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Poetry.

Live For Something.

Live for something, be not idle—
Look about thee for employ!
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are ever gay,
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
Gentle words and cheering smiles,
Better are than gold or silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth,
Ever on the greatful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened earth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary;
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning,
From its perfect fountain head,
Freely as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

Select Story.

A Touching Incident.

There is an old saying that the friendship of a dog is better than his ill-will, and for many years, in my capacity as a railroad conductor, I have found the above true to the letter—but mind, I am not saying that I have no enemies, I undoubtedly have a few, and I don't think there is a man that lives but has more or less. A little kindness now and then to the many needy ones a conductor will find almost every trip over his road, will not be lost; and he will, in many cases, find from his "bread cast on the waters," a return fourfold. Yet he must use a great deal of judgement in bestowing his charity even upon those he thinks worthy of such bestowal. I will, in connection, relate a little incident by which a little kindness saved my life and the lives of all on board my train.

The Western division of our road runs through a very mountainous part of Virginia, and the stations were few and far between. About three miles from one of these stations the road through a deep gorge of the Blue Ridge, and near the centre is a small one-and-a-half story cabin. The few acres that surrounded it were as well cultivated as a garden, and upon the fruits thereof lived a widow and her three children by the name of Graff. They were, indeed, untutored in the cold charities of an outside world. I doubt much if they saw the sun shine beyond their native hills. In the summer time they brought berries to the nearest station to sell, and with the money thus earned they bought a few of the necessities of outside refinement.

The oldest of these children I should judge to be about twelve years, and the youngest about seven. They were all girls and looked nice and clean, and their heathful appearance and natural delicacy gave them a ready welcome. They appeared as if they had been brought up to fear God and love their home and mother. I had often stopped my train and let them get off at their home, having found them at the station, some three miles from home, after dispersing of their berries.

I had children at home, and I knew their little feet would be tired in walking three miles, and therefore felt that it would be the same with those fatherless little ones. They seemed so pleased to ride, and thanked me with such hearty thanks, after letting them off near home. They frequently offered me nice tempting baskets of fruit for my kindness, yet I never accepted any without paying the full value.

Now, if you remember, the winter of 1854 was very cold in that part of the State, and the snow was nearly three feet deep upon the mountains.

On the night of the 26th of December, of that year, it turned around warm, and the rain fell in torrents.—A terrible storm swept the mountain tops, and almost filled the vally with water. Upon that night the train was winding its way, at its usual speed, around the hills and through the valleys, and as the road was all solid rock, I had no fear of the banks giving way. The night was intensely dark, and the wind moaned piteously through the deep gorges of the mountains. Some of my passengers were trying to sleep; others were talking in a low voice, to relieve the monotony of the scene.—Mothers had their children upon their knees, as if to shield them from some unknown danger without.

It was near midnight, when a sharp whistle from the engine brought me to my feet. I knew there was danger by that whistle, and sprang to the brakes at once; but the brakesmen were all at their posts, and soon brought the train to a stand. I cized my lantern, and found my way forward as soon as possible, when what a sight met my gaze! A bright fire of pine logs illuminated the track for some distance, and not over forty rods ahead of our train a horrible gulf had opened its maw to receive us.

The snow, together with the rain, had torn the whole side of the mountain out, and eternity itself seemed spread out before us. The widow Graff and her children had found it out, and had brought light brush from their home below and built large fires to warm us of our danger. They had been there more than two hours, watching beside that beacon of safety. As I went up where that old lady and her children stood, drenched through by the rain and sleet, she grasped me by the arm, and cried—

"Thank God! Mr. Sherbourn, we stopped you in time. I would have lost my life before one hair of your head should have been hurt. Oh, I prayed to Heaven we might stop the train; and my God, I thank Thee!"

The children were crying for joy.—I confess I don't very often pray, but I did then and there. I kneeled down by the side of that good old woman, and offered up thanks to an All-Wise Being for our safe deliverance from a terrible death, and called down blessings without number upon that good old woman and children. Near by stood the engineer, fireman and brakesman, the tears streaming down their bronzed cheeks.

