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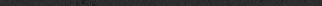
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Poetry.

THE OLD MAN AND THE CHILDREN.

By JAMES FRECHET 1899.

Spring was busy in the woodlands,
 Climbing up from peak to peak,
 An old man and his brood,
 With a flush upon his cheek.

Many years passed hard upon him,
 And his living days were few,
 And from out the smoky chimney
 Troubles drifted into view.

There was something more than strange
 In old days with gray hair;
 Yet there was something far more touching
 In the old man's face and hair.

And he sat there, sadly sighing
 O'er his feeble and weak frame,
 Though the birds outside his window
 Talked of summer in its prime.

But, behold, a change came o'er him;
 Religious faith and hope were his,
 And he gave his heart to God,
 And he gave his heart to his.

Up the green slope of his garden,
 Past the lake, he saw run
 The young girls, with bright eyes shining
 Like the brown beads in the sun.

There was Fanny, fanned for wisdom;
 And fair Alice, fanned for pride;
 And one that could say "Cecile,"
 And said little else beside.

And that vision started memories,
 That soon hid the tears of grief;
 Sending floods of hallowed sunshine
 Through the ragged rents of life.

Then they took him from his study,
 Through long lanes and tangled bowers,
 And into the shade of willows,
 Richly tinted o'er with flowers.

And he blessed their merry voices
 Singing round him as he went,
 For the night of their wild gladness
 Filled his own heart with content.

And that night there came about him
 Far-off memories of his youth,
 And old words in which he wandered,
 Ere he knew the name of love.

He said, "This is the life I live,
 Take the whiteness from my hair."
 And he said, "This is the life I live,
 Take the whiteness from my hair."

THE SEA SHORE.

The wide sea stretches beneath the sky,
 In the golden light of day,
 And the wild waves play on their snowy plumes,
 That glitter and gleam, and play.

And they come, and on they come,
 With the lily foam of their white crests,
 To scatter their beauty on the shore,
 And die on the sandy beach.

The wild waves glitter, and gleam, and play,
 To break on the sandy shore,
 But such is the force of their power,
 To add to earth's bright store.

Some bring us the life of the shell,
 And some the stone of the shore,
 And some the sailor's wrecked form,
 All gashed and torn, and sore.

And the waves play on the shore,
 In never-ceasing strife,
 Or thunder with martial roll,
 As each roll up with its given gift.

And on the wide sea, a changing sea,
 The shadowy sea, a changing sea,
 Where the lily foam of their white crests,
 To scatter their beauty on the shore.

They bear their joy or their curse to earth,
 And die on the sandy shore,
 And on they come, and on they come,
 With the lily foam of their white crests.

And the stars look out from the sky,
 And the stars look out from the sky,
 Till far away in the power,
 The sun comes forth in power.

And the secret burdens lie revealed
 Upon the lily shore,
 And the secret burdens lie revealed
 Upon the lily shore.

The Family Circle.

1. Remember that our will is likely to be
 crossed every day, so prepare for it.

2. Everybody has an evil nature, and we are
 not to expect too much.

3. To learn the different temper of each in-
 dividual.

4. To look upon each member of the family
 as one for whom Christ died.

5. When any good happens to any one, to
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6. When inclined to give an angry answer,
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9. To wait for little opportunities of pleas-
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10. To take a cheerful view of everything, of
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11. To speak kindly to the servants, to praise
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13. To try for "the soft answer which turneth
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16. To be very gentle with the young ones,
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17. Never to judge another, but to at-
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"A CHIP FROM THE OLD BLOCK."
 There is no disputing this fact; it shines in
 the face of every little child. The coarse, brawling,
 scolding woman, will have coarse, vicious,
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 Her own words will be repeated by her children as
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"I can say the mother by the boy."
 The mother who draws back with doubled fists,
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"And we never see the mothers—little fellow
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 lady.' Her words and her ways are so good, so
 kind, and so true, that she is a true lady."
 "My son—not 'you little wretch—your plague
 of my life—you torment—your scamp!'"

"She hovers before him as the pillow of life
 before the wailing Israelite, and her beams
 are reflected in his face. To him she is the
 mother, and he is the son. She is the mother,
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Then they took him from his study,
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