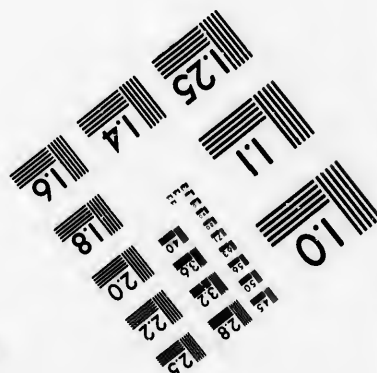
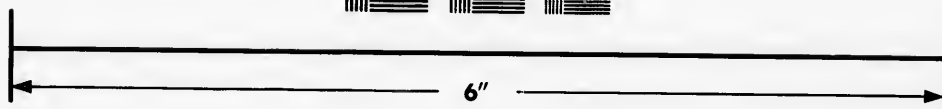
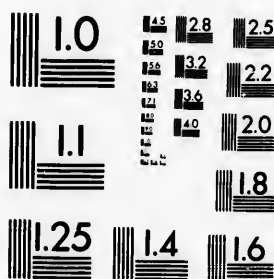


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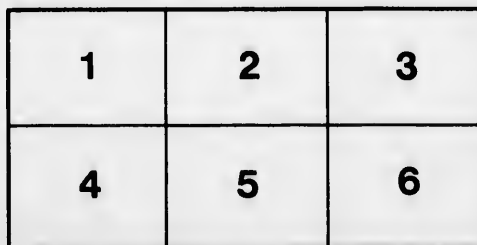
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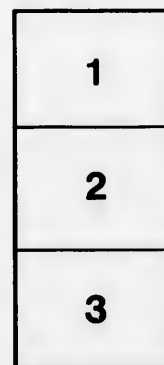
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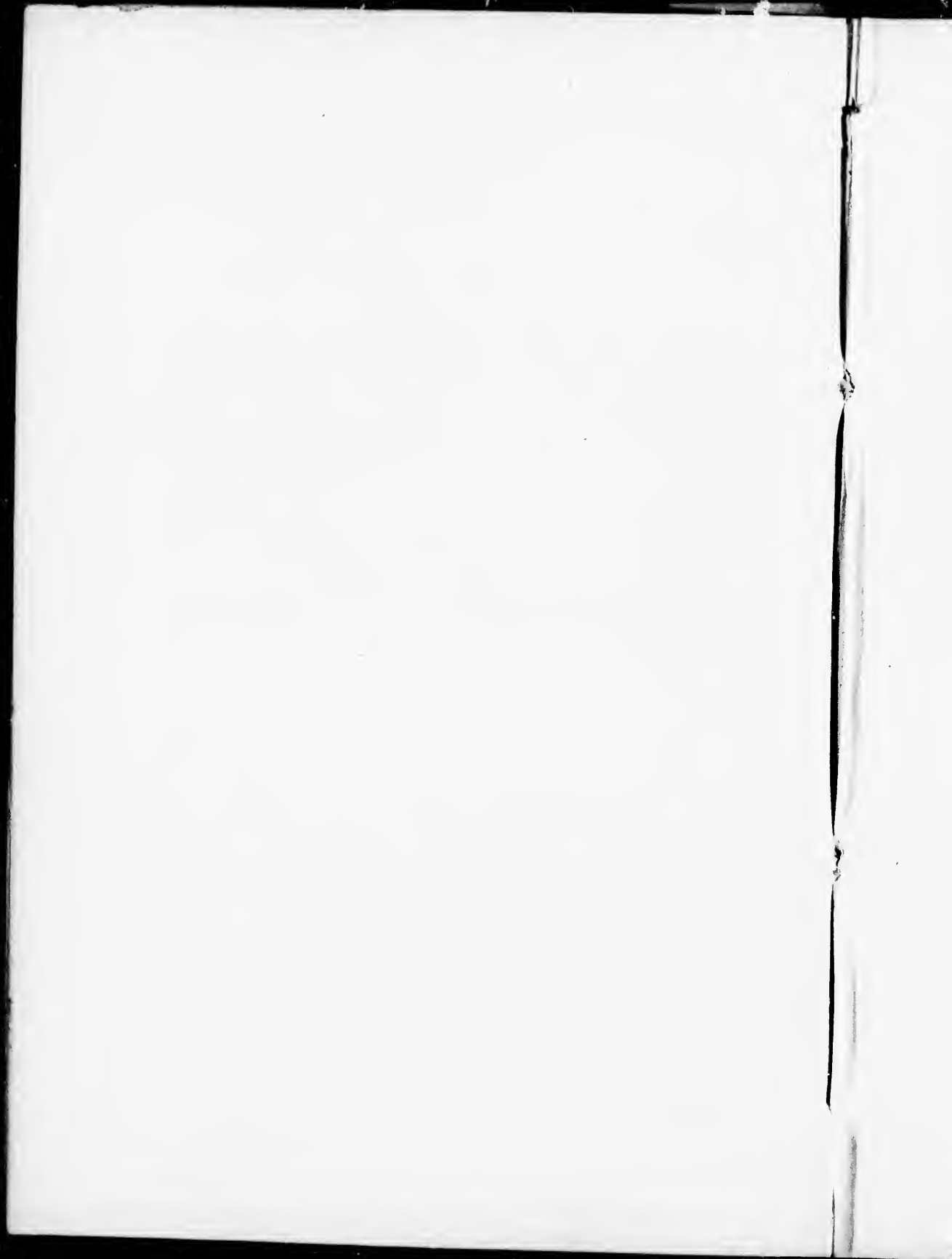
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THOMPSON'S

READINGS AND RECITATIONS:

HUMOROUS, SERIOUS, DRAMATIC.

EDITED BY

H. L. THOMPSON.

TORONTO:
BELFORD BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

1876.

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THOMPSON'S READINGS & RECITATIONS.

A YOUNG HERO.

"Ay, ay, sir; they're smart seamen enough, no doubt, and they man half the Austrian navy; but they ain't got the seasonin' of an Englishman, put it how yer will! And what's more, they ain't got an Englishman's *pluck* neither, not when it comes to a *real* scrape."

"Can no one but an Englishman have any pluck, then?" asked I laughing.

"Well I won't go for to say that; o' course a man as is a man 'ull have pluck in him all the world over. I've seed a Frencher tackle a shark to save his messmate; and I've seen a Rooshan stand to his gun arter every man in the battery, barrin' himself, had been blowed all to smash. But, if yer come to that, the pluckiest feller as ever I seed wan't a man at all!"

"What was he, then?—a woman?"

"No, nor that neither; though, mark ye, I don't go for to say as how women ain't got pluck enough too—some on 'em at least. My old 'ooman, now, saved me once from a lubber of a Portigee as was just a-goin' to stick a knife into me, when she cracked his nut with a

handspike. But this un as I'm a-talkin' on was a little lad not much bigger 'n Tom Thumb, only with a speerit of his own as 'ud ha' blowed up a man-o'-war a'most. Would yer like to hear about it?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, 'bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second-engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. On the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, the chief engineer cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as if somethin' had put him out considerably.

"'Tom,' says he, 'what d'ye think? Blest if we ain't found a stowaway.' (That's the name, you know, sir, as we gives to chaps as hides theirselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

"'What's that?' says I. 'Who is he, and where did yer find him?'

"'Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for'ard; and ten to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all, if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and begun barkin'.'

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I *did* see a sight and no mistake. Every man-Jack o' the crew, and what few passengers we had on board, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle stood the fust-mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him lookin' a reg'lar mite among all them big fellers, was a little bit o' a lad not ten year old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his

own, if it hadn't been so woful thin and pale. But, bless yer heart to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great hulkin' black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young un wasn't a bit afeard—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' hisn, for all the world as if he was Prince Halfred himself. You might ha' heard a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

“‘Well, you young whelp,’ says he in his grimest voice, ‘what’s brought *you* here?’

“‘It was my step-father as done it,’ says the boy in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. ‘Father’s dead and mother’s married again, and my new father says as how he won’t have no brats about eatin’ up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn’t lookin’, and guv me some grub to keep me going for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I’m to go to Aunt Jane at Halifax; and here’s her address.’

“And with that he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap of paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

“*We* all believed every word on’t, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to shew that there warn’t a ha’porth o’ lyin’ in his whole skin. But the mate didn’t seem to swaller the yarn at all; he only shrugged his

shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say: 'I'm too old a bird to be caught with that kind o' chaff;' and then he says to him: 'Look here, my lad; that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some of these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says, quite quietly: 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead; 'smart now!'

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say: 'What on earth's a-comin' now?' But aboard ship, o' course, when you are told to do a thing, you've *got* to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"'Now, my lad,' says the mate in a hard, *square* kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess' (he took out his watch and held it in his hand); 'and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast a-wakin' out of a nap.

“‘Silence there!’ shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor’easter. ‘Stand by to run for’ard!’ and with his own hands he put the noose round the boy’s neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there were some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha’ felled an ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o’ my little curly-headed lad at home, and how it ’ud be if any one was to go for to hang him; and at the very thought on’t I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched theirselves as if they was a-gripping somebody’s throat. I clutched hold o’ a handspike, and heid it behind my back, all ready.

“‘Tom,’ whispers the chief engineer to me, ‘d’ye think he really means to do it?’

“‘I don’t know,’ says I, ‘but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it.’

“‘Eight minutes!’ says the mate, his great deep voice breakin’ in upon the silence like the toll o’ a funeral bell. ‘If you’ve got anything to confess, my lad, you’d best out with it, for yer time’s nearly up.’

“‘I’ve told you the truth,’ answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. ‘May I say my prayers, please?’

“The mate nodded; and down goes the little chap on his knees (with that rope about his neck all the time), and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn’t make out what he said, but I’ll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and put his hands behind him, and says to the mate, quite quietly: ‘I’m ready.’

"And then, sir, the mate's hard grim face *broke up* all at once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and bust out a-cryin' like a child ; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I 'did, for one.

" 'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman every inch of you : you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life ! Well, if so be as yer father's cast ye off, I'll be yer father from this day forth ; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me !'

"And he kep' his word too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un's aunt, and giv' her a lump o' money to make him comfortable ; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be ; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond o' him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below ; so I'll just wish yer good-night."

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

A troop of soldiers waited at the door,
A crowd of people gathered in the street,
Aloof a little from the sabres bared
That flashed into their faces. Then the door
Was opened, and two women meekly step
Into the sunshine of the sweet May-noon,

Out of the prison. One was weak and old—
A woman full of years and full of woes—
The other was a maiden in her morn,
And they were one in name and one in faith,
Mother and daughter in the bonds of Christ,
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on ; and down the sunny street
The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades.
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they two were walking, side by side,
Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn ;
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
But as they went about their daily tasks :
They went to prison, and they went to death
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore

The troopers halted ; all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistening ; for the tide had drawn
Back to its furthest margin's weedy mark,
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
Drew nearer by a sand-breadth. "It will be
A long day's work," murmured those murderous men
As they slacked rein—the leaders of the troop
Dismounted, and the people pressed near
To hear the pardon proffered, with the oath
Renouncing and abjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk,

And both refused the oath ; " because," they said,
 " Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
 We have no part with Him."

On this they took
 The elder Margaret, and led her out
 Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
 And pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
 Unto the furthest stake, already reached
 By every rising wave, and left her there
 As the waves crept about her feet, in prayer
 That He would firm uphold her in their midst,
 Who holds them in the hollow of His hand.

The tide flowed in.
 And the rude soldiers jested, with rude oaths,
 As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
 Waiting her doom delayed ; and said they, she'll turn
 Before the tide—and seek refuge in our arms
 From the chill waves. And ever to her lips.
 There came the wondrous words of life and peace :
 " If God be for us, who can be against ?"
 " Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ?"
 " Nor height, nor depth—"

A voice cried from the crowd—
 A woman's voice, a very bitter cry—
 " O, Margaret ! my bonnie Margaret !
 Gie in, gie in, and dinna break my heart ;
 Gie in, and take the oath."

The tide flowed in :
 And so wore on the sunny afternoon ;

And every fire went out upon the hearth ;
And not a meal was tasted in the town
That day.

And still the tide was flowing in :
Her mother's voice still sounding in her ears,
They turned young Margaret's face towards the sea,
Where something white was floating—something white
As the sea-mew that sits upon the wave :
But as she looked it sank ; then rose again ;
Then disappeared. And round the other stake
The tide stood ankle-deep.

Then the leader,
With cursing, vowed that he would wait no more ;
And to the stake the soldiers led her down,
And tied her hands ; and round her slender waist
Too roughly cast the rope, but one came
And eased it, while he whispered in her ear
“Come, take the test.” And one cried “Margaret,
Say but ‘God save the King.’” “God save the King,”
She answered ; but the oath
She would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,
And drove the people back and silenced them.
The tide flowed in, and, rising to her knee,
She sang the psalm, “To Thee I lift my soul.”
The tide flowed in, and, rising to her waist,
“To Thee, my God, I lift my soul,” she sang.
And the tide flowed, and, rising to her throat,
She sang no more, but lifted up her face—

And there was glory over all the sky ;
 And there was glory over all the sea—
 A flood of glory—and the lifted face
 Swam in it, till it bowed beneath the flood,
 And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

THE OLD MAN IN THE STYLISH CHURCH.

JOHN H. YATES.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day—been to a stylish
 one---

And, seein' you can't go from home, I'll tell you what
 was done ;

You would have been surprised to see what I saw
 there to-day ;

The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly bowed to
 pray.

I had on these coarse clothes of mine, not much the
 worse for wear,

But then they knew I wasn't one they call a millionaire ;
 So they led the old man to a seat away back by the
 door—

'Twas bookless and uncushioned, *a reserved seat for the
 poor.*

Pretty soon in came a stranger with gold ring and
 clothing fine ;

They led him to a cushioned seat far in advance of
 mine.

I thought that wasn't exactly right to seat him up so
near

When he was young, and I was old and very hard to
hear.

But then there's no accountin' for what some people
do ;

The finest clothing now-a-days oft gets the finest pew,
But when we reach the blessed home, all undefiled by
sin,

We'll see wealth beggin' at the gate, while poverty goes
in.

I couldn't hear the sermon, I sat so far away,
So, through the hours of service, I could only "watch
and pray ;"

Watch the doin's of the Christians sitting near me,
round about ;

Pray God to make them pure within, as they were pure
without;

While I sat there lookin' 'round upon the rich and
great,

I kept thinkin' of the rich man and the beggar at his
gate ;

How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggar's form
grew cold,

And the angels bore his spirit to the mansions built of
gold.

How, at last, the rich man perished, and his spirit took
its flight

From the purple and fine linen to the home of endless
 night ;
 There he learned, as he stood gazin' at the beggar in
 the sky,
 " It isn't all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in that religious
 fold
 Who went up from their dwellings like the Pharisee of
 old ;
 Then returned home from their worship, with a head
 uplifted high,
 To spurn the hungry from their door, with naught to
 satisfy.

Out, out with such professions ! they are doin' more
 to-day
 To stop the weary sinner from the Gospel's shinin'
 way
 Than all the books of infidels ; than all that has been
 tried
 Since Christ was born at Bethlehem—since Christ was
 crucified.

How simple are the works of God, and yet how very
 grand ;
 The shells in ocean caverns, the flowers on the land ;
 He gilds the clouds of evenin' with the gold right from
 His throne,
 Not for the rich man *only* ;—not for the poor alone.

Then why should man look down on man because of
lack of gold?

Why seat him in the poorest pew because his clothes
are old?

A heart with noble motives—a heart that God has
blest—

May be beatin' Heaven's music 'neath that faded coat
and vest.

I'm old—I may be childish—but I love simplicity;

I love to see it shinin' in a Christian's piety.

Jesus told us in his sermons in Judea's mountains
wild,

He that wants to go to Heaven must be like a little
child.

Our heads are growin' gray, dear wife; our hearts are
beatin' slow;

In a little while the Master will call for us to go.

When we reach the pearly gateways, and look in with
joyful eyes,

We'll see *no stylish worship* in the temple of the skies.

THE OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH.

JOHN H. YATES.

Well, wife, I've found the *model* church—I worshipped
there to-day!

It made me think of good old times before my hair
was gray,

22 THOMPSON'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were
years ago,

But then I felt when I went in it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door ;
He knew that I was old and c . . . as well as old and
poor ;

He must have been a Christian, for he led me through
The long aisle of that crowded church, to find a place
and pew.

I wish you'd heard that singin'—it had the old time
ring ;

The preacher said, with trumpet voice, "Let all the
people sing !"

The tune was Coronation, and the music upwards
rolled,

Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their
harps of gold.

My deafness seem to melt away ; my spirit caught the
fire ;

I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious
choir,

And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels
prostrate fall,

Bring forth the royal diadem and crown Him Lord of
all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn
once more ;

I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse
of shore ;

I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port forever from the
storm.

The preaching? Well, I can't just tell all the preacher
said ;

I know it wasn't written ; I know it wasn't read ;
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightin' of his eye
Went flashin' along from pew to pew nor passed a
sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple gospel truth ;
It fitted poor old men like me, it fitted hopeful youth.
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed ;
'Twas full of invitations to Christ and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in
Jews ;
He shot the golden sentences down in the finest
pews,
And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling
tear
That told me hell was someways off, and heaven very
near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy
place !

