

day go out and take part in the great life beyond our little village."

It was the day George Wilton was to graduate. A good many of our acquaintances were going down to the city to attend Commencement, for George was a great favorite with all his father's people. The minister invited Phil. and me to join their company, which we did.

Corinthian Hall was crowded to overflowing. In the throng sat men whose lives were crowded and clustered with the noblest fruitage,—men of middle age, who had turned away from the din of life to sit for a while in the windows of their lives which looked to the eastward. There were women of beauty and goodness, merry and blithesome maidens and graceful girls, fair as lilies that float upon the bosoms of sunny lakes. The orations were remarkable, but that of George was conceded to be the most finished and scholarly of all; it had greater grasp and intensity of thought; its figures were rich and luxuriant as the flowers of the tropics. As he retired, a murmur of applause ran through the crowd, and the venerable President bowed to our minister, who sat near him, with a look of commendation that spoke more than any words could do.

In due time Phil. went to college. He had finished his studies as a Sophomore, and was home for vacation. By selling three of his father's paintings and making a few other efforts, his expenses had thus far been defrayed. But my health began to fail, and Phil., with unspoken pain in his heart, feared that he should not be able to return to his studies at the opening of the Junior year.

I had been out in the country twenty miles and spent two weeks with an old friend, hoping for some benefit from the change. Phil. met me at the depot, and as soon as we were alone he said, "Auntie, you'll not believe me, but I saw my father yesterday!" I hardly knew whether I was in the body or not, as Phil. told me that the day before, while he was at his mother's grave trimming up the box that borders it, a tall stranger, with a foreign air, came there from the cars, and kneeling upon the mound, sobbed and wept like a broken-hearted girl. He left on the next train, after placing in Phil.'s hands two hundred dollars, and telling him that ere long he would hear from him again. Six months afterwards he received a paper with the intelligence of his father's death, together with a check for a thousand dollars, and some small articles of value and personal interest.

Well, the time came when Philip was to graduate, and I again went to the city. Three years afterwards he stood up in the pulpit of our church, and by the laying on of hands was set apart and ordained by men to be a teacher of righteousness. I remember his first sermon, and may God forgive me if on that day there was in my heart more pride than piety.

It is again September, and Autumn is writing her glowing rhetoric on leaf and sky. Twenty-two years to-day since Alice died! I shall be forty seven next month. How time flies!

Next Thursday there is to be a wedding at the minister's. Susan their only daughter, and Philip are to join hands and repeat that beautiful word—*forever*! George Wilton, the distinguished lawyer, will be there with his dark-eyed Julia and three year old Charlie. In four weeks our beloved pastor, who for twenty years has broken the bread of life unto us, will leave for Europe to be gone a year, and Philip, I almost tremble for the boy, is to take his place and occupy his pulpit. But God will take care of those whose trust is in Him.

#### THE MIGHTY CURE-ALL.

Several gentlemen were talking one evening at the house of a friend when one of them exclaimed, "Ah, depend upon it, a soft answer is a mighty cure-all."

At this stage of the conversation, a boy who sat behind at a table studying his Latin grammar, began to listen, and repeated, as he thought, quiet to himself, "A soft answer is a mighty cure-all." "Yes, that's it," cried the gentleman, starting and turning round to see where the echo came from— "Yes, that's it, don't you think so, my lad?" The boy blushed a little at finding himself, so unexpectedly addressed, but answered, "I don't know as I understand you, sir."

"Well, I'll explain, then," said the gentleman, wheeling round his chair: "for it is a principle which is going to conquer the world." The boy looked more puzzled than ever, and thought he should like to know something that was equal to Alexander himself.

"I might as well explain," said he, "by telling you about the first time it caught me. My father was an officer, and his notion was to settle everything by fighting: if a boy ever gave me a saucy word, it was, 'Fight 'em Charley, fight 'em!'"

"By and by I was sent to the famous school, and it so happened my

seat was next to a lad named Tom Tucker. When I found he lived in a small house behind the academy, I began to strut a little and talk about what my father was; but as he was a capital scholar, very much thought of by the boys, besides being excellent at bat and ball, we were soon on pretty good terms, and so it went on for some time. After a while, some of the fellows of my stamp, and I with the rest, got into a difficulty with one of the ushers; and somehow or other we got the notion that Tom Tucker was at the bottom of it.

"Tom Tucker! who is he?" I cried, angrily. 'I'll let him know who I am!' and we rattled on, until we fairly talked ourselves into a parcel of wolves. The boys then set me on to go down to Tom Tucker's, and let him know what he had to expect. Swelling with rage, I bolted into his yard, where he was at work with Trip and his little sister. 'I'll teach you to talk about me in this way,' I thundered, marching up to him. He never winced, nor seemed the least frightened, but stood still looking at me as mild as a lamb. 'Tell me,' I cried, throwing down my books, doubling up my fist, and sidling up to him; 'tell me, or I'll kill you,' I was going to say, for murder was in my heart. He stepped one side, but answered firmly, yet mildly 'Charles, you may strike me as much as you please; I tell you I sha'n't strike back again: fighting is a poor way to settle difficulties. I'm thinking, when you are Charley Everett, I'll talk with you.'

"Oh, what an answer was that; how it cowed me down: so firm, and yet so mild. I felt there was no fun in having the fight all on one side. I was ashamed of myself, my temper, and everything about me. I longed to get out of his sight. I saw what a poor foolish way my way of doing things was. I felt that Tom had completely got the better of me—that there was a power in his principles superior to anything I had ever seen before, and from that hour Tom Tucker had an influence over me which nobody else ever had before or since: it has been for good, too.—That, you see, is the power, the mighty moral power of a soft answer.

"I have been about the world a great deal since then; and I believe," said the gentleman, "that nearly all, if not all the bickerings, the quarrels, the disputes, which arise among men, women, or children, in families, neighborhoods, churches, or even nations, can be cured by the mighty moral power of a soft answer; for the Scripture has it, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' Yes, yes, it is just so; it stops the leak in the beginning."

The fighting principle has been tried these many thousand years in the world, and every body admits that the remedy is worse than the disease; in fact, that it increases the disorder. Anger begets anger, fighting makes fighting, war leads to war, and so on. Difficulties are neither healed nor cured by it. Let us turn about and try the peace principle.