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Her Golden Hair.

BY IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

My thoughts go back to other days,
And through the mist of years I see
The image of an angel face,
That once was all in all to me.
I catch the glance of modest eyes,
A sunbeam shot from purple skies—
And oh! how rich, and oh! how fair,
The glimmer of her golden hair!

I fancied in those other days,
That angel hands had crowned her soul
With sunny graces—and their rays
Shone in this outward sureole.
I fancied that the light of heaven
Fell brightest morn, and noon, and even,
Upon the splendor of her hair,
And left a pure, a silent prayer!

What do I now with other days?
O, truant thought, come back to me,
For I have seen an angel face,
Grown wan with sin and misery!
For I have seen that purple eyes
May lose their likeness to the skies—
But oh! my heart—the silent prayer
Still slumbers in her golden hair!

The golden hair of other days—
Through cruel woe and cruel shame,
Through pain, and famine, and disgrace,
Kind heaven has kept it just the same.
And oh! the Man of Galilee
Spoke words of peace to one like thee,
And he may answer yet the prayer
That slumbers in thy golden hair!

Robert Maxwell's Temptation.

BY E. BRANDE.

Robert Maxwell let down the bars for the tired oxen, with which he had been plowing all day, to go through them, and seek on the cool hillsides their night's pasturage. They turned their heads and looked at him with their great mournful eyes, as if expecting a word, for they were used to his voice, the slow, patient creatures, and liked it, as such dumb brutes always do the voice of a kind master. But to-night he had no voice for any of them. He put up the bars again when they had gone through, and leaned heavily against them. A May sunset was flushing earth and sky; the new springing grass looked fresh and green; a light, feathery leafage was on all the trees, and a few of them, pear and cherry trees, had put on white blossoms. The western sky was piled high with crimson clouds, with, close to the horizon, a bar of gold. A reflected brightness flushed the east with a soft, roseate hue, which spread up to the zenith. All was still as the new birth of a new world. A sense of wonderful beauty and mystery thrilled through Robert Maxwell's uneducated perceptions. He had no words for such a scene, no clearly defined thoughts about it even; but it moistened his eyes, and quickened his pulses, and seemed to flood his life with a rush of dreams and longings. How beautiful the world was! There were some men he had heard, who painted such scenes as these—others who wrote poetry about them—others who set them to music, like the song of birds, or the soft plash of waves; what was his part of all this? plowing to-day—planting to-morrow! Was that all life held for him? There must be other uses, some other meaning if he could only grasp it. If he had no part or lot in all this beauty, why did it move him so? Just then he heard the sound of horses feet, and looked in the distance whence it came.

Maud Du Pays was sweeping down the hill, with a gay gallant beside her. How like a part of the sunset beauty she looked with its rose upon her cheek, its radiance in her eyes and hair, her long blue habit fallen low, and swinging to the motion of her milk-white pony, her white plume streaming back on the wind, her little hands, with the dainty gauntlets on them—so much youth, and grace and beauty. And the "city chap," as Robert Maxwell called him, by her side, did not mar the picture. A handsome cavalierish looking man, there was no denying that he showed well beside Maud; but what was he here so much for? They swept by: Maud's low, silvery laugh tinkling a response to something her companion was saying: and a little cloud, which the hoof of the horses beat up behind them, filled Robert's eyes, and choked his throat, and added bitterness to his mood. He glanced down to his hard, horny hands, his coarse, toil-stained clothes.—How well he would look at Maud Du Pays' side! And yet he had loved her in a vague sort of way, whose meaning he had just begun to find out, ever since he could remember. Life would not have such savor, he thought, without her. And yet she would be unfitted for a farmer's wife, and that was just what he was—a farmer. Then the question came again which had haunted him before—could he be nothing else? Did *He* doom him? Did God ask him always to go in and out these old ways, plow and plant, and make hay, and reap grain, all summer, and go back and forth between the homestead and the wood lot, all winter? Some one could be found to do as well for them, and he—he believed he had enough in him to go away and make a career which Maud would not scorn to share.

