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Poetry.

IF LIFE WERE ALL.

If life were all,
Where were the recompense
For all our tears?
For troubled toil
Of all the long-drawn years,
The struggle to survive
The passing show
Were scarce worth while,
If life were all.

If life were all,
What were it worth to live?
To build on pain,
To come to learn
Our building were but vain;
And then to pass
To some vague nothingness
Were scarce worth while,
If life were all.

If life were all,
How aught, weeping
Our parting tears?
Our partings frequent,
And our pleasure brief;
The cup pressed to the lips,
Then snatched away,
Were scarce worth looking on,
If life were all.

Life is not all:
We build eternally,
Aught that is pure to-day
To make existence sweet
Is ours always;
We stand on solid ground
That lasts for aye and aye,
And make's earth sojourn worth the while
Life is not all.

Life is not all.
I do not know the plan;
I only know that God is good
And that His strength sustains;
I only know that He is just;
So in the starless, sorrowless night
I lift my face and trust,
And God my spirit witness hears—
Life is not all.

Select Family Reading

WHEN MILDRED PROMISED

THE young man and the older one left their work in the melon patch to pause a moment under the wild cherry tree in the fence corner.

"There's no use saying a word about it, Henry," said the elder. "If it was any other girl in Pleasant Valley I'd tell you to go ahead, but Shipton's daughter is a little too much for my blood."

He waited an instant; there was no reply, and he continued:

"Look at this field; it's level as the back of your hand. There isn't a stone, nor a weed in it. What was it ten years ago? Swamp, nothing but swamp, skunk cabbage and rocks. There isn't a better piece of land now in all outdoors, and we'll clear $500 if we clear $1 out of the melons on it. We've got two hundred acres just like it. Now, just glance over that fence; that belongs to Shipton. What is it? Nothing but blackberry bushes, because it hasn't been cared for. He owns ninety more and it's all in the same shape. A hundred acres of land, and he buys oats for his horse and doesn't keep a cow. No, sir! No son of mine ever marries a daughter of any man so shiftless as Shipton."

"Mildred isn't responsible for what—" began the son, but the father cut him short.

"It's bred in the bone; they're all alike. I will own that the mother was as likely a woman as I ever met, but she's gone where farms can't run to blackberry bushes and sunnac."

"Maybe you don't know it, but I've got $900 mortgage on that hundred acres; it's been running ten years now and is apt to run ten years more, so far as I can figure. I've worked hard for every cent I ever had, and I do not locate my money in that place, the way things are going. Besides, last year's taxes aren't paid yet."

"It isn't the farm I'm after," said the young man, slowly, "it's Mildred; but it might not be a bad business idea to marry her and then take hold of that farm and bring it up where it should be. You'll get your money back then, father."

"Yes, and let her throw out faster with a spoon than you pitch in with a shovel. You'll never try it with my consent."

"Nevertheless, I intend to marry her, if she'll have me, and I shall ask her to-night," the young man spoke quietly.

On the other side of the fence from among the blackberry bushes a girl appeared, facing them.

"Excuse me," she said, in a sweet, low voice, "but I believe I've been eavesdropping long enough."

The young man flushed crimson, but he walked over to the fence and leaned against it close beside her, while the father, looking straight into the gray eyes gazing into his, said bluntly:

"There is an old saying, Mildred Shipton, that listeners never hear any good of themselves. I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings, but perhaps it's just as well; you know where I stand in this matter."

"I have known for some time," was her response.

"I don't want to offend you, Mildred; you're as good as the average; but I've worked and saved for forty years, all for the sake of giving Harry a little easier life than I have had and I don't want him to marry a girl who'd keep his nose to the grindstone as mine has been."

"I've been picking berries here," said Mildred, "for nearly an hour, and I couldn't help hearing the conversation. I gather from it that you object to me because my father doesn't work his farm, and we owe you money on a mortgage. Is that it?"

"Your father is as shiftless as a Southern cracker. How am I to know that you are not another berry from the same twig?"

"I very probably am," she said, calmly.

There was silence again, then she turned toward the young man beside her, and her voice held the cadences of wild music.

"Henry, I wish you would not come to-night to ask me what you told your father you would. Keep the question until the mortgage is paid, and then I will answer you as you wish."

