American Union.

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ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

The American Union,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BY J. H. EMERSON,

Editor & Proprietor.

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance,

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Advertisements occupying the space of six lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Obituaries one half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, to be paid for at special rates. Fractions of a square counted according to actual measurement. Special contracts made with yearly, half-yearly and quarterly advertisers.—Bills payable according to contract. Advertisements not ordered a given number of times will be published till forbid and charged accordingly. Job Printing neatly executed at the lowest rates.

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AUCTIONEER,

Denton, Md.

jan9-1y.

CHAS. W. EMMERICH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,

jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

ROBT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. ja4-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan4-y

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practicein the Courts of Caroline.

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THE undersigned proffers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline county, and will from this date regularly attend the sessions of the Caroline Court.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
may30-y. Cambridge, Md.

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,

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EASTON, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. [jan30-y.

T. N. GOULD. W. K. H. N. GOULD

T. N. GOULD & SON,

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(SECOND DOOR ABOVE CAMDEN)

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Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers & Groceries, Promptly Attended to.

apr4-y.

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Merchant Tailor,

DENTON, Md.

I HAVE commenced the tailoring business on Second Street, Denton, adjoining J. T. Comegy's Blacksmith Shop, where I am prepared to do all kind of work in first-class order relating to my business. [nov14-1y.

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AND JEWELER,

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Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice. Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Plated ware of all kinds constantly on hand and sold at the lowest prices.

Gentlemen's Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs, Neck Ties, &c., for sale cheap.

mar28-tf. C. H. B.

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COMMISSION MERCHT'S,

326 and 328 North Delaware Avenue,

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Give us a trial and be convinced that we get highest market prices, and are more prompt in keeping you posted and making remittances than most Phfladelphia houses. [jan30-y.

New Fall and Winter

MILLINERY.

Miss Allie D. Newnam

HAS just received and has now open at her residence opposite the M. E. Parsonage, Front Street, a splendid assortment of

NEW FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY,

which she offers to the ladies of Denton and vicinity at astonishingly low prices. Her stock has been selected with great care and embraces the latest styles and fashions of almost every needed article for the ladies. Call and see them before making your purchases.

oct30-tf.

BEST business you can engage in.—$5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Poetry.

"PATCHIE."

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

The bell had rung, the school was out,
And from the hall with busy feet
The boys rushed forth with laugh and shout,
And crowded through the village street,
Like prisoners from their cells broke loose,
Escaping from the calaboose.

Across the street, and all alone,
A small boy walked with rapid gait,
Like one unknowing and unknown,
With head erect and form so straight,
He heeded not the crowd that cried,
"See 'Patchie' on the other side."

I wondered much why this should be,
But when I looked I knew too well;
The noblest of them all was he,
But sad to think, more sad to tell,
He from the crowd had been detached
Because his pantaloons were patched.

No answering word escaped him there;
I watched him as he climbed the hill,
Then thought, "Each others burden bear,
And thus the law of Christ fulfill;"
And so I joined him on the road,
Hoping to lighten his sad load.

I spoke in loving words and kind;
He, smiling, looked up in my face—
He had a true and noble mind—
And answered with a manly grace:
"My father, sir, has long been dead,
And mother earns our daily bread.

"To school she sends me every day;
I do the best there that I can;
And mother says she'll get her pay
When I grow up to be a man;
And, sir, I hope that I shall be
All that my mother wishes me.

"They call me 'Patchie;' I don't care,"
Said he while passing through the gate;
"It's what we are, not what we wear,
That makes us good and makes us great."
He touched his cap and said, "Good-night"
I whispered, "Noble, brave and right!"

I started on my homeward way;
Not only boys, but men, I thought,
Pass by the poor ones every day;
Only the rich and grand are sought;
This world, so full of foolish pride,
Puts 'Patchie' on the other side.

MAGGIE.

A PLEASANT LOVE STORY.

"I have got some news for you, Maggie,' he said one day, about eighteen months after he gained his commission. "Guess what it is.'