The crimson had died out of the west, the rose hue out of the east. A low wind had arisen, and blew mournfully and slowly across the fields. Robert Maxwell's mood changed with the face of the night. The exultation forsook him, and something hard, stern, sullen, alien it seemed to his generous, hearty nature, entered in and took possession of him. He went home slowly, with heavy footsteps.

"Tired, Robbie?" his mother said cheerily, as he came into the kitchen.

Somehow the words vexed him; she had said them often enough before, but they had never struck him in just that way 'till now. Robbie! If she would only remember that he was twenty-two years old.

"Yes, I'm tired," he answered doggedly.

"Well, draw right up to the table; I've got a nice cup of tea already for ye; that'll rest ye, and brighten ye up a little."

Robert Maxwell flung down his hat impatiently. "Tea!" What notions of life women had. He looked at his mother as he had never looked at her before.

"Mother," said he, with a bitterness he hated himself for years afterward, I wonder if you ever had a trouble that a good cup of tea wouldn't cure? Things don't go any deeper than that with some folks."

His mother's eyes clouded, but she answered him very gently. She felt that to-night, for some reason, he was not responsible for himself.

"I have had trouble that went deep enough, Robert; six children that have played round my knees sleep yonder, behind the old meeting-house, and to bear and nurse, and then to lose—there's none knows what that is but just them that's borne it, and God that made mothers with mothers' hearts. Yes, I've had troubles that creature comforts wouldn't help much; and yet I don't despise this world's good things. You haven't any graves when you feel as if your heart was shut in and smothered, and for bein' tired and mopin' I do think there's virtue in a good cup of tea."

Her patience and gentleness touched him. He drew up his chair to the table, where his father was sitting and answered her in a softer tone.

"I 'spose you're right, mother, but I'm not just myself to-night."

Then he ate his supper in silence, and after it was over, sat for a few moments, thinking silently. At last he took courage, and opened the subject of which his mind was full.

"Father, Henry Robbin is wanting a place. Don't you think, with you to oversee him, he could do the work on the farm this summer?"

Mrs. Maxwell did not speak, but the saucer she was wiping fell to the floor with a sharp crash. For a full minute it was the only sound which broke the stillness. At last the old man answered:

"I don't know, Robert—maybe he could. I never liked to have any strangers working on the old place in my time. I did it all myself 'till you were old enough to help me, and every thing has prospered under your hand, Robert. Still, maybe Henry Robbin could; maybe he could. Did you think of leaving, Robert?"

"I don't feel satisfied, father, to be a farmer in this small way. I want to do something more with my life. You could hire a man to do all I do for twenty dollars a month, and I want to see what I am worth somewhere else."

Then there was another long silence.—The mother finished washing up her dishes, and came and sat down between her son and husband; her face very white and her hands shaking a little. After awhile the old man reached out and took one of the trembling hands in his own.

"We mus'n't blame Robert, Mother," he said, trying to speak cheerfully. "What he feels isn't unnatural. Other young men say the same. Only it's come sudden.—Don't think we blame you, Robbie. Its all fair and right—only sudden."

Robert got up and went up stairs. His mother's pale silence, his father's attempts at cheerfulness, seemed more than he could bear. He went away to his own room and sat down by the window. Over across the meadows a steady light was burning. He knew it was the lamp in Maud Du Pays' parlor. Was she worth all this that he was making these two old people suffer?—Was he sure that she would ever love him as they did? Was he sure that she would ever love him at all? And in this untried life, this great world where so many failed, how did he know that he should succeed? What was he going to do? How vague all of his purposes were—just a dream, born of a soft spring night, and Maud Du Pays' fair face. And for it he was going to overturn the whole fabric of his life. No, he would not be so mad. This summer, at least, should go on as before. He would take time to consider. By autumn he should know better what he could do, and whether he could bear to leave that old father and mother—so many of whose treasures the church-yard held, and whose all he was—quite alone. He began to think that this very fact, that he was their all, laid on him an obligation not to be avoided; that no success, purchased at such selfish expenditure, would be worth having. At any rate he would wait. And so sleep came to him, and the morning brought him strength and calmness, and seemed to give him back his old self again.

