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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 APRIL 26, 1877. NO. 41.

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.

SPRING IS COMING.

BY MARIE LE BARON.

Flowers doff their wee green hoods,
Smiling spring is coming!
Leaflets whisper through the woods,
Bees begin their humming;
And the swallows, flying low,
Sing as nestward swift they go:
Smiling spring is coming!

From their ice-bound quivers, streams,
Loosed by spring's untying,
Shoot o'er earth with silver gleams,
Like quick arrows flying;
Piercing meadow, rock and reed,
Murmuring as they onward speed:
Iceland's king is dying!

Grasses throb beneath her feet;
Fair spring is dancing;
At each step the blossoms sweet,
Shyly are up-glancing;
And her sun-warm kisses fall
Tenderly upon them all,
Beauties rare enhancing.

Rain drops down, like scattered sheaf
Of silver wheat from heaven;
Spring laughs through the dainty grief
To surly winter given,
And turns the rain to shining pearls,
And over all her flag unfurls
In rainbow colors seven.

Blue-bird, tourquoise of the year
Sunny spring is waiting;
Soon his note, out-ringing clear
Will wake in sweet love-mating,
And spring's darlings, one by one,
All will know her reign begun
In fair life-creating.

Tears and smiles together shine;
Changeful spring is nearing;
Is it sense of the divine
Human heart is fearing?
Ah, I know not what it is,
But a sadness veils the bliss
Born of spring's appearing.

TRIXY.

"Finished at last!"

Martin Bruce spoke the words with a sigh of utter weariness, and lifted his head from his work, taking his magnifying glass from one eye as he did so. Upon the table before him was a large steel plate, on which he had engraved a design requiring the most delicate and careful work, and to which he had given several days of continuous labor. As he looked at it, completed, the expression of proud pleasure upon the face of a man who had finished a piece of work satisfactorily became clouded.

"That poor child!" he muttered and listened to a cry of suppressed sobbing coming from above his half opened door.—With the cloud still upon his face, he went to the landing and locked up the narrow staircase leading to the attic. As he expected, he saw a little figure crouching upon the upper stair, the head bent low over folded arms, the bare feet tucked up under ragged skirts. The sobbing, though distinctly audible, was evidently carefully choaked down.

"Trixy!" Martin said, in a low tone.

In a moment the child was beside him with a quick, darting motion that suited well the slender figure, thin to painful angularity, the face that was almost impish in its look of want and precocity.

Martin Bruce, tall and strong, with a handsome, blond face, bent low, and met the gaze of her large, intensely black eyes, swollen and inflamed by tears. Silently he lifted the child, and, taking her into his own room, closed the door.

"What's the matter now?' he asked.

"I dropped the biggest pitcher, full of milk.'

"Whew!'

"I couldn't help it!' sobbed the child, "It was so heavy that my fingers all got stiff with ache, and before I know it my wrists gave a twist, and down it all went.'

"Whipped?'

"Oh, didn't she! See!'

And a ragged frock was slipped down to show the sickening welts upon the thin shoulders. Martin Bruce gave a shudder as he looked, and going to a wash stand brought some arnica, which he mixed in cool water and tenderly bathed the wounds with an old handkerchief.

"Does it hurt much?' he asked, as the poor child winced under his touch.

"Oh, my!—I mean yes, sir! But I don't mind; I know you'll make it better. Oh!' and again the tears broke out, "I wish I was dead!'

"You are too young to wish that, Trixy.'

"I'm fourteen, if I am little.'

"Fourteen! How time flies! It seems only yesterday since I found you crying on the stairs, and it is three years ago!'

Trixy nestled close to the hand extended to caress her gently, as these words were spoken, the only hand in the big boarding house that was ever filled with kindness for her. She was one of the New York waifs from the almshouse, bound out to a cross task-mistress, who had been systematically tyranical from the first hour she had the child under her rule. Overtasked, half starved and whipped, Trixy was stunted, thin and miserable in appearance, while her ignorance in all useful knowledge was balanced by a precocity truly wonderful in doing her tasks and evading her punishments.

"A nasty, deceitful little baggage!'—Mrs. Hayes declared her to be, and it was mournfully true.