How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every
happy face !

Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall
meet with friend,

“Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths
have no end.”

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation too—
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from
heaven's blue.

I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray,
The happy hour of worship in that model church
to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory be
won ;

The shinin' goal is just ahead ; the race is nearly run.
O'er the river we are nearin', they are throngin' to the
shore

To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no
more.

A NIGHT WITH A VENTRILOQUIST.

HENRY COCKTON.

There happened to be only four bedrooms in the house ; the best, of course, was occupied by Miss Madonna, the second by Mr. Plumplee, the third by Mr. Beagle, and the fourth by the servant ; but that in which Mr. Beagle slept was a double-bedded room, and Valentine had, therefore, to make his election between the spare bed and the sofa. Of course the former was preferred, and as the preference seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. Beagle himself, they passed the evening very pleasantly together, and in due time retired.

Valentine, on having his bed pointed out to him,

darted between the sheets in the space of a minute, for, as Mr. Jonas Beagle observed, he had but to shake himself, and everything came off; when as he did not by any means feel drowsy at the time, he fancied that he might as well amuse his companion for an hour or so as not. He therefore turned the thing seriously over in his mind while Mr. Beagle was quietly undressing, being anxious for that gentleman to extinguish the light before he commenced operations.

"Now for a beautiful night's rest," observed Mr. Jonas Beagle to himself, as he put out the light with a tranquil mind, and turned in with a great degree of comfort.

"Mew! Mew!" cried Valentine softly, throwing his voice under the bed of Mr. Beagle.

"Hish!—bother that cat!" cried Mr. Beagle. "We must have you out at all events, my lady." And Mr. Beagle at once slipped out of bed, and having opened the door, cried "hish!" and threw his coat towards the spot, as an additional inducement for the cat to go, when as Valentine repeated the cry, and made it appear to proceed from the stairs, Mr. Beagle thanked goodness that she was gone, closed the door, and very carefully groped his way again to bed.

"Mew! mew! mew!" cried Valentine just as Mr. Beagle had again comfortably composed himself.

"What! are you there still, madam?" inquired that gentleman in a highly sarcastic tone; "I thought you had been turned out madam! Do you hear this witch of a cat?" he continued, addressing Valentine;

but Valentine replied with a deep heavy snore, and began to mew again with additional emphasis.

"Well, I don't have a treat every day, it is true; but if this isn't one, why I'm out in my reckoning, that's all!" observed Mr. Jonas Beagle, slipping again out of bed. "I don't much like to handle you, my lady, but if I did, I'd of course give you physic;" and he "hished!" and continued to "hish!" until Valentine scratched the bed-post sharply—which sounded like the cat in the act of decamping—when he threw his pillow very energetically towards the door, which he closed and then returned to his bed in triumph. The moment, however, he had comfortably tucked himself up again, he missed the pillow, which he had converted into an instrument of vengeance, and as that was an article without which he couldn't even hope to go to sleep, he had of course to turn out again to fetch it.

"How many more times, I wonder," he observed, "shall I have to get out of this bed to-night? Exercise certainly is a comfort; but such exercise as this—Why, where have you got to?" he added, addressing the pillow, which, with all the sweeping action of his feet, he was for sometime unable to find. "Oh, here you are, sir, are you?" and he picked up the object of his search, and gave it several severe blows when, having reinstated himself between the sheets, he exclaimed, in a subdued tone, "Well let's try again!"

Now Mr. Jonas Beagle was a man who prided himself especially upon the evenness of his temper.

His boast was that nothing could put him in a passion. We shall see.

"Meyow!—meyow!" said Valentine.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mr. Jonas Beagle, "here again!"

"Mew!" cried Valentine in a somewhat higher key.

"What! another come to contribute to the harmony of the evening!"

"Meyow!—meyow!" cried Valentine, in a key still higher.

"Well, how many more of you?" inquired Mr. Beagle; "you'll be able to get up a concert by and by."

"But swear away, you beauties! I only wish that I was not so much afraid of you, for your sakes! At it again? Well, this is a blessing. Don't you hear these cats?" he cried, anxious not to have all the fun to himself; but Valentine recommenced snoring very loudly. "Well, this is particularly pleasant," he continued, as he sat up in bed. "Don't you hear? What a comfort it is to be able to sleep soundly!" "What's to be done?" he inquired very pointedly—"what's to be done? My clothes are right in the midst of them. I can't get out, now; they'd tear the very flesh off my legs; and that fellow there sleeps like a top. Hallo! Do you mean to say you don't hear these cats, how they're going it?"

At length the patience of Mr. Jonas Beagle began to evaporate, for the hostile animals continued to

battle apparently with great desperation. He, therefore, threw a pillow with great violence at his companion, and shouted so loudly that Valentine, feeling that it would be deemed perfect nonsense for him to pretend that he was asleep any longer, began to yawn very naturally, and then to cry out, "Who's there?"

"'Tis I," shouted Mr. Jonas Beagle. "Don't you hear those witches of cats?"

"Hish!" cried Valentine; "why, there are two of them!"

"Two?" said Mr. Beagle, "more likely two and twenty! I've turned out a dozen myself. There's a swarm, a whole colony of them."

"Oh, never mind!" said Valentine; "let's go to sleep; they'll be quiet by and by."

"It's all very fine to say 'Let's go to sleep,' but who's to do it?" cried Beagle, emphatically. "Bother the cats! I wish there wasn't a cat in the world—I do with all my heart! They're such spiteful vermin' too, when they happen to be put out; and there's one of them in a passion, I know by her spitting."

"Who's there?" demanded Plumplee, in the passage below, for he slept in the room beneath, and the noise had alarmed him! "Who's there? d'ye hear? Speak, or I'll shoot you like a dog!" and on the instant the report of a pistol was heard.

"Beagle!" he shouted, after waiting in vain for the street door to bang.

"Here!" cried Beagle, "come up here! It's nothing! I'll explain!"

At this moment the footsteps of Plumplee were heard upon the stairs, and Mr. Beagle, who then began to feel somewhat better, cried, "Come in! my good friend, come in!"

"What on earth is the matter?" inquired Mr. Plumplee, as he entered the room pale as a ghost, with a pistol in one hand and a lamp in the other.

"It's all right," said Beagle; "'twas I that made the noise. I've been besieged by a cohort of cats. They have been at it here making most healthful music under my bed for the last two hours."

"Cats!" cried Mr. Plumplee, "cats! you ate a little too much cucumber, my friend! you have been dreaming! you've had the night mare! We haven't a cat in the house; I can't bear them."

"You are mistaken," rejoined Beagle, "they're about here in swarms. If I've turned *one* cat out this night I'm sure I turned out twenty! I've in fact done nothing else since I came up! In and out, in and out! Upon my life, I think I can't have opened that door less than a hundred and fifty times; and that young fellow there has been all the while sound as a top!"

"I tell you, my friend, you've been dreaming! We have never had a cat about the premises."

"Meyow—meyow!" cried Valentine, quietly.

"Now have I been dreaming?" triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Beagle; "now have I had the night-mare?"

"Bless my life!" cried Mr. Plumplee, jumping upon Mr. Beagle's bed, "they don't belong to me."

"I don't know whom they belong to," returned Mr. Beagle, "nor do I much care; I only know that there they *are*! If you'll just hook those breeches up here, I'll get out and half murder them! only hook 'em this way!—I'll wring their precious necks off!"

"They're out of my reach," cried Mr. Plumplee. "Hish! hish!" Finding, however, that harsh terms had no effect, he had recourse to the milder and more persuasive cry of "Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy! kit, kit, kit!" said Mr. Plumplee, in the blandest and most seductive tones, as he held the pistol by the muzzle to break the back or to knock out the brains of the first unfortunate cat that made its appearance; but all this persuasion to come forth had no effect; they continued to be invisible, while the mewling continued in the most melancholy strain.

"What on earth are we to do?" inquired Plumplee; "I myself have a horror of cats."

"The same to me and many of 'em!" observed Mr. Beagle. "Let's wake that young fellow, perhaps he don't mind them."

"Hullo!" cried Plumplee.

"Hullo!" shouted Beagle; but neither could make any impression on Valentine, and as both were afraid to get off the bed to shake him, they proceeded to roll up the blankets and sheets into balls, and to pelt him.

"Who's there? What's the matter?" cried Valentine at length, in the coolest tone imaginable.

"My dear young friend," said Plumplee, "do assist us in turning these cats out."

"Cats! Where are they? Hish!" cried Valentine.

"Oh, that's of no use. I've tried the *hishing* business myself. All the *hishing* in the world won't do. They must be beaten out; you're not afraid of them, are you?"

"Afraid of them! afraid of a few cats?" exclaimed Valentine. "Where are they?"

"Under my bed," replied Beagle. "*There's* a brave fellow! Break their necks!" Valentine leaped out of bed, and, after striking at the imaginary animals very furiously with the bolster, he hissed with great violence, and scratched across the grain of the boards in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of a room, when he rushed to the door and proceeded to make a very forlorn meowing die gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.

"They are all gone at last!" cried Mr. Beagle; "we shall be able to get a little rest, now, I suppose;" and after very minutely surveying every corner of the room in which it was possible for one of them to have lingered, he lighted his candle, bade Plumplee good night, and very soon was fast asleep.

THE THREE SAILORS.

THACKERAY.

There were three sailors in Bristol City
Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and captain's biscuit,
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now very soon they were so greedy,
They didn't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
"We have no provisions, so we must eat we."

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"O gorging Jim, what a fool you be !

"There's little Bill is young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"O Bill, we're going to eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemie."

When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchee.

"O, let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught me."

"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jacky,
While Jim pulled out his snickersnee.

So Bill went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
Where down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment
When up he jumps—"There's land I see.

"There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee.

"There's the British fleet riding at anchor,
With Admiral Nelson, K. C. B."

So when they came to the Admiral's vessel,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee.

But as for little Bill, he made him,
The captain of a seventy-three.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,
Fur I've brought you sumpin' great,
Apples? No, a great sight better!
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait?
Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it—
Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller ;
 Lyin' here so sick and weak,
 Never knowin' any comfort,
 And I puts on lots o' cheek.
 "Missus," says I, "If you please, mum,
 Could I ax you for a rose?
 For my little brother, missus—
 Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
 How I bringed you up—poor Joe !
 (Lackin' women folks to do it.)
 Sich a' imp you was, you know—
 Till yer got that awful tumble,
 Jist as I had broke yer in,
 (Hard work, too,) to earn yer livin'
 Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled you,
 So's you couldn't hyper much—
 Joe, it hurted when I seen you
 Fur the first time with yer crutch.
 "But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
 'Pears to weaken every day ;
 Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
 That's the how of this bokay.

Say ! It seems to me, ole feller,
 You is quite yerself to-night ;
 Kind o' chirik—it's been a fortnit
 Since yer eyes has been so bright.

Better ! Well, I'm glad to hear it !
Yes they're mighty pretty, Joe.
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy ?
Well, I thought it would, you know !

Never see the country, did you ?
Flowers growin' everywhere !
Sometime when you're better, Joey,
Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven ? 'M—I s'pose so ;
Dunno much about it, though ;
Ain't as fly as wot I might be,
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
That in heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful—
B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
Likewise, there folks don't git hungry ;
So good people, when they dies,
Find themselves well fixed forever—
Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes ?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
Oh, no ! Don't you have no fear ;
Heaven was made fur such as you is—
Joe, wot makes you look so queer ?
Here—wake up ! Oh, don't look that way !
Joe ! My boy ! Hold up your head !
Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey,
Oh, my God, can Joe be dead ?

THE SALE OF PEWS IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

We were in a street-car about noon. We had been thinking concerning the fact that many of the churches in American cities are adopting the habit of auctioneering their pews. We were weary and fell asleep, and our heads rested in an uneasy position against the slats of the window, and our dreams, which are usually delightful, became unwonted. We thought we were in a great church, by far the largest we had ever seen. We were told it was twelve thousand furlongs in circumference, and the walls were a hundred and forty and four cubics high. We said to the janitor at the gate: "Is this Saint Paul's, or Saint Mark's, or Saint Peter's?" "Neither," said the janitor; this is the Church of Heaven." As we were going in we found many people doing the same. There was a long line of carriages standing in front of the great church, one angel on the driver's box, and one angel standing on behind. As the people got out of their golden turn outs, I saw that some of them wore robes with a trail of ten yards, and trouble was that those behind were all the time treading on the trail of those who preceded. Some of us, however, came up on foot and went in. We cried out: "What's going on here to-day?" and were informed by an usher that this was the day on which the pews of the Church of Heaven were to be disposed of by auction. An angel, whom we were told was a converted and glorified Wall street

broker, stood on a stand, and with a silver mallet called the meeting to order. He said that the church had been built at great expense, and it was a popular church ; and as there would no doubt be a great rush, they had concluded to auction the pews off to the highest bidder.

"For this pew, No. 1, splendidly cushioned and easy-backed, how much?" cried the auctioneer. "One hundred thousand dollars," cried some one. "One hundred thousand dollars," said the auctioneer, "is a small price for the best seat in this the greatest church in the universe. Am I offered any more?" "One hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" said some one else. "Two hundred thousand dollars!" cried another. "Going at that!" said the auctioneer. "Going at that! Gone! Who buys it?" "Astor Van Derbelt!" is the response. "Bogus!" says some one. "We never heard of that name up here. Who is he? We have no record here of any of his prayers. He is not on the roll of the meek and quiet spirits." "Never mind all that," says the purchaser; "here are the bonds that I brought with me from the lower world. Here is the cash down!" "Sold!" cried the auctioneer, "the first seat in heaven to Astor Van Derbelt for two hundred thousand dollars."

As the auction went on, the excitement increased. There was a great struggle to get the best pews, and moral and religious character weighed nothing in the scale; he who had the most earthly scrip won it. There was a slight interruption when an old elder from an earthly church demanded a seat. He said

he had served God for fifty years, and had held the first position on earth in churches and prayer-meetings ; and while he was not ambitious for the first or second seat in heaven, he thought he ought to have a seat somewhere, because he had been journeying seventy years and was tired, and would like to sit down. To quiet this old soldier of the Cross, and keep him from further interrupting the auction, some one said to him : "Old man, as you are used to camp-life in the Christian warfare, here is a camp-stool for you to sit on in the aisle, but sit as much aside as possible, to give room for those angels' dresses as they come sweeping through the aisle."

At this moment there was a great shout at the door, a huzza among the common saints who stood outside the building. "What is the noise about?" said the auctioneer, as he brought his silver mallet heavy on the stand before him. It was found to be two brothers, locked arms, coming in. All knew them outside the door, but inside they were comparatively strangers, and looked a little embarrassed. The one began to speak in application for a seat. "How much do you 'bid'?" said the auctioneer. The man replied : "I bid nothing. When I left the earth I had but eight pounds ; all the rest I have given to Christian objects." "Who are you?" said the auctioneer, "that you would disturb this sale?" "I am John Wesley !" said the applicant. "O," says the auctioneer. "It seems to me that I have heard of you, but we have no pews as low as eight pounds." At this a man who had given seventy-five thousand dollars for

his celestial pew, and who on earth had been known as much for his piety as his wealth, says: "Let me take John Wesley into my pew. Bless him! I was converted through reading one of his sermons!" "One more perplexing case got out of the way;" cried the auctioneer. "But what," says John Wesley, "are you going to do with my brother Charles?" "Oh," said the auctioneer, "he can be in the choir, and stand among the singers, and he can pay his way in that manner. It will be worth some thousands to hear him in a solo sing, 'A Charge to keep I have.' Another troublesome case ended," cries the auctioneer. At this an old Methodist back by the door burst right out and shouted, "Glory!" and the silver gavel came down with an emphatic command of "Silence!"

When the bids on pews began to slacken, Girard Rothschild, a man who in the earth beneath had owned whole blocks of store-houses, bid in a number of pews partly in his own name and partly in the name of others, so that the aggregate might foot up to an amount that had never previously been known in heaven; and when the bids were all in, it was found that the pews had brought ninety-three million, seven hundred thousand, and fourteen dollars. But the scene was not over. A wealthy Scotchman, who had an eighty-thousand-dollar pew, said: "I notice back there in the crowd young Robert McCheyne, with a cluster of people from Dundee. What are they to do?" "Take those poor seats along by the wall," said the auctioneer. "And yonder is Richard Baxter, with a crowd from Kidderminster," said an English-

man. "Well," said the auctioneer, "he can find his 'Saint's everlasting rest' in that further corner." When Latimer and Ridley applied, they declared that they had nothing to pay, as they had got burned out and the fire had taken everything. But finally the holders of the chief pews lost their patience, and said: "Drive those common people out. They vitiate the atmosphere. We will give something nice to have a mission chapel for them down in one of the back streets of heaven. Let them go there, and be by themselves. Send down to them some of those third-class harpers with their harps, and let that angel with the bronchitis go and preach to them. But get them out of this place. Away with them!" At this all the first-class pew-holders shouldered their gold-headed canes, and began to clear the premises; and Isaac Watts was shoved out, and Henry Martyn, and Phillip Doddridge, and Elizabeth Fry, and a great multitude that no man could number. The aisles were finally cleared of all save two, who at first peremptorily refused departure. The one was roughly jostled, and asked who he was that he dared interfere with the auction; and he gave a startling announcement, which made all the chandeliers rattle, and the whole building quake as if under a clap of thunder: "I am the Apostle James. If there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him: 'Sit thou here in a good place;' and say to the poor: 'Stand thou there, or sit here under my

footstool;’ are ye not partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thought?” But this was considered impertinent, and two of the trustees of the Church of Heaven seized the Apostle James by the collar of his robe, and marched him off to the fastness in the tower, asking the municipal authorities to take charge of him till next day.

