Eternal Song.

Of all good gifts our Father gives,
'Tis only Song forever lives.

The day shall come when not again
By any shall be said,
Lo, here the wine-cup in His name,
The sacramental bread,
For then by Christ's own hand the soul
Shall be forever fed.

Soon dawns the day when nevermore
Shall the baptismal tide
By any man, to babe or men,
Be evermore applied,
Because each soul as clean as God
Forever shall abide.

When not again from human lips
Shall rise upon the air
Nor stir the soul to mutest speech
The faintest breath of prayer;
For then all things that God can give
Its own already are.

The day shall come, shall not survive,
While endless ages roll,
A page, a word of Scripture, for
With heaven and earth the whole
Shall shrivel in the final fires.
Like a consuming scroll.

Our worship, born of earthly need,
With earthly need decays;
Beginning ere the earth was made,
Not measured by its days;
This only shall endure of all,
The dialect of praise.

God's universal language this,
The tongue which never dies;
The simplest, sweetest speech of souls,
Its accents let us prize;
Since, low or loud, our songs are but
Rehearsals for the skies.

—*W. M. Baker, in Our Continent.*

THE EMERGENCY DRILL.

Sometimes in the long winter evenings Henry Bruce amused himself making out lists of lonely people, and his own name always stood at the head. He agreed that Robinson Crusoe had a hard time, but Robinson Crusoe could remember when he had as much company as he wanted, and Henry could not. The Man in the Iron Mask was solitary enough, but how about the time before he wore it? As for St. Simeon Stylites, Henry would not put him on the list at all, because, even if he did choose to live on the top of a high pillar, he always had a crowd gaping up at him. Henry's grievance was one he shared with Adam; he had never had a boy to play with him.

His father was the keeper of a lighthouse on the northern coast of England. The lighthouse stood on a rock two miles out at sea, but Henry lived with his mother and little sister in a cottage on the mainland. There was not another house within sight, and not a boy within a day's travel. Men used to come up the coast shooting and fishing, but curiously enough no boys ever came along, and although Henry had seen him on vessels, he had never had a good, honest hour's play or talk with a boy in all his life.

There was another odd thing about the life here. At all lighthouses in these times there are two or three men, so if one gets sick there will be some one to take his place. But Mr. Bruce had never had an assistant. Everything had always gone on right, and so the government had never realized that he was alone, and he never spoke of it because he was afraid that he would be paid less if he had a man to help him. He expected Henry to take the place of assistant as soon as he was old enough. In the meantime to educate the boy for possible contact with the world he used to put him through what he called "The Emergency Drill." This related to different matters, but it always began in the same way. The first question was: "What is the matter?" The second: "What first?" Then, "Do I need help?" and if the answer to this was "yes," then: "Where shall I get it?" Henry became so used to these questions that he put them to himself on many occasions, and he often amused himself playing he was a general on the battlefield, or a king out hunting, and he imagined all sorts of troubles when the "Drill" was of use.

One morning a fishing boat came in bound to the nearest town, and Mrs. Bruce asked the men to take her along to buy yarn for the children's stockings. They agreed, but told her she would have to walk back, but she was willing to do this, although the distance was twelve miles, because, as she said, if they did not take her she would have to walk both ways.

Everything went on very well until near sunset when the sky began to cloud, and little Lucy became cross and sleepy and cried for her mother. Henry gave her bread and milk, but still she fretted. She did not want to play and she would not go to sleep.

"My goodness!" he cried. "I wish all babies were grown up! I would rather hunt lions than take care of you!" He then picked her up and carried her to the door. "Now," he said, "we will watch for mamma!"

The rocks stood up against a gray and heavy sky. The wind had begun to moan, and the birds flew screaming over the water. There was not a sign of their mother coming on the beach, and Henry felt more lonely than ever. He looked over to the lighthouse and wished his father would light it up, and it seemed to him that sunset, the time for lighting, must surely have come. Suddenly a little flag appeared in the lantern. Henry sprang to his feet.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed in real earnest.

"I don't know," was his reply.

"What first?"

"To go to the lighthouse."

But he was mistaken. The first thing he had to do was to dispose of Lucy. He could not take her; he could not leave her.

"If you were only a horse," he hurriedly cried, "I could put you in the stable. If you were a cow I'd tie you to the stake; but what can I do with a baby?"

"Lucy can go," said the child.

