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Poetry.

For the Union.

BYE-GONE MEMORIES.

BY SALLIE CARLTON.

Midnight stars are brightly beaming,
O'er our sincursed world, while I,
All alone, am softly dreaming
Of the hours, long since gone by.

Bye-gone memories, yes they cluster,
Fondly 'round my heart to-night,
Some of them are draped with sadness,
Some are beautiful and bright.

Well remembered scenes of childhood,
When the world seemed only fair,
And I dreamed not, that the future,
E'er would shade my heart with care.

Prominent among my visions,
Stands a farm-house old and gray,
Where in days of by-past pleasure,
I've whiled many an hour away.

Ah! with what exact minuteness,
Its surroundings, I recall,
From the grape-house in the garden,
To the pictures in the Hall.

And those pictures, one a Lady,
Kneeling by a lonely tomb,
Where reposed in dreamless slumbers,
One who faded in life's bloom.

And another, white haired father,
Bending over the "sacred page,"
While beside him, sat a maiden,
Representing youth and age.

Sometimes I have stood and wondred,
In my simple childish way,
Why the Artist thus arranged them,
He so grave and she so gay.

But while museing of this picture,
Really I believe to-night,
That this aged-sire was teaching
Her, of Heaven–the world of light.

Now I see the grand old poplars,
Towering upward to the sky,
While sweet flowers exhaled their fragrance,
To the weary—passing by.

Oh! remembered scenes of childhood,
When the world seemed only fair,
And I dreamed not that the future
Ere would shade my heart with care.

Grand-ma's form has long been sleeping
Underneath the cold, cold, sod,
But I hope her Spirit liveth,
In the Paradise of God.

Stars of midnight still are beaming,
O'er our sincursed world while I,
All alone am sadly dreaming
Of the hours long since gone by.

PHILADELPHIA PA.

The Wife's Temptation.

"Mercenary little thing!" Who could imagine that she could be so artful!" said Mrs. Fulton, contemptiously; and society, judging from its own standard, quite coincided in her opinion.

He was double her age. Of course she had married him for his money.

Was it so? Lily Rivers herself could scarcely answer the question. She was very friendless, very desolate; it was but dreary work, acting as governess to Mrs. Fulton's unruly children, and bearing the airs of that great lady herself. Mark Grant's tender heart melted with infinite compassion at sight of the fragile young creature, bearing her cheerless life so uncomplainingly, striving so bravely to fulfil her duties. An intense desire to shield and protect her came over him; then to his own amazement, Mark Grant, who for nearly two score years had resisted all matrimonial traps, found that he had fallen hopelessly in love with his sister's pretty governess.

When Mr. Grant, the rich banker, asked Lily to be his wife, she was almost overpowered by the unexpected honor; his vows were the first words of affection she had listened to for many years. It was so delightful to have some one to cling to—know that she was not utterly friendless. She never asked herself if she loved this man as a wife should love her husband;—he loved her, he said; she could render his home a little heaven upon earth. What more was wanting to complete her happiness?

So Lily reigned like a queen in Mark Grant's stately mansion at Clapham, and felt a vivid delight in the luxury and splendor with which her husband loved to surround her. Mark never seemed tired of ministering to his young wife's pleasure.

A year passed thus, then Gerald Lacy appeared upon the scene. He was Mark's cousin—handsome, wealthy and talented; he was one of society's idols, had somewhat tired of its attractions; and now after some years of foreign travel, he had returned to his native land. We have said he was rich and idle; how could he employ the time than by devoting it to his cousin's lovely wife?

Such pastime was necessary to Gerald's excitement-loving nature. He was not a bad man only a thoughtless trifler, and he assured himself that he meant no harm.

"Mark did not understand the value of the treasure he possessed. Lily was his; it would only be charity to enliven her life!" Thus he reasoned.

Accordingly Mr. Lacy set himself to work to render himself agreeable. Lily was not very difficult to please; she received all his attentions graciously; for Gerald was a new experience to the girl; his gay manner captivated her simple fancy; he was a hero in her sight; he called her his friend; Lily imagined that never before had friendship assumed so fair a guise to mortal being.

