then to a trusty friend he spake :
" Across the desert wide,
O take this poor boy for my sake !"
And kiss'd the child and died:

Toiling along in weary plight
Through heavy jungle mire,
These two came later every night
To warm them at the fire.
Until the captain said one day,
" O, seaman, good and kind,
To save thyself now come away
And leave the boy behind !"

The child was slumbering near the blaze ;
" O, captain, let him rest
Until it sinks, when God's own ways
Shall teach us what is best !"
They watch'd the whiten'd, ashy heap,
Then touched the child in vain ;
They did not leave him there asleep,
He never woke again.

How to Make a Good Wife.

Be attentive and courteous to her.
Respectfully listen to her opinions, giving them such consideration as they deserve.

Show your affection by quietly allotting her the most comfortable seat at the fireside, and the daintiest tidbits on the table.

Make your home as comfortable as your means will allow.
Be mindful of her if she has a particularly hard day's labor.
Never allow her to bring pails of water, bring hods of coal, or build the furnace fires. You can do it with far less loss of nervous power than she. The mother of your children needs all her vital energy in accomplishing those duties which she alone can perform.

Give her such means, for her own and children's wardrobe, as you can reasonably afford.

Give her the means to repair the wear and tear of the household effects. Woman is naturally ambitious and tasteful. Her good sense makes her economical. She will make the most of her means.

Be careful when you enter your home.

Don't be afraid to praise the neat room and bright fire.
Don't be afraid of loosing, if you praise her cooking. Don't be afraid to praise her mending, and her skill in fashioning and making. Don't fail to give her words of appreciation, whenever you can conscientiously approve. Never deceive her. Be ever true to her. Let your conduct be such that she will be happy in teaching your children to honor you.

Do not sit silent all the evening absorbed in your book or newspaper.

Give your family some of your attention. Tell them amusing things that have brightened your day's labor.

Speak kindly to your children.

Play or talk with them a few moments after supper.
Interest yourself in your wife's employment. Encourage her when she is down-hearted. Be glad with her when she is happy.

Let her know by words and actions that she is appreciated, and you made happier that she walks by your side. Don't wait to tell the world upon marble that which will be so grateful to her loving heart to hear from your lips. Share with her your good fortune as unselfishly as you do your ill.

Let her walk by your side your honored companion ; your strong hand helping her over the rough places, and sustaining her when wearied, lest she faint by the way.

They Didn't Sell Stoves.

Four or five weeks ago a woman with an undecided look on her face entered a Detroit hardware store, threaded her way for sixty feet among coal stoves of every pattern, and timidly inquired :

" Do you keep stoves here ?"

" Yes'm."

" Coal stoves ?"

" Yes'm."

She said she had been thinking of getting a coal stove for the winter and the clerk took her in hand. He showed her how the doors worked and how the dampers were arranged, and the flues situate, and he talked of double drafts, great savings, increased cheerfulness, reduction in price, and all that ; and she said she'd think it over and drop in again.

In about three days the woman reappeared and inquired of the very same clerk if they sold coal stoves. He replied that they did sell one now and then, and he cleared his voice and began the usual thirty-minute lecture on the Michigan, the Detroit, and the peninsula base-burners. The beautiful nickel-plate, the place for the tea-kettle, the ornamental legs—the anti-clinker shaker—all points were touched upon and praised and explained, and the woman said she wouldn't take one along under her arm just then, but would call again. She called again that same week, heard the same lecture from the same clerk, and started for the bank to draw the money to pay for a base-burner. That was the last seen of her for a week. Then she walked softly in and innocently inquired :

" I suppose you keep coal stoves ?"

" No, ma'am."

" Not any kind ?"

" Not a one. We used to, but went out of the business a year ago."

There were twenty coal stoves on the floor, but if she saw them she didn't let on. She heaved a sigh of disappointment, glanced around her, and went slowly out with the remark :

" Well, I don't know as I want to buy one, but I thought it wouldn't do any harm to look at some of the latest makes."
—Free Press.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

An Autumn Dirge.

BY JOB LAWNBROOK.

As the leaves of September are dying
In the woodlands all gloomy and drear,
And the clouds dark and heavy are crying
O'er glory-wrapt Summer-time's bier,

I ponder o'er partings of near ones,
O'er those who have left us to mourn,
And o'er the fierce discords of dear ones
Whose hearts have with anguish been torn.

See I welcomes of love never spoken ;
Fond hearts that excess of joy bows,
Sinking sad at the shrine of yows broken .
Death alone from their pain can arouse.

They were firmer than Vulcan could weld them,
Those bauds that linked heart close to heart,
But the world and its changes beheld them
And the dearest are farthest apart.

Ever thus must it be till the Father
O'er the river His children will bear,
And friends in true friendship will gather
In light and in love over there.