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Md.

lect Poetry.

NYBODY'S BUSINESS?

ybody's business
gentleman should choose
it upon a lady,
'y don't refuse?
little plainer,
aning all may know,
.. anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman does call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers on?

business

for The American Union.

ATE CAPTAIN;

—OR,—

LAIN'S DOOM.

Close of the Last Century.

KRIMPUS KRIMP.

Chapter IV.

ares think one thing, and another tell,
t detests him as the gates of *hell*.
—POPE.

e pass over the period of two months. d and Edward have returned to England; welcomed back by their numerous ; the will had been brought to light; had entered upon his possession, and ngaged in a conversation with Al- apartment of the old Landgrave Edinburg.

Edward was saying to his cous- you bear me no ill-feeling for e taken; for, after all, uncle best for you, as you are young he value of money, and so it very soon. True, I am but with father's instruc- succeed in taking care of on me for mentioning it, spend money lavishly." d to Albert, "I bear you no ars sorry for is that fa- me."

sh you to consider this your home as you choose."

thank you very kindly; but I shall seek employment."

With that he was soon in the street. As he passed from the door, he beheld one of his old acquaintances loitering by it.

"Lost your nice little property, eh?" said this person familiarly.

Albert turned angrily upon him.

"Is it your affair?" he fiercely demanded.

"Oh, no, you misunderstand me," responded this person with a low bow. "I merely intended to offer a few suggestions."

"The age of this person was about forty years. At the time of Albert's birth, he had been a kind of secretary to old Mr. Landgrave, to attend to a part of his duties, which were many, but when the son had been driven from his home, this individual, whom we shall call Silas Botelar, went also, and followed the fortunes of the discarded son. He kept with him until Albert entered into possession of his father's estate, when he came to Edinburg and lived upon the money which Albert allowed him for the services he had given him.

"Suggestions, eh?" said Albert. Perhaps you wish to know from where your money is coming now, do you? If you do, I can soon tell you: you will have to do as you always have—get it from the quarter you can; that's what I intend doing."

"Not at all; I had no allusion to that."

"Then let's hear what you did have allusion to, my old friend, for I expect you can give some good suggestions."

"I mean that I would not submit to this quietly. You have a right to your father's property, and if I was in your place I would have it."

Albert surveyed him searchingly, then took him by the arm and conducted him to a place where they could not be overheard.—Looking around and assuring himself that no one was within hearing, he said:

"This looks suspicious, but proceed. To tell the truth, this language suits me."

"I knew it would," said Botelar, insinuatingly. "I will speak freely."

He exacted a few pledges from his companion, sounding him long enough to see that he was a fit subject for any villainy, and then said:

"You know this Edward Landgrave, your cousin, is of a yielding disposition. You, by properly working everything, can twist him around your finger. Nothing could be more easy than persuading him to do almost anything to accommodate you. I know that if he has not already done so, he will offer you a home beneath his roof; and while you are staying there everything can be arranged to your liking. Now do you not see my drift?"

"What! get him to deed me the property?"

"No; for though he is easily played off on, you could not prevail upon him to do this thing. The plan you shall hear from me will be far different from that. You must have the property—that is a settled fact; for I am aware that you love your cousin Nellie, and I am also aware that she will never marry you unless you have a handsome income to support her. I know, also, that Colonel Roylston, of His Majesty's cavalry, now serving in America, is her lover, and that he will marry her when he returns, unless you can get the start of him. It would chafe you much to see him marching off with his prize; so you had better do all you can, and doing so, outstrip your cavalry friend. The plan will be hazardous, but we will risk anything for love—at least I know you will. The plan will demand caution, for at the very first breath of suspicion your hopes and expectations will be blasted forever; and before I p ed further I wi demand of you g it, for it might as well as you.

ything; I promise all," ca- "But the plan; let me am burning up with anx- me the way I am to go, thing, even if it is to ts of the earth. I I will scorch at the to the skies; I will it is to secure the hand h, if I should lose by ier, I would kill her is blood as it flowed ll it sweet. I would of molten lead if only t the plan, the plan! it bare, and let me know perform before I can by pressing Nellie to ing a burning kiss upon ble—have the right before r mine."