There was now but one more case to be disposed of. He seemed weary, as if he had walked a great way, and leaned up against the wall. And when he was asked whether he wished to purchase, he said: “No; I had not on earth where to lay my head. I was born in a manger that did not belong to me, and was burried in a borrowed sepulchre, and I am consequently in full sympathy with the people whom you have shut out. Ye refuse the benediction I gave when I said ‘The poor ye have always with you.’ You will have none such, and hence ye cannot have my benediction. Inasmuch as ye did it not to them, ye did it not to me.” With this He staggered in fatigue and faintness toward the door, and passing out, shut it so loudly behind Him that the jar of the gate woke us. Then we found that there had been no action sale of pews in heaven at all, but we had had a dream consequent upon our leaning our head against a slat in a car-window.

DARBY AND THE RAM.

’Twas one of those lovely midsummer days, when nature was laughing with sunshine, and old mother

earth in her gayest dress was scattering her smiles on every side, when the lambs were skipping to and fro, and the streams were laughing along as they journeyed 'mid the flowers, and everything seemed happy except the Shepherd Darby. Poor fellow! He stalked about the field like a ghost, or leaned upon his crook in silent despair; and as he leaned Lord Amplefield and Squire Buckthorn were riding past to dinner.

"I wonder," said his lordship to the squire, "what can be the matter with my shepherd Darby; he seems like one in a galloping consumption, and were I to lose him I should not see his equal for many a day. He is the most honest, sober, steady, careful fellow in the world, and never, I believe, told a lie in his life."

"Never told a lie, my lord? Do you really believe such nonsense?"

"Decidedly I do."

They now advanced nearer, and his lordship held up his hand as a signal, and over bounded Darby.

"Well, Darby, that shower last night will have done service to the grass?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Darby, bring over my favorite ram, that this gentleman may see it."

"Yes, my lord. Hallo, Sweeper! Away for Bull-face."

Away bounded the dog and in a few moments hunted the ram up from the flock.

"That's a clever turn," said the squire; "here my man, here's half-a-crown for a drink."

"Thank your honor," said Darby, "but the worth of that in strong drink would serve me a life-time, I drink little but pure water."

"You are a worthy fellow," said Lord Amplefield, with a look of triumph, as he and the squire rode off. "What say you to my shepherd now?"

"A plausible fellow, my lord; yet, proud as you are of him, I'll wager a score of fine sheep that before two days I'll make him tell you a barefaced lie, out and out."

The wager was laid, and the squire set out on his expedition. He soon discovered the cause of Darby's melancholy. There had been a quarrel between him and the girl of his heart, the lovely Kathleen. Pride prevented a reconciliation; though both would have given the world to be friends again. To her, then, the squire bent his steps, succeeded in drawing out her secret—that she loved Darby with "an heart and a half;" and then artfully upbraiding her with unkindness in neglecting the worthy young shepherd, contrived to get her, by artifice, into a plan to get reconciled to Darby, and while in the height of his happiness to make this compact: that she would not be reconciled to him unless he gave her the favorite ram. His plan succeeded to admiration. Kathleen coaxed and coaxed until she got the ram from Darby, after much persuasion, and the laughing girl tripped home leading the ram with a kerchief taken from her snow-white neck.

Darby was left to his own reflections, and they were not pleasant. The hour was rapidly approaching when

his lordship took his daily rounds, and he would be sure to miss his favorite ram. What *was* to be done? To tell a LIE was to his honest mind the very essence of degradation, and to equivocate, the height of meanness. Nevertheless, some excuse must be made.

A sudden thought seized him. He resolved to try how a lie would *look* before he told one. Accordingly, he planted his crook firm in the ground and hung his hat on it, in order to personate himself. He then retired a few paces, and in the character of his lordship hailed the supposed Darby as follows:

"Good morrow, Darby."

"Good morrow, my lord."

"How are the flocks to-day, Darby?"

"Bravely, my lord."

"Darby, I don't see my favorite ram—where is he?"

"Oh! my lord, he—he—he—"

"He, what, Darby?"

"He was drow—drown—drowned, my lord."

"Darby, if I did not know your good character and general carefulness, I should be exceedingly angry. However, I suppose it was an unavoidable accident?"

"It was indeed, my lord."

"Then see that you send the fat and the skin to the Castle this evening."

"That won't do!" muttered Darby, he'd catch me on that. He resolved to try again.

"Good morrow, Darby."

"Good morrow, my lord."

"How are the flocks to-day, Darby?"

"Pretty fair, my lord."

"Darby, I don't see my ram—where is he?"

"My—my—my lord—"

"Is there anything wrong? Tell me at once."

"He was sto—stol—stolen, my lord—yesterday."

"Stolen, Darby! stolen? It so happens I was riding by this morning and saw him."

"That won't do either!" exclaimed the poor shepherd, as he turned away the second time. "Cruel, cruel Kathleen!"

Something called conscience, whispered to him, "Try how the truth will look." Fresh courage animated his desponding mind, and wheeling about he once more commenced the trial, and on coming to the usual interrogation, "Darby, where's the ram?" he dropped on his knees and exclaimed, "Oh, my lord! I had a falling-out with my sweetheart, and cruel Kathleen wouldn't make it up with me unless I made her a present of your Lordship's favorite ram. Discharge me, my lord, do with me what you please, but I could not tell your lordship a Lie."

"That'll do!" shouted Darby leaping to his feet, and walking up and down with honest pride. "That'll do!"

He had scarcely time to compose himself when his lordship, with the squire, rode up. His lordship said:

"Good morrow, Darby."

"Good morrow, my lord."

"How are the flocks, Darby?"

"It's not all well, my lord."

"Why, what's wrong? Where's my ram, Darby?"

"Oh, my lord!" (said Darby, dropping on his knees), "I had a falling-out with my sweetheart, and cruel Kathleen wouldn't make it up with me unless I made her a present of your lordship's favorite ram. Discharge me, my lord, and do with me what you please, but I *could* not tell your lordship a LIE."

He had told "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and the poor fellow looked up with fears and tears. What was his astonishment when, instead of seeing a frown gathering on his lordship's countenance, he beheld him turn with a smile of triumph towards the squire, while he exclaimed:

"Did I not tell you that he could not tell me a LIE?"

Thus the squire lost his bet; and served him right. And his twenty forfeited sheep were given to the lovely Kathleen as a marriage portion; and in taking the hand of her faithful shepherd she promised never again to put either his constancy or truth to so severe a trial.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

Underneath an apple-tree
 Sat a maiden and her lover;
 And the thoughts within her he
 Yearned, in silence, to discover.
 Round them danced the sunbeam bright,
 Green the grass-lawn stretched before them;

While the apple-blossoms white
Hung in rich profusion o'er them.

Naught within her eyes he read
That would tell her mind unto him ;
Though their light, he after said,
Quivered swiftly through and through him ;
Till at last his heart burst free
From the prayer with which 'twas laden.
And he said, " When wilt thou be
Mine for evermore, fair maiden ?"

" When," said she, " the breeze of May
With white flakes our heads shall cover,
I will be thy brideling gay—
Thou shalt be my husband-lover."
" How," said he, in sorrow bowed,
" Can I hope such hopeful weather ?
Breeze of May and Winter's cloud
Do not often fly together."

Quickly as the words he said,
From the west a wind came sighing,
And on each uncovered head
Sent the apple-blossoms flying ;
" ' Flakes of white !' thou'rt mine," said he,
" Sooner than thy wish or knowing !"
" Nay, I heard the breeze," quoth she,
" When in yonder forest blowing."

TIMOTHY BROWN.

In an old fashioned house, in an old fashioned town,
Lived an old fashioned man, named Timothy Brown.
His head was small, but his feet were large,
And he wobbled about like a river barge ;
His back was bent, and his nose awry
And he wore a wig, and wanted an eye,
And all the boys in that little town
Made fun of the schoolmaster Timothy Brown.
Now Timothy Brown, though his back was crook'd
And his eye had gone out, and his nose was hooked,
Had something away in a vital part—
A tremulous thing they call a heart.
And that tremulous thing beat loud and long,
Whenever a schoolboy did him wrong.
Of all the boys in Timothy's school
That jeered at his figure, or spurned his rule,
Lolypop Dick, the barber's son,
Without shadow of doubt, was the very worst one.
He played the truant, came always late,
Drew half of the day, on his dirty slate,
And to crown the host of his minor sins
Stuffed the schoolmaster's chair full of needles and
pins.
So Timothy Brown grew heartily sick
Of the barber's offspring, Lolypop Dick,
And his fingers would itch with a kind of pain,
To give master Dick a touch of his cane.
But a tear would fall instead of a blow,

For that tremulous heart did bother him so,
So that, day after day, he let Lolypop go.
Behind his desk, on the schoolroom wall,
Hung his fiddle and bow—his wealth and all,
And Timothy Brown ere he slept at night,
Would play him a tune till his heart grew light,
And all the anger he felt by day
Would vanish and melt like the clouds away.
Instead of a blow a prayer he had
For Lolypop Dick, the troublesome lad.
Oh ! a mischievous scamp was Lollypop Dick,
On beast and man he would play his trick,
And the sort of fun that he liked the best,
Was catching a frog or robbing a nest.
“ You’ll come to no good for your conduct’s bad,”
Said Timothy Brown to this hopeful lad,
“ If I were your father I’d fix you, sir,
I’d wallop you well and crop your hair,
I’d serve you out,” said Tim with a frown,
But he didn’t look angry, did Timothy Brown.
Dick only laughed, “ If you served me so,
I’d wear a wig, like some one I know.”
Then out of the school bounded again,
While after him Timothy threw his cane.
Then down to the river Dick went to play,
Tormenting each urchin he met by the way,
He looked about him and up in a tree
A dickey bird’s nest he chanced to see,
Now the tree hung over the river’s brink,
But Lollypop Dick paused not to think,
Up, up he went with a smile on his face,

Up, up till he reached the very place,
The very branch that the nest was on,
Then he stretched out his hand, but the nest was gone,
Nest, branch, and Dick came down with a thud,
Not on to the ground, but into the flood,
And the roaring waters closed o'er his head,
And there's little doubt he'd soon have been dead,
Had not a figure come limping by,
That boasted a face that wanted an eye.
It paused not a moment, but leaped from the ground
Right into the river It went with a bound,
And Lolypop Dick it grasped by the arm,
And brought him ashore without danger or harm,
And Lolypop Dick, when he opened his eyes,
Looked up in that face with a strange surprise,
For the tear-bedewed face, that was looking down,
Was the face of the schoolmaster, Timothy Brown.
Lolypop Dick, when he took his place
In school, and looked in that schoolmaster's face,
Thought how gentle and lovely that face had become,
Its wondrous beauty struck Lolypop dumb;
And the form he had sneered at a week before,
Was a form to be sneered at no more, no more.
Thought Dick I'll work on a different plan,
'Tis the heart, not the figure, that makes the man.
Lolypop Dick was a man at last,
Forty long years had come and passed,
A mighty man—he was mayor of the town,
But he did not forget old Timothy Brown.
“You're much too old to trouble your head
About boys and girls for your butter and bread,

Come home with me," said the jovial mayor,
"In my house, on the hill, you'll find a chair,
And a knife and fork and some roast beef, of course,
And I've got a wife who rides on a horse,
My boys and girls, I'll wager a crown,
Are waiting to welcome old Timothy Brown,
I'll send round my carriage precisely at six,
You dine Mister Brown at Lolypop Dick's."
So the little house in the little square
Heard the children's voices no longer there,
And the neighbors listened, at night, in vain,
For the welcome sound of the fiddle again.
Whenever the mayoress rides abroad,
Tim hobbles behind as far as the road,
And there by the gate with fiddle in hand,
Like a soldier on duty he takes his stand,
And he fiddles away to his heart's delight,
Till the mayoress and all are out of sight.
Long may he scrape to his heart's relief,
And long may the mayor eat turtle and beef,
For both have learned, as every one can,
It's the heart, not the figure, that makes the man.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they

wondered at the height and blueness of the sky ; they wondered at the depth of the bright water ; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the stars be sorry ? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the waters ; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky at night, must surely be the children of the stars ; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first, cried out " I see the star ! " And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night ; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, " God bless the star ! "

But while the sister was still very young, oh very young, she drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night ; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and

when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed: and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the stars made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither :

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him and it was night; and the star was shining.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader :

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said :

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son !"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader :

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother !"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here ! Take me !" And they answered him "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised !"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he

lay upon the bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago :

" I see the star !"

They whispered one another, " He is dying."

And he said, " I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me !"

And the star was shining ; and it shines upon his grave.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

[Who is the Author?]

England's sun, bright setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filled the land with misty beauty, at the close of one
sad day ;

And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and
maiden fair—

He with step so slow and weary ; she with sunny,
floating hair ;

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful : she, with
lips so cold and white,

Struggled to keep back the murmur, " Curfew must
not ring to-night."

" Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the
prison old,

With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and
damp and cold—

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to
die

At the ringing of the curfew ; and no earthly help is
nigh.

Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew
strangely white,

As she spoke in husky whispers: "Curfew must not
ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced
her young heart

Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly-
poisoned dart),

"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that
gloomy shadowed tower ;

Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight
hour ;

I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and
right ;

Now I'm old, I will not miss it. Girl, the curfew rings
to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white
her thoughtful brow ;

And, within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a
solemn vow.

She had listened, while the judges read, with a tear or
sigh,—

"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood *must*
die."

And her breath came fast and faster ; and her eyes
grew large and bright ;
One low murmur, scarcely spoken, " Curfew *must not*
ring to-night."

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the
old church-door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft
before :
Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with cheek
and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung
to and fro ;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one
ray of light,
Upward still her pale lip saying, " Curfew *shall not*
ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder ; o'er her hangs
the great dark bell ;
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway
down to hell ;
See ! the ponderous tongue is swinging ; 'tis the hour
of curfew now ;
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her
breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring ? No, never ! Her eyes flash
with sudden light,
As she springs, and grasps it firmly, " Curfew *shall not*
ring to-night."

Out she swung—far out: the city seemed a tiny
speck below—

There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro ;

And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not
heard the bell);

And he thought the twilight curfew rang young Basil's
funeral knell :

Still the maiden, clinging firmly, cheek and brow so
pale and whi^{te},

Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating: "*Curfew
shall not ring to-night.*"

It was o'er: the bell ceased swaying ; and the maiden
stepped once more

Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred
years before,

Human foot had not been planted ; and what she this
night had done

Should be told long ages after. As the rays of setting
sun

Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires, with
heads of white,

Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one
sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell: Bessie saw him;
and her brow,

Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden
beauty now ;

At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all
bruised and torn ;

And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so
sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with
misty light :
"Go! your lover lives," cried Cromwell : "curfew
shall not ring to-night."

A LEAP-YEAR WOOING.

DAVID MACRAE.

This time, four years ago, I lodged in Bath Street, with my old friend Tom Pidger. We lodged with a Mrs. Pritchard. There was a Mr. Pritchard, but Mr. Pritchard was nobody to speak of.

The rooms were neat, comfortable, and pleasantly situated, and Mrs. Pritchard was a tidy, honest, obliging woman, while Mr. Pritchard was a meek man in slippers, who dwelt in some unseen part of the house, and went messages, I believe, when wanted.

Tom Pidger, at the time I have named, was taking his last session at college ; and I regret to say that one of the effects of his college training had been to make Tom one of the most slovenly of fellows.

He went about the streets in an old black top-coat, —so rusty and threadbare that I should have blushed to offer it even to an old-clothes man. As for his linen, I doubt if he would ever have changed it, had our landlady, Mrs. Pritchard, not made a point of

taking his clean shirt into his bedroom every Sunday morning before Tom was up, and carrying the dirty one off. Then you should have seen Tom Pidger's hat! I have seen old hats in my time,—very old and shabby hats,—but I have never seen a hat like Tom's. I told him, if he persisted in going out with it, he would be taken for an Irishman! Tom wouldn't have cared though he had been taken for a gorilla.

If Tom ever looked worse than with his hat on, it was with his hat off. I never saw hair like Tom's; not that it had a bad color, but nothing would induce him ever to get it cut or brushed. One day it looked so very dry that I could not forbear remonstrating.

"Positively, Tom," I said, "you must pay some attention to your personal appearance. Why, your head is like a mop!" Tom didn't seem to see the harm of that.

I would have urged that the ladies would not tolerate his company if he kept himself so shockingly untidy; but as I knew Tom to be a woman-hater,—or, rather, a woman-scorner, for he did not think them worth hating,—I waived that point. So things went on as before.

I was not a woman-hater, for I had fallen in love with Fanny Everdale,—such a noble little girl!—had proposed to her and was accepted.

