The American Union

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD., BY
JOHN H. EMERSON.

Terms:

$1.50 per annum, invariably in advance.

No subscription received for less than 6 months.

The UNION circulates among farmers, mechanics and business men generally.

Postmasters are requested to notify us of a ailure to take the paper from their office

The American Union.

VOL. XVI. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY SEPT. 30, 1875. NO. 11.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions		$1.00
1 "	1 month		1.50
1 "	3 "		2.50
1 "	6 "		5.00
1 "	12 "		10.00
¼ column, one year,			15.00
½ " " "			30.00
1 " " "			60.00

☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

Poetry.

For the Union.

TO A LOVED ONE GONE.

Influences rich and tender,
Wealth of joy and glad perfume,
Thou did'st shed in silent splendor
On my life and made it bloom.

Rare were all thy bannered glories,
Shed in many loving ways;
Now they haunt me with their stories—
Stories of a few short days.

Language fails to fitly render
All the charms thou had for me;
And when death in life's December
Comes; remembed thou shalt be.

When I dwell upon thy goodness,
Given to my life and me,
Knowing not why all thy sweetness
Should no longer with me be.

Then my full heart falters sadly,
'Neath the dreams my love enshrined;
But I know that I can gladly
Rest my hopes upon one friend.

Ah! my life was sad and dreary
Till thou gavest me all thy love;
Then 'twas filled with light and cheery
Acts of kindness-now-gone above.

I remember the weird story
With a sad regretful sigh,
Why should beauty, love and glory
Only bloom so soon to die?

Dreamless songs I now can only
Sing on earth in accents low;
Without thy assistance comely,
Real music cannot flow.

In that thou art now in glory
Shining down on loving me;
I shall pray that my life's story
All may be distilled to thee.

Spirit fair! I soon shall know thee
In thy second—heavenly home,
And a union shall be surely
Formed around the burning throne.

Sunless beams shall shine forever
On our home in bowers above;
And our lives so loth to sever,
There shall dwell in endless love.

E. L. W.

The Lost One Restored.

BY PAUL PLUME.

The wind blew furiously, and the rain fell in torrents, when a traveller one July night was traversing a thickly wooded portion of the country in Missouri. He had ridden all day, and night overtook him and found him lost in what appeared and impenetrable forest. The vines and underbrush grew so thickly that he was compelled to halt, and dismounting his beast, sheltered himself as best he could from the storm. His servant, a young man some eighteen years old, accompanied him, and was very much terrified by the situation in which he found himself, never having been outside the limits of a city until Mr. Randolph had employed him to accompany him on his journey.

Journeys in those days were generally made on horseback or stage, for railroads had not then intersected all parts of our great country as at the present day.

'John,' said Mr. Randolph, 'we shall have to remain here until daylight, there is no possibility of finding our way in this darkness.'

'If we are on the right road,' replied John, 'we must surely be near the cabin we were told about at the blacksmith's shop.'

'I fear,' returned Mr. Randolph, 'that we have lost the road entirely. In fact I am very positive of it. We can do nothing, I think, but wait until it shall become light enough for us to resume our journey.

While Mr. Randolph was speaking, the wind lulled a few moments, and there came a cry that caused John Glover to start with terror. Mr. Randolph who was crouched beneath a tree, started to his feet and laid his hand on his pistol. Again the cry broke forth, and Mr. Randolph commanded John to search in the saddle bag for a box of matches.

'It's some wild animal, I suppose,' said Glover, his teeth chattering with fright.

'No,' replied Mr. Randolph, whose practiced ear knew the cry of beasts too well to be deceived, ''tis a human voice, and the cry is one of distress.'

In a few moments Mr. Randolph had lighted a pocket lantern and was peering about him with John Glover cautiously standing in the rear. 'Follow me,' he said to Glover, and immediately he pushed his way among the bushes, while he listened for a repetition of the cry.

Once again it came, and it seemed so near to him that he started backward and stood perplexed. Just then a vivid flash of lightning lit up the forest, and he saw something white lying upon the ground, about a dozen yards in advance.