But Martin Bruce, who occupied one of the back rooms Mrs. Hayes provided for boarders, had been moved with tender compassion for the child from the first time he found her sobbing out her misery on the attic stairs. Many an orange or packet of cake had Trixy munched in Mr. Bruce's room, when she was supposed to be doing penance in her wretched closet, only by courtesy a room. Many a cool lotion had been put upon smarting cuts and welts by Mr. Bruce's tender hands.—Many a tender caress and kind word had passed the bearded lips to comfort Trixy.

Others had come and gone, and been kind one day and cross the next, as the mood seized them; but Mr. Bruce never varied in kind words and acts, though often he gravely reproved Trixy for her very conspicuous faults, and tried to correct her vulgarity of word and thought.

It would be impossible to give any adequate idea of the worshipping affection the child gave in return for this kindly interest. All goodness, all manly perfection, was to her embodied in the tall, blonde man who came between her and her tyrant, and comforted her grief.

"Fourteen,' he said again. "Trixy, it is time you were at school, if you are ever to go!'

"Away from you?'

"I am going to Paris.'

Utter blank misery fell over the child's face.

"To Paris?' she whispered, with white, shaking lips.

"Yes, Trixy, for three years. You will be quite a woman when I come back.'

"Yes,' faint and shuddering.

"And I must get you away from here.'

No easy task, as Mr. Martin Bruce soon discovered. He was not a rich man, though his salary as an engraver was a very good one, and it required some personal sacrifice to carry out his plans for Trixy. Mrs. Hayes would not part with slaves, except for a "consideration;" and after this was accomplished, a difficulty was found in selecting a school in which to place her. But at last one was found in a small country town, and Trixy most sincerely promised to study diligently, and prove herself worthy of the kindness bestowed upon her.

The parting was a sore wrench, but Martin Bruce was happy in the consciousness that he had done all for the child that lay in his power. For four years his letters from Trixy proved her rapid progress in every study she undertook, her unchanging gratitude to her benefactor. Then she wrote that she had been offered a situation to travel with an invalid lady, and would probably be in Paris before the letter had been there many days. Every line of this communication was full of gratitude for the opportunities given the little waif for culture and happiness, and the sense of pleasure it gave her to be no longer an idle burden to her benefactor.

"So ends that chapter!' the young man said, half sadly, as he folded the closely written sheet. "My wild bird has left her nest, and must try her wings alone.—Well, 'tis best so, as things threaten!'

And the strong right hand was passed wearily over the large blue eyes, with a deep sigh.

Two years later, in a hotel at Nice, a beautful girl, dressed in deep mourning, and an elderly woman, who seemed a sort of confidential servant, were seated upon the wide piazza, watching the groups who passed and repassed in a large public square odposite to where they were placed.

Suddenly the girl, who had been carelessly scanning the many unfamiliar faces, grasped her companion's arm, saying: "Do you know who that is" pointing, as she spoke, to a tall man, with a shade over his eyes, who was seated upon a bench in the square.

"Yes, ma'amselle, said the servant, in French, "that is the blind gentleman who is here under the care of Dr. Bonnaire.—But is it not dreadful? So handsome—so strong—and hopelessly blind?'

"Hopelessly blind?'

"So they say. He was injured by the work that he did—fine work that tried his eyes. I do not know what it was. And he came here to Dr. Bonnaire; hoping to be cured. But it is useless; he can never see again.'

The young lady rose as her servant spoke, and, crossing the piazza, stepped lightly down the steps and straight to the bench upon which the blind man was seated. Without preface, without introduction, she said: "I think, sir, I recognize you as a gentleman who placed a child in a school in Connecticut some years ago—a school where I was a teacher for some time.'

The sightless eyes were turned quickly toward the speaker.

"I was deeply interested in such a child. Can you give me any tidings for her?'

"She left the school to travel with Mrs. Elwyn an elderly lady in feeble health.—Before she had been six months with Mrs. Elwyn that lady was convinced that she had found the child of a very dear sister, who had eloped from home years before, and whose life and death had been ever shrouded in mystery. Further inquiry only confirmed the facts, as the child remembered them; and when Mrs. Elwyn died here in Nice, six months ago, she left her entire property to Beatrice Moore, her niece.'

"Then Trixy is an heiress?'

