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THE PRODIGAL BOY.

BY EZRA OLIVER WENDELL.

One fine autumnal afternoon, as a country gentleman by the name of Louis Dwight, was out for an hour's ride in his vehicle, he came upon a group of urchins sporting in the road, and among them saw his son, a boy of ten, flying his kite. The novel thought struck him of giving his son a ride while still flying his kite, and so by his desire the child took a seat by his side, the horse trotted on, and the kite string, through the back of the wagon, still held by the pleased youngster, maintained the traveling kite in the air. It was, however, not long before the boy lost his hold of the stick, upon which the kite rapidly descended from its gay attitude, and disappearing behind a piece of woods, fell into a swamp beyond it.

To regain what was so much prized by his son, without too much effort, the father drove back, and now saw that one of the group of children had already started in pursuit of the missing toy, and was wending his difficult course through the swamp, from which in due time he made his way back, with a shout of joy, bringing the unharmed kite and its roll of twine which, on reaching the road, he presented with smiling grace to their owner.

'You are a gallant and unselfish boy,' said Mr. Dwight, giving him a handful of pennies, 'and what is your name?'.

'Herbert Archley,' said the youth, blushing at the compliment and lifting up his cap in recognition of it; and then, turning to his playmates, he divided among them what he had received, by tossing the coins into the air and crying:

'Come, boys, here's for a scramble!'

His companions proved themselves not slow to accept the offer, and young Archley, sharing in the scramble with high glee took his scant portion with the others.

'You are too generous by half,' exclaimed Mr. Dwight, admiring the boy's benevolence quite as much as his good natured service and politeness. 'You must learn to be more careful of your means, when you grow older, at least, or you will find it a thankless and very rude world to live in.'

'Ah, Sir,' said the boy, with a brighter glance even than before, and again doffing his cap, 'father taught me never to be mean, and to be unselfish always makes me feel happy.'

His looks told the truth as eloquently as his words and tone, as he stood there in the road, his fine, open, handsome face, rosy with health and beaming with intelligence and joy—a far more beautiful object to contemplate than even the declining sun, whose light displayed his own to such advantage.

'The sun is lengthening your shadow, my boy,' said the gentleman, reflecting a moment. 'And even so it is with the light of experience, which increase the shade of sorrow the longer it shines. Take my advice, my boy, and hereafter never give all your spare money away. Be liberal, as your father taught you; but save at least half for yourself. There is no virtue in being prodigal; often it is an error, and prevents both the power to be just and to be generous.'

'I thank you, sir, for the advice, and I will remember and try to follow it.'

'Good afternoon, my boy.'

'Good-bye, Sir.'

As they rode home, which was not far from that neighborhood, Mr. Dwight learned from his son that Herbert Archley was a poor boy, living with his widowed mother; that he was a forward scholar, and so generally a favorite that presents were often made to him, and these he almost as often distributed among his comrades, between whom he seemed to make but little distinction.

Within a few days Mr. Dwight again met young Archley, and repeating his injunction to 'save half at least,' gave him a money-box for the purpose. And the boy, smiling, again promised, and applauded by his mother, did as he had been advised; careless and thoughtless of how it accumulated, from month to month; the gentleman, who had been so interested in him, often giving him small sums, debarred like others, from rendering his mother assistance, which an honest pride forbade her to accept, and of which health and industry prevented her from being in absolute need.

A year passed, and chancing to be in the company of evil associates, Archley got into trouble with them. They committed some theft, in which he did not share, and of which he was ignorant until he was arrested, like them, and tried as their accomplice. Information of the affair being brought to Mr. Dwight, he felt convinced of the boy's innocence, and after questioning him, undertook to plead his case; which influence, however, only succeeded so for against the false testimony of the really guilty, that Archley was fined for trespass, while the others were more severely dealt with.

The shame of the accusation seemed to overcome the grieved boy far more than the fear of punishment, however unjust: and he wept more bitterly than the young reprobates who had thought to make him share their punishment as well as their disgrace.

'You need not shed tears, my boy,' said his temporary protector, soothingly, so that all could hear. 'None who know you can think harm of you. The best are often injured by false evidence, beyond their power of defence against law; and in this case, the penalty it prescribes for you I believe you can pay, without depending upon anybody but yourself.'