They were walking along the green lanes of Perlock, listening to the ceaseless murmur of the sea, as, at intervals, they had walked and listened ever since they could remember, at any rate, for she was six years younger than her former play fellow.

"You are going to be promoted,' she said.

"Promoted, you little goose! No one ever gets promoted in the British army. Guess again.'

"You are going to marry an heiress.' There was a lump in her throat as she said it.

"Wrong again. No inestimable young person, with green eyes, a turn up nose, susceptible heart, and fifty thousand a year has not turned up yet. But it's something nearly as good. I'm ordered to China.'

"Oh, Alic!' she gasped, and burst into tears. It was very foolish of her, but then she was only sixteen, and had not yet acquired the praiseworthy art of concealing her feelings.

"Why, what are you crying for?' he asked, and kissed away her tears. He'd kissed her ever since she was five, and thought no more of it than if she had been his sister, or the cat, except, perhaps, that it was nicer—which it was, no doubt. "I shall only be away five years at most, and when I come back I'll bring you a pig-tail and an ivory tooth pick, and a whole lot of things, and—'

"Yes?' she said, listening attentively.

"But then you'll be a young woman—I forgot—and 'out' and all that sort of thing, and won't condescend to speak to a poor Lieutenant; you will have all the squires and fox-hunters about the place at your feet.'

"Oh, no! indeed I shan't, Alic,' she said, eagerly.

"But I tell you, you will. I believe you are born a little flirt, and I shall come back and find—'

But she burst into tears again, and put up her little hand as if to stop his teasing, which she could not bear just then. It seemed so cruel of him to laugh and joke when he was going away for five years. He did not seem to care a bit, and she could have broken her heart on the spot, and would have gladly done so and thrown the pieces a way, so as never to be bothered with it again. Then, seeing her mournful blue eyes, he was merciful.

"I believe I shall come back and find you just as great a little darling as you are now, and, if we've got any money, we'll get married and live happy ever after, and if we haven't we'll get married and starve ever after—unless, of course, the heiress turns up.'

"Oh, I hope she won't!' said Maggie, like a truthful little idiot. "Shall you ever write to me, Alic, dear?'

"Yes, of course I shall, and I shall expect you to write back six pages crossed, and all that sort of thing, you know.'

So Alic Granger went to China, and Maggie waited hopefully enough for a letter, but six months passed away and none came. "Perhaps it takes longer for a letter to get here from China,' she thought, knowing as little about the means of transit and the time it took as if the celestial city had been in the moon. But a year passed and no letter came.

"Perhaps he's ill, or it's miscarried, she said, tearfully, half wondering if it could be possible that a Chinese heiress had turned up, and that was the real reason of Alic's silence. "Two years passed, and never a word. It's too bad,' she said, bitterly, and wondered ruefully if he had married with a pig tail. And the days and the months went by, and Maggie journeyed into womanhood, but no word or sign came from Alic Granger, and at length she gave him up altogether.

Maggie was twenty years old when her father died, and the creditors did pounce down, and she and her mother were sold out. Mrs. Dunlap was offered a home in London by a sister who was well off and bad-tempered, and it was thankfully accepted. Maggie was informed that she must get her own living, which, being precisely Maggie's own opinion as well as intention, she advertised for a situation as governess. Now, Maggie had a very modest idea of her own merits, and therefore only asked £25 a year, and a comfortable home, so no less than five answers came to her announcement that she could teach English, French, music and the rudiments of drawing.

One of these answers came from Woolwich, and stated that Mrs. Marshall required a governess for her three little girls. Mrs. Marshall was a stiff necked sort of a woman, and stared at poor little Maggie—who looked almost as child-like and twice as pretty as ever—through double gold glasses. Col. Marshall, her husband, was a nice old man with a gray head and an irongray mustache, and there was a growing up daughter, a Miss Patterson—Mrs. Marshall's daughter by her first husband—who was really the mistress of the establishment, for Maria Patterson had a strong will, and was an heiress. "A very nasty heiress, too,' poor Maggie thought, and she was right, for Maria was skinny, and thought herself sarcastic, and always said nasty things to people who did not dare to say them back again.

