UNDER THE ELM

- Sing to me gentle summer wind,
 Of the beautiful days I lost,
 Ere the track of my shining angel
 By sin was ever crossed;
 Sing of the far off summers,
 And woome back to the hours
 When my heart reflected the sunlight
 And tears were as April showers.
- I lie in the elm's broad shadow
- I lie in the elm's broad shadow
 And see through the branches green,
 A glimpse of the sky above me,
 A blue and shining sheen;
 I hear the low sweet warble
 Of a bird that sings anear,
 A tremulous song of happy love,
 With never a note of fear.
 The air is all a tremble
 With songs of a thousand things,
 And glancing athwart in the sunbeams
 I see their glittering wings;
- I see their glittering wings;
 Against my trailing garments
 The beautiful grasses lean,
 And down at the elm root's tangle
- And down at the elm root's tangle
 The mosses are cool and green.
 And somewhere from over the meadow,
 On the fitful breezes borne,
 There floats to my ear the theilling no
 Blown out from the distant horn,
 And a rapturous song of thanksgiving
 Wells up from my heart's deep core
 To the Giver of song and sunshine
 And summer's buntiful store.
 My soul is drifting afar to-day
 To the isles of the purple sea
- To the isles of the purple sea— The isles of hope that were dim with seem fairer and and nearer to me; onder if like the rosy sky,
- Whose color is turning to gray, y visions will lose their golden light As night o'ershadows the day.

HOW IT WENT, AND HOW IT CAME

AGAIN. "Grandfather," he said, "it's about time for your glass of ale, ain't it?"
"Well, yes, John, I think it's getting on that way," said the old man, in a

" Is this the Nag's Head?" the old man inquired. The Nag's Head was the house which

he had "used" for forty years.
"No, grandfather," John said; "this is not the Nag's Head; but they keep a good glass of ale here." Well, just as you like." Daddy as-

lic house opposite the workhouse yard, and gave him the usual five nickels; for it was Daddy's pride always to pay for his liquor with his own hand. While by the hand, and hurriedly led him

and allowed Daddy to recover himself.

After that he led him gently back to the emporium, took him in, and replaced him in his old chair by the fireside.

"I couldn't do it, Martha," he said, my hand was on the bell, when he looked up at me and spoke to me; and his look, and what he said, struck me to the heart. I couldn't do it, I felt as it I was going to murder the poor old, man. It's worse than murder, Martha, to put a fellow-creature in jonder; it's burying him alive!"

looked up and saw a strange man dark.

"I don't that he led him gently back to the ening his door, he felt that the last blow with a blessing.

"Come in," he said; "don't stand was much in few words, so it is of small wite, to talk much and say nothing.

"As it is characteristic of great wits to say much in few words, so it is of small wite, to talk much and say nothing.

"Are you;" said the man, cursonsly.

"Are you;" said the man, cursonsly.

"Yes, I am," John replied. "I know your errand as well as you do gray of the man, in the same to put a fellow-creature in jonder; it's boyour come here to mock me?"

"You don't think so highly of the hymeneal knot as I do," said a wife to hymeneal knot as I d

And the latest of the latest o

sometimes, quite unintentionally, let out, things which got Benjy into trouble; eo, when anything happened, Benjy was abliged to remind grandfuther that he was not to tell.

"You won't tell mother that I let you fall in the mud, will you, grandfather?" he would say, as they bent their steps

"Oh no, Benjy," the old man protested. "I—I shant say a word about it."

At first, before complete confidence Martha's reply, when she was allowed to

which, in Daddy's case, was beyond the power of either love or money to control. Going home, in the summer evenings, after their rambles, Daddy and Benjy had deeply interesting tales to tell the family of the wonders of the great world of Somers Town.

Also, that those relations should so

often have fallen upon indifferent ears! tion of development. John was getting in the days when he was well to do.

"There, father," said Martha, putting the bag in his hand. "And now what and were coming on harder with the approach of winter. Coals were at eight cents a hundred, potatoes at a cent a pound. The poor people couldn't pay the price! Poor women came for a few pounds of coal, and took them away in "But there's more than will buy the lear and fires so small. Chaldron street was a good deal given to warm itself in its bed, which this became a permanent institution. The consequence to John was that his bed-wrench rusted in idleness, and in view of the oxyde which

ness, and in wew of the oxyde which accumulated upon it, it might be said to have been engaged in the disastrous occupation of eating its head off. The fortunes of the emporium were at a very low ebb; John and Martha could scarce-Daddy was sipping his als, John tossed off a couple of glasses of spirits: he was trying to screw his failing courage to the point. When the old man had finnot finding satisfaction at the little round table, passed like a cloud of locusts over the stock in the shop, and making short

work of the carrots, attacked ev.n. the heistiting, with a full heart, looking abrough a mist of tears at the hadde of the workhouse bell, inviting only the clutch of despair, when the old man looked up in his face and said:

"John."

"Yes, grandfather."

"Yes, grandfather, no no!" John said; "what made you think of that? Come, come wary; were going them. Nothing could away from the gate:

"The workhouse, grandfather, going home as fast as we cun."