'My mother is so poor,' sobbed the boy, 'that I don't like her to pay so much; and how can I pay it?'

'What have you done with the box?'

'Oh, I forgot that; but I don't think there can be so much in it for the little I have saved up in it.'

'Send for it and we will see about that.'

The little box was therefore brought and opened in court, and, much to the boy's surprise, far more was found in it than was demanded to meet the penalty. This discovery cheered young Archley, for he was now relieved from his mortification at dependency by being able to pay his fine with his own money, which he did with some pride; and with his mother, his friend and his box, he marched out of the court amid the cheers of his joyful playmates.

'You see, my young friend, that by being provident, without being mean, you have been able to rescue yourself from difficulty,' said Mr. Dwight, on parting with them. 'Bear the lesson in mind, in future, as well as you have kept your promise, and you will find it of service throughout your life, long after I am dead, perhaps. There is more than the amount you have paid. I wished you to send for the box, only the better to illustrate what virtue there is in providence, and how thoughtless prodigality might have left you without one friend who could serve you.'

The lesson thus learned had a doubly good effect, and the boy was more careful as to the character of his companions ever after.

The manifold changes of a few more years, transforming the boy into a man, involved other great alterations in the condition of his life. His mother slept in the grave; his good friend, Mr. Dwight, had moved away he knew not whither; and he, in a neighboring town, no less popular as a man than he had been as a boy, had, by dint of intelligent enterprise accquired a thriving business, of which he was the head.

Fortune long seemed to favor the young man, and often the image and counsel of his early good adviser came up before him and the pleasant remembrance made him yearn to see him. But, unfortunately, the advice which he remembered he did not follow. His belevolence and confiding nature, his eagerness to oblige, and his impulsive sympathy at every signal of distress, became known to all around him; and, by slow and sure degress, the unstinted exercise of his uncalculating charity annulled the results of his honest industry, and carried his affairs gradually into the background, where prodigal generosity often leads and leaves a man, and where debt incurred by helping others brings distrust and ruin upon the deserted bankrupt.

Herbert Archley failed, and found few friends to praise or pity him, or defend his honesty of purpose, and none who were able or dared to help him. To him now came the old experiences of the too benevolent, who are with less means to sustain than heart to prompt generous actions; and though fortune did not so utterly forsake as to render the well meaning debtor to jail, his freedom to wander seemed no liberty to him, who, as he left town, a poor and censured man, could not leave its recollections also behind.

The imprisoned thought was itself imprisonment, as, when afar away, he brooded, in poverty, over his follies and misfortune.

'Were not every thoughtful step we take in this world thronged with proofs of our insignificance and ignorance, we might dare attempt to grasp at and arraign the wisdom of the Almighty,' he reflected, as he mourned. 'Yet, in what light I have, it seems unjust that charity should be the cause of its own punishment, or be permitted at all to suffer. But now, how well I recollect the counsel given me by that good man in my youth—to be kind without giving all away, and that one might be provident without being mean. He gave me a fatherly lesson in those happy days, and I was wiser, because more mindfu, even then; but grown confident by success, I neglected the advice which would have spared me the trials I now bear; the loss of good repute and the ingratitude of the undeserving, for whom I have injured the worthy; and the tongue of scandal for inability, which is called dishonesty, oppresses me more even than the lack of means, with which, if not thrown away in acts of mistaken benevolence, I would gladly repay all. But yet, to sit down thus and meanly mourn, like Job, will never lift me up again. There must still be time and opportunities to redeem myself. I am still young and strong, and may yet prove wiser if I faithfully follow the counsel of him who understood me so well in my boyhood. Henceforth I will do so. I will strive hard again, and the lesson of the little box shall be my guide as I toil.

Animated by the resolution he had formed, half the load which had oppressed him, vanished. Among strangers he entered anew into the mazes of business, and though his melancholy memories sometimes made his struggles less energetic than he wished, their discouraging effect was more than offset by the great object he had in view, the ultimate power to clear his reputation at home from all stains.

