

A HYMN.

Jesus! the ladder of my faith. Rest on the Jasper walls of Heaven; And through the veiling clouds I catch Faint visions of the mystic Seven!

A BAD FELLOW.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

Joe Plaisted "came of bad stock," as we of Leybridge have been in the habit of saying when we had occasion to refer to the young man's iniquities;

Wherefore we have virtually agreed that it was perfectly in accordance with Biblical and natural laws, that the son should inherit with the tumble-down hut in the suburbs of our town, another legacy, that of an inordinate love for liquor.

When we made our semi-prayers at the evening meetings, that "the impenitent souls around us might be converted," I fear if we included the case of Joe Plaisted in our petition, it was with a sort of vague experimental interest—a little in the spirit of Professor Tyn-dal's prayer test.

"Perfectly irrecusable," we said as day after day he staggered by, and we rather wondered that old Captain Marden of the coasting schooner "Louisa," which made deliberate passages between New York and Leybridge, should always hire Joe as a foremast hand; but then the old man was rather a coarse sort of a personage, as might be deduced from a remark which he made when Judge Pitman, who owned the schooner once remonstrated with the ancient mariner for employing a drunkard.

"When he's with me," said Captain Marden, expectorating violently, "I don't hev no fault whatsoever to find with him; he's honest an' he's faithful, an' do'n't touch a drop of whiskey from the time he comes on board till he goes on shore ag'in; an' if some of you rich chaps would jest shet Mike Walsh's runshop up, an' hev Tom Gregson indicted for selling the cussed stuff, you might be the sa'm'in' of Joe."

Now Judge Pitman and Squire Fletcher own the building down by the wharf, where the bowling alley and runshops are located; so the Judge hummed and hawed, and changed the subject rather hastily to the prospects of coal freight the coming season.

"Why don't you try and make something of yourself, Joe?" said Judge Pitman one-day, as strutting down to the wharf to oversee some workmen, he found the young man moodily kicking pieces of coal from the edge of the pier into the river, in an attitude which any one else would have indicated despondency, but which, as it was Joe Plaister the Judge was pleased to consider in the light of ill-temper and idleness.

"Be somethin'!" repeated Joe, with a short laugh, "s'posin' I sot out, who'd help me?"

The Judge, who is a church-goer and remembered something about "the word in season," cast wildly about in his mind for an appropriate Scripture text. "Well, Joe," he answered, a little uneasily, as not being perfectly sure of his quotation, "the promise—is—that—or—the Lord helps him who helps himself."

"I don't no nothin' 'bout the Lord," said Joe, in a rather despairing tone; "what I want, is for some man to give me a lift, if it's only a kind word." He continued with a sort of yearning hungry look on his coarse features, which however, was utterly lost on Judge Pitman, who turned away to another part of the wharf to growl at the carpenter.

Joe turned away with a bitter oath. "An' folks call him a benevolent man," he said with a sneer to himself.

Yet he did not turn as he had been wont to do, and enter Mike Walsh's saloon, to the intense wonderment of Mr. Walsh himself, who in his shirt sleeves watched his former customer through a dingy pane in the shop window with a surly wonder.

"Tin dollars ould Marden paid him yesterday for the run up to New York an' back" remarked Mr. Walsh, in confidence to himself, "an' not wunst has he been foreinast the shop the day."

Does this seem a small matter? Verily to Joe Plaisted it was an event of great magnitude, an event at which his appetite cried out, yet in vain, for there

was dogged determination, a will power, it would have been called "in any one else, which set itself over the man's coarser nature, and rather than "back down" as he mentally expressed it, Joe would die.

"I said that I would hang out three days without a sup of whiskey," said Joe, setting his teeth together hard, "an' I won't go back on my word."

How came he to say this, do you ask? Well, it was in this wise: He had wandered up to a Water street dance-house a few evenings before, where he had been in the habit of passing his evenings when in New York with a few of his boon companions; but in place of the epigrammatic and suggestive title—"The Dew Drop Inn"—which had been emblazoned over the door, was an illuminated transparency bearing the words "Whoever will let him come," words which, it seemed to Joe, he remembered to have heard as in a dream, how many years ago was it.

"What in thunder—" began Joe in great wonderment; but as he stared, there came from the interior a strain of music which surely never proceeded from Blind Bob's cracked fiddle, which he had so often heard, and in another moment a sweet voice commenced:

"'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree, To open a fountain for sinners like me, His blood is that fountain, which pardon bestows, And cleanses the foulest, wherever it flows."

"Guess there's some fun goin' on here," muttered the man, yet in a softened tone, for somehow the strains of music had touched a chord which had never before been acted upon—"any way I'll go in," and with the words he entered.

