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The Pilot.

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Select Poetry.

OUR CHILDREN.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

"*The beautiful vanish, and return not.*"

They are stricken, darkly stricken:
Faint and fainter grows each breath,
And the shadows round them thicken,
Of the darkness that is Death.
We are with them bending o'er them,
And the Soul in sorrow saith,
"Would that I had passed before them,
To the darkness that is death!"

They are sleeping, coldly sleeping,
In the grave-yard, still and lone,
Where the winds, above them sweeping,
Make a melancholy moan.
Thickly round us, darkly o'er us,
Is the pall of sorrow thrown;
And our heart-beats make the chorus
Of that melancholy moan.

They are waking, brightly waking,
From the slumbers of the tomb,
And, enrobed in Light, forsaking
Its impenetrable gloom.
They are rising, they have risen,
And their spirit-forms illume,
In the darkness of Death's prison,
The impenetrable gloom.

They are passing, upward passing,
Dearest beings of our love,
And their spirit-forms are glassing
In the beautiful Above;
There we see them—there we hear them—
Through our dreams they ever move:
And we long to be anear them,
In the beautiful Above

They are going, gently going,
In their angel-robes to stand,
Where the river of Life is flowing
In the far-off Silent Land.
We shall mourn them—we shall miss them
From our broken little band!
But our souls shall still caress them,
In the far-off Silent Land.

They are singing, sweetly singing,
Far beyond the vale of Night,
Where the angel-harps are ringing,
And the day is ever bright.
We can love them—we can greet them
From this land of dimmer light,
Till God takes us hence to meet them
Where the Day is ever bright.

A Good Story.

GOD HELP THE POOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"What a terrible night!" exclaimed Mrs. Creighton, as she drew aside the heavy damask curtain, and looked out.

The snow had been falling for several hours, and the air was yet filled by myriads of flakes, that whirled in wild eddies through the narrow streets, or came in rattling gusts against the windows. Great drifts were piling up steadily against doorways, and on the lee of corner houses, and in all places where some barrier turned the strong wind aside in its onward march. From a high, peeping treble, down to the lowest muttering base, the tempest voice ran up and down the scale; now in tones and half tones; now in chords; and now in shuddering dissonance.

Mr. Creighton came and stood by the side of his wife, at the window of their luxurious home, and looked out upon the stormy night.

"I pity those who are compelled to go abroad," he said.

"And those who have no homes," added his wife.

"And the poor, who have no fire in their dwellings."

"No fire; and on such a night as this!" Mrs. Creighton turned and looked into her husband's face, with an expression of doubt, fear and pity. "Surely, none are in this extremity!"

"Hundreds, I fear, even in our Christian city," replied her husband, as he moved from the window, and sat down in front of the grate. "Hundreds," he added in a thoughtful, concerned way. "With everything around us so warm, comfortable, and luxurious, it is difficult to realize the fact, that many, very many, are now cold and hungry. Poor, sick women, and tender children, crouching in fireless rooms, or by hearths on which the last red embers are dying."

"Don't husband, don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Creighton, lifting her hands and turning her face away. "I shudder at the bare imagination of such things."

"If we shudder at the imagination of such things, what must it be to suffer the reality," said Mr. Creighton, not even making an effort to push the subject from his thoughts.

"God help the poor!" ejeculated his wife, in a tone of pity.

"Yes, God help them!" was the low, earnest response.

There followed a silence of some moments, when Mr. Creighton said:

"When did you see Mrs. Bayle?"

"Not since last week."

"How was she, then?"

"She looked pale and weak. I gave her some tea and a loaf of fresh bread."

"And you havn't seen her since?"

"No."

"When was it we sent her that half ton of coal?"

"I can't remember. But, now I think of it, Hannah told me, day before yesterday, that Mrs. Bayle came round, when I was out, and asked for a bucket of coal."

"Did she get it?"

"Yes. Hannah gave it to her."

"That was two days ago?"

"Yes."

Mr. Creighton sighed, and sat looking into the grate for nearly a minute, without speaking.

"I feel troubled about that woman and her little children," he said at last. "Just think if they should be without food or fire, on a night like this."

"Oh, that can't be!" answered his wife.

"It is possible, Allie. Such things have been. Women and children have perished with cold, even in our city."

"Don't talk about it. You give me the heartache."

Mr. Creighton arose, and commenced walking the floor in a disturbed manner.