Stray gleams of success multiplied and gathered, as he proceeded slowly but steadily toward the horizon of his hopes, and at last ripened into the inspiring dawn. Often, while the night of his distress was vanishing behind him, the old prodigal impulse which had caused it would return upon him; but he checked it by the memory of the little box; and while not mindless of the claims of those who were more needy than he, he learned to feel that there was yet something nobler than extravagant benevolence; to be just first and then generous, and that beside what was due to his creditors, there was much due to himself.

By this line of conduct he rose again to substantial prosperity. Experience had not been wasted upon him, and his second ordeal was triumphant. The memory of the little box was talismanic guide to him. One half of all his profits he uniformly put by for future days; and freed from all former indebtedness, he found himself, in the prime of life, not merely commended for being generous as well as honest, but secure against the wiles of impostors, and wealthy without having been amiser.

Thus enabled by a courageous adherence to the provident rule which was at first repugnant to his nature, to return in joy and honor to the town which he had left in disgrace, he revisited the scenes of his youth, and as he wandered among them and revived their asssociations, he thanked God that he was now as happy as he had ever been when he played there. The old cottage was torn down, but the gress grew green over the graves of his parents, and he felt that their souls were in a changeless home. The natural landmarks remained unaltered, and as he strolled along the chief road of the village, he paused awhile at the spot, where, returning from the swamp with the kite, he had first met the good man, Louis Dwight.

'He must be quite old now, if alive, mused he. 'Let me see. I was then ten, and he, perhaps, forty; my own age now.—Three score and ten—the alloted age of man. He may be dead; or if not, I suppose I shall never see nor hear of him again. How like a dream it all seems.—Here I am standing alive. Here is where he gave me the pennies, opposite that very tree; and here is—why, bless me, who comes here? If it isn't the old gentleman himself, my eyes or my memory fail me.'

It was a bowed old man, in worn and faded garments, who was approaching, walking slowly with a cane. Archley raised his hat respectfully as he drew near.—He had truly recognized him. It was Louis Dwight.

But his old friend and adviser did not recognize him so quickly, though he paused and returned his salutation.

"His sight may be poor,' thought Archley, but I will test his memory by a surer method. "Old gentleman, I was born in this village, and have been absent many years. I have been standing here for some time, looking upon the scenes which are more interesting now than they were when I played here, thirty years ago.'

"Thirty years ago!' exclaimed old Mr. Dwight, staring at him. "Why, I used to live here then.'

"Did you, indeed? Then perhaps you might be able to tell me what became of a very fine gentleman who lived here at the same time, but went away before I did.—He was out riding one day, and I saved a kite for his son; and on this very spot he gave me some pennies for it, and some very good advice into the bargain. His name was Louis Dwight.'

"And yours is—?'

"Herbert Archley.'

"Why!' cried the astonished old gentleman, holding his hands up to Heaven.—"Merciful Providence! Is this you, my dear young friend? Let me give you a good hug?' And faltering toward him, he gave him an embrace which was returned with interest; and then, in brief, they exchanged histories—that of Mr. Dwight being far more melancholy than Archley's.

His son was dead, his property all gone, and he was now a dependent upon charity, where once he had lived in affluence.

Archley heard in silence, with tears, but he brightened them with a smile, as he said:

"Mr. Dwight, I believe that God has ordered that we should meet this day, and we meet, sir, never to part till one of us is dead. You are now poor, but I am rich. All that I possess I owe to your early lesson to me. I will comfort and protect you, while life lasts, and repair your future as well as I can.'

And Herbert Archley proved true to his word; and thus it was that good advice, in kindness given and with reverence obeyed, resulted in a rich reward to both. The bread of wisdom had been early cast upon the waters, and it returned after many days, in the shape of substantial gratitude.

HATE NOT.—It is not worth while to hate. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill-will or hard thoughts toward any one. What if that man has cheated you, or that woman has played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one, having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country?' All who ill-treat you now will be more sorry for it then, than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief can be.

A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying through the world, some hasty greetings, and abrupt farewells, and our play will be "played out," and the injurer and the injured will be led away, and ere long forgotten. Is it worth while to hate each other?

What Flies are For.

