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ENOCH PRATT BALTO. LIBRARY

Poetry.

BY-AND-BY.

There's a little mischief-maker
That is stealing half our bliss,
Stretching pictures in a dream-land
That are never seen in this.
Dashing from the lips the pleasures
Of the present while we sigh;
You may know this mischief-maker,
For his name is By-and-By.

He is sitting by your hearthstones,
With his sly, bewitching glance,
Whisp'ring of the coming morrow,
As the social hours advance;
Loitering, mid our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh;
He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
This enchanter, By-and-By.

You may know him by his winning,
By his careless, sportive air;
By his sly, obstrusive presence,
That is straying everywhere;
By trophies that he gathers,
Where his sombre victims lie,
For a bold, determined fellow
Is this conqueror, By-and-By.

When the calls of duty haunt us,
And the present seems to be
All the time that ever mortals
Snatch from the dark eternity,
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a painted sky,
For a cunning little artist
Is the fairy, By-and-By.

"By-and-By," the wind is sighing,
"By-and-By," the heart replies;
But the phantom just above us,
Ere we grasp it, ever flies.
List not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very precious lie—
Do not believe or trust in
This deceiver, By-and-By.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY MARIE.

The sun was pouring a flood of burning rays upon the parched earth. It was noon tide on a hot July day in the summer of '63. Everywhere throughout the beautiful State of Virginia was seen sorrow and desolation; the foot prints of cruel civil war were traced wherever the eye could turn.

A quiet cottage stood back from the road-side, its vine-covered porch refreshing its inviting shadow. No beauteous harvest field stretched out before one's gaze to gladden the heart with plenteousness, but the uncivilized land spoke a sad state of household and country. All was barren, all was uncared for save this tiny cotage; and before its door the summer flower bloomed, and a grove of young pine trees gave a grateful coolness and pleasant shade.

At this hour when man and animal were seeking refuge from the heat of the day, an officer in the national uniform might have been seen slowly riding up the road. His face was pale, his bearing dispirited and weary. Catching a glimpse of the white cottage, a faint smile lit up his features, and riding up to the little gate, he dismounted and tied his horse. In answer to his knocking, an old colored woman cautiously opened the door, and, perceiving that her visitor was a soldier, depreciatingly exclaimed—

"Now marster, do you go long? Nobody here but jist lone women, and nuffin to spare to eat!'

'Well, aunty,' said the young man, faintly, 'you speak plainly, to be sure; but I could not move on if I would; I am both tired and ill. But give me a glass of milk, and I will rest here awhile in the shade.'

'Well,' said the old woman reluctantly, 'I suppose it must be so; but deed taint much fuder to de next house. Mrs. Vernon is ill, and Miss Elsie ain't no great friend to blue coats.'

'O Aunt Lucy!' exclaimed a rich clear voice. 'When did Miss Elsie ever refuse refreshment to one so exhausted as this poor man appears?' And a young girl sprang to the door just in time to help Aunt Lucy lead the fainting form to an arm-chair near by.

She threw cold water over his brow, and chafed his nerveless hands, thinking, the while, 'my enemy because my country's foe; but he has a noble countenance.'

In a minute he had revived sufficiently to drink the glass of water presented to him by the now attentive servant, who taking her cue from her young mistress, was now very much interested in his comfort.

'I must apologize for intruding upon your kindness,' said the young officer. 'My regiment is about two miles away in the wood below; our supplies have been cut off, and, not having been well for some days, concluding I needed better food than the coarse army fare, I started off to find some farm-house near by, where I could purchase some provisins. It seems but thinly settled, and riding further than I intended, the heat overcame me. However, I shall not remain longer than necessary, and I beg, Miss you will not let me disturb you at all; your woman tells me you have sickness in your household.'

'Yes,' answered Elsie sadly, 'my mother is a suffering invalid, and, with the exception of our two servants, we are alone. My father and brother are in the Confederate service.' (Her face flushed) 'But you must have rest and refreshment. I cannot permit you to depart while you are so weak and faint.' And Elsie cast a compassionate glance at the stranger's pale face.