Day after day passed, each brighter than the last, then summer came and still found Gerald at Lily Grant's side. There were boating excursions when the limpid waters were calm as a mirror. Lily seated near him, looking like a watery fairy in her dainty white robes. Long rides when the horses' hoofs brushed the diamond drops of dew from the grass; promenaded upon the terrace, when the moonbeams bathed the landscape in a flood of silvery grandeur.

During the summer days, Gerald Lacy was careless no longer; his thoughtlessness had drifted into sin, and without a struggle, he yielded himself up to the fierce passion which consumed him. He declared to himself that he could not live without her. He felt no remorse for the dishonor he would bring upon kinsman's name, no pity for the woman he would fain disgrace; absorbed in his selfish passion, he was deaf to the voice of conscience.

One day Mrs. Grant's maid delivered to her mistress a note which excited strange emotions in that lady. It was from Gerald, declaring his love, and entreating her to meet him in the arbor that evening. As she read, Lily's face was crimson by a deep flush of shame; she saw the terrible abyss which yawned beneath her; and, kneeling down, she prayed as one in deadly peril might pray, that she might be able to resist temptation. She had almost loved him, she acknowledge to herself; but now, for Mark's honer, she must be strong.

The golden radiance of the day had just yielded to the cool shades of evening.—Gerald impatiently awaited the woman he loved. Would she come? did she love him? he asked himself; then, even as he thought, pale as death Lily stood before him. Gerald sprang forward with outstreched arms, then drew back hastily, awed by the expression of the pure, proud face.

"I received your note," she commenced in harsh, constrained tones; then, crying impetuously, "O, Gerald! how could you insult me?' she burst in passionate tears.

All Gerald's fine gentleman composure forsook him; he would fain have kissed the wet flushed cheeks, but dared not.

"Don't cry, darling," he said piteously. "I would give my life to save you from a moment's pain. I love you so dearly, Lily!"

"And I love you as a brother," she sobbed. "I trusted you so entirely; and now you ask me to leave Mark—to dishonor him!"

"He cannot love you as I love you," he pleaded. "He cares more for his business than he ever cared for you. You never loved him. O, Lily, dearest, listen to me!

"He does love me!" she cried, passionately. "I poor and friendless; he shared his abundance with me. You know how noble he is. You would drag me to shame. I love him, Gerald—I never knew how dearly until last night."

"Then there is no hope for me?" said Gerald, white to his lips.

"There is every hope for you. There would, indeed, be no hope for you were I mad enough to listen. Could you bear to have the woman you love pointed at with the finger of scorn? I am a proud woman, Gerald; if you could bear it, I could not. The time will come when you will bless me that I was firm. You have too noble a nature to be ruined by any woman. I shall pray for you night and day. But you must go; you cannot stay under Mark's roof after what has happened."

"Have you no pity? Won't you let me stay where I can sometimes see you?"

"No," she answered, "there would be danger for both of us—a danger that, for my husband's sake, I dare not incur."

Gerald stood for a moment, his handsome young face all wan and haggard in the gray evening light. He had loved this woman better than he had ever thought to love mortal being; it seemed like the agony to leave her thus. He gave one last, long look at the fair, childlike face, the wistful brown eyes, the tangled golden curls floating around her head, and then turned to go.

"Won't you say good-bye to me, Gerarld!"

Then he raised her slender white hands to his lips.

"God help me, for I am miserable.—Good-bye, Lily!" he said hoarsely.

A moment more, and he was gone.—Then Lily hid her face in the damp grass, and wept as though her heart was breaking. Her ideal dream of friendship had fled; only stern duty remained.

Mark Grant loudly condemned the sudden caprice which had caused his cousin to start for Paris just as they imagined he intended to settle down in his own country; but Lily spoke no words of blame.

Long after, when Lily had conquered all feelings of tenderness for Gerald Lacy; when she could look in her husband's eyes and tell him she loved him with all a true wife's devotion; when a baby Lily lay pillowed upon her breast, then Lily told her the reason of Gerald's departure, to that gentleman's intense astonishment.

A fair wife now sits by Gerald's side;—happy children cluster around his hearthstone. He looks back upon his love for his cousin's wife as a boyish folly; but as his highest ideal of perfect womanhood—perfect in gentleness and purity—he reverences Lily Grant.