Mr. Randolph started forward and seized the object which proved to be a female child of some eighteen months old, who was badly bitten in the shoulder by some wild animal. He took the little creature to his arms, and carried her back to where the horses were tied.

If Mr. Randolph could have seen John Glover's face, he would have noticed that it wore a perplexed look, but it was dark and he could not observe the expression of his man's countenance.

'What are you going to go with it, sir?' inquired John.

'That thought was crossing my mind at the moment,' replied Mr. Randolph. 'I can scarely imagine. First, I must try and discover who lost a child in this part of the country, and by that means endeavor to find the parents of this little creature.'

'And suppose you can't find them?'—suggested John.

'Then I suppose I shall have to adopt her as my daughter,' replied Mr. Randolph.

'But you are not married, sir,' said John Glover.

'And never am likely to be,' responded Mr. Randolph, upon whose mind came the memory of one he loved who had passed away from earth, and left him a lonely man.

'We must not anticipate,' he continued. 'To-morrow may bring the parents of this poor child to light.'

When daylight came Mr. Randolph found that he had wandered a good way off the road, and the sun was well up ere he gained the cabin at the edge of the forest. It was inhabited by an old hunter by the name of Stubbs. He gave Mr. Randolph a hearty welcome, and was not long in preparing a breakfast.

'Well, I never heard of such a thing before,' said Stubbs, looking at the child with curiosity. 'There's no one living within twenty miles of this place, and I can not imagine how she came to be in the woods. Old Bill Smoot's cabin is good twenty miles from here, and Dan Neal is twenty miles from him, and that's all the people there are on this side of the State line.—Neither Bill or Dan are married, and it's passing strange where that young one came from.

'I wish you would take a ride through the forest,' said Mr. Randolph to Stubbs. 'Take the whole day to search for some person claiming this child. I will remain here until your return,' and he placed a piece of gold in the hunter's hand.

The sun's rays were slanting low among the trees in the west, when Bill Stubbs returned to his cabin.

'I'm afraid you'll have to father that young one,' he exclaimed, addressing Mr. Randolph. 'I've been riding nearly forty miles to-day, and can hear nothing of anybody who has lost a child. Perhaps she has been lost purposely.

Mr. Randolph looked serious. Such an idea had not before occurred to him, but from the moment he heard words of the old hunter, he mentally avowed that he would adopt the child if her parents were not discovered.

Seventeen years later, and Madge Randolph, as the foundling child was denominated, had become the reigning belle of the town of L——.

Mr. Randolph had occasion to make a trip to the State of Durango in Mexico, and for that purpose joined a party of traders who were starting from Independenc. All the men were well armed, and had much experience in Indian fighting; so they felt pretty much at ease on that score.

After two weeks' travel beyond Smoky Hill Fork they come upon a camp of Sioux Indians who had a white woman in bondage. Several of their traders offered to buy her freedom, but she was the wife of a chief who refused any propositions involving her leaving him. The poor creature seemed particularly desirous of entering into conversation with her countryman, but the Indians rudely thrust her back when she implored to be taken back to civilized life.

That afternoon the Indians broke up their camp and went away westward. The traders had doubled their offers to the Indians, but they would not release their captive. The same night when the traders were in camp, they were ruddenly aroused by the sound of approaching horse hoofs coming at a rapid gallop. A few moments later and the woman whose freedom they had been trying to obtain, sprang from a pony, exclaiming, 'For heaven's sake my countrymen, do not give me up. I have escaped, but they will soon be after me.'

The traders instantly held a council.—The savages outnumbered them twenty to one; there was no hope of making successful resistance.

'Some one must fly with the woman back to Indpendence—and there's not an instant to be lost,' cried several voices.—'Who'll do it?' asked the leader.

No one spoke; the men all had goods upon the train and could not desert them.

'I have no property at risk,' said Mr. Randolph, after a few moments' reflection; 'my business is urgent, 'tis true, but I'll take her back or perish in the attempt.'

A few minutes later, and Randolph and the woman were flying as fast as horses could carry them back to Missouri.