"Will you see Henry Robbin to-day?" his father asked at breakfast, with an anxiety he strove to conceal.

"Not to-day; not at present. My plan was sudden, as you said—too sudden to be wise. I have given it up for a time, at least, I will carry on the place awhile longer."

The old man's face cleared, but he did not speak, only Robert Maxwell's mother got up and silently kissed him. No young lips could have been more fond—could any be more dear?

Two years after that, news came to him of Maud Du Pays' betrothal to her cousin—the city bred young man whom he had seen riding beside her in the May twilight. This was an unexpected blow, something which, knowing the man was her cousin, he had never feared. The news sank deep into his heart with a dull, dumb pain.—She never would have cared for him, then—never had. It was well he had not gone away and left those two who did love him to mourn. After all, perhaps the existence of plowing and planting, was all he was good for. Fate had placed him rightly—guaged his capacities better than he could have done himself. So he settled back into his old grooves with a grim resignation which was not yet content. Still he felt himself at odds with the life which did not offer him what he wanted. When autumn came, and it was time for him, if at all to make the changes he had planned in the spring, he was surprised to feel that the inclination to make it was gone. Some healing ministry, call it of nature or of grace, God knows, had been at work in his soul; and unconsciously to himself through the long summer days, and swift, short summer nights he had been learning the sweetness of duty, pure and simple—duty done for its own sake; he had begun to ask himself, not what he wished to do, but what he ought to do; and he felt that in the very fact of his being to those two who loved him as their all on earth, God had called him to certain duties on which he would never again feel tempted to turn his back. Reconciled at last to the appointment of heaven, he was at peace also with his own soul; and a new light came into his eyes, a new vigor and manliness into his life.—He could think of Maud Du Pays in these days without pain. There would always be in his heart for her the tenderness a good man feels for a woman once beloved, but whether she was his or another's, he could reckon her loss or gain, among the "all things he was contented to leave with heaven." He had heard in the summer that she was to be married on Christmas, but he heard no more about it afterwards. Her preparations were going on, he supposed, but he seldom saw her. He had never spoken with her more than a passing good-day, since her engagement.

One afternoon in November, he brought home from the village post-office a bundle of papers, his New York Daily among them. Sitting by the fire and turning them over, his eyes were caught by the heading in large letters: *Another Great Forgery.* He began to read the article with the kind of careless half interest people in the country feel in the excitements of the city which cannot touch them personally; but suddenly he started up, clutching the paper tight, and straining eyes over it as if he doubted his own vision. The name of the crime-stained bank clerk, was Maud Du Pays' cousin and betrothed lover. Thank heaven that no mean selfishness stained his soul in that hour. He was honestly, and heartily touched at the thought of Maud's sorrow. Poor girl! If there were only something he could do to aid or comfort her.—He took his hat and went out, with some vague purposes of offering his help, which the fall wind shattered as it blew across his brow. Of course there was nothing he could do—he could not even speak to her on the subject. Her grief would be sacred—and he, had he not been used this many a month to the idea that he was nothing to her any more.

Still he went on, in a purposeless sort of way, toward her house until he saw a slender figure coming as if to meet him, under the leafless maple boughs, over the dead and rustling leaves, which lay thick upon the wood-path. He had meant to pass with just a "good evening," but when she put out her hand to him, and he looked into her fair, still face the words came before he knew it to his lips:

"I have seen it all in the paper, Maud, and I am so sorry."

"Yes," she said, gently; "It will ruin him, I am afraid."

"And you? I thought most of you.—You were to have been married so soon."

"Not to him," she said, hurriedly, "never to him. That was done with two months ago. I had never loved him. It was vanity which made me consent to marry him. He was handsome and gallant, and he promised me all the things of this life. But I found after awhile, that none of them would pay me for myself, and I told him the truth."

Something in her hurried, earnest tones, or the swift color that stained her cheek or her shy, half-veiled eyes, or all together, gave Robert Maxwell courage, and he said holding her hand still:

"It was because I had none of the good things of life to promise you, Maud, that I dared not tell you how dearly I loved you and always should. You seemed too bright and fair to settle down here, just as the wife of a Cannonsville farmer."