For the Union.

Moulding the Future.

BY REV. E. C. MACNICHOL.

The commission, "Go ye unto all the world," etc., embraced all classes and conditions of men, disregarded all distinctions of race or position. The difference between the Levite Priest, and the Christian Apostle was the narrow limits and circle of ministrations which bound and barred the one, and the ever widening unending field afforded the other. It was this last which overleaped all walls of ancient custom, and offered its services to *all men*.

While this is true, yet, we do not believe that the Divine Teacher intended that the men thus commissioned, should *altogether* disregard the lines of distinction, which run through the human family, but that these distinctions should be regarded only so far as to enable these Teachers to reach men more effectually. Hence in view of the difference that distinguishes, the bud from the flower, the weak bending sapling from the full limbed expanded trunk of the tall sturdy Oak, it would become Husbandmen to bestow *discriminating* culture.

If we are to build up the church and save society from the deluge of vice and corruption, if we are to preserve the permanency of our free institutions, if we are to prevent our Government from sinking into Military despotism and our land from being flooded with infidelity and popery, we must educate the morals of those into whose hands one day will fall the reins of Government and the rule of society.

Owing to the difficulties that have arisen in answering the perplexing question as to that particular point in the age of children, in which this process of moral education shall begin; there have arisen many false and erroneous opinions upon this subject, and among them, as especially deserving notice is the one which allows children to remain entirely destitute of religious training until they shall have arrived at that period of maturity when all the moral responsibilities of human life can be thrown upon themselves at the disposal of their own judgment.—This opinion we most emphatically denounce and repudiate as contrary to the laws of the human mind as well as the laws of God. Were it indeed possible for the mind and soul to remain as a total blank, as the unlettered surface of a marble tablet, and would reject all impressions from without until our convenience in one stroke would write upon its smoothe surface God's complete law, there might be some palliation or excusable grounds for this withering, debasing and accursed indolence. What then is the fact? In youth impression after impression, writes itself upon the mind, thought upon thought comes flooding in upon the soul at the earliest dawnings of light; and if, in the dim misty mazes of erroneous opinions that dazzle and mislead this uncertain period of life, the soul is not nourished and fed by the vivifying power of the Bread of Life; in its eager graspings after food it will become an easy victim to the seductive sweetness of vice and error and in the end bear fruit more bitter than "the apples of Sodom."

We can't afford to wait, to lay idly in the shade of indolence until these saplings produce fruit before we bestow any culture. This brings us face to face with the stern fact that in this moral field and vineyard we have enemies and competitors.—If guardians of childhood question this truth let them read the books that their children read, play the games that are taught them by associates, hear the language that they hear; with careful eyes scan the literature with which licentious venders are flooding the homes of this land let; them study the treacherous manipulations of the Jesuitical Priesthood, those enemies of God and right, whose efforts are sworn to the tearing from off the altars of American liberty, the Bible, that light-house of heaven, set up to guide the first feeble efforts of humanity out into the ocean of eternal happiness.

Whence cometh these hordes of criminals that crowd our jails and penitentiaries? Was it a single act, was it only one deed that launched them from the circles of society out into the pools of vice, ah no, away back in *boyhood* the *alphabet* of *crime was learned*. Again we find in the little uncared for waifs, these homeless outcasts that roam the streets of our large cities, prolific streams that flow out into the great pools of crime and infamy.

If in this great field then, these enemies shall be overthrown and these competitors shall be outstripped, if we would have trained and skillful soldiers, if in this deadly struggle between vice and virtue we expect to gain the victory, these soldiers must be taught the arts of war and the use of arms in their youth, hence the "West Point" of the church to-day is its *Sabbath School*.

Perhaps one great reason why this work of the moral education of children has hitherto received such little attention, is that its labors involve no sudden mighty revolution, it proceeds in the absence of any of those mighty agitations, that attract the universal attention of men, and this is also owing to the fact that many people mistake *convulsion for conversion*. The work of moulding the character of future generations is characterizeti by the absence of commotion, the march of truth through the moral nature out into the actual life of man is so silent and gradual in its gleanings as to baffle all minds save Him before whom the minds of men are as an open book, and to whose penetrating glance *even* our *thoughts* are known.

