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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 businessmen generally.
Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office.

The American Union.

VOL. XVII. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY FEB. 22, 1877. NO. 32.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted 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.

"THE UNRULY MEMBER."

Of all the maddest, merriest freaks
This earth has ever seen,
This same "unruly member" knows
Its authorship I ween.

There must be something always said,
Some light remark to make,
And yet, how oft these triflings cause
Some bitter thoughts to wake.

Something of which we did not know—
Some secret in the past
Which hid a refugee, perhaps,
'Mong dreaded memories cast.

There is a time when words must fail,
Emotion chains us down,
And though we know we're losing all
Our thought in mirage drawn.

The words we know that we should speak
Sit on our palsied tongue,
And when we ope our trembling lips
The knell of hope has rung.

We hold our breath to catch the sound,
And, with a voice nigh lost,
We cry, with one despairing wail,
"My God, what have I lost?"

Oh, silly tongue, oh, heartless tongue!
Embassador of thought,
See all the bright and dismal spots
Your eloquence has wrought!

Is love o'er half so grandly sweet
As when 'tis fondly told?
Is hate e'er half so fiendish till
The tongue its depths unfold?

Oh, silly tongue, unruly tongue!
You know you're faulty quite;
And yet your use is so well known
We will not quarrel, quite.

Isabel's Dream.

"Miss Isabel, there's a man below who wishes to see your father."

Isabel Huntley turned to her father, who sat in an easy chair, pale from recent illness, and said, hesitating:

"Are you able to see him, father?"

"Yes, Isabel, let him come up."

The servant vanished, and presently reappeared, ushering in this time a man of vulgar appearance, with black hair and abundant whiskers. He wore a loose coat, which fitted him badly, and his whole appearance, was inferior and repulsive.

"I believe I am speaking to Mr. Huntley," he said, with a smirk.

"You are right in your supposition," said the old gentleman, turning toward him, and speaking in a dignified tone.

"Well, Mr. Huntley, you and I have got a little business to talk over," said the visitor, with a familiarity that savored of impudence; "so, if you don't object, I'll take a chair."

And he extended his hand towards a chair that stood between him and Isabel.

"I don't know you, sir," said Mr. Huntley, coldly.

"No, very likely not. My name is Goodge, solicitor, New Inn."

"Well, Mr. Goodge, what may be your business with me?"

"Just what I'm coming to, if you'll have patience."

"Sir," said Isabel, "my father is just recovering from a fit of illness. Would it not be better to defer your conversation about business till he is stronger?"

"Well, that's as you say; but really I don't think it would be for his interest to delay it. It's very important business, I may say."

"Go on," said Mr. Huntley; "I am not strong, as my daughter says; but I think I am strong enough for the business you speak of. Go on. I will give my best attention.'

"I am sorry to bring you bad news—I am, really; but perhaps you remember endorsing, for Mr. Henry Faulkner, a promissory note of £2000."

Mr. Huntley turned pale.

"Well,' he said with difficulty, "what then?'

"It's just this. The note's due, and Faulkner can't pay; and the long and the short of it is, that I've come to you for the money.'

"Was the note given to you?" said Mr. Huntley, with difficulty suppressing the outward show of agitation into which this communication threw him.

"No,' said Goodge; "but it passed into my hands. I am the one you have to deal with in the matter.'

The old man sat for a moment as if stunned.

"Sir," said he,' I confess that I was unprepared for this. I was doubtless imprudent in endorsing; but Mr. Faulkner, who is the son of an old friend, assured me positively that he could and would meet his promissory note when it becomes due.'

"Oh, they promise anything,' said Goodge, coarsely. "All he wanted was your name.'

"Don't believe it, father,' said Isabel, in a low voice. "I can't think so meanly of Henry Faulkner.'

"It was cruel to leave me in such a strait," returned her father, agitated. "I cannot meet it without selling this place, and reducing myself almost to penury.'