I immediately prevailed upon Mrs. Graff and the children to go back into the cars, out of the storm and cold.—After reaching the cars I related our hair-breadth escape, and to whom we were indebted for our lives, and begged the men passengers to go forward and see for themselves. They needed no further urging, and a great many ladies went also, regardless of the storm. They soon returned, and their pale faces gave full evidence of the frightful death we had escaped. The ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in their thanks and heartfelt gratitude towards Mrs. Graff and her children, and assured her that they would never, never forget her, and before the widow left the train she was presented with a purse of four hundred and sixty dollars, the voluntary offering of a whole train of grateful passengers.—She refused the proffered gift for some time, and said she had only done her duty, and the knowledge of having done so was all the reward she asked. However, she finally accepted the money, and said it should go to educate her children.

The railroad company built her a new house, gave her and her children a life-pass over the road, and ordered all trains to stop and let her off at her home when she wished. But the employees needed no such orders; they can appreciate all such kindness—more so than the Directors themselves.

The old lady frequently visits my home at H——, and she is at all times a welcome visitor at my fireside. Two of the children are attending school at the same place.

So you may see that a little kindness cost me nothing and saved my life.

Henry Ward Beecher on Interest.

How many people in the country have found out the truth of the following by H. Ward Beecher:

"No blister draws sharper than interest does. Of all industries none is comparable to that of interest. It works day and night, in fair weather and foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound upon a spider's web. Debt rolls a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him. There is no crop that can afford to pay interest on money on a farm.

There is but one thing raised on a farm like it, and that is the Canadian thistle, which swarms new plants every time you bleed its roots, whose blossoms are prolific, and every one the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every single plant like a plattoon of bayonets, and a field of them is like an armed host. The whole plant is a vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canadian thistles, than attempt to lie at ease upon *interest*.

Miscellaneous.

Rich Fields Watered With Blood.

It is a melancholy fact, says a cotemporary, that the richest and fairest spots on earth's surface are also those where human blood has been most frequently and lavishly shed. What waves of invasion have successively rolled over the fertile plains of Persia and Hindostan, the prolific valley of the Nile, the fruitful provinces of Asia Minor, Turkey and Hungary! What battles, what seiges, what massacres, almost from the birth of history, have drenched their soil with gore! Andalusia, too—the garden of Spain—was for eight centuries the battle ground of Christian and Moor, whose blood according to the Spanish historians, was poured forth in thirty-seven hundred battles. But perhaps no country has been more bleesed by the gifts of God, or more cursed by the strife of man, than the wide and beautiful plains of Lombardy, guarded by Alp and Appenine, a very garden in fertility, watered by innumerable steams, and with a thousand towns and villages glittering like sails amid a sea of verdure. It has been the battle-field of nations from the time when Belloveses, nearly six centuries before Christ, led his celtic legions across the Alps, until yesterday, when the French and Austrian eagles were striving for supremacy. Romans and Cimbri, Goth and Romans, Lombards and Franks, Germans and Italians, Spaniards and Swiss, Austrians and French, have again and again met in deadly strife on these wide-spread plains, and have been successively swept, in bloody swaths, by the scythe of the grim mower, Death.

JOY AND GRIEF.

How different are summer storms from winter ones! In winter they rush over the earth with all their violence; and if any poor remnants of foliage or flowers have lingered behind, these are swept along at one gust. Nothing is left but desolation; and long after the rain has ceased, pools of water and mud bear token of what has been. But when the clouds have poured out their torrents in summer, when the winds have spent their fury, and the sun breaks forth again in its glory, all things seem to rise with renewed loveliness from their refresing bath. The flowers glistening with rain-drops smell sweeter than before; the grass seems to have gained another brighter shade of green; and the young plants, which had hardly come into sight, have taken their place among their fellows in the borders, so quickly have they sprung up under the showers. The air, too, which may previously have been oppressive, is become clear and soft and fresh. Such, too, is the difference, when the storms of affliction fall on hearts unrenewed by Christian faith, and on those who abide in Christ. In the former they bring out the dreariness and desolation, which may before have been unapparent. The gloom is not relieved by the prospect of any cheering ray to follow it, of any flowers or fruit to show its beneficence. But the truly Christian soul, though weeping endure for the night, joy comes in the morning. A sweet smile of hope and love follows every fear; and tribulation itself is turned into the chief of blessings.