One evening, when Maggie had been about a year at Woolwich, and she was sitting alone in her school room as usual, for her pupils had just said good-night, and been delivered up to the tender mercies of their nurse, Miss Patterson walked in very much dressed, and rather flushed and excited.

"Miss Dunlap,' she said, "we shall have a few friends this evening, and I know one or two of them like an impromptu dance; will you be ready to come into the drawing-room and play if we should want you?'

"I fear I cannot play dance music very well; I never keep time,' said Maggie.

"Yes, I feared so, and thought I would come and tell you so that you might practice for an hour or two till after dinner,' and she sailed out of the room, evidently considering the matter settled, and Maggie meekly proceeded to practice the "Mabel Waltz' and the "Flick and Flock Galop.' Then she put on her shabby black gown and stuck a spray of white flowers into her golden hair, and waited patiently for a summons, hoping she would wait in vain. It very soon come, and with a roll of music under her arm, a flush on her innocent, frightened face, and a sacred, almost hunted expression in her eyes, she descended and timidly opened the drawing room door, and there stood still for a moment, staring in astonishment at the scene before her. There sat the heiress, with an eager, pleased expression on her face, and leaning over her, talking and laughing, and more handsome than ever, and sunburnt and soldiery-looking, was Alic Granger. There was no mistaking him. The color rushed to Maggie's face as if to say a hurried good by, and then left it altogether. She recovered self-possession, however, and walked with what she flattered herself was great dignity toward the piano. She felt rather than saw him raise his head and look at her, and the next moment he was by her side.

"Maggie—my dear Maggie! Why, fancy you being here; where did you come from?—I have been trying to find you out for months.

"I thought you'—and then she did not know how to go on, so added, almost piteously, "I am the governess here.'

"Are you? Oh, I see; that is the reason I have not seen you before, I suppose.'

"Do you realy know Miss Dunlap?' the heiress asked, coming up and speaking in her coolest manner.

Maggie wished sincerely that she could sink into her shoes and bury herself.

"Why, of course I do; we have been playfellows ever since we were born—haven't we, Maggie?'

And Maggie, feeling she was backed up, answered bravely:

"Yes.'

"Oh, indeed! How interesting!' Then turning to Maggie: "Will you be so good as to begin a waltz, Miss Dunlap? This was to be our dance, I think;' to Alic, and she glides off with him triumphantly.

He came to her directly after the dance was over.

"I went down to Perlock to try and find out where you had gone to,' he said. "but nobody knew.'

"It didn't matter,' she said huskily, letting her fingers wander vaguely over the keys to make believe she wasn't very much interested in what he said.

"Yes, it did—it mattered a great deal.—Why, I've got a box full of curiosities for you—clubs to fight with, a little heathen god or two, and a statute of Buddha and all sorts of things. I told you I should bring you them home. Do you live here—I men in this house?'

He said the last words under his breath, for the heiress came up, and the next minute he was carried off to dance with Mrs. Somebody at the other end of the room, but not before Maggie had nodded a reply to him. Soon after this Miss Patterson came up to the piano and saying she wished to play herself, and that Maggie looked tired, dismissed her without being able to get even another look at Alic.

The next morning, to Maggie's very great surprise, Miss Patterson came into the school room before the children had assembled.

"Miss Dunlap,' she said stiffly, "I should like to know where you say you met Mr. Granger.'

"At Perlock. His uncle lived next door to my mother. He is a very old friend, indeed—'

"Thank you. I merely wished to inquire, because, of course, you must be aware that it is not usual for any one in your position to make herself remarkable by having long confidence talks with any gentleman who may visit the house.'

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Patterson,' Maggie said, indignantly.

But Miss Patterson had swept out of the room without deigning to reply.

Then Maggie went into her own little room, the one place she had in the world entirely to herself, and cried till her eyes were red and her head ached.

