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ENOCH PRA... BALTO. FREE...

[*For The American Union.*]

MR. EDITOR:—The following lines embrace the *sentiment* of a few rough hewn verses, dictated by an aged citizen of Caroline county, who, for many years, has been a helpless rheumatic prisoner. I trust you will find room for them in THE UNION, and send a copy to my aged and afflicted friend.

Respectfully, R——.

I sit in my old arm chair,
While the lone hours steal away,
Where for twenty long years,
With their joys and their tears,
I have brooded o'er life's dreary day;
And, whatever the want or the care,
I sit in my old arm chair.

I sit in my old arm chair,
And think of the days gone by;
When the birds and the flowers
Filled the halcyon hours
With their perfume and minstrelsy:
But they're gone with their skies so fair,
And I sit in my old arm chair.

I sit in my old arm chair,
My children and friends far away;
But there's *One* ever near—
I have nothing to fear,
Though dreary and lonely the way:
*He* aids me life's burdens to bear,
While I sit in my old arm chair.

I sit in my old arm chair,
With my Bible on my knee,
And I look above
To the God of love
For his kindly sympathy:
And my sky grows sunny and fair,
While I *pray* in my old arm chair.

I sit in my old arm chair—
The *throne* of my regal state—
A priest and king,
I joyously sing,
In sight of the golden gate—
In sight of my home over there,
As I sit in my old arm chair.

I sit in my old arm chair;
It trembles and creaks with its years;
We shall go down together
To the ever—forever,
But we leave no regrets and no tears.
We shall quietly rest down there—
Both I and my old arm chair.

Soon I'lls ay "good bye, old arm chair!"
I shall need thy kind office no more;
With the white robed immortals
I shall enter the portals,
And stand on the glorified shore.
From my seat on my old arm chair,
To my kingdom and throne over there!

## COUSIN PERCY'S TEST.

Just in the outskirts of a certain small village there stands, away back from the road, amid some tall, wide-spreading elm trees, an old-fashioned house, wherein do eat, drink, sleep and exist the Misses Grimwood, three elderly unwedded females of a shrunken-up and withered appearance, who represent with great credit that class of human beings known—in somewhat expressive language—as the "vulgar aristocracy."

The Miss Grimwoods were very precise and particular in their manner of saying and doing things, for fear they should appear "low" and "impolite," and too much like the "common people," to be regarded with that respect which their great wealth and small brains ought (judging from the way such things usually are) to confer upon them.

One pleasant day in June, the three old maids sat together in a large bay-window that commanded an unlimited view of the graveled walk, leading down between two rows of trees to the road, and the road itself that wound its way toward the little village faintly seen in the distance.

"Elmira, my love," murmured the eldest Miss Grimwood to the next younger, with an air of indolence and languor that was supposed to be fashionable.

"Yes, my dear," said Elmira, with a weary sigh, as if it cost her a great effort to speak at all.

"Do you suppose Cousin Percy will come out to see us this Summer? You know we havn't seen him for four or five years, and I've heard he is very stylish and polite, and so gentlemanly—I do wish he would."

"I don't know, my love," replied Elmira; "I wrote him an invitation nearly ten days ago, but I have received no reply. I do wish he would come, he is so wealthy, and hadsome, and——"

"And has such a lovely moustache, Amelia wrote," said the younger sister, who affected to be sentimental.

"Cornelia," said Elmira, with a slight frown, "how much must I remind you that you must not interrupt while I am speaking? It's low, and not genteel. As I was about to remark, I hope our Cousin Percy will come, for he will make such a nice match for you, and you can get him if you are only stylish and agreeable."

"And has our assistance," said the eldest Miss Grimwood, with a precise air of superior wisdom.

"Yes," assented Elmira, with a bow, "and has our assistance."

Miss Cornelia simpered and hid her face in her handkerchief, and tried to blush, but failed completely. After this the three having exhausted their stock of ideas, became lost in an absorbing reverie, thinking about nothing.