Botelar, starting back s laugh, "you have believe you capa- o such sentiments.— You ought to h a clergyman. How you would have chilled a congregation; sinners would have stood poor chance in your company. Suppo take to the pulpit now; it is no , and I think I know where you can get a call to administer to the wants of a flock. Indeed I do; and if you only say so, I think—"

"To the d—l with your thoughts. Tell me of this plan which, a moment ago, you were so interested in. Was it all feign and did you only seek to play upon my anxiety, knowing my nature? Speak man! out with this plan you were so flippantly speaking about a moment ago, or, by all the powers in earth and air, I will strike you motionless in your steps. Do you deign to go on, or shall I be forced to give you entrance into another world?"

"Calm yourself, Albert Landgrave, for well you know that I care nought for you when it comes to blows. But if you wish to know the plan I propose, you will have to speak respectfully, or you will never hear it from me."

"Pardon me, Silas; I acknowledge I was too hasty. Now, come, tell me the plan."

"You are changeable. One minute you are going to strike me dead in my footsteps, and in the next you acknowledge your hastiness and ask my pardon. Now, how am I to understand you? I know not but what you may prosecute me the minute I tell you. You are a queer being."

"Indeed, Silas, do but tell me, and I will freely promise eternal silence."

"Promises are all very nice, but the honoring of them is the nicest part of the business."

"You talk about honor, Silas Botelar?" laughed Albert. "You talk about honor, you, who know about as much about honor as the vilest felon ever exported, talk about honoring promises. The joke is too good."

"Sir, do you mean to insinuate that I am a fit subject for exportation? If you do, you will never hear of my plan from me."

"You are getting wrathy," replied Albert.

"Albert Landgrave, you will be sorry for this some day. When I leave, which I am about to do—"

"Oh, no, don't leave me; I promise you that I will trifle with you no more. Come, now, Silas, let us be friends, as we always have been. Here's my hand."

"If it's sincere I take it; if not, I don't," said Botelar.

"Perfectly sincere," replied Albert.

"Then, I take it," he said, grasping it as he spoke. "Now then to business. We might, if we had been rational, settled it all long ago, but mortals are queer things, and they all will have their own way about everything, no matter what it is. Now, I wish to enjoin strict silence on you, for I wish not to be interrupted in what I am about to say, and the sooner we get through with it, the better it will be for all parties concerned; therefore, once more I enjoin strict silence.—Interrupt me not until I am through and then you can say all you wish; but remember, if you alter the plan one iota, I am done with it; I will wash my hands of it, and let you have sole control and management of the affair. I must begin at the beginning, and tell all over again. Edgard Landgrave, as I have before said, will do almost anything for you that he thinks will acccomodate you in the least; you can twist him around your finger; you can do with him as you please; in a word, he will do anything you ask him. Now, therefore, what I wish you to do is to go there, accept his invitation to make it your home, at least for a short time, make every endeavor possible to please him, in everything exert yourself to obey his wishes, doing this, you will be working him to a when he will be still more likely to what you shall hereafter ask him. If plies with your request, your course will be plain—your fortune will be made. Nellie can no longer refuse you on account of poverty, and you will be one of the happiest men in the realm. All I shall ask for putting you in the way to acquire all this, will be a small gift of ready money, occasionally. Do you accept the proposition?"

"Does the Sun shine in the heaven? do I breathe? do I walk? do I live? do I eat? do I drink? As surely as I do all these things, so surely do I accept the proposition."

"Well," continued Botelar, "then it is all settled. You get the estate, I get money to live on; you get a wife, under the sunshine of whose smile you will always bask, and will live in a perpetual honeymoon, I shall live in splendour with the money your generosity prompts you to give me. Won't we be two happy ducks? Despite your father's wishes to the contrary, his son will enjoy his property hugely, and his secretary will 'roll in clover' at the expense of the old man's purse."

"But the plan? you haven't communicated to me yet the means by which all this is to be accomplished. Really, Silas, you are dilatory about it, and I am becoming impatient," said Albert.

"There it is again; can't you wait my time? I told you I did not wish to be interrupted."

"True, but you are so long; I wish to be about it."

"You will be about it soon enough, I warrant. However, don't be too impatient; don't hurry me, and you shall soon know it."

"Then go on!"

"Don't interrupt me, I say."

"I won't any more."

"Hist! there is some one coming; I can tell you no more now. Meet me here to-night at nine o'clock, and I will relieve your impatience."

"Very well; at nine; be sure to come."

