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[Written for the Observer.]

HOME INFELICITIES.

AFTER "BARRY GRAY."

I am a married man, and I wish I had remained single.

That is a plain and rather a strange confession. Still, it is true, and truth, you know, is stranger than fiction.

Perhaps I have never given such decided expression to my feelings before. But it can't be retracted now. Really I do wish I had remained single.

I turn with longing to the halcyon days when I was yet unmated, except with the jolly good fellows who used to form circles around the cozy fire in my own comfortable room and spend the night with me in undisturbed conviviality. Ah, we are scattered now, and the old hearth by which we spent so many pleasant hours is cold and cheerless.

What had I to care for then but myself? Nothing at all. I held a good situation in business,—which I still retain,—made enough money to provide for myself all necessary comforts and luxuries, and came and went whenever it pleased me to do so. If I was detained by some pleasant companions after nine at night I was not harrassed by the horrid thought that somebody was waiting impatiently for me to be at home. And if I remained up or down town until after twelve I did not return to find a dim, sickly light burning on the mantle, and a disgusting odor of camphor about the apartment.

What went with my senses when I fell in love I cannot guess. Surely I was noted for being one of the most strictly practical fellows in town. Some said I was emphatically stoical. Of course, I had my puppy loves, when a beardless boy, and plead guilty to all the fits of perfumed pink notes and solitary moonlight walks natural to the sex at sixteen.

Passing over many of the causes which led to my marriage with the beautiful Miss Mary Meadows, I will simply say that during our mutual sojourn in a delightful little village situate in a cool mountain valley in one of the northern counties, in the summer of 18—, we first became acquainted. As George Wellington Meadows, Esq., venerable grandpapa and guardian to Miss Mary Meadows, was a trifle too old-fogyish in his notions regarding the intimacy of friends on short acquaintance, Miss M. and I invented quite a pleasant and romantic way of meeting "by chance" at secluded spots in the green wood that stretched for miles and miles, in almost primeval density, around the place of our summer retreat.

By-and-by the palpable regard of Miss M. made an inroad to my heart. I fell in love—told her so one evening as we stood in the still twilight—took her hand—said something about "sharing each other's joys and sorrows"—and—

But enough of this. I married in haste; and I now sometimes wish somebody's name wasn't Mrs. Joe Bowers. Not that I would be displeased to have any woman known by that appellation if it were not that she derived the name from my worthy self.

I venture that I am not very different from a majority of fellows who marry in haste and repent at leisure. Of course I would never tell *her* of a single regret regarding my matrimonial ties; neither will she ever discover anything of that sort from my actions. Indeed, when I really come to suppose a separation—a positive separation from Mary, why perhaps I do feel a little unusually tender-hearted.

However, to come to the point, Mrs. Bowers and I, in sailing along together upon the sea of matrimony now and then strike upon one of those numerous little islands known particularly as "Infelicities."

Now, I regard myself a perfect model of propriety about the house; and it was only one morning last week that Mrs. Bowers gave me great cause for indignation on that score. On this particular morning she manifested a pretty strong feeling of anger against me on account of a most trivial circumstance. I will not say offence.

We had just finished breakfast, and I, as is my usual custom, entered the parlor and lighted a cigar. I always smoke to beguile the loneliness of the walk from home down to the office. As I was leisurely drawing on my gloves, Mrs. B. languidly passed the door, and, looking over her shoulder, cast at me a very significant little frown. In answer to my inquiry—which I made very politely—as to her obvious provocation, she suddenly entered the room, threw open a window and in a rather pettish way, said:

"Oh, you know, Mr. Bowers, that I can agree bear the hideous scent of sulphur matches; still, you so provokingly continue, morning *after* morning, to *strike* one in here. The odor is particularly *disagreea*ble to *visitors*," and my wife, turning her back to me, stood at the window looking daggers at some innocent object in the yard.

"Mrs Bowers," I said, in my blandest intonation, "you must know very well that the matches I use are not tipped with sulphur—they are perfectly *scentless*."

"Then, sir," retorted my wife, looking supremely indignant, "I suppose I am to be driven to admit that I have lost my olfactory power!"

