

A good wax for grouting may be made of three parts of wax, three parts of tallow, and two parts of turpentine. The wax should be melted and mixed, and the tallow and turpentine added.

A SICK BED.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Long hast thou watched my bed,
And smoothened the pillow soft,
For this poor, aching head,
With touches kind and soft.

Oh! smooth it yet again,
As softly as before;
Once—only once, and then
I need thy hand no more.

Yet here I may not stay,
Where I so long have lain,
Through many a restless day,
And many a night of pain.

But bear me gently forth
Beneath the open sky,
Where, on the pleasant earth,
Till night the sunbeams lie.

There, through the coming days,
I shall not look to thee,
My weary side to raise,
And shift it tenderly.

There sweetly shall I sleep,
Not wilt thou need to bring
And put to my hot lip
Cool water from the spring.

Nor wet the kerchief laid
Upon my burning brow;
Nor from my eyelids shade
The light that wounds them now.

Nor watch that none shall tread,
With noisy footstep, nigh;
Nor listen by my bed,
To hear my faintest sigh.

And sigh a look of cheer,
And words of comfort speak,
Yet turn to hide the tear
That gathers on thy cheek.

Beside me, where I rest,
Thy loving hands will set
The flowers I love the best:
Moss-rose and violet.

Then to the sleep I crave
Resign me, till I see
The face of Him who gave
His life for thee and me.

Yet, with the setting sun,
Come, now and then, to eve,
And think of me as one
For whom thou shouldst not grieve;

Who, when the kind release
From sin and suffering came,
Passed to the appointed peace
In murmuring thy name.

Leave, at my side, a space,
Where thou shalt come, at last,
To find a resting-place,
When many years are past.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT to thee, my absent one;
I wish it o'er the sea,
And every breeze shall wait it on
Unto thy destiny.

And every wave that meets the wish
Shall wake up echoes light,
And thus a chorus meet thy ear—
A thousand kind "good-nights."

Good-night to thee, my gentle one,
My wish to thee shall fly,
And, as it lingers round thy heart,
Shall bear me thy reply.

The silver moon is looking down
On me with gentle beams,
And, knowing that you see it now,
It thus shall charm my dreams.

Thy friends have breathed their evening prayer
For fortune to restore
The gentle one to whom I sing
Back to her native shore.

And though good wishes crown thy brow,
And all of love be thine,
There is no power among them all
More fervent-toued than mine.

GEORGE G. SMALL.

GRAPE VINES.—Every man who has also a south side to it, and there dig deep, say four feet at least, and as wide and as long as you have room. Plant a row of grape vines, the soil well, and there grow at least one grape vine. Every man who keeps house and has a family—as all men should have—will have to find some means to dispose of soap suds and other refuse water, the year round. Now, nothing is more congenial to vines and fruit than daily contributions of such materials at the roots of the vine. In addition to putting it about the surface, you can make an underground drain from your rear door, and end it about two feet underground, contiguous to the roots of the vine; and then, to make room for all that may come, dig down two feet further, the size of a hoghead, and fill to the top of the drain with sand, and fill up the rest with earth. In so doing you have provided for that which otherwise might become a nuisance, and make it conduce very much to the growth of one of the greatest luxuries in the way of fruit, and give you and your friends happiness otherwise unobtainable.

TO MY MOTHER.

I've wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from my happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam.

And time since then has tolled its years,
And marked them on my brow;
Yet, I have often thought of thee—
I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When at my tender side,
You watched the dawning of my youth,
And kissed me in your pride;

Then brightly was my heart lit up
With hopes of future joy,
While your bright face beamed down,
To deck your darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When, with anxious care,
You lifted up your heart to heaven—
Your hope, your trust was there;

And when you saw your parting words
While tears rolled down your cheek,
Thy long last loving look told more
Than ever words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Yet still I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distressed;

For when I think of thee, mother,
Thy face is ever in my mind,
But sooth me with your tender words,
And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay,
The tempter with his baneful cup
Has dashed them all away;

And when I think of thee, mother,
Thy face is ever in my mind,
But sooth me with your tender words,
And bid me hope again.

Oh, I have wandered far, mother,
Since I deserted thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break,
Beyond the deep blue sea;

Oh, I mother, still I love thee well,
And long to hear thee speak,
And feel again thy balmy breath
Upon my care-worn cheek.

But ah! there is a thought, mother,
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest,
And while I write the tear away,
There whispers in my ear
A voice that speaks of heaven and thee
And bids me seek thee there.

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FOR WEEPING MOTHERS.

"Taken from the evil to come."
You must not cry, my mother dear,
And wish me back again,
But think, how sweet 't will be for me
To suffer no more pain.