"But what if I liked that best?" said she softly, and her hand stayed in his.

And so Robert Maxwell won his heart's desire.

There are some souls that I like to think, dear children of the Heavenly Father, who learn easily the lessons He sets them; who do not need over much chastising; ready to take the lowest seat at feast or synagogue. There is a divine and approving tenderness, in the voice which says, "Friends, come up Higher."

A man in Illinois, twenty-four hours after his wife died, and before her funeral, played croquet with the girls. For this the indignant neighbors tarred and feathered him.

The Old Lady's Curse.

Riding in the cars, I heard behind me a shrill voice exclaim:

"Would to God that the Main law could have passed fifty years ago."

We turned to find an old lady, on the seat back of us, venting her wish in the midst of an earnest discussion between a Maine-law Yankee and a red-nose member of the bottle fraternity.

"Yes," continued the old lady, "fifty years ago a husband would not have gone down to a drunkard's grave, my daughters would not have married drunkards and lived lives of sorrow, or my boys died in jail or the mad-house. Look at me," and with something of a fire kindling up in her old eyes, she laid her long hand upon the arm of the liquor dealer and continued:—"see the fruit of your accursed business. I was once young, and had enough of this world's goods, and my heart was full of happiness and hope. My God! sir, how they have poured desolation into this old heart! I am often bitter; and do you wonder? Such as *you* robbed me of my children, and at eighty years of age I am alone! Do you hear?—*alone!* And let me tell you, this hand never wronged the least of God's creatures. But you, sir, have wronged *me.* You, sir, talk about the domicil, and say it is sacred. God forgive me, but I remember the day when *my* house was entered by the constables and skinned of all. I remember when the bible my mother gave me was taken away for drink. I remember the time when my first-born was laid in my arms from a drunken husbands hands, and its little life-blood ran warm into my bosom from its wounds.—Why, sir," said the old woman, half rising in her seat, "in God's holy name, did you come into *my* house to rob and kill? Was *that* constitutional? I have one child living—in the asylum—a *maniac.* It's all the work of your hands. There is *blood there!* BLOOD!! sir. Better, sir, have a millstone about your neck than sell rum. The curse of the widow be upon you! It will follow you. The serpents you send out shall return to you and yours. *Give me that bottle!*"

Involuntarily, as if almost seemed, the liquor dealer handed the old lady the bottle which he had in his hand. She dashed it out of the car-window, and slowly resumed her seat.

The people who had crowded around, while the train was stopping, to hear the conversation, slowly and thoughtfully dispersed to their seats, and the now cowering liquor dealer looked the very embodiment of humiliation and shame.

With a deep sigh we turned away, our faith made stronger by the Maine-law sermon we had listened to. Ah! how many in our land would have escaped the bitterness of life had rum been banished in their days.—*Temperance Advocate.*

A Solemn Warning.

Foster's career affords a terrible commentary upon the growing tendency to imbibe intoxicating drinks. Having a wealthy and fond father, who was willing and happy to furnish him capital, he could have started out in life far in advance of most young men, and pursued a career of prominence and usefulness. But he yielded to the allurements of the cup that intoxicates and maddens, and to-day he awaits in the prison cell the murderer's doom. In a communication made since his sentence, the condemned man says: "I had been drinking heavily—God knows I can't excuse that. I was stupid drunk—mad drunk—and I got into a drunken difficulty with a strange man. Without any thought, without any calculation, on an impulse of blind fury, I struck him with the first thing that came to hand. That blow was never intended to kill Mr. Putnam. It was struck with hardly any intention at all. It was the work of a madman, not of a deliberate murderer. It was struck with no recognized weapon, but the first thing that came to hand."

