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Poetry.

THE FOUR CALLS.

The Spirit came in childhood,
And pleaded, "Let Me in;"
But ah, the door was bolted
And barred by childish sin.
The child said, "I'm too little;
There's time enough to-day;
I cannot open;" sadly
The Spirit went His way.

Again He came and pleaded
In youth's bright, happy hour,
He called, but heard no answer;
For, fettered in sin's power,
The youth lay dreaming idly,
And crying: "Not to-day:
For I must have some pleasure,"
Again He turned away.

Again He came in mercy,
In manhood's vig'rous prime;
But still could find no welcome—
The merchant had "no time"
To spare for true repentance,
No time to praise and pray;
And thus, repulsed and saddened,
The Spirit turned away.

Once more he called, and waited,
The man was old and sad;
He scarcely heard the whisper,
His heart was seared and bad.
"Go, leave me. When I need Thee
I'll call for Thee," he cried;
Then, sinking on his pillow,
Without a God he died!

A LOVE PASSAGE.

"Is it Lettice?' he cried, coming and taking me from the pony, in his great, strong arms. He kissed my cheek as I slipped from his arms to the ground.

"I must not have you riding alone at this hour, Lettice,' he said.

"Oh, I have cousins behind.'

"Cousins?' he asked with an earnestness that was quite comical.

"Yes. There they come.'

And Sarah and Annie rode into the yard, scolding me for leaving them.

"Hush!' I whispered. "I have a good excuse. Here is Howard.'

I introduced him and he helped them down. How I longed to know their opinion of him. Sarah was so sick, so sarcastic even, and Annie so fastidious. Yet why need I care? They were not going to marry him. But, after an evening of something like constraint on all sides, we went to our rooms, which were connected. I listened eagerly to their words of praise, and felt relieved and happy that Howard had suited them so well.

"Take care of him, Lettice,' said Sarah as she turned away. Annie is a sad flirt, and would no more mind taking him from you than she would mind taking a mouse from her pet kitten.'

I looked at Annie. Her face was calm and sweet.

"Believe me, Lettice!' she said softly. "I am no flirt. Howard is safe from my arts.'

Yes, I knew that; but was I as sure of her sister? I cannot now relate all the little circumstances that led me to a belief that Sarah Hale was determined to supplant me. I knew it by the quiver that ran tremulously through my nerves when she addressed him—her habitual sarcasm softened and subdued to him only; her voice taking a sweeter tone, almost caressing in its tenderness. She sang to him sweet, thrilling songs, and looked the rest. He was charmed, surprised, fascinated.—Day by day the spell she wrought so cunningly surrounded him and made him yield to her power. They rode together, walked together, sang from the same books, sitting on the same seat, holding each other's hands, looking into each other's eyes.

And I bore it, covering my deep pain with the semblance of gaiety, and adverting to my marriage as an event that must happen. Alas! Howard never spoke of it at all, but looked on my preparations with an indifference almost amounting to disgust. Annie spoke frequently of the event and of the part she and Sarah were going to take; but her remarks won no response from them.

"Lettice,' said my mother one morning, at the breakfast table, "I want something from town to-day. Can you go?'

A look of meaning which I afterward remembered, passed between Sarah and Howard. The latter excused himself on account of business letters that must be written, and Sarah had a violent headache and was going to lie down. So Annie and myself took the light carriage and my own pony, and went away immediately after breakfast.

It was then that I first gave utterance from my overburdened heart to Annie.—Dear girl! she had seen it all, and longed to tell me, but dared not. She blamed Sarah greatly, and wished that she could persuade her to go home and leave her evil work unaccomplished. We rode slowly along, talking all the time of this painful theme, and did not return until near noon.

I went to my room and beckoned Annie in, for I supposed from the stillness that Sarah was still asleep. Mother had gone to make calls, the servant said, and Annie and I proceeded to the parlor, where we talked softly of the same subject that had occupied us all the morning, until the bell rang for dinner. Mother had come in and was waiting for us at the table. Neither Sarah nor Howard appeared.

