

## The Inglenook.

### Little Breeze.

BY B. G. PRESCOTT.

Was it out of the clouds he came, or was it from the beautiful blue sky, or from among the hills? I cannot tell. I only know he kissed my cheek as he passed, and whispered a secret in my ear which I could never quite make out. He lifted the smoke from the mountain top, and tumbled the little clouds over and over like fleecy white lambs at play. He crept in and out among the tree tops, and all the little branches swayed back and forth, while the pines tuned their tiny harp strings, and sang soft, low melodies as he passed.

Then on and away he went down the mountain-side into the lowlands and across the meadows. The tall elms along the lane bowed gracefully before him, while all the little sumacs by the wall spread their skirts and made blushing little courtesies, and the poplars on the hillside looked on and fluttered their tiny white handkerchiefs as he came and went. Over in the corn-fields there was a lifting of silken plumes, and a clashing of swords in memory of a day when the north wind came down, and laid low their serried ranks, and the bearded wheat put their heads together, and told the story to each other in harsh, low tones. But Little Breeze only laughed as he skipped away, and the tall grass bent low before him.

And a smile spread over the farmer's face  
As his straw hat lifted with easy grace,  
While the shining eyes of a little girl  
Looked merrily out through her tangled curls.

Still on and away went Breeze, and the river crinkled and dimpled as he kissed her pretty face, and the little boats spread their sails and went skimming along like birds with great white wings.

Where he went then was a mystery to me,  
But I always thought he was lost at sea.  
Then the trees, and the flowers, and all the grasses

Lifted their heads with shy little glances,  
And the fleecy white clouds blushed rosy and red  
As each to the other bashfully said,—

"Oh, he whispered to me," "He kissed my cheek."

"He told me a secret I'll never repeat,"  
But alas, and alack! they all had to agree

"Twas the very same story he told to me,  
And the secret, whatever 'twas all about,  
We none of us could quite make out.

### Soft Coal in the Furnace.

In view of the anthracite coal famine which seems likely to prevail during the coming winter, the *New York Times* gives instructions how to keep warm by the use of bituminous coal:—

"Soft coal ignites very quickly, dies down with equal facility, and needs constant watching and frequent replenishing to maintain ever a measurably constant fire. In these respects it more resembles wood than anthracite, but it burns very nearly as well in an anthracite range as in one built for a market where only soft coal is used.

"In an anthracite heating furnace soft coal needs to be treated very differently from anthracite, but the difference consists in the management of draughts and checks. In the feed door of every furnace there is a slide damper to admit air over the fire.

When anthracite is used, this is opened only if it is desired to deaden the fire and lower the temperature of the house. With soft coal it must be left open all the time. The great volume of gases evolved from it in the coking process, which is the first stage in its combustion, calls for more air than can be had through the body of fuel, and unless this is supplied above the fire, the greatest value of the fuel is lost up the chimney in unconsumed gases. Too much air for good combustion can be admitted over the fire, but it is not likely to be the case if the slide damper in the feed door of a furnace built for anthracite is left wide open all the time. The draught opening in the ash pit door, on the other hand, needs to be less widely and continuously open than for anthracite. With the same amount of bottom draught which it is customary to give hard coal, soft coal would simulate the combustion in a blast furnace and call for constant stoking. The householder must also remember that the check draught in the smoke pipe, which with anthracite is usually kept open in moderate weather, cannot be opened much, if at all, with soft coal, or the house will fill with smoke. The best way is to leave it closed altogether. With attention to these details, and reversing the customary practice with anthracite, a furnace may be run on bituminous coal so to keep a house entirely comfortable.

"It will be found difficult, if not impossible, to keep either a range or furnace fire over night with soft coal unless one has a watchman on duty to look after it. As an offset to this, however, we have the ease with which a fresh fire of soft coal may be lighted, and its almost instantaneous response in heat-imparting efficiency. It kindles nearly as easily as shavings, and the coke of the previous fire does not have to be removed from the fire pot. All that is necessary is to shake down the fine ash, and make the new fire upon what remains. With a little judgment, one having a small supply of anthracite available may run his furnace through the day and evening with soft coal, and by adding anthracite at night have a fire in the morning. But with no anthracite at all, he can, with a little more trouble than he is accustomed to, keep his house comfortable with soft coal."

### "They That Seek Me Early."

A farmer on a cold afternoon was gathering his sheep and lambs into the barn, to shelter them from the weather. His minister asked him why he was so anxious to get the little lambs in. He replied:—

"If they stay out at night they will freeze to death before morning."

"But," said the minister, "why not let them stay out several nights to see if they are going to live, and then take them in?"

The farmer's child had recently professed conversion, and he had said she was too young to join the church, that she had better wait to see if she was going to be pious. His own conduct about the lambs convinced him of his error, and he consented for his child to be taken into the fold.

A little girl was refused admission into the church because they thought her young. She leaned upon her pastor's bosom and

said:—

"Jesus did not treat me so when I went to him; he received me, and now you turn me away."

The pastor clasped her to his bosom and said:—

"No, my child, we will not turn you away." And she was received into the church.

Some of the most consistent and useful Christians that ever lived were converted at seven, nine, ten and eleven years of age. And the Lord says, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."—*Ram's Horn.*

### Morse's "Light."

Rev. George Winifred Hervey relates that long ago, while pursuing investigations in the Astor Library, New York, he used often to meet there Prof. F. B. Morse, the renowned inventor of the electric telegraph. Once he asked him this question: "Professor Morse, when you were making your experiments yonder in your rooms in the university, did you ever come to a stand, not knowing what to do next?"

"Oh, yes; more than once."

"And at such times, what did you do next?"

"I may answer you in confidence, sir," said the Professor, "but it is a matter of which the public knows nothing. Whenever I could not see my way clearly, I prayed for more light."

"And the light generally came?"

"Yes. And I may tell you that when flattering honors came to me from America and Europe on account of the invention which bears my name, I never felt that I deserved them. I had made a valuable application of electricity, not because I was superior to other men, but solely because God, who meant it for mankind, must reveal it to some one, and was pleased to reveal it to me."

This utterance by a distinguished man of science reminds us again, as many similar utterances have done, not only that true greatness has no vanity, but that superior minds, as a whole, reverently acknowledge the Supreme: They who climb highest see farthest, and the light which comes from above shines the longest way.

A pleasing proof of the felicity and far-seeing wisdom of this eminent man and devout inventor appeared in the result of a grand test by the Postal Telegraph Company. This company had a "field day" a short time ago, when the various transmission methods and alphabets were tried on all their lines. When comparative material, costs, salary of operators, accuracy of work, time consumed, and all other factors were taken into consideration, the decision was wholly in favor of the Morse system, which has been in use fifty years.

The inventor's first message—"What hath God wrought!"—intimated in no uncertain way the inspiration which gave his work longevity, and made it a light to the world.

At the completion of one of the Amherst College buildings, when President Hitchcock first assembled his geology class in a new recitation-room with sky windows, this was his introduction to one of his best lecturers: "Young gentlemen, all the light we have here comes from above."

The reverent spirit which took that text, and spoke in the Astor Library, dignifies scientific thought, and contributes to success in all search after truth.—*Youth's Companion.*