"Madame," I responded in the same bland voice, "I make no such insinuation; on the contrary, I think you have a very *remarkable* nose for—"

"There it is again!" interrupted my wife, stamping the carpet with one of her No. 2's—"always trying to ridicule my features—especially my *nose*. You *shan't* do it.—You thought me pretty enough when we used to meet in the wood at twilight, and when I used to listen to your silly love talk." And her lips trembled as if she were going to cry. I kindly approached her and, placing my hand gently on her shoulder, commenced explaining that she had quite mistaken the meaning of my last remark. But she refused to hear me out. Burying her face in both hands, she burst into tears, then rose and left the room. I didn't offer to follow, but stoically took my cane and went out. I knew that she would, on reflection, as usual, see that I was innocent of her accusations, and was confident that she would meet me at nightfall with a smile and a kiss.

My wife is always a little out of humor at breakfast. Most women are.

It happened on this day that business was exceedingly pressing, and I was thereby prevented from returning home before eight and a-half; and, in the hurry of transacting my duties, I had forgotten to send a message to my wife explaining the unavoidable delay.

On reaching home I found the front door locked, and had to administer to it several heavy raps before the maid came.

"Please, sir," she said, "Mistress wants you to walk very light, 'cause she's got such a bad headache agin."

I did as requested, and found my wife lying on the sofa in her room, apparently asleep.

When I entered the chamber, very softly closing the door, she gave a slight groan, indicative of pain. I placed a chair by her side and felt her pulse, which I was happy to discover about right. Then I laid my hand on her forehead, which was a little heated—evidently from weeping.

"My darling," I whispered, touching her cheek with my lips, "if you are very ill you must let me fetch the doctor."

No reply—only a stifled sob.

"*Mary*," I continued, taking both her hands and pressing them very gently in my own—for I really began to fear that the little excitement of the morning, and my subsequent unexplained absence from home, had caused my wife to be ill—"if I have wounded you by any word or act to-day, believe me, it was unintentional. Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Joe!" said my wife, half hiding her face on the pillow, "No, I must ask *your* forgiveness. You know I have my faults. It is certainly *my* fault that we do not get along more smoothly—because you know, dear, I was spoiled by petting when a girl."

Now, if there be anything in the world that will suddenly melt one's heart to tears it is to hear the lips of a person whom you have perhaps wronged utter such sweet unselfish words as those spoken by my wife.

"Darling," I said, meditatively looking up to the stars that were dimly shining through the window, "we will never quarrel again. All shall be sunlight in our little home. And, for your sake," I added, "we will have a pleasure-trip in May, to the dear old spot among the quiet mountains where we first met and loved."

"In May!" said my wife, turning her face to me with a significant smile eddying around the dimples of her cheeks, "before you speak again of that, Joe, I advise you to review your calendar of *anticipated events*."

The long silky lashes of her dark eyes dropped languidly on her soft cheeks, and her pouting little lips coquettishly invited me to a sweet kiss.

Here, kind reader, as the novelists say, I drop the curtain. We may meet again ere long.

I may add, however, that the meaning to be conveyed by the prefatory sentence of this chapter is not, perhaps, quite plain enough. Of course I alluded to my old associates in a very affectionate way; but, really, my principal regret that I am married is because I know that I am not half good enough to be the companion of such a dear, sweet woman as Mrs. Joe Bowers.

LOST AT SEA,

OR

The Story of the Good Ship "Ann."

On the twenty-fifth of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty, I, Thomas Jefferson Adams, mariner, of Philadelphia, signed articles with John Owen, captain and owner of the ship *Ann*, bound from that port to Liverpool, with a full cargo of cheese and flour. At the request of certain persons, who have at times heard part of the story, I am going now to set down what befell me on that voyage. And every word is as true as the tides that ebb and flow day after day, and year after year, forever and ever.

There were fourteen of us besides the Captain, all told. He was a bluff, true-hearted sailor, and a good man, with a wife as much like him as one person can be like another; and when he was at home as pretty a half-dozen children climbed about him as it ever warmed a man's heart to see. The mate was a more reserved and distant man, but a good sailor and did his duty always. The crew were all experienced hands and worth [illegible] a will—I was the youngest on board being then nineteen. I will not describe myself—those who know me don't need that I should and there's no use in putting down words that never did yet paint the face of man nor woman. The ship was nearly new. The season was favorable. And as our sails tossed and filled before a pleasant breeze, while the golden sunshine [illegible] upon the waters and the green hills and trees and fields were all covered with the glories of summer dawning brighter every day, we all burst forth with "Hail Columbia," as if by way of good-bye to home for but a little while.