She did not wait for a response. Before either one could grasp the meaning of her words she had disappeared among the bushes on the Shipton side of the fence.

July ripened into August, that gave way to the mature beauty of September and in all that time Henry Matthews had no opportunity to meet Mildred Shipton.

Twice he called at her home, both times she was out; three letters which he wrote received no acknowledgement beyond a note containing the line, "Wait till the mortgage is paid."

The October leaves of the bushes in the blackberry field were red as the July berries had been, when Mr. Matthews had a caller. She came up the gravelled walk leading to the front door in a neat gray suit and a hat which crowned her head as the blossoms deck the vine, and bearing herself quite proudly.

She was shown into the room where he sat reading, his son by the far side of the table busy with accounts. He was the first to perceive her and he sprang to his feet with a little exclamation of pleased surprise.

"Mildred!"

But she did not heed him; her eyes were for his father.

"Mr. Matthews," she said, "I have come to pay that mortgage. Will you kindly figure up the amount due?"

It was his turn to be surprised.

"The mortgage," he said, "why, yes, of course. I—Henry, will you get it for me? It is in that little tin trunk in the safe."

Henry left the room on his mission.

"When the mortgage is paid, ask me that question and I will give you the answer that you wish," he repeated to himself.

His heart was singing it over and over. How the money had been obtained was nothing to him; she was his now; she had promised; he could not find the paper quickly enough and return where she was waiting.

In that other room, the older Matthews was saying, "I have not been hurrying you for the money so long as the interest was kept up—"

"I know," she interrupted—she was by far the cooler of the two—"but I wanted it out of the way. It has run too long now."

Henry returned, mortgage in hand. His father took it from him and began the computing necessary.

"It is dated Oct. 8th," he said. "To-morrow is the fourth. It is for $900 at six per cent. One year's interest is due; that makes just $954.

"So I figured it," she replied, and laid out a roll of bills in his hand.

"Please count and see if all is correct."

She resumed her seat, sitting with her eyes fixed on the elder man. She seemed to avoid the younger one, who stood so close behind her that a little outreaching would place her hand in his. When the money was counted and she held the mortgage, she spoke again:

"For years," she said, "my father has been working on a certain invention. Everything has waited for it. Last winter he had it finished and it did all he could ask, but he had no money for patents, nothing to push it in any way. He isn't a farmer, does not know anything about it, and had no time to spare to learn. I have been away at school and knew nothing of the sacrifice he was making to keep me there and carry forward his work. When I came home this spring then I learned."

She was silent for a moment, but before they could speak she continued in a little firmer tone: "Then I went to work. I borrowed money for the first patent papers from a school friend and the application was made. This summer I have picked berries and canned them; I have put up fruits of all kinds for friends in the city. That old blackberry patch which you so disdained has brought me in nearly half of the money. Then the patents were granted and the father of my school friend has purchased half of my father's patent. He paid $6,000 for it, and they both think it holds a large fortune for us all."

She rose and took a step toward the door, saying:

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, Mr. Matthews"—was she quoting his words of the berry field intentionally?—"but please don't consider a man shiftless after this because he doesn't choose to make his money in your way."

It took both of them so long to collect their thoughts that she had reached the door before Henry had intercepted her.

"Mildred," he said, "do you remember what you promised in that berry field last July?"

The eyes looking into his were clear and steady as the sunlight falling across the floor.

"That one hundred acre farm of ours," she answered, is sorely in need of a good manager. Father would like very much to have one he could trust, and if your father thinks—"

"His father thinks there is no fool like an old fool," the older Matthews interrupted. "Mildred, will you please name the day when that new management can take charge of your farm and I can return this mortgage money to you as a wedding present?"

EASILY EXPLAINED.

Victim—"The number of the car that knocked me down was 66."

Policeman (consulting his note-book)—"You are wrong; it's 99."

"Oh, well, maybe it was, you see, I was standing on my head when I saw it."

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

The late Dean Stanley, speaking on the subject of the substantial unity of all true Christians, illustrated it by the following anecdote:

"It is said that John Wesley once, in the visions of the night, found himself, as he thought, at the gates of hell. Knocking at the entrance, he asked who were within."

"Are there any Roman Catholics here?"

"Yes," was the answer: "a great many."

"Any Church of England men?"

