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The American Union

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Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity, can be found at the office of G. M. Russum, Esq., unless professionally engaged. ap11-tf

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DENTON, MD.

Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. ja4-1y

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
WOOL. POULTRY.

T. WIRT FOUNTAIN,
—WITH—
G. W. Shallcross & Co.,
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Sales Reported Daily—Returns once a week.

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For the Sale of
EGGS, GRAIN,
POULTRY, LUMBER,
BUTTER, BARK,
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STOCK, OYSTERS,
GAME, HIDES,
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☞ *Reference*—CASH. Nov 7 tf

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Offers his service to the public to call sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters himself, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [dec26-tf

CHAS. H. BLACKISTON,
—WITH—
Chas. W. Blake,
Watchmaker & Jeweler,
3 N. Charles St.,
BALTIMORE, Md.

Watches left with Mr. H. Blackiston & Son will be forwarded immediately where they will receive prompt attention.
All work guaranteed. [aug-16-tf.

TAILORING
J. W. Irving,

FORMERLY of Centreville and lately of Chestertown, has located himself in Denton, and proposes to carry on the
Tailoring Business
in all its branches, and hopes by strict attention to the same to merit the patronage of the public.

Cutting, Scouring and Repairing
done in the best manner, and all work made by him is warranted to give satisfaction.—To his former patrons of Queen Anne's, Kent and Caroline he returns his thanks, and should they need his services they will find him located opposite the Brick Hotel on Main Street. [oct19-tf.

Carriage and Dearborn Shafts, dressed—price $1 at
jan25-tf. B. G. STEVENS.

KELLER'S
VEGETABLE
LIFE
TRADE MARK
DROPS

Why we become Sick

Aside from hereditary pre-disposition to many diseases, there are four prominent causes of much of human disease, and these are: Impure air, which causes poisoning of the Blood and Pulmonary diseases; unhealthy water, which is a great source of Typhoid and kindred fevers; improper food, which is the cause of Stomachic and Intestinal derangement; and sudden changes of climate and temperature, which induce congestive disorders. Thus, the absolute essentials of life are often charged with the principles and poisoned with the germs of disease and death. Whenever the proportional principles of the Blood become disturbed from any of the causes named, impoverishment or poisoning of this fluid follows; if the digestive organs act abnormally, Dyspepsia and its distressing effects manifest themselves; any cause that tends to excite the unusual action of the Liver is certain to produce Bilious diseases; and whenever there is a torpitude or sluggishness of the bowels—Constipation, with its host of attendant evils, establishes itself.

From these universally accepted truths it becomes comparatively easy to explain Why We Become Sick. By neglecting the laws of nature, and eating unsuitable food, or eating wholesome food in an improper manner; by abundant drinking at meals, by many other improprieties of eating and drinking, and particularly by that one health-destroying habit peculiar to the American people—rapid eating—Indigestion or Dyspepsia is established with all of its distressing consequences; immediately the Blood lowers its standard and begins to deposit its impurities in the weakest parts of the system, causing all manner of discomfort and diseases according to the degree of impurity and the point of deposit. The great organs become involved; the Brain feels the bad influence; the Liver, the Spleen, the Heart, the Lungs, the Kidneys, the Skin—all are affected, and unless the impurity be removed, the whole volume of the Blood will become so poisoned that existence will be impossible.

How to Cure Sickness

Nature's method of purification and consequent cure is founded on the rational principle of judicious purgation; and when it is considered that the best physicians pursue the practice of attention to the stomach and bowels as preliminary (and often the only) treatment of disease, it is not difficult to perceive that a remedy possessing all the requisites of a purgative and alterative, in addition to other and valuable remedial influence, must obtain for itself more than ordinary consideration and favor. Our remedy combines every quality required for the treatment of disease on the above-named rational principle. It is a pleasant Cathartic, active or gentle, according to the dose; it is a Blood purifier, toning and enriching this fluid by its alterative property; its action on the Liver is soothing and certain, promoting the Biliary secretions; it is a safe and reliable Emmenagogue, acting specifically upon the uterine system; it affords the greatest attainable relief in Dyspepsia, and cures whenever used as directed; and in conjunction with hygienic means is the best preventive of Constipation that can be suggested.