We had two passengers. Mistress Dartford and her only daughter, Grace, were bound on a visit to the old country, where they had relations, and were entitled to some little property which it was needful they should see to themselves, Mistress Dartford's husband being dead. Our Captain was a friend of the family, and so came to offer her the passage and his own cabin for their use. The mother was a stern old lady enough, but did'nt seem likely to make herself very much at home with us. But Miss Grace—well, that's twenty years ago, but her brown hair waves as softly over her brow as it did then, her kind-looking brown eyes look as tender and loving as they did then, and her gentle voice is as low and sweet as it was when, on that bright spring afternoon, it mingled sweetly with our rough chorus as we sang farewell, when we set out on that last voyage of the good ship *Ann*.—What harm could befall a ship with such an angel on board, was the thought of all of us as she stood at the stern watching the shore as it gradually sunk down in the west—with her pretty curls and the gay ribbons of her hat fluttering together in the wind. But harm did befall us, as shall presently be told.

For eleven days that breeze never slackened, nor did the weather change. We all had a pleasant time. Miss Grace and I soon got acquainted, partly, I suppose, because when she asked the Captain all our names, he called me a likely lad, and pinching my ear, told her that he had known my father, who had been drowned at sea, years before, and that his wife and my mother were girls together, which was all quite true. That very evening I had grown intimate enough to make her up a seat on deck, and tell her one or two wild stories I had heard of life at sea, of shipwrecks and storms, and of love born amidst danger and death from winds and waves, or amidst fire and flashing steel; and I was with her most of the time of all those eleven days, for there was not much to do. I forgot to say that she and I were of the same age, but her ways were so much older than mine that I almost looked upon her as a woman grown before whom I was but a rough sailor boy. It is true she told me not to call her Miss, but only plain Grace, but I never forgot to for all that.

Well, we went on thus, as I said before, for eleven days,—eleven happy days. On the twelfth certain signs known to seamen began to show that a change was at hand. A strange feeling in the air—wind dropped—all but a kind of sighing among the ropes and spars—a few ash colored clouds in the horizon—that was all. But the Captain called me to him, and said he, "Tom, there's dirty weather over there.—We'll have it within an hour's time. Now, I'll leave the ladies to you—mind they don't be frightened or get into any hurt." I said I would do my best, and I did.

Presently the cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, rose up and spread all over the sky. The water changed, as it always does, from blue to black, and an indescribable gloom seemed to rest upon all nature. None but those who have seen and felt it know what a mysterious pause seems to take place before the tempest hurls its first stroke at the devoted ship. It actually seems as if the sea and sky almost dreaded to begin the dreadful conflict that would convulse both as if with terror and rage.

We had not long to wait. There was barely time to make all fast, to double reef every sail, and to fasten down the hatches before the fierce wind was sweeping over the waters, and covering the tops of the waves with foam, and bending our ship down till her main-yard nearly dipped into the raging sea. One moment we were tossed like a dead leaf before an autumn gale; then up, up, higher, higher upon a world of water, from whose summit we could see all the sea and sky roaring and wrestling in wild confusion; then down, down till all hope of life seemed shut out by the hills and precipices of water that hung over us, and shut us in; the hill of water that had rolled on toward us, toppled over and fell, beating us down as a drowning rat is beaten down to die, while every man clung to ropes or spars till the ship rose, and shaking the water from her decks, staggered on bravely, bravely. That was twenty years ago, but I see the scene now with all its wild terrors. I also see a form that never left the deck for hours, a face that never blanched with fear all that night. She would not go below; I could not make her do so. At least she begged so hard to be let stay on deck that I wrapped her in one of our coats, and gave her a tarpaulin hat which she tied on, and then lashed her to a spar and there she staid. There all that night she staid, and when even the stout old captain looked grave, and a wreck drifted past—a confused mass of wood and sails and cordage—she never quailed, but stood looking straight ahead with her curls dripping with the salt waves. Once she shrieked and hid her face—a tremendous sea had swept over us, and when we came out of it one man was gone. All we could see of his fate, though we knew what it was too well, was a floating object like clothes, borne away, into the darkness, until we could hear was [illegible] that was drowned by the din around us as we came up [illegible].

Then Mrs. Dartford shrieked and begged me to take her below where she wept [illegible] [illegible] whispering [illegible] cruel [illegible] was spared. The good ship Ann weathered the gale. The next [illegible] poured his flood of [illegible] athwart the waters, the [illegible] and the only signs of last night's storm were the rolling billows which seemed to heave and swell like the [illegible] and the vacant [illegible] poor messmate, who we should never see more, and whose poor young widow we should have to tell the news when we came home.