"Tom," said I, one night, when we were having our usual pipe by the fireside before going to bed,—
"Tom, you know Fanny Everdale?"

"If I don't, it isn't for want of hearing about her," replied Tom.

"Well, she and I are to be married next month."

Tom laughed. He thought I meant to be funny.

"On my honor, Tom, we are."

The tone struck him. His face became grave on the instant; and after looking steadily at me for a few moments, to assure himself that I was serious, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth and laid it on the mantel-piece. "Well, Dick," said he in a tone of great solemnity, "I couldn't have thought this of you. Have you considered this subject? Don't you know as well as I do, that, once married, you are done for? There is no backing out from that again. At your time of life, too, with the world all before you! Why, it's suicide,—moral and intellectual suicide! O, it cannot be! you're joking."

"Why, look here, Dick. Look at the philosophy of the thing. A wife! What have you to complain of here? Mrs. Pritchard is punctual with your meals. Mrs. Pritchard darns your socks. Mrs. Pritchard looks after your washing. Mrs. Pritchard stitches on your buttons. What more do you want?"

"Why, Tom, you seem to know nothing of the poetry of love.

"Poetry! don't mention poetry in that connection. Wait until you are awhile married. Wait until the curtain-lectures commence. You won't find much poetry in them.

"Hush! hear that," at that moment the nursery door on the other side of the passage-way opened for a moment, and a gust from half a dozen squalling

voices reached our ears. "That's bad enough, but wait until you are in the midst of the Babel, and can't escape. Wait until you have to dress the children, like that poor wretch Pritchard, and be badgered out of bed on the frosty nights, whenever a child so much as squawks ! You'll know what the poetry of love is then, my Trojan !"

It might be about a fortnight after, that Tom had occasion to be in Edinburgh for a day or two. On the evening of his return I observed that he looked very abstracted. He smoked by the fireside for an hour, I am sure, before retiring ; yet all my efforts to get him to talk were fruitless.

When he came home to dinner next day, fancy my amazement on seeing that he had got his hair cut !

"Hallo, Tom !" I exclaimed, "got your hair cut ?"

"Yes," replied Tom, "did you never see a fellow with his hair cut before ?"

"I haven't seen *you* very often, Tom."

He made no reply, and as it seemed to annoy him, I said nothing more about it. But really it did astonish me ; and my astonishment was by no means diminished when I found, the next morning, that he had brushed it carefully ; oiled it too, I was convinced, it looked so smooth and shiny. What should I find him doing next, but appearing in a clean shirt every second day or so, and actually quarrelling with Mrs. Pritchard herself for not starching the wristbands. My amazement was unbounded. I could not for the life of me account for it ; but, as the change was a

good one, and as I remembered the rebuff I got when I spoke about his hair, I considered it best to keep quiet.

And now Tom, who formerly could not be coaxed out of the house except at college hours, evinced a sudden propensity for afternoon walks. "Dick," he would say, at the very time when I used to enjoy a read by the fire,—“Dick, put on your hat, and let us have a stroll.”

“Bother it !” I used to say.

I went, but it was not a stroll. It was a regular, unvaried walk to Queen's Crescent, twice round the Crescent, and back again. It was the coldest, bleakest, and the most dismal round which could possibly have been selected. Yet this walk Tom would take, and no other. Soon, however, he gave over asking me to go,—seemed anxious, in fact, that I shouldn't go. One day, in particular, he suddenly appeared fully equipped, and said, “Well, I am off for a stroll.”

“Wait one minute,” I said, “and I shall be with you.”

“Don't mind,” cried Tom, glancing out of the window for a moment ; “I shan't be long. It looks as if it were going to rain,”—and hurried out. The afternoon wore away ; tea-time came ; yet Tom had not returned. He did not return until half-past ten.

“Hallo, Tom,” I said ; “you have taken a tolerably long stroll to-night.”

“I looked up to see my aunt. She's not very well just now.”

"Your aunt?"

"Yes, Aunt Patterson. By the way, I don't think you know her."

I certainly did not,—had never heard of her, to my knowledge.

Next day, when we had finished dinner, we drew our chairs to the fireside, and I proceeded to make some observations on the condition of Italy.

"O, hang it!" cried Tom, suddenly, clapping his hand upon his coat pocket, "I have forgotten to post that letter!" He threw on his hat and cloak, and was off. Half-past ten again before he returned!

"Hallo, Tom," I said; "you have taken considerable time to post that letter?"

"Letter? O, I was up seeing my aunt!"

"Ah! I had forgotten. Is she better to-night?"

"Well, no," replied Tom, dubiously; "I am afraid she is rather in a bad way."

"I am sorry for that. Well, come and let us have a quiet pipe."

"Not to-night, thank you."

"What!" I exclaimed, with the utmost astonishment, for Tom smoked every night with the regularity of clock-work, "not a smoke before going to bed?"

"No, I find it isn't agreeing with me."

So Tom retired, and I sat and smoked alone, wondering whether Tom could be considered insane, and where this very extraordinary change might be expected to end.

Next night I was up making some arrangements

with Fanny for our approaching marriage. "O Dick," she said, "what a merry fellow Tom Pidger is!"

"Tom Pidger! where did you see him?"

"He took tea with us at Mrs. Purdy's last night."

"Mrs. Patterson's, you mean?"

"No, Mrs. Purdy's, Queen's Crescent. Julia Purdy, you know, was a school companion of mine. We had such fun getting a pipe out of Tom's pocket, and at last Julia made him go down on his knees and promise that he would give up smoking that very night, and never put a pipe or cigar in his mouth again."

Here was a revelation! Now I began to discern the secret of Tom's reformation; his walks to Queen's Crescent; the time it took him to post his letter; and, finally, the illness of his aunt!

This was precious news. Keeping it to myself, however, I went home and found Tom sitting over the fire. "Ah, Tom!" said I, "I have sad news for you to-night."

"What?" inquired Tom, with a very long face.

"Compose yourself, my dear Tom; I have just heard that your aunt is dead!"

"Eh!"

"Dead and gone, Tom, is your poor aunt,—Mrs. Patterson." Another long pause,—Tom's face scarlet now. "Not Miss Purdy," I said at last, "O no!"

You should have seen Tom's face all this time. Shame and merriment, curiosity and chagrin, chased each other off and on. At last the ludicrous prevailed, and Tom broke into shouts of laughter, which it would

have done your heart good to hear. He looked very red in the face though, and at last told me everything.

The week following Fanny and I returned from our wedding trip ; and one evening Tom came for tea ; but took next to nothing, and seemed uncommonly nervous. At last said he, fingering his cup nervously, " Dick, I shall tell you what it is. You know—Julia ? "

" Of course I do. "

Tom gulped down a quantity of tea, and resumed, — " Well, I have been thinking—am thinking, in fact—that is—I want to marry Julia—if she'll have me ; " and Tom, who had blushed the deepest crimson to the very roots of his hair, made another gulp at his hot tea, and nearly choked himself.

" Tom, " I said, with great solemnity, " I didn't expect this of you. At your time of life, too, with the world all before you ! Why, it is suicide,—moral and intellectual suicide ! You think it is all poetry. Ah, my boy ! wait till the curtain-lectures commence— "

" O, come, come, Dick ; this is too bad ! " said Tom, stirring his tea violently.

" But tell me this, Dick. Tell me how to go about it. "

" Go about it ! Why, propose. "

" Propose ! Of course ; but how to propose. There's the rub. I attempted it on four different occasions, and always stuck just at the ticklish point. Then I thought of proposing by letter, and began half a dozen different sheets, but couldn't write one to please me. I even tried poetry, but failed there too. Now Dick,

what I want is this. I want you to tell me exactly how you managed it, and perhaps I could do it so, too."

"Well," I said, laughing, "I managed it in a very simple way. I had been spending an evening with Fanny, and at last got up and said (pulling out my watch,—this one), 'It's late, I must be off.' 'O no,' she said, 'it can't be ten yet.' 'Look for yourself,' I said, turning the watch towards her. She looked and observed this landscape on the face here. 'O what a sweet little cottage!' she said, pointing to it. 'Dear me,' I said, 'so it is; I never looked at it particularly before. What would you say, Fanny, to our taking a nice little cottage like that for ourselves, eh? and settling down there?' Well, she blushed, and I kissed her. And she squeezed my hand, as much as to say, 'O, do let us!' And so the thing was settled."

"Capital," cried Tom, jumping up excitedly, and striking the table with his hand, "that's admirable! I could manage that, I think. Dick, give me your watch for the night—there's nothing on the face of mine." The watches were exchange at once, and Tom, who couldn't wait a minute longer, put on his hat and started for Queen's Crescent in a state of intense excitement.

He reached Colonel Purdy's about six o'clock, and in the course of half an hour or so found himself alone with Julia. Apprehensive that, if he lost this opportunity, he might get no other that night, he pulled out the watch and said, "Getting late, Julia; I must be off."

"Late ! why, it isn't seven yet."

"Isn't it ? Look for yourself," said Tom, turning the watch towards her.

Julia looked. "Why, it isn't seven on yours, either."

"Dear me !" said Tom, "neither it is ! Pretty landscape that?—this here," and put his finger tremblingly on the watch-glass.

"So it is," Julia said with a smile, as she bent her face towards it—"a very sweet cottage."

"Very sweet cottage !" repeated Tom, with startling energy. "Remarkably sweet cottage ! Julia !" he continued; in soft and persuasive tones—"I say, Julia what would you—what would you say—it—it would cost to engrave that ?"

Alas for Tom he had failed once more.

Of this, however, I was ignorant, and called the next morning to ascertain how he had succeeded. Tom was out, and as I could not wait, I sat down to scribble a note, inviting him up that evening to tell me the result. I took his desk and was rumaging for a scrap of paper, when my eye fell on a sheet scribbled and blotted all over with what I at once perceived to be Tom's matrimonial proposals in verse. On the first page he had collected a host of rhyming words, to be introduced as they might happen to suit his turn. There were "bliss" and "kiss," "sing" and "ring," "life" and "wife," and many other sentimental monosyllables. Then there were "Julia" and "peculiar," with a query after the latter ; also, "Purdy," with

"sturdy" and "hurdy-gurdy," but Tom had drawn his pen through these, and, at last, his greatest and final effort, which was copied out by itself in the centre of the last page :—

"I am thine ;
Wilt thou be mine ?
Tell me, tell me, sweetest Julia.
Say the wordie,
Darling Purdy !
None can love you more or trulier.
My heart is fond,
All parallel beyond,
Although my poetry's peculiar."—

I had scarcely finished my note when Tom came in. His abject look told his story at once. "Come, come, Tom," I said ; "You musn't get down-hearted. 'Never say die,' you know, 'while there's a shot in the locker !'" Tom shook his head despairingly, as if conscious that the locker had been completely emptied on the night before. I cheered him up as best I could and left him.

"Fanny," I said, when I got home, "we must manage this business for Tom ourselves. This is *Leap-Year*, you know. Now, don't you think you could persuade Julia to pop the question?"

Fanny was exceedingly shocked at the idea at first, but I brought her round to my way of thinking, and we set ourselves to arrange how it could be best carried out. It was finally arranged that Fanny should go and tell Julia all about it, that, as Tom was to be

there that night, Julia should watch her opportunity, and in an off-hand manner ask him to let her see that cottage on the watch-face again; that, when Tom couldn't, not having the watch, Julia should say, "Never mind, Tom, we can get one like it for ourselves, can't we?"

Accordingly Fanny set out for Queen's Crescent, and I expected to hear nothing more of it until her return; but just as I was sitting down to tea a cab pulled up at the door, the bell rang furiously, and in the twinkling of an eye Tom burst into the room, in a perfect transport of delight, with his head more like a mop than ever, and Colonel Purdy's hat stuck on the very back of his head.

"Shake my hand, old fellow," cried Tom, stumbling over the cat, and nearly overturning the tea-things; "shake away, it's all right, it's all settled."

"What's right?"

"Julia, of course. Don't you know what year it is?" And Tom in his impatience accompanied each word with a fresh poke of his knuckles.

"*Leap-Year!*" cried Tom, giving me a frightful dig in the ribs that sent me staggering against the wall,—
"Leap-Year, you old fellow, and Julia has popped the question!"

"You don't mean it?"

"It's a fact, I assure you. She asked for a look of the cottage,—on your watch, you know,—and I thought, O what a splendid chance, if I had it! But of course I hadn't. 'Never mind,' said Julia, getting

very red in the face, and bending down to pick something off the carpet, 'this is Leap-Year, you know ; so I propose that we get a cottage just like it for ourselves.' She did, Dick, upon my word. Did you ever hear of anything so extraordinary ? The very thing, you know, that I was to have said ! Well, I felt something jump right up into my throat, and not a word could I utter ; but I ran over and—and—"

Tom could say no more, but he made a violent demonstration of clasping some one in his arms, which was sufficiently expressive ; and then, in the exuberance of his joy, began to beat a tattoo on Colonel Purdy's hat, and to execute a dance a shade or too wilder than the Highland Fling round and round the table.

To which exercise I shall leave him, to advise all young ladies who have beaux like Tom Pidger to glean the moral from my story, and not forget that Leap-Year will soon be here again.

THE CONTRACTOR'S DREAM.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I.

Indeed, there's no sense in it, Hester ;
It cannot be done for the price ;
And I'm not the man to be swindled
By takin' a woman's advice.
So go an' look after the chil'ren ;
They need you—I haven't a doubt—
An' don't act as if you were sartin
I didn't know what I'm about !

For though it's ag'in the commandments
Your neighbors to covet or rob,
There a'n't nothin' said ag'in makin'
The most of a gover'ment job ;
An' ez I a'n't graspin' or greedy,
Or any way burdened with pelf,
I'd be a redickerlous ninny
Ef I didn't look out for myself !

Now Hester, just mind your own business,
An' don't be a-preachin' to me ;
Fer ef you keep talkin' till doomsday,
You'll find that we cannot agree :
Well, hev the last word ef yer want to !
It's all very nice to pretend
Yer don't like the smell o' the money
Yer'll be willin' enough to spend !

II.

What?—A terrible railroad disaster !
An' how many lives wus there lost ?

Why that was the harnsomet structur',
 That ever an engineer crossed !
 It a'n't very often, I tell yer,
 Yer see such a beautiful span ;
 An' that death should destroy it so easy,
 Wa'n't down in the architect's plan.

Another bridge wrecked in an instant !
 An' hundreds gone down in the flood !
 My God !—how these agonies crowd on
 Each other, an' curdle the blood !—
 'Tis Hester !—the children !—they struggle
 An' scream in their terrible fright,
 An' I cannot help them, or save them,
 Ere death hurls them out o' my sight !

I did it !—'Twas cold-blooded murder,
 Without any plea for defense ;
 I thought not of lives that were precious,
 When countin' out dollars and cents ?
 They'll find out the flaw in the iron,
 An' what in the world can I say ?
 O God !—Is that Hester that's askin',
 "Now John, does dishonesty pay ?"

III.

No it don't. An' I'll tell yer what, Hester,
 I guess that I'll take your advice,
 An' write to them parties to-morrer
 That it cannot be done for the price.
 I've just had a dream that went through me,
 An' shook me 'most into a fit,
 An' I think I won't make a good scoundrel
 For I a'n't got a morsel o' grit.

We can't live in this world forever,
 An' accidents happen, we know,

That hurry some critters to judgment
Before they're quite ready to go,
But ef any bridge I hed builded
Right into etarnity swung,
Because of a flaw in the stuff, why
I'd feel that I ought to be hung !

I ra'ally believe there's an angel
A-goin' round, hammer in hand,
An' a tryin' the work we are doin'
To see ef it's goin' to stand.
An' ef a man ever is tempted
To labor for Satan a spell,
The bridge that he started for Heaven,
May let him down quick into Hell !

HARRY AND I.

We stood where the snake-like ivy
Climbed over the meadow bars,
And watched as the young night sprinkled
The sky with her cream-white stars.
The clover was red beneath us ;
The air had the smell of June ;
The cricket chirped in the grasses ;
And the soft rays of the moon

Drew our shadows on the meadow,
Distorted and lank and tall ;
His shadow was kissing my shadow—
That was the best of all.
My heart leaped up as he whispered,
"I love you, Margery Lee ;"
For then one arm of his shadow
Went round the shadow of me.

"I love you, Margery, darling,
 Because you are young and fair ;
 For your eyes' bewildering blueness,
 And the gold of your curling hair.
 No queen has hands that are whiter,
 No lark has a voice so sweet.
 And your ripe young lips are redder
 Than the clover at our feet.

"My heart will break with its fullness ;
 Like a cloud o'ercharged with rain ;
 Oh tell me, Margery, darling !
 How long must I love in vain ?"
 With blushes and smiles I answered—
 (I will not tell what)—just then
 I saw that his saucy shadow
 Was kissing my own again.

He promised to love me only ;
 I promised to love but him,
 Till the moon fell out of the heavens,
 And the stars with age grew dim.
 Oh the strength of man's devotion !
 Oh the vows a woman speaks !
 'Tis years since that blush of rapture
 Broke redly over my cheeks.