"No, she can't," he answered. And then he looked out again, but his mother was not yet in sight, and the red flag which meant "Come at once," still shook and beckoned to him.

He tied Lucy into her little chair with an apron, and wrote a note to his mother:

"DEAR MOTHER father wanted me right away and the lamp is not lit and it is after sunset and I hope Lucy won't get into any trubble.

"Your son HENRY BRUCE."

He put this note in front of the lamp and hurried off.

A boat was always kept ready, and Henry sprang into it and rowed off with energy. It was dark, however, when he reached the lighthouse, and the rain had begun to fall. He tied his boat to the little pier and ran to the tower. He opened a small, heavy bronze door and entered a large, always dimly-lighted room, in which was stored coal and wood, oil for the lamp and fresh water from the main land.

The stairs were in this room and Henry ran up. The room above was the kitchen, over that was the bedroom, and from this a ladder led to the lantern. Henry called but there was no answer. He went up into the lantern. All was dark and silent. He spoke again and again, but still all was silent. Then he heard a groan and he rushed down the ladder, got the keeper's hand-lamp and ran back. His father lay on the floor; his eyes were closed and blood ran from his temple. It was plain that he had fallen and hurt himself.

Henry began to cry. He did not know what to do, and the "Emergency Drill" didn't occur to him. Then he remembered that he ought to stop the flow of blood, and taking his father's handkerchief from his pocket tied up the wound. Still his father neither spoke nor moved. Then he cried again. And then he thought of his mother. She must by this time be at home, and without hesitation he rushed off again, but this time to his boat. It took but a moment to untie it and spring in and be off.

The rain fell heavily, the waves dashed on the rocks, and Henry looking up saw the dim outline of the lighthouse. He stopped rowing. His heart gave a great jump, and before his eyes seemed to flash the "charge to keepers" hung up in the lighthouse:

"You are to light the lamps every evening at sunsetting and keep them burning bright and clear until sunrising."

His father's faithfulness, the great importance of lighting up, rushed into Henry's mind, and again he involuntarily repeated his "Emergency Drill."

"What is the matter?"

"The lamps are not lighted."

"What first?"

"To light them."

He turned his boat and rowed back a few rods. But was it first? It could not be! He must take his mother over. His father would die for want of help. As he paused, trembling, anxious, irresolute, he remembered how often his father had said that no wreck should ever be his fault, and it was a terrible night!

Henry knew what his father would say, and he at once rowed directly back. He returned to the house, stumbled up the dark stairs, got the lamp again, and ran up into the lantern. It took him but a moment to light the lamps, and the glow spread out on the sea, and aroused by the glare his father opened his eyes.

"The lamps," he said.

"I have lighted them," Henry replied; "and now I am going for mother."

"Stay!" was the answer, and his father closed his eyes again.

Henry hesitated, but he sat down in the hard chair in which his father spent each night watching. He knew what his father meant. The lights would go out, and needed care all night.

And so Henry sat there. The wind howled; the house shook and swayed; the sea-birds dashed against the glass; the rain beat on the roof, and all sorts of wild sounds seemed to be in the air. Sometimes he got up and bathed his father's head with water. He brought a pillow. He talked to him, but had no answer but a moan, yet he never cried, and he never ceased to keep the lights burning "bright and clear."

It seemed to him nearly morning when he heard pounding at the lighthouse door. He knew it was some one seeking shelter, and he went down and opened it. There stood a man and a boy and—his mother!

Henry cried then! And he laughed and he clung around her neck, and he poured out that his father was hurt and he had kept the lights burning, and he had to leave Lucy, and all of it in one breath.

"But," said his mother, pushing back her wet hair, "I do not understand. Where is your father? Where is Lucy?"

"He is up stairs. I left a note for you by the lamp."

"But I have not been home," exclaimed his mother. "I have been all night on the sea. Our friends here told me they would give me passage back, so I waited. It became dark so early, and we were dashed on the rocks and our mast broken. We had no idea where we were, and we could not see the lighthouse. Then all at once it blazed up, and all night, this fearful night, we have struggled toward it."

And so it was his mother that Henry saved when he decided that his father would hold his duty dearer than his life, and turning back took his place and kept the signal lights burning.

How happy they all were that night after the keeper was carried downstairs and came to his senses, and told how he fell and only had power to put out the flag. The only thing that troubled Mrs. Bruce was the thought of Lucy tied in her chair. When Mr. Bruce recovered he asked for an assistant, and when the man came behold he brought his son, a year younger than Henry, and Henry felt as if he had got his "Man Friday."—*Our Continent.*

Towed by a Shark.