Elsie assisted Aunt Lucy to spread the little table, and they soon had a simple repast in readiness, composed of milk, bread and honey.

'It is a sorry refreshment,' said the young girl, regretfully, 'but all we can offer you. Our land has been laid waste; we have no one to till what remains, and very little stands between us and actual want.'

Her emotions being beyond control, she hurriedly left the room, and shortly after he heard her voice in an outer room conversing with the old woman. The plain, cooling food was just what the young man needed, and as he partook of the food before him his mind dwelt admiringly upon his young hostess.

'I do believe,' said he, 'I never saw a sweeter, sadder face. Such perfect brown eyes! What a rich, sweet voice! I an sorry she looks upon me as an enemy.'

Glancing around the room, his eyes fell upon a photograph album. Rising, he opened it, and hurriedly ran over the pages until his eyes fell upon the picture of Elsie. How different from the original! This was dimpled and happy-faced, and the brown eyes smiled in answer to your look of admiration.

'I like her present expression better,' he mused; 'but, as sure as my name is Albert Bertrand, I will be a thief for once.' And he slipped the card from its place in the book.

He had hardly thrust the card into his breast, when Elsie appeared, pale and trembling.

'What has frightened you, my dear young lady?' asked Captain Bertrand.

'Are you better?' she asked, hastily.—'Can you ride?'

'Oh, yes,' he answered. 'Your kindness has given me strength. But what has so agitated you?'

'You are the enemy of my country—the beautiful South—but I am a woman and cannot betray you. Over yonder hill a squad of Confederates are marching. Fly while there is time!'

In a moment Albert Bertrand comprehended the situation. Pressing her hand in his a moment, he exclaimed,—

'God bless and keep you, Miss Vernon! In happier days, may it be my pleasure to teach you that I could never be your enemy!'

Before the blush called forth by his earnest words had died away, he had mounted his horse and was flying toward the wood, whilst over the hill behind the Vernon cottage sounded the tramping of the Confederates.

* * * * * * * *

The weary war was over. Peace at last stretched her snowy wings over our sorrowful country. Peace! We joyfully spoke the sweet word to each other, but the tears still ran down the faces of those to whom peace had come too late. It was June, and smiling field and bursting flower greeted Captain Bertnard as he rode slowly up the same road he had traveled three years before. In camp, on tented fields, in battle strife, the sweet, pure face of Elsie Vernon had come before his vision as he saw her last, his good kind angel!'

True to a promise he had made to himself three years before, he was seeking her with a faint hope that she might yet live unwooed and unwon. In an earnest dream of the future, he found he had ridden up to the same little cottage. Was it the same? No flowers in the little garden, no creeping vines over the doorway, and the air of refinement and culture had vanished.

Captain Bertrand's heart sank, for he felt that Elsie could not live there. Just then a tow-headed urchin came running out of the door, and the gentleman asked,—

'Who lives here?'

'Why, we does, of course!' the little fellow answered.

'Where does the lady reside who lived here three years ago?'

'Guess I don't member; but here is granny, and she must know everything.' And the boy looked up to the window, where and old woman's head had just appeared.

In answer to inquiries, the young man learned that Elsie's mother had died two years before. Shortly after that, her father and brother had fallen in battle, and Elsie, leaving the home so sorrowful to her now, had gone into the village a mile away and had taught school there until quite lately; but her health had given way, and her friends thought that the last of the Vernons would fill an early grave.

The captain thanked his informant and road toward the village thinking, sadly,—

'Poor little girl! What a weary, sad life she has had! I fear she will not regard me favorably—so much cause she has had to hate the uniform I have worn.'