"Yes. It was one of the marvelous dispensations of Providence we dare call accident that took Mrs. Elwyn to the school. There Trixy's strong resemblance to her lost sister first attracted her notice, and she inquired about her. Finding she was anxious to obtain employment, she engaged her as a companion for an European trip.'

"I am very glad! Do you know where she is?'

A little hand fell lightly upon one lying on the knee of Martin Bruce, and his was lifted to touch a soft round cheek. A voice, low and tender, said: "Have you forgotten me?'

"Trixy!' he exclaimed. "I have never forgotten you. But you are no longer the child I left six years ago.'

"No,' was the half mournful answer.—"I am a woman now. But you will not send me from you. You will let me remain beside you, and be your eyes and hands?'

"Ah, Trixy, no! Your youth and beauty—for I know you are beautiful—must never be taxed by such a heavy charge. Do you know I can never see you again? Do you know that in less than a year I shall have to find a home in a charity asylum? You will come sometimes and read to me there perhaps?'

"Never! I will never go to a charity asylum to see you. You break my heart when you talk so!'

"Well, little one, then we will hope for better days!'

Trixty's lip quivered at the attempt to speak in the old, cheery tones that had comforted all her childhood's miseries.—Her eyes were dim with tears as she spoke again, hoping to carry some brightness to the darkened life.

Poor blind Martin Bruce, who had lifted her from the darkest misery and suffering to place her where she could improve—who had put her where her aunt had discovered and adopted her—her benefactor and only friend—a helpless, blind pauper!

Was it wonderful that the woman's heart thrilled with pain and love, and confronted her in a new form—the love of her woman's heart? She realized suddenly, forcibly, that if Martin Bruce passed out of her life again he left there a void never to be filled. Pity and gratitude seemed only feeble names when love sprung up strong and true, and Trixy recognized its power.

But all the maidenly reticence held her silent for many days, every one of which found her in the square beside Martin Bruce, winning answering love by her tender care for his helplessness, her womanly sweetness.

It was a strange courtship, where the woman wooed, where the man worshipped. Little by little, Martin Bruce acknowledged to his own heart that the loss of his eyes was light compared with the loss he anticipated—the loss of Trixy's voice and Trixy's touch. The summer was coming, and the doctor was urging Martin Bruce to try the effect of some famous German baths, when Trixy received letters from New York that necessiated her return to look after some of her Aunt's property.

The Prospect of seperation nerved her as no other prospect would have done, and she sought the bench where she had met Martin Bruce daily, with a resolution that made her cheek burn.

"Martin,' she said gently, "but few women dare to take their life's happiness into their own hands—waiting, hoping till another comes to put it before them. A maiden may not woo, they say, and so they wait till their hearts grow sick for fear they may be thought unmaidenly."

Here she paused, watching the pallor, the breathless eagerness of the face lifted toward her.

"Trixy," her lover said, "you deceive yourself. You think gratitude forces you to.'—

A soft hand closed his lips.

"Do you love me Martin?'

"With my whole heart!'

"As I love you!'

"Trixy I dare not take you at your word!'

"But you will! I have loved you for six years, Martin. I will not loose you again!'

And she kept her word. Those who speak with pity of poor Mrs. Bruce, whose husband is totally blind,' know nothing of the deep, abiding love that makes Trixy's life of devotion and self sacrifice a life of pure happiness, shadowed only by sorrow for her husband's affliction.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—Some weeks ago, a gentleman walking in one of the metropolitan cemeteries, observed kneeling beside a tombstone, a little girl about ten years of age. In her hand she held a wreath, which was placed on the grave.—Going up to her he asked if any one dear to her lay there:

"Yes,' she said, "my mother is buried here.'

"Have you a father, or sisters, or brothers?'

"No; they are all dead, and I am the only one left. Every Saturday afternoon I come here, and bring flowers to lay on my mother's grave. Then I talk to her and she talks to me.'

"But, dear child, if she be in heaven, how can she talk to you?'

"I don't know,' was the artless reply, but she does, and tells me to be truthful, and do what is right, so that one day Jesus will take me to live with her in heaven.'

A prayer went up from that stranger's heart, that the remembrance of that mother might be as a shield to guard her child from evil.