We soon forgot our troubles, however, and that very afternoon Miss Grace and her mother took their usual seat on deck and talking all the nonsense I could to make them cheerful. How I succeeded, may be judged from the fact that hours after the moon rose we were there still.

Another day came. And on the morning of that day came the great trouble which befell us all on that last voyage of the good ship *Ann*.

That next morning we had all had breakfast and were washing the decks, when Miss Grace ran up the cabin stairs in a great state of fright. When she could speak she whispered that I was to come below and see what was the matter—what she could not tell, but something dreadful she was sure—for her cabin was swarming with rats! I went down, and true enough there they were, running as it wild all about, or crouching in heaps in the corners.

Mrs. Dartford was calm enough, but her manner frightened me most of all. She desired me to fetch the captain—for there was great danger—"lose not a moment," she added, "and young man, recover your nerves—you will have need of all your courage and skill—God help us all!" The Captain came. I saw in a moment what the lady meant. The good ship *Ann* had sprung a leak, and while we stood there more rats crowded up from the hold into which the water was pouring in like a sieve.

No efforts with the pumps could save us. The ship had been too much damaged evidently for us to look for escape except by the boats.

All hands were summoned, and in a few manly words told what had happened, and that the boats were our only chance. All hands set about repairing them without a murmur, and as if without fear.

We had two boats, and were thus distributed: In one, the Captain, the ladies and five men, besides myself. In the other, the mate and six men. Each boat was provided with stores of salt meat and biscuit, water and spirits; each was a strong sea-going boat, such as all of us might well be thankful to possess. Within one hour from the discovery of the leak we were all embarked and lay at a short distance from the ship. It was not long before she gave a lurch and roll, and then went down headforemost. It was not till then that we realized the loneliness of our situation, musing upon the few eddying sticks which marked the grave of the good ship *Ann*.

Well, we had orders not to separate and to steer for the Newfoundland coast. No fear that we would if we could help it. But God forgive the man, whoever he was, by whose forgetfulness it came to pass we were thus adrift in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean without compass, or chart or oars.

I said we were to keep together. We did so for three days and nights. On the fourth day we saw a sail, which only just lifted above the horizon and then sank again. That day the mate in the other boat fell ill, and we could hear him raving in delirious madness all the next night.—In the morning he was not in the boat. Two days more—two dreary days, during which we saw another sail, which only just showed itself long enough to make us sick with hope deferred. In the evening the other boat's crew hailed us, and inquired whether we had any brandy. We gave them all we could spare—about two quarts. And then the darkness came down once more—oh, that darkness, how fearful, how hopeless it was!

Before the day dawned again we heard yells and cries of rage across the water; other sounds impossible to describe told plainly of a deadly conflict which we had no power to check, helpless as we were ourselves. Next morning when we looked for her she was gone. None of us spoke, but all knew full well that our wretched comrades had swamped their boat in the night and were all drowned.

Seven days were gone—seven weary days. On the seventh one of our number began to rave just as the mate had done, and flung himself suddenly overboard.

Eight days were gone. On the eighth the captain told us we must be put on half rations. We all prayed together that day—it was Sunday. There was no sail, nor help, nor hope, yet.

Two more days passed. An old man, the oldest of the crew, an able sailor in spite of his age, fell ill. He begged the Captain to bleed him—he dreaded fever. This was done; and in the night he tore off his bandage and died in a pool of blood at the bottom of the boat.

We were now restricted to four ounces of food each a day. A quart of water was all each could be spared.

The next five days passed over like a dream. Few of us spoke much, and when we looked at each other it was with a kind of apathetic despair. Our number was now less. One more had been committed to the deep.

At last we began to starve. How the two ladies bore up was the wonder of us all, but at length Mrs. Dartford told us she could not hold out much longer, and she began to fade away every hour before our eyes. Miss Grace sat with her, mother's head in her lap, white as a sheet but [illegible]. But I could see that she too was failing, and sure enough she fainted as the sun went down, and lay as like death as a living woman could be. It was a mercy she did so. For before day broke her poor mother had been taken from her, and with reverent words and tender care we committed the poor worn body to the deep. I then covered Miss Grace's head, and held her resting in my arms till she should wake and I could whisper such consolation as a poor dying fellow-creature could offer. Thus, hour after hour did I hold her to my breast till she came to herself. She only shivered and crept closer to me, and when I kissed her pale lips only smiled faintly. She had seen her mother's vacant place, but life had grown to be so like death that it seemed almost natural that she should be gone.