"Did they not return with you, Lettice?' "What do you mean, mother? You heard what they said; we have not seen them since.'

"But they went away in Howard's carriage an hour afterwards, and I supposed that they followed and joined you. They have not yet returned.'

I kept calm, outwardly, and tried to eat my dinner, but had to plead that I was tired with my ride. Mother bade me go to bed, and Annie went up stairs with me.

"What does it mean, Lettice?' she said, when we were alone.

"Nothing, surely,' I answered. "Why, Annie, do you suspect anything more than that they have been delayed?'

"No,' she said slowly; but how wrong for them to go at all.'

"Perhaps they did mean to join us.'

She shook her head and passed into her own room; then quickly came back with a note in her hand, directed to herself.

"I can't read it, Lettice. I am afraid.'

"Silly girl! give it to me. It is probably an excuse for going away.

The note ran thus:

"Annie, I am going away with Howard. I cannot see Lettice again, nor does he wish to see her. I should feel for her too much. I am sorry to bring disappointment upon her; but some of us have got to be miserable, at all events, and perhaps she would not suffer as much as I should, in giving him up. I will write you when we are settled. Till then you must remain where you are. SARAH."

"Cruel, heartless!' exclaimed Annie, coming to my chair and leaning over me. "Oh, Lettice, my poor girl!'

"Don't pity me, Annie. I am only too fortunate to be rid of such a false lover.—I am glad she has him,' I answered.

This, of course, was bravado, and I could not keep it up long. I did not break down, however, until I saw my father, who had been absent at noon. He came up to my room, after seeing my mother. He was bitterly enraged, and threatened Howard Ashley with all sorts of punishment; but I entreated him to be quiet for my sake.

"Then you did not care for him, Lettice?'

"Oh, father, how could you think me so false? Yes, I did care for him; but now, every bond is broken. I shall be a brave girl, and live only for you and dear mother.'

He pressed me close to his heart, and in that refuge I felt that even Howard Ashley had lost the power of making me miserable always.

Annie was recalled home. The family were deeply mortified, she said, by Sarah's conduct, and had refused to see her. She and Howard had gone up in New York, and were boarding at a hotel. He had found some business there and had given up his old connection. That was the last I heard of them for years.

It had even deeper griefs in store for me than the falsehood of Howard Ashley.—My father and mother died within a week of each other, leaving me desolate, save for Annie Hale's sisterly affection. She came to me and offered to live with me always if I wished it. I accepted the offer gladly. She, only, of all the world, knew how I had been treated; for, to none out of the family had it been mentioned. We had a few acquaintances, and had never been communicative on our affairs. Even the prospect of my marriage had never been talked of, though perhaps suspected by some of our neighbors. So I had been spared the annoyance of being talked to about Howard Ashley, and I was truly grateful for that.

So Annie and I settled down comfortably into old-maidenism, contented if not happy. Our life was varied but little.—We had one or two intellectual neighbors, and our old minister, Mr. Stanton, was a treasure to us, in advice and counsel. We still kept our pony carriage, and took almost daily rides; for health was a possession that we could not well afford to lose, by confining ourselves to the house.

Annie came home from Mr. Stanton's one morning with some books and a wonderful look of news on her face, which news she declared I could not guess.

"But, I can, Annie. Mr. Stanton is going to be married.'

"Nonsense! he married! Who would marry that old man?'

"Somebody would. Perhaps you, Annie.'

"Don't be ridiculous, Lettice. No not married, but you have partly guessed it, after all. He is going to form a connection, not with a lady but a gentleman, and I have seen him.'

"Really, is Mr. Stanton going to have a colleague? I am very glad. It will give him more time for us.'

"Selfish, Lettice! But have you no curiosity about the minister?'

"None.'

"Well, then, I shall not spend breath to describe him,' she answered; but I saw that all day long she was thinking of nothing else. A bright smile would light her face as she sat at work, and there was a gay airiness in her movements, such as she had shown years before, when there had been no shadow on her life or mine.