Just before the break of day the Indians appeared at the traders' camp and demanded the woman. They were assured she was not present, neither did they know where she was. It was not until the savages made a strict search of the wagons that they were convinced they were on the wrong trail; but their disappointment was so great that they made an attack upon the traders. A smart fight revealed to them that they would have to obtain reinforcements if they desired to capture the train, so they withdrew and left the traders in peace.

After two days' riding, Mr. Randolph and the woman reached a post of dragoon soldiers, and were given an escort, who saw them safely to Leavenworth. The following is the story the poor woman told Mr. Randolph:

'I was born of respectable parents, my father being a farmer in Western Missouri. I was married at an early age, and after the birth of a daughter, my husband started to go to Independence for the purpose of entering into business, taking the child and myself with him. After traveling some days we entered a forest, and before we were aware of it, we found ourselves surrounded by a dozen Indians, who had crossed the line on a stealing expedition. They shot my husband before my eyes, and were going to kill my babe, when I begged for its life. One of the savages, who seemed to have some authority, prevented my child from being murdered, but refused to let me have it, and it was left upon the ground to die, while they hurried away, bearing me off a captive. The sufferings I have endured I would not relate if I could. I was often tempted to destroy myself, but the thought of regaining my freedom, and hope that my child might have been providentially found, stayed my hand, when I would have taken my own life.'

Such, in brief, was the history given by the poor woman whose name was Baker.

Mr. Randolph listened with breathless interest to her narrative, and when she had concluded, he asked her if she remembered on what day of the month and year her misfortune occurred. Her reply was prompt. She named the year, and stated that it was upon the 16th of July, the day being Sunday.

'I shall never forget it as long as I live,' she continued. 'Life has been but a burden to me since.'

Mr. Randolph was satisfied that the mother of his adopted daughter was before him.

With a little circumlocution he gave an account of his adventure in the forest, and stated the manner in which the infant he found was dressed. When the poor woman heard this she threw herself at Mr. Randolph's feet and wept tears of gratitude and joy, while she kissed his hands.

Madge Randolph married well, and continued through life to honor and love her adopted father, while she become a comfort and solace to her unfortunate mother. Her husband fell fighting for the Union cause in the Rebellion. He left a lucrative practice at the bar to shoulder a musket and stimulate the young to follow his example.

Most Fragrant on Poor Soil.

BY MAJASA.

'Mignonette, sweet, large-flowing.—most fragrant on poorish soil.'

The seed-paper was laid down; the thoughts suggested were not so easily put aside.

The lives of those most fragrant in good deeds have not been all spent amid the flowers of luxury, and beneath summer skies of prosperity.

We remember the benignant, serene expression of an aged lady, whose countenance we loved to look upon, for almost unconsciously it brought to the spirit a feeling of rest; her face was illumined with a content earth does not give. On better acquaintance it was found that she had traveled a thorny path, but the rugged way led up to the Hills of Peace.

And so it is on every hand, not petted children of fortune, but the sons and daughters of trial and hardship grow strong and useful.

'In the world, tribulation; in Me, peace.' Yes, and 'tribulation worketh patience;—and patience experience; and experience, hope.' And oh, how blessed is that hope! The soul can look up even through blinding tears, and thank God for taking away a joy, dear though it be, to bestow in its stead a higher blessing. The fortaste of the bliss to come, and the peace within, which neither time, nor change can mar, are better than earth's richest pleasure gardens.

The lives of those who habitually dwell on this spiritual height are fragrant indeed. They are qualified to teach others along the upward way which they themselves have trod. They can sympathise and encourage in conflicts and temptations, for they have gained much helpfulness through trials and victories.

We can teach only what we have learned; lead upward only as far as we ourselves have ascended.

Then let us not be discouraged because of the way. By victorious struggles with trial and hardship strength is gained.—The poor soil of our lives may yet bring forth blossoms in the desert which shall continue to bloom fragrant and fair, when we have passed—

Beyond the smiling and the weeping, to
Love, rest, and home."