The value or importance of anything is not always estimated so much by what *it is* as by what it *might be*.

The sculptor looks upon the rough time-worn and storm beatern block of marble before him, with a glow upon his cheek and a fire in his eye, that is a mystery to all but himself, until stroke by stroke, day after day we watch his labors, when at last the secret of his enthusiasm steps out from its stony sepulchre in the form of a beautiful angel. The little seed that you hold in the palm of your hand are not prized so highly merely themselves apart from any other existence, but for the beautiful flowers they are capable of producing. Thus with these facts crowding our way through life, we find, that in the careful culture of children there lies a duty for every man, a duty to himself, his race, his country, and his God.

Red Wine.

It was growing dark in the city streets; men and women hurried along, as if eager to reach comfortable homes; the horses seemed to pull heavy wagons with more willingness than usual, as if they too knew that the day's work was over, and enjoyed the prospect of rest. The lamplighters were going their rounds, and trying to make up for the lost daylight. Little children were safe and warm at home.

All but one, perhaps. A little boy stood on the deserted sidewalk, close to a great window of plate glass through which he gazed with a rapt face. The picture which he looked at was a beautiful one, a great room with a painted ceiling over head, and a chandelier which seemed to make clear sunshine. The walls were covered with fine paintings. A marble table heaped with delicious food. The bright light struck through the great decanter, and made a big crimson stand on the white hand of the gentlemen who sat at the table reading a newspaper. A large diamond ring on one finger seemed to wink and blink at the little boy outside.

"I wish he would look up," the child was thinking.

But though he waited and watched the man did not move for a long time. Then he flung the paper down, and reached out the hand with the diamond for a wine glass which he filled and drank, never once looking towards the window.

"Please, sir!"

That was all the boy said. He has stepped from the street into the wide hall;—then, without stopping to knock, he opened the great door which led into the gentleman's room. On the threshold of the saloon he stopped, frightened at what he had done.

"What is it my small man?"

Mr. Arthur Leonord had a pleasant smile, which came easily to his handsome face; but the child shrank back, although he looked into the big brown eyes as if he saw something there he had been looking for a great while.

"You came to beg, I suppose," and the gentleman's hand went readily into his pocket.

"Oh, no, sir, I never thought of that—I wanted—I mean—please, sir, I will go now."

He moved back awkwardly, but Mr. Leonard stopped him with a great gesture. The child's face interested him. His manner, too, at first so eager, now embarrassed, had aroused his curiosity. "You are cold," he said, noticing that the child shivered, and that his garments were thin and poor.

He rose, took the boy by the hand and led him to the great fire, which was dancing on the hearth—a big jolly fire which seemed trying to light up the room and make the chandelier notice how big it was.

Mr. Leonard did not seem to think it queer for a little poor boy with patched clothes to sit in one of the crimson satin-chairs big enough for a thorne. He drew up one for himself opposite.

"Are you hungry?" he asked. "I will give you something to eat, and a little wine will warm you up."

"Oh, no, no, sir!" And the child shrank further back into a big chair.

"You will tell me your name at least?"

"Yes sir. My name is Eddie Boynton, and I am ten years old."

"Ah!"

Mr. Leonard was smiling now, as he saw the boy's courage coming back.

"You will not be angry with me, sir?'

"Angry! why in the world should I be angry with you.'

"I didn't know but you might, sir, if I said what I wanted to."

"Never fear, Eddie; I am anxious to know what you have to tell me."

The little boy stretched his little thin hands, red with the cold, out toward the glowing fire, and said:

"I work in the dye-house now, and get a good deal of money—a dollar a week."

Mr. Leonard could hardly help laughing. The wine he had offered the child cost more than that.

"I come past this big window every night on my way home. I shan't come again, though, because we're going to move away. I like to look in here because it is so warm and pleasant, and because you are sitting here, and have eyes just like my father's."

"What a strange child!' Mr. Leonard was thinking.