He found a gold that was brighter
 Than that of my floating curls,
 And married a cross-eyed widow
 With a dozen grown-up girls.
 And I—did I pine and languish ?
 Did I weep my blue eyes sore ?
 Or break my heart do you fancy,
 For love that was mine no more ?

I stand to-night in the meadows
 Where Harry and I stood then,

And the moon has drawn two shadows
Out over the grass again.
And a low voice keeps repeating,—
So close to my startled ear
That the shadows melt together,—
“I love you, Margery, dear.

“’Tis not for your cheeks’ rich crimson,
And not for your eyes’ soft blue,
But because your heart is tender,
And noble and pure and true.”
The voice is dearer than Harry’s;
And so I am glad you see.
He married the cross-eyed widow,
Instead of Margery Lee.

A DRUNKEN SOLILOQUY IN A COAL-
CELLAR.

A. BURNETT.

Let’s see, where am I? This is coal I’m lying on.
How ’d I get here? Yes, I mind now; was coming
up street; met a wheel-barrow what was drunk, coming
t’other way. That wheel-barrow fell over me, or I fell
over the wheel-barrow, and *one* of us fell into the cellar;
don’t mind now which, guess it must have been me.
I’m a nice young man; yes, I am—tight, tore, drunk.
shot! Well, I can’t help it, ’tant my fault. Wonder
whose fault it is? Is it Jones’s fault? No! Is it my
wife’s fault? No-o-o! It’s WHISKEY’S FAULT!
WHISKEY! Who’s whiskey? Has he got a large

family ? Got many relations ? All poor I reckon. I won't own him any more ; cut his acquaintance. I have had a notion of doing that for the last ten years ; always hated to, though ; for fear of hurting his feelin's, I'll do it now, for I believe liquor is injurin' me ; it's spoilin' my temper. Sometimes I gets mad, and abuses Bets. When I come home, she used to put her arms around my neck and kiss me, and call me "dear William ! " When I come home now, she takes her pipe out of her mouth, puts the hair out of her eyes, and looks at me and says, " Bill, you druken brute, shut the door after you ! We're cold enough, havin' no fire, 'thout lettin' the snow blow in that way." Yes, she's Bets, and I'm Bill now ; I an't a good bill, no'ther. I'm counterfeit ; won't pass (a tavern without' goin' in and gettin' a drink.) Don't know what bank I'm on ; last Sunday was on the river-bank, at the Corn Exchange, drunk ! I stay out pretty late—sometimes out all night, when Bets bars the door with a bedpost. Fact is, I'm out pretty much all over—out of friends, out of pocket, out at elbows and knees, and outrageously dirty. So Bets says ; but she's no judge, for she's never clean herself. I wonder she don't wear good clothes. May be she an't got any ! Whose fault is that ? 'Tan't mine ! It may be whiskey's. Sometimes I'm in ; I'm in-toxicated now, and in somebody's coal-cellar. I've got one good principle : I never runs in debt—'cause nobody won't trust me. One of my coat-tails is gone ; got tore off, I expect, when I fell down here. I'll have to get a new suit soon. A fellow

told me t'other day that I'd make a good sign for a paper-mill. If he hadn't been so big, I'd licked him. I an't very stout, neither, though I'm full in the face. As the boys say, "I'm fat as a match and healthy as the small-pox." It's getting cold down here; wonder how I'll get out? I an't able to climb; if I had a drink, I think I could do it. Let's see, I an't got three cents. Wish I was in a tavern, I could sponge it then. When anybody treats, and says, "Come, fellers!" I always thinks my name is fellers, and I've too good manners to refuse. I must leave this place, or I'll be arrested for burglary, and I an't come to that. Anyway, it was the wheelbarrow did the harm, and not me.

DEACON GOODHEART.

Deacon Goodheart, let me introduce him to you. He was not exactly corpulent, I won't say that; but he was, to put it mildly, a little stout. I cannot say how tall he was. I never thought of his height: no one ever did when he saw him. It was not his height, but his thickness, you thought of. His countenance was full and florid,—a fact which should have cost him twenty votes at his election; and, when he laughed, it shook and wrinkled and flushed until it looked no more like a deacon's than a forty-pound watermelon looks like a little warty, shrivelled, crooked-necked gourd. The deacon served as usher at the Rectangular Church. And what

an usher he was ! To see him come sailing down the aisle, his face beaming a benignant welcome upon you ; to be addressed as if the whole church belonged to you, and you have only to elect your favorite sitting, when every seat is jammed ; to have him act as if your coming was a personal favor, and the service would not have been quite complete without your presence,—surely such an usher is invaluable.

Deacon Goodheart was something more than an usher : he was the best of deacons. He was not rich in money, and yet no one deemed him poor ; for the church all felt that he had great riches laid up somewhere ahead of him, and that he would come to them one day, and be as rich as the richest. His face was like a full moon, flushed with summer's warmth ; you remember how it looks,—a perfect sphere of beaming benignity. Mirth looked laughingly out of his eyes, peered roguishly from the corners of his mouth, and sat demurely on his rounded chin. His face was a constant challenge to humor. The language of its look was, " Say something funny, and see me laugh." The children all loved him, of course. He won their love by loving them. Whenever he came in sight, they swarmed around him. They would climb his knees and back, and perch upon his shoulders, and cling laughingly around his neck, until he looked like a pyramid covered with morning-glories. He had no children after the flesh himself ; but he counted his children after the spirit by scores. And, when the

deacon dies, his going hence will make more children glad in heaven, and sad on earth, than the death of any other man I know.

But it was what he did, and his way of doing it, and not what he said, that made his name so fit and mirror-like to his character.

It was night—a night such as the rich love, and the poor hate ; cold, bitter, and piercing. The air was full of snow ; while ever and anon a shower of sleet half-frozen, mingled with hail, plunged downward, or was slashed heavily against the walls of the houses. The winds were rampant : they roared around the corners, careered along the streets, shook the shutters of the houses, and wrestled at the lamp-posts until the gas-jets flared and sputtered in deadly fear lest they should be extinguished. It was a night to be remembered in mansion and garret alike. How warm the velvet carpet, how cheerful the glowing grate, how gay the laughter sounds, and how the swell of music rises, where love and plenty sit when the storm roars without, and the snow drives against the curtained pane ! Never is warmth so warm, never luxury so luxurious, never wealth so satisfactory, as then.

But to those who live in garrets, or burrow in cellars, such a night is terrible. Black as the heavens seems to them their fate. Oh the lack of clothing ! Oh the absence of light ! How the old rookery shakes as the gale smites it ! How the snow sifts through the ill-thatched roof, or whirls in eddies

across the uneven floor ! How the healthy curse, and the sick moan, and the drunken rave or lie in leaden sleep, while the limbs stiffen, and the soul steals shiveringly out of the unwarmed body, and is borne away by the colder winds !

It was on such a night that Deacon Goodheart left his snug home, his warm fireside, and his loving wife, who murmured at his going, and yet, womanlike, loved him all the better in her heart for doing it, and started out in search of those who needed the Christian's loaf and the Christian's presence. Few deacons, I ween, were on the street that night. It is so much easier, you know, good friends, to pray for the poor in your snug chambers, with your hands laid softly on the warm flannel and the white pillow waiting you, than to go forth into the cold snow, and wade your way toward the fulfilment of your prayer. But the good deacon—God bless him, and all like him, in and out of the church !—had a queer theology ; and he held that deacons never prayed aright unless they went and did themselves what they asked God to do. Thus upheld, buttoned to the chin, and warmly gloved, he opened the door of his dwelling, and plunged out into the darkness.

Now, the deacon was no gymnast. He was large, as I have hinted, and not remarkably agile. The snow lay a foot in depth, the flagging was iced beneath ; and, as he stepped boldly off into the drift, some of you may imagine the result. The deacon slipped—even deacons do make a slip occasionally,

—the deacon slipped, I say; slipped with both feet at once; slipped, and sat down. It was well done, as only a deacon of his size could do it. He was a man of decision, and he sat down decidedly. His first thought was of his wife. Had she seen him? Horrors! if she had! He knew that he closed the door behind him; but had she, in her loving anxiety, followed him? He twisted himself about, and cast a look of agony at the door. Blessed absence! her darling face was not there. But had she heard him? She *must* have. It seemed to him that he had shaken the entire block when he struck the pavement. But *no*: the good woman had resigned him to the care of Providence, and Providence was now dealing with him alone. Yes, he was unobserved. A feeling of sweet complacency stole over him. There are positions perfectly honorable in themselves, but in which a man does not like to be looked at. The deacon started to get up: He lifted himself on his palms to the full length of his arms; and there he hung a moment, hung dubiously, and then sat down again. The deacon laughed. Friends, it is not every man that can laugh all to himself, without company, after he has sat down on an icy pavement as decidedly as the good deacon had. I said he began to laugh. That laugh started him. He began to slide. The more he slid, the louder he laughed; and, the more he laughed, the faster he slid. He slid as if he were greased. He swept the sidewalks like an orthodox whirlwind. At last he finished his declension. He

rose and was pushing on, when a low sound arrested his step. It came from the second story of an old house on his left.

The deacon climbed the stairs, which creaked and groaned beneath his weight like a living thing in torture : and paused to listen. A feeble moan penetrated the dividing wall, stole out into the cold air, and died away amid the roaring of the storm. It was a child's voice, and the sadness of it touched him deeply. A door was right before him. He lifted the latch, and stepped into the room. In the farther corner stood a bedstead, and a heap of unbound straw, covered by an old blanket, composed the bed. It was a bed barely fit for a dog to lie on ; and yet a girl lay on it, and a girl, too, born in the mould of beauty. In years she might have seen eight winters. The happy reckon life by summers, friends ; but wretchedness counts its life by its experiences of suffering ; and so I say the girl that lay groaning on that blanket might have seen eight winters. Her face was white as the snow upon the floor, and almost as cold. And yet, the face was lovely. Starvation and sickness had done their utmost, and yet had left it beautiful. Her hair was of the color of yellow gold shaded with bronze ; and its tangled wealth swathed the coarse pillow, and framed her white face in like a rich aureole such as the old painters, the great masters of color, loved to paint around the heads of their Madonnas. The deacon sat upon the edge of the bed, and took her thin hands in his, and said, " My

little girl, what is your name ? ” and she, in a low, weak voice, replied, “ My name is Mary, Sir ; and who be you ? ” — “ My name is Goodheart ; and I have come to make you warm and well and happy. ” She looked at him for a moment, as if in doubt that he spoke honestly ; and then said, “ You have been a long time coming, sir. ” — “ But I am here at last, Mary ; and I am going right to work to make you comfortable, and get you well. ” — I never shall get well, sir,” she replied : “ I am going to die, and be put in the ground. ” — “ Oh, no, you are not ! ” “ You must get well. You don’t wish to die, do you ? ” — “ Yes, sir, I do, ” “ I did not wish to once, when I could run about, and keep warm. But it is so cold here, sir ! I guess I shall be warmer in the ground ; ” and a shiver ran through her little frame. The deacon rose. A startled look came to his face. Could it be that the child was dying ? He pulled off his great fur coat, and placed it over her ; and then he knelt beside her, and smoothed back the tangled strands of golden hair that swept her forehead ; and warmth came back to her little half-frozen limbs ; and the fringed lids drooped over the waxen skin, as a light shadow outlines itself upon the snow in moonlight.

The deacon smiled. His face brightened in hope ; and he said, “ Mary, I must leave you for a little time. I am going to get some wood, and make a nice, warm fire, and bring you something to eat ; and tomorrow I shall take you home with me ; you shall

never leave me, but always stay, and be my little girl." And then, he whispered, "Do you think that you shall sleep now, Mary?" And she answered, "Yes, sir : I shall sleep."

An hour passed by, and the deacon entered the room again, loaded with fuel, and supplies of comfort. He filled the fireplace with wood, and kindled it, and stood a moment, as the flames leaped up, and dried his wet hands. And then he lifted the candle from the floor, and stepped softly to the bed. Mary lay still hidden away under the great robe. He smiled, and said, "The child sleeps, and the child shall live!" He placed his hand upon the cover, and folded it slowly back, until her face, pillowed amid its wealth of golden hair, was seen, sad and white and still. The deacon gazed a moment doubtingly. And then a look of reverent awe, a look as of one who has come near to God, came to his countenance ; and he said, "The child does indeed sleep, and the child shall indeed live ; but her sleep is not the slumber of this earth, and her life is that forever lived with God."

And then, as if stricken with the sense of some great loss, the fading out of some bright hope, the deacon knelt ; and bowing his head upon his crossed arms, while the wind roared outside, and the firelight died away in ghostly glimmers along the wall, he broke out and sobbed aloud.

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

WM. M. CARLTON.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,

For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out,

We who have worked together so long as man and wife

Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter," says you? I swan! it's hard to tell!

Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;

I have no other woman—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;

And we've agreed together that we can never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;

We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;

I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,

And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our
creed ;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing
at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we
couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a
cow ;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question
was only—How?
I held my opinion, and Betsy another had ;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was
mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke ;
But for full a week it lasted and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I fretted because she broke a
bowl ;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any
soul.

And so I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked
with me ;
And we have agreed together that we can never
agree ;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall
be mine ;

And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to
sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary
day,
And its nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her
pay.

Give her the house and homestead ; a man can thrive
and roam;
But women are wretched critters, unless they have a
home.
And I have always determined and never failed to
say,
That Betsy never should want a home, if I was taken
away.

There is a little hard money besides, that's drawin'
tol'able pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at ;
Put in another clause there, and give her all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her so
much ;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such ;
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and
young,
And Betsy was always good to me exceptin' with her
tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart,
 perhaps,
 For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other
 chaps;
 And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
 And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in
 town.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen
 clean,
 Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen,
 And I don't complain of Betsy or any or her acts,
 Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other
 facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-
 night,
 And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right;
 And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I
 know—
 And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the
 world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me, didn't
 occur;
 That when I am dead at last she will bring me back
 to her,
 And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
 When she and I was happy, before we quarrelled so.
 And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by
 me;

And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree ;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it
 queer
If we loved each other the better because we've quar-
 relled here.

HOW BETSY AND I MADE UP.

WILL. M. CARLETON.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer ; how do you do to-
 day ?

You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay,
Don't cut down your figures ; make it an X or a V ;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of
 me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to
 do ;
And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive.
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see
 where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load ;
No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road ;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we
 might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel
led.

When I ought to've held my temper, and driven
straight ahead ;

And the more I thought it over the more these me-
mories came,

And the more I struck the opinion that I was the
most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my
mind.

Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsy was good
and kind ;

And these things they flashed all through me, as you
know things sometimes will,

When a feller's alone in the darkness, and every thing
is still.

" But," says I, " we're too far along to take an-
other track,

And when I put my hand to the plow I do not oft
turn back ;

And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to
smash in two ;"

And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it
through.

When I came in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in
the night,

And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light ;

Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person
makes,

But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull
up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for
me—

As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see ;
And I crammed the agreement down in my pocket as
well as I could,

And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't
taste good.

And Betsy she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat would
watch a mouse ;

And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong
side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drewed the agree-
ment out,

And give it to her without a word, for she knowed
what 'twas about,

And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then
a note

Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my
throat.

Then Betsy she got her specks from off the mantel-
shelf,

And read the article over quite softly to herself ;



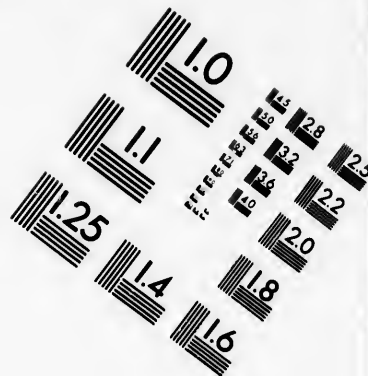
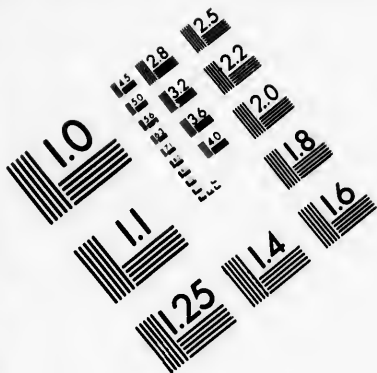
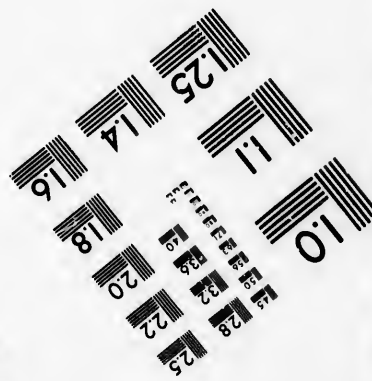
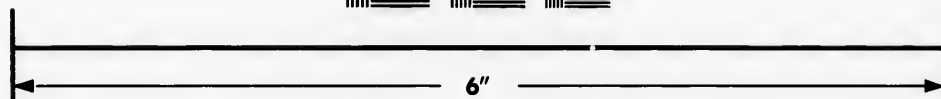
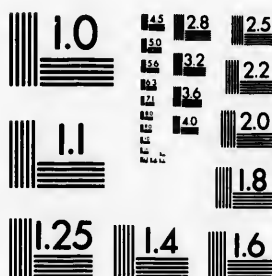


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Read it by little and little, for her eyes are gettin'
old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's
cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too
much ;
But when she was through she went for me, her face
a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years.