The very next morning Mr. Stanton came in, and brought with him the new comer, whom he introduced as Mr. May. He was not young—certainly not less than thirty-six, perhaps still older. He was far from handsome, but there was a look, better than beauty, in his countenance. He was not of that type of ministers who make their way by a pale studious face, telling of midnight studies and hot stoves. The predominant look was of health and cheerfulness. A tall, well-proportioned figure, a wide forehead, rather low, kindly beaming brown eyes, white teeth, and healthful sun-browned cheeks telling of long walks in the open air, accompanied by scrupulous neatness of attire, without a single dash of foppishness. This was Mr. Stanton's colleague. I liked him at first glance; I liked him better when his clear, musical voice met my ear, and the serene, honest eyes were scanning my face, as if they were seeking to know from it my character. It was pleasant to see that they returned from the gaze, with a satisfied expression which seemed to say, "I can trust you, Miss Morton.'

For the next three months, Annie's extreme discomfort, we saw little either of the old or new minister. Mr. Stanton almost forsook us in his task of making Mr. May acquainted with the other parishioners and establish a friendly *rapport* between them.

"It will not be thus always, Annie?' I said, to console her, for I felt that she was deeply interested in this. On the Sabbath she listened almost breathlessly to the words of wisdom he had uttered. I was selfish in those days. I felt that Annie might be taken from me to bless the home of one who, I could not but see, had won her sincerest approbation. And I should once more be desolate.

It was in the second year of Mr. May's pastorate, that I first seemed to see the prophecy which my heart had uttered approach near completion. There were many interviews between the two, many hurriedly snatched words in the hall, when Annie waited on him to the door, many glances of intelligence, which they thought unseen by me.

Trembling for the loss of my sole companion, and feeling that I should never replace that loss, I had watched all these signs and was satisfied that they meant something. Mr. Stanton, too, fed my fear with his continually repeated praises of the two, and their harmonious characters.

At last it seemed as if the climax was approaching. Mr. May called one day when Annie was purposely absent, as I believed. He spoke feelingly of his own homeless way of living—trying to make a home in another man's dwelling—of his capacity of domestic enjoyments, and his need of them as an offset to the severe study he practiced.

"And, pray, why have you never married, Mr. May?' I said, provoked at the man for not choosing to secure for himself the home he had so coveted.

He smiled, and then said, gravely:

"Because, Miss Morton, I never found my counterpart until I came to Guilford. I think I have found her here, but perhaps she will not think so; and therefore have I come to get the problem solved by one who I think can solve it for me.'

I felt that my voice had a sharp, metallic ring, as I exclaimed hastily:

"She can better solve it herself, Mr. May. You will do well to consult the lady herself.'

A look of surprise stopped me from saying more. I could not guess the meaning of that puzzled glance.

"Miss Morton, Annie has told me that I might hope for a return for my affections.'

"Then why, in the name of wonder, do you not accept her admission of the fact?'

I fairly laughed in his face; it seemed so stupid for him to come to me with his doubts, when it appeared that Annie had given him all the encouragement he asked for.

A light struggled into his face.

"Laugh at me, Miss Morton, if you will. I think I understand it all now. You think I love Annie Hale?'

"Certainly. Did you not say so, and that she has bidden you to hope? Are you a reasonable man, Mr. May, to ask me for a solution to a question, which the lady you love has answered?'

"The lady I love is yourself, Lettice.—May I love you?'

"Oh, Mr. May,' I said, in a frightened tone, "what will Annie do?'

"Annie? She will rejoice in my happiness, if only you will make me happy, Lettice. She is a true friend to me and to you, and has encouraged me to hope for your kindness toward a poor, homeless student. Not poor in a worldly sense, Lettice. I have sufficient for us both, if you will but share it with me. I want nothing but your heart.'

How fast he talked! It took away my breath to hear him. I do not know what I said, except that I murmured something about always consulting Mr. Stanton about my affairs.

"Ah, I am glad! So do I. Indeed he advised me to this step, but not until after my mind was fully made up. See Lettice, all our friends seem to approve. Will you not decide favorably?"

