THE PARTING HOUR.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

There is something in the "parting hour"
 Will chill the warmest heart—
Yet, kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
 Are fated all to part—
But this I've seen—and many a pang
 Has pressed it on my mind—
That the one who goes is happier
 Than those he leaves behind.

No matter where the journey be,
 Adventurous, dangerous, far
To the wild deep of bleak frontier.
 To solitude or war—
Still something cheers the heart that dares
 In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
 Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
 With doubting and with tears,
But does not Hope her rainbow spread
 Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
 What comfort can she find.
But this—the gone is happier
 Than one she leaves behind.

Have you a friend—a comrade dear?
 An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet concourse
 At length will have an end!
And when you part—as part you will
 O take it not unkind
If he who goes is happier
 Than you he leaves behind!

God wills it so—and so it is—
 The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are
 Than all the rest who stay.
And when at last, poor man, subdued.
 Lies down to death resigned,
May he not be happier far
 Than those he leaves behind!

WHAT KATE DEVINS DID!

[Youth's Companion.]

The girl had come from Quebec on the Government steamer; but she was a Massachusetts girl, who had said she would stay the remainder of her vacation on the island of Anticosti, simply because everybody told her she could not possibly do it.

"What is the reason I can't?" she asked her mother. "Uncle and aunt stay on the island all the time, and so does Benny."

"I advise you not to go," said her mother.

"But why?"

"Because you will be lonely and homesick."

"Is that the only reason?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall go."

"Very well. If you do, you will be obliged to stay two months."

"Oh, of course, I know that."

So it came about that Kate Devins stepped from the Government light-supply boat to the shore of Anticosti Island one day in early summer.

She was alone. She had her satchel in her hand, and as she walked along the shore her light, gray-clad figure stood out strange and solitary on the waste against the blue sky. As the sound of the oars of the sailors in the departing boat grew fainter and fainter, a sensation something like fear came over her. In a moment, however, she was herself again. About her was silence and desolation, that harmonized well with the belief the Acadians have that God gave up this island to gloom and despair and bestowed it as a heritage upon Cain. Stretches of marsh land or acres of rock lie barren beneath the summer sun and the wintry clouds.

Seldom is there any communication with the island from the mainland, which, for hundreds of miles, is nearly as desolate as the island itself. Once or twice in the summer a sailing boat may call. No pleasure seeker ever comes a second time. The capricious currents, the fogs, the shoals, call for lighthouses here and there on the coast, and here many heroic deeds are done which are never sung or told; and here was done one heroic deed about which I will now tell you.

A small white house on a slight rise of land a dozen rods from the water, had at one corner of it a tower running up many feet, on the top of which was the light-chamber, or lantern, of the lighthouse. There was no other habitation in sight.

Kate, ashamed of her sudden feeling of sorrow and homesickness, now walked quickly toward the little house. A door was thrown open, and the stooped and worn form of a woman appeared in the opening. She looked at the girl a moment or two with an expression of wonder. Had some brilliant bird of the tropics lighted there, she would have been less surprised.

"The land sake!" she cried. "Who be ye? Did ye come on the Gov'ment steamer?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Kate. "Don't you know me?"

The woman's poor, faded face still had something in it that reminded Kate of her mother, and warmed her heart at the same time that it made her eyes dim. She put out her hand.

"I'm your sister Mary's child," she said.

"So you be! So you be! And I aint seen you since you was fifteen months old. You'd jest lost yer father then. Come in! Now aint this a treat? But you never can stand it here in this lonely place; never! No mortal can stand it! Come!

The woman kissed Kate on both cheeks and drew her into the small room, which was evidently kitchen, dining and sitting-room. She then bustled about, putting on the teakettle and blowing up the fire in the old stove.

"Did you come from Quebec? Be ye goin' back in the steamer?"

"No, I'm not going back in the steamer," answered Kate. 'The men will bring my trunk here before dark. Mayn't I stay?"

"Stay?" The woman stood an instant and looked at her visitor.

"I shall be wonderful glad to have ye, but ye never can stand it. Sister Mary never could. How is she?"

"Mother is well. She said I couldn't possibly be contented here, and perhaps that is the reason I determined I would."

"But you can't," earnestly.

"You do, aunt."

"It is my home, and I must stay here. You are dearly welcome, anyway."

Later, Kate watched the Government steamer gliding away on what seemed a sea of glass. It would be at least two months before she would come again. Kate was standing on the beach looking at the vessel, when a loud scream sounded close behind her. She jumped, angry and startled, and turning, saw, a rod or two away, a boy of eight or nine years, who was dressed in a checked blue shirt, with trousers of the same, held up by knotted cord that was used as a suspender. On his head was a round glazed cap, with no rim or visor.

He has shrewd gray eyes and no front teeth except one, that was just showing itself, and looked like an infant tusk. The two figures stood and gazed at each other in silence. At last Kate asked, severely,—

"Why do you yell in such a horrid way as that?"

"'Cause I wanted to see if you could move. I've been watchin' of ye for a long spell. Who be ye, anyway?"

"Kate Devins."

"Come on Gov'ment steamer?"

"Yes, I came on that steamer. Who are you?"

"Oh, I'm Benny Shafto."

"Not Bobby?"

He stared and did not answer.

