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NO. 1.

## The Old Sweet Song.

I remember a song whose numbers throng  
As sweetly in memory's twilight hour  
As the voice of the bleasid in the rosin of  
reeds.  
Or the sparkle of dew on a dreaming flower.  
Like a simple air, but when others depart,  
Like an angel whisper, it clings to my heart.  
I have wept for under sun and star.  
I have wept for in music in every clime,  
From the wood-notes of the golden lark  
To the wondrous peal of a sacred chime;  
I have drunk in the tones which bright lips  
let fall  
To thrashing epics in bower and hall;  
The anthem bland of the masters grand  
Have been me soft on their sweeping  
wings;  
And the thunder-roll of the organ's soul  
Drowns not the murmur of fairy strings,  
Or the shepherd's pipe, whose music thrills  
With the breath of morn' or e'en the sleeping  
hill;  
But none remain like this simple strain  
Which my mother sang to my childish ears,  
As nightly and oft'er my pillow soft,  
She gently hovers to soothe my fears.  
I can see her now with her bright head bent  
In the light which the taper so feebly lent.  
I can see her now, with her fair, pure brow,  
And the dark locks pushed from her temples  
clear,  
And the liquid ray of her tender gaze  
Made eloquent by a trembling tear,  
As she watched the sleep that is sweet for all  
Like rose leaves over my spirit fall.  
And the notes still throng of that old sweet  
song,  
Though silent the lips that breathed them to  
me,  
Like the chiming so clear which mariners hear  
From the sunken cities beneath the sea;  
And never, ah! never can they depart  
While shines my being and beats my heart.  
That song, that song, that old sweet song!  
I gather it up like a golden chain,  
Link by link, when I slumber I sink,  
And link by link when I wake again.  
I shall feel it, I know, when the last deep rest  
Shall fold me close to the earth's dark breast.

## CAN IT BE TRUE?

Did you ever hear that there were  
two men lost between the walls of the  
Great Eastern when she was building?  
It is true, and I want to tell you about  
it.  
My brother John was a head work-  
man on the ship, and he got me a  
chance to go about on her just as if I  
belonged there. I was sickly, and they  
always let me have my way at home.  
We weren't at home then, nor had been  
for years; but we kept up the old ways.  
So, as I said, I came and went on the  
ship when others couldn't. Sometimes I  
felt like I ought to believe do something,  
if I thought anybody was going to  
find fault. John would always give  
me something to do.  
From the first there were two men  
there whom I didn't like, because they  
didn't me. They used to ask what I  
was there for, and I would tell them  
when I came, and touch their fore-  
heads.  
I always like to be let alone, and I  
will be. And if folks begin to me,  
they deserve what they get. Thomson—  
that's one of the men—was for beating  
me right out, but I was afraid of my  
brother John; but Jackson, the other  
man—was slyer, and I knew by his ac-  
tions that he was planning to do me an  
ill turn.  
So things went on for months, and  
the ship grew every day. When I first  
went there, it was only a skeleton, like,  
and by-and-by, the shape began to  
show.  
I wish I could make out how aggra-  
vating those fellows were. They did all  
they could to bring it on themselves. I  
don't think I'm to blame; but I want  
you to see how it was. Don't you know  
that some folks can do little things that  
are not much to talk, but when they are  
done, make every drop of blood in your  
body boil, and every nerve quiver?  
They can give a look, a wink, a laugh,  
that will rank poison to you, and set  
you all of a writher. That's what those  
fellows did, and I never said a word  
for weeks, and pretended I didn't  
see nor hear. But they knew I did, and  
they took delight in it.  
One day I was feeling pretty bad—I  
used to have bad days—and I thought I  
would stay at home. I got a pack of cards,  
locked my chamber door, and played  
solitaire till late in the afternoon. It  
was the only way I could keep myself  
from thinking. But by-and-by I got  
tired of it, and started out for the ship.  
"They'll be gone by this time," I  
said to myself; "but if they get in my  
way I won't stand anything."  
When I reached the ship I thought  
they had gone. Work hours were over  
for them, and all was quiet. There were  
no visitors about, and when I went on  
board, the ship looked deserted.  
"I'll have a walk about," I thought.  
"It will do me good."  
So I walked around awhile, keeping to  
myself, and by-and-by I took a sheltered  
seat beside a pile of boards, where  
no one could see me, and fell a thinking.  
I was thinking that my life was lone-  
some like that, but bright places had  
ever come into it, that I never felt in-  
clined to laugh or to sing, and that, if I  
should drop overboard and go quietly to  
the bottom, it wouldn't be much matter.  
Well, I thought over that a long time,  
and wondered what would be said when  
they fished me up. I'd seen a man  
fished up and carried home, and his  
wife and children cried as if they'd die.  
There wasn't anybody to cry for me.  
John was good, but he wasn't of the  
crying kind, and perhaps he would  
think that he had got rid of a care. I  
ain't had heart, but when I thought  
how my death wouldn't hurt anybody,  
somehow it made me feel so miserable  
that I cried. And when once I had be-  
gan to cry, I couldn't stop, but went on  
harder and harder. It was a good while  
since I'd cried, and I made up for lost  
time, and cried for all the sorrows I'd  
had since I was a little boy, and for some  
that I had when I was a child.  
I don't know how long I'd been cry-  
ing, when a light sound brought me to  
myself. I'd forgotten where I was, and