"Never fear for me, Albert Landgrave, you know I never deceive you."

"I know."

"Hist! be gone.

Chapter V.

Why thinks the fool with endless hope to see
What neither is, nor was, nor e'er shall be?
—ELPHINSTON.

At the appointed hour, the two villains again met, according to the previous agreement, Albert as impatient as ever, and Botelar as careless and indifferent in satisfying him. This Silas Botelar was a singular character; from the very first he seemed to exert an influence over Albert that could not be accounted for; no doubt but that he was the indirect cause of his father's discarding him; what he chose to say, what he chose to dictate, was law and gospel to the son of Theodore Landgrave, so we need not be surprised at anything he did at the bidding of this reprobate.

When Albert arrived at the rendezvous, he found no one there; his impatience had accelerated his speed, and the consequence was he had to wait some time for the appearance of his colleague. He was pacing up and down when that individual at length arrived.

"How lowng you have kept me waiting, Silas."

"I am here at the right time, hear the clock striking the hour; it is you who are here too early. Quite a pleasant evening?"

"Yes; but I cannot see what the weather has to do with the business on hand. Now, let us have no more tom-foolery, but go to work at once."

"Don't be too hasty, Mr. Landgrave, or else you may meet with the same result as you did to-day."

"Oh, no; I hope not."

"Well, I don't know, I am sure; it depends entirely upon you."

"If it depends upon me, I shall know all that I wish to in a very short time."

"Well, I wish to do the most of the talking at first; after I am through you can talk as much as you please. Now, do you understand all this?"

"I think I do, and shall try to maintain silence, and give you all the attention possible."

"That is the way I like to have you talk."

"Go on."

"Well, I think we came right down to the plan itself, didn't we?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Albert, "right to the plan."

"What you are to do, is this: get him to make a *will* in your favor, impressing upon him the uncertainty of life. After that he can be easily made away with; do you understand?"

Albert, though hardened in vice, stood in amazement at the very mention of a crime so monstrous. Finally, he made out to answer:

"You surely do-don't me-mean to k-k-kill him, do y-you?"

"Why, man, what is the matter? I declare if you aint trembling like an aspen."

"Oh! Silas, you don't mean to k-kill him, do you?"

"Do you accept the proposition?" calmly asked the hardened wretch. "Remember your fair cousin Nellie."

"Oh! yes;" exclaimed Albert, roused by the mention of the name of Nellie Landgrave. "Yes, I accept."

"Very well. Go now, and to-morrow commence; get him to make the will, and after that I will see you again."

They then separated; Botelar to go to some midnight revel, Albert to go home to his cousin's and think upon what had just transpired, little thinking he should ever enjoy what he was after.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IT IS A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND of the most ancient poetry that Love drew forth the world from chaos, and bound the creatures reciprocally to each other with the bonds of desire and longing; that by those tender ties she keeps all things in order and leads all to the One—the great fountain of all light, as of all love.

SAID a distinguished politician to his son: "Look at me! Look at me! I began as an alderman, and here I am at the top of the tree; and what is my reward? Why, when I die my son will be the greatest rascal in the world." To this the young hopeful replied; "Yes, dad, when you die, and not till then."

JONES said to Nibbles, "Poor Lucinda took that circumstance very much to heart." Nibbles replied: "Did she indeed? The dear girl! I wish I was that circumstance."

ABOUT as dangerous a net as a fellow can fall in with, is a brunette.

LETTER FROM FEDERALSBURG.

[The following letter was not received until after our last issue was printed; hence its appearance here.—ED.]

FEDERALSBURG, Jan. 11, 1870.

Mr. Editor:—

Since we last wrote you, the old year, with all its associations of joy and grief—of clouds and sunshine—of hopes and disappointments—has gone, and we have entered upon a new year, with all its unknown and untried future before us. Well will it be for us if we have gained wisdom from the failures of the past; and as we commence this new year let us resolve to make it a bright year in our history by right-doing to ourselves and to all with whom we come in contact. The years of our lives, like "the swift ships," are gliding away. The good we ought to do must speedily be done, for with the rapid flight of years the opportunities are also passing; and the injunction of the Good Book, as it comes to us this new year, will, I trust, be heeded by your numerous readers, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth for thee to do, do it with all thy might."