Twenty-seven days had gone by. We were now but five altogether—Miss Grace, the Captain, and two besides myself. We all knew that our time was coming fast, for we were all too feeble to help ourselves or each other, and all would be over soon. As to thoughts of rescue we never seemed to dream of it, but lay feeble and speechless.

I never knew how or when it was—for I became insensible myself for many hours—when I came to myself, there was Miss Grace leaning over me and moistening my lips with a handkerchief wet with rum.—I think that rum saved both our lives. We were then alone—alone without any to see or aid us. I asked no questions, but feebly pressed her to me who was all the world to me now—resigning myself to die.

Total eclipse of sight—no speech for each other—hardly a pulse left in our hearts—all was over at last.

But not all over. For when I awoke, as I did from a sleep which was not like a sleep, strange figures flitted around me, and new voices whispered he is coming to himself.

And so I was. And I was saved. But what of Miss Grace? Those round me told me she was safe. I should see her soon—"did I understand them?" Oh, yes! I understood them well—for the wandering eyes, they told me afterwards, closed peacefully and I slept again.

Oh, blessed waking! Whose soft tresses touched my face, as I lay, half fearing to open my eyes for fear I should scare the blessed vision away? Whose soft breath mingled with mine—whose warm lips pressed mine—whose dear form was once bending down lower, and lower, until the heart that beat, I knew for me, was throbbing against my own—whose happy tears fell from those loving eyes?

Yes, I never doubted. Out of that great peril had grown love between us two—mighty, enduring love. No need to tell it. We both knew it well.

What need for more? We were saved, and were in good time safe at home. God bless the sailor who first saw us, a speck on the wide ocean! God bless the brave crew who saved us! They come and see us still, though that was twenty years ago, and when they come they see a dear woman whom I never called Miss Grace after our rescue from our great peril in the last voyage of the good ship *Ann*.

An Editor's Life.

An editor's work is never done. He is called upon to furnish others not only with ideas, but brains as well. He has every one to please, and struggles hard to accomplish this end; yet the difficulties are so great he rarely succeeds. An editor writing on this subject, says with truth, somebody will always be found to find fault with him, either for what he publishes or else for what he leaves out. It is a singular fact that the articles a writer considers his best are frequently passed over by the reader without notice, while another which costs little labor and is considered of little consequence, is extensively reprinted. The editor must never follow his [illegible], if he does, he pleases himself alone. He may feel an intense disgust for "horrible accidents"—a large share of his readers crave them as a person with a disordered stomach does unwholesome food. He may be nauseated by marvelous stories—many of his readers will leave his profoundest discussions of political principles (or want of principle) unread, for a story of some monstrosity. The politician wonders why he has no exhaustive leader on taxation or congressional representation; Esculapius wants an article on medical jurisprudence; Blackstone looks for a commentary on common or statute law; if he has a stale article on either of these subjects everybody else wonders why so uninteresting a matter was allowed to occupy so much valuable space. Young gentlemen just beginning to discover the shadow of a coming event on the upper lip, thinks it a "doosid bosh" that there is not more nice poetry; ladies would like to see something about the newest and sweetest thing in bonnets; old Centpercent wants to know the state of the markets, as also does our friend Dandie Diamont, who has cotton for sale. The Rev. Mr. Curt thinks we are ruining the morals of the rising generation by publishing accounts of horse races, base balls, and other wickednesses; old Miss Prim wants to hear some lovely scandal, elopement, or suicide; Farmer Broadacres wants to know the best breed of sheep; and the farmer's wife and pretty daughters want a nice story. All these different tastes and a thousand others have to be gratified. Everybody may get the particular thing he wants, yet he is dissatisfied and distressed, because there is something in the paper he don't want, never dreaming that the something is the very thing another will read with the greatest delight.

THE FOUR SUITS.

I.—Diamonds.

Rich gems on her white arms glittered and shone,
Rich jewels were in her hair,
As she walked through the midst of a worshipping throng,
The fairest of all the fair.

Fairest of all whom Fashion and Wealth
Had bound in their fetters of gold;
Can eyes so bright e'er lose their light?
Can such fairy forms grow old?