that somebody might come along and  
catch me. I looked up with tears all  
over my face, and my eyes full of 'em,  
and there was Thomson standing within  
ten feet of me, looking at me with a grin  
on his face, and a fist in his eye, making  
believe to cry and wipe his tears like a  
bawling young one.  
I waked just enough to let my  
nerves and muscles find it out, and got  
ready; then I pounced on him so quick-  
ly, that I had my hand on his throat  
before he could utter a sound. He  
kicked, though, as he got purple in the  
face, and as I held him down. I let him  
kick, for he was going just where I  
wanted him to.  
There was a place, near by, still in the  
shelter of the boards, where, for some  
reason, two or three planks had been  
taken up of the deck, and it left a hole  
that led down to the very keel between  
the two beams. In an idle way I had  
often dropped little blocks  
down there, and heard them bump,  
bump, like stones in a well, as they  
went down. Thomson kicked himself  
in this very direction, and just as my  
hands were getting tired, and as he had  
got his foot up between us, close to my  
chest, to give me a kick away from him  
with his last strength, I humored him  
and down he went, head foremost. I  
heard two or three bumps, and I heard  
no more. I stared down into the dark-  
ness, and fancied that I saw two eyes  
staring back at me—but I heard no  
thing.  
By-and-by I heard steps approach-  
ing. I started away, and laid down by  
the board pile again. My brother John  
came along and shook me, thinking I  
was asleep, and I went home with him.  
The next morning I went on board  
again, but saw no Thomson. Men  
were waiting for him, but they didn't  
know where he had gone. His friend  
Jackson came and asked me if I had  
seen him, looking at me in a very curious  
way. I told him I'd seen all I wanted to  
see of him.  
About noon they sent off to Thom-  
son's house to inquire for him, and  
found out that he hadn't been on board  
since the morning before. But they  
didn't wonder at it, for he al-  
ways had neglected his family shame-  
fully. Well, to make a long story short,  
they never found him, and they never  
suspected the truth. It was believed  
that he had run away, for he owed  
more than he owned, and had writ out  
against him.  
I kept on going to the ship just as  
before. I suppose you think that there  
was one spot that I avoided, but you  
mistake. The same place where the  
hole was—that particular hole that I  
have spoken of—for there were others  
was the most attractive place on board  
for me. I kept near it constantly, and  
when I could get a chance I looked  
down. Sometimes I would throw a  
little block, or perhaps a shaving down,  
and listen to the sound. The blocks  
used to fall a long time, but not so  
long as they have since. I always  
brought up against something that  
wasn't hard like wood.  
But one thing made me uneasy, and  
that was Jackson was entirely changed.  
He grew sober and quiet, and kept out  
of my way, though he watched me con-  
stantly. I knew from the very first that  
he suspected me of doing something that  
wasn't right. He never said a word when  
they talked about the others running  
away. Well, I wasn't much afraid,  
since nobody could find the body, and  
nobody had seen the dead one, and I  
didn't believe that Jackson had any  
idea of the place; but it fretted me to  
be watched. Besides, I had begun,  
after a day or two, to want to tell some-  
body.  
Sometimes I had a great mind to tell  
John, but I didn't. By the end of a  
week my nerves were on edge about  
telling; and about Jackson. The way  
he watched me was awful. When I  
passed near him he wouldn't raise his  
head, but I could see him rolling his  
eyes round to keep me in sight, and  
watch me out of the corners. I couldn't  
stand it. Besides, that black hole was a  
nuisance. I couldn't help looking in.  
I saw and looked into it in my dreams,  
and in my sleeping and waking fancies.  
One afternoon, late, just before the  
workmen left off, I went and lay down  
out of sight near that awful hole. I  
meant to wait until it was dusky, and  
then throw down some shavings and  
chloride of lime. The smell made me  
crazy. I lay still about an hour, and  
heard them go. They thought I was  
gone, and pretty soon all was still. I  
was waiting till I thought no one would  
see me, and just going to start, when I  
heard a soft step coming along, and  
presently there was Jackson. He did  
not see me, and I hid again quickly.  
First he bent over the hole, then drew  
quickly back, holding his nose.  
"He is in there," he said to himself.  
He took a tiny little lantern out of a  
paper in his hand, lighted it, tied a  
string to the handle, tied a handkerchief  
over his nose and mouth, and kneeling  
beside the hole, bent over it, and slowly  
lowered his light. He thought he had  
seen me, and that the body had  
trunk somewhere, not so far down but  
he could get a glimpse of it with his  
light. He was too much interested to  
hear a step behind him, though it would  
have taken sharp ears to hear it any  
way.  
Why didn't he mind his own business,  
and look out for his own life? What  
did he want to meddle with me for? Was  
he spying round? Why didn't he let me  
alone? If he had, I wouldn't have  
touched him. He knew that Thomson  
deserved what he had got for his med-  
dling. I gave him a sharp, quick tip,  
and down he went, lantern and all. It  
must have been a pretty safe lantern, to  
go out without setting anything afire.  
Somehow I felt sick, though I'd given  
him only what he deserved, and I went  
back to my place and lay there all night,  
and I kept hiding till late in the morn-  
ing after the workmen had come. All  
waited for then was to hear the master  
tell them to plank up the hole. Then I  
knew I was safe. And then I took a ves-  
sel to France.  
But I couldn't talk to the people there;  
and all the time I have been looking  
for somebody to tell my story to. I haven't  
done any harm. They might have mind-  
ed their own business, and I wouldn't  
have touched them. But for all that it  
torments me.  
I see that ship everywhere. And