It was sunset when he reached the outskirts of the little village. Quaint and ivy-grown, the little village church rose before him. The small cemetery, well kept by careful loving hands, deserved at least a passing notice. He leaned upon the fence, and his eye roved idly about until it rested upon a black-robed figure seated upon a grave near by. Her fair hair rippled to her waist; her face was upturned to watch the golden sunset, and the gentleman looked on, gazed entranced at the beautiful picture, recognizing gladly that it was the woman he was seeking. Opening the gate to attract her attention, he walked straight up to her.

'Miss Vernon?'

She bowed.

'You do not recognize me?'

'There is a familiar look in your face'—starting slightly. 'It is—'

'Yes, tis the officer to whom you gave refreshments and warning three summers ago,' interrupted the gentleman.

'I am glad to see you, sir. I have often wondered if you were still alive—the fortunes of war are so hard.'

Elsie shivered in the summer evening.

'Ah!' said Bertrand, sympathizingly, 'to you they were. I have heard your sad story from the occupants of your former home where I happened to stop to-day. Let me hope, Miss Vernon, that it has not given you a feeling of bitterness toward those who fought on the other side.'

'Ah, no!' said Elsie, gently. 'I know that on both sides men fought for conscience's sake. It makes very little difference now to me—I shall soon be with those I love.'

Captain Bertrand sighed as he thought she wore the face almost of an angel now, so pale and spiritual had she grown.

'I am glad,' he said, 'you have remembered me. I feared I had faded from your memory.'

'Ah!' she answered your peril was so much greater than you knew! Your life would have been forfeited had that roving band captured you; and one to whom one has been enabled to show a kindness is not easily forgotten.'

'Again fate has thrown us together—again I am a stranger in a strange land.—Will you not show me one more kindness in allowing me to visit you occasionally while I remain in your village?' And the smile that illuminated his face could not fail to win a response from Elsie's.

'I am not very good company sir,' she replied, gravely; 'a sad sick woman. But if you can satisfy Mr. Morton, I can trust your face sufficiently to introduce you as my friend. Mr. Morton is a true gentleman, and in his family I am sure you will be able to find the society you hoped to find in me.'

They bowed and parted, for up the path was coming the old woman who had once so reluctantly admitted the young man to Vernon cottage. Captain Bertrand started for the hotel, determined that on the morrow he would seek Mr. Morton, and establish his character with that gentleman.

'She must not die,' he whispered, hopefully. 'I will win the poor, tired heart if human kindness may.'

Day after day saw the captain at Mr. Morton's house. He made friends with the old gentleman and his pretty, lively girls, but they soon saw what Elsie did not—that his 'business in the village' was to please her. The weeks rolled on. Every day Elsie, interested and amused as she had not been for many years, grew better in health and spirits, until the captain thought it was impossible for her to be more beautiful or desirable. They drove or walked every day, when Elsie could bear it, and the young girl wondered how she should ever be able to bear her loneliness when the captain, his mission ended and visit over, should return to his northern home.

One morning Elsie sat in her low chair on the piazza, sewing some trifle, and reading from a book open at her knee.

'Into each life some rain must fall!'—Alas! when shall I have the sunshine?' she whispered, softly. Then, looking up she saw Albert Bertrand coming up the gravelled walk, and added. 'There is one ray for me now!'

'Ah! Miss Elsie,' he exclaimed, 'you are growing rosy, and I know it is owing to our walks. Will you not take one more with me? It will perhaps be the last, for I have had a letter calling me home.'

A startled cry was hushed in Elsie's throat, and she answered calmly,—

'I am very sorry. Yes, I will walk with you.'

Taking up her hat, they started across the field toward a pretty grove near by, where was one of their favorite walks.—Elsie talked constantly, in order to gain time, fearing he would speak of his departure. When they reached the grove, she seated herself at the foot of a favorite tree, and the young man, throwing himself beside her, exclaimed,—

'I want to remember this picture—this charming grove and silvery stream with its mossy bank, but, above all, you, my little friend, with your flushed cheeks and golden hair, bewitchingly curled by the wind and your walk.'

Elsie flushed deeper than before, but dropping his jesting tone, the young man said:

'I wish to ask your advice, Miss Elsie. I am in love, and cannot find out whether the young lady returns my affection. She is fair, and kind and sweet, but she is so to all.'