HOW THEY DESTROY ANIMALCULAE FLOATING IN THE AIR—THEY ARE PRONOUNCED THE FRIENDS OF MANKIND.

Mr. Emerson, chemist, West Hartlepool, lately set himself to discover if there were any ends accomplished by that one drawback to the lovely summer months, the common house fly. He communicates his experiments to a local paper, and has since forwarded an account of them to us.

Having secured one and laid him on his back and glued his wings to the object glass of a microscope, he observed that the little animal was covered—legs, body and wings—with an innumerable quantity of lice. "I was so disgusted (Mr. Emerson proceeds) with what I had considered a pretty fly, that I loosed his wing and let the lousy fellow go; after his departure, however, I remembered that I had not got the information I desired, viz: his use and habits, so I caught another and put him in the same position as the former one, and to my dismay, found him as lousy as the first. I thought this very singular, but I was determined to have a close inspection. I got part of a wing into sight which was beautiful, until I caught a view of the head of one of the vermin coming along to invade my pleasure ground with his unsightly body; I shifted my glass to have a peep at the body, when one of the legs of the fly came dangling into view, and on the tiny shanks were some of my old enemies. What is it that I see? A miniature elephant's trunk now comes in view and licks up a quantity from the leg. I move the glass to have a look at the fly's head, to see how he appears in his confinement.—What a splendid large eye! He is busy with his proboscis or tongue going rapidly in all directions, and, by the expression of his eye, looks as if he was quite satisfied and enjoying his meal. I move the glass again to examine his body, which is covered with the vermin, and every now and anon there was a switch of the tongue, licking them off. These must be her progeny (I had up to this time treated my captive in the masculine gender) eating the offspring. I gave liberty to my object and was more than ever out of love with my fly. I went into the kitchen to watch their gambols around the gas bracket, and to admire their swiftness through the air, and wondered if they were happy, with their young hanging about them; but I had not lost faith in their innocency, and also in the harmlessness of their alighting on my bread and butter. I observed a clean piece of note paper lying on the dresser, presently two flies lit on it, and appeared to be licking something off of it; I laid hold of the paper and took it to the microscope; I put a corner on the glass and there were some of the progeny of the fly on it—this set me thinking. I took a cloth and rubed the paper well, then tried again and found none on it. I took it into the kitchen again and waved the paper around, taking care that no flies touched it, went back to the microscope, and there found animalcules, same as on the flies.—I had now arrived at something definite;—they were not the progeny of the fly, but animalcules floating in the air, and the quick motion of the flies gathered them on their bodies, and then went into some quiet corner to have their dainty meal. Further experience convinced me that I had found the real use of the flies. I afterwards caught one in a bedroom; it was one of Pharaoh's lean kind, examined it and there was no animalcules on it, neither could I get any in the room. I then tried the yard near the kitchen, and found very few there; then went into the back street, where it was neither very sweet nor clean—that morning the scavengers had been cleaning out the ash-pits—got plenty on my paper there.

I arrived at the conclusion that instead of the flies being a pest and a nuisance, they are the friends of mankind, and should not be slaughtered wholesale, as they generally are; for wherever there are the most animalcules there will be the most flies to feed on the same. These experiments were made in sultry weather. I always found my sport spoiled after heavy rain and strong winds, for then I could not bag much game; and when frost set in I found none. I may say that I have tried an endless variety of disinfectants and purifiers to overcome these animalcules, and that I found nothing so effectual as burning sulphur on a dust pan, and carrying it about the place.

Mr. Emerson adds that he is now investigating the spider, and is trying to discover what is the use of him. If our correspondent was to conclude that the main use of spiders is to catch flies, that the use of flies is to catch lice, he will be in duty bound to proceed to the remaining problem respecting the purpose served by the last named tribe. Whatever this may be, Mr. Emerson certainly deserves credit for his patient and skillful investigation, and for his interesting, and, we believe, novel observations. — *Chemist and Druggist, London.*

JONES gave a bill to be collected to the amount of $30. Calling for it, after a while, he inquired if it had been collected. "Oh, yes," said the lawyer, "I have it all for you." "What charge for collecting?" "Oh," said the lawyer laughing "I'm not going to charge you—why I have known you ever since you were a baby, and your father before you; $20 will be about right," handing over $10. "Well," said Jones as he meditated upon the transaction, "It's lucky he didn't know my grandfather, or I shouldn't have got anything!"