Now.—Now! A grain of sand on a pondless plain. A tiny ripple on a measureless ocean. Over the ocean we are sailing; but the only part of it we possess is that on which our vessels at this moment floats. From the stern we looked backwards and watch the ship's wake in the waters; but how short a distance it reaches and how soon every trace disappears.—We see also some landmarks further off, and then the horizon closes the view; but beyond that the ocean still rolls far, far away. Memory contemplates the few years of our individual life; history shows us a dim outline of mountains; science tells us that still further back, out of sight, stretches the vast sea; reason assures us that, like space, it hath no boundary; but all that we possess of it is represented by this small word—now! The past, for action, is ours no longer. The future may never become present; it is not ours until it does. The only part of time we can use is this very moment—now!

The Dollar.

BY B. FRANK TAYLOR.

He was a long, thin, spindle-shanked, weasel-faced boy. He was poor; his family lived in a little house, in a city alley.—He remembered one bright day only, in his boyhood—and that was the day somebody gave him—'A dollar.'

O, how delighted he was! How he clutched it! What raptuous visions of its *worth* flitted before his stingy little heart as he gazed on that dear object he did not bear to part with—the beautiful, beautiful 'dollar.'

He got more of them, after awhile;—enough to have him sent to college, and to have opened to him the fair walks of Literature, and the wonderful labryinths of science, and the elegant galleries of Art. But he would not enter that magic realm of glory and of beauty, because it would cost him, what to him was fairer still than all—'the dollar.'

So he plodded in the dusky walks of trade. There came a bright vision to him; the vision of a beautiful girl, who would have loved him; and he could have loved her, only—she was *poor*—she lacked the one needed grace without which her fair hair, and her glorious eyes, and lovely form and loving spirit were dim and faded things—she lacked—'the dollar.'

So he smothered young love to death, in the putrid rays of his averice, and he married a raw-boned, loud-voiced, brazen faced vixen. Oh, how he wooed her—she was his treasure, his diamond, his golden dream, his pearl, his wealth—because in the vaults of her rich father's treasure house, lay countless hoards of that *beautiful* thing—'the dollar.'

This is a lovely world we live in. It has fair vallies, where the wild flowers grow; and quiet woodland walks, where the birds are singing ever; and wild free hills, where the health giving breezes blow; and mountain tops, where halos of glory rest; and broad rivers, where the white-winged ships are gliding, and the boundless ocean with its expanse of fairy billows; where beautiful islands lie sleeping in the bosom of the deep. And he might have dwelt among these charms of nature, and drunk her loveliness into his spirit, but he did not. His life was passed in dog-kennel, dark, dingy 'counting-houses,' where the flickering 'gas' burns all day, to light up musty books, upon whose yellow pages appeared the mystic symbol of the only thing he worshipped—and so the love of the good, and the beautiful, and the true, died in his palsied spirit, as he bent his eyes and his mind, and his *soul*, to worship and love, only, and always, his one god—'the dollar.'

At last there came a creditor who will not be put off, and it takes all we have to pay him.

Death! So he knocked at the *miser's* door, and the old man lay down *to die*.—They told him of the 'heavenly city' but he only thought of the golden streets.—They told him of the 'white robes,' but he only thought of 'merchandise.' They spoke of 'sweet music' and he thought of the 'ring' of coin. And so the bright angels, and the 'sweet home' and the fadeless joys, and the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, which he might have won, passed away forever. And he went down into the darkness of the grave, in all the utter hopelessness of him whose only love, and only God, had been through life—'THE DOLLAR.—*Wayside.*

Yourself.

You cannot find a more companionable person than yourself, if proper attention be paid to the individual. Yourself will go with you wherever you like, and come away when you please,—approve your jokes, assent to your propositions, and, in short, be in every way agreeable, if you only learn and practice the true art of being on good terms with yourself. This, however is not so easy as some imagine, who do not often try the experiment. Yourself, when it catches you in company with no other person, is apt to be a severe critic on your faults and foibles, and when you are censured by yourself, it is generally the severest and most intolerable species of reproof. It is on this account that you are afraid of yourself, and seek any associates, no matter how inferior, whose bold chat may keep yourself from playing the censor. Yourself is likewise a jealous friend. If neglected and slighted it becomes a *bore*, and even to be left, even a short time, 'by yourself' is then regarded as actually a cruel penance, as many find when youth, health or wealth hath departed. How important is it then to know thyself, to cultivate thyself, to love thyself warmly but rationally. A sensible self is the best of guides, for few commit errors but in broad disregard of its admonitions. It tugs continually at the skirt of men to draw them from their cherished vices. It holds up its shadowy finger in warning when you go astray, and it sermonizes sharply on your sins after they have been committed. Our nature is twofold, and its noblest part is the self to which we refer. It stands on the alert to check the excess of the animal impulses, and though it becomes weaker in the fulfilment of its task by repeated disappointments, it is rarely so enfeebled as to be unable to rise up occasionally sheeted and pale, like Richard's victims, to overwhelm the offender with bitter reproaches. Study, therefore, to be on good terms with yourself,—it is happiness to be truly pleased with yourself.—*Anonymous.*

