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THE CURATE'S FIRESIDE.
I have a only daughter,
But she is more to me
Than if I had a score or so;
To cloister round my knee;
And for her own companion
I would a wife beguiled,
As the curate's leisure moments
By the fire of his child.
My worthy friend and vicar,
The Rev. Mr. Blount,
And his good children
Ere more than can be seen;
And good man smiles serenely
And pats them on the head,
While he tells of his child,
When they toddle off to bed.
My brother curate, Webster,
Of Mr. Malpas house,
Thinks only bachelors are blessed,
And bachelors only blessed;
Sarcasms may not carry,
For 'tis his rule of life,
I erst got a good wife living,
And then a wealthy wife.
My patriarchal glee,
When the thirteenth Blount his choking,
Ner yet the unhappy Webster,
His indigning lone and bleak,
With him and his companion
At one pound five a week.
I wait for no fat living,
I need no paltry pelf,
But for her 'rain' dear self,
Though she had brought a dowry
And four times as much;
For 'tis nothing to the treasure
That she has born so since.
For 'tis whose home returning
I find, and my wife's big
And her dark eyes flash and sparkle,
And the color mounts her cheek;
As words come crowding fast,
When her little lips can speak.
And so, when sad and weary,
From scenes of care and sin;
Where foul disease ragged without,
And foul disease ragged within;
Where so much is dark and weary,
Where all is sin and dark,
I thank God for this conscience
About my little child.
Dear to the Christian pastor,
The flock he's charged to keep;
Dear for his sake to his big
The message "I give sheep."
Oh pray be for the erring;
For the erring is my room;
But the fond pastor's eye are for one—
The little lamb at home!

THE WIFE'S EXPERIMENT.
"Ma, why don't you ever dress up?"
asked little Nellie, as her mother
finished brushing the child's hair,
and tying her clean apron. There was
a momentary surprise on Mrs. Thornton's
face; but she answered, carelessly, "Oh,
no one cares how I look."
"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?"
persisted the child. The mother did not
reply, but involuntarily she glanced at her
slovenly attire, the faded and worn calico
dress and dingy apron, both bearing wit-
ness to an intimate acquaintance with the
dish and scrubbed shoes, and faded
and soiled stockings—and she could not
help remembering how she had that morn-
ing appeared with unbecoming hair, and
prepared her husband's breakfast before
he left home for the neighboring market-
town. "Sure enough," mused she, "how
I do look!" And then Memory pointed
back a few years to a neatly and tastefully
dressed maiden, sometimes busy in her
father's house, again mingling with her
young companions, but never un-
der her appearance, always radiant and blooming,
and this she knew, full well, was a picture
of herself, when Charles Thornton first
won her young heart. Such was the bride
he had taken to his pleasant home,—how
had mature life fulfilled the prophecy of
youth?
She was still comely in features, grace-
ful in form, but few would call her a hand-
some or an accomplished woman; for,
alas! all other characteristics were over-
shadowed by this repulsive trait. Yet she
loved to see others neat, and her house
and children did not seem to belong to
her, so well kept and tidy did they always
look. As a housekeeper she excelled, and
her husband was long in acknowledging to
himself the unwelcome fact that he had
married an incorrigible sloven.
When, like too many other young wives,
she began to grow negligent in regard to
her dress, he readily expressed her in his
own mind, and thought she is not well,
or she has so much to do; and perceiving
no abatement in his kind attentions, she
naturally concluded he was perfectly satis-
fied. As her family cares increased, and
she went less into company, she became
still more careless of her personal appear-
ance, and contented herself with seeing
that nothing was lacking which could con-
tribute to the comfort of her husband and
children, never supposing that so trivial a
matter as her own apparel could possibly
affect their happiness. All this chain of
circumstances however, although of passed
before her, as the little prattler at her side
repeated the query,—"Don't Pa love to see
you look pretty?"
"Yes, my child," she answered, and her
resolve was taken,—she would try an
experiment, and prove whether Mr. Thor-
nton was really indifferent on the subject
or not. Giving Nellie a picture-book with
which to amuse herself, she went to her
room, mentally exclaimed, "at any
rate, I'll never put on this rag again—not
even washing-day." She proceeded to her
clothes-press and removed one dress after
another,—some were ragged, others faded,
and out of style, and some unfit to wear,
at length she found one which had long
ago been laid aside, as too light to wear
about the house. It was a nice French
print, rose colored and white, and she
remembered had once been a favorite with
her husband. The old adage "fashions
round in seven years," seemed true in
the then prevailing style.
"This is just the thing," she thought,
and she hastened to perform her toilette,
saying to herself, "I must alter my dark
gingham to her morning, and get it all
ready before Charles comes home." Then
she released her long, dark hair from its
imprisonment in a most ungraceful twist,
and carefully brushing its still glossy
waves, she placed it in the broad braids
which Charles used so much to admire in
the days of her girlhood.

The unwonted task brought back many
remembrances of those long vanished years,
and tears glistened in her eyes as she
thought of the many changes time had
wrought in those she loved, but she

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