

Going out With the Tide.

Raise me up in my bed, wife;
There's the sound of the sea in my ear,
And it sings to my soul in music
That earth is not blessed to hear.
Open the little window, wife,
Then come and sit by my side;
We'll wait God's sweet flood water
To take me out with the tide.

I see the harbor-bar wife,
And my dear little boat in the bay;
But who shall be able to guide her
When her master hath passed away?
I know that her helm, so trusty,
Will answer no other hand
As it answered mine, when I knew, wife,
You were waiting for me on the strand

Our boys are all before us, wife:
Wee Jack is beneath the wave,
And blue-eyed Freddie sleeps, wife,
In yonder yew-bowered grave,
Where the early daisies cluster
Around his baby-bed,
And the thrush sits chanting softer
In yon tree that shades the dead.

There's a chill runs through our hearts, wife,
When the harbor-bar doth moan;
But a darker grief will be yours, wife,
When you're left in the cot alone;
But a few more flows of the sea, wife,
And a few more ebbs of the tide,
Then God's sweet flood shall bring you
Again to your old man's side.

The red sun is low in the west, wife,
And the tide sinks down with the sun;
We will part with each other in love, wife,
For sweetly our lives have run.
Give me your hand, my own love,
As you gave it in days of yore;
We will clasp them, ne'er to be sundered,
When we meet on the far-off shore!

Jerusalem.

Sir Moses Montflore, now in the 92d year of his age, a few months back paid a seventh visit to Jerusalem for the purpose of collecting information relating to the actual condition of the Jewish inhabitants of the Holy Land, as to their capability and inclination to engage in mechanical and general agricultural pursuits. The report is now published with a letter to Sir Moses from two of the leading Rabbis of Jerusalem, in which they refute the charges of disinclination to work of the Jews of Jerusalem while there was a possibility of obtaining sufficient charity to enable them to live. It is known that in order to give a refutation of these charges, Sir Moses Montflore determined to undertake a mission to the Holy City and report on his observations. Sir Moses states that a whole village has been pointed out to him which might be purchased at a moderate rate. All of the persons who reported to Sir Moses on this subject stated that there would be no difficulty whatever in securing as much land as might be required, either for cultivation or building purposes. The Governor and Kadi of Jerusalem assured him of the readiness of the Turkish Government to render every possible assistance to encourage any industrial scheme for the promotion of the welfare of the people in the Holy Land. The French and American Consuls also assured him of their willingness to assist. Sir Moses states that a great struggle may arise in the future between the educated or Progressist party—those who do not come to the Holy City from religious motives, but from reasons connected with special circumstances—and the strictly Conservative party, whose sole object in going to Jerusalem was the preservation of their religion. During his short stay at Jaffa Sir Moses Montflore noticed some indications to that effect. Sir Moses gives a long account of the different institutions established in Jerusalem for the benefit of the poor. There is a soup kitchen; a loan society, whose object it is to make advances without interest; a hospice, which provides every poor person coming

to Jerusalem with gratuitous board and lodging until he may have procured for himself a suitable residence; three building societies, etc. Sir Moses says: "I had some conversation on the subject of general drainage in Jerusalem with a gentleman of authority; he told me that all the refuse of the city is now carried into the Pool of Bethesda, which, strange to say, I was informed, is close to the house intended for the barracks, and the soldiers living there appear not to experience the least inconvenience on account of its vicinity. If arrangements could be made to clear that pool entirely, to admit pure water only, and to dig special pools for the purpose of conducting there the city drains, Jerusalem might become free from any threatening epidemic. All the doctors in Jerusalem assured me that the Holy City might be reckoned, on account of the purity of its atmosphere, one of the healthiest places." Sir Moses speaks of the skill of Jewish mechanics in Jerusalem, whereas it has been said that there are no Jewish mechanics in the Holy City. Sir Moses saw watchmakers, engravers, lithographers, sculptors, goldsmiths, bookbinders and carpenters, and, he says, "all did their work most satisfactorily." A watchmaker into whose hands he gave a valuable repeater for repair, put it, within a very short time, into excellent order. The same man, in addition to his skill as a watchmaker, displayed also great talent as a Hebrew calligraphist. He presented Sir Moses Montflore with a grain of wheat on which were written 19 lines, forming an acrostic on the name of the venerable philanthropist. The traveller states that he has had every opportunity of convincing himself that the Jews are eager and willing to engage in any kind of labor, agricultural or otherwise, which will obtain for them the necessaries of life, and place them above the need of the charity of their benevolent coreligionists. Sir Moses says that the great regard which he has always entertained towards his brethren in the Holy Land has now become, if possible, doubly increased, and he emphatically asserts that they are deserving of assistance; they are willing and able to work; their mental powers are of a satisfactory nature, and all Israelites ought to render their support. The Jews of Jerusalem and in every part of the Holy Land, he observes, "do work," and he furthermore says that they are more industrious than many men even in Europe, otherwise none of them would remain alive; but when the work does not sufficiently pay, when there is no market for the produce of the land, when famine and cholera and other misfortunes befall the inhabitants, we Israelites, unto whom God revealed Himself on Mount Sinai, more than any other nations, must step forward to render them help, and raise them from their state of distress." He suggests the building of houses in and around Jerusalem with European improvements, also colleges and public baths. Each house should possess a plot of ground large enough for the cultivation of olive trees, the vine and necessary vegetables, so as to give the occupiers of the house a taste for agriculture. He states that many persons in the cities in and around Jerusalem have already announced their willingness to follow agricultural pursuits.

