# THE BY CHARLES AN. Last night some lives country sing

A hymn boside their mather (Inch II S | 9 ) Of their delightful melody. Ketice I stopped beside the country lane.

And watched them, sitting in the door, Till, listening to the sweet refrain. I thought I was a child once more,

The winard memory touched my brain. and glad old days of childhood life Cashe back, and I was young again." Forgetting care and worldly strile,

Again we gathered around the door Of our old cottage home, to sing Theorening hymn, and, as of yore. Theard the vesper echoes ring.

I heard a sainted mother's voice Ring out upon the twilight air It always seemed to say, "Rejoice !.. Heaven waits for us, and rest is their.'

And always, looking in her eyes. We fancied that we saw a light, Like that that lit the Bethlehem skies. When Christ was born on Christmes eight.

I heard my father's mellow base. And sister Mary's alto low; And Will sang tenor. All the place Seemed sacred to the long ago!

I saw the roses by the gate, The moonlight falling, white and rair. And heard the robin call his mate. As swelled the chorus in the air.

"Ah! may the evo of life be sweet. As this fair evening of the day. And may we all at morning meet. To part, oh, nevermore! we pray.

Then tender voices said, "Good night." I woke from out my dream to see The children, in their gowns of white. Calling a sweet "good night" to me.

THE PUREST PEAR)..

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Beside the church door, a-weary and tone, A blind woman sat on the cold door stone: The wind was bitter; the snow fell fast. And a mocking voice in the fitful blast Seemed ever to echo her moaning cry, As she begged her alms of the passers.liv : Have pity on me, have pity I pray, My back is bent, and my hair is gray.

The bells were ringing the hour of prayer, And many good people were gathered there, But covered with furt and mantles warm, They hurried past through the wintry storm.

Some were hoping their souls to save, And some were thinking of death and the grave And, alas! they had no time to heed The poor soul asking for charity's mead. And some were blooming with beauty's grace, But closely muffled in veils of lace: They saw not the sorrow, nor heard not the

Of her who sat on the cold door stone.

At last came one of a noble name. But the city counted the wealthiest dame, And the pearls that o'er her neck were strugg She proudly there to the beggar flung.

Then followed a maiden young and fair. Adorned with clusters of golden hair : But her dress was thin, and scanty, and worn, Not even the beggar's more forlorn. With a tearful look and pitying sigh. She whispered soft No jewelchave I- 🤃 🚶 But I give you my prayers, good friend, said

she. "And surely I know God listens to and the state On the poor white hand so shrunken and

The poor blind woman felt a tear drop fall,

Then kissed it and said to the weeping girl, It is you who have given the purest pearl.'

### A WOMAN'S REVELATION.

My husband came tenderly to my side. "Are you going out this evening. love ? "Of course I am!"

I looked down complacently at my dress of pink crepe, dew-dropped over with crystal, and the trails of pink azaleas that caught up its folds here and there. A diamond bracelet encircled one round white arm, and a little cross blazed fitfully at my throat. I had never looked better, and I felt a girlish pride as my eve met the fairy reflection in the mirror.

"Come, Gerald, make haste! - why. you haven't begun to dress yet?"

Where were my wifely instincts, that I did not see the haggard, drawn look in his feathers —the fevered light in his eyes?..

"I can't go to-night, Madeline | are not well enough.

He shook his head listlessly, four of my hands.

deal guider without me that is, if you areat.

determined not to go.

No answer again

Well, if you choose to be sullon, I can't
leffit I said, lightly, as I turned and went out of the room, adjusting my silver boquetholder, the tuberoses und heliotropes seeming to distill incense at every motion.