The congregation of the M. E. Church in town were favored on Sunday with preaching, both in the morning and evening, by Rev. Wm. Tompkinson, of Norwalk, Connecticut, a brother of our present pastor—T. L. Tompkinson. Both sermons were good. His delivery was pleasant, yet earnest—the speaker appearing to feel the truths to which he gave utterance—and we doubt not that good results will accrue from his efforts. We should be glad for brother T. to renew his visit and preach for us again right early.

Our Church is, at this time, undergoing repairs, which, when completed, will be a very great improvement. A very handsome steeple has been built, the Church newly painted without, and now all the wood work on the inside is being grained. A new altar is to be erected, new chimneys have been put up, new stoves been ordered, and a handsome chendelier is to take the place of the old swinging lamps that have done duty for more than a dozen years. The chendelier, we understand, will be the gift of Mr. John Collins, a member of this Church and community. We know of no more appropriate way by which Mr. Collins could so liberally let his "light shine before men," and hope that they, seeing is good works, will be ready on or before the re-dedication to assist in meeting the expenses that have occurred in remodeling and beautifying this now handsome village church.

In the way of news we are pained to note the loss of Capt. Edward Hubbard's dwelling house and furniture, which was totally destroyed by fire on last Thursday. No insurance. The Dorchester & Del. R. R. Co. has appointed Martin L. Smith as ticket agent here in place of S. T. Smith, who resigned at the close of the year. A company has lately been formed here, consisting principally of northern men, called the Maryland Improvement Company. They propose burning lime and manufacturing fertilizer. The kilns are already being put up, and soon, I presume, our farmers will not have to depend on a foreign market for this useful fertilizer.

The principal topic of conversation just now in the public places "down town" is hogs, and the merits and points of the Chester, the Berkshire, Japanese, Dutch and New Jersey Stretcher are discussed with an earnestness worthy a better subject. Quite a number of our fellow townsmen are vieing with each other as to which shall raise the largest grunter by next December. One of our friends, in his desire, we presume, to be at the head of the list in this business, not satisfied with the likely-looking swine he had, sold it and bought another at high rates. After feeding and attending to it well for some two weeks, he concluded to weigh it and ascertain the amount of growth in that time. He did so, and to his utter dismay found it weighed *two pounds less* than it was represented to him to weigh when he purchased it.

Pardon my length.

Yours, T.

DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

"I am hungry," said the Grave. "Give me food."

Death answered: "I will send forth a minister of destruction, and you shall be satisfied."

"What minister will you send?"

"I will send alcohol. He shall go in the guise of food and medicine, pleasure and hospitality. The people shall drink and die."

And the Grave answered, "I am content."

And now the Church bells began to toll and the mournful procession to advance.

"And who are they bringing now?" asked the Grave.

"Ah," said Death, "they are bringing a household The drunken father aimed a blow at his wife. He killed the mother and her child together, and then dashed out his own life."

"And who," said the Grave, "comes next, followed by a train of weeping children?"

"This is a broken-hearted woman, who has long pined away in want, while her husband has wasted his substance at the tavern. And he, too, is borne behind, killed by the hands of violence."

"And who next?"

"A young man of generous impulses, who, step by step, became dissipated and squandered his all. My agent turned him out to be frozen in the street."

"Hush!" said the Grave; "now I hear a wail of anguish that will not be silenced."

"Yes, the widow's cry. It is the only son of his mother. He spurned her love, reviled the rod, and a bloated corpse he comes to thee. And thus they come—further than the eye can reach, the procession crowns thy dark abodes. And still, lured by the enchanting cup which I have mingled, the sons of men crowd the paths of dissipation.—Vainly they dream of escape, but I shut behind them the invincible door of destiny.—They know it not, and with song and dance and riot they haste to thee, O Grave! Then I throw my fatal spell upon new throngs of youths, and soon they, too, will be thine."

IN describing a new organ a country editor says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed clothes."

MISTRESS JINKS.

I am Mistress Jinks, of Madison Square,
I wear fine clothes and I puff my hair,
And how the gentlemen at me stare,
While my husband's in the army.
Where'er I go I'm talked about,
I'm talked about, I'm talked about,
I wear the latest fashions out,
While the Captain's in the army.

SPOKEN.—And why shouldn't I? Everybody that sees me knows—

CHORUS—I am Mistress Jinks, of Madison Square,
I wear fine clothes and puff my hair,
And how the gentlemen at me stare,
While the Captain's in the army.