"He was so handsome and tall," went on the little fellow, looking back into the firelight. "He wore nice clothes, too, like yours; and we lived in a great big house, most as big as this. I used to sit next to him at the table, and he gave me that to drink,' pointing to the wine-glass. "Mother would cry sometimes, but he would kiss her and tell her that good wine would make me strong handsome. One day he went away for a long time, and mother cried all the time he was gone. When he came back he struck her, and then fell down on the floor. I screamed, because I thought he was dead. The black man who drove the horses came up stairs and helped mother to get him to bed. She said he was sick. He used to scream and fight if anyone went near him. It was the red wine that made him so, mother said. And then one night he died, and there was a great funeral. After that mother picked up our clothes, and went to live where she could earn some money. We've only got two little rooms now. Mother sews on a machine. Sometimes she cries all night, I guess."

He had been talking very fast but stopped suddenly.

Mr. Leonard moved uneasily.

"This was what you wanted to tell me?

"Yes, sir. Every time I come by the window and see you sitting here, you make me think of my father, and I wondered if you had any little boy at home, and how he and his mother would feel if you should die of the red wine." And then the tears came, and Eddy Boynton slid down from the big chair and stood beside Mr. Leonard, who had turned his face away. Eddie wondered if the gentleman was crying, too. He could not see the big brown eyes, for his head was drooping upon his breast.

"I'm going home now, sir. Mother will have my supper all ready, and be frightened if I don't come." And before Mr. Leonard roused from his painful reverie, the child had slipped from the warm, cheery room, and was running down the dark street, home to his waiting mother.

In all the years to come, Arthur Leonard and Eddie Boynton, man and boy, may never meet again. The room in the luxurious club house is deserted; the fire is out, the room is dark, the heavy curtain drawn at the big window; but in a beautiful home the brown eyes look lovingly at a sweet woman, and to the rosy boy that hangs about his neck, the father whispers—"God bless you, my child, and keep us from the destruction of the red wine!"

Experience of Misery.

Here is a scrap from the reminiscences of a Hungarian nobleman who spent the best part of his manhood's life in prison:

"Fifteen years I was in this dungeon—a rough, dark, noisome place, not more than ten feet square,' he writes. "During six years I had a companion; during nine years I was alone. I could never clearly distinguish the features of him who shared my captivity in the eternal gloomsomeness of our cell. The first year, when we did not sleep, we talked incessantly together; we related every incident of the past which we could call to mind—told of our joys and our sorrows—over and over again.—The next year we refrained from relating experience, and gave to each other the thoughts upon all sorts of subjects. During the third year we grew silent. We were losing the power of reflection, and the old ideas were forgotten. During the fourth year we spoke but seldom, and then only to wonder if the world without was bright and bustling as we had left it.—During the fifth we were mostly silent.—There had come a feeling of sadness—of isolation—which would not be broken in upon. The effort of speech was painful. During the sixth year my companion was taken away. They came and led him out whether to death, or to liberty I knew not.

"I was glad when he was gone. The pale, vacant face, dimly visible in the ceaseless gloom—always in the self-same place, always an index of woe and suffering—had become unbearable. Had he been taken during the first or second year, I should have been crushed; but now the solitude was grateful. I was thankful when I found myself alone with my great sorrow. One day—more than a year after my companion had been taken away—I heard the sound of a human voice again. The door of my cell was opened, and a voice said to me:

"By order of His Imperial Majesty I inform you, Sir Count, that your wife died twelve months since!'

"Then the door was shut. This great agony had been cast in upon me, and I was left alone with it. The next speech I heard was of my liberation. The best part of my life is behind me. God grant that I may live long enough to learn to be grateful for liberty.'

Yes, there is a depth of misery that wants no company, and many are the men who have found and suffered it.

In order to render men benevolent, they must first be made tender; for benevolent affections are not the offspring of reasoning; they result from that culture of the heart, from those early impressions of tenderness, gratitude and sympathy, which the endearments of domestic life are sure to supply, and for the information of which it is the best possible school.

When three good little boys get together of an afternoon, the chances are that there will either be a fight, a window broken, or a stray dog will have a pan tied to his tail.

Bald-headed men are so numerous in Chicago that an audience in that city is said to look when viewed from above, like a cobblestone pavement.

Hard of Hearing.