An Affectionate Daughter.

General Lajolais had been condemned to death for treason against Napolean the Great. He had an only daughter, fourteen years of age, who was remarkably beautiful. The poor child was in a state of fearful agony in view of the fate of her father. One morning without communicating her intentions to any one, she set out alone and on foot for St. Clouds. Presenting herself before the gate of the palace, by her youth, her beauty, her tears, and her woe, persuaded the keeper, a kind-hearted man, to introduce her to the apartment of the Empress Josephine and Hortense.

Napolean had said to Josephine that she must not any more expose him to the pain of seeing the relatives of the condemned; that if any petitions were to be offered, they must be presented in writing. Josephine and Hortense were, however, so deeply moved by the anguish of the distracted child, that they contrived to introduce her to the presence of Napolean as he was passing through one of the apartments of the palace, accompanied by several of his prime ministers.

The fragile child, in a delirium of emotion, rushed before him, precipitated herself at his feet, and exclaimed:

"Pardon—sire pardon for my father!'

Napolean, surprised at this sudden apparition, exclaimed in displeasure:

"I have said that I wish for no such scenes. Who has dared to introduce you here, in disregard of my prohibition?—Leave me, Mademoiselle.'

So saying, he turned to pass from her. But the child threw her arms around his knees, and with her eyes suffused with tears, and agony, depicted in every feature of her beautiful, upturned face, exclaimed:

"Pardon! pardon! pardon! it is for my father!'

"And who is your father?' said Napoleon, kindly. "Who are you?'

"I am Mademoiselle Lajolais,' she replied; "and my father is doomed to die.'

Napoleon hesitated for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Ah! but this is the second time, in which your father has conspired against the State. I can do nothing for you.'

"Alas, sire!' the poor child exclaimed, with great simplicity, "I know it; but the first time papa was innocent; and to-day I do not ask for justice—I implore pardon, pardon for him!'

Napoleon was deeply moved. His lip trembled, tears filled his eyes, and, taking the little hand of the child in both of his own, he tenderly pressed it, and said:

"Well, my child—yes! For your sake I will forgive your father. This is enough. Now rise and leave me.'

At these words the suppliant girl fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. She was conveyed to the apartment of Josephine, where she soon revived, and, though in a state of extreme exhaustion, proceeded immediately to Paris. M. Lavalette, then aid-de-camp of Napoleon, and his wife, accompanied her to the Conciergerie prison, with the joyful tidings. When she arrived in the gloomy cell where her father was immured, she threw herself upon his neck, and her convulsive sobbings, for a time, stifled all possible powers of utterance.

Suddenly her frame became convulsed, her eyes fixed, and she fell in entire unconsciousness into the arms of Madame Lavalette. When she revived, reason had fled, and the affectionate daughter was a hopeless maniac!

Napoleon, in the evening, was informed of this new calamity. He dropped his head in silence, mused painfully, brushed a tear from his eye, and was heard to murmur, in a low tone of voice:

"Poor child! poor child! A father who has such a daughter is still more culpable. I will take care of her and of her mother.'

Sing More.

Cultivate singing in the family. Begin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your childhood sung, bring them back to your memory and teach them to your little ones; mix them altogether to meet the similar moods, as in after life they come over us so mysteriously sometimes. Many a time and oft, in the very whirl of business; in the sunshine and gayety, some little thing wakes up the memories of early youth—the old mill; the cool spring; the shady tree by the school house—and the next instant we almost see again the ruddy cheeks the smiling faces, and the merry eyes of school-mates, some grayheaded now, most "lie mouldering in the grave.' And anon, "the song my mother sang' springs unbidden to the lips and soothes and sweetens all these memories.

At other times, amid the crushing mishaps of business, a mere ditty of the olden time pops up its little head, breaks in upon the ugly train of thought; throws the mind into another channel; light breaks in behind the cloud in the sky and a new courage is given to us. The honest man goes singing to his work; and when the day's labor is done, his tools laid aside, and he is on his way home where his wife and child and tidy table and cherry fireside await him, he cannot help but whistle and sing.