"There, go away. I must see Annie first. I was so sure she was attached to you, that I cannot believe otherwise.'

Annie's clear, ringing laugh as she met him at the door, relieved me, and her joyful congratulations on entering set me free from all fear of acting treacherously by her. I had suffered too much from treachery to attempt practicing it myself.

I did like Mr. May. I married him, and I have never repented it. To-day I sit in the same grove where Howard Ashley gave me the vows so soon broken. That scene comes up to me now, and my heart is filled with thankfulness that I can rest on a heart much truer than the one which I trusted on that day.

Annie left us last year to brighten the home of another; to fill the place of a mother to two sweet motherless children. Her husband is also a minister, a friend of my Alfred. She, too, has a sweet home like myself. I have never seen Sarah Ashley since that day on which she wrung my soul by her treachery, but I thank heaven that what she meant for evil, was overruled for my best and truest happiness. Truly, after all my trials I have found

"The green spot that blooms o'er the desert of life."

Did you like him, Annie?' I asked her playfully yesterday.

"Like him? Yes, certainly. I like him now; but our talk was not of me, but of yourself.'

"Why did you not tell me and prepare my mind for what was to come? I behaved very stupidly on one occasion, when I thought he had a fancy for you.'

"Ah, you were not the only stupid one at that time! I will tell you a secret, Lettice. I think it was myself at first; and really—well, you may judge whether I should have declined.'

Trust in God.

"Mother,' said a little girl, "what did David mean when he said, "Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my trust"?'

'Do you remember,' said her mother, 'the little girl we saw walking with her father in the woods yesterday.

"Oh yes, mother; wasn't she beautiful?'

"She was a gentle, loving little thing, you remember what she said when they came to the narrow bridge over the brook?'

"I don't like to think about that bridge, mother; it makes me giddy. Don't you think it is very dangerous, just those two loose planks laid across and no railing?—If she had stepped a little on either side, she would have fallen into the water'

"Do you remember what she said? asked the mother.'

"Yes, mamma, she stopped a minute, as if afraid to go over, and then looked up into her father's face and asked him to take hold of her hand, and said: 'You will take hold of me, dear father; I don't feel afraid when you have hold of my hand.'—And her father looked so lovingly upon her, and took tight hold of her hand, as if she were very precious to him.'

"Well, my child,' said the mother, "I think David felt just like that little girl, when he wrote those words you have asked me about.'

"Was David going over a bridge mother?"

"Not such a bridge as the one we saw in the woods; but he had come to some difficult place in his life—there was some trouble before him that made him feel afraid, and he looked up to God just as that little girl looked up to her father, and said: "Preserve me, O God, for in thee I put my trust.' It is just as if he had said, 'Please take care of me, my kind Heavenly Father; I do not feel afraid when thou art with me, and taking hold of my hand."—*The Childrens Friend.*

ADORNMENT OF HOME.—Money which goes to buy a picture, statuette, or tasteful bracket for adornment, is all wisely spent. If young people just starting in life, after they have secured the few articles of furniture that must be had, and made sure that they are what they ought to have. And if they have some money left to get a picture, an engraving, or a cast, they ought to work to supply this want as seriously as the other, which seems more necessary, but which is in reality not a bit more necessary. The general character of a home will make a great difference to the children who grow up in it, and to all whose experience is associated with it, whether it be a beautiful and cheerful one, or homely and bare one, or a merely formal and conventional one. The relation of these things to education is all that gives dignity or poetry to the subject, or makes it allowable for a reasonable man to give much thought to it.—But it has a real vital relation to life, and plays an important part in education, and deserves to be thought about a good deal more than it is. Seeming trifles like this make life either happy or miserable.

HERE AND THERE A GEM.—All that a person can think, say and do is work for eternity. A portion only of this work serves for time; and even time and earthly things have eternity for their end.—Even as regards results for time, all good farmers, mechanics, scientists and merchants know how much success and prosperity depends on the accuracy and promptness with which work is done. How watchful and careful is the skilful operator! No opportunity passes by unimproved; no flaw or imperfection escapes his watchful attention. But here with all his skill and care he may fail. Work for eternity never fails if carefully done; But men are in danger of being less careful in this than in that which pertains only to time. The work is not harder. No one is ever required to work beyond his strength; and strength for this work is given as for natural work.—*J. R. Hoffer.*

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog, which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking" gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! You know no more about it than they do."