WHO ARE THE BLESSED?

Not of necessity, the rich, the powerful, the honored, the great ones of the world, not those whom men laud with blind indiscrimination—not the founders of empires, the explorers of unknown countries and the contributors to science and art; these, verily, have their rewards, but it is a trivial and valueless one, compared with the portion of some humble believer, "to fortune and to fame unknown," but who is rich in faith, and the heir of a kingdom.—A man's life, the great end of his being, his spiritual good, consisteth not in the abundance of things he hath.

Sometimes the world recognizes this fact and gives the meed of its praise to noble spirits and intrinsic worth, but ordinarily it would not call those blessed whom the great Teacher ranks as such. The poor in spirit, the persecuted, the peace-makers, the mourning, are the ones who will be exalted, and who now are blessed. Such a distinction is worth a thousand fold more than all the honors of earth, and multitudes now despised, will hereafter shine as the stars in the kingdom of their Father. They are the blessed who have laid up their treasure in heaven and who walked as the children of light.

The Sources of Our Familiar Food.

The sources of our familiar food are various indeed. A small part of the catalogue of vegetables borrowed from foreign regions runs through half the globe. Amongst breadstuffs—wheat and buckwheat come from Asia, rye from Siberia, and rice from Ethiopia. Amongst greens—the cucumber comes from Spain, the artichoke from Sicily and Andalusia, cresses from Crete, lettuce from Coos, onions and parsley from Egypt, cauliflower from Cyprus, spinach from Asia Minor, asparagus from Asia, echalot from Ascalon, beans from India, horseradish from China. America claims the potatoe and Jerusalem artichoke. Amongst fruits—we owe the filbert, pomegranate, walnut, quince and grape to Asia, the apricot to Armenia, the lemon to Media, the peach to Persia, the orange to India, the fig to Mespotama, the hazel-nut and cherry to the Euxine, the chesnut to Lydia. (This cannot mean our common chesnut, which is indigenous to our American forests.) The plum to Syria, almons to Mauritania, and olives to Greece. Amongst plants which are used for various purposes, are—coffee from Arabia, tea from China, cocoa from Mexico, tobacco from America, fennel from the Canaries, cloves from the Morroccos, the caster oil plant from India. Amongst trees—the horse-chesnut tree comes from India, the laurel from Crete, the elder tree from Persia. Amongst flowers—the narcissus and carnation come from Italy, the tulip from Cappadocia, the jessamine from India, the nasturtium from Peru, the dahila from Mexico.

HAD HER THERE.

According to the Boston Mail, a very respectable looking woman stepped into a store on Washington street, a few days ago to buy a steel reticule; the clerk handed out a variety of sorts, sizes and prices, all of which the lady deliberately viewed, handled and commented on; until at length having made her selection of a small one, at $2 50, she gave the clerk a ten dollar note to deduct that amount; the clerk went to the desk, and returning, gave the lady her change.

'Why, here's but two dollars and a half!' says she.

"Exactly, madam."

"Well, but I gave you a ten dollar bill, I think!"

"Precisely, madam."

"This bag is two dollars and a half, is it not sir?"

"Two dollars and a half is the price, madam."

"Then why do you take out seven dollars and a half, sir?"

"Why, madam, this reticule is two dollars and a half—"

", Very well, sir."

"And that one attached to your dress, under your cardinal, *is five dollars more!*" said the complaisant clerk, raising up the lady's cardinal and displaying a very handsome steel reticule, there secreted by the female *chevalier d'industrie*. The lady became quite agitated, but the humane clerk assured her it was all perfectly right;

"You don't for a moment suppose, sir," said the lady, in a low husky tone, "that I intended—"

'O! certainly not madam!'

'You see, sir, that my arm caught—'

'O, it's all right madam.'

'Good morning sir' said the lady.

'Good morning,' responded the clerk.

WOMAN.

Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes folly, annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle;the zephyr's are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come—rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself: how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle; give her a child, a bird; anything she loves, or pities, to protect—and see her in a relative instance. Raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsons her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless.