"I declare," said the eldest sister, suddenly arousing herself from the state of imbecility into which she had fallen, and gazing out down the walk to the gate, through which a young man, evidently "one of the common people," was just coming. "I declare—what is that vulgar man coming into our premises for? Go, ask the fellow what business he has to intrude on our private grounds, sister Cornelia."

"O! O!" said the delicate young lady addressed, almost thrown into convulsions by the monstrosity of so horrid a proposition, "I—I can't! He's so ragged!"

"I suppose that it is hardly proper you should be seen speaking to such a common person," said the eldest, with a great deal of importance; "but what can we do?—Our man-servant is not at home, and if he keeps on he will actually come upon our front steps. Dear me, I do wish these low people would know their places!"

After a great deal of talk it was finally decided that, owing to the extreme urgency of the case, all three should go out and accost the man, and ascertain what business it was that made him presume to defile the ground of the Grimwoods with his loathsome presence. Accordingly, the three arose, and with a very stiff and precise appearance, that the man might be at once impressed with a due respect for their importance, stalked out upon the porch in Indian file, just as the stranger reached the steps that led up into the house.

"The impudence and boldness of these lower classes exceeds our most credulous belief, sister Elmira," said the eldest sister, in a loud, shrill key, that was, of course, perfectly audible to the ears of the man for whom it was indirectly intended.

"Certainly, my love; you are quite right," said Elmira with a glance of contempt at the stranger. "They are very unmanerly and impolite, I am sure."

"And—and—ragged," said Cornelia, the youngest, with a litter simper, and glancing at the clothes worn by the man. "O, dear, ain't it awful!"

"I think they should be summarily ejected from the grounds of those who are their superiors, when they have no better taste than to intrude," said Elmira, disdainfully.

"What do you come here for, man?" said the eldest sister, sharply, to the stranger.

In reply to the question, he produced a letter, and held it toward her at arm's length.

"Here, fellow," said the eldest Miss Grimwood, tossing a dime to him, "take that and go away, do!"

The piece of silver fell directly in the path of the young man, who spurned it aside with his foot, and continuing his way to the gate, soon disappeared in the direction of the village.

"I declare," said the eldest sister, as they returned into the house, "if that low person ain't awfully impertinent! Refused the money I gave him! How dare he do it? Who is the letter from, Elmira, my love?"

"Dear me," said Elmira, who had been eager in its perusal, "if it ain't from our dear Cousin Percy! It is dated at the village, at which he says he has just arrived, and says he will be here in about two hours. Do run to the window, Sister Cornelia, and see if he is not almost here. It is about time. O, how pleased I am!"

The youngest sister did as requested, and after a long and eager look down the road returned to report that no one was in sight, whereat the eldest rang the bell and ordered the servant who answered it to have the cook immediately prepare a "sumptuous feast," suitable to the rank and wealth of the expected guest. After this, the Misses Grimwood, concealing their excitement and impatience, for fear it might be "low" to evince such human feelings, sat like three icebergs in the centre of the parlor and frigidly awaited the coming of their dear Cousin Percy.

In due time a magnificent carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid black horses, dashed up to the gate in grand style, and there alighted therefrom the young gentleman in question, Mr. Percy, dressed in the extreme height of fashion.

We purpose to let pass unrecorded the unimportant events that transpired during the first week of Mr. Percy's visit, and narrate the particulars of an occurrence that took place the day before his departure from the home of the Grimwoods, and which is very important in this story, as it not only changes the entire hopes and prospects of the three old maids, but also develops into a fact a suspicion the reader may have entertained regarding Mr. Percy.

The two elder of the Misses Grimwood had been "laying their heads together" ever since the advent of their cousin at Grove Place, to capture the heart, the hand, and the fortune of the genteel and agreeable Percy for their younger and more handsome—it is not saying much—sister Cornelia.

After a discussion that lasted a very long time, and in which an immense amount of wisdom was displayed, it was at length decided that the next day—that being the day before Percy's visit was expected to terminate—the two Misses Grimwood hould contrive to have Cornelia and her cousin left alone together for a sufficient length of time for him to propose, she to accept, and the day to be settled between them when the happy ceremony that would make them husband and wife was to transpire.