"I declare, Edward," said his wife, "you have destroyed all our home comfort for the evening by these dreadful images your fancy has created. Let us be thankful for the good we have, and show our thankfulness in its enjoyment."

Mr. Creighton did not answer, but kept on his movement, back and forward, across the room. He was thinking of poor Mrs. Bayle.

"We must finish 'A Tale of Two Cities' to-night," said the wife, taking up a volume.—"Sit down, Edward, and I will read. We are at the storming of the Bastile."

But Mr. Creighton did not pause in his restless walk. The reading began, and was continued for ten or fifteen minutes.

"What a wild, fearful picture!" said Mrs. Creighton, letting the volume fall into her lap. "Such word-painting power is wonderful."

She looked up at her husband, and saw, at a glance, that he had not been listening.

"I don't believe," she said, in a slightly annoyed tone, "that you've heard a single page that I have been reading."

"To tell the truth, Allie, I don't think I have," was frankly answered.

"Not very complimentary to me or the author."

"On the contrary, Allie, I acknowledge my interest in both. But just now I can think of nothing else but Mrs. Bayle and her children."

"We cannot help them to-night, Edward.—The storm is too wild for any one to go abroad. Leave them in the hands of God. He will take care of them."

"How will he take care of them?"

Mr. Creighton stood still, and looked, steadily, into his wife's face. His eyes fell beneath his glance of earnest interrogation.

"How will God take care of them, Allie, if they are without fuel and food to-night?"

She did not answer, and he added—

"Not by sending coal and bread through supernatural agencies, but by putting it into the heart of some human being to go to their succor. When you said, 'God help the poor!' the thought of Mrs. Bayle and her children came instantly into my mind, and I cannot put it away. I must see to them this night."

"Oh, no, no, Edward! You cannot go out in such a dreadful storm."

As if to grieve force to her words, the tempest shrieked wildly, and the fast-falling snow drove its fine crystals rattling against the windows. Mr. Creighton pushed aside the curtain and looked out. The whirling flakes filled the air like a cloud. He could hardly see across the street.

"You mustn't think of going out, Edward," said his wife, and she came to his side, and drew her arms around him.

"Alice, you said, just now, 'God help the poor!' and spoke from genuine pity. He cannot help them, except by human hands. I feel, so strongly, that my hands are needed for help to-night, that I could not hold back were the storm twice as violent. I have warm garments to protect me from the cold. I have health, strength, and a stout heart in humanity's cause, I trust. Allie, I must go. No sleep could weigh down my eye-lids to-night, if I remained in uncertainty about this poor woman and her children."

And resolutely putting aside all remonstrances, Mr. Creighton prepared himself to go out. On passing into the street, the gust swept fiercely into his face, taking his breath for a moment, and staggering him back several paces. But, recovering himself, he leaned a little forward, bracing to the wind, and plunging away through snow-drifts that half buried him at times. The small tenement in which Mrs. Bayle lived stood several squares distant, in a narrow court. Thither he made his way, as rapidly as he could move through all the manifold obstructions that retarted his progress.—He found the court almost blockade up with snow, which the wind had swept from the roofs above, and piled up in the narrow space between the houses. On gaining the one in which Mrs. Bayle lived, he saw no lights in the windows, though the shutters were open. He put his hand on the door, and pushed it open.—All was silent within. He spoke, but no voice answered, and there came no sound to his ears. Then going out quickly, he shut the door, and crossing the court, knocked where a light gleamed out from a window.

"Who's there?" It was a woman's voice that called.

He knocked again.

"Come in," said the same voice.

Mr. Creighton pushed open the door, and entered a small room, in which a woman sat sewing. She was alone.

"Excuse my intrusion," he said, noticing that his appearance surprised and startled her. "But I want to ask about a Mrs. Bayle who lives in this court. Have you seen her to-day?"

"No, sir; I don't think I've seen her around to-day," answered the women.

"She lives nearly opposite?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's all dark there," said Mr. Creighton. I opened the door and spoke, but no one answered."

"I hope she isn't sick or dead," remarked the woman, with some concern of manner. "I don't know what would become of her four little children."

"We must see after them," said Mr. Creighton, in a decided way. "Will you let me have a candle and some matches?"

"Yes, sir." And the woman laid down her work.

"And go over with me?"

"Yes, sir." Then she went to the stairs, and called: "Jake, come down here! A gentleman's called to see about Mrs. Bayle, and I'm going over with him."