The lessons did not progress that morning.—Maggie was thinking of Alic, who was no doubt strolling about the commons listening to the band and making love to the heiress. The children were more than usually stupid, too, and all the world seemed upside down, and all the ways turned crooked. Suddenly, at about 12 o'clock, just when Maggie was in the middle of expounding as best she could the eccentricities of the French grammar, there was a knock at the school-room door.

"Come in,' she said.

The door opened, and there stood Alic Granger, and behind him was a man—evidently his servant—with a box on his shoulder.

"All right, Tim, put it down; that's right; now be off. There, I've brought the curiosities around, Maggie; I thought you'd like to see them.'

"Oh! What will Mrs. Marshall and Miss Patterson say?' said Maggie in consternation.

"Nothing to you for the next half hour or so for I have just seen them safely on their way to Woolwich, and thought I should just get a quiet chat with you. My dear,' he said, turning to Maggie's wide-eyed, open-mouthed pupils, "I'm quite sure you'll like to be off your lessons, so I'll let you off for an hour; run along, my little dears,' and he opened the door for them and shut it after them.

"Oh, Alic!' she said, in fear and trembling.

"Oh, Maggie!' he answered, mimicking.—"What did you mean by going away from Perlock, and not leaving any address?'

"I couldn't help it, and you never wrote,' she answered helplessly.

"No, I never write letters; don't know how to spell well enough. But I have been hunting for you all over the place, and never dreamed of finding you here. Now we'll unpack the box; I had it opened before I came, so it's only fastened by a lock.'

"But, Alic, they'll never forgive me.'

"Never mind, it doesn't matter, because if you are good I'll take you away next week.—Besides they'll forgive me anything. I saved the Colonel's life when he was in Hong Kong, at least so he says. There now, what do you think of these for fighting with? Got them at Java on purpose for you;' and he held up a pair of heathenish-looking clubs and brandished them over his head, and then proceeded to pull out the contents of the box and to decorate the school-room with them. "There's Mr. Buddha and there's—why what's the matter, Maggie?'

"Nothing, only you will get me in dreadful trouble—you will indeed. Miss Patterson came in this morning and scolded me for talking to you last night.'

"Never mind, she was only jealous,' he laughed. "Now tell me how soon you can leave here?'

"What for?' she asked, innocently.

"Why, you haven't forgotten that we agreed to get married when I came back, have you, you little coquette,' and he put his arm around her waist just as of old, and was not reproved. It was so comfortable, she thought.

"No, but you are engaged, are you not?'

"Yes, of course I am—to you.'

"Oh! but Alic—'

"Oh, but Maggie—' and then he stooped and kissed her, and nothing more could be said, for the door opened, and there stood the Colonel, and there stood Maria Patterson.

Miss Dunlap!' screamed Maria, horror struck.

"Mr. Granger!' said Mrs. Marshall, in astonishment.

"Hoity-toity!' exclaimed the Colonel, 'what does all this mean?'

"She must leave the house at once,' said the heiress.

"Of course she must,' Mrs. Marshall said.—"I never heard of such a thing in my life.'

"My dear Mrs. Marshall,' said Alic, looking as if he were beginning a speech, "it is all my fault. You told me, and so did the Colonel, to consider your house my home, and I have done so. Miss Dunlap here was a playfellow of mine once, and when I went away we were engaged, but somehow we lost sight of each other when there was a few thousand miles between us, and it was the happiest moment of my life to meet her again last night; and so I took the liberty of calling on her this morning, and we were just arranging to get married next week when you interrupted us.'

"Quite right, quite right, my dear Granger,' said the old Colonel, heartily: "you shall be married from here—'

"Oh, please let me go to mamma—do let me go at once,' pleaded Maggie, finding her little tongue at last.

"I think it would be much more satisfactory if Miss Dunlap went back to her relations,' said the heiress, sourly.

So they all agreed, and that very afternoon Maggie packed up her modest belongings and all the curiosities and went to the well-off and bad tempered aunt.

The bad-tempered aunt received her neice very graciously when she found she was going to marry well the following week. It is amazing how fond people are of rich relations, even though the riches concern them little personally. As for poor Mrs. Dunlap, she could have jumped for joy, only she was too old for such violent exercise.