To make as sure a thing of it as possible, Miss Cornelia was called in and given a great many instructions how to act and what to say by the elder Misses Grimwood, who, having been engaged for the last fifteen years in the fruitless endeavor to get married, were eminently qualified to give such advice.

The programme was accordingly carried into effect, and the next day found Cornelia and Percy seated alone together in the arbor, side by side, under as favorable circumstances for popping the question as probably have ever been recorded in the history of any love-making.

"What a lovely day it is, Cousin Percy," said Cornelia, glancing sideways at the young man. "The gale wafts to my nose the smell of flowers, and—and—how sweetly the hens cackle! It seems just like the day you came. What made you send such an outlandish ragged fellow with your letter, dear Percy?—he was awful horrid and vulgar."

"Indeed," said Percy, politely. "What did he do or say, pray?"

"What a question, Percy, for you to ask. Why, he was ragged, and so, of course, was no gentleman. But let us not talk about it—it's so awful. Let us converse about something else."

"Well," said Percy, calmly, "what shall it be, love?"

"Love," repeated Cornelia, as coquettishly as her age would permit. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself to call me Love? Oh, dear Percy, I am not your love, am I?"

"No," said Percy, smiling slightly to himself, "you are not."

This reply, so different from what she hoped, somewhat disconcerted her at first; however, she soon rallied and came back to the charge.

"And must you leave to-morrow, dear Percy!" she said, drawing nearer, and accidentaly, of course, laying her hand on his. "Must this parting be so soon? Must—must the cords that have united us in our friendship be severed by the knife of absence, O, dear Percy?"

"They must," said Percy, with a stoicism against all these blandishments that would have done credit to a philosopher.

Miss Cornelia felt that something desperate must be performed, or her chances for getting Percy's hand—and consequently his fortune, which was, of course, the chief point to be gained—would fall through.—A little right management at the proper time might effect her object, while on the other hand, a slight error in speech or manner might ruin her entire hopes and prospects. It was a delicate point, and she felt it.

"Cousin Percy," said she, looking at him tenderly.

"Well," said Percy.

"Your company is very agreeable."

"Is it?" said Percy calmly.

"Yes, it is very agreeable to me, dear Percy."

"Ah!" said Percy.

Miss Grimwood was almost in despair.

"Cousin Percy," she said, desperately.

"Well?"

"Do you think it wrong for cousins—not second cousins, but cousins like you and me—to get married, dear Percy?"

"That will do," said Percy, sharply.

"What?" said Cornelia, startled at the words and manner of her companion.

"That will do," repeated Percy. "You need'nt pop the question."

Miss Grimwood was dumb. She could not have spoken a word then had her life depended upon it.

"You need'nt pop the question," said Percy, "because I am too 'awful horrid and vulgar' to suit your taste."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Cornelia, burying her face in her handkerchief with a snivel.

"I mean," said Percy, rising, and standing before her, "that I am the poor, ragged, despised fellow that brought the letter announcing my coming. If you treated me mean then, you must now. I disguised myself on purpose to try you and your sisters. I see what you are. I shall leave Grove Place to-morrow, never to return.—What is more, I am going to marry a poor girl, who is not worth a farthing; but she is beatiful, pure and good, and I will plainly inform you that you and your sisters are not fit to touch the hem of her dress.—Good-day!"

He bowed with cold dignity and walked out of the arbor toward the house.

Miss Cornelia Grimwood gave utterance to a piercing shriek that would have established the reputation of a steam-whistle for all time to come, and rolling off from the seat on to the ground, "fainted" quite away just as her two sisters (who had been trying to ascertain how their scheme worked, by listening to the entire conversation outside the arbor) came rushing to render her assistance.