## The Candidate for Office.

When I walked down the street next  
day the perception of my new relations  
with the public surprised me like the  
shock of a gold bath. Instead of the  
cold and somewhat shy deference habitually  
accorded to independent position  
and reserved manners, I was everywhere  
acclaimed with an easy and aggressive  
familiarity.  
My right hand was crushed with the  
cordiality of fellows whose names were  
unknown to me, and my ribs reached with  
the friendly pokes of people whose  
former acquaintance had never trans-  
cended a distant nod. Tom introduced  
me to his neighbor Dick, and Dick pre-  
sented his friend Harry, and Harry called  
up his fellow citizens Ragtag and  
Bobtail, and everybody wanted to know  
my opinions on all imaginable subjects  
—grangers, railroads, local option,  
schools, Cuba, the next Presidency and  
family not.  
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—grangers, railroads, local option,  
schools, Cuba, the next Presidency and  
family not.  
I was wondrously embarrassed at finding  
myself for the first time face to face with  
a constituency, but was humanely re-  
lieved by Bally McOse, who stepped up  
and whispered in my ear, confidentially:  
"You can answer all them questions  
most satisfactory in one word—'treat!'"  
A friend in need is a friend indeed,  
and by authority my comrade man led  
the constituency into the next grocery.  
Then I was followed by a boy of little  
girls collecting for the mite society, who  
perly demanded a dollar from the candi-  
date.  
Reflecting that little girls have fathers  
who have votes, I called a sweet, blushing  
maiden who was modestly hanging  
back, and gave her the dollar, with a pat  
on the head and a compliment added.  
This was observed, and at the next corner  
I was boned by a maiden aunt of  
one of the little girls for a contribution  
to the heathen, especially those whose  
lot is cast in our borders.  
I escaped into a friendly store, but  
there the proprietor spread his stock of  
silks on the counter, insisting I should  
select a dress for madam to wear at the  
capital next winter. Only sixty-five dol-  
lars the pattern. "Very pretty to have  
your name on our books," said he,  
suddenly and discreetly sending me off  
by a boy without my darning to object.  
I was next obliged to buy a raw-  
boned, spavined, wind-broken horse to  
electioneer on, because a warm friend  
and voter insisted on it. A burly fel-  
low claimed two dollars of me for a load  
of manure, and I was obliged to throw  
off at my door without saying "By your  
leave," and although he knew I peculiarly  
despised that kind of fuel.  
Hastening homeward, I was waylaid  
by a disagreeable, peak-nosed elder who  
had seeded and was trying to get up an  
opposition meeting house to divide our  
national sinners, and I was obliged to  
assert his advantage and thrust his  
greasy subscription paper under my  
nose with the remark: "that candidate  
for public favors is expected to be  
liberal."  
I took over twenty dollars with a  
grain. Yesterday I was addressed with  
the belief that the public, "through its  
committee," was soliciting a favor from  
me; to-day the boot seems to be on the  
other leg.—"Porte Crayon."