An Angel in the Household.

It is an old saying 'there is a skeleton in every house,' and a shadow upon every heart; that every form, however erect, every face, however smiling, carries some secret plan which no power of medicine, no skill of physican, can relieve; that, around every festive board, by every evening fireside, there is seated the unseen form of some departed friend; and that in every heart there is some hope unrealized, some chord of melody silent and toneless.

Skeletons are everywhere; and so are angels too:—angels in every home and watching every heart; angels to pity, to cheer, and to defend.

Life is a grand system of compensation. There is no darkness without its rays of light, and no night which does not melt away into a morning. The angel messenger comes to speak words of cheer, and hope, and love, and to gently lift the curtain until the sunlight comes streaming in.

The forms assumed are various, and, too often, we only learn the real character when, the work accomplished, an angel wing flashes out in departure.

Of one angel presence we wish to speak particularly—that of the angel child. It holds a peculiar relation to the household. It is the center of peculiar ties. It is the focus point of love, affection, and tender regard, beyond and unlike anything to be found elsewhere in nature.

It has power to cheer, comfort, unite and cement the domestic circle beyond that of any other influence. Even love, that lies at the basis of all domestic life, cannot equal it; for love between man and woman is a matter of taste, mutual attraction, or perhaps the work of some influence which lies too deeply hidden for our observation; but from whatever cause or source it may arise, it is liable to disruption and decay. Jealousy may come in to mar it; ill treatment may destroy it; a thousand things may arise to disturb its even, peaceful flow; and each feels, under the spur of alienation, spirit of strife, contention, and bitterness, which is utterly destructive to congugal love. In this way the bond of affection becomes weakened, mutual love destroyed, hearts are divorced, and it needs only the severing of the legal tie to make the separation full and complete.

Such homes, alas! are too numerous—homes in name, but not in reality! And when they exist; what can be done to remedy them? How can the all important reunion of hearts be brought about?

The husband and wife no longer see anything in each other to love. They feel no more the magnetic attraction of mutual regard and esteem. Where can relief be found? The question finds a felicitous answer.

An angel child is born into the household. It opens its eyes in helpless infancy. It looks up in pleading innocency, and asks for love, care, and protection. It appeals alike to both father and mother. It is life to their life, flesh to their flesh, being of their being. Their separate life tides have coalesced into one, and flow together in the veins of the child before them.

They find their hearts' tenderest love drawn out towards and fastened upon the same object. The path of their life duty blends in that cradle, and henceforth must wind around the same central figure.

Thus the child becomes an angel in the household. Where love already exists mutual and strong, this angel presence intensified it. Where love is weak and fainting, this angel presence quickens, revives and strengthens it. Where love is dying out, this angel presence fans it to a flame anew. Where love is dead, this angel presence brings it to life again.

The mother, who truly loves her child, must love the father whose life blood flows in its veins; and so must the father, who truly loves his child, love its mother also. This is the divinely given standard of human parental love; and whatever falls below this sinks to the level of mere brute affection. Parental love of the human kind is exalted in its character. It is devoid of selfishness, and casts a hallowed glow over the entire home group. Where this is not given, is it any wonder that Providence recalls its angel.

If rich blessings given are neither prized nor rightly used, why should they be continued? Well for us if we prize the blessing—welcome the angel—and let it work its work of love, that it may linger long with us to pour its pure and gladsome sunight upon life's rough and rugged and, otherwise, darksome pathway.