John was so auxious to drag Daddy way from the spot, that he fairly lifted him off his legs due carried him and the sun of his legs due carried him across the road. In his excitement and heart and the hurried him along at such a rate that the doll man lost his breath, and was nearly falling. It was not until a street had been put between them and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy's forbleness, and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Dad

"Father's money's come back again!
Father's money's come back again!
Father's money's come back again!"
And he shouted it over and over again.

chase his grandfather's silence with a cent (which he did not at that moment possess, but expected to have some day), but he had come to know now that the bond of love between them was strong enough to susthin their mutual devotion,

boy, poor boy."

In due time, and after some delays caused by the difficulty of procuring the necessary proofs from so great a distance, the great "New-York Life" Company paid over the twenty thousand dollars. And one day John, knowing Daldy's But John and Martha were becoming sullen and moody, a prey both of them to the deepest anxiety. The family was still increasing, but the business continued to resist all efforts, in the direction of the directi

"You don't mean that, Martha," said the old man.

"Oh yes, father, a heap more."
"Then," said Daddy, "I'll give the rest to John, to buy a horse and cart." "But there's more even than that, "Oh, well, you just keep that for courself, Martha, for taking care of your

And Daddy, with no elaborate design, And Daddy, with no elaborate design, but with the simple innocence of a child, which is sometimes wiser than the astute provisions of law, saved the dangerous formalities of will-making and the charges for legacy duty, by handing to his daughter Martha the bag containing

dreams about his idol. He dream that they were in a dark woods, of cle grouped funeral hemiocks and spru Janie was struggling in the ever tighten folds of a huge boa constrictor with human face, like that of Lindley Gre a discarded lover of Janie's, while striving vainly to erg out to hasten her assistance—seemed paralyzed

striving vainly to orgont—to hasten her assistance—seemed paralyzed every limb, helpless and motionless as marble statue!

He woke, cold with perspiration with a painful sense of the vividue and reality of the horrible vision which had oppressed his dreams.

Surely something had happened Janie, Surely some dark peril huntereningly over her future.

At that moment Daddy came in from chimeras, yet he hardly felt safe, the suburba, one of his walks with Bénjy, and was next day until he had taken Janie habitation told of his fortune.

Martin a home on his way to the office, of the litt told of his fortune.

"Dear," he said, sinking into his learning from the good boarding house chair, "brother George is dead. Poor keeper that "Miss Martin was quite well!"

minute, if she will receive me l" he said.

Mrs. Reeves came back presently.—
"Would Mr. Raymond walk up to Miss Martin's sitting room?"

Janie sat on the floor, hurriedly turn-

ing things into her trunk, in the midst of a

Janie! surely you are not going away?" said he.
"I must, Pierra. I have just received a telegram from my step mother, who is very ill, and wants me to come to her at once. I must travel night and day, or it may be too late."
"Let me see the telegram." Janie gave him the slip of paper, and

expected to live. Come to her at once.

A. Montague." "And who is this A. Montague?

Pierre turned the paper over and over "Janie," said he, "are you not acting a little rashly? Wait until you hear more definite tidings."

"Until my step-mother is dead? Oh,

Pierre, she was so kind to me when oor papa was taken away, and the ittle children will need my care sorely."

It was not pleasant, and Janie almost wished that she had consented to Pierre Raymond's wish to accompany her, as an escort on the long and lonely journey. Pierre's dream, laughed and forgotten at the time, came back to her now with strange districtness, oddly blended with unpleasant recollections of Lindley Grey.

woods, where the solitary farm houses that they occasionally had passed were already closed and darkened for the night—woods where the matting, dead leaves, eddying downward counsed like weird whispers. The stage coach lumbered and jolted, until suddenly they plunged into the dark, fragrant recesses of an evergreen wood, where the tall heudocks and clusters of sprace trees

cented almost to arch the interlacing boughs over the narrow roadway. Janie gave a quick start—it was the very wood Pierre had described to her o vividly outlined in his strange dream ongeal icily in her veins.

"Nonsense!" she murmured; "it is a mere coincidence; but I wish we were safely out of this dreadfully dismal place! We have outlived the age of highway robbers and midnight brigands—yet—"
The coach came unddenly to a standstill. With a sick sensation of terror Janie leaned out of the window.

Through the frosty freshness of the night air came perceptibly to her senses that peculiar odor of chloroform. The coachman had fallen from his box, and coachman had fallen from his box, and lay like one dead on the roadside, the reins trailing beneath the hoofs of the docile horses; while the outside passenger had descended, and hurrying round to the coach door, flung it open, with a hoarse exultant sound, like a laugh. The lantern that he, carried displayed his evil, triumphant face; in fact he made no attempt to hide it any longer.

"Lindley Grey!" shricked Janie, recoiling to the further end of the

Can you afford to work hard all day, and read, study, or court the vagaries of society nearly all night, thus wasting your

highly seasoned food, eat champagne sup-pers, because an artificial appetite is thus gratified, rendering gout, dyspepsia or apoplexy, in the middle of life, almost a certainty?

Can you afford to make money at the

words, the state of the state o

My Drar Friends—It is not possible for me to give adequate expression to my feelings on this occasion. Believe me your generosity excites my deepest gratitude. While it is not the part of the Christian in my sphere of duty, much less of the Christian minister, to look for his reward in the mits and approbation of his fellow men; yet as a proof of your kindness, thoughtfulness, and Christian sympathy, it is to me a source of much present gratification, as well as encouragement for the future, to have received from you these valuable evidences.

Can you afford to work hard all day, and the control of the contro

services of the property of th

ent the evening. Douglas, Dec. 22, 1871.