



### THE INNOCENT SLEEP.

[A child two years old was lost in the woods near Port Jervis, and for three days the woods were scoured in unavailing search for him. He was unconscious when found, in a den of rattlesnakes, four of which were killed before he could be rescued. He had undressed for the night, and his clothing was under his head.]

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Two small feet across the sill  
Wandered forth, the great trees under—  
Two small hands that pluck their fill  
Of buttercups, and eyes of wonder,  
Following with bewildered will  
Fire-flies, now here, now yonder.

Underneath the little foot  
Toads and lizards glide away :  
Sharded beetle, speckled newt  
O'er his white feet careless stray,  
And the young child's hand is put  
On the serpent in its play.

From the dead branch hoots the owl—  
Skims the bat athwart the shade,  
Stealthy creatures round him prowl,  
And he greets them not afraid—  
Does not wonder at the howl  
Borne from out the rocky glade ;

For the child is brave and strong,  
Used to waterfall and hill,  
And his curls the whole day long  
From the sunshine take their fill—

Used to hear the darkling song  
Of the lonely whippoorwill.

Little one in piteous plight  
Does not even breathe a sigh  
At the coming on of night,  
And the great rocks looming high—  
But he creeps beneath their height,  
There to lay his garments by.

Pillows soft the pretty head  
Fearless in that fearful den ;  
Slumbers on his rocky bed  
Where the serpents from the fen,  
By a wondrous instinct led,  
Lose their venom-touch, as when

Mary with the Christ-child came,  
And the head of evil bruised—  
Taking out the sting and blame  
To the wretched and abused—  
Wiping out the guilt and shame  
By a new love interfused.

Oh ! thou child without a fear—  
Sacred creature of the earth !  
Greater thou than any seer,  
By the instincts at thy birth ;  
By thine innocence so near  
God's dear hand who led thee forth.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

### MAKING A HOME.

THE home is both the bud and the blossom of civilization. By their homes we judge of the real character of any people. Here are the things which most surely indicate individual disposition and taste as well as national character and tendency. The home is also the most precious place, at least among all English-speaking peoples. The most beautiful things are made for the home, for the purpose of adorning and beautifying it, and if there may be some seeming exception in the articles of personal adornment, yet these are kept in

the home and mostly worn there. This is the place where we keep all our treasures, excepting those so costly as to require putting away in dark vaults for safe keeping. Costly houses may be reared for business ; fine finishings and furnishings can be found in steamers, hotels, banks, and other public offices, but these are either poor imitations of the home, with rarely its perfect neatness and grace of finish, or they exist for the sake of the home. In nine cases out of ten the business man plods on through all his weary complications that he may support a