## Cambric Dresses for Spring.

The furnishing houses, says Harper's  
Bazaar, are busily manufacturing cam-  
bric and gingham suits for spring. These  
are made of checked, striped, and plaid  
Scotch gingham, or else of percales or  
ambries in gingham plaids, of old-time  
pink and white, or blue with gray, or  
perhaps shaded brown. There is very  
little of novelty in the manner of mak-  
ing. The lower skirts are arranged so  
that they train slightly in the house, or  
may be shortened in the street. One or  
two bias gathered scanty flounces is the  
trimming. The overskirt is a long apron  
slashed to the figure, with full back  
breaths that are caught up in a puff be-  
hind by means of a sash of the dress  
material. A single deep, full  
into the side seams, and then a large  
long-looped bow is tied in the middle.  
This draws the front smoothly over the  
figure, and the back breaths are pulled  
over the sash in a puff. This skirt has  
the advantage of being easily ironed, as  
the sash and back breaths are readily  
straightened out. A single deep, full  
pocket is on the front. A hem, facing,  
or other plain edge, such as a striped  
border, is more in keeping with these  
skirts than a ruffle or plaiting. The  
body may be a belted basque or a side-  
plaited waist, or else the baby waists or  
blouses once so popularly worn. New  
belts have the side forms of the  
back beginning on the shoulders in-  
stead of in the armpoles, thus making  
the long seams now used in all corsets.  
The neck is finished with an English  
collar that is very high behind, and is  
turned over in wide points in front.  
The sleeves are made of a single  
with very simple cuffs, or else with a  
plaiting that falls over the wrist.  
The bordered lavns and organdies  
called centennial lavns are being made  
with square kerchiefs or fichus some-  
what in the fashion of the fifties.  
The flosses, overskirts, collar, cuffs, belt,  
and pocket are all trimmed with the  
border that comes near the selvage of the  
lawn, or else in separate horizontal  
bands. Gaily colored ribbons, made  
into rosettes, are also used on these  
pretty and simple dresses. Some of the  
organdies are made of high colored pat-  
terns that will wash, and these are  
fringed with rows of box-plaited  
flounces. Dresses that are meant to  
wash have side-plaited or gathered floun-  
ces that are easily laundered. For trim-  
ming suits of solid colored lavns in the  
pretty rose, cream, pale, or dark blue  
shades, white machine embroidered  
motifs is used in seam, collar, cuffs, or  
sleeves. This comes in sheer lawn merely  
scalloped in deep scalloped points, or  
else dotted with close work, or perhaps  
in the open compass designs of English  
embroidery. Bands wrought on both  
edges, with sufficient plain space be-  
tween for ruffles, are sold by the dozen  
or half dozen for a small sum. The  
newest feature in such bands is to have  
them in ecrin muslin instead of in the  
snowy blue white.  
It is predicted that these colored wash  
dresses will take the place of the white  
muslin suits that have been so long  
the standard dress for summer in the  
country. It should be remembered that  
colored hosiery to correspond with the  
dress, and square toed slippers trimmed  
with a rosette or a buckle, are part of  
the gay and pretty centennial dress.