The Young Captive.

BY REV. R. H. CRAIG.

Little Succat was the son of a deacon and grandson of a Presbyterian minister, and lived with his father and mother, on the lovely banks of the river Clyde in Scotland, many centuries ago. In infancy he was baptized in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, by his pious grandfather, and his parents spoke the Christian vows for him and promised to train him up in the fear of God. When he grew up to boyhood, "though warned of his salvation," he "know not the true God; was fond of pleasure, and delightful to be the leader of his youthful companions. In the midst of this frivolty he committed a serious fault." He does not tell us what that fault was; but there are so many faults into which boys are liable to fall, that we may suppose it any of them, or, perhaps, a number combined.

In those days the banks of the Clyde were very unsafe as a playground for unprotected children. Bands of pirates not unfrequently visited their shores, and, hiding their boats in some secret cove, would rush upon a group of heedless children and carry off the helpless little ones, taking them far from home, over the sea, to sell them in a strange land for slaves. This very thing occurred when poor Succat was about fifteen years of age; and he, with two hundred of his companions, was hurried away from home and sold as a slave across the sea. The young captive came into the possession of a savage master, who sent him out into the fields, like the Prodigal Son, to feed Swine. How tenderly the poor boy now thought of his parents; of the good lessons they had taught him; of the pious instructions of his grandfather who had so often pointed him to Christ; and of his own sins of youth! While his bare feet ached with the biting frost, and he shivered in the drenching rain, hungry and cold, lonely and homesick, he had leisure to reflect, and probably for the first time in his life began to pray. Finding great comfort in this, he was often on his knees, 'praying sometimes "an hundred times in the day, and almost as often in the night." He says also that he frequently rose to prayer in the woods before daylight, in snow and frost and rain;" and no doubt that is why he did not perish with cold: God takes care of those who looks to him for protection.

During six slow years did he suffer these hardships, yet trusing that God would bring a day of deliverence to him. By day and night he planned his escape. He could easily run away from his cruel master. But *where*, to be better off? seemed the important question. At length he had a dream, in which he saw a ship coming to the shore, and heard a voice saying:—"Behold, the ship is ready for you." This decided for him what he ought to do; so taking to flight and never stopping till he came to the place which he had seen in his dream, he found the ship almost ready to start on its outward voyage. The shipmaster at first refused him a passage. He turned away heartless and discouraged; but just then a voice said: "Come back quickly, for these men are calling you." He obeyed the voic eand was taken on board.

After three days of a stormy sea, the vessel was driven on a desolate shore, and there the fugitive and his companions wandered about twenty-eight days, with little food and less hope of finding their way till the captain of the ship, addressing Succat, said: "Thy God is great and all-powerful; why then canst thou not pray to him for us?" The young Christian directed them to "turn in faith to his God," which most probably they did with the hope of deliverence from starvation; and they were not disappointed; for soon they found a herd of wild swine, some of which they captured, and so enjoyed a sumptuous feast.

After spending sixty days in this wandering condition, the Christian boy prayed for deliverance from the company of those rude sailors. The answer came quickly; and in a few days, to his great joy, he was back with his parents on the banks of the beautiful Clyde, and visited again the scenes of his boyish sports.

But these early associations in which he had mingled without the knowledge of God, had no attraction for him now. He was so deeply concerned about the heathen who lived in the country of his six years' captivity that he was willing to leave his father and mother, home and friends, to carry the gospel of Christ to those benighted idolaters. He thought of them by day and dreamed of them by night, and wondered how he could bring them to a knowledge of salvation. He appears to have possessed a strong imagination, for again he dreamed that he heard a voice saying:—"We pray thee, holy youth, to come and henceforth walk among us." It satisfied him that this was a call from the Spirit of God, and in obedience to it, having received Presbyterial ordination to preach, and whatever qualifications by study of the Scriptures he could then obtain, he sought an opportunity of returning to the land of his former slavery. His friends tried to dissuade him from "rushing into danger among the heathen who knew not the Lord." They wept over him and offered him gifts; but he was not to be turned aside from his noble purpose; having dedicated his life to his Lord, the Spirit of God guided him to fulfil his mission.