"Pray, miss, what are you laughing to yourself about? asked Alic, the evening before their wedding day.

"Nothing, Alic, only when you were away I used to think sometimes that, perhaps, you'd marry a Chinese heiress with a pigtail.'

"The sort of thing you would think,' he said, grandly; "as it is, you see, I am going to marry a little girl without a pigtail, and I am very happy, my darling—are you?'

"Very, very,' she said. And she was

TEMPTED BY DEGREES.—John Newton says Satan seldom comes to Christians with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no harm in this;' "no great peril in that;' and so by these little chips we are first easily lighted up, and at last the green log is burned. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.

MOTHER.—Lamartine tells a story that exquisitely illustrates a mother's love: In some spring freshet a river widely washed its shores and rent away a bough whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer home. Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch, its wicker cup of unfledged song, and fluttering beside it as it went, the mother bird. Unheeding the roaring river, on she went, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses in the storm. How like the love of an old-fashioned mother, who followed the dove she had plucked from her heart, all over the world!—Swept away by passion that child might be—it mattered not; though he was bearing away with him the fragrance of the shattered roof-tree, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death.

Purity of the Christian Ministry.

Mr. C. R. Dunn writes to the New York *Evening Journal* as follows:

It is with great regreat that we have noticed recently several cases of ministerial delinquency which have occurred in the vicinity of Jersey City. There can be no doubt that the Christian ministry should be above suspicion in their moral and religious character. They stand so closely and intimately related to the large proportion of the families of our country that any dereliction on the part of any of them naturally tends to throw suspicious, often very unjust, upon the whole body. And, further, it must be admitted, that when ministers do wrong, when they violate the laws of God, or the laws of the land, they ought to meet the just punishment due to such transgressions.—We do not believe in any attempts to whitewash the character or conduct of a man because he is a minister; or to attempt to save him from the just penalties of the cival law when he has violated its requirements.

Now, there are over sixty thousand Protestant ministers in America, in the several denominations—the Methodists and Baptists alone having nearly forty-four thousand—and we challenge the press of this country, or any person, to show that during any one year of the last decade, 1870 1880, there have been one hundred out of all the sixty thousand who have been charged with crime. If it cannot be shown, as we fully believe it cannot, that even this small per centage cannot be found; then it follows that against sixty one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, no charge has been brought, and that on none of that vast number has the breath of suspicion ever rested. We know it may be said that one hundred is too many. So we say. One, indeed, would too many. But in a world of temptation and sin, with the constant exposure which a public life among all classes of people occasions, we ask, is it not wonderful that such a high condition of purity and fidelity is found to exist.

Can the same thing be said of the same number of men in the learned professions or in any of the ordinary walks of life? Many of the ministers referred to have been from twenty to fifty years before the scrutinizing gaze of the world. But no one has ever dared to assail them or cast suspicion upon them, and not one in six hundred has even been suspected of doing wrong. This certainly ought to be a sufficient rebuke to the foul-mouth utterance of godless men and the fiendish exultations of a portion of the secular press, when a good man unfortunately or wicked falls into sin. No class of men more deeply bewail these things than the ministers of the Lord Jesus, and there are none so injured in their reputation and feelings as they are.

American Women Growing Stouter.