We find the following fish story in a letter to the Albany (Ga.) *News:* Heading across the bay to St. Simon's light the man in charge of the wheel hailed Mr. Tift and directed his attention to something ahead of us. The object turned out to be a shark's fin, so large as to be a matter of wonder to the sailors aboard. The boat happened to be provided with a shark line—a manila cord about a half inch thick, with a large hook tied to a trace chain. A small piece of beef was quickly put on the hook, a float put on the line and then cast out, and then the line made fast to the capstan. As we neared the fish the fin disappeared and all eagerly watched the float. Suddenly the line tightened, the float disappeared and the headway of the boat was checked and the man at the capstan yelled out: "He's hooked!"

I have been fishing, but I never saw the like of that. The fellow rose to the surface of the wave and looked at us. He had about seventy-five yards of line out by this time, and actually in a second he made a rush and jumped clear over the bow of the steamer. The ladies then got under shelter and all hands helped to hold that line. The fellow, when he failed to eat us up, made for the ocean and fairly made the waters foam. After about a mile's run he began to tire, and the boat was headed for the beach on Jekel island. Gradually we pulled in the line until the boat touched the beach, and then one of the hands waded ashore, taking the end of the line with him, which he made fast to a stump and came back for help.

Four of us got on shore and commenced to pull Mr. Shark ashore. It took all we could do, and two rifle balls to boot, to land him. When I tell you that he measured seventeen feet ten and a half inches from tip to tip you will know what a job we had. We determined to prove that we caught this shark, so we gave two negroes $4 to cut him open and get his head off so that we could get his jaw over home. His teeth are wonderful, being about three and a quarter inches long and so strong that he actually flattened out the big iron hook. The negroes made quite a prize. In his stomach they found eleven silver Mexican dollars and one Spanish doubloon, gold, and a whole lot of brass buttons.

Care of Pianos.

A piano should be tuned at least four times in the year by an experienced tuner. If you allow it to go too long without tuning it usually becomes flat, and troubles a tuner to get it to stay at tuning pitch, especially in the country. Never place the instrument against an outside wall or in a cold, damp room; there is no greater enemy to a piano than damp. Close the instrument immediately after you practice; by leaving it open dust fixes on the sound-board and corrodes the movements, and if in a damp room the strings soon rust. Should the piano stand near or opposite a window guard, if possible, against its being opened, especially on a wet or damp day; and when the sun is on the window, draw the blind down. Avoid putting metallic or other articles on or in the piano; such things frequently cause unpleasant vibrations, and sometimes injure the instrument. The more equal the temperature of the room the better the instrument will remain in tune.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

He that will not look before him will have to look behind him—with regret.

Hear one side, and you will be in the dark; hear both sides, and all will be clear.

How noiselessly the snow comes down. You may see it, but never hear it. It is true charity.

The men who have "a great mind" to be honest generally succeed. It is the man of small mind who yields to temptation.

The time spent in reading books that do not make us think is worse than useless. One good book, however, is food for a life-time.

Pleasure may aptly be compared to many very great books, which increase in real value in just the proportion that they are abridged.

Investigation frequently leads to doubt where there was none before. So much the better. If the thing was not true, inquiry can do no possible harm.

The best people need afflictions for trial of their virtue. How can we exercise the grace of contentment if all things succeed well; or that of forgiveness, if we have no enemies?

A Deformed Weaver's Gratitude.