"I'm your cousin, come to make you a visit." She extended a hand and received a grimy hand in it.

"You never c'n stand it here, cousin Kate Devins," he said, and after looking at her in silence a moment, they started to walk back to the house

Kate saw that he was shrewd and bright beyond his years. But she thought his father and mother rather simple people. She lay that night in her bit of a room under the roof, watching for the glint of the lamps in the lighthouse when it turned so that its light shone on the water, which was visible from her pillow.

The next day her aunt complained of severe headache and feverish pains in her back. Kate, if a trifle headstrong, was really a good sort of a girl, as you will see. She at once insisted that Mrs. Shafto should lie in bed, while she did the work. This was not the first time she had done housework, for she had often shared with her mother the work of their cosy little home. But here it was very different she found. There were so few utensils, and no one to give any directions. So when she sat down by her aunt's bedside, late in the afternoon, she was very tired.

Even her ignorant eyes saw that Mrs. Shafto was no better. In a few minutes Mr. Shafto came in, looking so tired and worried that his wife gazed at him anxiously. He sat down heavily in the wooden chair near the bed-room door, and leand his head on his hands.

"David, what is it?" asked Mrs. Shafto, feebly.

"The revolvin' apparatus is broke," he said, in such a leaden way that Kate gazed at him in surprise.

She knew partially what his words meant, but did not comprehend why they should cause the sick woman to start up in bed, and then sink back with a groan.

"And the steamer gone yesterday!" she cried out. "What shall you do?"

"The worst of it is'" the man said, "unless it flashes, the craft will think it's the stationary light on the west side, and I'm sure there'll be terrible loss of life."

Mrs. Shafto now sat upright in bed, in spite of her severe headache.

"And there's no way by which to send word to the Marine Department!" she said, despairingly.

Her husband shook his head. "There aint no way, as ye know. I can't let 'em know till the next steamer comes, and then it'll be a long time before they can get back with the machinery. But how be ye now?" getting up and approaching the bed.

"I only want a little rest," she replied, hastily; and added, "O, David! what shall you do 'bout the light? I can't sleep if the sailors are goin' to be decoyed by it. Think of their vessels crashing on the rocks because of that light!"

Kate, sensitive and weary, shuddered as she heard her words.

"Now, Catharine," said Mr. Shafto, "don't you go and worry. I shall stay up there. I think I can turn the light by hand But it's goin' to be a tedious business. You needn't think I shall let the ships be deceived. You get a good sleep. That's all you've got to do." Then, turning to Kate, he said, "When you can leave your aunt, come up into the tower and see the light."

Soon Mrs. Shafto was sleeping uneasily Benny had come in, and was eating bread and molasses with audible gusto at the kitchen table.

"If your mother wants anything, you wait upon her," she said, as she passed through the room on her way to the light. Benny nodded, and Kate entered the cool, gloomy and narrow stairway that wound up through the tower. As she emerged into the small room where the great lamps were, she was greatly startled by seeing her uncle on his knees, with his arms out on the single chair the place contained, and by hearing him say, in a low, strained voice,—

"O Lord, help me!"

Kate hurried up the remaining steps, her face pale with excitement, and fear of she knew not what.

"Uncle David!" she exclaimed; "what is the matter? Surely you and I can manage to turn the light! I'm strong and well, and I've been brought up to work. I can do almost anything if you'll teach me."

There was courage and conviction in the clear, pleasant voice, and the man was a trifle cheered. He rose to his feet and turned toward her. His face was haggard and his eyes looked dull and heavy.

"'Taint turnin' for a night; it's for weeks," he said, solemnly. "And the question is can we hold out? We are responsible for men's lives. I wanted to see ye and tell ye how to do it, because my head has such a feeling in it, and my back, that I think I may be taken down. While my mind is clear I want to make sure, you know. Somehow, you have a look as if ye could be trusted. Benny's too young, I'm afraid.

"Now you jest watch. I'm goin' through the whole operation of fillin' and trimmin', and then turnin'."

Kate did not answer. It was not necessary. The man saw she was as eager as he could desire. When he had poured the oil, trimmed the wicks and polished the reflectors, he took out his watch and sat down. Kate bent over him.

"It must flash every minute and a half," he said, "and this is the way. It aint very easy, nor very hard, jest for a time or two. Set down here and lay the watch there."

Kate did as he bade her.

"Now turn."

She bent forward, turned the wheels, and had the satisfaction of seeing the set of lights slowly revolve.

"There, ye see they stop now," he said. "Do it again."

He was satisfied.

"You must light up at seven at night, and put 'em out at seven in the morning."

"But can't you send for some one?" she asked.

"There aint anybody within miles] and miles," was the answer; "and when ye do come to somebody, he couldn't leave, for he's a light-keeper too. You don't know this island. I must git down stairs now. I wish I could stiddy myself on your shoulder. Them are bad stairs for a head like mine."

Kate went one step ahead of him down the stairway, and he leaned his hand heavily upon her. When they reached the living-room, the man, whose force of will had kept him up, sank in a faint upon the floor.