"Don't be downcast, father,' said Isabel. "I'll work for you. I can give music lessons, and we shall get on, never fear. Besides, I can't help thinking there is some mistake.'

"It looks bad,' said Mr. Huntley, "Henry Faulkner is now abroad. It looks as if he had purposely left me to meet this obligation. It is shameful.'

"Believe me, he is incapable of such a thing,' said Isabel, earnestly. "It will be all right in the end.'

"I see you are in trouble, Mr. Huntley,' said Goodge. "Maybe it isn't convenient for you to pay this money?'

"It is not.'

"Suppose we compromise, then. I'll let you off on a certain condition.'

"Name it, sir,' said the old gentleman, considerably surprised.

"Well, there's no use in beating about the bush. I often come down to Richmond, and I've known your daughter by sight for some time, though perhaps she hasn't noticed me. She suits me. If she'll promise to become Mrs. Goodge you shall have no more trouble about this money.'

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?' demanded Mr. Huntley, incensed.

"Insult you! I should think not. I only ask your daughter's hand, and promise to pay £2500 for it. I can maintain her in good style. I've made a heap of money in discounting, and I am not in much danger of the work-house,' he added with a chuckle.

Isabel gazed with terror and disgust at the coarse man, who had the effrontery to think of her as his wife.

Mr. Huntley, feeble as he was, rose to his feet; and, supported by his trembling limbs, pointed to the door, saying, "Leave my house, sir? Sooner than my daughter should marry you, I will end my days in the very place you have just mentioned.'

"Oh, you are on the high horse, are you?' said Goodge, sneering. "Well, I'll leave my offer open for three days. May be you'll think better of it.'

He rose from his chair, and, with a familiar nod to both, left the room.

"This is horrible!' exclaimed Mr. Huntley, sinking back into his seat.

"Don't think of it, papa. We will pay the money, if we must, and I'll become a governess. We shall get on; never fear.'

But age was less hopeful and elastic than youth. Mr. Huntley was not to be comforted.

"Papa,' said Isabel, suddenly, "I have had a strange dream for three nights in succession. I wonder if there can be anything in it.'

"What is it asked her father, languidly.

"I dreamed that under the pear-tree in the corner of the garden there was an amount of treasure concealed. If it had been only once, I should have thought nothing of it; but three times is certainly singular.'

Her father looked excited.

"It is very singular,' he said. "Heaven grant there may be something in it.'

"But do you give any credence to it, papa?'

"I do, and will tell you why. My grandfather was, in the latter part of his life, of disordered intellect, which betrayed itself in the fancy that every one around him wanted to rob him. During his illness a sum of £4000 in gold was paid him.—This disappeared, and was never afterwards discovered. If it should happen that he got up secretly and buried it, it would be most singular.'

"Let us test the matter!' said Isabel, promptly. "I will send for Mike Flaherty to dig under the tree, and if anything is concealed it shall be found.'

"Do so, my child, at once. If only we can be successful, that bad man will be prevented from doing us harm.'

Mike Flaherty was a laborer whom Mr. Huntley employed from time to time in his garden. He lived in a little cottage a quarter of a mile distant.

Isabel despatched the servant for Mike. Luckily, he was found at home, and came to the villa immediately. Isabel set him to work, but did not tell him what she expected to find. So great was her interest, that she stood by while he dug. At length, about two feet below the surface his spade struck against something hard.

"Bedad, it's a big stone I've struck, I'm thinking,' he said.

"Dig carefully around it,' said Isabel, "and bring it up.'

She waited with ill-concealed anxiety.—At length Mike exclaimed in wonder:

"Why, it's a box, Miss Isabel.'

"Lift it up, Mike.'

"It's powerful heavy, miss,' said Mike, tugging at the burden.

"Bring it into the house, Mike.'

This was done in a few minutes.

"That will do. Now fill up the hole.'

Left to herself, Isabel, with a hatchet, broke open the box, and was overcome by the sight. It was full of gold pieces. Her dream had come true! The exultation of Mr. Huntley may be imagined.

