American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, EDITOR.

DENTON MARYLAND.

Poetry.

[From the PEN and PLOW.]

THE COTTAGE.

BY JEFFREY GIFFORD.

Where the cosy cottage stands,
By the silver streamlet bright—
Graceful hills and meadow lands
Mark a region of delight;
On the warm slopes light does stray
Rosy footed all the day.

Rural paths lead here and there,
Fringed with leafy colonnades,
While children, free from strife or care,
Frolic on the velvet glades;
Further down the village spire
Is all ablaze with crimson fire.

Still further on, the stream winds round.
At the foot of yonder wood,
And the bordering edge of ground
Serenely glows for many a rood.
Where the placid brook flows deep,
Rich pastures feed large flocks of sheep.

Milk-white lambs here sport and play
'Till in gambols weary grown,
As slowly fades the waning day
And the fields look drear and lone;
Yet, the glens are flecked with foam,
Where the dancing waters roam.

Forever, day and night the same,
The babbling spring is bright and clear,
And prattling child and aged dame
Here watch its ripples, year by year;
Near by, great oaks in stately pride,
Stand close together side by side.

THE WHITE LILY.

'Please,' said a wistful voice, 'give me a flower. Tom is fond of flowers.'

Ella Bronson was on her way to a friend's, with a boquet of choice flowers. She stopped at this appeal, and looking down, saw a little girl, about twelve years old.

'And who is Tom?' asked Ella, touched.

'My little brother. He fell and hurt his back, and now he can't move himself.—The doctor says he'll never get well; and he does wish for flowers so.'

Ella hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. To take a single flower from her bouquet would spoil it,so perfectly had it been arranged; and it was for a friend, moreover, who was about to be married. But the pleading face of the child, and the thought of the sick brother, were more than she could bear. She remembered, too, the words of Scripture, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' She selected the finest flower in the bouquet, a large, white lily, and gave it to the child.

'There,' she said, 'put it in water, and it will keep ever so long. And here,' she added as the girl, with grateful looks, turned to run away, 'is something to buy a few cakes for your brother. Where do you live?'

The child told her, adding, 'Oh, won't Tom be glad?' and then disappeared.

It was long before the little thing reached her home. It was a close, hot room, at the top of the house, looking into a dirty inclosure behind.

'Is that you, Lizzie?' asked a weak voice, 'I'm so glad.'

The speaker was lying on a straw bed, on the floor, and he looked up, smiling, into his sister's face.

'See here, Tom,' said the sister, producing the cakes. 'These are the very kind you like. But that's not all,' she added, triumphantly producing the lily. 'Just look at this!'

Tom's eyes fairly glistened with delight. In his eagerness he half rose in the bed, exclaiming, 'Oh! what a beauty! Where did you get it?' But the exertion was too much for him, and almost as soon as he had grasped the bud, he fell back on his bed.

'How pure it looks;' he added, weakly, after a pause; 'it makes me think of the angels. You good, good Lizzy!'

'See, I'll put it in a bottle,' said Lizzy, with some water, and it shall stand on the floor close by you. It will last ever so long, now. But why don't you eat your cakes?'

Tom shut his eyes. 'I can't Lizzie,' he said. 'I ain't hungry. You must eat yourself. I will lie and look at the flower.'

Lizzy was frightened. Tom must be very bad, she knew, if he could not eat cakes.

'Eat a little bit, dear,' she begged. 'It will make you feel better.'

'I don't think I shall ever be better,' answered Tom.

The tears rolled down the sister's face—'Don't talk so Tom,' she sobbed. 'You shan't go. I can't live without you. Who will be here to take care of me?'

'I've been thinking,' said Tom, gravely, 'I think a great deal lying here, that when I'm gone, father will be different.—You know,' and here he dropped his voice, and looked carefully around, as if to see lest any one might be listening, 'you know that father drinks, and that's why he comes home so late, and says he can't afford to send you to school; and why he is so cross; and why, sometimes he beats you—'

'Don't speak of it dear,' sobbed the sister. 'I wouldn't mind, if it wasn't for you.'

'But I do mind it Lizzy; and it breaks my heart to lie here and see it. But sometimes I think, when I die, father will be different. He says he loves me, and it may make him good, you see. What is it the Bible says? 'Through much tribulation.' Yes! it is through much tribulation, we win the crown. What was the verse we learnt at school? I keep forgetting. The one about being tired.'

'Oh! I know,' said Lizzy. 'Come unto me all that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

'Come unto me;' he does not deceive, Lizzy. He loves you and me, too, and he will take care of us. He is going to give me rest up in heaven.'

But the sister was not to be comforted. Tom was all the world to her. To lose him was to lose everything.

