

Poetical Selections.

THE BROTHER'S FAREWELL.

HARKEN to me brother, harken, I have something I would say—
 Ere the veil my vision darkens, and I go from earth away;
 I am dying! Brother dying! Soon you'll miss me from my berth,
 And my form will soon be lying 'neath the ocean's busy surf.

Lie up nearer brother, nearer, for my limbs are growing cold,
 And thy presence seemeth dearer when thine arms around me fold.
 I am going, brother, going—yet my hope in God is strong;
 I am willing, brother, knowing that He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him, that in death I prayed for him—
 Prayed that I one day might meet him in a world that's free from sin;
 Tell my mother, God will help her, now that she is growing old—
 That her child did yearn to kiss her when his lips were growing cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper, 'tis my wife I'd speak of now;
 Tell, O tell her, how I missed her, when the fever burned my brow,
 Tell her, brother—closely listen—don't forget a single word—
 That in death my eyes did glisten with the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children, like the kiss I last impressed;
 Hold them, where, as I last held them, folded closely to my breast,
 Give them early to their Maker, putting all her trust in God.
 And He never will forsake her, for He says so in His Word.

O, my children! Heaven bless them! They were all my life to me;
 Would I once more could caress them, ere I sink beneath the sea—
 'Twas for them I crossed the ocean, what my hopes were I'll not tell.
 For they've gained an orphan's portion—yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember every kindly parting word,
 And my heart has been kept tender with the thought their memory stirred;
 Tell them I ever reached the haven where I sought the precious dust,
 But I've gained a port called—Heaven, where the gold will never rust.

Tell them to secure an entrance—for they'll find their brother there—
 Faith in Jesus and repentance will secure for each a share.
 Hark! I hear my Jesus speaking—'tis His voice I know so well;
 When I'm gone O, don't be weeping! Brother here's my last farewell."

MY SKATING EXPERIENCE.

THE GLARE of many colored lights above, and the glare of the sheet of ice below, dotted here and there with scores of swift gallants and graceful lassies, made an entrancing picture. I found my way down to the ice, and stood on the brink of this intoxicating delight, fully enjoying it. My early education on skates had been woefully neglected. I never so fully realized this as when I stood on the edge of the pond with my feet firmly imbedded in the snow on that December evening, and looked at the people and the fun. Very lean-legged men whirled and skinned before me.

A very short squatty looking boy bore down from somewhere and took a position in front of me. He had a pair of skates dangling from his arm, and something else not quite so large dangling from his nose. He was a queer looking boy. When he stopped, he seemed to shut himself up like a telescope. His head settled down between his shoulders, and his body came down upon his legs, as though they had an intention of breaking down those valuable members of society. He evidently had something heavy on his mind. He drummed his heels on the ice before me, and looked absently at the gawey all around him. While studying him, I commenced to feel an overpowering desire to get out on the pond and distinguish myself although I had no very well defined idea how I was to do it. My gaze alternated between his skates and the ice for some time. I have since thought the boy was hired by somebody to take up that position, but I had no thought of the kind at the time. Such a thought, then, would have been worth two hundred dollars; coming when it did, it was a damage to me.

Finally, I hailed the young man, with a view to mounting his skates. He was corrupt to the core, and a twenty-five cent stamp overcame him like a summer rain. He threw down the skates at my feet, and turned his attention to the stamp. He held it up to the light, and then he rubbed it between his fingers. Its genuineness satisfied him, and he put it care-

fully away behind his clothes somewhere. "Is your heels bored?" he asked. "What do you mean by that?" I said. "Why, for the corks on the skates," he answered, looking at me curiously. I felt that I had said something I ought not to, but I told him to put them on, as I had the rheumatism in my wrist. I sat down on the snow, and he went to work. He was a long time doing it. The snow was uncomfortably moist, and my coat was too short to be of any use. I sat there long enough to have absorbed all the moisture for a yard around me. When he got through he told me to get upon my feet. I got part way up, and then it happened to occur to me that this was the first time I had ever been harnessed to two skates at once. The reflection was weightier than would seem possible and I sat down.

"Guess you never skated for a living?" remarked the boy, taking hold of my hand.