For all the little lambs of Christ
Are folded safe, you say,
Where nothing harmful ever comes
To take their joy away.

This little aching-head of mine;
This poor hot, burning brow,
Will never, never hurt me then,
As they are hurting now.

And Jesus will be glad, I know,
A "little one" to see;
For, "Suffer them to come," He said,
Of children just like me.

You must not cry, my mother dear,
Weakly, and suffering so;
My Father thinks it best, that I
Should be the first to go.

I'm very sorry, mother dear,
To leave you all alone,
And wish you had another child
To love you when I'm gone.

And yet, perhaps, this very want,
This grief, so very sore,
Will make you often think of Christ,
And love Him all the more.

And 'twill not be so very long,
Before you come to me—
Oh! then I shall be happy quite,
For all eternity.

My God and Jesus will be there,
And then my mother too—
Oh! happy! happy! happy child!
What glory waits for you!

The little head fell softly down
Upon the mother's breast;
A smile just press'd the quivering lips,
And then they were at rest.

And tears fell from the mother's eyes;
Such tears as mothers shed,
When from their lonely hearts they say,
"Our only one is dead!"

But soon there came the Comforter,
And down upon her knees,
She listened with a faithful heart,
To such-like words as these—

"Let not your heart be troubled so,
Nor let it be afraid—
Look up and see your suffering child,
A little angel made."

And now the Father's glorious face,
She'll evermore behold,
While far away from here she dwells
Within the Heavenly fold.

Look up, and see the crown put on
Thy child's fair, sandy brow;
Then say, is it not all for good
That she is taken now?"

The weeping mother's poor drooping head
Was lifted to the sun,
And very softly to her God,
She said, "Thy will be done."

ELIZABETH LEE.

[For the Standard.]
THE SPIRIT'S CALL.
BY MRS. A. L. CORBIN.

All "Do they miss me at home,"
They are calling me home—they are calling,
I hear their sweet voices a'round me,
There is music, rich music, around me,
And angels are joining my brow.

Then ask me not longer to tarry,
Where care and pain and sorrow come—
'T leave this frail casket and I,
For they're calling, they're calling me home.

They are calling me home—they are calling,
And ought could my spirit retain,
A voice from your heaven has reached me,
With the promise of freedom and gain.

My spirit is wad, lone and weary,
And the angels are bidding me come—
Familiarly sweet are their tones,
They are calling me—calling me home.

They are calling me home—they are calling,
Earth's love I must bid adieu,
But grief not my parting sorrow,
For soon we'll be together again.

Oh, don't for the present I'll fly,
They're calling, they're calling me home,
They are calling me home—they are calling,
A halo encircles my head;

They're approaching with flowers and music,
Unraptured I list to the songs—
Here's a joy perishing in my breast,
Oh I'm breathing the perfume of heaven,
For they're bearing me, bearing me

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WORTH KNOWING AND REMEMBERING.

How to set when the clothes take fire is an important piece of information. The Scientific American says:—

"Three persons out of four would rush right up to the burning individual and begin to paw with their hands without any definite aim. It is useless to tell the victim to do this or that, or call for water. In fact, it is generally best to say not a word, but catch a blanket from a bed, or a shawl, or any woolen fabric—of some sort, as you can, stretch them out higher than your head, and, running boldly to the person, make a motion of stepping into the arms, and about the shoulders. This instantly smotheres the fire and saves the face. The next instant throw the shawl or blanket on the floor. This is an additional safety to face and hands, and any remaining fabric can be put out more readily. The next instant, smother the burnt part in cold water, and all pain will cease with rapidity of lighting. Next, get some common flour, remove from the water, and cover the burnt parts with as much thick cream of hair, if possible, put the preparation to bed, and do all that is possible to soothe until the physician arrives. Let the hair remain until it falls off, when a beautiful new hair will be found. Unless the burnt hair is the most desirable remedy ever proposed, and the information ought to be imparted to all. The principle of its action is this: like the water, it causes instant and perfect relief from pain, by totally excluding the air from the injured parts. Spanish whiting and cold water, of a muddy consistency, are preferred by some doctors on the floor until no more will stick, and cover with cotton batting."

COCONUT CURE.
Free a small coconut from the shell, and scrape in all the brown skin; crush the white meat in a mortar, or grate it upon a board grater. Pour over it a quart of boiling water, cover it, and stand it near the fire for an hour. Strain it, and let it get cold. Add, when cold, half a pound of white sugar, one ounce of fine loaf's sugar, a pound and a half of water, and let it rise one hour in a warm place. Take it slowly for half an hour, in shallow tins.

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