

## Bring Flowers.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

Bring flowers, bright flowers when my soul is sad,  
They ever in cheerful tones are clad;  
They whisper of Him, who these gems hath made,  
I can see His hand in each varying shade,  
They tell of His Love, His mighty power;  
Beautiful emblems—bring flowers, bright flowers.

Bring flowers, bright flowers, from the shady dell  
A tale of my early youth they tell,—  
Of the bright green lanes, the oak-tree shade  
Where the violets grew in the opening glade,  
And the rippling brook, where in summer hours,  
We oftimes waded; bring flowers, bright flowers.

Bring flowers, bright flowers, their fragrance recall,  
The vines that clambered the garden wall;  
They were planted there by my mother's hand,  
While we gathered near, her little band,  
To watch their growth with the passing hours—  
How sweet the remembrance! bring flowers, bright flowers.

Bring flowers, bright flowers, their sweet perfumes  
My heart to holier thoughts attunes;  
They tell of the land of immortal birth,  
Where the weary find rest from the toils of earth,  
Where the glorified spirit receives its dowers—  
O, when I am weary, bring flowers, bright flowers.

Bring flowers, bright flowers, to lay on my breast,  
When my form is shrouded for its final rest,  
And, when mother earth shall pillow my head,  
May sweet flowers brighten my lowly bed,  
Though my spirit ascended to holier bowers,  
Of my dust the emblems; bring flowers, bright flowers.

## Simple Trust.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

During the burning of a mill recently in our town there was a strong threatening of a large conflagration. People even two blocks off began to pack their household treasures. For many blocks around the coals from the flaming building were scattered over the white snow. From my window the scene was really magnificent. The wild, hot flames soaring aloft, the burning elevator looking as if suspended in the heavens, the countless millions of sparks ascending, the sway and surge of this terrible power of fire. It seemed to me that a row of cottages within my sight must soon be swallowed up too, and as I thought of an elderly friend—helpless in her bed—I wrapped myself up warmly, and went out in the night to her. She was white and trembling with excitement, for fire was only two buildings distant, and her room was light as day, illuminated by the flames.

"I was just wondering whether it was best to get her up upon her chair," said the girl to me.

"No, don't," I said, "I do not believe there is any danger, and if there is, she shall not suffer."

"Don't you believe there is any danger?" asked the invalid as I reached her bedside.

"No, I do not, unless the wind should change. Just lie still and don't worry. If the next house should catch fire, we will come for you the first thing."

She accepted our word and kept her bed, thus escaping a cold; for her outer door kept being opened and closed; and morning found her all right. I wondered then why we could not accept our loving, helpful Father's word as unquestioningly as she did the word of a mortal. Why we will persist in borrowing trouble when He has promised "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Why we do not always assert proudly yet humbly, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: In him will I trust."—*Christian at Work.*

## Some of Longfellow's Poems.

The "Psalm of Life" came into existence on a bright summer morning in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows, at a small table in the corner of his chamber. It came from his inmost heart, and he kept it

unpublished for a long time. It expressed his own feelings at that time, when recovering from a deep affliction. The poem of "The Reaper Death" came without effort, crystallized into his mind. "The Light of the Stars" was composed on a serene and beautiful summer evening exactly suggestive of the poem. The "Wreck of the Hesperus" one night after a violent storm had occurred, and, as the poet sat smoking his pipe, the "Hesperus" came sailing in his mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep, and wrote the celebrated verses. It hardly cost him an effort, but flowed on without let or hindrance. On a summer afternoon in 1849, as he was riding on the beach, "The Skeleton in Armour" rose as out of the deep before him, and would not be laid. The single word "excelsior" happened to catch his eye one autumn evening on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway took fire at it. Taking up a piece of paper which happened to be the back of a letter received that day from Charles Sumner, he crowded it with verses. As first down, "Excelsior" differs from the perfected and published version, but it shows a rush and glow worthy of its author. The story of "Evangeline" was suggested to Hawthorne by a friend who wished him to found a romance on it. Hawthorne did not quite coincide with the idea, and he handed it over to Longfellow, who saw in it all the elements of a deep and tender idyl.—*J. T. Fields.*

## Modest Charity.

In a discussion on ostentation in giving to charitable institutions one of the gentlemen spoke with sarcasm of the benevolent people who make donations to have their names published in the papers.

"Nearly all charitable acts," he said eloquently, "have vanity as their motive. For my part I hate ostentation. I remember once, when I was travelling through a part of the country where I was not known, I came upon a lonely little station, where, in the waiting-room, there was fastened to the wall a contribution-box for the benefit of the sufferers through recent inundations. There was not a soul there; not a person in the neighborhood knew of my presence or was acquainted with my name; and I went quietly and put a twenty dollar bill into the box and slipped away without being seen, now sir, what I contend is that my secret offering was a more meritorious one than if it had been made in a public subscription list, with a loud flourish of trumpets."

"You are right," said a listener. "That was genuine modest charity, and I don't wonder you brag of it."

## Discoveries in Pompeii.

Some relics of tortured humanity, recently discovered at Pompeii, tell the story, with mute but touching eloquence, of a sad little episode in the terrific cataclysm which resulted so fatally to the inhabitants of that luckless city. While excavating in one of the narrower streets a party of workmen came upon a hollow in the bed of dried mud covering the stratum of lapilli which reaches to the second story of the houses. A casting of this hollow, obtained in the usual manner by filling the vacuum with wet plaster of Paris, assumed the form of a baby boy; and within the house, close to the second floor of which the child had manifestly met its death, was found the skeleton of a woman in an attitude of supplication, the arms stretched out toward the window from which in all probability, a despairing woman had dropped her little one into the street, just as the stream of boiling mud began to flow, in the vain hope of saving its life. One of the arm-bones was encircled by a massive golden bracelet, and the scene of the tragical incident, indicated by the skeleton's position, was a handsomely-decorated apartment, presumably the sleeping-chamber or boudoir of a Pompeian lady of condition. Since the patrician dame, distracted by terror and yielding to a wild impulse of maternal love, dropped her infant son into the roadway, only to see his tiny form engulfed in a torrent of liquid fire, eighteen centuries have elapsed. Human enterprise and perseverance have compelled the entombed city to give up its ghastly secrets, however; amongst them this pitiful tale of a mother's death-agony. It is intended to place the cast above alluded to in the little museum erected near the entrance to Pompeii. At present it is on view, as we are informed, in a house recently excavated in the neighborhood of the Temple of Iris.