Mrs. Shafto was greatly alarmed, but she was able to give directions to Kate; and in half an hour, with Benny's help, Kate had brought down her own bed and bedstead from the little chamber, and Mr. Shafto had recovered consciousness enough to rise and lie down upon it, where it was placed at one side of the kitchen. As his head touched the pillow he caught the girl's hand and said,—

"It's my opinion we've both got typhoid. We'll see to ourselves. You tend to the light—tend to the light!" he repeated with a pathetic emphasis.

He did not speak a coherent sentence after that for many days.

"You may trust me," said Kate; but he did not hear her.

Now was a time to prove of what stuff Kate was made. She passed the next hour in making her two patients as comfortable as she could, and then it was six o'clock. Then she made a basin of gruel, and ate some bread and molasses with Benny. After supper she took the boy out of doors.

"Benny," she said, "your father and mother may be ill for many days. Can I depend on you?"

He leaned his back against the house, looked at her a moment and then said with emphasis,—

"Yes, sir!"

"I want you to wrap yourself in a comforter and sleep on the kitchen floor to-night, and every night. If they want anything you must get it for them. To-morrow I shall try to give them a sweat. That's all I can do, Oh, it's horrible! It is horrible to be here alone at such a time!" The girl trembled for an instant, but directly had herself well in hand again.

"I've got to be up to the tower until morning," she went on. "Something about the machinery is broken, and I must turn the light."

"Broken! Got to turn the light!" interrupted Benny. Then his face lengthened, and he stood as if utterly confounded.

"Yes" hurridly said Kate, "you see how much we have to do, and how we must help each other. You'll have to take care of your father and mother while I'm in the lantern."

"I'll do my best," he said earnestly.

She went up into the tower at a quarter to seven, and by the time her uncle's watch pointed to the hour the lamps were lighted although at this time of the year it was still daylight. She glanced out of the window and saw Benny struggling to plant his fish-rod close to the water. From its top waved three long streamers. This was in accordance with an agreement the two had made just before she left him for the night.

"Who will think it means anything?" she asked herself. Still the sight of it gave a bit of comfort.

Then she began her work. For the first few times she fancied it would be quite easy to turn the machinery. But in half an hour she began to tire, and soon every muscle ached, and a blinding glare was in her brain, for unconsciously she had kept eyes fixed on the flames of the lamps.

Then she grew anxious. "Oh, can not I hold out even one night?" she thought.

She hurried to the window and put her head into the cool air. But she was nervously afraid the time would pass, and she should miss her duty.

The night then grew cloudy and very dark. When it was ten she thought it was after midnight. There was no cessation, no rest. It was like the drop of water falling regularly on the head, the old, dreadful torture.

By twelve the girl thought she would have given countless treasures to be able to throw herself on the floor and stay there half an hour. Once when she thrust her her out of the window she saw a beautiful burnished purple and green wild duck suddenly dart into the glow of the light, coming straight toward her. In the next breath he had dashed his head against the closed wire screen. He curled over and fell dead to the ground. The sight of this poor creature's fate turned her cold. It was like a premonition.

"If I give up for one minute, I shall be hysterical!" she said to herself, and she turned resolutely back to the lantern. In half a minute she revolved the light. So the night went on, until it was half after two.

Then there was a little sound behind her. She looked and saw Benny's head just above the threshold of the door. He was standing on the stairs, and had a cup and saucer in his hand.

"Mother's awake," he said. "She told me how to make some tea. She thought you'd need it."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" cried the girl, and she drank the tea eagerly.

"How does it go here?" he asked.

"It has gone somehow. I suppose it will come morning sometime! How are your mother and father?"

"I think mother's better. But father's bad." And he hurried away.

The tea was strong, and stimulated her for three hours. It was daylight then, but there was a fog. All at once the watcher was so sleepy that her eyelids would drop as she turned at her work. Then she would grow frightened at herself, and for five minutes thereafter she would be wide awake, and thinking of the sailors who might be watching for the flash of the light

The moments now were terrible, Should she live to see the hand of that watch point to seven? Was it only one night that she had passed, and there were so many more to come. "Can I endure it?" she thought.

At seven o'clock she mechanically extinguished the lights. "I will sit down one moment," she murmured.

Half an hour later Benny peeped in and saw poor, heroic, tired Kate sitting on the floor, her back against the wall, dead with sleep, as he told his mother.

Mrs. Shafto sent him back with a blanket, which he threw over her. At ten o'clock she was wakened by the sun shining in her face. She ran down stairs to find Mr. Shafto tossing with fever; but her aunt looked brighter

"It's kind of a slow fever that's got me," said Mrs. Shafto. "I've had it afore. It's tedious, but it ain't dangerous. I sh'll be able most of the time to direct Benny. Eat your breakfast, Kate. Then I'll tell you what to do. One thing sure, you've got to sleep a few hours every day."

How did the next week pass, and the week after, and still another?

David Shafto's fever raged fiercely, but Mrs. Shafto's illness only kept her weak and dizzy. Once the woman tried to mount the tower stairs and was found by Benny lying at the foot of them.

"Kate will die! She looks like a ghost!" cried Mrs. Shafto,

And Kate felt like a ghost. Only ghosts should not know such mortal weariness of flesh and blood. When green tea ceased to have power she said that would be the end of her. About two o'clock every night Benny brought her the tea, and she worked on the stimulus that gave her for the remaining hours. She did what she could in the day, but her aunt made her go to her attic to sleep for several hours. For many days she would fall asleep the instant she lay down.