"Not that I remember," I said faintly. I let him assist me to my feet just as a party of young people went skimming by. The owner of the skates was a philanthropist in his way. He pointed to the party, and said that they were skating round the pond on a wager, and asked me not to run over them. I had all I could do to resist a desire to start in chase of the party and run over them but I managed to repress it. It felt so nice to be on my feet that I told him I guessed I would start out. I was disappointed in one particular. I thought it would require an effort to start off, but it didn't. While I was about deciding between shooting across the pond like a comet, and marking out a spread-eagle in the very centre of the ice, a sudden movement of the left skate diverted my attention, and the next moment I was looking at the lumps through my legs and bumping my head ferociously against the ice. This surprised me and it interested the boy. The more so, as I held in my outstretched hand, a portion of the hair that a moment before adorned and protected his scalp.

"Why what on earth did you do that for?" he asked, looking at me with considerable uneasiness and holding his hand on his head.

I didn't make any answer. I saw that I had created a sensation—besides, my head ached.

He helped me up, but I noticed that he didn't show the enthusiasm he brought to the first effort, and also, that when he got me to a perpendicular, he showed an inclination to avoid me.

He kept one eye on me, and the other revolved toward the shore. This angered me.

"I won't hurt you," I said.

"I don't want you to," he answered.

"Why don't you stay by me, then?" I asked.

"Because, I ain't got much hair and I ain't old enough to wear a wig."

It was useless to argue with him, and besides, the skates were acting a little uneasy. My knees were wobbling back and forth with increasing speed, and didn't know but they become unhinged.

"What are you trying to do now? take yourself apart?" he asked.

This query exhausted my patience. I braced my knees up, and moved off.—I was again too ruffled, I felt very damp where I didn't want to. The owner of the skates was pleased with this movement, but was not quite so intoxicated with delight as to forget his caution. I moved off about two yards, then I brought up so quick as to wrench my back, but I kept on my feet. However, that cramp in my back troubled me, and I concluded if I had to crack my spine whenever I stopped, I wouldn't stop again. I got along for a couple of rods very well, as the ice was cut up here. Then I sat down to rest. I didn't really intend to rest there, but as I sat down, I thought I might as well rest. Like many amateurs, I was careless in my sitting place, otherwise I would have went an inch further, and avoided a small paving stone.

I felt quite contented here; there did not appear to be any danger. The proprietor of the skates didn't share my satisfaction, however.

"Ain't you goin' any farther?" he asked.

"Not yet," I said.

"But suppose it commences to thaw?"

I couldn't answer this, and didn't want to. A little ahead of us was an old gentleman and a young lady. The young lady was on skates, and the old gentleman was helping her along. The young lady was very handsome, and I became interested in her progress. I concluded to help her.

"Come here Mr. Hinckley, and help me up again," I said to the boy.

"My name ain't Hinckley, though I don't know what it is; my head is so sore," he said as he pulled me up on my feet, I had him to hold me while I straightened my necktie, and then I told him to let go when I said "ready." I laid back for a stunning movement, and opened my mouth to give the signal when he abruptly let go. I made an effort to catch myself, but it was abortive. I come down with force sufficient to split the pond wide open, and to send the damp part of my pants up into my throat. The young man made all haste to get me up again. He said: "I wouldn't do that again if I was you."

I assured him I would try my best to suppress any desire to do it again; but I ventured to affirm that I wouldn't try to control an inclination to knock his head off, if he repeated his carelessness. That sobered him.

He hung to me this time till I was ready, and when I gave the command he let go, and I bore down on the old gentleman and the young lady. They were pretty close to me, and I had but little distance to bore, which was just as well. I came up before them, scraping the ice with vigor.

"Learning to skate?" I remarked moving about to keep on my feet.

"Yes, sir," she said clinging nervously to her companion's whiskers.

"Why don't you try it alone?" I asked; "that is the way I learned."

"Ain't it hard?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Not at all," said I, continuing to move about to avoid both of them.

"Just look at me now, and see how I do it, and then you try the same way," I added, placing my back to them, and preparing to do something to take away their breath.

"Are you looking?" I said with confidence, but not daring to turn around.

