

"Will you not contribute something towards relieving their destitute condition?" said Mrs. Graham.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Dean, "I have no money to spare."

"But I was told"—

"Oh, yes—about the money that was drawn out of the savings bank!" said Mrs. Dean. "But I intend to keep that money for myself, Mrs. Graham."

Mrs. Graham took her departure, acknowledging within herself that her errand had been a failure; and Mrs. Dean, left to herself at last, indulged in a nap, with the knitting-work in her lap—a nap wherein she dreamed that the fifty-dollar bill had taken to itself legs and was running away from a crowd of pursuers, herself among the number.

When she awoke, roused by the noise of coal being poured upon the stove, a candle was burning, and Mr. Dean was laughing at her.

"Why, Betsy," said he, "I thought you were never going to wake again. Here you sat, with the fire dead out, and I had to kindle it up again."

"Why!" said Mrs. Dean, "I must have been sleeping quite awhile." But as she started up she saw that the old wall-pocket was empty—"Where is that old number of the Clinkerville Clarion?"

"It was last week's paper," said Mr. Dean. "We had both read it, so I just took it to kindle the fire."

"You burnt it up?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dean. "Why should I not?"

For half-an-hour Mrs. Dean sat silent and never spoke a word. And her first utterance was:—

"It's the Lord's judgment upon me!"

Mrs. Dean was a resolute woman, full of character. She went to the table-drawer, took out a sheet of paper, and wrote to Dr. Bridgman, enclosing one dollar towards Dick Bodley's horse and cart. She sent another dollar to Mrs. Graham for the poor O'Hara's, and promised to donate a barrel of russets, a bushel of potatoes, and some of her husband's cast-off clothes to cut over for the children. And she sent for Helen Hurst to come and see her.

"I can't lend you ten dollars, my dear," said she, "because I haven't got it. But I will tell you what I will do. I'll let you make your home here as long as you please. There is a nice spare room, and it is an eighth of a mile nearer than Mrs. Swipes to the district school."

"Oh, how good you are!" said Helen, her eyes swimming with grateful tears.

"Good!" cried Mrs. Dean. "I'm just beginning to think what a selfish, greedy creature I've been all my life."

She opened her parlour, shook out the curtains, and built a fire in the sirtight wood-stove.

"Dean likes the parlour," said she, "because it has such nice south windows, and I don't see why we shouldn't enjoy it."

She baked a fresh batch of ginger-bread, and sent a loaf to old Mrs. Mudge; she renewed her subscription to the church charities.

"I can't be very liberal," she said, "but I'm determined to do all I can."

"That's right, my dear—that's right!" said her husband. "We shall be prosperous, never fear. I'm awfully sorry about burning up your \$50 bill, but if it's going to open your heart like this, it's the best thing that could have happened to us."

Mrs. Dean was sweeping out the kitchen. She looked around with a smile as she moved the white-leaved table which always stood under the wall-pocket, and took down the pocket itself, a rude structure of splints lined with red cambric, to dust it out.

"Yes," she said, "I'm afraid I was getting to be a little too miserly, and—why, what's this?"

Mr. Dean stooped and picked up a slip of crumpled, dark-green paper, which had fallen out from the wall-pocket as his wife turned it upside down.

"It's the \$50 bill!" said he, with mouth and eyes opening in unison. "It must have slipped down from the folds of the newspaper."

"The Lord has sent it back to us," said Mrs. Dean, reverently, "and He has sent a lesson, wise and merciful, with it."

"Well," said Mr. Dean, after a moment or two of silence, "there's a lesson in almost everything He does, if we did but know it."

And all the theologians in the world could not have improved upon the faith of this simple, unlettered old farmer.—*Selected.*

Two Hours Longer.

At a mass meeting recently held in the Temperance Hall at Windsor to counteract a petition sent to Parliament praying the allowance of saloons and bar-rooms to remain open until nine o'clock on Saturday evening, the following poem was read, after which it was resolved by the meeting that one thousand copies be printed and circulated through the town:

Two hours longer
To lure and decoy;
Two hours longer
To blight and destroy.

This man has been toiling
All the week through;
His lot seems a hard one,
With comforts but few.

With his shovel and spade,
His hammer and planes;
His garments well worn,
And covered with stains.

His shoulders are stooped,
He is weak in the knees;
He has toiled all the week
To comfort and please

His loved ones at home.
How patient he has been—
Though rough be his garments,
He has a kind heart within.

He has thought all the week,
Tho' humble and lowly,
Of home and its dear ones—
Oh! how sacred and holy.

It ought to be holy
With music and prayer;
But a sweet wife is lingering
'Twixt hope and despair.

For she knoweth his weakness,
And again and again,
Asking heaven to help
Against temptation and sin.

Saloons, with their glitter,
Oh! go past if you can;
They have blighted and ruined
The boy and the man.

The trap and the snare
That are set in the wood
To catch the wild panther
While he hunteth for food

Are not so destructive
To kill and to slay,
As poor tempted humanity
With the saloons of to-day.