I give my parties and my balls,
And 'tend to all my evening calls,
And buy the best I can find at Hall's,
While my husband's in the army.
I write to him and he writes to me,
He writes to me, he writes to me,
And says that I must happy be,
While the Captain's in the army.

SPOKEN—And why shouldn't I? He fights for his pay, I get it and spend it. He's happy; so am I, for—

CHORUS—I am Mistress Jinks, of Madison Square
I wear fine clothes and puff my hair,
And how the gentlemen at me stare,
While the Captain's in the army.

He says he'll get a furlough soon,
And come back home to stay till June,
Oh! won't I sing a different tune,
To my husband in the army.
I'll met him then with kisses sweet,
With kisses sweet, with kisses sweet,
I'll hasten out the door to meet
With the Captain home from the army.

SPOKEN—And shouldn't I? Havn't I spent all his money? Owe large bills, house-rent due nothing to wear, hungry, and well—

CHORUS—I am Mistress Jinks, of Madison Square
My clothes are bad, I have nothing to wear,
The Captain got on an awful "tear,"
They kicked him out of the army.

COLFAX ON GRANT.

Standing on the threshold of the new year with ten months of the administration of President Grant before the country and the world, it is a fitting time to consider the present condition of affairs and to contrast it with March last, when he took the solemn oath that invested him with the power conferred on him by the popular vote.

Economy.—In every branch of the public service his orders initiated retrenchments, which have been and are being carried out with zeal and fidelity. Useless offices have been discontinued; the clerical force in the departments has been largely decreased; the army was promptly reduced; very many of the surplus military officers, resulting from the reorganization of the regiments, have been ordered into service as Indian Agents, thus saving the salaries of an equal number of civilians; and unnecessary appropriations have not been used.

Honest Collections.—With taxation diminished from last year, the revenue has steadily increased, abating the discontent which always exists when the honest taxpayer is compelled to bear his own burden, and the burden that *should* fall on the dishonest taxpayer besides.

Rings.—With this increased efficiency and vigilance on the part of the revenue officers, the whisky ring, one so widespreading and powerful, no longer exists in an organized capacity anywhere in our cities or throughout the land. And the Gold Ring, which caused such wild excitement a few months ago, felt the power of the President and his Financial Secretary at a timely moment; so that it has not since shown signs of life or action.

The Debt.—Month by month the people have witnessed with intense satisfaction the steady reduction of the National debt. The monthly bulletins of the Treasury Department have been successive campaign documents in favor of the Administration; and when the year expires over one-twentieth of the bonded debt will have been paid.

Gold.—Steadily, with the single exception already alluded to, the premium on gold has declined; not by any extraordinary attempt of the Administration to force or to hasten the resumption of specie payments, but by the improved credit of the nation reacting upon it. Already the very narrow margin between the premium on gold and the selling price of our bonds points unmistakably to the nearness of the time when the debt can be funded at a much lower rate of interest; enabling the country to dispense with scores of millions of dollars of taxation.

Pardons.—Instead of the daily relase of convicted offenders against the laws, the exercise of the Executive clemency has been confined within proper and healthy restrictions, alike just to the criminal and the country he has wronged.

Public Officers.—Whatever discontents there may have been at this or that appointment, no fair man can deny that, as a whole, the nation has ever had any better array of officers. If the President could possibly have been guided by unerring inspiration, all would not have been satisfied with his choice; for even if a dozen applicants were thoroughly qualified, but one could be selected, and eleven with all their friends dissatisfied. And, as there is no Congressman who will deny that he sometimes made mistakes in selections in his own district, where he knows personally so many of his constituents, how could any President be infallible when he must depend for knowledge as to a very large proportion of applicants on the recommendations of others?

Reconstruction.—By the prompt and judicious action of the President, under the large authority given to him last April, in the closing hours of the first session of XLIst Congress, the work of reconstruction draws rapidly to its close, and before the resurrection of Spring gladdens our hearts, we may hope to see every State in the Union fully represented to the National councils.

The Indians.—Under the President's firm but humane policy, there have been fewer Indian outbreaks and outrages between the Mississippi and the Sierras than during any year since 1862. Peace to the frontier settlements is a boon whose blessing and joy few here can adequately realize.