A little boat was seen appoaching the northeastern coast of Ireland. It caused great consternation among the inhabitants, having been taken for a pirate boat. The chieftain hastily summoned his followers to defend their shores from such an incursion; but when he met the party and saw the noble countenance of the leader, swords were dropped and hospitality were offered instead. This prince soon learned from the lips of St. Patrick the way of salvation and so commenced the missionary work of the noble Succat.

As the name by which this good man is best known has now been revealed, let me say that Patrick met with great success in spreading the pure gospel of Christ among the Irish, who, up to this time, had been given to the idolatry of Druidism. North, South, East and West he journeyed, preaching everywhere like his great Master, till nearly all Ireland was under the influence of Christianity. He lived, labored and died in that beautiful island, and was buried in Downpatrick, County Down, fourteen hundred years ago. He was honored and beloved by that faithful people for whom he spent his life, so much that their descendants, the Irish Roman Catholics, now worship Patrick as their patron saint, though that good man if he knew it, would be grieved by such idolatry.

But possibly our young reader may exclaim: "I thought St. Patrick was a Roman Catholic!" So think a great many who never read his true history, but believe the stories and fables invented by Roman Catholic monks hundreds of years after his death. So think *all* Roman Catholics who adore him and who commemorate the 17th of March as St. Patrick's day. But how could he have been a Roman Catholic, when he commenced his missionary work about the year 440 and there was no claim to papal authority made for a century or two after that date? Patrick's success was so great that the Christian religion was received through all the country, and general learning began to occupy universal attention. The impulse thus given continued and increased, till before the 9th century Ireland had become justly famous over all the world for its churches, colleges and schools! and students were attracted from distant lands in great numbers—a single school was often attended by thousands of persons—and the people were noted for their piety and excelled in learning. But then it must be remembered that this was the pure religion of Christ which so rapidly promoted the civilization of Ireland before the blighting hand of Rome was stretched out over that lovely green island. Were it not for Roman ignorance, superstition and Idolatry, Ireland might to day occupy her former commanding position in relation to the other countries of the Old World.

Frank's Heaven.

I heard a little girl of five describe God and heaven to a little brother of three a few days ago. She was standing so near the golden gate she could see beyond it, but no one knew it. In her heart she was sure that heaven was very lovely, and with strange child-wisdom had always talked of going there to live. Her little brother Frankie refused to take any interest in the mysterious country. The earth suited him first-rate, the principal attraction here being peanuts. In vain she tried to implant in his mind the same longing for white robes and flowers which lurked in her own. He denounced heaven outright, declaring that "bright things and moosic was nuffin witout peanuts."

"But, O Frankie," said the devout child, "God is rich. The very washtubs in His house are filled with peanuts."

"Does he keep them tovered?" said the worldly Frankie.

"No," said the trusting Mamie; "all His little boys and girls take peanuts whenever they want them."

The unspiritual infant mused a little, and then said, with an air of decision: "Well, Mamie, I'll stay here, but if you do go to heaven send me back one of Dod's washtubs full of peanuts."

Mamie went to heaven in a little while, and the hopeful Frankie sits by the window very often, keeping a sharp lookout for the arrival of his tub of peanuts.—*Gertrude, in Indianapolis Herald.*

IF we die to-day the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds will sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connections, and in a short time they will forget and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years, not a living being can say, "I remember him." We lived in another age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life! How rapidly it passes!