"Yes; a great many."

"Any Presbyterians?"

"Yes; a great many."

"Any Wesleyans, or Baptists, or Independents?"

"Yes; a great many."

Disappointed and dismayed at the replies he received, he turned his steps upward, and found himself at the gates of Paradise, where knocking at the gate, he repeated the same questions: "Any Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, Presbyterians, Church of England men, or Roman Catholics here?" And to each of the questions came back the same answer.

"No, not one of any of these denominations."

"Whom have you then?" he asked in astonishment.

"Not one," was the answer, "of any of the names you have mentioned. The only name of which we know any thing here is the name of Christian. We are all Christians here; and of course we have a great multitude, whom no man can number, from every kindred, and nation, and tribe, and tongue, all one in Christ, bearing his name, filled with his spirit, and loving, and serving, and enjoying him forever?"

The anecdote reminds one of the remark of good John Newton: "If I ever reach heaven," he said, "I expect to find there three wonders. First, to meet some I had never thought to see there; second, to miss some I had expected to see there; and third, and the greatest wonder of all, to find myself there." This is the true Christian spirit, and it corresponds to the teachings of the Master who said, "Judge not that ye be not judged."

SPARKLES.

Alice: "Don't you think a cookery-book is fascinating reading?"

Clara: "Yes, indeed. It contains so many stirring incidents."

"What is he playing?"

"Oh, Mendelstohn's 'Songs Without Words,' you know."

"H'm! Well, the audience seems to be doing its best to supply the deficiency."

"Pretty—but shallow!"

"Handsome—but horribly selfish!"

How often are those remarks applied to women and men whom you and I know, while on the other hand we know of others whom everyone loves, though they are "plain as a pikestaff."

"Is he a thoroughly honest man?"

"I don't know," answered the man from Kingston. "I have trusted him with hundreds of thousands of dollars, but I never tried him with a book or an umbrella."

Little Ian was trying to dress himself after his bath. He got his shirt on front side behind. Looking ruefully down at himself, he said:

"Guess I'd better turn myself around so my shirt will button in front."

The late Archbishop of Canterbury was for many years fearful of a stroke of paralysis.

Seated at the right of Countess T—, at a brilliant banquet, he startled the guests by arising and remarking:

"Brethren, it has come at last—that which I have feared for forty years, a stroke of paralysis. I have been pinching my knee for the last twenty minutes and can't find the least sensation there."

"Pardon me," said the countess, "but it was my knee that you were pinching."

A CHILD'S TRIBUTE.

Longfellow, the "poet of childhood," loved and was loved by the children and his later years were brightened by many proofs of their affection. It would be hard to recall anything more characteristic and touching than a recent occurrence described by a correspondent of the Companion:

Mr. A. and his family, of New York, were visiting Westminster Abbey. "Poets' Corner" attracted them, of course, and here they paused longest before the bust of the American singer.

Nellie, the elder daughter, carried a rose. As they turned away, she laid it reverently near the gentle face.

"Her sister Mabel, a child of eight, was missed from the party a few minutes later. Looking backward, they saw her stand on tip-toe to place something within the marble folds of drapery.

"What were you doing, Mabel?" the father asked, when she rejoined them.

"Nellie had a rose, and I hadn't anything," the child said bravely, "so I bit off one of my curls, and gave Mr. Longfellow that."

The clothes don't make a professional nurse by a long shot.

Occasionally impositions travels around under this garb of friendship.

The Very Best Remedy for Bowel Trouble.

Mr. M. F. Borroughs, an old and well-known resident of Hilton, Ind., says: "I regard Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as the very best remedy for bowel trouble. I make this statement after having used the remedy in my family for several years. I am never without it." This remedy is almost sure to be needed before the summer is over. Why not buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency? For sale by all druggists

TIMING THE EGG.

It is a common saying that every cook, if she be a cook, has a method of her own. Whether this rule could apply to so simple a matter as boiling an egg might have seemed doubtful, but a story related by the Baltimore Herald shows the doubt ill-founded. The story in question has to do with Bishop Paret of Maryland, who, of course has often to go about the country, and to be entertained by hospitable families.

On a trip into West Virginia, not very long ago, he put up at a house, the lady of which is a devoted member of the Church, one of those dainty women who go cheerfully about their housework singing hymns.