Attentiveness.

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are not speaking of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection.

Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words and looks and little observanees, thoughtfulness, watchfulness, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart wealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must of course love each other because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruit may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die out by neglect as a choice flower seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.

LONGING.

Near in the forest
I know a glade;
Under the tree-tops
A secret shade.

Vines are the curtains,
Blossoms the floor;
Voices of waters
Sing evermore.

There, when the sunset's
Lances of gold
Pierce, or the moonlight
Is silvery cold.

Would that an angel
Led thee to me—
So out of loneliness
Love should be.

Never the breezes
Should lisp what we say,
Never the waters
Our secret betray.

Silence and shadow
After might reign,
But the old life be ours
Never again.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Brick" Pomeroy on Rings, the Dollar, and the Bottle.

M. M. Pomeroy, well-known as the editor of "*Brick" Pomeroy's Democrat*, lectured last week at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, taking for his theme "Rings, the Dollar, and the Bottle." In an easy, conversational tone he talked for an hour, and made some telling points as he proceeded. He said he went to Wisconsin before Horace Greeley told the young man to "go West," soon after the startling boom from the cannon at Sumter was heard over the land. Then the war began, and he found he had something to say and criticise in the corruption of a republican administration. He had said bitter things and bitter things had been said of him. He had said that there were cross-eyed generals in the army, who with one eye looked for ambition, and used the other eye to hunt for spoons. [Applause.] At Cairo he saw a coffin which was supposed to contain the dead body of a lieutenant in the army being sent home for burial. The coffin was broken open by accident, and it was found full of silverware stolen in the South. A piece of raw meat was on the top of the silver, which emitted the offensive odor expected from a corpse.

At Helena, Arkansas, the speaker met his first military ring. There he saw 1,500 bales of cotton, which were captured from the Confederates. A loyal individual claimed it as his private property. It was sold, and the proceeds divided between the claimant, the commander of the post, and some army chaplains, who were employed to pray for soldiers' souls. A man in Wisconsin was too poor to pay for a No. 2 mackerel or his whiskey bill when nominated for constable, received a commission as lieutenant colonel, and by patient industry in seven months that man was able to send home $97,000. Brick asked how this was done? He was told the lieutenant colonel was in "cahoot with the boys." Brick wrote of rings as he saw them in the trans-Mississippi department, and was arrested and taken before the commander. He was accused of discouraging enlistment, was called a bad man and that he must be hung. Brick objected to this, and he was sent out of the lines, and told if he came back he would be hanged as a spy. Simon Cameron thought Brick would make a good soldier, and sent him a commission to raise a Wisconsin regiment, provided he would cease criticising the acts of the administration. Brick declined to go for a soldier.

Mr. Pomeroy referred to his experience with rings in New York, where he had warred against Tammany. When he went there in 1868 he had a conference with Tweed, Sweeney and the other ring bosses. He told them he was in favor of rotation, and did not believe in one man having five or six terms in office. He was asked to show up the republicans, call all the generals spoon-stealers, but not to say anything against the democrats, as it would "disorganize the party." Brick was to have for his pay the city printing, a pavement contract or two, and he was to be made a millionaire in a year. But Brick could not swallow it all. Ring rule, said he, has given New York $168,000,000 of debt, and Boss Tweed, the millionaire, had must get into us and be established within us before we can get into it. Heaven is a state of the soul, as well as a place, and it is the state of the soul which determines the place we shall occupy in the spiritual world and all its surroundings. The Lord prepares a place for us in the heavenly mansions, by bringing us into a state to occupy it. The principle of our admission into any good in the spiritual world, and the means of admission are the same as in this. The Lord admits the blind man into the heaven of light, by changing the state of his eyes. He introduces all His creatures into the heaven of speech and harmony by forming the ear. So He prepares a place for us in heaven, by preparing in us a place for His love and wisdom which constitute heaven.

If we regard the subject from this point of view, it will change our phraseology somewhat concerning it. We shall speak of bringing heaven to us, rather than of going away to find it; of getting it into us rather than of our getting into it. This is the true point of view from which to regard it, and if we give the subject a faithful examination in this light, it may reveal to us a state of character in ourselves which it may be useful for us to know, though the discovery may not be pleasant. We may find that we are not so desirous of gaining heaven as we thought.