The rough voice of a man answered to this summons, and some heavy feet were heard moving on the floor above. Before their owner made his appearance, however Mr. Creighton and the woman was across the court.

On lighting a candle in the chilly room, which they had entered, they saw only a table, two old chairs, and the black, fireless stove on the hearth.

"Mrs. Bayle?" called the woman, going to the stairs that led to the single room above. But no answer came.

"We must go up," said Mr. Creighton—And they passed to the chamber.

"Save us!" exclaimed his companion, as she held up the wavering candle. "They're all here?"

"As she spoke, the light fell upon a woman's white, deathly face. She was lying on a bed with such scanty covering that the chill air could scarcely have failed to reach her vitals. The forms, but not the faces, of three children were seen also. "Mrs. Bayle!" This time the sound reached her dull senses, and she opened her eyes, that shone, glassy, in the light.

"Are you sick, Mrs. Bayle?"

"Yes," was the faint answer.

The children, half-awake from cold, now pushed up their heads from beneath the covering, and one of them said anxiously:

"Aint we going to have any supper to-night, mamma?"

A great sob came up, at this, from the suddenly touched heart of Mr. Creighton.

"Yes, you shall have your supper to-night," answered the woman. "Lie still and keep warm for a little while."

"I can't keep warm," answered the child. "O dear! It's so cold."

Setting down the candle, the woman said—"I'll run over and get a comfortable, and Jake shall bring a bucket of coal and make a fire in the stove down stairs, that will soon warm the house." And she hurried away. In a few moments she was back again with covering for the bed, which she laid over the woman and children, and as her briskly moving hands tucked in the warm comfortable all around, she said:

"Now lie still until we get a fire made, and your supper ready."

"God help the poor!" said Mr. Creighton, with tear-filled eyes, as he went down stairs. the woman heard him, for in his emotion he had spoken aloud, and she answered.

"A great many people say that, sir; and yet no help comes. It doesn't put bread into children's mouths. It dosen't feed the hungry and clothe the naked, sir."

"But God may inspire willingness in human hearts," replied Mr. Creigton, as he has done to-night, and thus help them. And but for this willingness which he gives, no help would come. So, I say still, God help the poor!"

"He must have put it into your heart," said the woman; "for if you hadn't come these poor souls might have perished before daylight."

"Perhaps," answered Mr. Creighton, as he took out his purse. Then adding: "Here is money for Mrs. Bayle. Will you see that she has everything needed to night?"

"I will sir, as if she was my own sister," replied the women with an earnestness of tone that left Mr. Creighton in no doubt.

"And so, God help the poor!" said he, as he passed out again into the stormy night, and took his way homeward.

"O, Edward," exclaimed Mrs. Creighton, as after more than half an hour of anxious suspense her husband came in with a quick step, bright eye and ruddy countenance. "I'm so glad you are home again! It has stormed harder than ever since you left. How did you find Mrs. Bayle?"

"Without food, fire, or light!" he answered. "I think death would have found her and her children, mayhap, if God had not sent me to their relief. It is God who really helps the poor, Allie. We are only the instrument in his hands. May we always be willing!"

As you have been to-night," said Mrs. Creighton, with a new impression of her husband's character, in her heart. And she laid her hand in his, and looked lovingly into a face that was all alive with manly feeling.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Little-or-Nothings.

Shallow brooks and shallow old men and women pass their whole time in babbling.

The worst inconvenience of a small fortune is that it will not admit of inadvertency.

When malicious dames gather at a tea-party, Satan can afford to take a snooze.

In the treatment of nervous cases, he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of Hope.

One cannot have too much wit or too much probity, but one can make too great a display of them.

If every man and boy were to get all that they deserve, forests would soon run short of switches.

Mutual flatterers generally understand each other as well as a couple of horse jockies or blacklegs.

Tupper says 'tis the horse and not the wagon that wearies. But we are very certain that we have seen a wagon tire.

Good or bad fortune generally pursues those who have the greatest share of either. The prosperous man seems as a magnet to attract prosperity.

It speaks well for the native kindness of our hearts, that nothing gives us greater pleasure than to feel that we are conferring it.

The public speaker, who depends on rhetoric instead of logic, fights with his open hand instead of his clenched fist.

Those who take no account of their own sins in life may expect to be brought one day to a "dead reckoning."

Nothing can tend so much to dissolve the authority of laws as their lax administration; so laws should be in themselves mild, but administered rigorously.