These words coming from one on the threshold of another world furnish a most signal warning to those who indulge in the prevailing vice of dinking. The social cup leads to confirmed inebriety, and inebriety to death. Could the young women of our land have witnessed the solemn court scene, when, as Foster received his death-sentence, hot tears rushed down his cheeks, and jurors, counsel and spectators wept, they would use their influence in arresting the career of the tens of thousands of young men who are now rushing headlong down the path of intemperance.—*N. Y. Hearth and Home.*

Courage in Every Day Life.—Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pockets.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind whenever it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat even though you are in company with a rich one and richly attired.

Have the courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you do not lend him money.

"Mammy!" said a precocious little boy, who against his will was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

[By Request.]

Valedictory

As spoken by Miss Winoa Hutchinson at the close of school at Laurel Grove May 31st, '71. Selected from the American Phrenological Journal.

Things have an end. From those bright eastern plains
The sun creeps up and brings the welcome day,
Rolls through the sky and sinks in yonder shade.

The silvery moon and countless stars now shine,
And breathe their music till the morning dawns.

Cold winter comes, and sweeps with chilling blast
Till spring appears and sends him to the north.

Spring, too, retires soon as the summer's sun
Spreads o'er the land her flowers and living green.

Then autumn treads. And with the pencil tints
The scenes of nature with more gorgeous hues.

Schools, too, begin. And after days and weeks of weary toil
The closing days arrive. This day is one of them;
And this the hour to bid these walls and seats adieu awhile;
To thank our teacher for her patient care
And ask her pardon for our wayward deeds.

This hour will end. And when we leave these seats,
This sunny room, so long our yleasant home,
It may be some will leave for higher schools
Where larger gems of learning may be found.
And some, perhaps, may never here return,
But sleep in peace in yonder grassy plot.
And now kind teacher, mates and worthy friends,
And all these dear, familiar scenes, Farewell!

MARGARET'S FORTUNE.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"Oh, I would rather lose anything else in the world than my money!" cried Margaret Ray, as she sat in the centre of a gay group, who were spending the day on Duck Island.

"But, Maggie, money is not everything," said a blue-eyed girl at her side.

"I know it, but it's a very good thing, Lu,"

"I never thought you were proud of your wealth," said Lu.

"I hope I am not. But I am glad I am not poor. Oh, I think to have to wear coarse clothes, and eat coarse food, and work hard, and want things you could not have, would be the most terrible thing in the world! Heaven deliver me from poverty!" answered Margaret, as she arose and shook out her silken robes.

A little apart from the gay group stood a tall young man, upon whose heart every word Margaret Ray spoke fell like lead; for Dean had loved this fair girl for a long time, and some times cherished a wild hope that she might one day be his. Wild he knew it now to be, for how could he, a poor man, with his way yet to make in the world, ask her to be his wife? He could not seem to depend on her money, and besides, it might be lost at any time, and what had he to offer her to make up for it?

No, she could not, she would not, share his life; her wealth must forever stand between them. Laurence Dean shut his heart with a low sigh and a bitter smile and tried to banish Maggie Ray's image from it forever. And Margaret, if she wondered why he sought her no more, kept silent and made no sign, but fluttered on her way as gaily as if there were not a care nor a pain, nor a fear of poverty in all this wide world.

Laurence Dean had his way to make, and he struggled hard with fate for the mastery. He left his native city and sought a field for exertion in the golden South, filled with high hopes and aspirations. But, alas! the hills of wealth and fame are steep, and rugged, and hard to climb, and when, after four years' absence from home, Laurence Dean returned, his wealth was yet to win.

Margaret Ray was no longer there. She, with her father, had removed to another city, and Laurence, if he hoped at least to see her, found not even a trace of her.

Fortune favored him, just now, with an opportunity to enter into business in Philadelphia, with a friend much older and more experienced than himself. He gladly embraced it, and hoped, by industry and economy, to lay the basis of a secure fortune. The new store was opened under the name of Allen & Dean, and bid fair to prosper.

One morning, when they had been in business for nearly a year, Laurence Dean entered the office, where his partner sat writing, and in so doing almost brushed the garments of a lady who was passing out.

She did not look up at him, and though he half glanced at her face, he could not see it, for her veil was down.

"Did you notice that lady?" asked Mr. Allen, when Laurence had been in the office a few minutes.