Was I heartiess and cruel? Had I ceased to love my husbad ? From the bottom of my heart!I believed that I loved him as truly and: tenderly agreen wiferdid, but I had been so spoiled and petted all my brief selfish life, that the better instincts were, so to speak, en-

tombed alive. It to home did now you le I went to the party, and had my fill of adulation and homage as usual. The hours seemed to glide away, shod with roses and winged with music and perfune; and it was not until wearied with dancing, I sought a momentary reflige in the half-lighted tea-room, that I heard words awakening me, as it were, from a dream. 2110 Gerald Cleft ? "I could not be mistaken in the name-it was scarcely commonplace enough for that. They were talking—two or three stout, business-like looking gentlemen-in the hall without, and I could catch, now and then, a fugitive word or phrase.

hrase.
"Fine, enterpising young fellow!—great pity !-totally ruined, so Bees and McMorken say !-reckless extravagance of his wife!"

All these vague fragments I heard, and then some one said -

"And what is he going to do now?" "What can he do! I am sorry; yet he should have calculated his income and his expenses better." "Or his wife should. Deuce take these women they are at the bottom; of all a man's mount to the fire in troubles!"

And they laughed! Oh, how could they? I had yet to learn how easy it is in this world to bear other people's troubles!

I rose hurriedly up, with my heart beating tumultuously beneath the pink azalcas, and went back to the lighted corriders. Albany Moore was waiting to claim my hand for the next redows.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Clen? How pale you look!"

"I-I am not very well. I wish you would have my carriage called, Mr. Moore." For I now felt that home was the place for me.

Hurried by some unaccountable impulse, I sprang out the moment the carriage wheels touched the curbstone, and rushed up to my husband's room. The door was locked, but I could see a light shining under the threshold. I knocked wildly and persistently.

"Gerald! Gerald! For Heaven's sake let

Something fell on the marble hearthstone within, making a metalic clink, and my husband opened the door a little way. I had never seen him look so pale before or so rigid, yet so detrimined.

"Who: are you?" he demanded, wildly: "Why can't you leave me in peace?"

'It's I, Gearld-your Madeline-your own little wife."

And I caught from his hand the pistol he was striving to conceal in his breast-its mate lay on the marble hearth, under the mantleand flung it out of the window.

Gerald, would you have left me?" 'I would have escaped i" he cried, still half delirious to all appearances, 'Debt disgrace-misery-her reproaches! I would have escaped them all !" of the war in a

His head fell like that of a weary child on my shoulder. I drew him gently to a sofa, anothed him with words, a thousand mute carress; for had it not all been my fault. And through all the long weeks of fear that followed, I nursed him with unwavering care and devotion. I had but one thought one desire to redeem myself in his estimation; to prove to him that I was something higher than the mere butterfly of fashion I had hitherto shewn myself! Well, the March winds had howled themselves into their mountain fastnesses; the bright April rain-drops were dried on the bough and spray -and now the apple-blossoms were tossing their fragrant billows of pinky bloom in the deep blue air of latter May. Where were we now? It was a picturesque little cottage out of the city, furnished very like a magnified baby-house. Gerald sat on a cushioned easy chair on the piazza, just where he could glance through the open window at me, working a batch of biscuits, with my sleeves rolled up above my elbows, and the "gold-thread" hair neatly confined in a silken net.

"What an industrious fairy it is!" he said

smiling sadly. "Well, you see I like it ! It's a great deal better than those sonatas on the piano !"

"Who would have ever thought you would make so notable a housekeeper?" I laughed gleefully-I had all a child's de-

light in being praised. the you going to Miss Delancy's croquetparty,? "he pursued for the of that bear to get a

"No what do I care for croquet parties?

"What have your done with your diamonds?"

But, Madeline, you were so proud of your shrine to which he makes pilgrimage whenever diamondad "riests divide ballor mile that the has meens and opposituative it is one spot

the plazza, took up the current of sound.

"That's right little redbreast," said my husband half-jokingly, "talk her down ! She has forgotten that our past is dead, and that ren the time and circumstances of the planting? we have turned over a new page in the book Shall is symbolize by its growth, and extended of existence. Madeline, do you know how I feel, sometimes, when I sit and look at you?"

