

The Poet's Corner.

The Perfect Morn.

BY A. M'CONIKAK.

Scarcely a wave upon the ocean,
Scarcely a ripple on the sea,
Scarcely a sound to break the stillness,
Scarcely a thought to trouble me;
While I breathe the ocean's fragrance,
And I feel the life it gives,
As it comes in lazy breathings
With - rutilly that lives.

Cushy's Island lies before me,
White flood rages o'er the sea,
While ten thousand silver spangles,
Sparkle mid the rocks for me;
And beyond the opening channel,
In the turning of the tide,
Glides a rowboat, while the ripples
Run in silver from its side.

'Tis a morning in September,
And the sky is blue and fair,
Showing here and there its cloud ships
Sailing in their seas of air;
And I hear a cricket chirping,
In a low and plaintive trill,
While I rest in sweet contentment
In the morn so pure and still.

Sabbath morn beside the coast,
Sabbath morn beside the sea,
And the church bells' chime in Portland,
Ring their anthem out to me;
Ring the hymn of Christ arisen,
Ring the rest of Sabbath day,
Ringling o'er the glassy waters,
Ringing o'er Casco Bay.

And I listen to the ringing,
And I rest in sweet content,
On the rocky moss slope resting,
While my 'nancy I have lent
To the sweet music of the picture,
Painted on the land and sea;
As the odor of the seabirds
Wafts its fragrance up to me.

And my heart swells in its gladness
To the giver of all joy,
As I breathe the morning's sweetness
Free from all that will annoy;
For no wave is on the ocean,
And no ripple on the sea;
Scarcely a sound to break the stillness,
And no thought to trouble me.

Faith.

BY C. W. DENNIS.

Ye suffering ones of earth, why will ye longer
Tarry?
Thy burdens, heavy though they be, in faith
To Christ now carry.
Though dark the gloom around thee spread,
Though fierce the gale is blowing,
That Christ will take thee by the hand, His
Love forever showing.
Though o'er thy life are hanging clouds, that
break with bitter sorrow,
That fill the days with aching pains; no bright-
er hopes to morrow,
Thy rough earth and sky o'er-shrouded be, in one
vast, sombre pall.
Though all is dark, yet bend thine ear, thou'll
hear the Saviour call.
"Come unto me, ye weary ones, and I will give
you rest."
As mothers fold their little ones, I'll fold thee
to my breast:
I'll shield thee in every storm, thou sorrowing
tender one.
Then thou shalt say in earnest tone, "My
Lord, thy will be done."
And when this vale of life is rent, and time
with thee no more,
Thou'll stand beyond the swelling flood, be-
yond the earthly shore,
Then thou shalt know why thou hast had so
much of storm to bear,
And how those storms hath richer made, the
crown which thou shalt wear.
Perfect in His likeness thou, perfected in His
form,
We'll enter on that higher life, through birth,
which men call death,
We'll sing the songs the angels sing, when
cease this fleeting breath,
Our three score years and ten will pass, as pass
the winter's day,
And often clouds obscure the light, and dark-
ness round us lay,
And often will the thunders roll, as oft the
lightning flash,
And oft the heart will heave and swell, when
bitter storms doth lash,
Then may those storms a lesson teach, of vir-
tue, hope and trust,
And prove the life begun within, ere we re-
turn to dust.
Then may our hearts be lifted up, with grate-
ful love to God,
Who often hides a smiling face, behind the
chastening rod.

To Her.

EXTRACTED FROM SOME NOTES.

These flowers hang their heads because, you
see,
I kissed them as I let them go to thee,
And that they got their message straight, I
saw.
This note, their sweet confusion to atone,
But if, perchance, in this I've been too free,
Return the flowers and the kiss to me,
And let no thought of pity's cruel fil-
ter, send back the roses when and how you will,
The kiss, I prithee, do more kindly treat
And give it to me, darling, when we meet.

Husband and Wife.

ABRAHAM D. MAXWELL.

She came to the room where her husband
Seemed taking a peaceful rest,
With his old hands clasped together
In slumber on his breast.
And she knelt down by the bedside,
And laid her poor, old head
Close down by his, on the pillow,
And whispered to the dead:

"It's only a little while, Daniel,
Since you died, but, dear, to me
It seems like years since you told me
It had grown too dark to see,
And asked me to come and kiss you,
And hold you by the hand,
As you started out on your journey
To find a Better Land."