Our women do not look as they used to 25, or even 15 years since. Their proportions have visibly increased, as almost any one may see who will use his eyes. New York will serve as an example. Formerly a really stout woman here was pretty apt to be a foreigner.—Now stout native women are very common, to be agreeable. And round, plump women of Anglo Saxon blood and origin are conspicuously plenty. They are numerous on the promenade, at places of amusement, at private entertainments. Fullness of contour is no longer the dividing line between our nationalities and our own. We are getting more and more like the rest of the civilized world. The last charity ball—as fair a representation as any public assembly can be of the average condition of the leisurely prosperous class—certainly denoted that leanness has ceased to be a trait of our women, many of whom were physically affluent beyond the need of becomingness. The pallid complexionf, narrow chests, flat bosoms, angular figures, of which we were wont to hear so much from old world sources, were hardly perceptible. They diminish every year, proving that the general health of the country is far better than it has been, and that we more clearly understand nature and nature's laws.—The present danger is that the American women may acquire, in a few years, more adipose matter than may be attractive. The tendency is obviously in that direction. It may not be a great while before they shall compete in corpulency with their English, French and German sisters, not to name those of other lands. It appears to be the rule that women, in and after middle life, grow stout when they are comfortable circumstanced and mentally at rest; and there is no manifest reason why Americans should be an exception. We hope that they will stop short of European redundance—any pegree of thinness is preferable to obesity—but whether they do or not, the meagernous of the daughters of the republic is unquestionably, a thing of the past.—*N. Y. Times.*

"IT HASN'T BEEN DECIDED YET".—"I say 'tis so.'

"I say 'tisn't.'

They walked into a hotel down street thus talking.

"We've made a wager,' said one of them to the proprietor of the hotel, "and we can't settle it just now. Let us have a couple of bottles of wine.'

"Certainly,' said the boss, "make it three.'

"Willing to wait until we decide the bet, ain't you?'

"Oh, certainly. Anything you want. Have the house if you want it.'

"We'll fix it up as soon as we can decide it.'

"Don't make your mind uneasy about that, I'm satisfied.

The wine was produced and squandred.

"What is the bet?' asked the landlord after the wine had disappeared.

"Well, Jake here, bet that when Trinity Church steeple fell it would fall in Broadway, and I bet that it would topple over into the graveyard and break sixteen or seventeen tombstones. As soon as we find out who wins we'll come around and pay for the wine.,

PERPETUAL MOTION.—Engineers who have examined the machine invented by Albert Pietnowski, of New York, a Pole, say that it comes nearer to solving the problem of perpetual motion than any contrivance as yet devised, and that, for practical purposes it is likely to work a revolution in machinery. It consists of a pair of hollow metallic wheels which revolve in opposite directions on the same axis. The moving power is nine metallic balls, placed within the wheels, so as to beat the rim down at first and gravitate toward the axis, where a side groove runs them off to a grooved radius of the wheel running in opposite direction to the axis of smaller grooved wheels that regulate the speed of the machinery.

Society stockings are getting to be as delicate as a dream.

For the Union.

Our Preston Letter.

But for a slight dash of profanity, a good story is told of uncle Billy S——, who has the misfortune to be afflicted with almost total deafness. He is now on the shady side of sixty, but has lost none of his energy, and his desire to make and lay up money carries as keen an edge, as when he sold sugar and coffee to the denizens of Puckham at thirty three per cent. above cost. He is now a careful, systematic and pains-taking farmer, and, as a rule, grows excellent crops; but last year, from some unexplained cause, his wheat field failed to yield as many bushels of grain as he expected, and it was therefore, a subject that called forth strong language whenever it was broached.—His own way of giving the result of his wheat growing in the year of grace, 1879 is decidedly more graphic and forcible than any transcript of it that I can make, so I will give his own word. His gestures cannot be put in type.

One evening during the progress of the protracted meeting in the M. E. Church at this place, Uncle Billy was present and apparently an interested listener. After the sermon, the minister who had charge of the meeting noticing the old man's solemn visage, concluded to approach him, on the subject of religion, and if his venerable friend was not already a follower of the precepts of the world's Redeemer, to urge upon him the necessity of a speedy change of heart and life. He was not acquainted with uncle Billy—did not even know his name, and of course nothing of his informity—but being zealous in good words and works, he leaned over the back of the pew in which the old man was sitting, and in a low tone remarked—

"My aged friend, I hope you are in the right way."

Uncle Billy, as is his habit, watched the motion of the preacher's lips, and wheat, which about that time was jumping up at the rate of five or six cents each day in price, occupied a very large place in the man's thoughts. The word 'way' he interpreted 'wheat', and blurted out in reply, loud enough to be heard by half the congregation:

"Only five for one! Poorest crap I ever made in my life. Only five for one, five for one and scarcely that.'