But the third week she found when she tried to sleep that her brain was on fire, and every nerve seemed alive. She could not keep still. 'So much the better," she said with a laugh. But she little knew the sad and fearful significance of this.

"As long as I live, the sailors shall see that light," she said one evening, on that last third week. "That is my duty, and I shall stick to it Oh!" she exclaimed, with a sudden, heart-breaking cry. "I wish I could see my mother! I wish I could see my mother!"

On the last day of the third week, at about eleven in the forenoon, Kate had just finished filling and cleaning the lamps, when she heard the sound of laughing, and the voices of men and women.

She ran out on the tiny balcony, and leaned over. A boat had just landed near Benny's signal. Three men and two women walked up toward the house. Kate's eyes burned and ached, Round and round went her brain. Then something snapped in her head, and she thought a blinding, ineffable flood of light poured upon her.

"Oh, there is mother," she shrieked, "there is mother!" She reached out her arms over the balcony and laughed so loud and so strangely that Mrs. Devins cried out in terror.

"Mother! mother!" screamed Kate, "I will jump down to you!" and she began to scramble upon the railing.

"Stop! stop!" cried Mrs. Devins, and she ran swiftly toward the door of the tower.

Some one clutched at Kate's skirts. "I'll hold her!" shouted Benny, behind, struggling with her. "She don't know what she's doing."

Panting, half dead, the mother reached the turret. Kate was laughing and crying hysterically, and for the time had lost all control of herself.

"I stuck to the light," she kept saying, and would sometimes add, "There's no need of sleeping. No, there's no need of sleeping."

The girl did not have a fever, but the forces of spirit and flesh had been so drained that her mind was not quite right for months, and it was more than a year before she was really like herself again.

Now permanent help was had. By the end of the summer the light-keeper and his family were well and the revolving apparatus had arrived

When her friends condoled with Mrs. Devins, and regretted that Kate had done as she had, the mother replied:

"It was a sad thing that she should have had such an experience, but being where she was, she only did her duty,"

And I am afraid that is more than many of my readers can sincerely say that they do in the circumstances in which they are placed.

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

Mafitt's Eloquence

Some years ago the Rev. John Newland Mafitt delivered an address on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of a Methodist church in New Orleans. A correspondent quotes, as he says, from memory the following passages, which struck him as being surprisingly eloquent:

Such is New Orleans the city within whose swelling circuit of benevolence I now stand. The din of commerce rolls along these streets by night and by day as the voice of many waters. She sits as the queen upon her alluvial delta, and the proud deep Gulf of Mexico, like a monarch bowl at a feast, pours the rushing libations at her feet. * * * I strain my aching eyes to catch a vision of the far-off frontiers through which the great Father of Waters rolls on his majestic flood in turbid grandeur; but it is too far for the vision of man. I exhaust horizon after horizon, and yet the end is not. I see every leaping rill that comes laughing down the mountains, pointing its way, laden with all agriculture can create or commerce can ask for, toward your city. Hills as far distant from each other as midnight from sunrise pay their tribute of bright waters to the ocean's eldest born, whose last deep tones of inland music roll like the muffled drums of a solemn pageant in the ear of this vast city.

Oh, Had I Known.

If I had thought so soon she would have died,
 He said, I had been tenderer in my speech,
I had a moment lingered at her side,
 and held her ere she passed beyond my reach,
If I had thought so soon she would have died.

That day she looked up with her startled eyes,
 Like some hurt creature where the woods are deep:
With kisses I had stilled those breaking sighs,
 With kisses closed those eye lids into sleep.
That day she looked up with her startled eyes.

Oh, had I known she would have died so soon,
 Love had not wasted on a barren land,
Love like those rivers under torrid noon
 Lost on the dessert, poured out on the sand—
Oh, had I known she would have died so soon!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

GARRETT'S GREAT FORTUNE.

The Lonely Life of the Great Railroad King Whose Wife Was His Fast Friend.

[New York Letter.]

A man of business, having strong relations with Baltimore, said to me yesterday: "It would be an interesting matter for you to go into the will of John W. Garrett." Said I: "How much did he leave?" "The estate amounts to $35,000,000," said my friend. "Nobody had the least idea of it. It is the largest estate ever accumulated in Maryland—very much more than that of John Hopkins, and is three times greater than many people considered it would be."

"What is it invested in?" I asked.

"Chiefly in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and its extensions and branches, and some of it is in real estate."

Said I: "What do you desire to call my attention to in Mr. Garrett's life?"

"To its singular methods He had hardly a friend in the world but his wife. He was at war with everybody and everything. The moment he stepped outside of his door he seemed to enter the domain of hostility. He was in conflict with the politicians, with the city of Baltimore, with the Maryland Legislature, with the authorities at Washington, with the city government at Washington, with his contemporaries of all kinds, and with nearly all the parallel railroads. After he had lost his wife there seemed to be hardly a spot for him to look for shade and rest Yet he turns out to have been true to his purposes of riches He saved himself enormous commissions by keeping up a banking house of his own, which his sons controlled. Robert Garrett he designed to take executive charge of his estate, and his other son, Henry, who was a man of cultivation, too, he kept at the head of the banking-house. In that banking house all the transactions of Mr. Garrett were concealed. If he had operated through any other house his secrets would have leaked out. He has left Henry Garett the head of the house, worth $10,000,000. His daughter Mary is the richest single woman in America—worth $12,000,000 it is believed. Robert Garrett is worth $12,000 000 or more. Miss Garrett is still a young woman not more than twenty-six or twenty eight, I should think, or thereabouts. She has never married and did a good deal of her father's correspondence and particular work. She is a woman of cultivation, and rumor in Baltimore has said that she is going to marry a physician there."