Anxious to please her distinguished guest, she had inquired as to the Bishop's favorite dishes, and had been told that he was fond of eggs for breakfast, preferring them hard-boiled.

The next morning, therefore, she rose early and went down to the kitchen to supervise the cooking of this portion of the breakfast. The Bishop also rose early, and coming downstairs took a seat in the dining-room, talking to his entertainer as she hurried to and from the kitchen.

Finally she went into the kitchen with two eggs, and a moment later began to sing that good old hymn, "Rock of Ages." Finishing the first stanza she paused for a moment and then started on the second, the Bishop joining in the singing.

When the stanza was finished there was silence, and the Bishop remarked:

"Why not sing the third verse?"

"The third verse?" replied the lady, as she came into the dining-room bringing the steaming eggs. "Oh that's not necessary!"

"I don't understand," replied Bishop Paret.

"Why, you see," she said, "when I am cooking eggs I always sing one verse for soft-boiled and two for hard-boiled."

"Oh! I see," said the Bishop, as he broke the shell of one of the eggs to find that the new method of timing had worked admirably.

HOME NURSING.

The first thing in nursing, the first essential to the patient, without which all else you do is as nothing, is to keep the air he breathes as pure as the external air without chilling him.

Always have the window of your patient's room open, but not a window on a passage just outside.

Place the bed in the lightest spot in the room, and he should be able to see out of the window.

The best bed is an iron bedstead, a hair mattress, no curtains or vallance, very light blankets for a covering, as weak patients are always distressed by weight in bedclothes.

Cleanliness of the skin is almost all disease is of the utmost importance.

Care should be taken in sponging or washing not to expose too great a surface at once so as to check perspiration.

Never allow a patient to be waked out of sleep, either intentionally or accidently, as this does serious harm.

Do not whisper or walk on tiptoe, as this is particularly painful to the sick.

Remember never to lean against, sit upon, shake or even touch the bed upon which your patient lies; this is always an annoyance.

Do not talk or allow your patient to talk while taking his meal.

THE POWER OF A VOICE.

When you live in hotels a great deal—as I have more or less this summer—you realize the power of the human voice to soothe, or quite the opposite. O what a lot of harsh, disagreeable voices there are in this world—women's voices, too! The pity of it!

The other morning I was on the beach at the bathing hour when I heard someone call "Tommy!" in discordant tones that set my nerves a-tingle with their acid sharpness. The child so called frowned and answered back in a peevish way. I turned, expecting to see some uncouth nursemaid; and to my surprise I beheld the extremely elegant mother of the boy.

Now, that woman's husband is always irritable and peevish, just like the boy; and who shall say her voice is not responsible for it?

One of the worst-tempered men I know married a woman with a sweet, low voice and an even disposition. He is now completely changed. You know, you simply can't quarrel all by yourself when everything is peaceful and soothing all around you. It seems to me if more women realized this there would be more happy homes.—Kate Clyde.

DON'T ALWAYS BE TIRED OR SICK

It is an unfortunate thing for one to acquire the habit of invalidism, of constantly consulting one's bodily condition to see if some malady is not either present or threatening, of constantly talking of diseases, their causes, symptoms, and cure. It is a habit more easy of acquirement than most people suspect, and one which, unless it is closely watched, may send even a good Christian far along the road toward downright selfishness. As concerning diseases and their symptoms, just as in other matters, the body should be a servant, not the master.

HE MIGHT NOT NEED IT.

One of the rules for getting rich is to buy nothing unnecessary.

"Were you able to sell old Billions a lot?" asked the superintendent of the cemetery.

The agent shook his head. "He was afraid he might not get the full value of it," he explained.

"But a man has got to die some time!" exclaimed the superintendent.

"That's what I told him, but he only answered, 'Suppose I should be lost at sea.'"

A job on your hands is better than two in your mind.

TEACHER'S PET.