I don't know what you'll think, Sir,—I didn't come to
inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the
fire ;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the
cow ;
And we struck an agreement never to have another
row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross
or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to
smash ;
And she said in regard to *heaven*, we'd try and learn
its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it *here*
on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night.

And opened our hearts to each other until they both
grew light ;

And the days when I was winnin' her away from so
many men

Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an *ancient virgin* took pains to call on
us.

Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another
fuss ;

But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsy rose politely, and showed her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or
two ;

But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just
what to do ;

When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a
laugh,

And the first one's ready to give up considerable more
than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, a-talking in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once
in a while ;

And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can
see

That that written agreement of yours was just the
makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer ; don't stop short
of an X ;

Make it *more* if you want to, for I have got the
checks ;
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures
told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her
weight in gold.

A CAMP-MEETING IN TEXAS.

In September, 1836, the following notice might have been seen upon the doors of every public house and grocery, attached to the largest trees near the cross-roads and principal trails, and even in the remote dells of the mountains of Texas, miles away from a human habitation.

Barbecue Camp-Meeting.

" There will be a camp-meeting, to commence the last Monday of this month, at the Double-spring Grove, near Peter Brinton's, in the county of Shelby.

" The exercises will open with a splendid barbecue.

" The preparations are being made to suit all tastes : there will be a good barbecue, better liquor, and the best of Gospel. (Signed) PAUL DENTON, Missionary, M.E.C."

The day came, and, as he had anticipated, the meat and drink brought a crowd—a motley crowd of hunters and herdsmen, gamblers and refugees, forgers, thieves, robbers and murderers—the very ears he wished to reach. A social pandemonium, unprincipled, without courts, or prisons, or churches; or school-houses, or even the shadow of civil authority or subordination.

Hence all prudent evangelists soon learned to shun the left bank of the Sabine as if it had been infested by a cohort of demons.

The tumult was deafening—a tornado of babbling tongues, shouting, quarreling, betting, and cursing for amusement. Suddenly a cry arose: "*Colonel Watt Foeman—hurrah for Colonel Watt Foeman!*" and the crowd parted right and left to let the lion lyncher pass. The loadstar advanced with a satanic countenance, ferocious,—murderous. He was a tall, athletic, powerful man; his train, a dozen armed desperadoes. He ordered the dinner served, and it was spread before him. When prepared to commence the sumptuous repast, a voice pealed from the pulpit loud as the blast of a trumpet in battle, "*Stay Gentlemen and ladies till the giver of the barbecue asks God's blessing!*"

Every ear started, every eye was directed to the speaker, and a whisperless silence ensued, for all alike were struck by his remarkable appearance. He was a giant in stature though scarcely twenty years of age; his hair, dark as the raven's wing, flowed down his immense shoulders in masses of natural ringlets more beautiful than any ever wreathed around the jeweled brow of a queen by the labored achievements of human art; his eyes black as midnight, beamed like stars over a face as pale as Parian marble—calm, passionless, spiritual. The heterogenous mass gazed in mute astonishment. The missionary prayed, but it sounded like no other prayer ever addressed to the throne of the Almighty. It contained no encomiums on the splendors of the divine

attributes—no petitions in the tones of command—no orisons for different places, times, or objects ; it related exclusively to the present people and the present hour : it was the cry of the naked soul, and that soul a beggar for the bread and water of eternal life. “*Now*, my friends,” he said, “partake of God’s gifts at the table, and then come and sit down, and listen to his Gospel.”

One heart, however humbled the rest, was maddened by the preacher’s wonderful powers. Colonel Watt Foeman exclaimed in a sneering voice, “Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue, but better liquor ; where is your liquor ?”

“There !” answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the double spring gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. “*There !*” he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet ; “there is the liquor which God, the Eternal brews for all his children ! Not in the simmering still, over smoking fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God himself brews it ; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing—and high upon the mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where

the storm-cloud broods and the thunder-storms crash—
and away, far away out on the wide, wide sea, where
the hurricane howls music, and big waves roar the
chorus, 'sweeping the march of God'—*there* he brews
it, that beverage of life, health-giving water !

"And everywhere it is a thing of beauty. Gleaming
in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in
the ice-gem till the trees seem turned to living jewels,
spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white
gauze around the midnight moon ; sporting in the
cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail
shower, folding bright snow-curtains softly above the
wintry world, and weaving the many-colored iris, that
seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain of
earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all check-
ered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of
rarefaction—still always it is beautiful, that blessed
cold water ! No poison bubbles on its brink—its foam
brings not madness and murder—no blood stains its
liquid glass—pale widows and starving orphans weep
not burning tears in its clear depths—no drunkard's
shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of
despair ! Speak out, my friends ; would you exchange
it for the demon's drink—alcohol ?"

A shout like the roar of the tempest answered "No !
No !"

THE NEWSBOY'S DEBT.

Only last year, at Christmas-time,
 While pacing down the city street,
 I saw a tiny, ill-clad boy—
 One of the many that we meet—

As ragged as a boy could be,
 With half a cap, with one good shoe ;
 Just patches to keep out the wind—
 I know the wind blew kneely too :

A newsboy, with a newsboy's lungs,
 A square Scotch face, an honest brow,
 And eyes that liked to smile so well,
 They had not yet forgotten how :

A newsboy, hawking his last sheets
 With loud persistence. Now and then
 Stopping to beat his stiffened hands,
 And trudging bravely on again.

Dodging about among the crowd,
 Shouting his "Extras" o'er and o'er ;
 Pausing by whiles to cheat the wind
 Within some alley, by some door.

At last he stopped—six papers left,
 Tucked hopelessly beneath his arm—
 To eye a fruiterer's outspread store ;
 Here products from some country farm,

And their confections, all adorned
With wreathed and clustered leaves and flowers
While little founts, like frosted spires,
Tossed up and down their mimic showers.

He stood and gazed with wistful face,
All a child's longing in his eyes ;
Then started, as I touched his arm,
And turned in quick, mechanic wise,

Raised his torn cap with purple hands,
Said, " Papers, Sir? *The Evening's News* !"
He brushed away a freezing tear,
And shivered, " Oh, sir, don't refuse !"

" How many have you? Never mind—
Don't stop to count—I'll take them all ;
And when you pass my office here,
With stock on hand give me a call."

He thanked me with a broad Scotch smile,
A look half wondering and half glad,
I fumbled for the proper " change,"
And said, " You seem a little lad

" To rough it in the streets like this."
" I'm ten years old on Christmas-day !"
" Your name? " Jim Hanley." Here's a crown,
You'll get change there across the way,

" Five shillings. When you get it changed
Come to my office—that's the place.

Now wait a bit, there's time enough
You need not run a headlong race.

"Where do you live?" "' Most any where.
We hired a stable loft to-day.
Me and two others." "And you thought,
The fruiterer's window pretty, hey?"

"Or, were you hungry?" "Just a bit,"
He answered bravely, as he might.
"I couldn't buy a breakfast, sir,
And had no money left last night."

"And you are cold?" "Ay, just a bit.
I don't mind cold." "Why that is strange!"
He smiled and pulled his ragged cap,
And darted off to get the "change."

So, with a half-unconscious sigh,
I sought my office desk again :
An hour or more my busy wits
Found work enough with book and pen.

But when the mantel clock struck five
I started with a sudden thought,
For there beside my hat and cloak
Lay those six papers I had bought.

"Why, where's the boy? and where's the 'change'
He should have brought an hour ago?
Ah, well! ah, well! they're all alike!
I was a fool to tempt him so.

" Dishonest ! Well I might have known;
And yet his face seemed candid, too.
He would have earned the difference
If he had brought me what was due.

" But caution often comes too late."
And so I took my homeward way,
Deeming distrust of human kind
The only lesson of the day.

Just two days later, as I sat,
Half dozing, in my office chair,
I heard a timid knock, and called,
In my brusque fashion, " Who is there ? "

An urchin entered, barely seven—
The same Scotch face, the same blue eyes—
And stood, half doubtful, at the door,
Abashed at my forbidding guise.

" Sir, if you please, my brother Jim—
The one you give the crown, you know—
He could'nt bring the money, sir,
Because his back was hurted so.

" He didn't mean to keep the ' change'
He got runned over up the street ;
One wheel went right across his back,
And t'other fore-wheel mashed his feet.

" They stopped the horses just in time,
And then they took him up for dead,

And all that day and yesterday
He was'nt rightly in his head.

"They took him to the hospital—
One of the news boys knew 'twas Jim—
And I went too, because, you see,
We two are brothers, I and him.

"He had that money in his hand,
And never saw it any more.
Indeed, he didn't mean to steal !
He never stole a pin before !

"He was afraid that you might think
He meant to keep it, any way ;
This morning when they brought him to,
He cried because he couldn't pay.

"He made me fetch his jacket here ;
It's torn and dirtied pretty bad ;
It's only fit to sell for rags,
But then, you know, it's all he had.

"When he get's well—it won't be long—
If you will call the money lent,
He says he'll work his fingers off
But what he'll pay you every cent."

And then he cast a rueful glance
At the soiled jacket where it lay.
"No, no, my boy ! take back the coat.
Your brother's badly hurt, you say ?

"Where did they take him? Just run out
And hail a cab, then wait for me.
Why, I would give a thousand coats,
And pounds, for such a boy as he!"

A half-hour after this we stood
Together in the crowded wards,
And the nurse checked the hasty steps
That fell too loudly on the boards,

I thought him smiling in his sleep,
And scarce believed her when she said,
Smoothing away the tangled hair
From brow and cheek, "The boy is dead."

Dead? dead so soon? How fair he looked!
One streak of sunshine on his hair.
Poor lad! Well, it is warm in heaven:
No need of "change" and jacket there!

And something rising in my throat
Made it, so hard for me to speak,
I turned away and left a tear
Lying upon his sunburned cheek.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

I KNOW when the good time coming,
 That seems so far away—
 Such a distant, dim to-morrow—
 Shall be a glad to-day !
 It will be when all the maidens
 Shall place beneath the ban
 Of their indifferent scorning,
 Each tippling, drinking man.

When every girl and woman
 Who knows enough to think,
 Shall tell her would-be lovers :
 " I wed no slave of drink.
 No devotee of Bacchus
 Need bow before my shrine,
 And offer a heart divided
 Between me and his wine."

If all the noble women
 Would tell their lovers this,
 " The lips that touch the wine-cup
 Our own can never kiss,"
 I'm sure 'twould answer better
 Toward helping on the cause,
 And making men abstainers,
 Then half a dozen laws.

But if women will not do it,
Why, then, we'll work away
With laws and books and lectures ;
But still I think and say,
If girls would go about it,
Each, every one, and all,
They could sweep away the traffic,
And crush old Alcohol.

Hurrah ! for the valient maidens,
The maidens tried and true,
Who will not wed wine-bibbers !
Are you among the few ?
If so, then you are hasting
The great good time to come ;
If not, then you are helping
That fiend and demon, Rum.

ELLA WHEELER.

HOUSE OF DOGS.

There is a great difference of opinion on the subject of dogs. By some people they are admired, and fondled, and petted, and have collars around their necks and embroidered blankets for their backs, and lie on the lady's pillow, and are members of the family, the first question in coming into the house after a ride being, "Where is Spot?"

Others abhor dogs. The innocent canines, passing the threshold, are met with emphatic "*Get out!*" They go with their head down all their days, once in a while lifting a timid eye to a passer-by; but then, as if to atone for the outrage, giving a yelp of repentance and darting down the road.

One-half of the dogs you see bear the marks of humiliation. They never saw a bone till all the meat was picked off, and no sooner did they find the gill of a beheaded chicken, and had gone under the shed for a noonday repast, than they were howled away. They have had split sticks on their tail, and tin pails appended, the whole bevy of boys shouting as the miserable cur went down the street. He frisked up pleasantly to greet a sweet lady as she came in the gate, and the damsel shrieked as if she had been massacred, and threw herself into the arms of her friends as soon as the door was opened, crying, "That horrid dog!" What chance have dogs at respectability? Who wonders that they steal sheep?

Now there is, back of Hoboken, a kennel large enough to accommodate fifty dogs. One day a citizen, passing that way, was reading an account of a great international council to be called, and forthwith the great dog that inhabited the big kennel took the suggestion, and said, "I will make proclamation to all the kingdom of dogs, and they shall come to declare and avenge their wrongs."

Soon there was much barking, and it was found

out that the clans were gathering. The amphitheatre of the kennel was crowded with hunters' dogs and teamster's dogs, and ladies' dogs, and rowdies' dogs. The great bull-dog, with one huge growl, called the meeting to order, himself taking the chair.

He growled at the cruelty of men, and growled at the folly of women, and growled at the outrages of children, till his growl grew into a furious bark, in which the audience joined, rat-terries snarling, greyhounds baying, spaniels yelping, so that the tumult was louder than a whole pack on the fox-chase. All attempts at gaining order were ineffectual, till presiding bull-dog took rat-terrier by the neck, and shook him till the bones cracked, and all the poodles shrieked in fright.

Several watch-dogs seated themselves at the reporters' desk, and took notes of proceedings. A letter of regret, post-marked Switzerland, was read from a Saint Bernard dog, saying that he could not come, being busy in saving travellers from the snow in the Alpine passes, but signified himself ready to accept any dogma that might be enacted by the "House of Dogs." A letter was also read from an English-pointer. He scorned the invitation to be present. He did not believe in Democratic assemblages, he having descended from the most aristocratic pointer of all history, could not have anything to do with American mongrels. One of his great-grandfathers had been on the chase with George the Third, and an ancestor on his mother's side had run under the carriage of the Lord Mayor of London.

At this point a fiery blood-hound sprang to his feet, and offered the following resolutions :—

Whereas, All dogs have by nature certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ; therefore,

Resolved, 1stly, That we express our indignation at the treatment received from the human race.

Resolved, 2dly, That to extirpate the evil, all dogs hereafter be allowed to vote, white and black, male and female.

At this point the whole convention rose up into riot. The more conservative declared that in this matter of sufferage everything depends on the colour of the dog, and that as to the females, he thought it would be far more respectable if they stayed at home and took care of the pups.

The uproar bid fair to break up the convention, had not a frisky canine mounted the stage, and in very witty style addressed the meeting. The crowd saw that something pleasant was coming, for he kept wagging his tail—indeed, he was a perfect wag. His speech was not printed, for the reporter was requested not to take it down, as he might want, at some other convention, to make the same speech. Suffice it to say, the whole convention were thrown into good humour, and sat with the sides of their mouths drawn back, and their tongues out in perfect glee.

Discussion of the resolutions being in order, butcher's dog took the stand. He complained that he had received nothing at the hands of man but cruelty

and meanness. Surrounded as he had been always by porter-house steaks, and calf's liver, and luscious shank-pieces, and lamb-chops, he had been kept on gristle and lights. In the peroration of his speech, he said : "Hear it, ye dogs ! Was it for this that we were spared in the Ark ? Better that our ancestors had perished in the Deluge. I care not what course others may take, but as for me, give me beefsteak, or give me death !"

At this point there was a scramble and a rush, and a very disagreeable lap-dog leaped upon the stand, his hair was white and curly, and his nose damp, and there was a blue ribbon about his neck. His voice was very weak, and could not be heard. An old mastiff shouted, "Louder !" and a Newfoundland exclaimed, "Louder !" and bull-dog, the presiding officer, seized lap-dog by the neck, and pitched him off the stage, for daring to come there with no gift at public speaking.

A teamster's dog came forward. He had been for five years running under a Pennsylvania waggon. He was an anti-temperance dog, and complained that there were not enough taverns, for his only time to rest was when his master was halting at the inn. He had travelled many thousand miles in his time, worried ninety-eight cats, and bitten a piece out of the legs of two hundred and sixty-three beggars. He cried, "Down with the temperance fanatics, and up with more taverns !"

An old house-dog rose and looked round, and

said: "My children, I am sorry to hear so many complaints! I have had a good time. I own all the place where I live. All the children of my master have ridden on my back. I used to eat with the baby off the same plate, without any spoon. When the boy came back from sea, I was the first to greet him home. What a jolly time I had at the weddings, watching the horses, and eating crumbs of cake! When sad days came to my master I cheered him up. I was the first to hear his step, and the last to part with him at the lane. I fled not when the black-tasselled hearse came through the gate; and when the cry in the house told me that hearts were broken, I tapped at the door and went in, and lay down on the mat, and tried to divert my master from his woe. I am worth nothing now, but young and old speak kindly when they pass, and I have nothing to disturb me, save when I dream in my sleep that a hare is passing, and I start to take him, and a stiffness catches me in the joints."

A growl went through the kennel. The speech was unpopular. They said old house-dog was getting childish, or they would have howled him down.