LITTLE FOLKS.

Mamma to small boy sick in bed—Johnny, did you sleep well last night? Johnny—No, mamma, I slept sick.

After a little south side boy, whose family were to move away next day, had concluded his evening prayer, he said: "Good bye, God; to-marrow we are all going off on the railroad."

"Pop, do angels speak German?" asked a boy of his sire the other day. "What makes you ask such a question?" said the father. "Oh, nothing, only I was thinking that if they didn't our German minister would have to take along an interpreter when he died?"

Deacon's Small boy—"Pa, why did you go and drive Mr. Jones' cow out of our medow?" Deacon—"Why? Because she was trampling and eating all over the clover in the lot." Boy (severely)—"Well, I didn't think that of you, pa! Only yesterday I heard you telling Mr. Smith that every Christian should ought to share his lot with his neighbor."

Grandpapa (trying to be severe)—"Now, Mabel, tell me why you didn't put that quarter I gave you into the plate at church this morning. I like to see a little girl give cheerfully and 'not let her right hand know what her left hand doeth.'" Incorrigible grand-daughter (who is saving money for candy,—"That's just the trouble, grandpa. My right hand thought my left hand was putting it in, and my left hand thought my right hand was, and so between the two of them it didn't get put in at all."

An Infant's Legal Acumen.

Bobby begged his mamma to buy him a drum.

"I am afraid, Bobby," she replied, "that if I were to buy a drum grandpa might not like it very well."

"That wouldn't make any difference, mamma," Bobby argued, "cos, you see, the drum ain't for grandpa; it's for me."

This conversation occurred a good many years ago, and Bobby, who is now a man, is practicing law successfully in Philadelphia.

Must She Always "Hush."

A very little girl, who is also a very noisy one, asked her mother the other day with all a child's simplicity:

"Mamma, when little girls die they go to Heaven, don't they?"

"Yes, dear," replied the mother.

"And don't they have wings and white robes?"

"Yes"

"And crowns?"

"Yes."

"And harps? Do they have harps?"

"Yes, dear."

Then, after a long, meditative pause, in a very solemn manner, "Will they let them play the harps?"

No Messages Taken.

"Do all boys who die go directly to Heaven?" asked sick little Joe of his mother.

"I hope so."

"They don't have to stay in the ground a long time and perhaps go to an awful bad place?"

"Why, no, Joe; little boys are not sinful enough for such punishment, even if there is any such thing."

"Then they go right up to the sky?"

"Yes, Joe; but don't talk about such things."

"Did Freddie Amison, who died last week, go to Heanen, mother?"

"Why certainly, my child."

"Well, mother, if I die right off you needn't send any word to Freddie, for I probably shan't see him, and if I do I shan't feel like talking to him, for the last time we went to school he said you was an old blowhard, and thumbed his nose at you, and I told him I shouldn't speak to him any more."

THE HOME.

It is not doubted that men have a home in that place where each one has established his hearth and the sum of his possession and fortunes, whence he will not depart if nothing calls him away; whence if he has departed he seems to be a wanderer, and if he returns he ceases to wander. —Condition from Civil Law.

"Then stay at home, my heart, and rest,
The bird is safest in the nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly,
A hawk is hovering in the sky."
—Longfellow.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Brook's Story.

Through the broad and level meadow
 Flows a modst little brook,
Hiding 'neath the bending grasses,
 As it winds from nook to nook.

On its banks our barefoot Willie,
 All absorbed in busy play,
Tosses leaves upon the water,
 Tries to make them sail away.

Now, impatient at its slowness,
 He exclaims, "You lazy brook,
When you've work to do why linger
 Lily thus in every nook?

"Could you only see the streamlet
 Dashing down yon mountain side,
I am sure the sight would shame you,
 If you've got a speck of pride."

Then the brook found tongue to answer:
 "Strange to you my word may seem,
Yet 'tis true, though now more useful,
 I am that same mountain stream.

"Though my destiny, the ocean,
 Calls me onward night and day,
Yet my mission centers chiefly
 In the good done on the way.

"Rocky ledges do not need me,
 So I hasten on with speed,
Till I reach this fertile meadow,
 Whose green herbage I must feed.

"Little boy, these words remember,
 True wherever shines the sun,
Rarely find we noisy bustle
 Where the grandest work is done."
—Golden Days.

An Ice-Yacht Race.

[St. Nicholas.]

"There is a roar and a rush behind them. What next?

"The down train! The boys look over their shoulders as the big black monster shoots past. The whistle blows sharply; there are handkerchiefs waving from the windows. The ice-yacht is just now holding nearly across the river.

