

WATER MUSIC.

'Twas in summer—glorious summer—
Far beyond the smoky town.
Weary with a long day's ramble
Through the fern and blooming bramble,
Needing rest, I sat me down.
Beetling crags hang high above me,
Ever looking grandly rude;
Still there was some trace of mildness
In this scene so weird: its wildness
Might be sought for solitude.

Birds and flowers, song and beauty,
Seemed this rugged realm to fill;
That which was my soul's entrancing
Was the music and the glancing
Of a rock-born splashing rill.
Lingerling there, I was delighted,
Musing on the days gone by,
Watching its bright spray-pearls sprinkled,
Every silvery tone that tinkled
Touch'd some chord of memory.

'Twas as if sweet spirit-voices
Threw a spell around me there;
Now, in lightest notes of gladness,
Now, in deeper tones of sadness,
Wafting whispers to my ear.
Memory, hope, imagination:
Seemed to have usurp'd my will;
And my thoughts kept on a-dreaming
Till the bright stars were a gleaming
To the music of the rill.

What a world of strange reflections
Came upon me then unsought!
Strange that sounds should find responses—
Where e'er a mystery ensconces—
In the corridors of thought!
Then emotions were awakened,
Making my heart wildly thrill.
As I lingered there and listened,
Whilst the dew around me glistened,
To the music of the rill.

—Household Words.

The Cost of Carelessness.

How often do we hear an excuse for some harm done or wrong committed, "I did not mean to do it. I had no thought of causing any such trouble." Certainly "want of thought" draws after it a great train of evils, and leaves behind it a broad trail of cost and sorrow. We see the result of carelessness in all departments of life, and in all degrees, from the most trivial, causing only inconvenience and confusion, to the most far-reaching, casting a shadow into eternity.

A nurse fell down stairs with an infant in her arms, and fifty years afterwards there was a hump-backed man creeping along the street. A child threw a piece of lemon-peel on the sidewalk, and there was an accident an hour after, in which an old lady was severely injured—so severely that she will never be able to walk again. A switch-tender opened the wrong switch, and the heavy train dashed into a big building, that stood at the end of the short side track, and lives were lost amid the wreck. An operator gave a careless touch to his instrument, and there was a terrible collision on the rail. A boy shot an arrow from his bow; it went whizzing away from the string, and a comrade is blind for the rest of his life. A woman poured oil from a can into her stove to hasten her fire, and there was an explosion, and an outburst of flame, which burnt down the building about her. A young man pointed a gun, in sport, at his best friend, playfully saying he would shoot him, and one noble youth was carried to his grave, and another goes through life with an awful shadow of memory hanging over him, which quenches all his joy and makes all his joy and makes all life dark to him. A druggist's clerk compounded the prescription in haste, and in an hour a sick girl was dying in terrible pain and convulsions, from the poison in the prescription. A beauti-

ful young lady danced at a party one chill midnight, and then raised a window in a side room to let the fresh air fan her hot cheeks, and in a little while they followed her to an untimely grave. What long chapters of incidents are every year recorded, all of which result from carelessness! A little careful thought on the part of the responsible persons would have prevented all of them, with their attendant horrors and their long train of suffering and sorrow —S. S. Times.

A Significant Story.

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large private subscriptions to charities and for his kindly habits of benevolence, was called on by his pastor one evening lately and asked to go with him to the help of a man who had attempted suicide. They found the man in a wretched house, in an alley, not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay the poor shoe-maker with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered around him.

"These people are starving," exclaimed the banker as soon as he caught sight of their pinched, wan faces; and while the doctor was busy sewing up the cobbler's wound he hurried away to procure fuel and food.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman, when he returned. "It's not my husband's fault. He is a hard-working, sober man. But he could neither get work nor pay for that which he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker having fed and warmed the family, hurried home, opened his desk and took out a file of little bills. All his large debts are met quarterly, but he was apt to be careless about the accounts for milk, bread, etc, because they were so petty.

He found there a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, ten dollars. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave and driven this man to desperation, while at the very time the banker had been giving away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered and will never want a friend while the banker lives, nor will a small bill ever again be found on the banker's table.

How Coffee Came to be Used.

It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, now make breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never known or used. It only grew in Arabia and Upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies, and the East Indies, and the French and Spanish all over South America and West Indies. The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost, on its landing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars.

THE COMPASS PLANT.—This curious plant has its leaves on edge; that is, instead of the edges setting toward the horizon, as other plants do, the apex rises toward the meridian, while one edge inclines toward the north and the other toward the south. When old or when blown about by the wind, these directions may be changed, but the north or south direction of the edges are always thus except when induced to take other directions by the wind-storms or overweight.