Transplant her in the dark places of earth and awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing; her presence a blessing. She disputes; inch by inch, the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortunes haunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odor, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad; pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle; a mystery, the centre from which radiates the charm of existence.

Trial Trip of the First Locomotive.

Major Horatio Allen the engineer of the New York and Erie Railroad, in a speech made during the recent festival occasion, gave the following account of the first trip made by a locomotive on this Continent.

"When was it? Where was it?—And who awakened its energies and directed its movements? It was in the year 1828, on the banks of the Lackawaxen, at the commencement of the railroads connecting the canal of the Hudson and Delaware Canal Company with their coal mines—and he who addresses you was the only person on the locomotive. The circumstances which led to my being alone on the engine were these. The road had been built in the summer; the structure was of hemlock timber and rails of large dimensions noticed on the caps placed fair apart. The timber had cracked warped from exposure to the sun.—After about three hundred feet of straight line, the road crossed the Lackawaxen Creek on trestle work about 30 feet high, with a curve of 350 to 400 feet radius. The impression was very general that this iron monster would either break down the road, or it would leave the track at the curve and plung into the creek. My reply to such apprehensions was, that it was too late to consider the probabilities of such occurances; there was no other course than to have a trial made of the strange animal which had been brought here at a great expense; but that it was not necessary that more than one should be involved in its fate; that I should take the first ride alone, and the time would come when I sho'd look back to the time with great interest. As I placed my hand on the throttle valve handle, I was undecided whether I should move slowly or with a fair degree of speed, but believing that the road would prove safe, and perfering, if we did go down, to go handsomely and without any evidence of timidity, I started with considerable velocity, passed the curve over the creek safely, and was soon out of hearing of the vast assemblage. At the end of the two or three miles I reversed the valve and returned without accident to the place of starting, having thus made the first railroad trip by locomotive on the Western hemisphere.

Country Life.

There is much more pleasure in country life than people generally suppose. There nature with her thousand beauties is spread before us. The hillsides covered with their rich green, the valleys teeming with loveliness, and the stately forests with their varied foliage, all delight the eye and speak pure and cheerful words to the heart. Nature in all its sublime grandeur presented to our view makes us more thoughtful and better men. There is to us no monitor so potent as nature. Like a kind and loving friend she steals into the warmest sympathies of our hearts unawares. She exercises a most healthy and invigorating influence, not only over the body but also over the mind and heart. What delightful associations are connected with home life in the country! After having been long away; who is there that does not feel his heart leap with joy as he nears the spot, endeared to him by the bright memories of childhood as his home? How each tree and shrub and flower that he used to then know and love so well, come to his mind again and anxiously, almost fearfully go out to seek them again, hoping that they are not gone. And sometimes he finds the self-same rose tree that bloomed as sweetly when his little feet, years ago, pressed the spot in joyous childhood. The old elm tree, too, is still shading the ancient mansion, brown with age, almost the same as when he left it, except that its giant branches of more than a century's growth have extended themselves somewhat, and with a yet more graceful beauty, shading it with a yet deeper hue of rich green foliage.

He goes to the orchard and looks to find the trees which his hand helped to plant, to find the mark made on them by him with his jack-knife, and finds to his surprise that they are large trees now, but he can dimly discern the initials of his name on some of them made so long ago, and he beholds them with joy, and looks up and sees they are decked with budding blossoms, and it reminds him of the bright spring-time of his life when his heart was full of budding blossoms of youthful promise, ere care or sin or contact with the world had blasted any of the hope flowers of the heart that so quickly clustered around it.

A WESTERN MEMBER.

Johnson, barely of age, was elected to the Indiana Legislature. He says:

When I got near Vincennes I began to think what a sorry figure I, a green country lad, would cut in an assembly of the State, and it required all my resolution to keep me from turning back. Somehow or other I managed to get through the swearing process, and sneaked away to a seat from which I hardly ventured to look up until the House adjourned for dinner. On returning to my hotel I was rather gratified to learn that I was to have a room-mate, a brother member, who, as he had made at least six speeches during the forenoon session, I naturally regarded as one of the great men of the House. After dinner he came up to our jointroom, and carefully closing the door, pulled out of his pocket an enormous, old-fashi ned bull's-eyewatch, and handed it to me with this remark:

"Uncle Jake told me, just as I was starting, that I ought to have a watch, and loaned this, but I don't know how to screw the thing up; do you?