## Teaching Little Children.

The following extract from one of the  
sermons of Mr. Moody shows the ap-  
peals he makes to his thousands of  
listeners: A young lady came home  
from boarding school, and her father  
and mother wanted her to shine in the  
fashionable society. No, she said, she  
had something better than that. She went  
to the Sabbath-school superintendent,  
and said to him: "Can you give me a  
class in the Sunday-school?" He was  
surprised that this young lady should want  
that. He told her that he had no class that  
he could give her then. She went away  
with a resolve to do what she could on  
side of the school. One day, as she was  
walking up the street, she saw a little  
boy running out of a shoemaker's shop,  
and behind was the old shoemaker  
chasing him with a wooden lathe in his  
hand. He had not run far until the lathe  
was broken, and the boy stopped and  
began to cry. The Spirit of the Lord  
touched that young lady's heart, and she  
went to where he was. She stepped up  
to him and asked him if he was hurt.  
He told her it was none of her business.  
She went to work then to win that boy's  
confidence. She asked him if he would  
like to go to school. He said: "No."  
"Well, why don't you go to school?" "Don't  
want to." She asked him if he would  
not like to go to Sunday-school. "If  
you will come," she said, "I will teach  
you beautiful stories and read nice  
books." She asked him if he would  
consent to go to the school. He said he  
would consent to go to school. She  
agreed upon. He at last consented, and  
the next Sunday, true to his promise, he  
waited for her at the place designated.  
She took him by the hand and led him  
into the Sabbath-school. "Can you  
give me a place to teach this little boy?"  
he asked of the superintendent. He  
looked at the boy, but they didn't have  
any such looking little ones in the school.  
A place was found, however, and she sat  
down in the corner and tried to win that  
soul for Christ. Many would look upon  
her with contempt, but she had got  
something to do for the Master. The  
little boy had never heard anybody sing  
so sweetly before. When he went home  
he was asked where he had been.  
"Been among the angels," he told  
his mother. He said he had been to  
the Sabbath school, but his father  
and mother told him he must not go  
any more, or he would get a flogging.  
The next Sunday he went, and when he  
came home he got the promised flog-  
ging. He went the second time and got  
a flogging, and also a third time with  
the same result. At last he said to his  
father: "I won't go any more. One day  
before I go, and then I won't have to think  
of it when I am there." The father  
said: "If you go the Sabbath-school  
again I will kill you." It was the  
father's custom to send his son out to  
the street to sell articles to the passers-  
by, and he told the boy that he might  
earn the profits of what he sold on  
Saturday. The little fellow hastened to  
the young lady's house and said to her:  
"Father said that he would give me  
every Saturday to myself, and if you  
will just teach me then I will come to  
your house every Saturday afternoon."  
I wonder how many young ladies there  
are who would give up their Saturday  
afternoons just to teach one boy the way  
into the kingdom of God? Every  
Saturday afternoon that little boy was  
there at her house, and she tried to tell  
him the way to Christ. She labored  
with him, and at last the light of God's  
spirit broke upon his heart. One day  
while he was selling his wares at the  
railroad station, a train of cars approach-  
ed unnoticed and passed over both his  
legs. A physician was summoned, and  
the first thing after he arrived, the little  
sufferer looked up into his face and said:  
"Doctor, will I live to get home?"  
"No," said the doctor, "you are  
dying." "Will you tell my mother and  
father that I died a Christian?" They  
bore home the boy's corpse and with it  
the last message that he died a Christian.  
Oh, what a noble work was that young  
lady's in saving that little wanderer!  
How precious the remembrance to her!  
When she goes to heaven she will not  
be a stranger there. He is described as  
by the hand and led her to the throne of  
Christ. She did the work cheerfully.  
Oh, may God teach us what our work  
is that we may do it for His glory!

## Teaching Little Children.

The following extract from one of the  
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