"Have you found it? Tell me, Daniel,
Speak to your poor, old wife,
Why should we two be parted
In the last days of our life?
Oh! if they'd take me, too, dear,
I want to lay by your side,
For there's nothing left to live for
Since my good man has died."

"You do not answer me, Daniel,
It can't be that you know
That your old wife's talking to you,
Dying has changed you so,
There seems such a distance between us;
Oh, Daniel, I break my heart
To think you've left me behind you,
And we so far apart."

"I've brought the old Bible, Daniel,
You gave me when we were wed;
Never a day since our marriage
But there's been a chapter read.
In times of peace and gladness,
And times of tears and pain,
We've read it together, Daniel,
As we never will read it again."

"You've no need of it now, dear heart,
But where else shall I find
The comfort and strength that's needed
By the old heart left behind?
Do you remember, Daniel,
When our first little baby died
How you read it after the funeral,
And I sat at your feet and cried?"

"I remember the chapter, Daniel,
It was where the Saviour said,
'Blessed are they who sorrow
For they shall be comforted.'
Oh, my arms and my heart seemed empty,
I missed the baby so,
Have you found the little one, Daniel?
Tell me, I want to know."

"Oh, go to the dear Lord, Daniel,
And ask Him to let me come;
Toll Him your old wife's lonely,
And long to follow you home,
I want to be with you, Daniel,
I want to hold fast to your hand,
Toll the dear Lord about it,
And he will understand."

The Fire of Home.

GEORGE WOODS.

I hear them tell of far-off climes,
And the treasures grand they hold—
Of minister walls, where stained light falls
On canvas, rare and old.
My hands fall down, my breath comes fast—
But, ah, how can I roam?
My task I know, to spin and sew
And light the fire of home.

Sometimes I hear of noble deeds,
Of words that move mankind,
Of willing hands that to other lands
Bring light to the poor and blind;
I dare not preach, I cannot write;
I fear to cross a foam.
Who if I go, will spin and sew
And light the fire at home?

My husband comes, as the shadows fall,
From the fields with my girl and boy,
His loving kiss brings with it bliss
That hath no base alloy.
From the snow-plowed meadows fresh and brown
I catch the scent of the loam;
"Heart do not fret, 'tis something yet
To light the fire of home."

The Battle of the Choir.

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch,
Choir and presbyter, hither,
Into a mass of pitch,
They led the Old Hundred.
Trotted to right of them,
Trotted to left of them,
Bascined in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, that presbyter's foot
When the soprano tool
Their own time and hook,
From the Old Hundred.

Dire the presbyter's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding fresh keys to hear
Out the Old Hundred
Swiftly he turned his back,
Grabbed his hat off the rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he snatched.
Oh the wild howl they wrought:
Quite to the end they fought!
Some time they sang, but not—
Not the Old Hundred.

Two Paths.

A biography of the son of a small farmer
who lived in the stormy times of Charles
the First has just been published in England.
John, on coming to man's estate, met a wo-
man whom he heartily loved.

"We were not afraid to marry," he
wrote, "though we had not so much prop-
erty as a dish or a spoon between us."

John was soon converted to his wife's
religious belief, and was not afraid to
preach it, though he was sent to prison for
doing it.

"If I am set free to-day, I will preach
the gospel to-morrow," he told the judge.
He kept his word, and was twice sent back
to jail, where he remained for nearly thir-
teen years. There he worked day and
night making shoes to support his fam-
ily, and writing the gospel which he could
not preach.

The book which he wrote, "The Pilgrim's
Progress," has been read all over the Eng-
lish-speaking world, and has been translat-
ed into eighty languages.

About the same time a German lad of
seventeen in a Moravian settlement in the
wilderness of Pennsylvania felt "called of
God" to preach to the savages. A noble-
man who was visiting the settlement was
pleased by the boy, and offered to take him
to Europe, give him a training as a skilled
artisan, and establish him at Utrecht. An
assured career and a fortune opened before
him; the whole colony looked upon him
as the luckiest of men. He consented, and
sailed in the suite of Baron S—. As the
ship passed down the Delaware, they saw
the boy, pale and haggard, gazing at the
shore.

"David," he was asked, "do you wish
to return?"

"Yes."
"For what purpose?"
"To tell the Indians of God. This is my
true work."

"Then in His name, go back, even now."
He was sent ashore in a bateau, returned
home, entered in the lodge of an Indian
chief for two years, to learn their language
and customs, and then gave up his life to
preaching to them. No missionary has
ever exercised a more powerful influence on
the Indians than David Ziesberger. He
founded forty Christian villages, and brought
thousands of savages to Christianity and
civilization.

