

AN IRISH FAIRY STORY.

[Mrs. S. M. B. Platt in *The Manhattan.*]

"Good mother, from your wayside hut,
Wise with your ninety years,
Tell me a fairy story—
First wring out all the tears;
For I am hurt beyond the skill
Of leech, hurt with a knife
That seems, in sooth, but slow to kill—
Good mother, hurt with life!"

"My lady, sure you are but sad,
Yet it's a merry day,
I am not too wrinkled to be glad
(And you are not yet gray),
It's long, long yet I hope to live,
For God is good, I'm told,
And life's the best He has to give;
I'm thankful to be old."

"Yes, God is good, I'm told. You see
I can not read—But, then,
I can believe. He's good to me,
He is, and good to men.
They say He sends us sorrow, too,
The world would be too sweet
To leave, if this should not be true."
("The world the moth can eat.")

"He keeps my little cabin there
Safe when the sea-wind blows.
When I was young he let me wear
Upon my cheek a rose;
And then it was he sent a youth,
The handsomest, you'd own,
On all the Irish coast, . . . In truth,
It's much I've lived alone."

"My lady, since that long black night
His fishing-boat went down,
My boy that kept my heart so light
Hard work there in the town;
A lovely boy! Such gold-like hair,
All curls!" (Her eyes grew dim.)
"Christ keep him. He is quiet there
With daisies over him."

She hushed and turned to go inside,
An earthen floor, ah, me!
A heap of straw (the door was wide),
Was all that I could see.
Yet on the little window, low,
A bright geranium grew;
"That's for my boy, he loved them so,
He loved these thrushes, too."

"Good mother—" "Sure, but things go ill
In our poor country. Yet
He gives me bread and shelter still,
It's me He'll not forget."
We parted, for the light was low;
I turned and looked around;
Lord of us all, can heart's ease grow
In such a plot of ground!

A Careful Nurse.

[Baby Land.]

"Hush! be quiet, Bess!
Bennie's sick, you know,
Pat his aching head
Very softly—so!"

"Tish't any fun
Lying on the bed,
When he wants to play
And run about instead."

"You shall put a cap
And an apron on,
Be a little nurse
While mamma is gone."

"Sit beside him here,
Very quiet keep,
And I think, perhaps,
He'll go to sleep."

Such a merry nurse
Bessie proved to be,
When mamma came home
Just in time for tea,

Somebody's poor head
Seemed to be all right,
And Bennie and his nurse
Were playing pillow-fight!

From over the sea.

[Chicago News]

His listening soul hears no echo of battle,
No pean of triumph nor welcome of fame,
But down through the years comes a little one's
prattle.

And softly he murmurs her idolized name;
And it seems as if now at his heart she were
clinging.

As she clung, in those dear, distant years, to
his knee;
He sees her fair face and he hears her sweet sing-
ing—

And Nellie is coming from over the sea,
While patriot Hope stays the fullness of sorrow,
While our eyes are bedimmed and our voices
are low.

He dreams of the daughter who comes with the
morrow,
Like an angel come back from the dear long
ago.

Ah, what to him now is a nation's emotion—
And what for our love or our grief careth he?
A swift-speeding ship is a sail on the ocean
And Nellie is coming from over the sea!

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwaried sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The works of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound
Amid these radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear, they all rejoice,
And, mingling in a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

[By Ellen P. A. Lerton.]

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty painted there,

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds—
Yet whose utterance prudence guards.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness—
Whose fountains but the few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well run,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep,
Over worn-out hands—Oh! beautiful sleep.

[For the Courier Journal.]

JENNIE O'NEIL AND I.

On the old plank bridge in the meadow,
Counting the stars in the sky,
Talking of the moon and the weather,
Stood Jennie O'Neil and I.

And the moon and the stars were smiling,
And the brook ran laughing by,
And the nightingale sang a love song
To Jennie O'Neil and I.

But my heart kept fluttering faster,
Like a bird that longs to fly;
And the moon and the stars kept looking
At Jennie O'Neil and I.

But I told her the "old, old story,"
As the brook ran laughing by,
And her answer brought heaven nearer
To Jennie O'Neil and I.

The moon and the stars are still smiling,
And I think that starlit sky
Was a token of life's bright future
To Jennie O'Neil and I.

Gathering life's thorns with its flowers,
With never a tear or a sigh,
Quietly down life's path together
Go Jennie O'Neil and I.

WALTER L. HAWLEY

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OUR OWN.