The next speaker was a worn-out fighting dog. He had two slits in each ear, and one leg had been broken, and his two eyes had been partially dug out, and his tail abbreviated till it was nothing to speak of. He was covered with the wounds of battle, and staggered to the stage, and said—

"All the world seems to be against me. I am always getting into trouble. Every foot kicks me, every

cudgel strikes me, every tooth bites me. Pity the sorrows of a poor old dog ! In younger days I might have entered into the spirit of this convention, but the time is past. I shall soon join the dogs of Nimrod, the mighty hunter. This is probably the last time I shall ever address the 'House of Dogs.' My hearing is gone, and though at this moment the applause of this audience may be rising, I hear it not. I go down to my grave unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. Upon these dim eyes no vision of brightness shall dawn. Other tails may wag, but not mine. I have no tail ! It is gone for ever !"

At this point the whole convention broke down into a whine and snuffle, and no one felt like lifting the spell till—

A hunting-dog sprang to his feet, and broke in with a cheerful clangour of voice, which had in it the ring of the hunters' horn. He cried,— "Why all this complaint ? If you want good meat, why do you not hunt it down ? If you want sport, why do you not go where it is ? If you want to keep your tail, keep out of dog-fights. If you would have your vision clear, wash your eyes in mountain dew at daybreak. When I want it, my master hath for me a whistle, and a patting, and a caress. His boys are all mine. They race with me down the lane. They throw apples into the waves for me to swim in and catch. From the door of my kennel I hear the noise of the beaux teasing the damsels by the lamp-light. What music it is—the sound of the knife striking my meal from

the dinner-plate? What beauty—the foam flung from a moose's lips, the wave dashed from an elk's flank, the shadow dropped from a pheasant's wing! Oh, ye house-hogs! This world is what you make it, desolate or glad! I have free house, free fare, the earth for a play-ground, the sky for a frescoed wall, the lake for a wash-basin, the mountain mosses for a rug on which to wipe my feet. A first-rate world for dogs!"

"Silence!" cried presiding bull-dog, "we came here to curse and not to bless." "Put him out!" cried the mastiff. "Put him out!" cried scores of voices. And blood-hound plunged at hunting-dog's throat, and teamster rushed at the speaker, and fighting-dog tumbled over the back of poodle in blind rage, and Tray, Blanchard, and Sweetheart, and Wolfe, and Carlo, and Spot joined in the assault, till hunting-dog flew from the kennel, followed by a terrific volley of howls, that brought out the whole neighbourhood of men with lanterns and torches,—to find an empty kennel, save here and there a patch of hair, and a few broken teeth, and one dislocated eye, and a small piece of rat-terrier's ear, and a shred of blue ribbon from the poodle's neck, and the remaining inch of fighting-dog's tail, which had been the only fragment left from previous encounters,—even that small consolation henceforth denied him,—and scraps of paper containing the resolutions which had not been passed by "House of Dogs." By this time it was daybreak, and hunting-dog had cleared his pursuers, and, back of the cliffs, was breakfasting on wild pigeon.

HOW FIVE BACHELORS KEPT HOUSE.

It was a warm evening in June, and in the parlour of a pleasant house in a certain town, a merry party of young folks were holding a laughing discussion.

Susy Arnold, the young hostess, sat pouring out the tea, while at the table were 5 young gentlemen, all bachelors by the way, who were waging a playful war upon the little brown-eyed maiden before them.

"Say what you please," said Susy, "you will never convince me of the superiority of man in the capacity of housekeeper."

"But I maintain," cried Charlie, "that men can keep house without women ; but that women cannot do so unless we assist them."

"I only wish you could keep house," said Susy, "for I would accept my Aunt's invitation to visit her this summer were it not for leaving you."

"I have an idea," cried Charley ;

"Suppose we keep house here while Susy goes ?"

"So be it, cried the others. Hurrah for bachelor's hall. Pack up your trunk, Susy."

"But, brother Charlie—you couldn't."

"Glorious !" cried Charley. "Not a trouble within the doors for a month."

"When do you go, Miss Susy ?"

"On Monday."

"Monday, then. We will all be here, bag and baggage, on Monday morning."

Monday morning rose fair and clear. Six o'clock saw Susy drive away from the door in a carriage, her trunk strapped behind. Seven o'clock saw the servant depart, to spend a month with her aunt in the country. Nine o'clock witnessed the meeting of the merry young bachelors.

"Now, then," said George, "I, as the eldest, will take the charge to-day."

"I have nothing to do, so I'll stay to assist you," said Charlie.

"Remember," said George, dinner at 3 o'clock sharp, "I wait for no one. Punctuality is the soul of dinner."

Having seen them off, George and Charlie went into the library for a smoke, to prepare for the task before them.

"What's for dinner?" said Charlie.

"Roast lamb, potatoes, green peas, and asparagus.

"That'll do. Don't you have to shell peas or something?"

"Yes; that's easy enough."

"It's awfully hot," said Charlie, after a short silence.

"Suppose we shell the peas up here in the parlour? It's cooler than in the kitchen.

Shelling peas was rapid work, even from unaccustomed fingers.

"Now what do you do with them?" said Charlie.

"You boil them, of course," was George's answer.

"Oh! Suppose we go down to the kitchen then.

The fire burned brightly. Mary had left all in good

order, and the prospect was not bad for the gentlemen cooks.

"What do you boil them in, George?"

"Oh, anything."

"This?" Charlie dragged forth a saucepan large enough to boil about twenty pounds of meat in.

"Yes."

In they went, unwashed.

"Hot water or cold?"

"Either."

"All right; that's done."

"I wonder if you roast the mutton in this thing?" said George, holding up a large pudding dish.

"Yes. Put it in the oven, don't you?"

"Y-e-e-s."

Into the oven it went.

"Come, let's go upstairs again; it's fearfully hot here," said George.

"But the dinner?"

Oh, that's got nothing to do but cook till 3 o'clock.

Smoking, chatting, reading, and a little practice on the violin, filled up the morning, though George declared it was "horrid slow," and Charlie wondered what on earth women did with themselves all day.

Half-past two brought home three hungry men to dinner.

Leaving the others to "dish up," they all adjourned to the parlour to cool themselves.

"George." Charlie's voice was rather doleful.

"What?"

"The fire's out."

"Out!"

"Is any thing's cooked?"

"The asparagus is burned fast to the pan."

"So is the meat!"

"What about the potatoes!"

"Broken all to pieces and floating about in the water."

"Punctuality is the soul of dinner," cried John, from the dining-room; "it's ten minutes past three."

"Go, set the table," growled George.

It was a curious arrangement, that table, as the gentlemen sat down to dinner. The meat figured on an enormous dish. The potatoes in little lumps, unskinned, were piled in upon a fruit-dish; and the stalks of asparagus were in the salad bowl.

"Where's the gravy?" was John's first question.

"There was'nt any."

"The meat's burnt," cried one voice.

"It is stone cold," cried another.

"Never mind," said Tom. "Rome was not built in a day. Give us some bread and butter and pickles George."

And so they managed with that first days' dinner.

* * * * *

"You fellows clear away," said Charlie; "we're tired."

"You wash up, don't you?" asked John.

"Yes."

And soon John and Tom armed with a bar of soap a fine damask table-cloth, and a tub of cold water, began to wash-up."

"How the grease sticks!"

Perspiration streaming from every pore, he rubbed manfully at the greasy plates and dishes; and if the water was cold, he certainly was not.

"I've splashed my shirt-front!"

"That went in my eyes; somebody wipe them; my hands are wet.

The table was cleared at last. Five damp greasy napkins, thrown into a corner of the room, testified that the dishes were washed and wiped.

There was fine fun the next morning, making up beds, for every one had to clear up his own room.

John pulled off all the clothes from his bed, and having laid the bolster and pillow on, proceeded to put on first a blanket, &c., and finally the two sheets, finishing of the whole by putting himself on top to rest after his toils. Tom, after pulling all the clothes off one side in trying to tuck them in on the other, and then correcting the mistake by tucking them in on the other side and pulling them off the first, put his bolster on over the pillow and concluded it "would do." Charley merely smoothed his down, sagely observing, if he pulled the things off he never could get them on again.

Three days' experience convinced them that bachelors' cookery was slow starvation. Steaks and coffee for breakfast were followed by coffee and steaks for

dinner, and both for tea. Charley suggested that they should have their meals sent from an eating-house.

The motion was seconded, and carried by a unanimous vote.

By this time every dish, plate, pot, and pan in the house was dirty; and joyfully concluded that they wouldn't want them any more, the gentlemen piled them up in the kitchen sink, and left them.

"Harry!" (it was George's voice) "I haven't got a clean shirt."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"Nor a handkerchief, nor a collar, nor"—

"Stop! Two weeks since Susy went, and no washing-day."

There was a dead silence.

"Who knows how to wash?"

No answer.

"I—I've seen it done," said a faint voice, owned by Charley. "You soak the things, and rub 'em on a board."

"Can anybody iron?"

They all thought they could manage that part.

No sooner said than done. The clothes were collected from all the rooms, and the boards and soap brought up from the kitchen.

John and Harry washed; blistering hands and streaming foreheads testifying to their efforts. Cold water required a great deal of rubbing, and "somehow the things had a yellow tinge after all,"

Six o'clock saw the last shirt hanging in damp limpness over the parlour chandler ; and the handkerchiefs waved from the mantelpiece.

" You always iron the next day," said Tom, " so the things can dry in the night."

In the morning Charley took the first step. Planting his hot iron on the front of a shirt, and lifting it again, he beheld a large brown mark, the precise shape of the flat iron, burnt on the bosom of his best shirt.

It was humiliating, but true, that John took an order to a gentleman's hosiery shop, that morning, for a supply of linen, and the " washed clothes " were consigned to the press to await Susy's return.

" Susy's return ! " How can I describe it ? Every man on that day found he had an imperative engagement away, and the little maiden found an empty house. She went first to the parlour. Dust lay in piles. One curtain was torn from the cornice, and lay in limp folds against the winds. The piano bore three pairs of dirty boots, one ottoman supported some hair-brushes, another a sponge ; every chair carried some relic of the departed guests.

Susy was dismayed ; but like a brave little woman, determined to face all " the mess " at once.

She looked at the wash-boards in the bath-room, the market-basket in the library, the parlour chairs in the kitchen, the bread-pan in the spare-room, towels all dirty. She contemplated the floors, unswept for a month ; marked the dust, the accumulation of a

similar time ; and then went to her own room, the only orderly—because undisturbed—place in the house. A little note lay on her table :

“ DEAR SUSY,

“ We own we are beat. It *does* take a woman to keep a house. We beg pardon. We'll never do so any more. Clear up everything, and invite us to dinner.

“ Yours,

“ FIVE REPENTANT BACHELORS.”

THE OLD WAYS AND THE NEW.

I've just come in from the meadow, wife, where the grass is tall and green ;

I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine ;

It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower mow,

And I heaved a sigh for the scythe swung some twenty years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed beneath the rays of a scorching sun,

Till I thought my poor-old back would break ere my task for the day was done :

I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over the farm,

Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old pain come in my arm.

It was hard work, it was slow work, a-swingin' the old
scythe then ;

Unlike the mower that went through the grass like
death through the ranks of men :

I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at
its speed and power ;

The work that it took me a day to do, it done in one
short hour.

John said that I hadn't seen the half : when he puts
it into his wheat,

I shall see it reap and rake it, and put it in bundles
neat ;

Then soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work
and learn

To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it
into the barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it ; but I said to
the hired men,

I have seen so much on my pilgrimage through my
three-score years and ten,

That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the
air,

Or a Yankee in a flyin' ship a-goin most anywhere.

There's a difference in the work I done, and the work
my boys now do ;

Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret
in the new ;

124 THOMPSON'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

But somehow I think there was happiness crowded
into those toiling days.

That the fast young men of the present will not see
till they change their ways.

To think that I should ever live to see work done in
this wonderful way !

Old tools are of little service now, and farmin' is al-
most play ;

The women have got their sewin'-machines, their
wringers, and every sich thing,

And now play croquet in the dooryard, or sit in the
parlor and sing.

'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so
long gone by ;

You riz up early, and sat up late, a-toilin' for you and
I ;

There were cows to milk ; there was butter to make ;
and many a day did you stand

A-washin' my toil-stained garments, and wringin' em'
by hand.

Ah ! wife, our children will never see the hard work
we have seen,

For the heavy task and the long task is now done
with a machine ;

No longer the noise of the scythe I hear, the mower—
There ! Hear it afar ?

A-rattlin' along through the tall stout grass with the
noise of a rail-road car.

Well! the old tools now are shoved away; they
stand a-gatherin' rust,
Like many an old man I have seen put aside with
only a crust;
When the eyes grow dim, when the step is weak,
when the strength goes out of the arm,
The best thing a poor old man can do is to hold the
deed of the farm.

There is one old way that they can't improve, al-
though it has been tried
By men who have studied and studied, and worried
till they died;
It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined
from its dross:
It's the way to the kingdom of heaven, by the simple
way of the cross.

JOHN H. YATES.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of a battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out all alone the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming ;
 Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
 Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming ;
 A tremulous sigh as the gentle night-wind
 Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping,
 While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
 Keep guard for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
 And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.
 His musket falls slack ; his face, dark and grim,
 Grows gentle with memories tender,
 As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
 For their mother—may Heaven defend her !

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then—
 That night when the love, yet unspoken,
 Leaped up to his lips—when low, murmured vows
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
 Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his face,
 He dashes off tears that are welling,
 And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree ;
 The footstep is lagging and weary ;
 Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
 Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.

Hark ! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves ?
Was it moonlight so wond'rously flashing ?
It looked like a rifle : " Ha ! Mary, good-by."
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS ; OR, THE OLD WOMAN'S RAILWAY SIGNAL.

The most effective working-force in the world in which we live is the law of kindness ; for it is the only moral force that operates with the same effect upon mankind, brute-kind, and bird-kind. From time immemorial, music has wonderfully affected all beings, reasoning or unreasoning, that have ears to hear. The prettiest idea and simile of ancient literature relate to Orpheus playing his lyre to animals listening in intoxicated silence to its strains. Well, kindness is the music of good-will to men and beasts ; and both listen to it with their hearts, instead of their ears ; and the hearts of both are effected by it in the same way, if not to the same degree. Volumes might be written, filled with beautiful illustrations of its effect upon both. The music of kindness has not only power to charm, but even to transform, both the savage breast of man and beast ; and on this harp the smallest fin-

gers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Some time ago we read of an incident in America that will serve as a good illustration of this beautiful law. It was substantially to this effect : a poor infirm old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where it passed through a wild, unpeopled district in Western Virginia. She was a widow with only one daughter living with her in a log-hut, near a deep precipitous gorge crossed by the railway bridge. Here she contrived to support herself by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season, and other little articles for their market. She had to make a long, weary walk of many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by her house to this town ; but the ride would cost too much of the profit of her small sales : so she trudged on generally to the market on foot. The conductor, or guard, came finally to notice her travelling by the side of the line, or on the footpath between the rails ; and being a good-natured benevolent man, he would often give her a ride to and fro without charge. The engine-man and brakemen also were good to the old woman, and felt that they were not wronging the interests of the railway company by giving her these free rides.

And soon an accident occurred that proved they were quite right in this view of the matter. In the wild month of March the rain descended, and the

mountains sent down their rolling, roaring torrents of melted snow and ice into this gorge, near the old woman's house. The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crash of the railway bridge, as it was swept from its abutments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood; and the darkness was deep and howling. In another half hour the train would be due. There was no telegraph on the line; and the stations were separated by great distances. What could she do to warn the train against the awful destruction it was approaching? She had hardly a tallow candle in her house; and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain. Not a moment was to be lost; and the thought was equal to the moment. She cut the cords of her only bedstead, and shouldered the dry posts, head-pieces, and side-pieces. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs. Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled their all of household furniture upon the line, a few rods beyond the black, awful gap, gurgling with the roaring flood. The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well-dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red swailing, booming light a long way up the line. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane; and she could not revive it with green, wet wood. The

thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time? They might not put on the brake soon enough. Awful thought! She tore her red woollen gown from her in a moment, and tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the line, waiving it in both hands, while her daughter swung around her head a blazing chair-post a little before. The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great red eye of the engine showed itself coming round a curve. Like as a huge, sharp-sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that echoed through all the wild heights and ravines around. The train was at full speed; but the brakemen wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation. The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower, until the engine stopped at the roaring fire. It still blazed enough to show them the beetling edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged into a death and destruction too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal. They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance. The conductor knelt down by the side of the engine; the engine driver and the brakemen came and knelt down by him; all the passengers came and knelt down by them; and there, in the expiring light of the burnt-out pile, in the rain and the wind, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives. All in a line,

the kneelers and prayers sent up into the dark heavens such a midnight prayer and voice of thanksgiving as seldom, if ever, ascended from the earth to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret.

Kindness is the music of good-will to men ; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

ELIHU BURRITT.

NOT ONE TO SPARE.

"Which shall it be ? Which shall it be ?"

I looked at John—John looked at me

(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet,

As well as though my locks were jet) ;

And when I found that I must speak,

My voice seemed strangely low and weak ;

"Tell me again what Robert said !"

And then I, listening, bent my head.

"This is the letter : 'I will give

A house and land while you shall live,

If, in return, from out your seven,

One child to me for aye is given.'"