Elsie's heart beat fast and joyously, for something in his look and tone told her whom he loved.

'Well,' he continued, 'I have loved her so long—three years'—Elsie felt faint and sick—'and in all this time I have never dreamed of another. It seems now as if, after having had her so long in my heart, I could not give her up. What would you do in my case, Miss Elsie?'

By this time Elsie had concluded that Captain Bertrand had loved long before he ever met her, and, though inwardly wounded, her woman's heart helped her to answer calmly.

'Do not make a confidant of me, my friend, but bravely ask the lady yourself. She is the only person to hear your love story!'

Her voice slightly trembled, and the captain, looking up, saw that she did not understand. Drawing the picture from his pocket, he said:

'Here, Elsie, is the face of her I love. It has been near my heart eversince the day your voice first fell so sweetly on my ear.'

Then, seeing the surprise, followed by dawning love and joy in her face, he could say no more, but drew her closely to the heart which would evermore cherish and protect her.

So the North and South kissed each other.—*Waverly Magazine.*

Seven Times Married.

THE PERENNIAL CHARMS OF A SMYRNA LADY—SHE IS LED TO THE ALTAR SEVEN TIMES.

An event which creates no little interest transpired in this town last week, to wit: the marriage of a lady who, for the *seventh* time, has bowed at the altar of Hymen to a brave old gentleman who, for the second time consecrates himself at the same shrine; and, to add to the interest, if possible, both parties to the nuptials are well up the ascending grade to 80 years. We have alluded to this remarkable woman before—on the occasion of her sixth wedding, when she was led to the altar by ex-Sheriff Henry Pratt, in October, 1869. It was then thought a strange circumstance that a woman who had followed five husbands to the grave, should so inspire Cupid as to beguile him into hurling the sixth dart in her behalf and succeed in piercing the heart of a stalwart man of 80 years and over. But such was the case. He contracted sickness from cold, however, in the winter of '70, and after about seven months in wedlock, he, too, shared the common lot of all. He died at the residence of [illegible]son in May of the year above named. Shortly after becoming sick, as if alarmed by the conscious fate that had befallen his successors who had shared her joys and sorrows, he arose from his sick bed and walked to his son's, only to meet his fate in the end—in about a month. He had been a remarkably healthy man up to the time of his last illness, and the health of his large family had been even more remarkable than his own. His descendents, children, grandchildren and great-grand-children, at the time of his marriage, he informed us, numbered over *one hundred and fifty-six*, and yet he had never then had but one death in his family—his first wife. He was a man of fine physique, standing about six feet in height, with an avoirdupois of about 210, and withal a most remarkably upright, consistent and worthy man. He was a remarkably self-reliant man. He never borrowed a dollar in his life, it is said, and never had to pay a cent of cost in suits of law, on his own account. We may add, as another matter of interest with reference to him, that he was the last anti-Democratic sheriff who has filled that office in this county. He was elected sheriff in 1844, by the Whigs. So we are informed.

The present husband, Mr. Abbott, is a quiet, unassuming old man, with means enough (particularly if combined with her income) to meet his not very numerous wants.

Now for Mrs. Abbott. There may be some matters of interest connected with her much-married career. Her names have been eight in all—Miss Williams, Mrs. Truax, Mrs. Farrow, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Pratt, and now Mrs. Abbott. In every instance, save the first, she has married widowers, some of them with a goodly number of children; she, however, has never sustained the maternal relation by consanguinity. She was reared in this community, and as have been all her husbands, so far as we can learn, and hence her record has been as an open book to all her seven companions, yet record, age, nor nothing else seems to work fatality to "the charm that wins," whatever that may be—to find that out is the rub.—The five years and over of widowhood that existed between her last and her present husband is the longest she has endured, we believe. This, however, may not be wholly her fault, as we are certain that in one instance at least she offered to share her comfortable home with one of our most worthy old citizens, but the mere proposition filled him with fear and trembling, and to avoid a repetition he hurriedly married a young lady yet in her teens, with whom, and his little prattler he is now enjoying the fullest share of domestic bliss. We have no intimation, however, that her numerous conquests have been made by open, direct assault. On the contrary, we think they have not. It has been asserted, on good authority, that she has confessed to a presentiment that she should have seven husbands. She nows enjoys the fulfillment of this prophetic notion, and hale, hearty and seventy odd, she wears her seventh bridal wreath with becoming dignity. As we said to her last husband, so we will say to her present one—"may fortune favor the brave."—*Smyrna Times.*