From the above it would then appear that the simplest method to cure sickness is that one which combines judicious purgation with physical sustenance, and the observance of hygienic measures; the head should be kept cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open; and when treating diseases on the principles exhibited in the manual referred to below (which every one should read) the strength should be sustained by nourishing (not stimulating) food of the kind adapted to the complaint while the remedy is removing the disease.

To Prevent Sickness.

The pronounced opinions of the ablest Therapeutists indicate that most diseases are the direct result of vitiated Blood; and as their successful treatment of disease is founded on the principle and practice of eliminating this blood poison by judicious purgation, so this same principle, by reasonable adaptation to any case, is the surest means to prevent disease.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops are an absolute preventive of diseases caused by impurity of the Blood, of Liver diseases, of diseases of the Stomach, Intestines, etc. Its corrective influence will prevent or shorten attacks of Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Nervous Debility, Uterine disorders, Fever and Ague and all that numerous class of diseases induced by malarial poison. To prevent disease, then, purify the blood if needed by using a reliable alterative and purgative; this, conjoined with the observance of hygienic directions, will establish a condition of body in which health will be the rule and disease the exception. A careful perusal of the "Manual of Purgative and Depurative Medicine," will fully illustrate the subject of which the above is a mere outline, and will clearly indicate the method of using Keller's Vegetable Life Drops. To be had at Drug Stores or sent to any address on receipt of 3 cent stamp, by W. L. KELLER, Chemist, Baltimore

W. F. COOK,
Watch Maker
AND JEWELER,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments,
Confectionery, Notions
&c., &c.
MAIN STREET,
may18-6m. GREENSBORO', MD.

Poetry

A Farewell of the Period.

Farewell, my dearest—nevermore,
Hand clasped in hand, shall we together
Roam over the breezy, broad sea-downs,
All in the merry soft May weather!
But then this thought occurs to me;
'Twill save a trifle in shoe leather.

Farewell; for fate will have it so,
Oh, fondest heart!—Oh tenderest, nearest!
The hues of spring have lost their glow—
The leaf—the leaf is at its scarest.
I may not wed thee, sweet—just now
Dry goods and things are at their dearest.

Farewell, beloved—thou are free—
A fearful dearth of funds hath done it.
I'll keep thee ever in my heart—
I'll put thee in my choicest sonnet;
These will I love—the little cost—
Not so a Paris gown and bonnet!

And now we go divided ways,
Dead broke I am—that's all too certain;
I take no more stock in bouquets,
Bon-bons, and all that goes with flirtin',
So now I drop love's pretty theme,
And—so to speak—pull down the curtain.

RAINED DOWN.

"Roseburds and migonette at my elbow, an elm just outside the window, genuine woods two minutes distant, birds trilling and bees humming, butterflies floating on the soft breeze! what more is needed?—Only one thing, dear Sue—yourself. Come quickly. This delicious country scenery is too much to enjoy alone. I am getting too full. Pack your trunk, put on your linen suit, your sunhat—that coquettish affair with the deep brim—for your eyes are too pretty for the common gaze. Take a lunch, a book, and the cars. I shall expect you Saturday morning.'

* * * * * *

The above is a verbatim copy of a letter written by myself to my friend Sue Fanning, July 30, 18—. That letter I have just found in a carved box on Sue's dressing table, July 30, 1878.

On the first date I was in a little New England town—a town that carries its elms and sloping meadows, its mossy rocks and huckleberry-bushes, within a few yards of the seashore. I was domesticated with my aunt in the outskirts of a cozy village, and had settled down for the summer, determined to forget the existence of newspapers and magazines, and to regard editors as myths of the most filmy description.

I have known Sue Fanning since my boarding-school days. We roomed together in the "Finisher Institute,' and graduated with honor on the same day, our heads empty to an astonishing degree, and our hearts and imaginations full enough to make up for vacuem elsewhere.

However, the five years that had passed since the day of white Swiss muslin, and the blue sashes and diplomas, had taught us lessons never learned at institutes, and we were tolerably wise, at least in our own conceit.