The two Misses Grimwood fell upon their knees before their prostrate sister, chafed her hands and limbs, sprinkled cold water in plentiful quantities over her face, poked straws up her nose, bewailed loudly that she was dead, and, in short performed many other feats of a like nature, with the avowed intention of "bringing her to."—They desisted, however, when they were sure that Percy was out of sight and hearing, and Cornelia, raising herself on her elbow in a most remarkable manner for one in her supposed condition, and gazing anxiously around, said:

"Is—is he home?

"Yes, my love," murmured the two old maids in the same breath. "You can get up now, and if he comes back you can faint again. Cruel man!"

We will bring our narration to a speedy close, by stating that Mr. Percy left Grove Place the next day, and was never more seen in that vicinity. Within three months after the unsuccessful assault of three old maids on his affections and his purse, he married the poorest girl (in a pecuniary sense) in the country, but one who was the richest in gentleness, purity and virtue, and the attractions that contribute to make home the nearest to paradise of anything on earth.

The three Misses Grimwood still reside at Grove Place; and, although they did not soon forget the mortifying lesson that Percy taught them, they are as aristocratic as ever, never seeming to have learned the fact that hidden beneath ragged clothes may be found true nobility, and that gold does not always glisten, neither are diamonds found without digging in the dirt.

### *Sunbeams.*

Heavily fell the rain, and wildly swept the winds through a narrow street in the "business part of the town," as a merchant, closing the door of his counting-room, prepared for his homeward walk. It was not alone his usual daily toil which now had the effect of so depressing his spirits, and saddening his views of life; he had met that day with deep disappointment and base ingratitude, involving heavy pecuniary loss. His plans, his prospects, his future career, which but the day before had seemed all glowing with sunshine, now looked dark and dreary: "the trail of the serpent was over them all." And as in his homeward path he drew near a church surrounded by its green burial-place, he felt that weariness of spirit and distaste of life with which most persons who have passed the spring-time of existence are familiar; and, leaning on the low wall, as the headstones gleamed through the darkness of the night, he murmured, "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Heavy was his footstep as he left the spot, and proceeded o his own dwelling; there, too, all looked dark and cheerless—the windows were closed, and no warm ray of light found its way through them to welcome his approach. "Like the rest of the world!" he exclaimed; "like the rest of the world! Nothing to brighten or gladden me." Drawing the pass-key from his pocket, he turned the lock and entered. As the sound of his footstep was heard within, a bright girl opened the parlor door, and came forward to greet him. "Father! dear father!" she exclaimed; "how wet you are! I have been so troubled about you!" and pressing her warm cheek to his, she drew him into the apartment. Everything there told of thoughtful affection. An arm-chair was placed ready for him by the side of the blazing hearth; the hissing urn stood in its place upon the table, where a nicely prepared meal awaited him, and the tender tones of a daughter's voice sank to the depths of his weary heart.

"Mary, darling," he said, as a tear dimmed his eye, and he leaned his aching head upon her shoulder, "I have had a sad and a weary day of it; but there is something to live for yet, while I have such a daughter's love to gladden me!"

"Dear father!" she replied, "heed not the storm and tempest without; our own fireside is bright and warm; our own hearts honest and true." And *sunbeams*—bright *sunbeams* poured from Mary's eyes, causing sweet flowers of cheerful hope and trust to spring up in her father's bosom—a soil which but a few hours before he had thought would never again produce such blooming treasures!

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.—The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice, "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—Pay as you go!"—John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that. "Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and a manly front, and have no fear of those you meet. You can look any man in the eye without flinching. You won't have to cross the street to avoid a dun, or look intently in a shop window in order not to see a creditor. "Pay as you go," and you can snap your finger at the world, and when you laugh it will be a hearty, honest one, and not like the laugh of the poor debtor, who looks around as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was the property of his creditors, and not included in articles "exempted from attachment." "Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry-cheeked, smiling children—a contented wife—a cheerful hearth-stone. John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.

### *Rome Wasn't Built in a Day.*

BY ALICE CAREY.

The boy who does a stroke and stops
Will ne'er a great man be;
'Tis the aggregate of single drops
That makes the sea the sea.