I walked into the legislative hall that afternoon with the most unlimited confidence in my ability to discharge all duties incumbent on me as a legislator.

A contemporary describing a dance at a country village in his neighbourhood, said: 'The gorgeous strings of glass beads glistened on the heaving bosoms of the village belles like rubies resting on the delicate surface of a warm apple dumpling.

A disappointed Hibernian, in relating his griefs, gives the following spicy item;

"I tould him had he any strong beer what was good? He ax'd me, yes; but it was sour and all gone."

Live it Down.

If it is a false accusation that stings your sense of honor and justice, live it down! If your upright life is stigmatized with the appellation of righteous over much, walk humbly and softly the shadowed way. Soon your name will be gilded with the light, all obscurity dissipated, and your character vindicated without a word dropping from your trembling lips. Yes! live it down, if your motives are impugned. and your life is made a kalciedoscope in the hands of men. varying in its form and colors, as each one turns it round and peers curiously in to detect some new appearance. If the friend who sat by your side when the storm-cloud was riven, and your quivering form shook beneath the shock, now gazes unmoved upon your conflict with life's stern realities, and he who walked confidingly by your side now seeks some other path, or meets you in the busy haunts of life with rigid lip and pulseless heart, bear on. You will come forth from the shadow of distrust into the sunlight of unclouded peace. Yes! live it down! A silent consistent life will speak, when the slanderers tongue is silent in death, and the busy body stands in awe before Him who said 'judge not, that you be not judged.'

A Childs Faith

In the highlands of Scotland there is a mountain gorge twenty feet in width and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in the crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining these mountain beauties, some scientific tourist once offered a Highland boy a handsome gift if he would consent to lowered down the cliff by a rope, and would gather a little basket full of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor, but when he gazed at the yawning chasm, he shuddered, shrunk back and declined.—But filial love was strong within him, and after annother glance at the gift, and at the terrible fissure, his heart grew strong, and his eye flashed, and he said:

"I will go *if my father will hold the rope.*"

And then, with unshrinking nerves, cheek unblenched, and heart firmly strong, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into the wild abyss, and to suspend him there while he filled his little basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the strength of his father's arm, and the love of his father's heart, gave him courage and power to perform it.

Fanny Fern, in one of her latest newspaper contributions, relieves in her mink on the subject of "Good Old fashioned Religion" thus: "*Real* devotion may stroll to church with a gilt-edged, gilt-clasped, velvet prayer-book, with a staring gilt cross on the cover, held by the daintiest yellow gloves, in conjunction with a cobweb handkerchief heavily freighted with rich lace; *real* devotion may do this but it staggers my faith to believe it. It is a relief to me, at any rate, to look away from such a spectacle to some poor body in homely, but well-mended clothes, in company with a well thumbed Bible or prayer book, with the look of *having been used*—a leaf turned down here, a pencil mark there, perhaps by some dear, toil-hardened hand, cold and white enough now, over which warm tears have dropped on its pages, during life's great soulstruggle upward.

Teach the Women to Save.

There's the secret. A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings' bank established—one that receives deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one, and if "the woman" would imbide it once, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and thus many, when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation for a competence, security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to save in, and the best way to make her comprehend it, is for her to keep an account of current expenses.—Probably not one wife in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself or family. Where from one or two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something, if the attempt is only made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and strive over it, and she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds; where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty—not a prompting of avarice—a moral obligation that rests upon all—upon "the women" as well as the men—but it is a duty, we are sorry to say, that is cultivated very little, even among those who preach the most, and regard themselves as examples in most matters. "Teach the women to save," is a good enough maxim to be inserted in the next edition of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

"Hal'o! I say, what did you say your medicine would cure?"

"Oh, it will cure everything—heal everything."

"Just what I want. I'll take a bottle of it; maybe it'll heal my boots—they need it bad enough."

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