"Its my grandfather's gold,' he said.—"But it will not do to have such a treasure in the house.'

So the gold was at once transferred to the keeping of the Richmond Bank. It was found that it amounted to exactly four thousand sovereigns.

"Now we can pay this man, and bid him defiance,' said Mr. Huntley, relieved.

Three days later, Mr. Goodge presented himself at the Richmond villa.

"Well, Mr. Huntley,' he said, "have you thought better of my proposal?'

"I treat it with the contempt it deserves, said the old gentleman.

"Then,' said Goodge, turning purple with rage, "I'll sell you up.'

"Suppose I pay you?'

"But you can't.'

"I will give you a check on the local bank this moment.'

"Have you funds there?' asked Goodge, suspiciously.

"Do you mean to insult me?'

"Well said the baffled villain, "then you may pay me.'

"Hold!' said a new voice; "I shall have something to say first.'

All parties turned at the unexpected command. There stood a young man of fine appearance, who had just entered.

"What does this mean?' he asked, looking fixedly at the speaker.

"Henry Faulkner!' exclaimed Isabel, in a low voice; but her cheeks glowed with joy.

An explanation was soon given. It appeared that Goodge had written to Faulkner, voluntarily offering to renew, and requesting him to give himself no trouble about the promissory note. Then he visited Mr. Huntley, and, pretending that Faulkner had broken his engagement, claimed his money. It was only a trick to secure the hand of Isabel.

Goodge slunk from the room, perceiving that the game was up. Henry Faulkner remained. Before he left the house Isabel had made a certain promise, which was redeemed three months later at the altar. Her marriage portion consisted of the gold which had been brought to light, after fifty years concealment, by the strange instrumentality of her own dream.

The Muddy Penny.

When I was a boy, a circumstance happened which I shall never forget.

As I was playing in the streets of a large city where I lived, I saw a little boy, younger than myself, who seemed to be in great distress. His eyes were much swollen by crying, and his loud sobs first attracted my attention.

'What's the matter?' I inquired.

'Why—why, I've lost my penny, and mother will whip me!' he replied, and then burst anew into tears.

'Where did you lose it?'

'It dropped out of my hand and rolled right there into the gutter.'

'Poor little fellow!' I thought, as I really sympathized with him, and offered to help him to find the lost treasure.

The boy brushed away the tears with his arm, and his countenance brightened with hope as he saw me roll up my coat sleeve, and thrust my hand into the gutter. How intently did he watch each handful, as it came out freighted with mud, and pebbles, and pieces of rusted iron! Perhaps the next would bring out his penny. At last I found it.

'Oh, I am so glad!' I hear the little reader say. 'And how glad you must have been too! Now you could dry up the little boy's tears, and make his face bright, and his heart happy. And he would skip and run all the way home without the fear of his mother's displeasure.'

But, dear children, listen to the end;—and while I know it will make you sad, and perhaps bring a tear to your eyes, it may do you good for a lifetime. *I kept the little boy's penny.*

As soon as I felt it in my hand, all covered with mud as it was, I forgot all the lessons I had learned at home and in the Sabbath school. I forgot about God, that His eyes were looking right down on me. The wicked one entered into me, as you know he once did into Judas, when for money he betrayed the blessed Saviour. I sold my honor, my good feelings, and my truthfulness, all for a penny!

I searched a little longer, after I had washed it and contrived to hide it; and then putting on a sad face, told the little boy that I could not find it,—that there was no use in looking longer for it.

Oh, how the big tears ran down his face, as with disappointed look he turned away! How mean I felt! I felt guilty; and well I might, for I had already broken three of God's commandments. I had *coveted*;—that led me to *steal*; and then came in regular order the *lie*, to cover up all.—Alas! what one sin leads to!