The preacher was somewhat non-plussed, but repressing a smile, he concluded to try again in a little louder tone. His next remark was—

"Your thoughts run to much on wordly matters, I fear.'

"Fear', to uncle Billy meant 'fine', and he shook his head deprecatingly, and yelled out:

"Fine! It's full of bust! full of bust! and black as h—ll! and—'

The preacher frowned, shook his head and held up his fingers for silence, but it was no use—the old man had got a-going and his voice grew louder as he proceeded.

"And the d—dst mess you ever saw in your life. Why I only got eighty cents a bushel for it, and now wheat is fetchin' a dollar and sixty—what d'ye think 'o that.'

The minister, doubtless thought he had found a heathen of the first magnitude, and concluded that he was like Ephraim—joined to his idol—and he would let him alone, which he did, severely. I would not venture the assertion that he was not disgusted. NORWOOD.

Do all for God.

How can we abide with God in the work of our calling? By throwing into the work a holy and pure intention.

It is clear that intention is to our actions what the soul is to the body; and that, just as it is the soul and not the body which makes us moral agents, so it is the motive or intention, with which a thing is done, which gives the action a moral character. To kill a man in wrath, or malice prepense, is murder; but to kill him accidently by an action which we could not possibly foresee would do him harm, is no sin at all. Again, a good and holy work, such as prayer, becomes hypocrisy, if done in a false pharasaical spirit.

The great bulk of work done in this busy bustling life is not done with any intentions of complying with the will, or furthering the services of Almighty God. The many who run to and fro from morning to evening in the work of their callings, think nothing of subserving His designs, and are even unconscious, in many cases, of the place they hold in His system.

The intention of some persons in their work is simply to gain a livelihood, more abundant and more independent, they rise up early, late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness, a perfectly innocent motive, nay, in a merely moral and social point of view, a commendable one, but not a spiritual motive, such as glorifies the work and redeems it from earthliness.

Again, a better class of men work from the high and elevating motive of duty. This motive exalts the character to the highest pitch to which a mere natural character can attain. "It is my word,' says the man, "and I shall not shrink from it, however much of danger and hardships it may involve.'

It is a fine mind which so speaks; perhaps we may admit that the owner of such a mind is not "far from the kingdom of God,' but if the intention have no reference to God's will and service, truth forbids us to say that it is spiritual mind. Cicero and Seneca might have worked from a sense of duty; but they knew nothing of the living and loving Lord, who appoints laborers to various parts of His vineyard, endows them according to their diligence in proving those talents. God must enter the mind before our motive our motives can be supernaturalized.—*Goldburn.*

PRACTICAL SYMPATHY. In one of our sleeping cars in America there was an old bachelor who was annoyed by the continued crying of a child and the ineffectual attemps of the father to quiet it. Pulling aside the curtain, and putting out his head, he said:

"Where is the mother of that child? Why doesn't she stop this nuisance?'

The father answered very quietly:

"The mother is in the baggage-car in her coffin; I am traveling home with the baby.—This is the second night I have been with the child, and the little creature is worrying for its mother. I am sorry if its plaintive cries disturb any one in this car.

"Wait a minute,' said the old bachelor.—The old man got up and dressed himself, and compelled the father to lie down and sleep, while he took the babe himself. That old bachelor stilling the cry of the babe all night was hero. And the man for the sake of others, gives up a lawful gratification in his own house or in the social circle, is as great a hero as though he stood upon the battle field.

Little Bettie.

"Hand me some water, buddy, won't you?'

"In a minute, Betcie.'

And Bettie's fevered cheeks were pressed again to the pillow; and little Harry's hands went on as busily as ever with the trap he was making, and at length he entirely forgot the request.

"Please get it now, buddy,' he at last heard, and scattering knife, triggers, and strings in his haste, he was soon holding a cup to her crimson lips. But she turning her head languidly from it. "Not this please, but some fresh and cold from the well' she said.