IF I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when I went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you heedless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
I may give you the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain at the heart should cease!
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have been broken,
By harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,

Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips, with curse impatient!
Ah! brow, with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

HIS LITTLE LOVE.

She loves me. She, the dearest, best,
Most perfect of created things,
Has said she loves me, and has pressed
Her lips to mine. My whole heart sings
With joy, because I am so blessed.
No more with doubts, with fears oppressed,
My whole heart sings.

Would for her sake, my own, my sweet,
That riches, fame, all precious things,
Were mine to lavish at her feet.
But, save the love that takes not wings,
And flies away on pinions fleet,
No wealth have I to bring my sweet;
Naught else but love.

Dear love, the heavens are not so fair
As is the light of her blue eyes;
One look of that pure gold, her hair,
More than the wealth of worlds I prize.
Oh, strange that she for me should care,
Who has all beauty for her share!
Oh, sweet! Oh, strange!

Yet that she loves me well I know.
In her pure heart no guile could dwell,
And she declared some days ago—
(My sweet, my precious, baby Bell)
In lisping accents, soft and low—
"I love you, papa! love you so!
I love you so!"
—Julia F. Berkeley, in *N. Y. Journal.*

An Every-Day Girl.

She's only an early-day girl,
Without any semblance of art,
This wide-awake, sensible, maid,
To whom I have given my heart.
She's womanly, gentle and kind,
The least little bit of a prude,
Whose dignity is a rebuke
To those too familiar or rude.

She's honest and frank as the day,
Has never been know to deceive,
And everything she may assert
Is certainly safe to believe.
Her beauty is not of the kind
To set any heart in a whirl,
And light-headed friendships are not
The choice of an every-day girl.

Her taste in the matter of dress
Is neither too showy nor grave,
But such as will lead you to guess
She is not to fashion a slave:
Yet many a one has turned round
On meeting her out in the street,
To admire the every-day girl
Who looked so remarkably sweet.

Her gifts and her graces are not
Set out in attractive array
To dazzle, or envy excite,
Or even for public display;
But sitting beside her alone,
Or with a choice few, you will find
How good and how great is her heart,
How richly endowed is her mind.

To her you may go in your grief,
And freely your troubles rehearse;
On her in your sickness depend,
For she is a capital nurse;
Whatever the strait you are in,
Though others may give you no heed,
You'll find that an every-day girl
Will furnish the help that you need.

She's patient, forbearing and wise,
Good-natured, kind-hearted and true,
And does with a resolute will
The tasks that are set her to do.
Ah, happy, indeed, is his lot,
Without an occasion for strife,
Who with such an every-day girl
Can spend every day of his life!
—Josephine Pollard, in *N. Y. Ledger.*

How Bridget Could Count.

[Philadelphia Times.]

"How do you count the clothes-pins?"
Said mother to Bridget one day;
"You are always sure of the number—
Yet you can not count, you say."
"Ah, misses," said blushing Bridget,
"Sure, an' I have a way."

Next week, when the wash was over,
We watched what the girl would do;
And this is the way she counted
Her basket of clothes-pins through:
"You and your mate," counted Bridget,
"You and your mate, you!"

In handfuls of five she counted
The basket of pins throughout;
Two pairs of mates, one odd one,
She laid them in heaps about;
A funny method of counting,
But honest beyond a doubt.

In parcels of five she laid them—
But still there was more to do;
She counted the fires together,
Five fires in a pile she threw—
"You and your mate," still counting,
"You and your mate, you!"

We laughed at her way of counting,
And she heard our merry din;
But she carried her head right proudly
As she brought the basket in.
"I've washed for a year," said Bridget,
"And never have lost a pin!"

Optimism.

[Geo. T. Sanigan.]

The world is old,
And love grows cold,
And hearts are sold
For gold,
They say.

My lady tastes the pleasure
Of each hour that passes by;
In Fashion's golden garden
The brightest butterfly,
Meanwhile, down town, her husband,
From dawn until dark,
In his close and cobwebbed office,
Out-tolls his busiest clerk.

For the world is old,
And love grows cold,
And hearts are sold
For gold—
Well a-day!

But my lady's presence ever
Brightens the busy place;
When he pauses in his writing
He sees her perfect face.
Meanwhile, uptown, my lady,
The gayest of the gay,
The kiss of her lips keeps for him—
The love of her heart all day.

Is the world, then, old?
Does love grow cold?
And are hearts sold
For gold
Always?