A hundred years later, a small company
of men, old and young, was gathered in a
large room in Philadelphia. Before them
lay a paper, a protest against tyranny. If
they signed it, it was at the risk of their
lives, and of the property which would keep
their children from beggary. Not a man
drew back. The result is the Republic of
the United States.

Young men of the present day in choosing
a career ask themselves, "Can I grow rich
by these means? How much will it be
worth a year to me?" John Bunyan and
David Ziesberger would seem fools in the
eyes of the wise men of this generation.

Yet it is only the men who struck out a
higher purpose in life than money, and who
obstinately followed it, that are reckoned
among the world's leaders.

Only spiritual things last, and sacrifice is
one law of spiritual happiness, growth and
attainment. There are two classes of men:
those who live for the gratification of self,
and those who live for the good of others,
and the two pursue different ways, leading
whither? ending where?

Plain.

"Meanness is often confounded with econ-
omy, and generosity with waste, but they
are far apart. Meanness is the fruit of
misersliness and selfishness. Economy is the
fruit of the noblest idea of generosity and
unselfishness. An economical person saves
on ribbon and gewgaws to have a surplus
for beneficence, and unselfish purpose. Econ-
omy is a duty; meanness is a sin. There is
no true generosity that is attracted from
economy." The following conversation,
overheard between two women on a horse-
car, illustrates a very popular idea of so-
called "meanness."

"Did you see Mrs. K— at the entertain-
ment last night?"
"Yes, I did, and didn't she look awfully
plain?"
"I thought so. I've seen her wear that
plain black silk a dozen times before."
"Yes; and that bonnet of hers? Why,
it never cost six dollars?"
"And no jewelry at all?"

"No; and they say she is worth fully
half a million."

"Well, I call it downright meanness in
any one to dress like that when they can
dress better. Why, you and I were dressed
better than she."

"Indeed, we were."

"And they say Mrs. K—is close and sav-
ing about everything. She's awfully afraid
her servants will waste something, and she
never lays out a dollar for lots of things you
and I wouldn't hesitate about buying, even
if our husbands are on salaries."

"I declare, I hate stinginess. What do
you suppose makes her so miserly?"

The cause of Mrs. K—s so-called "miser-
liness" is given in the following extract late-
ly taken from a paper published in the city
in which she lives:

Mrs. E. L. K— has just given ten
thousand dollars to the fund being raised
for the Orphans' Home in the city. "The
same generous and noble minded lady has
also given ten thousand dollars towards an
institution for the education of poor boys
and girls. Her constant charities in other
directions are said to be very large.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

The *Lumber World* says that oiling wood
with linseed oil, or even with coal or kero-
sene, will protect it from worms.

The camphor laurel, from which the cam-
phor gum of commerce is obtained, has been
successfully introduced into California. It
is a native of China.

Paper gas and water-pipes have recently
been exhibited in Vienna. It is claimed
that they will resist an internal pressure of
2000 pounds although they are only about
half an inch thick.

The bed of the ocean, says a foreign writ-
er, is to an enormous extent covered with
lava and pumice stone. Still more remark-
able is it to find the floor of the ocean cov-
ered in many parts with the dust of the me-
teorites.

A bridge of concrete, thirty feet in span
with a roadway thirteen feet wide, and ca-
pable of supporting safely a load of 200 tons,
was recently built in Switzerland in a single
day. Two months time was allowed for
the complete hardening of the concrete,
after which time heavy traffic began with-
out apparent injury to the structure.

Various tests of the new French horse-
shoe, which is made entirely of sheep's
horn, show its value for horses used in towns
and known to have an unsteady foot on
pavements. Horses thus shod have been
driven at a rapid pace on pavements with-
out slipping. Besides this advantage it is
said to be more durable and but a trifle
more expensive than the ordinary horse
shoe.

With a lens made of rock salt it may be
possible to photograph in the dark. The
Photographic News states that Abney has
succeeded in preparing plates which are
sensitive to the rays lying beyond the red
end of the spectrum, the dark heat rays,
and with such plates used with a rock
lens there should be a possibility of
graphing bodies which possess a high tem-
perature, although that temperature is
far below that needed for incandescence.

He Always K.

Man (who has just
West) addressing a
"You knew Basil
ago?"
"Perfectly well."
"Did you?"
"No."
"He—"

"He—"

"He—"

"He—"

"He—"

"He—"

"He—"

"He—"