The mountain was not at its birth
A mountain, so to speak;
The little atoms of sand and earth
Have made its peak a peak.

Not all at once the morning streams
The gold above the gray;
'Tis thousand little yellow gleams
That makes the day the day.

Not from the snowdrift May awakes
In purples, reds and greens;
Spring's whole bright retinue it takes
To make her queen of queens.

Upon the orchard rain must fall,
And soak from branch to root,
And blossoms bloom and fade withal,
Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till,
And wait the wheaten bread,
Then cradle, thresh and go to mill
Before the bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But spite of all the din,
It is the patient *holding out*
That makes the winner win.

Make this your motto, then, at start,
'Twill help to smooth the way,
And steady up both hand and heart,
"Rome wasn't built in a day!"

[For The American Union.]

### *Hezekiah Brindle on the Farmer's Club.*

DEER MISTUR EDEETUR:—

I ain't rit about the Farmer's Klub lately, bekause the only members who no who I am, namely: Mr. Leap and Mr. Emmersun, thort I had better let the matter rest a-little while, fur fear the xsitement attending the apereance of these papers wud have a bad effect on my nevy, Sam-mule Brindle's brane. As you awl saw by his pece that came out in the Jurnel, he is not blest with an overstock of sense, and the docktur thort if there wuz enny more xcitement he wud bekum idiotic. Hee's a leetle feller, and he has bin so devotid to kultivatin his long, black beerd that I think sum of the substance that ort to have gone to the top has gone to the bottom of his hed. This will suffishently ackount fur his last production; and I will here say to awl those who tuk enny offense that in our family we never think of payin enny attenshun to wat he ses, fur he lise horribly.

And now I want to say a wurd to the edeeturs of the papers, who made such a fizzle about the day of meetin the time before the last, and that is that I think the best use that cud be made of the surpluss funds which is now ackumulatin in the tresury so fast wud bee to invest them in 2 almanaks, one fur each paper, with the last Saturday of each month marked so planely that even an edeetur cud see it.—Now, I think we shud take a furm stand agin the enkrochments of the press. I, fur one, du wat I kan in a individual kapasity by not pain my subscripshun until I hev to, an idea which I am happy to say has bin practtised fur a long time by sum of our best and most respecktable sitizens.

The president bein absent at the last meetin, and one vice-president bein skeered away bekause he wuz appointed to make a speech, the meetin wuz called to order by Mistur Cast-iron, with its usual puncktuality, about 5 o'klock. After the minits wuz red the question about clover cum up, and I wuz glad to see that sum of my feller farmers had spunk enuff to speke on the subjick. Mr. Cities and Mr. Bill's-son came down forcibly with there xperiense, and I wuz tempted to say sumthin myself on the question, and wuz risin to do so wen I found my kote-tales pinned fast to the cheer, wich was dun by Mr. Dunout, who sot next me. This little axident stopped wat wud hev bin the greatest speech herd this season at the klub. Mr. Bill's-son then gave us his xperience on kookin fude fur swine, and as his xperience wuz a little like mine I will merely say that awl I got fur my panes wuz a crack over the hed by a broomstick in the hans of my beloved Dorothy and the admonishun that if I put enny more such stuff on her stuv I'd hev to eat it fur my dinner. I kudden't say that kookin did my hogs much good.

A gentleman then gave us a dessertation on the merits of settin kurs to catch moles and mice. He sed that the dorgs did more harm than gud, because they kept eetin the strawburys insted of the moles. This question bein about an animale suited in size to the kaliber of the klub, awakened a lively discusshun. Mr. Leap wuz in favor of settin in hogsheds, side by side, just under the mole's trak, all over the fields, and then kuverin them up. He kontended that if the moles tumbled in these, they kudden't git out; and I thort he wuz rite there. Another member sed that windmills wuz a sartin kure for them, and that he had a noshun of settin up a windmill facktery in Denton. I cudden't help thinkin that if the moles wuz so afrade of windmills they wud keep out of the way of the farmer's klub, fur that wuz the biggest *wind*-mill I noes on anywhere.