Many years have gone by since that wicked act. Since then I have asked God to pardon me for that and a good many other sins I have committed; and though I love my Saviour, and hope that in His mercy the sins of my youth and of my after years will not be remembered against me, yet I can never blot out of memory's page the dark spot which the muddy penny has imprinted upon it.—*Times of Blessing.*

A SHREWD CLERGYMAN.—A popular minister had just finished an exhortation, strongly reccomending the support of a very meritorious institution. The congregation was numerous and the chapel was crowded to excess. The discourse being finished, the plate was about being handed around to the respective pews, when the preacher made this short address to the awaiting congregation: "From the sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and from the strict attention you have honored me with, there is one thing that I am afraid of—that some of you may be inclined to give too much. Now, it is my duty to inform you, that justice though not so pleasant, should always be a prior virtue to generosity. Therefore, as you will all be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood that no person shall think of putting anything into the plate who cannot pay his debts." We need not add that this produced an overflowing collection.

THE MORTGAGED HOME.

"More money? Why, you think it grows on trees, don't you, Bess? It was only last week that I gave you fifty dollars."

"So you did, John, but that is all gone, and this is market morning."

"All gone, of course? You women are always preaching to *us* of extravagance, if we happen to indulge in a quarter drink, or a ten-cent cigar, but you can get away with fifty dollars in a week's time and have nothing to show for it."

"That's true especially when one has a family like ours to provide for—four growing children, besides ourselves and the servant, and provisions all quite high. The money slips away, and as you say, there's little to show for it; but I certainly do not waste a cent. You see, dear,' and the little woman counted on her fingers, 'fifteen dollars went for cloth for your suit, to begin with; five more for cloth for the boys; then the material for your shirts was five more, and Letty's wages made six, making thirty-one; and that left me only nineteen for the table, and out of that I bought coal——'

"Oh, my dear, hush! I don't want you to give an account of what you spend—nothing of the sort I assure you. 'Tis as much yours as mine. Spend it as you like.' Mrs. Braxton smiled.

"I always try to spend it to the best advantage, John, and for such things as will make my family comfortable. Suppose for this coming week we both take the same amount, and on Saturday night compare notes.'

"Oh, pshaw! what's the use?'

"To see who spends the most.'

"Why you do, Bess, of course. I spend little or nothing on myself. There isn't a more economical man in town.'

"Very well, let's do as I say. How much can you let me have to-day?'

"Here's fifty more, Bess.'

"Thank you; and how much have you?'

"I've thirty-five—the sum total of my possessions till pay day comes round, and that's a fortnight off. You must make the money go as far as you can, Bess. I wouldn't be hard on you for the world, but I'm afraid you are a bit extravagant, and the times are awfully hard.'

Mr. Braxton went down town to his office, and his wife went to market with a smile on her face.

The week went by, bringing the usual family casualties. Two of the children required new school-books, one a pair of shoes, Neddy's boots had to be half-soled, and the baby took the croup, and incurred a doctor's bill, and all these sundries were paid out of mamma's pocket. In addition, Mr. Braxton had company to dine, which involved some extra expense.

The week ended, and Saturday night came. At supper the father's brow was clouded. He had no smile for his wife, no pleasant word for his children.

"What is it, dear?' his wife asked, when the table was cleared away, and the little ones were in bed.' 'What troubles you?'

"Oh, Bess, it's that confounded mortgage; it'll be the ruin of us yet. It gives me the blues every time I think of it.'

"It's a great pity, John, we ever incumbered ourselves with it.'

"That's a fact. 'Twill leave the children without a roof to shelter 'em one of these days. But how the deuce could we help it? We were compelled to have money.'

"Yes, after the debts were incurred.—*Some* of them might have been avoided.

"*Some* of them? What do you mean? Why in thunder don't you avoid them, then?' You preach, but you don't practice, Bess. How am I to save money when you're always spending it?'

"I don't spend a cent more than is needful, John, as you'll see presently. This is our night for comparing notes, you remember. Here's my week's accounts all down in black and white, and I've just twenty dollars. Now for your's, John.'

Mr. Braxton drew forth his pocket-book with alacrity.

"Dear me! I've spent little or nothing, Bess, I assure you. Let's see—how much had I?'