THE wealth of some darying districts is enormous. Herkimer, New York, is said to ship annually over 17,000,000 pounds of butter—worth $4,500,000. Little Falls, New York, perhaps as much. St Albans, Vermont, ships 1,000,000 pounds of cheese, 2,750,000 pounds of butter, worth in the market $1,250,000. The village of Wellington, Ohio, shipped 400,000 pounds of cheese in 1869, $500,000. The products of the dairy are sold for cash, and hence the returns are quick. This industry enables the manufacturer to reduce a large bulk of food into a small compass, through the two processes of feeding cows and manufacturing the production.

THE WHEAT CROP.—The sudden advance in the price of cereals, everything relating to the condition of the growing crop throughout the country will be read with interest by farmers and dealers in grain.—The statistical crops of the Department of Agriculture report upon the condition of wheat in 868 counties of the winter wheat region. In 218 the returns are comparatively unfavorable; in 650 a condition varying from average to superior thrift is indicated. In the Atlantic States north of North Carolina and in those of the Ohio Valley there has been far less injury from frost than usual. Of 320 counties in the Ohio Basin only 45 report below average, and six-sevenths of the reports from the Middle States are favorable. In Missiouri the unfavorable returns are from 15 of the 66 counties, and in Kansas from 17 of the 38 counties. Grasshopper ravages are reported in 22 counties of Eastern Kansas, from Nebraska to the Indian Territory and as far west as Saline county, The wheat growing districts in Texas is also alive with grasshoppers, which threaten the destruction of the crop in several counties. More than twenty counties report the hatching of the area of wheat in Texas, and the prospects are favorable, with the exception of grasshopper ravages. In the other cotton States a dry autumn and variable winter have depressed the condition of wheat below the average.

REFINEMENT is not fastidiousness. It is nothing of this kind. It is far removed from excess or waste. A person who is truly refined will not squander or needlessly consume anything. Refinement, on the contrary, is always allied to simplicity and a judicious and tasteful employment of the means of good and happiness which it has at command. It seeks to divest itself of superfluities, and aspires continually to the utmost possible purity. Refinement leads to personal cleanliness and elegant neatness, good taste and simplicity in dress.—All 'loudness' or flashiness is repugnant to its spirit. In its home and surroundings, the same chasteness and natural grace are maintained. The abode of genuine refinement and a mere pretender to it are very different. In the former you will find no excess, gaudiness, false glitter; but the latter abounds in them. In personal manner, refinement is most conspicuous. A man of refinement is always polite without effeminacy and considerate without stiffness.—Displays and ceremony are identical without refinement like that of the heart which impels its possessor to show on all occasions a regard for the feelings of others.—No adherence to etiquette can compare with it for the spontaneous observance of true and gratifying politeness.

A CASH TRANSACTION.—A Gentleman living on Duffield street yesterday hired a boy to walk home beside him and carry a bundle, having first agreed to pay the lad fifteen cents. Reaching the house the man found he had no smaller change than a quarter and he said:

"If you will call at my office at two o'clock I will have the change."

"But it was to be cash down,' protested the boy.

"So it was; but I haven't the change, you see. You'll have to call at my office.'

"I'll call,' growled the boy as he turned away, "but I know just how it will work. When I knock on the door a cross-eyed clerk will yank it open, ask me what I want, and when I tell him, he will yell out: "That man went into bankruptcy last September, and now you git!' That's the way they allus play it on me, sir, and I druther lose the fifteen cents than to call the clerk a dodo and have to dodge coal-scuttles all the way down stairs."

The gentleman walked with him to the nearest grocery and made change.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MOTHERS INFLUENCE.—Some weeks ago, a gentleman walking in one of the metropoliton cemetaries, observed kneeling beside a tombstone, a little girl about ten years of age. In her hand she had 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 the mother might be as a shield to guard her child from evil.

A LADY was engaged in domestic affairs when some one rang the street door bell, and the Catholic servant girl was bidden to say her mistress was not at home. She answered, "Yes, ma'am, and when I confess to the priest, shall I confess it as your sin or mine?"

AN elevated purpose is a good and ennobling thing, but we cannot begin at the top of it. We must work up to it by the often difficult path of daily duty—of daily duty always carefully performed.