"No Blue of new Constructions !(Well, Lifeel like a widower, who was married again Mi how a proper that are re-

My heart gave a little superstitious jump. "Like a widower who was married again,

Gerald?"

"Yes, I can remember my first wife—s brilliant thoughtless child—without an idea beyond the gratification of present whims—a spolled plaything! Well, that little Madeline has vanished away into the past somewhere she has gone away to return no more, and in her stead I behold my second wife, a thoughtful, tender woman, whose watchful love surrounds me like an atmosphere, whose character grows more noble, and develops itself into new depth and beauty every day!"

I was kneeling at his side now, with my cheek upon his arm, and my eyes looking into

"And which do you love best, Gerald, the first or the second wife?"

"I think the trials and vicissitudes through which we have passed are welcome indeed; since they have brought me, as their harvest fruits the priceless treasure of my second wife."

That was what Gerald answered me; the sweetest words that ever fell upon my ear.

"I DARE NOT."

A group of boys stood on the walk before a fine, large drug-store pelting each other with snow-balls. In an unlucky moment, the youngest sent his spinning through the frosty air against the large plate-glass of the druggist's window. The crash terrified them all, but none so much as the little fellow who now stood pale and trembling, with startled eyes gazing at the mischief he had done.

"Won't old Kendrick be mad? Run, Ned! we won't tell. Run quick!" "I can't," he gasped.

"Run, I tell you! He's coming! Coward! Why don't you run? I guess he wouldn't catch

"No, I can't run!" he faltered. "Little fool! He'll be caught! Not spunk

enough to run away! Well. I've done all I can for him," muttered the older boy. The door opened; an angry face appeared;

"Who did this?" came in fierce tones from the owner's lips. "Who did this? I say?" he shouted, as no one answered.

The trembling, shrinking boy drew near, the little delicate-looking culprit faced the angry man, and in tones of truth, replied,— "I did it. sir."

"And you dare to tell me of it?" 'I dare not deny it, sir; I dare not tell a

The reply was unexpected. The stern man pansed; he saw the pale cheek, the frighten- story imprisoned. She was shut up in a strong ed eyes wherein the soul of truth and true

courage shone, and his heart was touched. "Come here, sir; what's you name?" pay you? I'll do anything, -only don't make

my mother pay it, sir!" "Will you shovel my walk when the next snow falls !! 

Ned's face was radiant as he answered, more too, sir. I'll do anything."

why I let yhu off so easy? Well, it's because next snow falls, be sure you come to me."

### A LEGACY.

Talking with an old farmer once, he said,-'When I die, I am going to leave behind me; as a heritage for my children, the home where they were born, made as beautiful as my means and uneducated taste will allow, pleasant memories of the home fireside and of the sunny summer days, and a true regard for the dignity and worthiness of the calling which their father followed."

The old man was so full of emotion when he talked in this wise, that he had to use his handkerchief to prevent the tears telling their tale of manly sensitiveness. His boys were widely scattered, having varied experience in life; but there was not one of them who did not honor the old farmer they called (and reverently, too) 'father;' nor one of them who was not glad to visit the old homestead once a year.

"I was once much would be the bitter, du worth upon, which he is willing to lavish ost repreach my eyes could meet. O Gerald ! the wealth he may have acquired, and where had I been less vain and thoughtless and ex- he desires to die and he buried.

as the pilgrim seeks the shrine of a saint? Shall each tree tell its story of your taste and good sense—revive in the minds of your childand extending branches, the growth of your children's affection for you, and the influence your example and precept are exerting through them ?.. Shall each stone in the wall, addition to the bern, the house, out-buildings, improvements, orohard, garden and field, speak to them of the love you once bore them, of the labor you once performed that they might be fed, clothed and educated? Shall each blade of grass lift itself up toward heaven and testify to your providence and care? Shall cach apple-blossom in the orchard shed its perfume in memory of the man who planted the seed om which they sprang, or the tree on which they bloom and laugh in the sweet May air? Will money compensate your children for the loss of such a heritage? No, sir! emphatically, no !