The Lost Baby.

Baby was lost! Up and down, high and low, everywhere about the house and barn, and woodshed, in the garden and down the road by the bridge, the search was carried on with anxious hearts and eager steps.—Every nook and corner where even a mouse could hide was examined over and over again; but no baby. The brook was low; so low that baby might have toddled over it without hardly wetting her feet. There was no danger there; and yet for half a mile either side of the bridge the bed of the little stream was thoroughly scanned, so there could be no doubt left.

Baby's mother, bareheaded, with pale face and trembling limbs, distractedly hurried from place to place, carrying in her hand the little white sunbonnet she had picked up near the doorstep, the only thing that could be found belonging to the missing darling.

Not half an hour before, baby had been playing in the yard, cooing and talking to herself, as she nursed her rag doll, and watched the pigeons on the roof of the barn. There were prints of her tiny shoes in the moist soil by the gate, the marks of dirty little fingers upon the white paling—and that was all.

The hot August sun was almost at its setting, and the shadows of the maples were fast lengthening. What if night should come and baby not found? What if she were wandering further and further away, while they were seeking her? What if she had been stolen, and was even then calling for her mother to save her?

"Baby! baby!'

No answer, and the mother's face grew whiter and her limbs weaker.

"I shall never see her again!' she cried, sinking down upon the steps of the porch. "Never, never, never! And I scolded her this morning. Oh, my little lamb!'

"We shall find her yet,' said old Mrs. Bailey, soothingly. "She got tired and cuddled down to sleep somewhere. Or, perhaps, she's off with some of the neighbor's children.'

Baby's mother shook her head. She knew that was only said to comfort her.—All the children in the neighborhood had been for the last two hours engaged in the search. She could see them scouring the field beyond the house, looking behind the stone heaps and among the blackberry bushes that skirted the field.

Baby could not have been stolen. No suspicious-looking character had been seen lurking about, and nobody could have got away with her without being seen. There had been no one near the house all the morning except old Deacon Pettingill, who left his wagon opposite the gate long enough to look at a yoke of fat steers in the barnyard.

The sun went down at last, and one by one the neighbors slowly came in from the search, and gathered around the stricken mother in the yard. All had words of comfort, but they sounded false and hollow.

"I can't give her up so,' she moaned; "she must be somewhere near. Help me look a little longer—just a little longer.'

"We've looked everywhere,' said one of the boys. "I don't believe she's been outside the gate,' said another. "We can't find any trace of her anywhere. Seems to me she would have dropped her doll or something, if she'd gone far.'

"Have you looked in the well,' said old Mrs. Tompkins. "Now it's just as likely as not she's fell in there. The curbin' ain't none too safe.'

"She ain't there—we've looked,' said one of the boys, quickly noting the spasm of pain that passed over the face of the baby's mother at the words.

"There's a team coming!' suddenly shouted one of the little knot of boys outside the gate.

"It's Deacon Pettingill's horse,' said another, who hastily climbed the fence for a better lookout, "and the Deacon's driving too. Something's the matter, he's putting on the licks.'

There was a rush to the gate as the Deacon stopped his horse with a loud 'Whoa!'

"Lost anything?' he inquired as he stepped out over the wheel, with a little bundle in his arms.

"Baby! baby!' and the next moment the little cause of all the trouble and pain was tightly clasped in its mother's arms.

"You see,' said the Deacon, in answer to the multitudinous inquiries as to how, when and where he had come across baby,' "after I left here early this afternoon, I thought I heard something under the wagon-seat; but I didn't pay any attention to it, and forgot all about it 'fore I got home. I turned out the mare and run the wagon under the shed. 'Long about five o'clock, Joel he went to take out a bag of meal that I brought up from Piper's, and all at once, as he was liftin' it onto his back, he dropped it and hollered right out, 'Come here, Deacon,' says he, 'where on earth did this come from?' I was grindin' a scythe out at the end of the shed, but I dropped it pretty quick and started. He was holding up the buffalo robe from the hind end of the wagon, and there, do you believe it, was that cunnin' little cretur' with her rag doll cuddled up to her, lying on some meal bags fast asleep. She must 'a crawled into the wagon and laid down while I was looking at the steers, and the jolting got her to sleep.'