"Oh, yes," they both cried.

"Then here I go," I said. And the words were no sooner uttered than verified. I felt a sudden, rapid movement. I heard a rasping sound beneath me and then right ahead. The lights gave a sudden whirl and disappeared, and the next minute I struck the ice a tremendous blow with the back of my head. I never had anything interest me like that. It had absorbed all my attention. I was confident nobody ever had such a fall. Not even our first parents, nor the Niagara river. It was worse than last fall. This consoled me I made no inquiries for the young lady. I told the boy to come and unharness me. There was not enough variety about skating to suit my fiery nature. Besides, the owner of the pond was a poor man and had a large family, and this was his only pond.

Silvering Mirrors.

THE PROCESS of coating glass with an amalgam of quicksilver and tin is interesting.

The process is as follows: The size of the glass being known, a sheet of tinfoil somewhat larger than the glass is spread upon the silvering table. This table is a slab of stone, with as perfect a plane surface as can be made by mechanical means. When the tin foil has been sufficiently smoothed, it is brushed over with quicksilver until its surface is uniformly covered. Quicksilver is then added in larger quantity until the fluid metal lies upon the foil to a depth of from two to three twelfths of an inch.

The plate of glass is now gently and slowly slid, its longest side foremost on to the foil, care being taken that its edge dips beneath the surface of the quicksilver, so that no air may be retained between the latter and the plate.

The glass being thus slid upon the quick silver floats upon it, and the excess of the latter is now squeezed out by the application of pressure to the glass. This is done by placing heavy weights upon the plate; and the table being now inclined, so that the quicksilver flows to one side, the latter is received in a trough provided for that purpose.

Notwithstanding the process is simple enough in its general principles, it requires much skill to successfully silver very large plates, and there are many things connected with it which it would be very desirable to avoid.

Hence, many processes for silvering have been devised. Of these, we believe Drayton's has been the most successful, but it has not superceded the use of quicksilver. Mr. Crayton's method consists in depositing a film of pure silver upon the glass, the silver being reduced from a mixture of nitrate of silver, ammonia, and oil of cassia.—*Scientific American.*

What Peter Said.

ABOUT forty-five years ago Parson Isaac Milroy was vicar of a small living in the west of Ireland, and had his residence in the village of Crossmolina, at the foot of Mount Nephen, in the county of Mayo. He was very poor, though reputed one of the best preachers in that rude section of the country. With an accomplished lady for his wife and a numerous family of small children to maintain in a style befitting a clergyman of the established church, his income was only seventy-five pounds a year. No wonder, then, that the good man was always in difficult circumstances, and almost never out of debt. At the time of which I write, he owed considerable sums of money to his tailor, butcher and baker, who almost every day might have been seen dunning the poor priest, even at the very door of his little church. To all of this class the poor curate made the same apology, when he had not the money to meet the demand, "Wait a few days, have patience with me, and I'll soon pay you all." One Sabbath morning, about 10 o'clock, two proud and fashionably attired gentlemen called at the parsonage to wait over Sunday, and hear one of his sermons on Salvation by Grace, which had been announced some time before in the weekly newspapers. One of these gentlemen was Squire Balder, a wealthy landlord of Mayo; the other a Scotch merchant, from the town of Glasgow, then on a visit to his friend.

Poor Parson Milroy was ill-prepared to entertain guests so distinguished, with so little time to provide. Hastily calling his man of all works, Jack Mulroony, a stalwart, thick witted ignoramus, he bade him hasten to the house of Peter Parcell, the butcher, and beg of him to send a shoulder of mutton and a joint of good roasting beef for the occasion, stating the necessity, and assuring him that his master would certainly pay all in a few days.

The church was that day unusually crowded; the two strangers in the minister's pew, near the reading desk, and the whole congregation profoundly interested in the discourse.