"'A race! a race, boys!' cries the skipper, as he gives a quick turn of his hand, and with a sheer and a spring they are off after the train.

"Now the race—the race, boys! Steam against wind! How they fly! Everything is blurred and melted together and indistinct. The ice is all a bluish white haze, with that diamond sparkle from the runners blazing up.

"The windows of the train are filled with heads; they seem to shout at the party on the ice yacht, who hear only the rush and roar of the wind and the runners. The wind increases; the boat rears higher; the windward runner cuts fiercely through the air, and the crushed ice flies in a shower. Almost up with the train, now; and creeping on!

"Will the wind hold? But never fear; this is no flaw, but a steady gale. It seems as if the black train were slowing up; yet no — it is the yacht which is flying faster, literally on the wings of the wind. And now—a crack in the ice ahead!

"The skipper raises himself and scans the ice with eagle eye. An old hand at ice-yachting is he.

"'We can do it, I think,' he says.

"Now, brave 'Rodina!' And the train sees the crack, too; the cars seem alive all their long length with heads and gestures and warning shouts. Do they think everybody is asleep there on that light, flying feathery wanderer?

"The upper edge of the crack is higher by full six inches than the lower; and between swirls the black, treacherous water. They are upon it.

"Whiz!—Splash!—as the edge-ice sags and the runner catches the cold tide. There is a wild, tremulous swing and sway, a toss of the windward runner, and the crack is far astern. How the train cheers! And look, now, the black, snorting engine falls behind! Wind against steam! Give them three cheers, boys, and swing your caps, and hold fast while you are about it. The track is clear ahead; the locomotive whistles and snorts and shouts in wild salute to the yacht's victory. Faster,—faster,—till there is only the ring of the runners, the roar and rush of the wind, the tremble and leap and swing and sway of the wayward craft.

A Scientific Boy.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

Sir David Brewster was born at Jedburgh, Scotland, December 11, 1718. His father was rector of the grammar-school, and a teacher of considerable reputation, whom neighborhood fame characterized as "the best Latin scholar and the quickest temper in Scotland;" but he was kindly withal. It was intended that David should become a minister, and he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, to be educated with a view to that profession, when only twelve years old. His taste had, however, even before this time, turned into another direction. It is recorded of his earlier school-days that, though he was never seen to pore over his books like the other boys, he always had his lessons kept by a prominent place in his classes, and was frequently applied to by his fellow pupils for assistance. And it was in the days of his childhood "that a dilapidated pane of glass in an upper window of his father's house produced the inquiring thoughts which led him afterward to search into the mysteries of refracted light."

He had become acquainted with James Veitch, of Inchbonny, half a mile from Jedburgh, whom Sir Walter Scott has mentioned as a self-taught philosopher, astronomer and mathematician. Veitch was a plow-maker by trade, but was well versed in astronomical calculations and observations, having been the first discoverer of the great comet of 1811, and was in his most congenial pursuit when he was making telescopes, a work to which he brought much mechanical skill and scientific accuracy. His scientific workshop, on the Jedburgh turn-pike, became a gathering place for all the young men of intelligence in the neighborhood, most of them being in training for the ministry, for medicine and other liberal pursuits. They had lessons in mathematics and mechanics, but especially in the favorite science of astronomy. The telescopes were tested in the day-time by the eyes of the birds perching on the topmost branches of the 'King of the Wood,' a noble relic of the past forest days, about half a mile from Inchbonny. When the bright sparkle of the bird's eye was distinctly visible by day, James Veitch's specula and lenses were considered fit to show the glories of the sky by night. David "was the very youngest," says his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, from whose book we borrow our anecdotes, "of the quaint and varied group. When he began his visit I do not know, but we find that at the age of ten he finished the construction of a telescope at Inchbonny, which had engaged his attention at a very early period, and at which he worked indefatigably, visiting the workshop daily, and often remaining till the dark hours of midnight to see the starry wonders and test the power of the telescopes they had been making."

The Babes in the Clouds.

[Grace Greenwood.]

Many years ago there suddenly burst upon the Western world a magnificent stranger from foreign parts, with all his traveling glories on. It was the great comet of 1858, on the grand tour of the universe.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon during the comet's appearance an aeronaut, after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a farm in the neighborhood of a large market town in one of our Western States. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager qestions about the voyage and the management of the balloon. That, secured by an anchor and a rope in the hand of the aeronaut, its car but a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good deal out of wind, and was a sleepy and innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could hitch it to his fence. But before he thus secured it his three children, aged respectively ten, eight and three, begged him to lift them into that big basket, that they might sit on those pretty red cushions. While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted by more curious questioners from a neighboring farm, this rash father lifted his darlings one by one into the car. Chubby little Johny proved the "ounce too much for the aerial camel, and brought him to the ground; and then unluckily not the baby, but the eldest hope of the family was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatile creature's spirits rose at once, he jerked his halter out of the farmer's hand, and with a wild bound mounted into the air! Vain was the aeronaut's anchor. It caught for a moment in the fence, but it tore away, and was off, dangling uselessly after the balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose, that in a few minutes those two little white faces peering over the edge of the car grew indistinct, and those piteous cries of "papa!" "mamma!" grew faint and fainter up in the air.