Sue was with me in thirty six hours after the receipt of my letter, and for several consecutive days we did nothing but compare experiences, show each other our dresses, plan excursions, and glorify green grass and the fate that had sent us to the country together.

"Any young men here?' said Sue, one morning, when subjects for conversation were running low.

"A few miserable specimens, I believe. None that you would condescend to look at, my dear. Aunt introduced me to the physician the first day I came. He is a bachelor, but I believe you don't like doctors. Then, there is the lawyer; he is young, too, and rather good looking—considered fascinating, I believe. Aunt warned me against him. She thought him sufficiently bewitching to be inimical to my peace. But she needn't worry, for I intend to study law myself, when I get old enough, and it wouldn't do to have two lawyers in the same house. Husband & Co! just fancy it. No; I told aunty to reserve her lawyer and her advice for some maiden, who needed them more.'

In this nonsensical way we discussed the masculines of the neighborhood, and voted ourselves safe for the summer from all depredations upon our time and patience. We would have a world of our own, for three months, and not a man in it.

We would have a protracted woman's rights convention, and make all the speeches we chose, and there should be nobody to answer them.

After two weeks' of independence, time began to hang heavy on our hands, and we concluded that it would be specially jolly to have a horse that we could drive ourselves. Now, a horse that the average woman can drive isn't much to speak of, and can be picked up almost anywhere.—Aunt negotiated for one that she considered safe, and we took our first drive on a fresh July morning. That proving good to take, we repeated it, and lounging in our pretty phæton, we explored all the country roads, far and near. To me a country road is the most charming of places, providing, of course, that the road runs through a charming country. But I have said that we were in New England, and that is enough. Morning after morning we idled along, the reins lying loose upon Katie's back, between sloping meadows, where farmers' scythes glistened in the sunshine, or we left Katie crop the wayside grass, while we gathered wild roses and clematis to decorate our quarters at aunty's.

One day we rode farther than usual, and fortunately found a barn, with the big doors wide open, just as the rain began falling in torrents. We drove in without leave, and found ourselves in the presence of a remarkably handsome young farmer, with a pitchfork in his hand.

We beg your pardon,' said Sue, at the same time starting and turning pale; "but we didn't want to get wet.'

"You are quite welcome,' answered the young man. "Won't you go into the house?'

"Yes,' said Sue.

"Why, child, it's impossible,' I objected; "the rain is almost over now; and aunty will be frightened to death about us. I think you must be going crazy. What made you turn so pale just now?'

"A pain in my side; that's all. Please go in, dear; I want to.'

There was no resisting Sue when she coaxed, so "in we went. Our knight led us through a narrow entry, to a large, low-ceiled parlor, and asked us to be seated.—Then he disappeared to find 'mother.' We explored the room with our eyes, and noted the home-made striped carpet, the cane chairs, the haircloth sofa, the little looking-glass between the front windows, the muslin curtains, embroidered on one edge with a scanty vine, etc.

"That wall-paper is some that Noah had left,' said Sue. "Very suitable indeed for the ark. I suppose 'mother' made the carpet. You can scarcely call the draperies ample,' taking up the end of one of the poor skimped curtains. "Oh, here's fun! Let's look at the photographs;' and she huddled the dozen cases into her overskirt, and seated herself in the corner of the sofa.

"Sue, how you act!' said I, grandmotherly. "What will they think when they come in?'

Sue opened a picture case as I spoke; but she had no time to reply; instead, she uttered a low cry, and tumbled over on the sofa-arm in a dead faint.

Here was a predicament. I ran into the next room, and almost overthrew an old lady, who was hurrying toward the door I had just opened.

"Give me water, quick!' I said; "my friend has fainted.'

Water was brought, and the camphor bottle and the hartshorn, and poor Sue revived. While we were busy "bringing her to,' a child slipped into the room, and stood watching us with wide-open, astonished eyes.

When Sue looked up, the little thing walked straight over to her and said:

"Lady sick? Poor lady! I call papa.'

Sue took the baby in her arms, and continued her extraordinary proceedings by bursting into tears.

The lady of this farm, Mrs. Gray by name, as I found out afterwards, went into the kitchen to make a cup of tea.

As soon as she was gone I said: "What is it, Sue?'

