TO THE NATIVE SONS.

When power broke the bars of sleep,
And cried, "Awake! ye sons of life,"
The troubled clouds of the vast deep
Roll'd back and quenched impassioned strife.
Ambition's voice spoke loud and clear:
"Oh western youth, appear! appear!
The glories of your land arise,
Awake, ope wide your dreaming eyes!"

Oh matchless power! what regal sight
To greet unfolding dreams of men!
To mingle with the stars of night
Sun-born flowers of hues of heav'n.
Each dimpled wave on dimpled sea
Broke, laughed and ran in ecstacy.
Each queenly flower waving high
Spoke "triumph" to the splendid sky.

Pride of the wave! the western wave!
For California weave a crown.
That souls in night's abyss shall save,
And glory in her sons' renown.
Native youths! for you the sun
Its grandeur bright has just begun,
And rolling down in peaceful light,
Comes up to greet Pentapurea's sight.

San Francisco, Sept. 9, 1891. ALMA ALDEN.

NEEDLE AND THREAD.

"An old bachelor?" inquired Honora Maywood. "Are you very sure that he is an old bachelor?"

"That's what he told me just in so many words," said Mrs. Pennypacker, who stood on the threshold of her best room, with her head tied up in a pocket handkerchief and a hair-broom in her hand, wherewith she gesticulated, after a tragic fashion, as she talked, while Miss Maywood, tall and slender as a wild lily, stood in the hall with a roll of music under her arm, and her slight figure wrapped in a shabby black shawl. "And he's willing to pay my price, cash, every Sunday night. Never attempted to beat me down a penny, if you'll believe me, my dear. He drinks only English breakfast tea, and he wants his pie-crust made with the best Alderney butter instead of lard, as is good enough for the other people; and he must have ventilators to all the windows, and an open grate instead of the base-burning stove; and—I hope you'll not be offended, my dear—but he particularly dislikes a piano."

"Dislikes a piano?" said the little music-teacher, reddening in spite of herself.

"And he says, says he, 'I hope, Mrs. Pennypacker, that there is no piano in the house. A piano,' says he, 'plays the deuce with my nervous system, with its everlasting tum-tum!' These were his words, my dear. So, my dear, I'd be grateful if you wont mind doing your practicing until he's out for his daily walk—from 1 to 3, just as regular as the clock."

Miss Maywood looked piteously up in the landlady's face.

"I will do anything to oblige you, Mrs. Pennypacker," she said earnestly. "I have not forgotten how very much I am indebted to you, both in actual money and in kindness, which money can never repay."

"My dear, don't say a word," said Mrs. Pennypacker, hastily. "You've been sick, and you've got a little behind hand, and it's quite natural you should be a little low spirited now and then. And you're quite welcome to stay on here until you're able to settle up your little account."

Honora Maywood sighed as she thought how often her little advertisement had been inserted in the daily newspapers without attracting the least notice from the world of patrons and pupils. There were so many "capable music teachers, willing to give lessons at moderate prices," nowadays, and how was any one to know how very much she needed the money?

And, as the time crept on and no pupils came, Honora began to ask herself seriously whether she should go out in some menial capacity, or stay genteelly at home and starve.

"Clothes, ma'am."

Honora started from her revery as the washerwoman's stumpy little girl banged herself, like a human battering-ram, up against the door, with a preposterously large basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora, coloring, "put them down, Sally. But I—I'm afraid it isn't convenient to pay your mother to-day."

"Mother didn't say nothing 'bout the pay," said Sally, wiping her forehead with a whisk of her feet. "I was to leave the clothes, with her 'unble duty, and she 'oped they'd suit; but