Two hours after dark
I'll make him foolish and funny;
I will madden his brain,
And get all his money.

Just two hours longer
Let my brandy be sold—
I will empty his pockets
Of silver and gold.

His wife and his child—
Let them suffer! Who cares?
I'll mock at their sorrows,
And laugh at their snares.

The law of the land
I will have on my side—
And whiskey I'll sell,
Whatever be the tide.

Just two hours longer
I shall open my door,
Heaven help us to close it,
To be opened no more!

—James Lambie.

German Houses.

MANY peculiarities in the private life, manners, and ideas of the Germans strike the traveller. The first floor of a German house is usually occupied by the servants. The entrance hall and the kitchen have stone floors or pavements, and seem to an American visitor cold and cheerless. Yet a German kitchen is a marvel of neatness. The furniture is chiefly of copper, and is cleaned and polished till it shines like a mirror. Even if the housekeeper and the servants are not inclined to keep it so, they cannot well avoid it, for they are liable at any time to a visit from the health inspector, whose duty it is to see that no verdigris or rust gathers on the kitchen furniture to endanger the health of the family and the community—one of a thousand ways in which the Government and the police invade what we should consider the sanctities of private life and the freedom of the individual.

You enter a German house without knocking, through a door which rings a bell, and thus announces the ingress or egress of some one. At the foot of the staircase you find a bell-handle, by ringing at which you call a servant, who conducts you to a parlor or reception-room on the next floor, which you enter by knocks. You will find the parlour and the best rooms in the house adorned with beautiful pictures on the walls and elegant lace curtains at the windows, but probably without any carpet. The floor, however, is tessellated with beautiful patterns in various colors, and varnished, or at least it is scoured till it is white as the driven snow. The amount of fine white linen which a German housekeeper has, and which she is not reluctant to show to her guests, is fabulous. This is partly a mark of gentility and partly a matter of necessity, for the Germans have but three or four washing-days in the whole year. And the baking of the black bread of the peasants is as infrequent as their washing.

The Germans in the country, as well as in the villages and in many of the cities, keep early hours, breakfasting at 8, or earlier, dinner at 1, and usually going to bed as early as 10. Many of their concerts, where delightful music is furnished, begin at 5 p.m. and close at 7 in the evening! In short, the childlike virtues of simplicity, candor, naturalness and heartiness, which have almost died out in fashionable American society, still exist in Germany in all their primitive perfection.

The German hostess will embrace her guest's wife and kiss her repeatedly, as if she were her own sister or a daughter, and will not even let the lady's husband depart without a share in this hearty benediction. German ladies are surprised at women's position

in America, and quite shocked at the modern idea of women's rights. That a gentleman should give up to a lady his seat in a crowded house or public conveyance is surprising to them—they never heard of such a thing in Germany. Wives carry garments and packages for their husbands, and not husbands for their wives. Married women expect their husbands to spend their evenings at the club or museum, the coffee-house or beer-house, instead of being society for them and making home attractive. It is perfectly proper for a young lady to go home alone through the streets in the evening—it would be highly improper for a young gentleman to accompany her.

It is no uncommon thing for persons of property and standing to rent their best rooms, and themselves sleep, perhaps live, in the attic. Indeed, there is scarcely a house in many of the cities that has not, more or less, roomers from without. German ladies are always carefully addressed by titles corresponding with the rank of their husbands, and if widows still wear this honorary distinction.

The Infidel Captain.

A noble-hearted clergyman, travelling once as a passenger on one of the American steamboats, was pained to hear the terrible profanity of the captain, and his loud abuse of religion and revelation. The man evidently knew his passenger's profession, and gave special emphasis to his wicked ridicule because the minister stood where he could hear him.

It required no ordinary nerve and good temper to rebuke such a reviler on his own boat. No one had ever been brave enough to venture it with Captain C—

This time, however, the insulted clergyman happened to be a man with a heart as great in courage as in kindness, and who always acted as if he believed that every bad person has a "good spot" in him somewhere. He engaged the captain in conversation on the first quiet opportunity, and patiently heard all he had to say. The man waxed hot against the inspired Scriptures, and the story of the life of Jesus, and denounced the Bible accounts of miracles as "superstitious lies."

When he got through the clergyman simply asked, "Captain C—, did you ever read the New Testament?"

That was an unexpected question. But the captain was honest.

"No," said he, "I can't say that I ever did—only parts of it."

"Will you promise to read it through? and then some time we'll talk over the matters that you have doubts about."

This was said so kindly and courteously that the captain said "I will" without much hesitation.

The clergyman presented him with a Testament, and they separated.

Some weeks afterwards the good man went down the river on the same boat, and met Captain C— again. A change had certainly taken place.

"Sir," said the former, as soon as the first warm greeting was over, "I had not read far in that book before I found that I was the sinner, and that I needed just such a friend as Jesus, the Son of God. I now love Him whom I once despised." Captain C— proved that love afterwards by many years of Christian usefulness.—*British Workman.*