The discusshun of these questions havin been decided in the usual happy style of the klub, *i. e.*, every member bein left at the end just where he wuz at the beginnin, they proceeded to here the report of the kummitty on programs fur the next meetin. Mistur Black, who I had seed fur sum time wuz a bilen over and a spilen fur to make a spech, here made a moshun fur to hold a exhibishun of strawburys and other vegetables sometime before the next meetin. The klub gave the kummittee of arrangements full power to du wat they plesed and draw on the tresury fur the funds, and in kase the tresury wuz empty, to sell up the tresurer and make a raze on his private property fur the proceeds. At this pint the faces of the kommitty shun like the bottums of Dorothy's tin pans, when they have bin all skowered; and I wuz privately told that they konsidered that order as good as shavin a note of $1,000 at 50 per cent., wich I beleve is the legal rate in Denton. This member also informed me privately, and as a secret, that they intended to inklude in the exhebishun a premium fur fat babies, as they konsidered that these justly came under the hed of small fruits. Mistur Graft then made a moshun in favor of a state kolonizashun society, wich I suppose ment fur the klub to dispatch the Riel Oke to bring in sum of the people of furrin parts to Denton. I heered that there wuz sum people in a country calied Allsass and Lorane who wuz redy to kum; and as the people of Pennsilvany and York and Jarsy is about played out, and feels very much like a squz spunge, I suppose the objick of the moshun wuz to take them in. But if they is enny sassyer than the furriners as is awlredy here, we don't want them. After appintin 10 fellers to go and fetch a lot to try, the klub adjourned. Thar wuz a kummittee on libreries to report at this meetin, but as the sekretary didn't think them wuth inkludin in his minits, they got mad and wudden't report. They wuz appinted to devise sum way to keep the members from steelin the books. Hope they will report next time, as the books is vanishin.

Yours til deth,

HEZEKIAH BRINDLE.

[By Request.]

### *"Gone."*

How small the word and yet how intense its meaning? It falls on the ear only to produce the most dreary sensations. How doleful the echo as it reverberates in the soul? What melancholy sadness is associated with the pronunciation of the word *"gone,"* gone from our sight, from touch, from the sound of our voice—all gone forever here, leaving only in its flight the dream of the past. How indescribable the emotion, what impenetrable gloom fills the soul, when it once fully realizes that from us here is forever gone, that about which our hearts so cling, our treasure the object of our affections?

In the cradle lay a bright lovely infant boy, whose little visit here had been so short, only seven months, tiny, helpless, innocent creature, how important a place did it fill in our household? How much of every home-life is made up of childish words and acts of those young mirrors, our children, in which we see ourselves? How earnest, warm and deep, was our love for baby? What music in his every laugh, what thrill of joy in the gentle touch of his little hand, as it softly smoothed our cheek? How very closely about our hearts had the tendrils of affection become entwined? But just as we felt he was ours, just as he had learned those cunning ways of baby-days he was taken from us—the shadow had fallen on our house-hold, and one of its sunbeams was shut out. How dark that shadow, and how yearningly the heart seeks after its sunbeams? But it is not there, it is *gone*. The pillow in the crib is all smooth and undisturbed to-day. At the quiet hour of midnight, the dark winged messenger death entered the cradle-house, and carried away the tiny spirit of our precious baby boy. He is gathered another flower to the conservatory above. He has gone—gone to that blessed household so largely composed of "little children." How ruthless is death! How it empties the house! But it cannot empty the heart—that keeps the memory of its darling safe, even though out of sight.