"Thirty-five dollars, John.'

"So I had. Well, here's ten, fifteen, seventeen dollars. Where's the rest. By George I can't have lost it.'

"It isn't likely, John.'

"Well, what's become of it, Bess? I haven't let you have it?'

"No; you've spent it. I tell you I've spent nothing this week.'

"Well, count up your expenses, John. I'll put down the items. What did you spend on Monday?'

"On Monday? Well, I had—let's see—three drinks. I usually have three drinks day.'

"How much was that? Seventy-five cents?'

"No. Barnes and Packard were both with me in the morning.'

"And you paid for all?' That was one and a quarter, then; and how much for cigars?'

"Well, we had half a dozen.'

"Ten cents a piece?'

"No, Bess. What do you take me for? I can't smoke a common cigar—twenty cents.'

"Very well, a dollar and twenty more. Well, what else?'

"Nothing of any account—only lunch; that's seventy-five. And, by George, I forgot the supper at Frizbie's; that cost us five dollars a head.'

"Yes, and you've been to the opera, haven't you? Two dollars more—

"More than that, Bess. We dropped into Vivant's for a drink—'

"Which cost you—'

"Well, there were some six or seven clerks along, and a fellow hates to be mean. It was over five that night, Bess.'

Bess laughed, and threw aside her pencil.

"No need to take down any more items, John—you see how it goes. You haven't lost your money; you've spent it.'

"I believe I have, Bess. I'm done. I'll never say another word to you about extravagance while I live.'

"But I have something to say to you, John. You're anxious to be rid of this mortgage, you say. Suppose you let me pay it off?'

"You, Bess? Why it's nine hundred dollars, little woman.'

"I know, and you've spent eighteen dollars this week; you spend as much, and more sometimes, every week, John.'

"Oh, no, Bess.'

"Well, hear me out! Promise to give up the cigars, and the drinks, and the wine suppers, John, for two years and let me manage the money. I don't want to deprive you of any comfort, for I'm sure you feel all the better for the sacrifice, and we ought to think of our children, John, and be willing to deny ourselves for their sakes. You'll promise, won't you dear?'

John looked at her with her great pile of mending on her lap, her pretty face growing wan and worn with her household care and his heart smote him.

"Yes, I'll promise, Bess, I've been a selfish fellow, but I never thought of it till now. Poor, pale little wife, will you forgive me?'

Bess answered him with a kiss, and on the morrow the new life began.

No more waiting dinners, no more late hours at night, no more unpaid bills. The household matters went on like clockwork; and the old girlish bloom and brightness came back to the wife's face.

The table was never stinted. It was always abundantly and neatly spread, and they had their wonted pleasure, too, in the way of books and amusements, and all hands were genteely clad.

"How nicely we get on, Bess, and how fresh and bright you look. If it wasn't for that confounded mortgage now!'

"Never mind the mortgage, John; only stick to your promise.'

"I will Bess. It goes hard sometimes, but I'll do it.'

The two years ended.

"John, here's some spare money. You were wishing for some yesterday to invest in that new association.'

"Good gracious, Bess! Four hundred dollars! How have you managed to save it? But the association is not to be thought of; we must let it go towards the mortgage.'

"The mortgage is paid, John — our home is our own again.'

He looked at the papers she laid before him.

"Where did you get the money, Bess? have you borrowed?'

"No, saved it. Fifteen dollars a week counts up in two years. You see now, dear, what it costs a man to drink and smoke.'

"Yes, Bess, I see; I see something else, too, what it does for a man to have a forbearing and faithful wife. I'm done, little woman; you've cured me. I shan't mortgage your home again.'