Let us try to leave behind us something that shall soften the hearts of men and women when they remember us-be they our children or not. But especially let those who are biest with a title to a portion of God's green earth, see that it is rendered so beautiful in the eyes of their offspring that their hearts will allways find anchorage there whenever the longings of loneliness come over them; whenever the rough elbowings of an unfeeling world jostle them out of humor with it. Let the present witness some effort to leave the old farm better and more beautiful in the autumn. Let the boys and girls feel that you have left something behind that money cannot purchase, and for which it can be no substitude.

#### BETTER THAN CAPITAL.

The man whose statements may always be taken without question, whose promises are made never to go unfulfilled, whose verbal agreements are as good as his written contracts, whose integrity is of more value in his own eyes than any mere fortune which he could barter it for, will be astonished to find, in his hour of need, with what strength he is braced up on every side, and how often he will stand firm as a rock when other men tremble and fall. Five years of such consistent rectitude will be worth, in credit, more than a double capital without the confidence which such character inspires. It is a good rule in building up such a credit, when a payment is once due, never to suffer one's self to be saked for it twice. Every man who aspires to honorable success in business should remember that he must hold to his promise as a ship holds to her anchor, and that moment he breaks from it he is in danger of disaster to his fortune and wreck to his character.

## STRONG AS STEEL.

Small habits have been compared with the spider webs which kept the princess of a fairy castle, from which she must escape or die. The door of the castle was taken away, one day, and and she joyfully hastened down to "Edward Howe, sir. O, what can I do to the gate that she might pass and be free. But stop; in the gate a spider web was hanging from top to bottom. She sweft it away in a moment, and was going on; when, behold another spider's web was before her. It was very easy to sweep that away, and she did it. "All winter, sir, I'll do it every time, and But there was a third, and when that was removed, a fourth; and so on, again and again; "Well, that's enough; and do you know and at last the poor princess sat down and wept, bitterly, and felt that though there was you are not afraid to tell the truth. I like a only a spider's web between her and liberty, boy that tells the truth always. When the she should never be free. Thus with our pernicious habits; each single act of a habit, what is easier to overcome? But it is the constant succession of them, one after another, which overcomes us.

# NOAH'S ARK.

A scientific writer gives it as his opinion, founded on certain Biblical facts, that the ark was smaller than the Great Eastern. It had three decks, and was divided into numerous compartments by longitudinal and transverse bulkheads, for the safety and order of its occupants. It was built of gopher wood, a species of evergreen timber resembling the pine in length and strength of trunk, and the white cedar in lightness. In model, it was all that a great carrier could be, chest-like, with lines straight and angles square, but the bottom and top were elliptical in outline, presenting convexity to the earth and aky. "Now what do I care for eroquet parties? once a year.

"You are now well enough toolding the going to finish your shirts, and you'll read to he with such a loud to meet the good to he several parts, this author. Overflowing not of scalding coffee on the top of excuses."

He made no answer, me, one children but little good coin parties? What is it is good to saw which the meet of the window, and finished is character that the ark "is now in a good the stack dish, and picked up the other dish and threw it out of the window, and finished in higher that the ark "is now in a good the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in higher that the ark "is now in a good the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in higher that the ark "is now in a good the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in higher that the ark "is now in a good the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the other dish in the stack dish, and picked up the stack di Circumstances envaluations in diffe, who that had the flood dried up, the diffinate of Armenial the front stateway. The dealers didn't stay to a happy and interest home in this yearth, failth has been colder and in why cover the dinner. Hoberts retired to the bed-room with

" ONE DAY NEARER HIS DOOM.

alist gregoria in ance<u>rna i entrice</u> When a man has been sentenced to be executed, as the time appointed draws nigh, many people are often heard to remark, "Well, one day more of poor \_\_\_\_\_ s, time has gone." .. It. does not appear to occur to the careless outside. observer that this is no truer of the prisoner. than of himself and everyone elso that another of his days has gone, and that he is just as absolutely one day nearer to his own death as the doomed prisoner is to his. It is a nearer approach to his death which the condemned man makes at a common pace with all the living, only the day of his doom is known to him, while that of the others is concealed from them.