"Oh, something you don't know anything about, she replied, sobbing, and squeezing the child about,' so tight that I feared for the young victim.

"Evidently,' I answered.

"I was engaged——'

"You?' I interrupted.

"Yes. I never told you about Tom.—It only lasted three months.'

Here there were fresh sobs.

"What became of him?'

"We quarreled, and—and—he went away. Then he wrote to me; but I was too angry to answer the letter just then; and—and I heard, not long after, that he was married.'

More sobs.

"That child must be used to tears,' said I, parenthetically.

"Papa sees tears,' answered the wonderful creature, calmly.

"And is that Tom's picture?' I continued.

"Yes. I haven't seen any trace of him in four years, and I have never forgotten him. Of course I couldn't tell anybody, not even you. I was a fool to faint; but I'm not very well to-day.'

"I should think not,' was my commonplace answer.

At this juncture the cup of tea appeared, also the motherly woman who made it.—The child had taken the photograph, and now held it up, saying:

"Papa's picture, gamma! See!'

"Yes, dear,' said 'gamma,' "I see.—Hadn't you better get down?—you'll tire the lady.'

"Lady likes me,' was the reply.

Sue sipped the tea, while Mrs. Gray bustled about her housework.

There was but one thing to be done—we both saw that. That was Tom Hale's picture and Tom Hale's child. Tom Hale's wife was, doubtless, somewhere around.—Sue was not the girl to inquire after another woman's property. She swallowed the tea as soon as it was cool enough, and rose up to go. We kissed the child, bade the lady good-day, and went to the barn.

Great white clouds were lazily floating away, leaving the most enchanting blue overhead; and the grass-blades and clover-tops and daisy-heads were all covered with superb diamonds.

The young farmer was still at work in the barn, and, as we approached, politely seated us in the carriage, after having backed our horses out, and then turned it in the right direction.

"I'm sorry if you're disappointed,' said Sue, "but I'm not going to stay in this neighborhood any longer.'

"Nonsense!' I replied.

"No, it isn't nonsense. I'm going home to-morrow.'

In spite of all that I could say, she went the very next day, bag and baggage, leaving me out of patience with the whole race of masculines.

That was Wednesday; and on Thursday, while I was sitting in my own room lamenting the transitory nature of all human calculations, and singing, in a depressed tone, "There's nothing true but heaven, a card was brought up to me. I took it languidly and read:

"THOMAS J. HALE."

"Good gracious!' said I, "what's that married man here for?'

I went down prepared to annihilate him. I met a courteous, polished gentleman, who inquired for Miss Fanning.

"Miss Fanning went home yesterday,' I said in freezing tones.

"Ah! I hope they're all well at home. Didn't she intend to stay longer?'

Such provoking coolness! He'd doubtless heard all about the fainting, the tears, etc., from that "infant phenomenon' of his, and now had come to show his power over my poor friend.

Goaded by this thought, I asked him if I could do anything for him, plainly intimating that if I couldn't, he might as well go.

"Yes, he said, smiling, "give me Miss Fanning's address.'

"I shan't do any such thing,' I said, quite forgetting myself in my indignation.

Then he laughed outright, and explained. It turned out that his wife had died two years after their marriage; that he was living in Boston, and visiting his mother-in-law, where his child was spending the summer. His brother was visiting with him, and was the hero of the barn. He had made up his mind, very naturally, that Sue's love was dead when she failed to answer his letter of reconciliation. The story of her tears over his picture gave him a clue to her real feelings, and hence his visit.

I gave him the address, and he went off in the best of spirits.

When I met Sue again, it was on the occasion of her wedding, at which I was bridesmaid. I heard a very pretty story of their meeting. It consisted of equal parts of moonlight evening, drooping maiden, sudden appearance of lover, great dignity, explanation, embraces, new vows, tears, smiles, settled rapture.

"I never expected anything so good would rain down when that shower came up,' said Tom Hale, in conclusion.

Worthy Words.

There is no burden that the Christian can have but the Burden bearer can enable him to rise beneath it, and walk happily with God under it. A man who takes the place which God puts him in, and sticks to it and fights it through, and stands a man every inch, has awaiting him an estate of glory such as has not been known in this world.