William S. Malcolm was an English silk weaver, who years ago went to Paterson, N. J., to work in the silk mills. He was humpbacked and otherwise deformed, and in the mill where he was employed he was made the butt of a great deal of ridicule. His temper had already been soured by such treatment, so that he was anything but amiable to those around him. Among the employes in the same mill was a young girl named Lazure, who felt sorry for the old hunchback and took his part on every occasion, thus making herself many enemies among her companions. Malcolm had worked hard and soon started a silk mill of his own, in which Miss Lazure was his most trusted operative. He succeeded in his business ventures, and when he died some time ago he left an estate worth $12,000 in bonds and mortgages. His will provided that his wife should receive $350 per year out of the income of the estate. Miss Lazure was also to receive an annuity of $350, or such a sum as might come from the estate after deducting Mrs. Malcolm's $350; but Miss Lazure's annuity was not to exceed $350. In case the estate should bring more than $700 per year, the balance was to go to Mrs. Malcolm. The annuity of Mrs. Malcolm was to be continued during her life, and Miss Lazure was to have her yearly $350 until her marriage or death. At the expiration of these legacies the whole estate was to be divided among "the most deserving poor of Paterson," who were also to be entitled to any surplus revenue derived from the estate after the death of Mrs. Malcolm. Mr. Malcolm had several relatives, including a sister, living in Paterson, but as these had offended him he did not leave them anything. The annuities were paid by the executor, Mr. John Murphy. Mrs. Malcolm died about two years ago. Miss Lazure is still in receipt of her annuity. Shortly after Mrs. Malcolm's death Mrs. Mary Ann Hesketh, the sister of Mr. Malcolm, filed a petition in chancery asking the chancellor to strike out of the will the provision relating to the "most deserving poor of Paterson," on the ground that it was indefinite and uncertain, and consequently illegal. The result of such an action would have been to give Mrs. Hesketh the whole of the estate, as the nearest of kin, with the exception of the $350 per year to Miss Lazure. The opinion in this case has been filed, and the chancellor declines to grant the prayer of the petitioner, as he decides that the term "the most deserving poor of Paterson" is sufficiently clear to direct the executor what to do with the estate. Mr. Murphy now has the interesting question to decide as to who are the most deserving poor of Paterson, for all of the income of the estate exceeding $350 per year is to be divided among them.—*New York Herald.*

Fighting Quails.

While Madrid runs to bull-fights and New York to walking-matches, Lucknow, par excellence the sporting town of India, finds combats between quails her most popular "pastime." A native writer asserts that there is scarcely a rich Mohammedan in the place who does not keep a training establishment. An untrained quail is worth from one to four cents, but when a bird has become a famous fighter its owner can get $100 for it any day. Distinguished quails live proudly in gandily decorated cages, and in the pit evince great valor and dexterity.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Oil of cloves is good for toothache. A few drops on a bit of cotton.

Heavy persons growing too stout for comfort should stop eating bread, potatoes, sugar, etc., and take meats, above-ground vegetables, fruits, toast, etc.

Celery boiled in milk and eaten with the milk served as a beverage, is said to be a cure for rhumatism, gout and a specific in case of smallpox. Nervous people find comfort in celery.

For the violent internal agony termed colic, take a teaspoonful of salt in a pint of water; drink it and go to bed. It is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from a heavy fall.

A cold in the eye is a very common affection, and consists of an inflamed condition of the membrane covering the eyeball and lining the eyelids, and is often due, as the name implies, to exposure to a draught. The patient feels as if some dust had got into the eye, and sometimes be hardly persuaded to the contrary; the white of the eye itself is seen to be reddened, and there is a constant flow of blinding, scalding tears. The best treatment is to foment the eyes with pure warm water, or better, with water in which two or three crushed poppy heads have been boiled for half an hour to extract their sedative qualities. A shade should be worn over the eyes during the intervals of fomenting, and a dose of rhubarb and magnesia should be administered. If the inflammation does not subside in a day or two a doctor should be consulted, if possible; but if this is not possible, good will probably be done by dropping into the eyes two or three times a day some solution of sulphate of zinc or white vitriol in the proportion of one grain to two tablespoonfuls of water.

The Peculiarities of Smallpox.

It is one of the most communicable of all diseases, being both contagious and infectious, that is, it may be communicated by touching a person who has had it, or by touching a garment that he has worn, or an article that he has handled, or it may be carried in the air and thus communicated to a person who never saw nor never came very near to one afflicted with it. It may come from handling paper money; it may be brought by mail in a newspaper or letter, or in a package by express; it may be caught from a fellow-traveler on a railroad, or from a passer-by in the street, or from the casual visit of a friend. The germs of it will remain in bedclothing, carpets and the like for months, and perhaps for years. It respects no season of the year and no spot on the earth. It visits the tropics; it has slain its millions in Mexico; it nearly depopulated Greenland; it reaches the mountain tops and breaks out in midocean; it has no favorite localities; the whole earth is its home. Its most frightful slaughter was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But in those days there were no railroads and no steam, and but little commerce, no express companies, and but little mail matter, and but very little travel in any way. In these days of ceaseless intercourse and perpetual running to and fro, if the disease were unchecked as it was then, its ravages would probably soon depopulate the whole civilized world; and perhaps this proposition would remain true if the word civilized were stricken out, for it is a well established fact that the dark skinned races are much more susceptible of it than the whites, and are also more likely to die from its effects.