But what did it all mean. In place of the rough bar, the rickety tables, and the broken settees, were whitewashed walls, a sanded floor, and some wooden chairs, which were occupied by—yes, he knew the most of them; there was "Drunken Joe Wheeler," Miles the bartender, Jim Casey, and Big Bill, with whom he had a fight when he was up last time. And there was Liz, and Sue, and the others—but what clean and unpainted faces, and even an attempt at neatness visible in their apparel.

Behind a little table wherein were two books, stood a young man, whom Joe instantly remembered as a nephew of Judge Pitman, who had been pointed out to him as one of the aristocrats of New York, and Joe remembered how he had hated him, when once he came down to the pier where the schooner was unloading, looking so gentlemanly and neat in his well-fitting clothes.

But as Joe stood hesitating, the young man gave him a friendly nod, and Jim Casey called out audibly, "Come on, Joe—here's a cheer," so that against his own inclination he found himself seated—and next to Liz—Liz, whom he had seen drunken, cursing and fighting, but never weeping, and now the tears were running down her cheeks like water!

And between Liz and Sue sat a young lady with such a look of purity on her sweet face that, as Joe afterwards said, "it seemed as though an angel was a whisperin' to her," and the strangest thing of all was she was holding the hand of Liz. What did it mean?

"My brothers and sisters," said Judge Pitman's nephew, at which familiarity Joe stared at the speaker in undisguised amazement, "I want, if I can, to-night, to tell you of Jesus Christ."

That was the way he began. And though he left abstractions entirely out of his discourse, from the general effect of the simple told about the love of Christ, what he had done, and what he would do, upon these darkened souls, I am inclined to think that there was no such sermon preached in all New York that evening as Judge Pitman's nephew gave them, then and there.

Perhaps the depraved souls who were moved to tears that night all went back to their wallowing in the mire. I don't think they did though; for, if I'm not mistaken, Liz and Sue are both nurses in Bellevue Hospital to-day; Jim Casey's nose has regained its pristine flesh-colored tinting and he drives an express waggon up-town; Big Bill is a temperance reformer, and Miles has started a shoemaker's shop with Joe Wheeler for a partner; they have all signed the pledge, and are all trying, each in his or her peculiar way, to follow Christ.

Still I don't assert these things as actualities, for I am not personally acquainted with any of them. I only know from what Joe has told me, yet I love to believe that they are true.

But Joe came home and fought it out with himself, first taking a mental vow to leave whiskey alone for three whole days, and he kept it.

"When I got clear-headed," said Joe, "I see where I was and what I was, as I never see it afore. I told old Pitman that I wanted a man to help me, but after all I wanted the Lord, an' I've got Him now," he added with a joyous look on his rough visage.

Just when he found Jesus Christ he cannot tell; but what does that matter if the Master knows. It is all sufficient that he has found Him.

taught the spot," he told me speaking of the matter one day; "an' when, after she'd prayed she sung 'Jest as I am, without one pla's, I giv' right up, an' let the Lord do jest, as he was a mind to do with me."

"Sudden conversions," some one sneers. Well, so it may be, and as a general thing I'm not a full believer in their power of endurance.

But in Joe's case I am; not that he has become a man made over, with a new nature, but he is trying harder to be a Christian than any man whom I have ever seen.

Judge Pitman says that we'd better wait awhile till the excitement wears off, and Squire Fletcher says that it may be all right enough, time will tell. And now I am beginning to think that, as a people, somehow we are lacking in one of the essentials. It can't be faith, for our stock of that, if I judge by what I hear in our evening meetings, must be uncommonly large, as is also our hope for the ultimate conversion of the world; so it must be charity.—The Christian Weekly.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

"Do you ever trust, Mr. Astor?" inquired Mr. K.

"I do not trust, strangers, sir," was the reply; "unless they furnish me with satisfactory city reference."

"Then," said Mr. K., "the skins I have selected must suffice this time," and paying for the same he departed.

In the afternoon of the same day, just before the sailing of the New Bedford packet, the young trader returned for his lot of furs. Throwing the whole pack on his back, he left the store, but he had not proceeded a dozen yards when Mr. A. called his name, bidding him come back.

"Sir," said Mr. A., "you can have credit for any amount of goods you require, provided they are to be found in my store."

"But," stammered Mr. K., "but, my dear sir, I can give you no city references—I am a stranger here."

"I ask no recommendation," responded the rich merchant, "than that already furnished by yourself. The man who is not above his business need never hesitate to apply to John Jacob Astor for credit."

This commenced a trade between two merchants which was continued to the mutual satisfaction and advantage of both for a long term of years. Mr. K. is now one of the most eminent capitalists in New Bedford.