The day wore on. Night came. Tom lay looking at the lily, and no one knows how very many sweet thoughts it suggested to him. Now and then his sister left her work and came to see if he wanted anything. He always thanked her with a sweet smile.

'Father is late, to night,' he said, at last when darkness came; and he sighed.

'He will be here soon,' said Lizzy, uttering words of hope, in which she hardly believed herself. 'Try to sleep a little, dear.'

So Tom at last fell off into a dose. Ten o'clock came, and yet no father. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, Lizzy crept into bed by her brother's side, and sank to sleep also.

It was midnight when the father came in. The noise woke Tom up. He half rose on his elbow and looked around. At that moment the moon emerged from a cloud, and its light, falling through the window, lit up the sick boy's face with a glory as of a seraph's.

The father started back, sobered at once. It seemed to him as if a halo direct from heaven encircled his boy's head.

'Father,' said Tom 'come here, please.'

The man went softly to his son's bedside, sank on his knees, and took the lad's wan hand tenderly in his own. He was awed.

'Be kind to Lizzy,' said Tom, wistfully, looking into his father's face. 'She won't have any but you when I am dead, father. Let her go to school again,please; she is so fond of school.'

'Oh! my son, my son,' interrupted the now penitent father, bursting into sobs.—You will get well yet.'

'I shall never get well,' said Tom.—'But don't cry, Father, I shall see my mother, you know. And by-and-by,' and a strange look came on his face, a look of joy and faith inexpressible, 'by-and-by we'll meet again, shan't we? Kiss me, please, and then go to bed, or we'll wake sister.'

The father, choking back his sobs, kissed the boy. 'I promise to be kind to Lizzy,' he whispered. 'She shall go to school. I will never drink another drop. As God is my witness,' he added solemnly, 'I never will.'

Tom took his little thin arms from around his father's neck, where he had put them for the last kiss, and then sank back on his pillow very much exhausted.

'How sweet the flower looks in the moonlight,' thought Tom. 'What a happy boy I am to have it! And to have father promise to do better,' he went on, 'and to say he'll love Lizzy, and that he'll send her to school,'—and then he forgot himself in sleep.

The night passed. Morning dawned—Lizzy woke before the sun rose. Her first thought was of Tom.

'I've slept all night, she said reproachfully, 'and I didn't mean to sleep five minutes. Wonder if Tom wanted me in the night. He must be better, or he'd have called.'

He *was* better. As she leaned to look at him, Lizzy was startled by the strange, yet beautiful, look on his face, a look of divine joy, as when a martyr had passed through fire into everlasting rest. He would never suffer more.

The lily had done its work. It had sweetened the last hours of the suffering boy, suggesting pure and beautiful thoughts; and as Ella Bronson called early in the morning to see Lizzy, she found it lying on the breast of the dead child, clasped in his two thin waxen hands; and she thought of the lilies of paradise, and of the saints who held them, and of the words of scripture again, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, ye have done it unto me.'

A better work even had been done also. The last words of Tom were never forgotten by his father, who from that night became a reformed man. Lizzy went to school, and, more than that, never again heard a harsh word at home.

Ella and Lizzy became great friends.—The former from her superior position was able to do much for the latter. It was not chance rely on it! that made Ella give away, at some sacrifice at the time, that lily.

'As ye sow, so shall ye reap.'

Waiting for the Crack of Doom.

About forty or fifty of the Millerites, or Second Adventists, or Thurmanites, as they called themselves, from their leader, William C. Thurman, assembled in a house in Cadwallader street, above Girard avenue, Phila., early Monday evening, for the purpose of preparing for the end of the world and their ascension to Paradise, which event they confidently predicted would take place at midnight Monday.—They partook of the Lord's Supper, prayed, sang, washed each other's feet, and went through various other ceremonies, and, finally, dressed in their white ascension robes, mounted the roof of the house at midnight in the midst of a chilly rain.—They waited for the sound of the trumpet and looked to see the Great Judge seated on His throne in midair. After their foolish ardor and their light clothing had been considerably dampened, they descended to console themselves as best they might for the failure on another Second Eventist prophecy.

Their assemblage was kept secret from scoffing sinners and no crowds were present to witness the discomfiture.

THE electric telegraph.—"Wife, I don't see, for my part, how they send letters on them, 'ere wires without tearin' 'em all to bits." "La! me, they don't send the paper; they just send the writing in a fluid state."

A Haunted House in Ancient Athens.