Old and yellow and withered and wan!
Palsied and haggard and bent,
Grudgingly giving a backward glance
To the time so heedlessly spent.

Why speak of that when the hours run by,
The intoxicating hours,
Glitter and sparkle and flutter and flash,
Music and jewels and flowers?

She is borne in the maze of the waltz along,
The maze of the maddening dance;
Her dark eyes look up from his shoulder now
To his face with a loving glance.

Wistfully tender, yet willfully proud,
As a high-born maiden will,
She would fain be sovereign-queen of his heart—
Yet she is but a woman still;

And knows that to give to his hand, unsought,
The reins of her ardent soul,
Is to lose her value, and gain of his heart
But a part instead of the whole.

What onward! You are a well-matched pair;
Beauty and fortune and birth;
Yet, soldier noble and maiden fair,
[illegible]

II.—Spades.

Cheerily, cheerily [illegible]
[illegible]
Nor slumber nor sleep his eyelids keep,
For he was awake with the dawn.

Awake with the dawn, the dewy dawn,
When the white-thorn buds blow sweet,
And the green grass [illegible]
To the touch of the blackbird's feet.

'Twas allotted to Adam to dig and delve,
To his sons 'tis an heir-loom still;
Yet what was a curse may a blessing prove,
If the work be done with will.

Who is't comes tripping along the walk,
So spruce, so enticingly trim?
The chairs are dusted, the cloth is laid—
So now for a talk with him.

Nimbly she trips o'er the graveled path
With a not unwinning grace,
The bright rose-red in her muslin cap
Scarce so bright as her comely face.

Sure 'tis a neighborly act to wish
"Mr. Gardener" good-day—
Damon and Phyllis in rustic life
Care nothing what folks may say.

They are not trammeled by "etiquette,"
[illegible]
And if it may be their manner is free,
Forgive it for sake of the heart.

Work, work cheerily, [illegible]
Work on, work, ye who can;
For a true love-spirit halloweth toil,
And to work is the lot of man.

III.—Clubs.

'Twas mesilf and me Biddy got married
Saint Pathrick's day was a year;
Didn't Biddy look clane and look dacent,
And mesilf a spruce boy, [illegible]

The praste he hild open his fingers—
The ould rogue! [illegible]
By the powers, he laid it on nately,
For jining me Biddy and me.

Sure we had in the frinds and the naybors,
The "craythur" wint merrily round;
And some of us lay on the binches,
And some of us fell on the ground.

'Tis mesilf who don't know how it happened,
But there was a mighty fine row;
The shillalahs were whirling and flying;
Och, murther! I feel Connor's now.

We injied ourselves purty and dacent,
Sure we had an iligant faste;
'Twas mesilf and me Biddy they toasted,
And bad cess to the covetous praste.

'Twasn't him who should ax for a fee, then,
From a couple so dacent and poor;
Sure we might have had [illegible]
Till we all of us fell on the floor.

Bad luck, in the morning I [illegible]
'Twas mesilf that felt daidfully ill;
Be Jabers, the bars on the windies
Tould me I was in a place called [illegible]

'Twas a beautiful piece of eijiment;
They fined me [illegible]
But a weddin' don't come every mornin',
And sure it was chape at the price.

IV.—Hearts.

A benevolent smile on her young face [illegible],
A heart [illegible]
And her calm brown eyes shine out with the light,
With the light of true charity;
A lustre that glistens with purer ray
Than the diamond's brightest sheen,
And the gray silk sits on her [illegible]
Like the purple robe of a queen.

From the rectory door she is hastening forth
Alone on this Christmas day,
Scattering [illegible]
Gathering prayers in her way.

If her life be spent in such silent good,
Is her "talent" given in vain?
Not so, not so; for whoso [illegible]
Will pay it [illegible] again.

True, 'tis but small; yet if measured out
All carefully into parts,
It can blessings sow wherever it goes,
Bring joy to a thousand hearts.

As her quiet touch [illegible]
The suffering eyes grow bright [illegible]
She is welcomed, [illegible]
As a blessed angel of light.

Walk on, sweet minister to the sick,
Dear benefactor of the poor,
Walk on, young charity [illegible]
And when Death shall knock at thy door,

Thou shalt hearken to words, [illegible] words,
Unto words that shall come to thee,
"Inasmuch as thou did'st it to one of these,
Thou did'st it unto Me."