"Oh don't be so particular, Bettie; this is fresh, and I am so busy I can't go now; won't this do?'

She no longer refused, but quietly took the cup which he offered; and it was the last, last time she ever called upon her brother for an act of kindness; ere another day had passed she stood besides the river of life, and drank its cool waters never to thirst. And of all who wept over that little brown coffin, as it lay on the table before the pulpit, there were none who shed more bitter tears than the little boy who could not forget that he had refused the last request of his sister.

Little children, are you kind to one another, or are you cross, selfish, and fretful? Remember, then, the time may come when they will be beyond your reach; and then O how gladly would you give all you possess to have them back again! You might gather all your books and toys, everything for which you are now so willing to contend, but all you could do with them would be to place them on the grave of one you had wronged. It would not bring them back. Henry was a good-hearted boy, and dearly loved his little sister; and she had only been sick a little while, so that he did not consider her dangerously ill; but this was no comfort to him when she was gone.

"O mother!' he would say, "If I had only brought that water for her I could bear it, but now she is where I can never, never wait on her again.

Think of this when you are tempted to quarrel, to be selfish or unkind: for do you know if one of you should die, the rest would remember every act of unkindness, every bitter word which had fallen from your lips? but then it would be too late to recall it, too late to ask forgiveness.—*N. C. Presbyterian.*

The Trustworthy Man.

Everybody thinks that he knows the qualities which make so valuable a member of society as the trustworthy man, but it would be found difficult to define them, except in a comprehensive way, viz: that they enter into the very constitution of truth and honesty. A writer says, when alluding to the times: We see so much all around us that exhibits the absence of these crowning qualities that we are tempted, in our bilious moods, to deny their very existence. But there are, nevertheless, trustworthy men—men to be depended upon, in whom you may repose confidence, whose word is as good as their bond, and whose promise is performance. If any of you know such a man, make him your friend. You can only do so, however, by assimilating his character.

The trustworthy man may be described as a man of good judgment. He does not jump at conclusions. He is not a frivolous man. He is thoughtful. He turns over a subject in his mind, and looks at it all around. He is not a partial or one-sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man.—He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a moderate man, not only in his habits of body, but also of mind. He is not a passionate man; if so by nature, he has overcome it by grace. He is a sincere man, not a plotter or schemer. He does not promise rashly. What he says may be relied upon. You feel safe with your property or the administration of affairs in his hands. He is a watchful, vigilant man. You feel secure within his protection. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth, and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no one can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good. Is such a quality attainable? Most assuredly so. It is not always born in the person, it is oftener made. Character may be formed; of course, then, its component parts may be moulded to that formation.

Too Much for the Attorney.

The following dialogue, which occurred years ago between a lawyer and a witness in a justice's court, is worth relating. It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the trial a witness (Brown) was called to the witness stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

Lawyer, with a bland and confidence-invoking smile. "Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?'

Witness, with a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable, "Astraddle, I believe, sir.'

Lawyer, with scarcely a perceptible flush of vexation on his cheek, but still speaking in his blandest tones, "but sir what gate does he ride?'

Witness, "He never rides any gate, sir. His boys ride all the gates.'

Lawyer, his bland smile all gone and his voice slightly husky, "But how does he ride in company with others?'

Witness, 'Keeps up, if his horse is able, if not he goes behind.'

Lawyer, triumphantly and in perfect fury, "How does he ride when alone?'

"Don't know, never was with him when he was alone.'

Lawyer, "I have done with you, sir.'

A clergyman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained.

"Why, sir,' replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roostin' on our fence three nights; so dis mornin' I seized him for de rent ob de fence.'

In a little family discussion, the other day, the madam remarked somewhat tartly:—"When I marry again—' "I suppose you will marry a fool,' interrupted the husband. "Beg your pardon,' said she, "I prefer a change!'—The lord and master wilted.

The reason married ladies so seldom keep up their piano practice is easily explained. The wedding ring is generally very heavy, and they do not play on account of the trouble with their finger-ring.

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