So baby was found, and the whole neighborhood, as one great heart, brimmed over with joy, while the mother, close to whose breast the little head was clasped, poured out her soul in tearful gratitude to him who had, through that brief, but bitter lesson, taught her more of the dying nature of love than she had before learned in all the days of her motherhood.

The Demon of Drink.

A FEARFUL PICTURE OF THE LATE REV. J. J. TALBOTT'S STRUGGLE AGAINST IT.

The following is an extract from one of the lectures of J. J. Talbott, who died lately at Elkhart, Ind., from the effect of a drunken debauch:

But now the struggle is over, I can survey the field and measure the losses. I had position high and holy. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office and sent me forth churchless and godless, a very hissing and byword among men. Afterward I had business large and lucrative, and my voice in all large courts was heard pleading for justice, mercy, and the right. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had moneys ample for all necessities, but they took wings and went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. The devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers; the fire went out on the holiest of alters, and leading me through its portals, despair walked forth with her, and sorrow and anguish lingered within. I had children, beautiful, to me at least, as a dream of the morning, and they had so entwined themselves around their father's heart that no matter where it might wander, ever it came back to them on the bright wings of a father's undying love. His destroyer took their hands in his and led them away. I had a wife whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember, and to know her was to love, * * * For thirteen years we walked the rugged path together, rejoicing in its sunshine and sorrowing in its shade. This infernal monster couldn't spare me even this. I had a mother who for long years had not left her chair, a victim of suffering and disease, and her choicest delight was in reflection that the lesson which she had taught at her knee had taken root in the heart of her youngest born, and that he was useful to his fellows and an honor to her who bore him. But the thunderbolt reached even there, and there it did its most cruel work. Other days may cure all but this. Ah! me; never a word of reproach from her lips; only a tender caress; only a shadow of a great and unspoken grief gathering over the dear old face; only a trembling hand laid more lovingly on my head; only a closer clinging to the cross; only a piteous appeal to heaven if her cup at last were not full. And while her boy raved in his wild delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest.

And thus I stand, a clergyman without a cure; a barrister without brief or business; a father without a child; a husband without a wife; a son without a parent; a man with scarcely a friend; a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the mælstrom of drink.

Saved from the Gallows.

It has already been announced that John P. Phair, who was to have been hung at Windsor, Vt., on Friday last for the murder of Mrs. Annie Fricze, had been granted a reprieve by the Governor to the 4th of May. It seems the reprieve was granted under similar circumstances and just in the nick of time. Mr. Marshall D. Downing, a Boston merchant, whilst in his office at 9 o'clock on Friday morning had his attention called to a public statement of Phair, declaring his innocence, and read it through in detail. When Downing came to a clause in which Phair said that he was not able to prove to the satisfaction of the jury where he was at the time the murder was committed, and especially to that portion where he positively asserted that he was in Providence, R. I., seeking employment of the American Screw Company, but was unsuccessful in so doing, it flashed across Downing's mind that some time in June, 1876, he visited Providence on some business, and on the train returning from that city had a conversation with a man who told him that he was just returning from Providence, where he had been to seek employment; that he was a machinist by trade, and had applied to the American Screw Company for a situation, but was not successful in obtaining one. So strongly was Downing impressed with the recollection that he referred to a little memorandum book which he was in the habit of keeping while traveling, and ascertained that the day he was in Providence was on the 10th of June, 1874, the same day on which Phair said that he was there. Mr. Downing said that in the course of the conversation the man said he came from Vermont. Downing being a native of that State asked from what part, and was informed that the traveller had come from Rutland, where he belonged, the previous day. Downing then said that he was convinced that the man whom he met on the train on the day above mentioned and the man whose statement he had just read were one and the same person, and at once telegraphed the facts to Governor Fairbanks, of Vermont, who happening to be in the telegraph office sent an immediate reprieve, which reached the condemned man only twenty-five minutes before the time appointed for the execution.

April Characteristics.