GERMAN WIVES.

The culinary art forms a part of the education of a woman in Germany. The well-to-do tradesman, like the mechanic, takes pride in seeing his daughters good housekeepers. To effect this object the girl, on leaving school, which she does when about fourteen years of age, goes through the ceremony of confirmation, and then is placed by her parents with a country gentleman, or in a large family where she remains one or two years, filling what may also be termed the post of servant, or doing the work of one. This is looked upon as an apprenticeship to domestic economy. She differs from a servant, however, in this she receives no wages; on the contrary, her parents often pay for the care taken of her, as well as her clothing. This is the first step in her education as housekeeper. She next passes, on the same conditions, into the kitchen of a rich private family, or into that of a hotel of good repute. Here she has control of the expenditures of the servants employed in it, and assists personally in the cooking, but is always addressed as Miss, and is treated by the family with deference and consideration. Many daughters of rich families receive similar training, with this difference, however, that they receive it in a princely mansion or a royal residence. There is a reigning queen in Germany at the present time who was trained in this way. Consequently the women in Germany are perfect models of economy.

NOT PUSHED TO JESUS.—A Christian mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in his arms, while the mothers were pushing their children toward him.

"There, Carrie," said her mother, that's what I would have done with you if I had been there."

"I would'nt be pushed to Jesus," said little Carrie, with beautiful and touching earnestness; "I'd go to him without pushing."

HAND-SEWING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

There was a time a few years ago when some of our more conservative women, our good, old-fashioned mothers, who were brought up to sew by hand, began to fear that the sewing machine would drive the needle almost out of use. These dear souls were heard to lament that girls were not being taught the worth of this shining little servant and companion of their sex, and to predict that there would soon be no more hand-made garments, no more "over-edge," and "hemming and whipping," and "gathering" and working button-holes, since the machine could do it all quicker.

How would all such have rejoiced if they could have seen that exhibition of one of the public schools in Boston the other day, when ninety garments, neatly and thoroughly made by little hands, and carefully "done up," were placed on counters for general inspection! Hundreds of partial mothers, bright, domestic-looking women went to see them; and teachers and others who had long been interested in bringing the thing about. In the throng were many men, who seemed to take as much pleasure in looking at the garments as if they were works of art, and who talked cheerfully about the shirt buttons of the future, and seemed to rejoice as much as any that sewing was not to become extinct.

There have been some feeble attempts for years to introduce sewing into the public schools of that city, and one teacher has persisted from her first connection with them in instructing her pupils how to make their own garments; and in some of the lower classes, where there were no studies it has been allowed. The subject has been before the authorities repeatedly, and has always met with more or less opposition; but recently sewing has been introduced into three classes in all the schools. To one, the Winthrop, school, having about one thousand girls connected with it, was given permission to try the experiment all the way up through its several grades. The plan has now been tried a year and has worked well. One teacher devoted herself to it, rendering as many hours of service as the other teachers.

The work is cut out, if desired, by the older pupils, who also do the basting, although children may bring the garments already cut if the parents prefer; but in no case is one ever allowed to go out of the building until it is finished. every stitch is done there by the child herself, under the oversight of the teacher or older scholar. Every kind of plain sewing is done, the object being to teach the girls how to cut, put together and finish their own clothes.

In the ten or twelve large school-rooms of the building, each girl at her desk is engaged with her needle, ready to have her handiwork examined; while in the hall those of twelve or fourteen were marking out, measuring and cutting by a system. The garments (made by those from nine years of age and upwards) were in general, underwear, sacques, aprons, dusting caps, nightgowns and skirts, some of them prettily tucked and trimmed; now and then there was a boy's shirt among them; they were, in short, the kind of useful garments a mother would set her little girl to making. Every stitch had been set by the pupils themselves, even to the "rolling and whipping" of the ruffles on the pretty white aprons, and the neatly-worked button-holes. Each article was labelled with the name and age, and attached to a sheet of card-board, and these sheets, of uniform size, were to be secured in a volume and sent to the Centennial from the Winthrop school—as commendable and promising a contribution from those who are to be the future wives, mothers and house-keepers of the country as could well be made.—Christian Union.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN MARKETING.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

There are a few hints respecting the selection of articles in market, particularly meats, fish and poultry, which may be of service to some of our readers.

In purchasing beef take notice of the color. If well fed the lean will be of a bright red, flecked with spots of clear,

white fat, and the suet firm and white. If the fat is yellow, don't buy the meat, you may be sure it is stale, and no plausible assurances from the butcher should be accepted.

Ox beef is the best. Heifer beef is lighter colored, the fat white and bones smaller, but the meat is not as sweet or as juicy and not as economical.