A GRANGER dreamed that he died and went straight to the spirit world. He knocked at the gate of the New Jerusalem, and it was opened, and he was asked, "Did you ever belong to any secret society?' to which he replied, "I did—to the grangers.' "Then, sir, you cannot be admitted; depart.' He then went to the door of the bottomless pit, where the same question was asked by the Devil, and again he was told to depart. After he had gone a little way off, he was accosted by the homely ruler of the pit, when the following proposition was made: "Stranger,' said Nick, "I will not admit you here; they do not want you in Heaven; but I will sell you 200 barrels of brimstone for cash, 10 per cent. off, with no agents or middlemen, and you can set up a little hell of your own.'

A Romance.

During the latter days of the session of Congress an old gentleman visited Washing to arrange some matters in relation to a patent. One day, while visiting the Capitol, he made the acquaintance of one of the employees, who showing him much attention, and devoted several hours in conducting him through that stupendous edifice and directing his attention to all its various beauties and attractions. The old gentleman was completely captivated by the young man, and formed for him the highest attachment. Congress adjourned and the young man returned to his home in Ohio; but the old gentleman remained in the city a few days and then visited Baltimore. While there he was taken ill, and immediately hastened back to Washington. Growing worse, he resolved to make his will, and having none but very distant and unknown relatives, he determined to bestow his wealth upon the young man for whom he had formed so great an attachment. Desiring his presence, and having his address, he wrote a few lines, giving information of his health, and requesting a visit from him without further delay, as he had a gratifying surprise in store for him.

The letter was enclosed and stamped with a postage stamp, the only one he had, which was slightly torn in separating it from his pocket-book to which it unfortunately adhered. An acquaintance and daily visitor was employed to mail the letter, who called the attention of the old gentleman to the rigid adherence of the postal department to its own rules in relation to mutilated stamps; but he would not listen to the suggestion, saying the stamp was genuine, had not been used and was as good as ever, and he would not waste its value. The stamp was accordingly used and the letter duly mailed.

Now comes the sequel. The letter was detained here for postage, solely on account of the trifling mutilation referred to, and the party to whom it was addressed was, in about four days, notified of the detention, which notice was received six days from the date of mailing the letter with the torn stamp. The following day the young man left his home, and, deeming the withheld letter of no particular consequences, without even carrying the notice, or paying any attention to it. Ten days after he arrived at Washington, and then recurred to his memory the detained letter, and he wrote home for the postoffice notification. On its arrival he procured the letter, and in much excitement of mind hastened to the hotel of the old gentleman. Alas! when he arrived he learned that his intended benefactor had been dead four days, and that the old gentleman, not hearing from or receiving the wished-for visit, had first felt hurt, then slighted and indignant, and in that frame of mind had made a will in favor of a poor old lady in his native State, who once done him an act of kindness. This was told him by the lawyer who prepared the will, and who was the party that mailed the letter. The old gentleman's wealth amounted to $53,000.

Arctic Mosquitoes.