April, at its best, is the tenderes tof tender salads. Its type is the first spear of grass. The senses—sight, hearing, smell—are as hungry for its delicate and almost spiritual tokens, as the cattle are for the first bite of its fields. How it touches one and makes him both glad and sad! The voices of the arriving birds, the migrating fowls, the clouds of pigeons sweeping across the sky or filling the woods, the elfin horn of the first honey-bee venturing abroad in the middle of the day, the clear piping of the little frogs in the marshes at sundown, the camp-fire in the sugar-bush, the smoke seen afar rising over the trees, the tinge of green that comes so suddenly on the sunny knolls and slopes, the full translucent streams, the waxing and warming sun,—how these things and others like them are noted by the eager eye and ear! April is my natal month, and I am born again into new delights and new surprises at each return of it. Its name has an undescribable charm to me. Its two syllables are like the calls of the first birds—like that of the Phœbe bird, or of the meadow-lark. Its very snows are fertilizing, and are called the poor man's manure.

Then its odors! I am thrilled by its fresh and indescribable odors—the perfume of the bursting sod, of the quickened roots and rootlets, of the mold under the leaves, of the fresh furrows. No other month has odors like it. The west wind the other day came fraught with a perfume that was to the sense of smell what a wild and delicate strain of music is to the ear. It was almost transcendental. I walked across the hill with my nose in the air taking it in. It lasted for two days. I imagine it came from the willows of a distant swamp, whose catkins were affording the bees their first pollen,—or did it come from much farther—from beyond the horizon, the accumulated breath of innumerable farms and budding forests? The main characteristic of these April odors is their uncloying freshness. They are not sweet, they are oftener bitter, they are penetrating and lyrical. I know well the oders of May and June, of the world of meadows and orchards bursting into bloom, but they are not so ineffable and immaterial and so stimulating to the sense as the incense of April.

* * * * * * * * *

One characteristic April feature, and one that delights me very much is, the perfect emerald of the spring runs while the fields are yet brown and sere,—strips and patches of the most vivid velvet green on the slopes and in the valleys. How the eye gazes there and is filled and refreshed! I had forgotten what a marked feature this was until I recently rode in an open wagon for three days through a mountainous, pastoral country, remarkable for its fine springs.—Those delicious green patches are yet in my eye. The fountains flowed with May, where no springs occurred, there were hints and suggestions of springs about the fields and by the road side in the freshened grass—sometimes overflowing a space in the form of an actual fountain. The water did not quite get to the surface in such places, but sent its influence.—*John Burroughs, in Scribner for April.*

Night in the Moon.

At last, however, night sets in. Gracefully it comes after the sun has gathered up his smiling beam and gone down to his rest. All at once we are plunged into obscurity, for again there is no twilight to stay the steps of departing day. At one stride comes the dark. But, looking up into the sky, we behold a vast orb, which pours down a milder and more benificent splendor than the great lord of the system. It is such a moon as we terrestials cannot boast; for it is not less than thirteen times as large and luminous as our own—there it hangs in the firmament, without apparent change of place, as if "fixed in its everlasting seat," but not without change of surface: for this great globe is a painted panorama, and turning around majestically on its axis, presents its oceans and continents in grand-succession. As Europe and Africa locking the Mediterranean in their embrace, roll away to the right, the stormy Atlantic offers its waters to view; then the two Americas with their huge forests and vast prairies, pass under inspection. Then the grand basin of the Pacific, lit up with island fires, meets the gazer's eye, and as this glides over the scene the eastern rim of Asia and the upper portion of Australia sail into sight. The Indian ocean, and afterward the Arabian sea, spread themselves out in subdued splendor and thus in four-and-twenty hours, "the great rot undity we tread" turns its pictured countenance of the moon, and gradually repays the listening lunarians by repeating to best of its ability, the story of its birth. Nor is this sky less marvelous in another aspect; for the absence of any atmospheric diffusion of light permits the constellation to shine out with distinctness which is never paralleled on earth. They glitter like diamond points set in a firmament of ebony. Stars and clusters which we never see by the naked eye flock into view, and crowd the lunar heavens.—*British Quarterly.*

WOMAN wants to "enjoy all the rights of man," but we can't see what pleasure it would afford her to sit on a store-box on a street corner complaining of the scarcity of labor and squirting tobacco juice at a lamp-post.

PLACE a saucer of ground cloves where ants are troublesome, and, it is said, they will quickly disappear.

A Great Storm.