The burglar never sings. Moody silence, not the merry song, weighs down the dishonest tradesman, the perfidious clerk, the unfaithful servant, the perjured partner.

IT is considered a safe plan for a young man never to trifle with the affections of a woman who whistles.

Married in Haste.

Four years ago, a bright, intelligent, but not pretty-looking young miss, left a homeless and penniless orphan by the death of her father; came to this city and procured employment as a waiter at a well-known second class hotel, making her home with a family, fifth cousins or something of that sort, then residing on Second street. One day, at dinner time, there trode into the dining-room a tall, broad shouldered, bronzed and bearded man, who was evidently from the far West. There was the unmistakable air of a plainman about him, evidently of the best sort. He seated himself at the table served by the girl in question and watched her movements very closely. At supper on the second day after his arrival he remained at the table until it was nearly deserted, and then as he was about rising he addressed the girl in courteous tones saying that he desired an interview with her, as he had information of importance to communicate. She replied that she would see him in the ladies' parlor at a later hour. She did so, and was not a little surprised at receiving an offer of marriage. He stated that he was a resident of the grazing districts of California, owned a large stock ranche and was a wealthy man. He had been out thirteen years, during which time he had mined, prospected for rich diggings, hunted grizzlies, fought indians, chased greasers and pursued the annual avocation of an enterprising Californian. He was on his way East to visit his aged parents, who resided in Massachusetts; had stopped at Detroit to see the city; and met her as above described; was pleased with her appearance, and thought it would be for her advantage to quit her present employment and become the wife of a ranchman.

There was an honesty and sincerity in the man's voice as he made his declaration that convinced the girl that he was in earnest. She replied that she would consider his proposition and give him an answer at the breakfast table. During the night she thought the matter over seriously, and when in the morning she took eccentric lover's order, and he asked in a low tone, "Are you going to California?' She replied "Yes,' and then went for beefstake and potatoes. There was the extent of the courtship.

As soon as the hungry guest had departed from the dinning-room she repaired to the parlor, where the lover was anxiously awaiting her. By his directions she informed the head waiter that she would not work any longer, donned her hat and shawl and the two started out shopping.—Dresses were ordered of nearly all the fashionable modestes in the city, the same to be completed within twenty-four hours.—Hats were similary ordered and then the retail dealers in all manner of small wearing apparel were visited and large purchases were made, the last one being two Saratoga trunks. The next afternoon the pair were married at the residence of a clergyman, made a call on the bride's humble friend on Second street and left for the East by the evening train.

Of course the new acquaintances of the bride who were aware of the circumstances of the marriage were all positive that she had acted rashly, and predicted all manner of troubles and trials for her.—From the hour of her departure, however, none of them have ever heard a word from her; but from the fact that the happiest looking wife and mother to be seen riding about the city on Saturday, a curly-headed boy in her arms, and the gentleman who told her something to her advantage by her side, was the writer girl who married in haste, but did not repent at leisure, it may safely be assumed that the predictions did not come true.—*Chicago Paper.*

The Old, Old Homestead.

Oft-times in memory I see the dear old homestead! Oh! how plainly in imagination the old farmhouse comes up in my mind; and these uncultivated and rock-crowned hills, the rude plain, that old maple and apple orchard in fancy again I see. The violet and forget-me-not, the mossy rocks, and laughing rills, the crystal spring, all these again I see, and the happy days of childhood come floating back to me again. It seemed but yesterday, that father smiled, and mother kissed her boy, in the old homestead! Oh, those sunny days of childhood, they were all too bright to last, and as I sadly think of the dear ones passed away, mother, father, sister, brother, all sleeping in those orchard graves on the old homestead, and of the thousand happy hours spent by us together, it seems that death has taken all my earthly treasures and I am left alone, at last. But a voice softly floating an the evening breeze, tells me I am not alone, and in imagination I ramble over the old homestead, with the cherished love of long ago at my side.—And thus it is, the buds of Spring, the Summer flowers come and go, with their beauty teeming, but in memory never dying. So with fondly cherished ones, though in the grave we have their forms so fair, they ever in memory dwell with us. The days of childhood, the old homestead, will never be forgotten, the past to us, by mind and memory, will be renewed, the tuneful birds, with varied songs, the little brooks that wind along the stream reflecting a spotless sky, and "crystal streams more fair,' and the wildwoods around the old homestead where nature first her charms to me displayed, eclipsing works of human art, these to me are more precious in memory than all the gems of earth and art, rude though they be.