The Parson had his own peculiar style of oratory; he put questions, as if it were to the audience, and after a suitable pause; answered them from some clear, convincing text of Scripture. He was dealing with his subject in this way when the clown Jack Mulroony entered the church door, advanced a few steps up the aisle, and there stood, bare-skinned cap and basket in hand, with mouth wide open, and eyes fairly starting out of their sockets. The preacher was so completely filled with his subject, that he did not observe his servant, though every eye in the congregation had been turned to him. The preacher went on thus: "What did David say?" and he paused before quoting from the Psalmist. "What did Paul say in his epistle to the Galatians?"—pause the second, and the passage from Galatians was recited. But as if to cap the climax in the way of proof, he asked with grave emphasis, looking towards the door, "What did Peter say?" "By jabsers, Crips, your reverence, he said that you would not get another mouthful until you paid him all you owed—five pounds, ten and sixpence,—over the nail;" and swinging his basket aloft, to let the man of God see that it was empty, the clown straddled out of the church, with the satisfaction, no doubt, that he had done his duty. The effect was amazing—some tittered, others laughed right out; the two gentlemen stood up in their pew, to get a better look at the servant as he was retiring, while the poor Parson, perplexed and dumfounded, lost the thread of his discourse and actually had to sit down in his pulpit. After going home the strangers begged of the minister to give an explanation of this ludicrous interruption. He did so—with such simplicity and grace, that the kind-hearted Scotchman gave him fifty guineas to pay his small debts of honor, while the wealthy Mr. Balder presented him with a check on the Bank of Ireland for one hundred pounds.

The clown Jack Mulroony, still retained his place at the parsonage, but was ever after known in the parish by the nickname of "Five-pound-ten."

The prohibitory liquor law has proved to be a dead failure in Massachusetts. Two thousand rum shops have been kept running in Boston in spite of it, and movements are being made to effect its repeal by the present Legislature.

There were five thousand Smiths in the Federal army during the war.

SUNDAY READING.

It is not well for a man to pray cream and live skin-milk.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

If any one speak evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without himself.

Let us shun everything which might tend to efface the primitive lineaments of our individuality. Let us reflect that each one of us is a thought of God.

It would be more obliging to say plainly we cannot do what is desired, than to amuse people with false words, which often puts them upon false measures.

The coming of the Lord is one of the principal articles of our faith, and resting solely upon a promise. Scoffers attack it till the very day of His advent.

The depths of the soul are a labyrinth, and dark without the torch of religion. Left to ourselves, we are like subterranean waters—we reflect only the gloomy vault of human destiny.

Two negroes were one day loading goods into a cart. One of them was disposed to shirk his part of the work; the other stopped and looking sharply at the lazy one, said: "Sam, do you expect to go to Heaven?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then take hold and lift!" So Christians might often strengthen their hope of Heaven by helping to lift some of the burdens which they let their brethren bear alone.

A Cheerful Face.

The secret of the happy heart is in keeping near the Master. Christ in the heart a constant guest, can it help rejoicing? Christ holding the hand, Christ making the path, Christ leading the disciple, can there be room for melancholy? Can troubles press heavily that are day by day and night by night rolled into the open sepulchre beside the cross? Sometimes, alas! we forget to pray. Our prayers degenerate into forms of words. Our Bibles gather dust. Our faith burns low. Our love becomes cold—our zeal, alas! neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm, and hateful to the Master. And we wonder that we cannot be happy! There is no happiness possible for the Christian except in the shadow of the mercy-seat. The lamps must be trimmed every day, or they will refuse to burn clearly and steadily. Let us try to be more than ever cheerful, that so we may be more than successful in our vocation. Winners of souls "rejoice evermore."

Why is there so little sympathy with fellow-Christians? Do we fear that our own light will shine the more? Are we anxious lest our joy will be the less sweet when he tells us, "Every man rejoices twice when he has a partner of his joy." My friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a half sorrow, but he swells my joy and makes it double. Two torches do not divide, but increase the flame.—And though my tears are the sooner dried when they run on my friend's cheek, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp, we unite the glories and make them radiant, like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and joy.

The sunshine of life is made up of very many little beams that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the playground, and in the school-room, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness, to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others; to go a little around rather than come against another; to take an ill word or a cross look, rather than resent or return it; these are the ways in which clouds are kept off, and a pleasant, smiling sunshine secured even in the humble home among very poor people, as in families of higher stations. Much that we term the miseries of life would be avoided by adopting this rule of conduct.