He who puts himself on the ground of moral principle, if the whole world be against him, is mightier than all. Never be alarmed of being in the minorities, so that minorities are based upon right principles. The command is, "fight the good fight of faith." And though there are many warriers who enter into battle with doubts and fears as to the issue of the conflict, it is not so among the soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, who wage the celestial warfare. Victory is declared before the combat commences, and as sure as they begin to fight, faith tells them they shall be made "more than conquers."

A good conscience is better than two witnesses. It melts sorrows as the sun does the ice. It is a spring when we are thirsty, a staff when we are fain', a shelter when the sun strikes us, a pillow in the hour of death.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No! it is no conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart from and above it, and to produce the impression of a holy and a separate life; this only can give us a true Christian power.

GIVING.—The system of redemption from first to last is one grand system of giving. God loved the world, and *gave* his only begotten Son to save it from eternal ruin. The Son loved us, and *gave* himself to die for us. He *gave* "his life a ransom for many.' This giving does not rest at the point of bounty; but passes on to that of inconceivable sacrifice. Every man, on whose spirit the true light of redemption breaks, finds himself an heir to an inheritance of givings which began on the eve of time, and will keep pace with the course of eternity. To giving he owes his all; in giving he sees the substantial evidence he can offer that he is a grateful debtor; and the self sacrifice of him to whom he trusts says, far more pathetically than words can say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Christianity ordains that giving shall be both bountiful and cheerful. It does not satisfy the demands of our religion that we give; we must give much. "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly.' This refers to the amount of gifts. But Christianity is not content here; that unsparing amount must be given with a cheerful heart, "not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.'—*Wm. Arthur.*

A Light In the Window.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this Island a young girl in a cottage with her father, and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the "lonely rock," and gone down.

In her deep sorrow this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child—humble, poor and weak—but she said in her heart, that while she lived, no more boats should be lost on the 'lonely rock,' if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she lay down and slept through the day; but at night-fall arose, and lighting a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from sea, and guide him safely into harbor. She sat by the candle all night and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned, she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity and old age, she has turned night into day; and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness that northern harbor has never been one night without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steadily as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view and they were safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

But what do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their gratitude; or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forgot for a time the patient watcher within.

Who is there, pining in uselessness and longing for a mission, who can take a lesson from this watching one? Many souls are drifting in the darkness, many bodies are in peril and in need. Let YOUR light SHINE.

A Fatal Habit.

Irresolution is a fatal habit. It is not vicious in itself, but it leads to vice, creeping upon its victims with a fatal facility, the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean, and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain is poison; yet he swallows it.—He knows, for the example of thousands has painted in glaring colors, that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with disease, and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave; yet he drains it. How noble, on the contrary, is the power of resolution, enabling the one who possesses it to pass through perils and dangers, trials and temptation. Avoid the habit of irresolution. Strive against it.

Learn to say No! and mean it and do it. Do not dally with sin and temptation. Have principles, and abide by them. "Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

THE furnace of afflictions shows upright real faith to be such indeed, remaining still the same even in the fire, the same that it was, undiminished, as good gold loses none of its quantity in the fire.—Doubtless many are deceived in time of ease and prosperity, with imaginary faith and fortitude; so that there may be still some doubt, while a man is underset with outward helps, as riches, friends, esteem, &c., whether he leans upon those or upon God, who is an invisible support, though stronger than all that are visible, and is the peculiar and alone stay of faith in all conditions. But when all these outward props are plucked away from a man, then it will be manifest whether something else upholds him or not; for if there be nothing else, he falls; but if his mind stands firm and then unremoved as before, then it is evident he laid not his weight upon these things which he had then about him, but was built upon a foundation, though not seen, which is able alone to stay him, although he be not only frustrated of all other supports, but beaten upon with storms and tempests; as our Saviour says *the house fell not, because it was founded on a rock.*—*Leighton.*

The Final Victory Sure.