What a Child Saw.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: Yesterday morning some people living on Macomb street entered a house to find father and mother beastly drunk on the floor, and their child, four years old, dead in his cradle. The parents looked like beasts—the child wore the sweetest, tenderest smile on its white face that any of them ever saw. It had been ailing for days, and its brief life had been full of bitter woe, but yet the woman cried as they bent over the old cradle and kissed its cold cheeks and felt of its icy hands.

Father and mother lay down at dark the evening before, and people passing by heard the child crying and wailing. It was too weak to crawl out of the cradle, and its voice was not strong enough to break the chains of drunken stupor. When the sun went down and the evening shadows danced across the floor, and seemed to grasp at him the boy grew afraid and cried out.—The shadows came faster, and as they raced around the room and scrawled darkly at the lone child, he nestled down and drew the ragged blanket over his head to keep the revengful shadows from seizing him. He must have thought his parents dead, and how still the house seemed to him.

"It's dark, mother—it's dark!' the neighbors heard him wail; but no one went in to comfort him and to drive the shadows away. The night grew older—the feet of pedestrians ceased to echo, and the heavy breathing of the drunkards made the child tremble and draw the covers still closer. His little bare feet were curled up, and he shut his eyes tightly to keep from seeing the black darkness.

By-and-by the ragged blanket was gently pulled away, and the child opened his eyes and saw a great light in the room.

"Is it morning?' he whispered, but the drunkards on the floor slept on.

Sweet, tender music came to the child's ears, and the light had driven every shadow away. He was no longer afraid. The aches and pains he had suffered for days past went away all at once.

"Mother! mother! hear the music!' he cried, and from out of the soft, white light came an angel.

"I am thy mother,' she softly said.

He was not afraid. He had never seen her before, but she looked so good and beautiful that he held up his wasted hands and said:

"I will go with you.'

The music grew yet softer, and the melody was so sad and tender, and yet so full of love and rejoicing, that the drunkards on the floor moved a little and muttered broken words.

Other angels came, and the light fell upon the boy's face in a blazing shower, turning his curls to streaks of gold. He held up his arms and laughed for joy.

"Heaven wants you,' the angel whispered. "Earth has no more sorrow—no further misery. Come!'

And he floated away with them, leaving the sleepers as if dead. The golden light faded out, the music died away, and the house was again filled with the grim, threatening shadows, which sat around the sleepers and touched their bloated faces with their gaunt skeleton fingers, and laughed horribly when the drunkards groaned in uneasy slumber.

When people came in the shadows went out. The sleepers still slept their sotted sleep and no one minded them. Men and women bent low over the dead child, smoothed back his curls and whispered:

"Poor, dead boy.'

They knew not that he had seen the angels, and that they had borne him to heaven's gate.

Good Advice.

Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of work, nor of hard work. Work for the wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat, and boots. Do not eat up and wear out all that you can earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your own appetite, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. So that if you are proud, let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat that you cannot afford to buy; too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to lie, or steal, or cheat; too proud to be stingy.

A GENTLEMAN owned a farm in New Jersey. It had been long in the family.—Embarrassments compelled him to sell, and the farm was put up at auction. He felt so bad about the sale that he could not attend it, but sent over his head servant.—On his return the master said, "Well John, was the farm sold?' "Yes, sir.' "Did it sell well?' "It went very low.' "Who bought it?' "I did.' "You John!' Where did you get the money?' "I laid up my wages since I worked for you.' "Well, John, I'll tell you what I will do. As soon as you get the title to your property, I'll come and work for you, and buy the farm back.'

THERE are young men who can not hold a skein of yarn for their mothers without wincing, but will hold 126 pounds of a neighboring family for the best part of the night with a patience and docility that are certainly phenominal.