Parton Discounted.

A YOUNG MAN MARRIES HIS STEPMOTHER
—THE OLD MAN UNEXPECTEDLY
TURNS UP TO DIE.

An extraordinary story came from Silver Station, Ohio, wherein a young man is reported to have married his stepmother, under the belief that his father was

dead. Twelve years ago the wife of a man named Swingle, a wealthy farmer of the locality named died, and a year and a half afterward the widower, being sixty years of age, married a young woman who had lived in his family. She was twenty-two. He had six children by the first wife, and three of them married.—Old Mr. Swingle was one of the most prominent men in the township, a devout member of the church, and a man generally respected. In 1865 Mr. Swingle disappeared and was supposed to have been robbed, murdered and mysteriously buried.—Eighteen months afterward a skeleton was found in a deep forest near his house, and believing them to be his bones they were buried in the church yard by the side of his first wife. A stone setting forth the circumstances connected with Swingle's death was placed at the head of the grave. An administrator of the estate of the deceased was appointed, and his property equally divided among the children. The homestead fell to the lot of the old farmer's widow, and the youngest son, also named James, continued to live there and superintend operations on the farm. In 1869 he married the widow of his father, and the couple were living in untroubled ease with three children that had been born to them, when in the early part of last month the young farmer was given a letter at the village postoffice addressed "To any living member of the Swingle family." The letter was postmarked at Cleveland, Ohio. Opening the letter the farmer was astonished to find that it purported to be written by his father, long believed to be dead. It was as follows:

CLEVELAND, Dec. 30.—I am very sick and penniless among strangers. I was on my way home when taken sick. Some of you come to me at once and I will explain all. I am at a sailor's lodging house by the lake.

JAMES SWINGLE

The letter was written in a cramped and trembling hand, but it resembled specimens of the old farmer's writing of years ago. He was visited and found in Cleveland. He was very ill with fever and became delirious soon after the arrival of his son, and it was some days before he could be removed to better quarters. Three weeks passed before he was in condition to be taken home, and during that time he could be induced to say but little about his strange disappearance. He said that he left while under the influence of an impulse he could not control, and after traveling for a few days he was ashamed to return, and resolved to go West with about \$8,000 he had with him, and invest it in some way; and after he had increased it sufficiently, to return home and surprise his family. He went to California, and from there to Australia, where he made \$115,000 in five years and came back to California, where he lost it all. Thinking he was drawing near his death, he determined to return home, and was taken sick with the fever at Cleveland. He refused to enter into any details of his ten years absence till he recovered from his illness. He was brought home, but he died in a few days after his arrival. The son and step-mother were remarried after the funeral.

The skeleton was that of a murdered drover.—*Ex.*

Mother.

How my heart has been pained to see the coolness and indifference which is often manifested for an aged and dependent mother.

Age may waste a mother's beauty and dim the lustre of her eye, her strength may depart, her limbs refuse to support her tottering frame, or she may become

as helpless as an infant, but shall we love her less? Has she not toiled and watched over our helpless infancy? And in youth, has she not tried to lead us in the straight and narrow path? And in sickness she was our ministering angel. Who but a mother could be so patient; so kind and affectionate, so gentle and self-sacrificing as a mother?

If we have been tempted into forbidden paths, if we have followed in bad counsels and gone astray, if we have chosen evil companions, forgotten the good counsels of our youth, who is ready to encourage and lead us back to honor and virtue as a mother? She is ready to forgive, to love and cherish us still.

Who can fathom a mother's love? She is our friend when all the world forsakes us. She will cling to us, will die for us if necessary.

A mother's love is strong, tender and true. Hard indeed must be the heart that can neglect and abuse a dear mother.

She should never feel that she is not welcome, never feel that she is a burden to her children, never should little sensitive heart be pained by an unkind look or word. How little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness and love while living—how little do we think of her anxiety for us? But when she is gone and we see the old arm chair, the vacant place at the table, and hear no more of her dear voice, then do we know she is gone, never more to return, and call her back. She has gone; and happily for us if we can say we have been faithful and made her happy, and could look forward to a meeting beyond this world.

Labor Wanted.

The true kings of a nation, the pillars of government, are the farmers and mechanics, whose drops of sweat are "worthier than diamonds in a coronet." Without them the pride and glory of the Republic would fade and pass away, and the nation would be no more. Says a distinguished writer:

"The noblest man of earth is he who puts hands cheerfully and proudly to honest labor. Labor is a business and ordinance of God. Suspend labor and where is the glory and pomp of earth—the fruit, fields and palaces, and the fashioning of matter for which men strive and war? Let the labor scornee look to himself and learn what are the trophies from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, he is the debtor and slave to toil. The labor which he scorns has tricked him into the stature and appearance of man. Where gets he garmenting and equipage? Let labor answer. Labor—which makes music in the mines and the frow and forge. Oh, scorn not labor, you, who never yet earned a morsel of bread! Labor pities you, proud fool, and laughs you to scorn. You shall pass to dust, forgotten; but labor will live on forever, glorious in its conquests and monuments."

Increase the farming interests, and we increase the number of merchants, mechanics, railroads, towns, professional men, etc., and give life and animation to the entire commerce of a continent. All honor then to the noble working men, and may their number constantly increase is the earnest wish of every good citizen.—Dalton (Ga.) *Enterprise*.

Keep the head cool by temperance in all things, and the feet warm by active exercise in the discharge of important duties—deeds of kindness.—*Ex.*