Why should we be afraid? No anatomy of speculation can alter the nature of man; no criticism can turn history into fable; no science or wit of man,—none but Christ, can satisfy souls thirsting for the living God. For awhile these troubling activities may prevail. Some tired of the ancient sun, and moon, and stars, may long for new lights; some, casting off specific Christian views, may step back towards old pagan philosophy, and deem it progress, and call the bareness wealth; many novelties may spring up to divert and mislead the unwary, but fashions of thought, like other fashions, soon pass away, and times of skepticism bring about the reaction of faith.

Why fear? Is it not a part of the mystery of His way,—the divine policy of which the cross is the sublime example,—that He always triumphs even when He seems to fall; rises out of suffering and death more powerful than before; and gains a wider influence, a brighter luster, from all that is done to injure his name? Greater changes may occur; the powers of heaven may be shaken and the mountains be removed; it may look to the eye of men as if ruin were coming on the loosened winds; but as we stand in the present, cowering while we hear the birds of prey flapping their wings and screaming with premature joy as if about to feast on the dead body of Christianity, or timid as we cast a glance towards the dubious future, there rises the figure or our Lord in calm majesty, who sits as King upon the floods, and master of all the wild forces that are abroad, and his quiet voice is heard saying to us out of his peaceful greatness, "Children, let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

No; O, Lord, we will not fear, for thou art with us and greater than all. With him is the burden of empire and the issues of the war; with us the service of obedient love. It is his to see that the purposes do not fail; it is ours to go forth without worry to our labor from morning until evening. We have this one thing to do, to mind our spirit and our work. Let us renew our strength and refresh ourselves once more for toil by sight of him. "Oh come, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.' Let us rejoice in hope, for lo! in the distance we see all the people praising him, and the whole earth filled with his glory: Amen and amen.

Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

A missionary relates the following:—"The night was dark. The sullen rain fell in torrents. Gloomy Five Points seemed never more dreary. The houseless shuddered under the stoops and the copings. Wailing sorrow surged through the lanes where dwelt the poor of New York. A heavy knock came to the door of the Mission House. It was past midnight. Out of the darkness a hoarse voice called out, 'Hallos, there! I want a Sunday school teacher. She is dying. Come quick!'—Donning a cloak, a young woman accustomed to tread the lanes of sorrow in darkness as in light stepped out in the blackness. Her guide was a rough fellow.—Her way was that which stout men fear to tread at that hour. But her promise was: 'Be not dismayed. He will give His angels charge.' Through narrow lanes, in dark and dangerous valleys, amid foul rooms, the man led on. Alongside of brutal men and swearing women they walked. Into a doorway the pair entered, over broken boards out into a yard in an old rookery, where a human man would not keep a dog, the guide halted. On a sick bed lay a girl not seventeen. The remains of beauty, that sin had not stamped out, lingered on her face. The girl looked on her visitor and said, 'Be you a Sunday school teacher?' 'I am.' 'Then tell me of Jesus! I am dying. Be quick.' The story was a short one and easily told.—'Show me how to pray.' The prayer of Stephen, the martyr, was repeated. The dying girl followed. 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' At the word 'receive' she lay back on her pillow and fell asleep. The teacher said, 'no one ever crossed the flood with that prayer on her lip that went alone through the dark valley.' Some Sunday school teacher, in her dreary rounds, had passed that girl. Perhaps had said a kind word to her, perhaps had put a sixpence of her hard earnings into her hand. That labor will be among her sheaves at the last.'—*Burleigh in Boston Journal.*

Purified Love.

All men and women must love something. If our thoughts are pure we love birds, flowers, and all beautiful things. In their contemplation we are happy, and there comes to our brain a steady strength. It is such a rest from labor to look upon the fragrant flowers placed each morning on our desk—to hear our pet canary sing his roundelay of welcome—to behold evidences of thrift and neatness all about, as these children of order and system reward the senses. It is related of a man that he called his wife, who was a hundred pounds heavier than he, his little darling—his *petite* pet. People smiled at him because they did not understand his actuations.—He had a warm, trusting, loving heart.—We are like chameleons, and color as we feel mentally. If we love the beautiful, we are happy. If we love the coarse, the vulgar, the objects or influences that give no sweet return, life becomes a blank, the soul cracks and shrinks into a bundle of nailrods to lacerate the mental man, and we are on the direct road to ruin.