Caste.—In nothing has the Administration been more positive and outspoken than in the advocacy of the XVth Amendment, from the day that it was recommended in the Inaugural till the present hour, when its final ratification seems so near at hand. And, before its formal adoption, the President has illustrated his belief in its justice by appointing to office, of both higher and lower degree, many whose race and color, irrespective of their intellectual qualification, had previously placed them under the ban of official ostracism. The following terse and emphatic remark of the President to Attorney-General Hoar, and quoted by the latter at the recent New England dinner in New York, is worthy to be printed in letters of gold:

"I hope to see the time when every man in the country may have power to express his own opinion, to follow whom he pleases, to vote as he likes, and to have his vote counted, without molestation, or hindrance, or insult. If we can only unite in maintaining public faith and credit, our political differences will not be of much account."

The Alabama Claims.—The brief but pointed alusions in the President's annual message to "the only grave question which the United States have with any foreign nation" must be fresh in the memory of all.—And also his emphatic sentence:

"A sensitive people, conscious of their power, are more at ease under a great wrong wholly unatoned, than under the restraint of a settlement which satisfies neither their ideas of justice nor their grave sense of the grievance."

If any amplification of the ground on which the nation stands on this question was needed, the masterly and unanswerable argument of Secretary Fish, recently published, investing as it does with new interest a theme so elaborately argued heretofore, shows how faithfully the Administration is vindicating "the rights, dignity, and honor," of the United States.

Cuba.—The President's sympathies with "all people struggling for liberty and self-government" are frankly stated in his message. But while thus openly expressing them, he as frankly declares that "no matter how unpleasant the task," he has endeavored to execute our neutrality laws in good faith.

On the main subject he thus spoke:

"The people and Government of the United States entertain the same warm feelings and sympathies for the people of Cuba in their pending struggle that they manifested throughout the previous struggle between Spain and the former colonies in behalf of the latter; but the contest at no time assumed the conditions which amount to a war in the sense of international law, or which would show the existence of a *de facto* political organization of the insurgents sufficient to justify a recognition of beligerency."

And he adds: "Our course should always be in conformity with strict justice and law, international and local," which none of those criticising him can deny. The President believes, as his whole message proves, in the Golden Rule for nations as well as individuals. Whatever our sympathies may be, he holds that we should act toward others exactly as we would have had others act toward us during our recent struggle for national existence, or as we would have them act hereafter if, unhappily, another dark cloud of civil war should ever overshadow our land. But while thus performing "the unpleasant task," he submits the whole matter to Congress, which, representing the people, and fresh from their midst, is certainly a proper arbiter on a question that might eventuate in war with a foreign power and its possible allies, and the increased debt and taxes, diminished commerce and renewed bloodshed that might result, if recognition was not justified by the international law, whose infraction by others in our own case we have so publicly and emphatically condemned at the bar of the civilized world. It is a remarkable coincidence that, while the President was writing this message, Cespedes, the President of what I hope is yet to be the free Cuba, on the 20th of November, wrote in his proclamation as follows:

"Perhaps it is just that Administration of the Washington Government should delay recognizing us until Congress shall have met."

This brief and dispassionate retrospect might be extended; but enough has been written to prove that the Administration fully deserves the popular confidence it has won.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

A DEATH-BED SERMON.

A gentleman died last week, at his residence in New York, leaving $11,000,000.—He was a member of the Presbyterian church, in excellent standing, a good husband and father, and a thrifty citizen. On his death-bed, lingering long, he suffered with great agony of mind, and gave continual expressions in his remorse for what his conscience told him had been an ill-spent life. "Oh!" he exclaimed, as his weeping friends and relations gathered around—"if I could only live my years over again. Oh! if I could only be spared for a few years, I would willingly give all the wealth I have amassed in my life-time. It is a life devoted to money getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter!" His clergyman endeavored to soothe him, but he turned his face towards the wall. "You have never reproved my avarice spirit," he said to the minister. "You have called it a wise economy and forethought but now I know that riches have been only a snare for my poor soul!" In this sad state of mind, refusing to be consoled, the poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to the mere acquisition of riches. Many came away from his bedside impressed with the uselessness of such an existence as the wealthy man had spent, adding house to house and dollar to dollar, until he became a millionaire. All knew him to be a professing Christian and a good man, as the world goes, but the terror and remorse of his death-bed administered a lesson not lightly dismissed from memory.—He would have given all for a single glance of Heaven.

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