Veal should be fat, fine grained, firm and white. If too large it will be tough unpalatable and unhealthy.

In selecting mutton seek small bones short legs, plump, fine grained meat, and be sure that the lean is dark colored not light colored and bright red like beef. The fat should be white and clear. When in what is generally understood as prime condition, it is too fat for common mortals, "daily food" and not at all economical; and to perfectly satisfy an epicure, it must be kept till too tender for an uncultivated taste.

Lamb should be small, light red and fat. If not too warm weather, it ought to be kept a few days before cooking. It is stringy and indigestible if cooked too soon after killing. Neither lamb nor veal should be taken from spit or oven till the gravy that drops from it while cooking is white.

In good venison the fat will be clear, bright and thick. If the left of the haunch be smooth and close, it is young; if close and rough, it is old. By running a sharp, narrow knife into the shoulder or haunch, one can easily learn of its state by the smell.

Great care must be taken in selecting pork. If ill-fed or diseased, no meat is more injurious to the health. The lean must be finely grained, and both fat and lean very white. The rind should be smooth and cool to the touch. If clammy, be sure the pork is stale, and reject it. If the fat is full of small kernels, it is indicative of disease.

The skin of fowls and turkeys ought to be white and of fine grain. See that the breast is broad and full fleshed. Examine if the legs are smooth, toes supple, and easily broken when bent back. If these signs are not found, the poultry is too old or stale. The same rules apply equally to geese or ducks. When the feet are red and hard, the skin coarse and full of hairs, all poultry may be pronounced too old for comfort.

When found necessary to keep meat or poultry longer than was expected, sprinkle pepper, either black or red over it. It can be washed off easily when ready for cooking. Powdered charcoal is recommended to prevent meat from tainting, and some assert that "when fowls have been kept so long as to turn greenish they can be made as sweet and fresh as ever by sprinkling with powdered charcoal an hour before cooking." It may be that the charcoal can make meat or fowl sweet again, but, after taint has gone so far as to discolor it, we do not believe it can ever be brought back to a healthy state and certainly should not advise the experiment. A greenish tinge is a sure indication of decay, but that charcoal, either in lump or powdered, will arrest as well as prevent this change, is doubtless true. In hot weather, it is always advisable to keep a jar of charcoal in the store closet, ready for use if needed.

FISH.

No one article of food requires so much attention and judgment in the selection as fish; because nothing else, unless it be pork, is so injurious, often fatally so, if stale or out of season.

The eyes should be bright, not sunken; the gills a clear red, not dark color; the body stiff, and flesh firm, not flabby and slimy. Chloride of lime, it is said will restore stale fish to a tolerably good condition; but we would not recommend any compromise. "Better is a dinner of herbs," and good bread and butter than a stale fish, renovated, and severe illness produced thereby. The taste may be restored in a measure, but the flesh cannot be made healthful.

A good turbot is full fleshed, thick, and the underside a yellowish white or cream color. If it has a bluish tint, and if soft and thin, it is not good.

Salmon and cod are known, when perfect, by a small head, thick shoulders, and small tail. The scales of the salmon should be bright and the flesh red. It is perfect only when dressed as soon as caught.

Cod should have white, clear flesh, and grow even whiter after boiling, and be firm and sweet, easily separated in large flakes.

Herring, mackerel and whittings, are quite unfit to eat unless newly caught.

Lobsters, prawns and shrimps should be very stiff after they are boiled, and the tails turn far inward. When they relax, and grow soft and watery, they are not in a fit condition for eating, and the smell when at all stale, is sufficient proof of their unfitness. If bought alive, judge of their excellence by their weight and sprightliness.

The male lobster is the best, unless wanted for sauces or soups; then the female is usually chosen for the coral.

Oysters are not good unless they close firmly on the knife when being opened. If they can be opened easily, or hold themselves open in the least, they should be rejected.

Lobsters and crabs can be found in market at almost all seasons of the year; but they are in the best condition and plentiful only from April to the last of October.

THE MOUSE.

About two told me this little grey mouse pounced on his tail. The little it, and she please to give "Yes," said you if you wa So the mo where an old and said, "E me a saucer o you give me b The cow sa milk if you w Then the m was ploughin said to him, some hay for give me a sau the cat will g tail?"

"The farmer the hay if yo in my corn- And as the "never, never gave her a be to the cow; a of milk, which the old cat gre tail, which n but, best of a not touch the

WHAT.

While Ann Nell trifled w wall. Not sa she would t figure in gold snow-gown. "Now, Ann see!" "Oh A and over aga Annie, was her prayer, a her thoughtl light must be Presently Nell ing and "ohde