"Not particularly. Who was she?" said Laurence.

"An applicant for a place in the store. She hasn't been used to work, I am sure. Struck me as a real lady. I am sorry to have to tell her we were full. She is an interesting case, I am sure."

"If we undertook to help all that are really such we should have our hands full," remarked Dean.

"So we should. But I really felt interested in this Miss—Miss—let's see, what's her name? She gave me her address, with a request that, if a vacancy occured soon, I would let her know. She's been looking for work a good while she says, poor thing! Ah! here's the card. Ray's the name—Margaret Ray, No.—"

"What!" interrupted Laurence, with a sharp, sudden interest. "What is that name?"

"Margaret Ray, No.—Pine Street, third floor, back," read Allen, wonderingly. "What's the matter, Dean? You Don't know her?"

"I don't konw—It surely can't be; but I knew a Miss Margaret Ray in Newark, who moved in the highest circles."

"This girl has been used to good society, any one can see," said Allen.

"I must see her," said Laurence. "It can hardly be possible; but I feel as if she were the girl I knew. We must help her, Allen."

"Very well," replied Allen; "here is the address; I will just leave the matter in your hands. We can make a vacancy if you like."

"I'll see her first," said Laurence.

As soon as he could find a leisure moment he hastened around to Pine Street and entered the humble, over-crowded lodging-house, designated by the address, wondering if it was possible circumstances had forced Margaret Ray to take shelter in a place like this.

No answer came to his rap on the door, but a pale little seamstress came out of the next room and told him that Miss Ray was out, and likely would be all day.

"She will be in this evening?" inquired Laurence.

"Yes, sir; I suppose so. She is looking for a place; but does not get out of nights."

"Very well; I will call again to-night, then. She was at our store this morning, but we did not know there was a vacancy. If she comes in, please tell her not to make any engagements till she hears from us. Here is our card."

Laurence gave the little woman a card, saying these last two words purposely to shield Margaret from any unjust suspicion; for alas! he knew the world much better than she did.

He waited, with feverish anxiety, for night; and as soon as he could, set off for Pine street again. This time a light step within answered his rap, and Margaret stood, in her black robes, before him.

He extended his hand, and spoke brokenly:

"Margaret—Miss Ray—My dear old friend—can this be possible."

"Oh Laurence!—Mr. Dean—is it really you?"

Laurence entered the poor little room, closed the door and led her to a chair, seated himself beside her, still keeping her hand in his.

"Oh, Mr. Dean? it is so good to see a friend's face once more," said Margaret, struggling to keep her composure.

"Why did you not come to me at once? Why did you not ask me this morning?" hastily questioned Laurence.

"I did not know it was you. There are other Deans, you know, and I thought you were still in the south."

"And you? how is it I find you here?" he asked with a glance around the humble room.

She raised her clear eyes to his, as she said,

"Oh, Laurence it is an old story! you remember how I loved my riches? how proud I was? And pride met its due punishment. I lost my dear father—I lost all my money—and I came here a month ago to find something to do. Oh, Laurence, I have learned such lessons in the last year."

She covered her face with her hands, and tried in vain to repress the sobs.

Laurence Dean leaned forward and took the little hands in his, drawing her sweet face down to his shoulder, while he said fervently:

"Dear Margaret, my own precious girl! the sad lessons are all learned now, and only the bright ones are left. I want to teach you one sweet lesson. May I, Margaret?"

"What is it?" she whispered.

"I want to teach you to love me, Margaret. I loved you years ago, but I dared not tell you then, for you were rich and I was poor. I can only offer you a simple home, now, dearest, but we can make it a happy one. Oh, Margaret, will you share it with me? Will you give yourself to him who has loved you so long?"

Poor Margaret, happy Margaret, I do not need to tell you her answer, and I could not tell you how the poor little room was beautified and gloryfied by the presence of true love.

As he was leaving her, an hour or so later, Laurence stood beside Margaret, clasping her with his arm, and said:

"But oh, my poor Margaret, I am so sorry you have lost your fortune."