Mercifully concealed, too; for how much would the enjoyment of this life be diminished ed, if we knew beforehand just when we. should be obliged to quit it. The uncertainty a when we are to go, the expectation of dying: in our own homes, with our last hours consoled by the attentions of kindred and friends, and sustained by the hopes inspired by religion-these considerations rob Death, come when it may, of much of its terrors, and lead us to look upon it rather as the peaceful close of our life's labors.

#### ANECDOTE OF A HORSE. Lady Baker has written a book on life in

New Zealand, in which she records an anecdote of a horse that was in the habit of feigning lameness. If the story is not overdone, it is proof that the horse is a reasoning being, as cunning as a stock-broker and as sharp as a lawyer:--"Among my horse friends was a certain Suffolk 'Punch,' who had been christened the Artiful Dodger, from his trick of counterfeiting lameness the moment he was put in the shafts of a dray. That is to say if the dray was loaded; so long as it was empty, or the load was light, the Dodger stepped out gaily, but if he found the dray at all heavy, he affected to fall dead lame. The old strain of staunch blood was too strong in his veins to allow him to refuse or jib, or stand still. Oh, no! The Dodger arranged a compromise with his conscience, and, though he pulled manfully, he resorted to this lazy subterfuge. More than once with a 'new chum' it had succeeded to perfection, and the Dodger found himself back again in his stable with rack of hay before him, while his deluded owner or driver was running all over the place to find a substitute in the shafts. If I had not seen it myself, I could not have believed it. In order to induce the Dodger to act his part thoroughly. a drayman was appointed whom the horse had never seen, and, therefore, imagined could be easily imposed upon. The moment the signal was given to start, the Dodger, after a glance round, which plainly said, 'I wonder If I may try it upon you, took a step forward and almost fell down, so desperate was his lameness. The driver, who was well instructed in his part, ran round, and lifted up one sturdy bay leg after the other, with every appearance of the deepest concern. This encouraged the Dodger, who attered a groan; but still seemed determined to do his best, and limped and stumbled a yard or two further on. I confess it seemed impossible to believe the horse to be quite sound, and if it had depended upon me. the Dodger would instantly have been unharnessed and put back in his stable. But the moment had come to unmask nim. His. master stepped forward, and pulling first one cunning ear, on the alert for every word, and then the other, cried, 'It won't do, sir ! step out directly, and don't let us have any nonsense." The Dodger groaned again—this time from his heart probably-shook himself, and leaning well forward in his big collar, stepped out without a murmur. The lameness had disappeared by magic, nor was there even the alightest return of it until he saw a new driver, and considered it safe to try his oft-successful 'dodge' once more."

## MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

When you are carrying several articles and one of them slips, it is best not to try to recover it. An Essex street man, named Roberts, was helping his wife to prepare the dinner on Sunday, as one of the deacons was to take dinner with them. Roberts took a plate of steak in one hand and a coffee pot in the other, and had a dish of peas on the arm with the steak. The wind blew the dining-room door partly to as he approached it, and puttind out his foot to push it back, the arm with the peas moved out of plump, and the dish commenced to slide. A cold streak flew up Robert's spine and his hair began to raise, and he felt a sudden sickness at the stomach, but he dodged shead to save the peas, partly caught them and made a wrong move, lost them again, jabbed at them with the coffee pot, and upset the steak dish, and springing back to avoid the gravy, stepped on the cat that belonged to the family down stairs and came to the floor, with the steak and near After giving the dimensions and the model of and a terribly mad-cat under him, and anse remain at home with me Madeline. "I sold them long ago; they paid several to payen part to payen the part of the p Boes out house the in the state of the property of the state of the st