Heaven is a state of purity. Do we desire to come into such a state? If we do, we shall be seeking to remove every impurity from our thoughts and affections. We shall shun every act that has a stain upon it and we shall be diligent in procuring the means of spiritual cleansing, and faithful in applying them to our lives.

All the inhabitants of heaven love the truth; they love to learn the truth and to speak it. Are we desirous of getting into this state? Do we love the truth better than our own opinions? If we do, we shall seek for it and keep our minds open to welcome it as a beloved guest whenever it may come; and we shall be careful to speak the truth at all times, and to all persons. By so doing, one of the important principles of the kingdom of heaven will be formed in us, and to the degree of its formation, we shall enter heaven through that gate.

Heaven is a state of love to the neighbor—of genuine charity. The golden rule is the lowest law of heavenly life. The angels love others better than they love themselves. Do we desire to come into this state? If we do, we shall find an abundance of work before us. But we shall do it. We shall seek to make room for this principle of heaven within us, by removing our selfish and worldly affections, and we shall strive to make it a principle of our natures by doing what the laws of charity teach.

Here is a wide field for our effort, and an ample test for the sincerity of our desire to get to heaven. If we try to bring heaven down into all the condition and relations of our daily life, we have very good evidence that we are sincere, and we have good ground to hope that we shall succeed. Suppose we should set it before us as the end of daily life to bring the heaven which is formed by genuine charity down to earth and should go diligently about it, how it would change all human relations and conditions.

The true way to think of getting to heaven, and to work for it, is to do our best to bring heaven down to earth, and to establish its principles in all the forms of earthly life. We must bring it into our homes and make a heaven there. We must bring its principles into the kitchen and parlor and dining-room, and in every apartment in the house. We must bring it into the relations of mistress and maid, of parent and child. Where love and truth reign there is heaven. The mechanic is as near heaven in his shop, or the merchant in his store, or the farmer in his field, if he does his work, if he buys and sells, plants and reaps, from the love of being useful, as the minister in the pulpit, or the devotee in his closet. Every useful work, and every innocent and necessary recreation is an open door for the admission of heaven into the soul. There is, however, but one key that will unlock this door and open it to the heavenly visitors, and that is charity. The Lord seeks us through every avenue. He knocks at every door, and when we open one, He comes in and brings heaven with Him.

The true and only way to get to heaven is to live a heavenly life here in this world, and according to the degree of our love for its principles, and our efforts to bring those principles into our daily life, is our real desire to get to heaven; and we shall never get any nearer to it, or come more fully into it, than we are carried by our love of the Lord and the neighbor. Instead of thinking about getting to heaven, then, let us think about becoming an embodiment of heavenly principles; then we shall be in heaven wherever we are, we shall carry heaven with us wherever we go, and it will be as impossible for us to get out of heaven as it is to get away from ourselves.

Failure Leading to Success.

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet maker, locomotive builder, and grocer, but as often as he failed he 'tried again,' until he could stand upon his feet alone, then crowned his victory by giving a million dollars to help the poor boys in time to come.

Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the *Tribune* and made it worth a million dollars.

Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook until he made himself the ornament of his age and nation.

The founder of the New York *Herald* kept on failing and sinking his money for ten years, and then made one of the most profitable newspapers on earth.

Stephen A. Douglass made dinner tables and bedsteads, and bureaus, many a long year before he made himself a giant on the floor of Congress.

Abraham Lincoln also failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood; failed to earn his salt in the galley-slave life of a Mississippi flat boatman; he had not even wit enough to run a grocery, and yet he made himself a grand character of the nineteenth century.

General Grant failed in everything except smoking cigars; he learned to tan hides, but could not sell hides enough to purchase a pair of breeches. A dozen years ago 'he brought up' on top of a wood pile, 'teaming it' to town for $40 a month, and yet he is at the head of a great nation.

A celebrated wit once said of his debts that it was neither his interest to pay the principal nor his principal to pay the interest.