A LOVE STORY.

A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man who lived 'down east,' who professed to be deficient in hearing, but, forsooth, was more captious than limited in hearing as the sequel will show.

It was a stormy night in the ides of March, if I mistake not, when lightning and loud peals of thunder answered thunder, that Jonathan sat by the old man's fireside, discussing with the old lady (his intended mother-in-law) on the expediency of asking the old man's permission to marry 'Sal.'

Jonathan resolved to 'pop it' to the old man the next day. Night passed, and by the dawn of another day the old man was found in his barnlot feeding his pigs, and he resolved to ask him for Sal.

Scarce a minute elapsed after Jonathan made his resolution ere he bid the old man 'good morning.' Now Jonathan's heart beat; now he scratched his head, and ever and anon gave birth to a pensive yawn.—Jonathan declared that he had as lief take thirty-nine stripes as to ask him. 'But,' said he aloud to himself, 'however, here go's it, a faint heart never won a fair girl,' and addressed the old man thus:

'I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter.'

Old Man—You want to borrow my halter. I would loan it to you, Jonathan, but my son has taken it and gone off to the mill.

Jonathan—Putting his mouth to the old man's ear, and speaking in a deafening tone—I have got five hundred pounds of money!

Old Man—Stepping back, as if greatly alarmed, and exclaiming in a voice of surprise—'You have got five hundred pounds of honey, Jonathan? Why, it is more than the whole neighborhood has use for.

Jonathan—Not yet the victim of despair, and putting his mouth to the old man's ear, bawled out—I've got gold.

Old Man—So have I Jonathan, and it's the worst cold I ever had in all my life.

So saying, he sneezed a 'wash up.'

By this time the old lady came up and having observed Jonathan's unfortunate luck, she put her mouth to the old man's ear, and screamed like a wounded Yahoo:

'Daddy, I say, daddy, you don't understand. He wants to marry our daughter.'

Old Man—I told him our calf-halter was gone.

Old lady—Why daddy, you don't understand; he's got gold–he's rich!'

Old Man—He's got a cold and the itch, eh! What is he doing here with the itch, eh?

So saying, the old man aimed a blow at Jonathan's head with his cane—but happily for Jonathan—he dodged it. Nor did the rage of the old man stop at this, but with angry countenance he made after Jonathan, who took to his heels. Nor did his ill-luck stop here. He had not got out of the barnyard, nor far from the old man, ere he stubbed his toe and fell to the ground, and before the old man could 'take up,' he stumbled over Jonathan and fell sprawling in a mud hole. Jonathan sprung to his heels, and with the speed of a John Gilpin, cleared himself.

Poor Sal! she died a nun. Never had a husband.

"Mama, I Hear."

An affecting incident occurred at the Academy of Music lately. Among the audience was a wealthy family, one of the members of which has for years been in delicate health, and was born deaf and dumb. It has been the custom of the family to take their afflicted daughter with them to the theater, and even to concerts, as she experienced acute nervous pain when left alone, and seemed to enjoy the excitement and action of even musical entertainments, although she could not hear a sound. It was observed that she seemed very much amused at the comicalities of Mr. Sol Smith Russell, and enjoyed the changes of his facial expression as much as any of the audience. When Signor Tagliapietra came on to sing it was noticed that a curious light came into her eyes, and stretching out her arms to her mother, she spelled on her fingers, with the greatest excitement, the words: "Mamma, I hear." The next piece was an orchestrial arrangement of "Trovatore," played by the combination of the Berger Family and the Vienna Ladies' Orchestra. As the composition proceeded the tears flowed down the poor child's cheeks, and her excitement became so great that it was deemed prudent to leave the theater. On reaching home the exhaustion produced by the events of the evening was such that the family physician was summoned.—As she lay on her maiden couch she reached for her slate and wrote 'Mother, I think heaven must be music.' The next day, in accordance with her request, Mr. Russell was sent for, and he kindly came and sang for the little sufferer his famous song relating to a goose stuffed with sage and injins. It was too late.—Death had long marked the child for his own, and she could not even smile. The little lips are cold now, and there is a vacant chair in the family circle. The joy of that one evening was too much for the delicate nervous system, now happily at rest.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

Senator Withers of Virginia, has eleven daughters. That's what we call a fair count.