Making Acquaintances.

Two gentlemen of business lived on the same street. They were not acquainted. The formal process of introduction had not taken place, and of course they could not speak, for that would be forward and improper, you know. These men passed each other three times a day usually for seven years without a look of recognition. One winter's day they met suddenly on a slippery corner. The feet of one went astray suddenly, tripped the other's, and their owners rolled over and over down hill until checked by the gutter. Apologies were exchanged, hands were shook, and the two men became acquainted. The reader may help himself to the moral. Another story points in the same direction. A pocketbook was found and left where it could be obtained by the owner, who said when he was told who found it: "I know who he is very well; I've seen him a great many times, and if I were acquainted with him I would thank him."

George Washington once disposed of an officeseeker's petition by writing thereon: "As George Washington I should be glad to do this gentleman a favor, but as President of the United States, I am unable to comply with his request.

In London, property to the amount of $3,000,000,000 is insured, and in the whole kingdom the risks taken amount to $25,000,000,000.

Beyond.

Never a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring in our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait
Like silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A china set—A hen on a porcelain nest-egg.

Full-length statutes stand all kinds of weather.

How to prepare a hot bed—Put cayenne pepper between the sheets.

A butcher's is a risky business; he often has the greater part of his fortune at steak.

We have always thought the quotation should read: "The boy stewed on the burning deck."

The oldest inhabitant is generally a man; not because he is given to lying, but because he commenced owning up to his age sooner.

Ice cream is tame and chicken salad commonplace. A regular dried apple party would be something unusual, and a real swell affair.

No piece of art in America has charmed Oscar Wilde more than the picture on the back of Uncle Samuel's hundred-dollar bills.

An æsthetic poet wrote: "The muses kiss with lips of flame," but when he found the second word printed "mules" he talked like a burly pirate for five minutes.

In the mountains—Arabella (whose soul is wrapped in science): "Charles, isn't this gneiss?" Charles (who is deeply interested in Arabella): "Nice! it's delicious."

"Man Reading," a picture by Meissonier, had been sold for $16,000. If the man is reading a dressmaker's bill the sale of the picture will just about get him out even.

"There, I have it!" exclaimed Jones, who had been looking at Slapdash's painting. "The trouble is this, he uses too much ochre." "Yes," said Fogg, "mediocre."

A while ago a party of lynchers postponed the hanging five minutes to allow the victim time to finish smoking a cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

Mustapha Bey, the ruler of Tunis, bought 100,000 umbrellas while in Paris. He is bound to have one around when wanted. Mustapha is evidently preparing for a long reign.

Miss Wedde, of Prussia, sixteen years old, is eight feet high and weighs 280 pounds. The gentleman who weds Miss Wedde will howl when the bill for her sealskin sack comes in.

A man who detected a piece of bark in his sausage visited the butcher's shop to know what had become of the rest of the dog. The butcher was so affected that he could give him only a part of the tale.

A nobleman had married three wives who had been his servants. A beggar woman meeting him in the street made him a very low courtesy. "Ah? bless your lordship," she said, "and send you long life, for if you do but live long enough we shall all be ladies in time."

"How do you like Europe?" "It's too splendid for anything!" was the reply. "And were you sick?" "Yes, awfully sick." "And was your husband good to you?" "Oh, he was too good for anything! Just as soon as he found out I was sick he went and drank salt water, so as to be seasick in unison with me, and I'm not his second wife, either!"

A shrewd belle called on several rival beauties and made them believe that her father was going to have the house illuminated by electricity. Not to be outdone they persuaded their papas to get the electric light and have it doubly strong. Now those beauties are covered with freckles and tan, while the originator of the plot continues to dazzle visitors beneath her gas jets.

TO A COLLAR BUTTON.

Somehow you always seem too small
To rightly fit the buttonhole,
Oh pearly disk, you rack my soul
When down into my shoes you fall.

I lose you twenty times a week,
And find you when I think you lost,
When hunting you on morns of frost,
What eulogies of peace I speak!

You wander coldly down my back,
And o'er the carpet nimbly roll,
Then underneath the bureau roll,
And settle in the farthest crack.

—*Puck.*