We gaze broken hearted, on what is left us now, and the thought comes struggling up, has that life gone out? Is that all we are to have of little Charlie? No, no, he is not dead. His heavenly Father had need of him, and sent his charriot of winged angels and took him home. How beautiful even in death! His sweet, pensive expression of face seemed almost heavenly. How often had that little countenance, unusually full of intelligence, lighted up the saddened face of others when troubled with the perplexities of busy life! His life was brief, like a short day, yet long enough to feel the anguish of intense suffering. His earthly mission is fulfilled. His short life has ended. That tiny messenger of peace and love, bright as a dew-drop when first seen in the morning—that filled the soul with perpetual heart-throbbings—has ceased its prattle and happy look of recognition on earth to swell the hymn sung by redeemed spirits in the spirit world. By bright waters now thy lot is cast—thy tiny bark has passed the rough sea's foam—*thou art gone home!*

DOWN THE HILL.—The evening of every man's life is coming on apace. The day of life will soon be spent. The sun, though it may be up in mid-heaven, will pass swiftly down in the western sky, and disappear. What shall light up man's path when the sun of life has gone down? He must travel on to the next world; but what shall illumine his footsteps after the nightfall of death, amid the darkness of his journey? What question more important, more practical, more solemn for each reader of our journal to ask himself? That is a long journey to travel without light, without a guide, and without a friend. Yet every man must perform it. The time is not far distant when all men will begin the journey. There is an evening star in the natural world. Its radience is bright and beautiful, and cheering to the benighted traveller. But life's evening star is in a good hope of Heaven. Its beauty and brilliancy are reflected from the sun of righteousness, whose bright rays light up the evening of life, and throw their radience quite across the darkness of the grave into Immanuel's land. It has illuminated the footsteps of many a traveller into eternity. It is of priceless value. A thousand worlds cannot purchase it; yet it is offered without money and without price to him who will penitently and thankfully receive it.

THE SHADY SIDE OF LIFE.—When any man on the shady side of middle life has the fortitude to look around to note the number of his old and valued friends, he is shocked to find how meagre is the list. One after another has disappeared, from no other perceptible cause than that their physical powers, originally vigorous, had succumbed in the feverish, and we might also say insane, battle of life. Too long and too dilligently have they stuck to their professional pursuits, or been fascinated by the allurements of society, taking relaxation only by fits and starts, and seemingly under the impression that they have still a long career before them. Having realized a fair competency, they might very well ask themselves why they should continue to toil, to speculate, and to rack their brains, when a life of comparative ease and reflection would, in all respects, be more becoming. This is exactly the question, however, which they never put. The upshot is well known.—Through sundry real or imaginary entanglements, their day of safty is past. A cold, foggy, drizzly, November finishes them; and at about two o'clock on a wintry afternoon they are, in all the pomp of hearse and carriages, decorously conducted to the burying ground.

TRUE POLITENESS.—A poor Arab going through the desert met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness, seemed to his simple mind, a present fit to offer to the Caliph. So he filled his leathern bottle, and, after a weary tramp, laid his humble gift at his sovereign's feet. The monarch, with the magnanimity that may put many a Christian to blush, called for a cup, and filling it, drank freely, and, with a smile, thanked the Arab and presented him with a reward. The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water, which was regarded as worthy such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise the Caliph forbade them to touch a drop. Then, after the simple-hearted giver left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch thus explained the motive for his prohibition. "During this long journey, the water in this leathern bottle has become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and, as such, I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it, he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake, lest the heart of the poor man should be wounded."

TOO POOR TO TAKE A PAPER.—Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*, was sitting in his office one afternoon two years ago, when a farmer friend came in and said:

"Friend Moore, I like your paper, but times are so hard that I cannot pay for it."

"Is that so, friend Jones? I am sorry to hear that you're so poor, and if you are so hard run, I will give you my paper."

"No, no! I can't take it as a gift."

"Well, then, let us see how we can arrange it. You raise chickens, I believe?"

"Yes, a few! but they don't bring anything, hardly."

"Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything, hardly. Now I have a proposition to make to you. I will continue your paper, and when you go home you may select from your lot one hen, and call her mine. Take good care of her and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or chickens, and I will call it square."

"All right, brother Moore," and the old fellow chuckled at what he thought was a good bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid about four prices for his paper, he often tells the joke himself, and says he has never had the face to say he was too poor to take a paper since that day.

PINS were first used in 1543.

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