Eight years old and going on nine,
Teacher says I am doin' fine!
Get my lessons every day,
Hardly ever have to stay
After school for being slow.
Ain't so very happy though,
'Cause the fellows laugh at me—
All But Johnnie Baker,
He takes my side, he knows all right
That I ain't strong enough to fight,
'Cause I hurt my-self one day
Follin' off a farmer's sleigh;
And the doctor cut my side
Awful deep, and Ma she cried,
And since then I'm awful thin...
And, gee-whizz, it hurts like sin
When the fellows laugh and says
"Tabby cat, you don't play."
And my eyes got kind of wet
When they call me teacher's pet.
Gee, they never talked that way
Till I tumbled off the sleigh.
Once I licked three kids an quick
That hadn't ought to good and sick;
And I just to dodge and run,
Just as fast as anyone.
Now when recess comes along
I just wait to hear the gong
Call us back to work a lot,
'Cause it's all the fun I've got.
Yesterday, when Reddie Lee
Saw me sitting there, said he;
"Boys, look at teacher's pet,
He's afraid to play, you bet!
'Cause he knows I'd smash his face,
All around the whole old place."
Johnnie Baker saw me cry,
And he blacked old Reddie's eye,
And he made his nose bleed too.
Dear, I wish that I could do
Something good for Johnnie!
He always does so much for me.
May be 'twon't be very long
Till my side gets good and strong.
If it ever does, I bet
They won't call me teacher's pet.

(Sent by) EDITH HILL.

A SHADE WORSE.

The Washington Star tell a story at the expense of a Mr. Blykins, whom it represents as a man unwise enough to think himself—on rare occasions only—wiser than his wife.

The baby was crying. All its mother's efforts to soothe it had been vain, and finally Mr. Blykins laid down the book whose reading he had interrupted two or three times a page to cast blameful glances, and said:

"Julia, are you aware that we pay rent for only a portion of this building? Does it occur to you that while we have a right to fill this flat as full of noise as we choose, we are not morally justified in causing noise to overflow and pervade the entire structure."

"It's the baby that's crying," she suggested.

"You are not adopting the method likeliest to quiet the child. You have been humming to it, but what the child needs is music. Give him to me, and I'll show you what I mean."

He took the child and proceeded to chant a lullaby. The little one stopped crying and stared at him.

"There," said Mr. Blykins, as he reached the end of a verse, "what he wanted was music, real music. He wasn't to be fooled with humming. Of course, the fact that I used to sing in a glee club and had my voice cultivated may make a difference, too."

He had not got very far into the next stanza when there came a ring at the bell. He gave the baby to his wife, while he opened the door. A girl of fourteen or fifteen said:

"We're the people who have just moved into the flat above. There's a sick lady with us, and says if it's all the same to you, would you mind letting the baby cry instead of singing to it?"

CARE OF SEWING MACHINE.

There are but three important parts to the common double thread machine, the needle, the shuttle and the feed.

In cleaning a sewing machine use a small screwdriver, a stick about the size of a lead pencil, with a long slender point, a piece of cotton cloth and some machine oil.

In taking a machine apart do not go at it in a haphazard way, but commence at one side and work toward the other side, taking off everything as you go that needs cleaning.

Have a table with plenty of room, and as fast as the pieces are removed lay them there in the order in which they were removed.

Be particularly careful not to lose any of the small screws, for they are frequently of such a thread that you cannot get a duplicate.

After you have taken off the small parts carefully clean the body of the machine.

Kerosene will act like magic in taking off the hardened oil and dirt, and the sharpened stick will be very serviceable in reaching every crevice.

In oiling the machine use none but the very best oil. It is a good idea once in awhile to use a little kerosene. This will keep it free from gum.

A GRASPING LANDLORD.

"I guess," said the man who always tries to talk like a monologue, "that the meanest hotel man lives in Pennsylvania. I won't name the town.

"I stayed at his place all night recently, and when I went to pay my bill in the morning I complained that his food had made me restless in the night and that the bed was inhabited otherwise than by me. When he handed me my bill he had two dollars for 'a horse and buggy.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked, in surprise. 'I had no livery rig. Where does the horse come in?'

"'You had a nightmare, didn't you?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I said; 'but buggy?'

"'The bed,' he answered, calmly.

"I paid."

AND IT'S PERFECTLY TRUE.

Here's a little temperance lecture in about four sentences which deserves to rank with the world's classics in point of usefulness. And the best of all is that it's obviously perfectly true.

"R-a-g-s or butt-t-les," euphoniously cries the alleyway collector.

"Queer combination you deal in, my friend."

"Oh, I dunno. People as has bottles generally has rags."