It may, perhaps, interest readers to be reminded how the ghost question was regarded by Pliny the younger, the most elegant writer under the Roman Empire, and the intimate friend of the historian Tacitus, the deepest man of his day. Here is a letter from Pliny to his friend:

"What think you of the following story? Has it not more of the frightful about it and not less of the miraculous? I will tell it as it was told to me:

"There was a large and roomy house at Athens, but one that had a bad name and proved fatal to in-dwellers. In the dead of night the sound like the grating of iron, or to a more attentive ear, the clank of chains, used to echo through it—first from a distance, then from quite close at hand. Presently a spectral old man used to present himself, lean and squalid, with long beard and shaggy hair, wearing shackles on his legs, and fetters on his hands, which he kept shaking.

"This occasioned nights of distress and horror to the inmates, whose sleep was banished by fear, and the result was illness and, as the illness grew to its height,death; for by day, though the phantom had departed, its image would remain impressed on the eyes, and apprehension stayed when its cause was gone. The house was,therefore quitted and abandoned to desolation, its unearthly occupant being allowed sole possession. Still an advertisement was kept up, in case any one unaware of the serious drawback might wish to rent or purchase it. Then a philosopher named Athenodorus came to Athens and read the bill. On hearing the price of the cheapness raised his suspicions, and on making inquiries, he was told the story, which only rendered him more than ever anxious to hire the house.

"As evening closed he ordered a bed to be made up for himself in a front room and called for writing materials and a light;—then dismissed his attendents into the interior, and applied himself, mind, eye, and hand, to the task of writing, that his brain might not be left free to conjure up the apparations he had been told of, and torment him with idle fears. At first silence reigned supreme about him, as it did every where else. Then there was a clash of iron and shuffling of chains. So far, however, from lifting his eyes or laying aside his pen,he redoubled attention to his work, and stopped his ears. The noise increased and advanced nearer, until it seemed first at the door and then in the chamber He turned his head and saw a figure which he recognized as the one described to him.—It was standing beckoning with its finger, as if summoning him. He answered by a wave of the hand to wait a little and resumed his writing. It proceed to rattle the chains over his head. Then looking behind him again and seeing it signalling as before, without delay he took up the candle and followed it. The ghost walked slowly, as if encumbered by its chains, but after turning into the court-yard it vanished suddenly and left his companion alone. Finding himself thus he plucked some grass and leaves and marked the spot. The next day he went before the magistrates and order the place dug up. A skeleton was found entangled in a mass of chain; the body itself, from lying long in the ground, having rotted away and left the bones,bare and moldered, in the fetters. These were collected and publicly buried, and the ghost having been duly laid, the house was haunted no more."

Slow Pay, and the Results.

Many farmers are "slow pay" from an idea that if men get their board and lodging they ought to be content, and think it half a favor to pay at all. "The idea," says Mr. S., "of a fellow being in such a hurry for his wages, when he knows it is safe, and he will get it all some time.' But is this a fair view? Suppose you had to pay in advance, how would your employee to work only a few days at a time, simply coming to make up this month *some time?* But the case is the reverse; you obtain the work in advance, and when it has been—a month's work in a month's time—is it right to take three months to pay it in? It is very apt to make a man lose interest in his work, and confidence in you, for the man will argue: If the boss cannot pay me now, when he owes me a little, he is not likely to pay when he owes more? As the debt increases, so does the feeling, and the man becomes lazy and indifferent, often insolent—three things no one ought to put up with, but the slow pay is often helpless, for probably he has no other method of raising the sum he owes. No one who has not tried can tell how quickly even ten dollars a month will amount up if it is let lie.

Some farmers don't pay, for fear of their help leaving them. This is not only unjust to the help, but hurtful to those who do it. If a man wants to go, let him; it may trouble you somewhat at the time, but he is apt to give more trouble if he stays against his will. The excuse of being to poor to pay up is contemptible. If you have not the money and do not expect to have it, don't hire any men. Slow payment is an excellent incentive to dishonesty. A man works, not only for his board, but for money to supply him with a thousand little things. If he has not cash for these, and you won't give it when he wants it—ten to one a good many vegetables, some fruit and occasional fowl will go, and not into your pocket, and I do not suppose your man to be very bad, but simply of the common run.

Never let a man ask for his money; the day his time is up, hand him his pay. If he is a good workman, add a few words of praise—it won't hurt him. If he is good-for-nothing—kindly show him the gate.

SAID a Missouri preacher: "There's a powerful lot of giggling back thar in the corner, and it's got to be stopped, or the Lord will delegate me to open the door and throw some one out!' It was stopped.

A bright boy recently told his teacher there were three sects, the male sect, the female sect, and insects.

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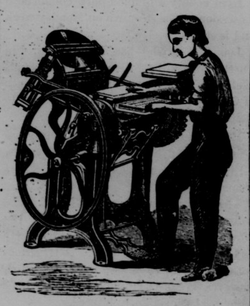
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oct30 tf

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