I looked at John's old garments worn

I thought of all that John had borne

Of poverty, and work, and care,

Which I, though willing, could not share ;

I thought of seven months to feed,

Of seven little children's need,

And then of this,—“Come, John,” said I,
 “We’ll choose among them as they lie
 Asleep;” so, walking hand in hand,
 Dear John and I surveyed our band—
 First to the cradle lightly steeped,
 Where Lilian the baby slept,
 A glory ’gainst the pillow white;
 Softly the father stooped to lay
 His rough hand down in loving way,
 When dream or whisper made her stir,
 And huskly he said: “Not her, not her.”
 We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
 And one long ray of lamplight shed
 Athwart the boyish faces there,
 In sleep so pitiful and fair;
 I saw on Jamie’s rough, red cheek
 A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
 “He’s but a baby, too,” said I,
 And kissed him as we hurried by.
 Pale, patient Robbie’s angel face
 Still in his sleep bore suffering’s trace.
 “No, for a thousand crowns, not him,”
 He whispered, while our ears were dim.
 Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
 Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
 Could he be spared? “Nay, He who gave
 Bid us befriend him to his grave;
 Only a mother’s heart can be
 Patient enough for such as he;
 “And so,” said John, “I would not dare

To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee."
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and faithful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so he wrote in courteous way,
We could not drive one child away ;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place ;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven !

THE COLD-WATER ARMY.

A SPEECH BY A YOUNG RECRUIT.

I am a high-private in the cold-water army ! I
joined this noble band two months ago with the
brave boys you see here to-night. I enlisted for life,
or until the old enemy, King Alcohol, and his army

of drunkards and dram-shops are driven from our land, and peace and good-will is established all over our happy country.

But you are ready to ask me, What does such a boy as you know about drunkards or dram-shops, or old King Alcohol's army? It is true I never was drunk, and I never intend to be ; but I have lived long enough to know the difference between a drunkard and a sober man, and to know what makes drunkards and what makes sober men ; and so may every boy and girl who will look around them and study the teachings of nature.

Suppose we walk out upon our extensive plains and prairies, and see the stately ox, the noble horse, the playful and sporting lambs, and all the healthy and happy herds, rejoicing in their strength. I see they feed upon grass, and grow fat ; but ask them what they drink, and with one united and cheerful voice they all answer : *Water !* Pure cold-water—nothing else !

Again, let us ramble off through the forest, and gaze upon the majestic oaks, the stately pines, with their ever-green plumes waiving in the fresh breezes of heaven, with the ten thousand varieties of fruits, foliage, and flowers, all rejoicing in their strength, beauty, and fragrance ; all mingling in peace and harmony, to give a charm to nature's garden ! Let us ask them what they drink ; and again, with a wave of their plumes and smiling flowers, they all answer : *Water !* Pure cold water—nothing else.

And here, too, in this forest of trees, foliage, and flowers, the whole scene is animated and sweetened by the songs of the happy birds ; each sporting and warbling forth its merry song, giving life and beauty to the whole scene. When I ask them what they drink, they all chatter forth in gladness: Water ! Water ! Pure cold water—nothing else.

But above all, when I look upon the best of men, those who are wise, pious, and prosperous, who live in loving fellowship with their families and neighbours, and on whom the church and country depend for all that is true and valuable, I watch them to see what they drink, and I find it is water, pure cold water—nothing else.

Yes, all these drink *water*, that pure beverage that God has made, and which he has so abundantly supplied to all the animate world ! He showers it down from heaven ! He fills our rivulets and rivers with it. It is free as the air all breathe ! It is as pure and healthful to all. It is just suited to our wants and nature. There is no serpent's sting about it—no lurking adder there. This is the drink for me, boys ; it will never muddle my brains nor destroy my manhood. Yes, I am a cold-water boy !

But all do not drink cold water ! Let us look about and see who they are, and what they drink !

As I pass along the streets, I see men staggering, swearing, and acting very ugly in all sorts of ways, and finally falling in the muddy gutters ! I slip up to them, and ask them what they drink, and they growl out Whiskey ! bad whiskey !

I see and hear of men getting drunk, fighting, shooting, and killing each other for the merest trifles, and wonder how men can act so badly ; and when I enquire what they drink, I find it is whiskey and *lager*.

When you visit the prisons, penitentiaries, and all places where criminals are kept and punished, you will find they drink bad whiskey, which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Whiskey robs men of their brains, consumes their property, ruins their character, takes their lives, and sends their souls to ruin.

Then why will men drink such deadly stuff? There is not a buzzard in the woods, nor an old sow in the streets, that could be made to drink it, and how can any one ask me to touch it?

Come boys, all of you, and join our cold-water army, and fight manfully for the cause. We shall soon grow up to be men, sober men, and be ready for duty, let the call come from what quarter it may. Success to the cold-water cause.

JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON.

The minister said last night says he,
 " Don't be afraid of givin' ;
 If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
 Why what's the use of livin' ?"
 And that's what I say to my wife, says I,

"There's Brown, that mis'erable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve, than give
A cent towards buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by the sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake,
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'
I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud Annens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter
For a man like Jones to swallow ;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister--
Of course I said it quiet--
Give us some more of this open talk ;
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time ;

And when he spoke of fashion,
 And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
 As woman's rulin' passion,
 And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
 I couldn't help a-winkin'
 And a-nudgin my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
 And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat ;
 But man is a queer creation ;
 And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks
 Wouldn't take the application.
 Now, if he had said a word about
 My personal mode o' sinnin',
 I'd have gone to work to right myself,
 And not sat there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
 "And now I've come to the feliers
 Who've lost their shower by usin' their friends
 As a sort o' moral umbrellers.
 Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
 Instead of huntin' your brothers' ;
 Go home," he says, and wear the coats
 You've tried to fit the others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
 And there was lots o' smilin',
 And lots o' lookin' at our pew ;
 It sot my blood a-bilin'.

Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter ;
I'll tell him when meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

THE STORY OF A HERO.

He was only a poor boy and a very poor boy at that, so poor that he hadn't even a pair of skates, so when the boys of his school were playing a game of "shinny," he was not chosen on either side, for what was the use of a lad without skates? However, he shuffled along over the ice with his clumsy shoes, and never minded when the boys rushed pell-mell over him, nor the frequent raps from the sticks that struck wildly at the flying ball, but seemed to have as much fun as if he was leader, and had the finest skates on the ice.

But it was hard work keeping up, so by-and-by he shuffled off the ice, and started with his hands in his pockets for the glue factory, where Tim Conover was sure to let him warm up. However, he must see how the game was coming out, so he crossed a vacant lot and came down to the river by the ice-houses.

Ah! it only needed one glance to see how it must come out for some of them. Only a few rods away was the belt of blue water where the ice had been sawn across to keep the boys from spoiling the harvest of

the ice-packers, and every instant they were coming closer to it. Couldn't they see it? Would not somebody see it? No one had eyes or thought for anything but that ball, gliding, glancing, darting here and there among the steel-clad feet.

It was a long way around the bend and up the river by any street, but straight across, where the ice-cutters have been at work, was a thin, treacherous sheet of broken ice. It might hold a boy up, but if it didn't—there was no time to think about that, for the next instant a ragged little hero was dashing across it, whooping and screaming like a locomotive gone mad. Would the ice bear? Yes; perhaps the hands that are underneath the falling sparrows, held it up, and the herd of startled players looked, and circled with quick motion from the very edge of the chasm at their feet.

"Who was it? Where is he?" they asked, with pale faces.

Gone down with the breaking ice, to come up again, gasping and struggling, and at last to be drawn out, chilled and breathless, by the ice-cutters. They rubbed him with all the vigor of their brawny arms; they held him up by the heels to let the water run out; they pounded and squeezed, tossed him in a blanket, but he lived through it all, and came to himself with a strangling cough and a laugh of approbation. Everybody praised and petted, and made much of him, and then forgot all about him; so it was left for me to tell his story, and I call it "The Story of a Hero."

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned ;
And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be ;
There were pudding and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.

And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbled wearily as she said :
" If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed !"

" Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown ?"
Called the farmer from the well ;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
" It was this," he said, and, coming near,
He smiled, and, stooping down,
Kissed her cheek,—" 'Twas this : that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town !"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,

Sang snatches of tender little songs

She'd not sung for many a day.

And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes

Were white as the foam of the sea ;

Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet

And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,

"Tom Wood has run off to sea !

He wouldn't, I know, if he only had

As happy a home as we."

The night came down, and the good wife smiled

To herself, as she softly said :

"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,

It's not strange that maids will wed !"

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

"Father," said Bennie, "I should be ashamed, when I am a man, to think I never used this strong right arm for my country when it needed it ! Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow."

"Go then—go, my boy, and God keep you." He had gone to the war and at home they anxiously waited for news from him, and one evening as they sat together around the fire, a low knock was heard at the kitchen door, and Blossom ran to open it, and received from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen

took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allen with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it and read as follows :

“DEAR FATHER,—When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me ; but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind or blindfold me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the field of battle, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously ; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty ! Oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me ! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you can tell my comrades, for I can not now.

“You know I promised Jemmie Carr’s mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too ; And as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was so tired when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie’s turn to stand sentry, and I took his place ; but I was too tired,

father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head ; but I did not know until—well, until it was too late.”

“God be thanked !” interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. “I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post.”

“They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve—‘time to write to you,’ our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty ; he would gladly save me if he could ; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

“I can’t bear to think of mother and Blossom. Tell them that I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me ; it is very hard to bear !

“To-night, in the early twilight, I shall think I see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop, waiting for me ; but I shall never, never come ! God bless you all ! Forgive your poor Bennie. Good bye.”

Late that night the door of the “back stoop” opened softly, and a little figure glided out, and ran down the pathway that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning neither to the right or left. Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot watching the coming of the night-train ; and the conductor, as he reached

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down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her: no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had just seated himself to his morning's task of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him. "Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal

sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost through his negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely ; "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. Bennie did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his ; but Jemmie was too tired, and Brother never thought about himself, that he was tired too."

"What is this you say child? Come here ; I do not understand ;" and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him ; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and lifted up that pale, sweet anxious face to his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States too ! A dim thought of this kind passed through Blossom's mind, but she told her simple straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully ; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given : "Send this despatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl, "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve of his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back ; or—wait until to-morrow ; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death ; he shall go home with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder." Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "THE LORD BE PRAISED!"

PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in the study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Bridget told me
Mamma musn't be 'isturbed.

"But I'se tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzet fong to do,
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I write a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."

No, no, mamma, me wite letter,
 Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
 As his sweet eyes searched my face—
 Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
 Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
 As I slowly shook my head,
 Till I said, I'll make a letter
 Of you, darling boy, instead.

So I parted back the tresses
 From his forehead high and white,
 And a stamp in sport I pasted
 'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
 Go away and bear good news."
 And I smiled as down the staircase
 Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me the darling hurried
 Down to Bridget in his glee.
 "Mamma's witing lots of letters ;
 I'se a letter, Bridget—see !"

No one heard the little prattler,
 As, once more, he climbed the stair,
 Reached his little cap and tippet,
 Standing on the entry chair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders
On the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,
Till he reached the office door.
"I've a letter, Mr. Postman ;
Is there room for any more ?

"Cause dis letter's doin' to papa ;
Papa lives with God, 'ou know.
Mamma sent me for a letter,
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go ?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Dess I'll find anozzer office,
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,

Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out in the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverent they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod ;
But the little life was ended—
“ Papa's letter ” was with God.

—*The Pacific Baptist.*

WORK AND RESULTS.

A Gentleman said to me the other day : “ The temperance cause is dead.” It is not dead for it was born in the church of Christ, and that which is born there can never die. Right is to triumph in the end. You and I will not live to see it, but it will come. Nero sat on the throne, clothed in purple, and at his nod men trembled. In the Mamertime dungeon a man was writing a letter to Timothy to send him his cloak, for he was shivering in one of the dungeons of the Roman

capital. Years rolled on, and right and wrong contended with each other. The former died a miserable suicide but the prisoner wrote on and finished his letter : "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith"—words which have comforted millions for generations. And the world could better afford to lose all the words of eloquence that ever fell from the lips of Roman orators, than to lose one word of what the chained prisoner wrote in his dungeon. My experience has led me to the conclusion, that we trust too much even to our organizations and to our efforts. We are in too much of a hurry ; we want results immediately. We do a thing and want results to come at once, forgetting that with the Lord one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. It is God's work and not ours—we are workers. If a man stands as a machine, and if he is connected by a band of living faith with God Almighty, he is doing his work as he will, and occupies the highest position a man can occupy in this world. God is the motive power and our work is simply nothing in comparison with him. Then as we put forth our efforts let us make our appeal to him.

I remember (and I do not know whether it was a legend or not) that a missionary party were passing over the prairie, when one of them exclaimed, " See, see that red glare ; what is it ? " They looked and watched, and one old trapper shading his eye with his hand, cried out, " The prairie is on fire, and it is spreading at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It will destroy us, and nothing

will be left but a few charred bones to tell of the party passing over the prairie." "What shall be done?" The trapper cried, "We must fight fire with fire. Work! Pull up the grass; make the circle larger, larger, larger! Quick, quick, I feel the heat upon my brow! Quick for your lives! pull up the grass! pull up the grass! Now for the matches!"

They searched and found two. Hastily they struck one, and it failed—utterly failed. One match! and the fire coming in the distance, leaping with its forked tongues through the dry grass, at twenty miles an hour! Only one match! The missionary, baring his brow said, "God help us; for thy great name's sake help us in our extremity." Every heart prompted the words, and the lips uttered "Amen." They struck the match; it caught fire, and the grass was ignited; and as the fire swept around them in a circle, they marched on triumphant, exultant, victorious.

Our instrumentalities—Temperance Societies, Bands of Hope, Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, whatever they may be—are as feeble as that one match. Before we put forth our efforts, then, let us reverently ask God to help us for his great name's sake; and we, with those we have worked for, shall stand in the circle unharmed while the flames play away at the distance—and we stand saved, not by our own efforts alone, but by our own efforts blessed and acknowledged by him in whose hands are the destinies of all men.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

LOVE IN A BALLOON.

BY LITCHFIELD MOSELEY.

Some time ago I was staying with Sir George Flasher, with a great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, in fact everything. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion on these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her, for she was a girl to whom the epithet "stunning" applies better than any other that I am acquainted with.

You should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day when we were out together, fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees amongst the fishes we had caught, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "Now drop it, do, and put me a fresh worm on."

"Oh, Fanny!" I exclaimed; "don't talk about worms when love is in question. Only say—"

"I tell you what it is, now, if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat."

Gentlemen, I did not drop it, and I give you my

word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water ; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat." "Jenkins," said I to myself, "revenge ! revenge !" I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed, pulled to the bank, went to the house and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner table, I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking. Universal laughter greeted me. "Jenkins !" said I, "revenge !" The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans ; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the last moment ; learned from him the management of the balloon, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him. Fanny was in despair.

"Am I to lose my air expedition ?" she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car ; "some one understands the management of this thing, surely ? Nobody ! Tom ! you understand it, don't you ?"

"Perfectly," I answered.

"Come along then," she cried ; "be quick, before papa comes back."

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The company in general endeavoured to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed and said, "How jolly !"

We were higher than the highest trees, and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

"I understood the going up part," I answered ; "to come down is not so easy," and I whistled the dead march.

"What do you mean ?" she cried.

"Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard," I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"Don't be foolish, Tom,"

"Foolish !" I said ; "oh, dear no, but whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples !" and over went another sand-bag.

"Why, you're mad, surely," she said.

"Only mad with love, my dear," I answered smiling pleasantly ; "only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you ! Say you will be my wife."

"I gave you an answer the other day," she replied ;

"one which I should have thought you would have remembered."

"I remember it perfectly," I answered, "but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags. I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, as the cabmen would say, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkins."

"I won't, I never will: and let me tell you that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way."

"You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not, when you knocked me out of the boat? However, it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?"

"Never!" she answered; "I'll go as high as the great bear though I've got a big enough bear here."

She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off. (I was only trying to frighten her of course—I knew how high we could go safely, well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkins was to his country), but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun to think I like to carry it through; so I threw over another sand-bag, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

"I thought you were a gentleman," said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful, in her wrath. "I thought you were a gen-

tleman, but I find I was mistaken. Why, a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know sir that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?"

I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like Boadicea—if you can imagine that personage in a balloon—she said, "I command you to begin the descent this instant!"

The Dead March, was the only response.

Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

"Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day. It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you."

"Not a wife?" said I.

"I can't! I can't!" she answered.

Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me after all, for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said: "Fanny, they say that marriages are made in heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there."

I took up the fifth bag. "Come," I said, "my wife in life, or my companion in death. Which is it to be?" and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer.

I could hear her sobs. I'm the softest-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and I confess she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking ; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying, "Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whoever you wish. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the chief of the Cannibal Islands. Whatever happens, Jenkins is your slave—I was on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face :

"You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand."

"With all your heart ?" I asked quickly.

"With all my heart," she answered.

I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended. Gentlemen, will you believe it ?—when we had reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its master, when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it ?—see gave me a whack on the ear that upset me against the car ; informed me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.

"You villain !" said Sir George, advancing toward

me with horse-whip in his hand.' "You villain ! I've a good mind to break this over your back."

"Sir George," said I, "villain and Jenkins must never be coupled in the same sentence. And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good morning. Miss Flasher, I forgive you." She turned to me and said, "Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?"