The most terrible storm which has, perhaps, ever occurred, was experienced on Oct. 10th, 1780. Its first effects were felt in the West Indies. It first fell upon Barbadoes, and Capt. Maury, in his "physical geography of the sea," says:

"The bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth destroyed; the very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted—forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried in the air like chaff." The bark of the trees was removed, but, it is believed, rather through the effects of electric action than by the power of wind. Cannon, also, were driv-along the batteries, and flung over to the fosse, but not carried in the air like chaff.

At Martinique the storm overtook the French transport fleet and entirely destroyed it. There were ten vessels, conveying 4,000 soldiers, and the Governor of Martinique reported their fate to the French government in three words—"The vessels disappeared."

Nine thousand persons perished at Martinique, and 1,000 at St. Pierre, where not a house was left standing. St. Domingo, St. Vincent, St. Eustache and Port Rico were next visited and devastated, while scarcely a single vessel near this part of the cyclone's track was afloat on October 11th.

At Port Royal the cathedral, seven churches and 1,400 houses were blown down, and 1,600 sick and wounded persons were burried beneath the ruins of the hospital. At the Bermudas fifty British ships were driven ashore, two line-of-battle ships went down at sea, and 22,000 persons perished.

Perhaps the most remarkable effects of the storm in this portion of its course were those experienced in the Leeward Isles.—The hurricane drove a twelve pounder cannon a distance of 400 feet. Those who lived in the government building took refuge in the central part, where circular walls, nearly a yard thick, seemed to afford promise of safety. But at 11:30 o'clock the wind had broken down parts of those walls and lifted off the roof.

Terrified, they sought refuge in the cellarage, but before long the water had risen there to the height of more than a yard, and they were driven into the battery, where they placed themselves behind the heavier cannons, some of which were driven from their place by the force of the wind.

When the day broke the country looked as if it had been blasted by fire; not a leaf, scarce even a branch, remained upon the trees.

THE LAKE OF GALILEE.—Gennesaret has yet much about it and within it to remind the traveler of the fisherman of Galilee.—But its almost deserted shores, and the pitiful degeneracy of the industries which once thrived on its waters, are in sad contrast to the populous days of Peter, John and Andrew. A recent visitor, writing to the *Sunday School World* says of the Lake:

It is still celebrated for the abundance of its fish. These are now found closely packed in shoals. Mr. Tristam's party secured fourteen species, and probably the number inhabiting the lake is at least three times as great.

Tristram thus describes the present mode of fishing: "An old Arab sat on a low cliff, and threw *poisoned crumbs* of bread as far as he could reach, which the fish seized, and turning over dead, were washed ashore and collected for the market! The shoals were marvellous black masses of many hundred yards long, with the black fins projecting out of the water as thickly as they could pack. No wonder that any net should break which enclosed such a shoal. Yet though the lake swarms with fish—as I could not have believed water could swarm—there are but two boats existing on its whole extent besides a ferry boat."

THERE is one great idea, one very rich and beautiful idea, that lies at the very bottom of the whole Christian thought, and that is the rescuing a soul and bringing it back into a life in which it naturally belongs and out of which it has wandered.—It is not an unnatural thing, a man becoming a Christian. Oh, if we would only understand that it is a most natural thing, that vision of the kingdom of God! As natural as the coming back of the poor prodigal out of the wretchedness in which he had been living, to his father's house, where he belonged; as natural as the coming back of this poor bleating sheep borne by the shepherd back to the fold out of which it had wandered. The Saviour's teaching is that man belongs to God, and that the coming to God is the coming back to God from whom we have departed.

SMOKY STATISTICS.—The Boston Post says that 8,000,000 of cigars are smoked in this country every day. When we consider that there are over 8,000,000 of voters in this country, and there are probably 15,000,000 of males from 16 to 19 years of age, we are inclined to think that the estimate is not too large. For every man who does not smoke at all we may estimate one who smokes more than one cigar a day. At ten cents each these 8,000,000 cigars would cost $800,000 a day. Throwing out Sundays and holidays (though a cigar is occasionly smoked on Sunday evenings) the total cost for cigars yearly would be $240,000,000—enough to pay the national debt in nine years.—*Western Tobacco Journal.*