When distance and twilight mists had swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but that dark cruel shape, sailing triumphantly away with its precious booty, like an aeriel privateer, the poor father sank down helpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched her yearning arms towards the inexorable heavens, and called wildly up into the unanswering void.

The aeronaut strove to console the wretched parents with the assurances that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of town, and that all might be well with the children provided it did not come down in water, or in deep woods. In the event of its descending in a favorable spot, there was but one danger to be apprehended; he thought that the elder child might step out, leaving the younger in the balloon. Then it might again rise and continue its voyage.

"Ah no," replied the mother, "Jennie would never stir from the car, without Johnnie in her arms!"

The balloon passed directly over the market town, and the children, seeing many people in the streets, stretched out their hands and cried loudly for help But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no call

Amazed at the strange apparition, they might almost have thought the translated little creatures small angel navigators on some voyage of discovery, some little cherubic venture of their own, as heading toward the rosy cloud-lands and purple islands of sunset splendor, they sailed deeper and deeper into the west, and faded out with the day.

Some company they had, poor little skywafes! Something comforted them, and allayed their wild terrors—something whispered to them that below the night and clouds was home; that above was God; that wherever they might drift or dash, living or dead, they would still be in his dominion, and under his care—that though born away among the stars, they could not be lost, for his love would follow them.

When the sunlight all went away, and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnnie was apprehensive that it might come too near their airy craft and set it on fire with a whisk of its dreadful tail. But when his sister assured him that that fiery dragon was as much as twenty miles away and that God wouldn't let him hurt them, he was tranquilized, but soon afterwards said: "I wish he would come a little nearer, so I could warm myself. I'm so cold!"

Then Jennie took off her apron and wrapped it about the child, saying tenderly: "This is all sister has to make you warm, darling, but she'll hug you close in her arms and we will say our prayers and you shall go to sleep."

"Why, how can I say my prayers before I have my supper?" asked little Johnnie.

"Sister hasn't any supper for you or for herself, but we must pray all the harder," solemnly responded Jennie.

So the two baby wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unawed by darkness, immensity and silence, by the presence of the great comet and the millions of unpitying stars, lifted their little clasped hands and sobbed out their sorrowful "Our Father," and then that quaint little supplementary prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
 I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
 I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"There! God heard that easy; for we are close to him up here," said innocent little Johnnie.

Doubtless Divine Love stooped to the little ones, and folded them in perfect peace—for soon the younger, sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his own little bed at home; while the elder watched quietly through the long, long hours, and the car floated gently on in the still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

Who can divine that simple little child's thoughts, speculations, and wild imaginings, while watching through those hours? She may have feared coming in collision with a meteor—for many were abroad that night, scouts and heralds of the great comet—or perhaps being cast away on some desolate star-island, or more dreary still, floating and floating on, night and day, till they should both die of cold and hunger, or be lost in the clouds.

At length a happy chance, or Providence—we will say Providence—guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve; something told her to pull it. At once the balloon began to sink, slowly and gently, as though let down by tender hands, or as though some celestial pilot guided it through wild currents of air, not letting it drop into lake or river, lofty wood or impenetrable swamp, where this strange, unchild-like experience might have been closed by a death of unspeakable horror; but causing it to descend as softly as a bird alights, on a spot where human care and pity awaited it.

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, looking over the edge of the car, saw the dear old earth coming nearer "rising toward them," she said. But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment, it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branches of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house whence help might soon come, so she awakened her brother and told him the good news, and together they watched and waited for deliverance, hugging each other for joy and for warmth, for they were very cold.

Farmer Burton, who lived in a lonely house on the edge of his own private prairie, was a famous sleeper in general, but on this particular morning he awoke before the dawn, and though he turned and turned again, he could sleep no more. So at last he said to his good wife, whom he had kindly awakened to inform her of his insomnolence, "It's no use; I'll just get up and dress and have a look at the comet."

The next that worthy woman heard from her wakeful spouse was a frightened summons to the outer door. It seems, that no sooner did he step forth from his house than his eyes fell on a strange portentous shape hanging in a large pear-tree, about twenty yards distant. He could see in it no likeness to anything earthly, and he half fancied it might be the comet, who having put out his light, had come down there to perch. In his fright and perplexity he did what every wise man would do in a like extremity; he called on his valiant wife. Re-enforced by her, he drew near the tree, cautiously reconnoitering. Surely never pear-tree bore such fruit!

Suddenly there descended from the thing a plaintive trembling little voice, "Please take us down. We are very cold!" Then a second little voice, "And hungry too Please take us down!"

"Why, who are you? And where are you?"

The first little voice said: "We are Mr. Harwood's little boy and girl, and we are lost in a balloon."

The second little voice said, "It's us, and we runned away in a balloon. Please take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer, getting hold of a dancing rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon.

He first lifted out little Johnny, who ran rapidly a few yards toward the house, then turned round, and stood for a few moments, curiously surveying the balloon.

The faithful little sister was so chilled and exhausted that she had to be carried into the house, where, trembling and sobbing, she told her wonderful story.

Before sunrise a mounted messenger was dispatched to the Harwood home, with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few hours later the children themselves arrived, in state, with banners and music, and conveyed in a covered hay-wagon and four.

Joy-bells were rung in the neighboring town, and in the farmer's house the happiest family on the continent thanked God that night.