NEW DISCOVERY IN TANNING.—According to the recent process of Klemm of Stuttgard, the time required for tanning a calfskin has been reduced to 16 hours, and that for oxhide to 2½ days; but a more recent method, patented by Montoison of Manchester, promises to accomplish the same in from a few hours to one day. At a trial made of it before experts, a sheep was slaughtered and skinned and the wool was removed from the hide in half an hour, by spreading it with a chemical agent, without the aid of a scraper, and the hide, after having been placed in lime water to neutralize the chemical agent, was passed through several chemically prepared baths, which required but a few minutes, and was then washed and dressed in the usual way, and converted into marketable leather, only four hours having bee consumed in all, while the old process would have required from two to three weeks, and that of Klemm 16 hours.—Economy of time is not, however, its only recommendation. The wool is said to retain its softness and luster, so that it is not inferior to sheared wool. The leather is said to be in no respect inferior to ordinary leather.

ALONE.—Solitude, though silent as light, is like the light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness that if he should be summoned into God's presence no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appals or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude through which he has already passed, and of another solitude deeper still, through which he has to pass; reflex in one solitude—prefigeration of another.

The Boyhood of Jesus.

His outward life was the life of all those of his age, and station, and place of birth. He lived as lived other children of peasant parents in that quiet town, and in a great measure as they live now. He who has seen the children of Nazareth in their red craftans and bright tunics of silk or cloth, girded with a many colored sash, and sometimes covered with a loose outer jacket of white or blue—he who has watched their games, and heard their ringing laughter as they wander about the hills of their little native vale, or play in bands on the hill-side beside their sweet and abundant fountains—may perhaps from some conception of how Jesus looked and played when He too was a child. And the traveller who has followed any of those children—as I have done—to their simple homes, and seen the scanty furniture, the plain, but sweet and wholesome food, the uneventful, happy, patriarchal life, may form a vivid conception of the manner in which Jesus lived. Nothing can be plainer than those houses, with the doves sunning themselves on the white roofs, and the vines wreathing about them. The mats, or carpets, are laid loose along the walls; shoes and sandals are taken off at the threshold; from the centre hangs a lamp which forms the only ornament of the room; in some recess in the wall is placed the wooden chest, painted with bright colors, which contains the books or other possessions of the family; on a ledge that runs around the wall, within easy reach, are neatly rolled up the gay colored quilts which serve as beds, and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use; near the door stand the large common water-jars of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—thrust into their orifices to keep the water cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool is placed in the centre of the apartment, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands the dish of rice or meat, or *libban*, or stewed fruits, from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful, was the outward life of the family of Nazareth.—*Farrer's Life of Christ.*

How to Cure a Bad Memory.

Your memory is bad, perhaps; but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One of them is to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to the memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, bits of information, political reflections, fashion notes, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading, hard to break. Another is the habit of reading trashy novels.

Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story, and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a gray-haired woman, a life-long lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading. A help to memory is repetition. Nothing is so certain to keep your French fresh and ready for use, as to have always on hand an interesting story, in that language to take up for ten minutes every day. In that case you will not "forget your French' with the majority of your schoolmates.—*St. Nicholas.*

WHAT HAS THE WORLD DONE?—The world has had six thousand years to bring on its "more excellent way.' What has it devised, apart from the Bible, to heal the sores of the broken, wounded, bleeding heart? What has Rome in her ages of martial glory, or Greece in her ages of philosophic culture or refinement, done to solve the vexed problem of aching humanity?—What streams of comfort has the rod wielded by their greatest intellects, extorted from the barren rock? What trees have they planted in the world's desert "whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed; whose fruit shall be for meat, and the leaf for medicine?" On the other hand, how many thousands, racked with pain, tortured with doubt, anxiety, agitated with remorse, darkened with bereavement—the sick, the weary, the dying, have been cheered and comforted by the everlasting consolation of this holy book.

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.—Last winter a little boy of six or eight years, begged a lady to allow him to clean away the snow from her steps. He had no father or mother, but worked his way by such jobs.

"Do you get much to do, my little boy?" said the lady.

"Sometimes I do," said the boy; "but often I get very little."

"And are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?"

The child looked up with a perplexed and inquiring eye, as if uncertain of her meaning, and was troubled with a new doubt.

"Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in Him, and does the best he can?"

A Lesson About Diligence.

There was once a German duke who disguised himself, and during the night placed a great stone in the middle of the road, near his palace.

Next morning a sturdy peasant named Hahns, came that way with his lumbering ox-cart. "O these lazy people!' said he, "there is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way.' And so Hahns went on his way, scolding about the laziness of the people.

Next came a gay soldier along. He had a bright plume waving from his helmet, and a sword dangling by his side, and went singing merrily on his way. His head was held so far back that he didn't notice the stone, so he stumbled over it. This stopped his song, and he began to storm at the country people, and call them "boors and blockheads, for leaving a huge rock in the road for a gentleman to fall over.' Then he went on.

Next came a company of merchants, with pack-horses and goods, on their way to the fair that was to be held at the village near the duke's palace. When they came to the stone the road was so narrow that they had to go off in single file on either side. One of them, named Berthold, cried out, "Did you ever see the like of that big stone lying here all morning, and no one stopping to take it away?'

It lay there for three weeks; and nobody tried to remove it. Then the duke sent round word to all the people on his lands, to meet at a deep cut in the road, called Dornthou, near where this stone lay, as he had something to tell them.

The day came, and a great crowd gathered at Dornthou. Each side of the cut was thronged with people over-looking the road. Old Hahns, the farmer, was there, and so was Berthold, the merchant.

And now a winding horn was heard, and the people all strained their necks and eyes toward the castle, as a splendid cavalcade came galloping up to the Dornthou. The duke rode into the cut, got down from his horse, and with a pleasant smile began to speak to the people thus:

"My friends, it was I who put this stone there three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbor for not taking it out of the way."

When he had spoken these words he stooped down, and lifted up the stone.—Directly underneath it, was a round hollow lined with white pebbles, and in the hollow lay a small leather bag. The duke held it up that all the people might see what was written on it. On a piece of paper, fastened to the bag, were these words, "*For him who lifts up the stone.*" He untied the bag, and turned it upside down, and out fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty large bright golden coins.

Then everybody wished that he had moved the stone, instead of going round it and only blaming his neighbors. They all lost the prize because they had not learned the lesson, or formed the habit of helpfulness. And *we* shall lose many a prize, as we go on in life, if we don't form this habit. That bag of money was the duke's promise of reward for helpfulness. But that promise was not hidden away under the stone so that no one could see it. God's promises are hidden away under the stone so that no one could see it. God's promises are not hidden in this way. They are written plainly out in the Bible, so that we may all see them and understand them.

Dr. Franklin used to say, "What though you have found no treasure and had no legacy left you, never mind. Remember that diligence is the mother of good luck. Then,

Plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you will have corn to sell and keep.

Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. One to-day is worth two to-morrows; and never leave till to-morrow anything that you can do to day."

"GOOD NIGHT."—How tenderly and sweetly falls the gentle "good night" into loving hearts, as members of a family separate and retire for the night. What myriads of hasty words and thoughtless acts, engendered in the hurry and business of the day, are forever blotted out by its benign influences! Small token, indeed; but it is the little courtesies that can so beautifully round off the square corners in the homes of laboring men and women. The simple "I thank you" for a favor received, will fill with happiness the heart of the giver. True wealth is not counted by dollars and cents, but by the gratitude and affection of the heart.

If a home be happy, whether the owners possess a patch of ground of one or a thousand acres, they are in the end wealthy beyond mathematical calculation.—Then how much more loving are the sable folds of night gathered around the happy homes how much; more confidingly do its members repose their weary bodies in the care of Divine goodnes soothing their overtaxed minds to the realities of a beautiful dreamland; awakened, refreshed and invigorated for the coming day's labor by having bidden their loved ones "good-night!" And if during this life we have faithfully attended to all these little courtesies, these little soul-needs, if we have guarded carefully all "God's hearts placed in our keeping, at the close of its brief, yet eventual day, how much easier to bid all our dearly beloved ones a final "good-night!"