In a work recently published in London, "The Land of the North Wind; or Travels Among the Laplanders and the Samoyedes," the author, Edward Roe, gives the following account of the arctic mosquitoes, which almost makes us content with our own: "The one bitter drop in our cup of joy was the monstrous but inseparable curse of the arctic summer life—the mosquito. He abounded, flourished, luxuriated, surpassed himself, out-mosquitoed himself, on the Kuloi River. We were at his mercy; our veils, gauntlets, handkerchiefs, flapper, all were a vanity and vexation. To kill was wanton, for to destroy sufficient was impossible. We had foreseen all this, and had even thought of taking, among other things, a woodpecker from home with us to protect our faces while we slept; but one woodpecker would have been a solemn mockery; we should have wanted a fresh woodpecker every five minutes. I suppose these were the historical flies sent to punish the disobedient, obstinate Egyptians; they came forth in order, and after three grievous plagues—the corruption of the waters, the multitude of frogs, and the swarms of lice—had entirely failed. We are becoming connoisseurs in mosquitoes; we watch them traverse our veils like figures on slides in a magic lantern. There is the yellow striped vampire mosquito, with a triple fang to his proboscis; there is the brown, humpbacked or camel mosquito, with legs of gossamer, who appears to our vindictive eyes to be from two to three inches in length; finally, there is the scorpion mosquito, very searching and business like.—We dislike him greatly, for he wastes no time. We know now that leather is a hollow delusion, and armor-plated gauntlets are alone of avail."

HE KNEW HOW.—At an auction of household goods on Harrison Avenue yesterday, when a woman had made a bid on an old bureau worth about $2, a boy slipped around to another woman and whispered:

'You see that woman over there with a blue bow on?'

'Yes.'

'Well, she says that no woman with a red nose can buy anything at this sale!'

The woman with the red nose pushed her way into the crowd and run the price of the bureau up to $12, and as it was knocked down to her she remarked:

'I may have a red nose, but no cross-eyed woman with a blue bow on can bluff me!'—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sagacity of a Horse.

The following extraordinary story of equine intelligence and fidelity is taken from Thompson's 'History of Montpelier:'

'Not far from the year 1806, Mr. Chas. Stevens, who lived on East Hill, made a horseback journey to Massachusetts, passing down on his way home, over the high bridge, across the Winooski, about three-fourths of a mile below Daggett's Mills Village. During his absence the bridge had been stripped of all the plank, preparatory to replanking, or putting in some new string pieces. While the bridge was in this dismantled condition (which condition was wholly unknown and unsuspected by Mr. Stevens), he reached home, on his return from his journey, at a late hour on an unusually dark night, totally unconscious that he had passed through any peril in passing over the river, which was only a mile or two from his house.'

'Which way did you come?' asked his family.

'The way I went, of course.'

'No, you couldn't; for the river is roaring high, and there is not a single plank on the bridge.'

'Yes, I did come the same way, and over the same bridge; and you can't beat me out of it.'

'Here was a complete issue; and neither party being in the least disposed to yield, they the next morning, in company with a neighbor—a Mr. Parker—repairing to the bridge, and, to their amazement, discovered by the tracks on the ground, and the calk-marks of the animal's shoes on the timber, that the broadest sewn string-piece, had mounted it, and passed so quietly and safely over it to the other side, that the rider was not made aware, in the great darkness of the night, that he was undergoing the dangerous transit.'

An Old Man's Crosses.

A story is told of an old man who lived long ago. Forcible was the way which he spoke of the struggles he had to carry on. A friend asked him the cause of his complaints, since in the evenings he so often complained of great weariness and pain.—"Alas, I have every day so much to do.—I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon.' "Why this is only folly,' said the friend; "no man has all these things to do at once.' "Yes, indeed,' he answered, "it is with me as I have said. The two falcons are my two eyes, which I must diligently guard, lest something should please them which may be hurtful to my salvation; the two hares are my feet, which I must hold back, lest they should run after evil objects, and walk in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my two hands, which I must train and keep to work, in order that I may be able to provide for my brethren who are in need; the serpent is my tongue which I must always keep in with a bridle lest it should speak anything unseemingly; the lion is my heart, with which I have to maintain a continual fight, in order that vanity and pride may not fill it, but that the grace of God may dwell and work there; the sick man is my own body, which is ever needing my watchfulness and care. All this wears out my strength.' The friend listened in wonder, and then said: "Dear brother, if all men labored and struggled after this manner, the times would be better, and more according to the will of God.'—*Nehemiah the Tirshatha.*

She Had a Plan.