Growing Old.

Is it parting with the roundness
 Of the smoothly moulded cheek?
Is it losing from the dimples
 Half the flashing joy they speak?
Is it fading of the lustre
 From the wavy golden hair?
Is it finding on the forehead
 Graven lines of thought and care?

Is it dropping—as the rose-leaves
 Drop their sweetness, over-blown—
Household names that once were dearer,
 More familiar than our own?
Is it meeting on the pathway
 Faces strange and glances cold,
While the soul with moan and shiver
 Whispers sadly, "Growing old?"

On the gradual sloping pathway,
 As the passing years decline.
Gleams a golden love-light, falling
 Far from upper heights divine;
And the shadows from that brightness
 Wrap them softly in their fold,
Who unto celestial whiteness
 Walk, by way of "growing old."
—Margaret Sangster.

Precautions in Taking Stimulants.

[Good Words.]

1. Never take stimulants in moments of extreme exhaustion. That is precisely the time and state when there is especial peril of discharging the last remains of energy and leaving the nervous centers too exhausted and powerless to recuperate There is in nervous action, as in mechanical motion, a dead point at which inertia becomes imminent.

2 Never take more of a stimulant than will suffice to stir the energies gently. If you want to incite a horse to action you must not whip him more than will suffice to rouse him. If more than this be done, strength will be exhausted by irritation

3. Never forget that stimulants are excitants, and only when they excite to recuperation—i. e., to the formation of new reserves of strength—as well as to the consumption of the strength in hand, can they be useful or even safe.

4. Never persist in the use of stimulants for the alleviation of feelings of mental or muscular weakness if the relief obtained is followed by "depression of spirits" "coldness of the feet," or "prostration" either of mind or body; because when these consequences ensue after a temporary revival of tone and power, it is manifest that the recuperative faculty is either not properly stimulated or is itself exhausted, and harm instead of good is being done by the stimulation.

General Grant's Affairs.

[From an interview with His Personal Friend, Mr. George W. Childs.]

"General Grant's sword, medals and other trophies—insignia that ought to be sacred to the country—having been seized under Mr. Vanderbilt's execution, we desired simply to release them There would not have been the slightest difficulty in securing the needed amount of money. Indeed, offers of aid poured in upon us from all sections of the country. I went to New York to see the General, and he informed me that he would not accept aid under any circumstances. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, has had a sale take place under his execution, and has bought in the trophies and other property, all of which is now in his hands, and safe from the possibility of being levied upon for other claims. I spoke to General Grant some time ago concerning the debt of Mr Vanderbilt, and suggested that probably no attempt would ever be made to collect it He would not tolerate the suggestion, however, and said that the debt was one of honor, and he desired Mr. Vanderbilt to proceed upon the liens that he had given him."

"What does General Grant most desire?"

"To be placed upon the retired list of the army. That would be a matter of simple justice. There was a circumstance connected with his leaving the army that has never yet been made public, so far as I know, but which has an important bearing on the present movement to have his name put upon the retired list. When General Grant was first asked to be a candidate for President he declined. 'If I were to accept,' he reasoned, 'one-half of the country would lavish upon me too much praise, and the other would too severely censure me. Besides, I do not care to give up my position in the army. It is one that I like, and one that I may fill for life.'

"Afterward, renewed pressure having been brought to bear upon him, he reconsidered his determination and agreed to stand for the Presidency. Vice President Wilson, who was the Chairman of the Millitary Committee of the Senate, had, as a greater inducement, promised that the General's position as head of the army would be kept open for him. General Grant, however, refused to sanction. 'When I go,' he said, 'I wish General Sherman to take my position, General Sheridan to be made Lieutenant General, and to have promotion made all along the line.' The General does not consider that the placing of his name on the retired list now would in any way interfere with the proper recognition of the services of his old comrades in arms. Under the Edmunds bill he would get a salary of $12,000 a year that would end with his life. Surely he deserves that."

"What is the real condition of his health?"

"It is not good. He has suffered very much, indeed."

"Has he cancer of the tongue?"

"No. It was for a time feared that he had, perhaps, but I may say that his physician has definitely decided that he has not. He suffers acutely from an ulcerated throat, and, naturally, the effect upon his nerves of all that he has gone through—mental as well as bodily troubles—has been disastrous. Of course he has had to give up smoking pretty nearly altogether, indulging in only half a cigar a day. His literary work is now his chief solace."

"And that comes on apace?"

"Yes. I think his history will be completed this year. He is a great stickler for accuracy, and verifies every date, though, as a matter of fact, he has been right in almost every instance. Naturally, from my experience, he consults me as to all offers of publishers. He has received an offer from every leading publisher in the United States. He has received one from a leading house that was the finest I ever heard of He declined to accept it, for the honorable reason that he did not believe that under the terms the publishers could possibly get their money back. He has received many offers agreeing broadly to accede to any terms that he himself might name. He has closed with no one as yet, but in any event he will only make a fair business contract—that is to say, one by which the publisher as well as himself may profit Every line of the history so far has been written by himself. He has received $1,000 for each of his three magazine articles, and the announcement of his engagement, I am informed, ran up the circulation of the magazine from about 100,000 copies to 180,000."