How Butterflies are Made.

"There, I have caught him at last!—What a beauty! and I never could catch a butterfly before.'

The words were uttered in an excited tone by little Katie Kirkham, as she grasped in both her hands a lovely butterfly which she had been chasing in the garden for nearly half an hour.

"What have you there, Katie?' asked her father, looking up from his book; "let me see.'

"A butterfly, papa," replied Katie, running to the garden chair where her father sat. "I am afraid it will fly away if I open my hands." She cautiously unloosed her grasp, and Mr. Kirkham took the little creature in his hand.

"No, Katie it will never fly again.—That little glad life which has passed so happily in the sunshine, is at an end forever. You have crushed it to death.'

"O, papa, I didn't mean to! I only wanted to catch it. I didn't think about its being happy.'

"But your not thinking has taken away a life that you cannot restore, if you try till your hair is gray. How did it become a butterfly, Katie?'

"Why, God made it, of course; He made everything."

"Yes, but how did He make it? What was it before it was a butterfly?'

"I don't know. Was it anything, papa?'

"I will tell you something about its history. First of all another butterfly laid a tiny egg, several eggs in fact, but we have only to do with one. Well from this egg there came in time a wee little grub, and the little grub crawled about and nibbled cabbage-leaves till it grew a fine large caterpillar.'

"But I want to hear about the butterfly, papa,' interrupted Katie, "not about ugly grubs and caterpillars. I thought you were going to say a little baby butterfly came out of the egg.'

"But it didn't, so I couldn't tell you so. We shall find how it did come all in a good time. Well our friend the 'ugly caterpillar' had rather a dull time of it only able to crawl along; it could not fly about, you know, like the butterfly. But at last it found a new occupation; it began to spin for itself a silky case, or tied itself to a twig by a silky cord, and here it lay or swung for some time in what is called *chrysalis* state, till, when the bright, warm weather came, the cocoon burst, and out flew a beautiful butterfly.'

"O, papa, how wonderful! I had no idea a caterpillar could turn into a butterfly. Do you think it remembered while it was flying about, that it once was a caterpillar, only able to crawl?'

"No, I don't suppose it did, dear; it could not think, you know, either about the past or future; it only enjoyed the sunshine of its little hour. But now look at the wings. What are they made of?"

Katie looked, and gently touched the wing. "How soft and downy it feels, what is it, papa?'

"Feathers. We will look at it under my microscope, and then you will see th at the wings are covered with very small but quite perfect scales. Come into the library we have just time to inspect it before dinner.'

Katie followed her father into the house, and watched while he put the butterfly under the microscope, and then eagerly looked through the glass. "How beautiful,' she cried; 'they are real little scales! Papa,' she added, turning round, "how wonderfully wise and kind God must be to take so much trouble over a little butterfly!'

"Ah! my child, I am glad you have found that out. You speak very differently from the careless way in which you said just now: 'God made it of course; He made everything.' The earth is full of His wonders. If you keep your eyes open, you will find His wisdom and love displayed in everything that lives. But there is the dinner-bell, so you will have my text without the sermon.

'Well, papa,' said Katie, earnestly, 'I never will kill or hurt any living thing again, at least, not on purpose; and I shall never see a butterfly without thinking about how it was made.'—*Early Days.*

Say, Mr. Junius, is dar any place in the Bible whar a cullud pussen is mentioned? said old Cæsar to his friend. "Well dar is an' if you'd been to meetin, Sunday, ye'd heard the preacher read how Nigger Demus wanted to be born again. "What did he want to be born again for?" I dunno.—I spec he thought he mout be born a white man next time, and dar's a good many niggers alibe now jess like old Demus, but dey'll always be niggers anyhow.

"Man," says Adam Smith "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another. Not unless the large dog happens to have the smaller bone.

Let us pray God that he would root out of our hearts everything of our own planting, and set out there, with his own hands, the tree of life, bearing all manner of fruits.—*Fenelon.*

An old lady from the rural districts astonished a clerk in one of the stores a few days ago by inquiring if he had any 'yaller developments, sich as they did up letters in?'