A gaunt woman jumped into the Central Station yesterday, bonnet askew and eyes blazing, and as she reached the sargent's desk she exclaimed:

'I'm the widow Coon!'

'Ah!' remarked the sergeant.

'And I want to know if my landlord can raise the rent on me?' she went on.

'I guess so—landlords can do most anything.

'But I'm a widow?'

'So you say.'

'And isn't there a law to protect a widow from having the rent raised?'

'Never heard of one.'

'And I haven't any more rights than a married woman?'

'Not one.'

'Very well,' she said shutting her teeth together and striking the desk: if a widow hasn't any rights I'll marry some one afore sundown—you hea me now!'

And she kicked over a chair and walked out.

Our Turn Must Come.

Generation after generation have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are around our paths. Earth will have the same attractions for our offspring unborn that she once had for us as children. Yet a little while, and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled and we shall be at rest.—Our funeral will wend its way, and prayers will be said, and then we shall be left alone in silence and in darkness for worms. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names.

Concerning Resignation.

We all know how a little child of three or four years old kicks and howls if it does not get its own way. We know, also, how quietly a grown-up man takes it, when ordinary things fall out otherwise than he wishes. A letter, a newspaper or a magazine does not arrive by the mail on the morning on which it had been particularly wished for, and counted on with certainty. The day proves rainy, when a fine day was specially desirable. The grown-up man is disappointed; but he soon gets reconciled to the existing state of facts. He did not much expect that things would turn out as he wished them. Yes, there is nothing like the habit of being disappointed to make a man resigned when disappointment comes, and to enable him to take it quietly. And a habit of practical resignation grows upon most men as they advance through life.

Resignation in any human being means that things are not as we would wish, and yet that we are contented. Who has all that he wishes? There are many houses in this world in which resignation is the best thing that can be felt any more. The bitter blow has fallen; the break has been made; the empty chair is left (perhaps a very little chair); and never more, while time goes on, can things be as they were once fondly wished and hoped.

But our times are in the Best Hand.—And the one thing about our lot that we may all think of with perfect contentment and resignation is, that they are so.

There are briars besetting every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere!

Home.

Best of all things to us is home. In hours of ambition and pleasure we may sometimes forget its exquisite sweetness, but let sickness or sadness come, and we return to it at once. Let the hollow hearts that feign a friendship which they do not feel, stand revealed before us—let us know, as we all must at moments, that however important we may be in our own estimation, our places would be filled at an hour's notice should we die to-morrow; then we whisper to ourselves the magic word Home, and are comforted.

"Home, Sweet Home!"· It does not matter how humble it is, nor is it less a home for being a place. It is where those we love to dwell—wherever that may be—where we are valued for ourselves and are held in esteem because of what we are in ourselves and not because of power, or wealth, or what we can do for other people.

Who would be without a home? Who would take the world's applause and honor in place of tenderness of a few true hearts and the cosy fireside meetings where the truth may be spoken without disguise, and envious carpings are unknown? In life's battle even the hero finds many enemies and much abuse and slander and detraction; but into a home, if is what it ought to be, these things never find their way.—There, to his wife, the plainest man becomes a wonderful thing—a sage, a man who ought to be President of the United States, and would be were his worth known.

Hurtful Reading.

A bad book, magazine, or newspaper, is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind, and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body.

Many of these papers have attained large circulations, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as at this time; and every father and mother should be on guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child.

Look to it, then, that your children are kept free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing-up boys.

THE PROPHETIC DEWDROP.—A delicate child, pale, and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dewdrops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dewdrops that live the whole night through, and sparkle through the moonlight, and through the morning onwards to noonlight. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or has swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stand the dewdrops gloriously reset—a glittering jewelry—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dewdrop, into heaven.