And Margaret, hiding her blushes on his broad bosom, whispered in return:

"Oh, Laurence, don't be sorry, I have not lost it—I have only just found it."

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"By-the way, Dean, did you see that Miss Ray?" asked Allen, the next morning.

"I saw her last night," returned Laurence.

"Did you conclude to do anything for her?"

"Yes; I concluded to marry her," was the quiet answer.

Allen gave vent to his surprise in a long whistle.

"Well, that's what I call settling matters in a hurry," he remarked.

"Not such a great hurry after all. 'Matters,' as you call them, have been waiting for five years for a settlement."

"Well, I wish you joy, I am sure."

"Thank you. I think I have a pretty fair prospect. My Margaret is a fortune for any one."

After they were married, Laurence saw no reason to recall his words; and, as years went on, wealth came with them. Margaret and her husband were happy as reasonable people could expect to be, and never regretted the loss of Margaret's fortune.

The Latest Style.

It is a shame that so many beautiful things in this world should be under the tyranny of fashion. Amazing it is, too, that sensible people should show weakness in this particular—building and furnishing their houses, and dressing themselves according to the dictates of "style," or the example of persons of greater wealth and poorer taste.

Not long ago, I made an evening call; and the good lady of the house, for some mysterious reason, appeared to be in quite a flutter. She looked very pretty and lady-like, with her soft, grey hair carelessly disposed in a net, and I should not have observed anything amiss had she not *apologized* for the absence of her chignon, explaining that her "braid" was in the hands of the hair-dresser. She had been invited to a fashionable party, and though not a particular observer of fashions herself, had been informed by interested friends that her back hair was out of date! Of course, so important a matter must be taken in hand at once, and brought up to the required standard.

We do not tire of Nature's beautiful adorning, though spring after spring she unfolds the same unvarying patterns to our eyes; we are ready to admire as though we had never seen the like before; the same rich carpet of green, dotted with dandelions and buttercups of the same bright yellow, and violets of the same lovely blue. But if we go among the dry goods shops, trying to match a fabric of a certain color, we are told over and over by the wise young men behind the counters that it's no use to hunt for that—*it is a last year's shade.*

What if we should go out some sweet May morning, expecting to be greeted by our favorite dandelions and violets, and should find them all decked in some unheard of color! and as we gazed in sad amazement, here and there, hoping to catch some glimpse of the loved, familiar hues, should be told that those were last year's shades, that these were new, and therefore quite superior!

If our oaks should unfold their summer leaves with edges all smoth and plain, would it be any consolation to be told that these were the very latest style, and that lobate leaves had all "gone by?"

Thank heaven! Nature can be depended upon; she never imposes upon us in any such way.—*Hearth and Home.*

For the benefit of those who are not very well posted in biblical affairs, we print the following paragraphs:

A day's journey is thirty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit is twenty-two inches.

Ezekiel's reed was seven feet.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A shekel of gold was $8.09.

A talent of silver was $538.32.

A talent of gold was $13,800.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A garah was a cent.

A mite was a cent.

An epha, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

Small farms make near neighbors; they make good roads; they make plenty of good schools and churches; there is more money in proportion to the labor; less labor is wanted; everything is kept neat; less wages have to be paid for help; less time is wasted; more is raised to the acre, because it is better tilled; there is no watching of hired men; the mind is not kept in a worry, a stew, a fret all the time. There is not so much fear of a drought, of wet weather, of a frost, of small prices. There is not so much money to be paid out for agricultural implements. Our wives and children have time to read, to improve their minds. A small horse is soon curried—and the work on a small farm is always pushed forward in season. Give us small farms for comfort; aye, and give us a small farm for profit

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Too True!—A few friends will go and bury us, affection will rear a stone and plant a few flowers over our grave, in a brief period the little hillock will be smothered down, and the stone will fall and neither stranger nor friend will be concerned to ask which one of the for millions of the earth was buried the ery vestige that we ever lived up earth will have vanished away. A little memorials of our remembrance—a lock of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that hung in our dwelling, will cease have the slightest interest to any being.

The best receipt for a clear com —A clear conscience.

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