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Selected Poetry.

MIDSUMMER EVE.

A sunset glory lines the West
With streaks of crimson. In the pine,
The ring-dove murmurs on her nest;
And myriad golden starlets shine.

Upon the fair, calm hour of night,
As she her sable veil lets fall,
The swallows from the dizzy height
Of ivied steeple twittering call.

As twilight fades, and darkness grows
Upon the landscape, and the leaves
Of dew-filled flowers, slowly close,
And martins gather 'neath the eaves.

And on the breast of silver stream,
The lilies quiver, while the sigh
Of rustling night-breeze, like a dream,
Stirs their white blooms, and passes by.

The sleeping swans, with ruffled wings
And head reposing, slow drift on;
The nightingale melodious sings
The blossom-laden bough upon.

The plashing of the mill-wheel falls
Like music on the farm-boy's ear;
As homeward trudging, blithe he calls,
And whistles when his cot is near.

The lights go out in cottage homes,
The labors of the day-time cease;
Abroad the king of slumber roams,
And in his trains are—Rest and Peace.

All the Year Round.

OUR OLD HOME.

A Simple Story of Rural Life.

BY SUE.

When father died mother became so low spirited that she did not take any interest in anything about the place.

'Do as you like, girls,' was her reply to every question we asked her. I become so discouraged that I did not care what really became of us. Father left us but a few acres of badly tilled land, and a house as old as the hills—the old cottage he was born in.

Mary Ann kept her spirits in a hopeful state. She said as long as we had mother left, and a shelter for her head, we all might be thankful, and go about our duties cheerfully. Mary Ann was different from the most of us—she was like the Morgans, mother's family.

'But this old place will never pay a farm hand, and Jennie is too small to help much,' feeling as I spoke, rather hopelessly. 'How were we to live?' I asked of her.

'I shall farm it myself. You take care of the house and keep mother from fretting, and I will see to the farm,' said Mary Ann, cheerfully.

It was getting along in March, and nothing had been attended to, for we were so confused about father's death, and the loss of our dear homestead, which went to pay off father's debts. The old home was small, only sixty acres, not much like the lost one. Sam Jay bought it, and we felt it had fallen into good hands. He would be kind to the stock, which went with the place.

The last week in March we moved to the old home on the hill. It had stood empty for years. Once in a while father used it for corn and grain, when the harvest was plentiful; it had been a sort of store house for a long time. I managed the inside of the house, and soon had it in good order. The rooms looked cheerful. Mother brightened up, when everything was fixed. The memory of her early wedded life clustered round its hearth.

She said, pointing to different parts of the sitting-room—she was growing rather queer—'your father sat there the night John came home from college. How proud we were of John. There is where the table stood on which they placed his coffin the day he was buried. And there was Neddie's cradle—little baby Ned, who fell from the door-sill yonder and rolled down the stone steps on his head, breaking his neck.'

You see she was bound to gather up all the sad events in her life, and hold them in view like mourning garments.

The departure of the snow revealed an unsightly array of refuse lumber round the house, broken carts and wagons, which father had thought too good to cut up. A pile of stumps and old boards, whose rugged and ugly proportions effectually warded off the best view of the fine mansion in the valley, was Mary Ann's first attack. She was bound to have a clean door-yard and surroundings, and she went about it in good earnest, too. Soon the farm buildings and yards were in splendid order, the fences whitewashed, and the doors which had hung on one hinge gracefully hung on two; windows were mended, and, lastly, she obtained paint and brushes, and actually painted the house and outbuildings. People passing would wonder what power had transformed the old place. Instead of the wood-colored house, broken fences and unsightly sheds, we had a new white cottage, with plain, substantial fences inclosing a clean plot of ground for a front yard.

Mary Ann was always fond of flowers, and she ornamented the garden with shrubs and flowers. Sam Jay allowed her to take all the plants she loved best from his garden. They were hers and he would not deprive her of them. He sent his hired man to plow up the five acre lot, and came up himself to help her top-dress the west field and the lower meadow. She displayed a wonderful lot of thrift, the neighbors said. We had three cows and fifty-eight hens, and, by good management, I made the cows and hens provide food for the family. We had pork and beef left from last year.

We got on finely. Vines and climbing roses rendered our back kitchen one of the pleasantest rooms in the house. Sam Jay used to sit there and talk for hours with Mary Ann about the farm, and what seeds and roots would grow with the smallest amount of work; and together they studied how to make the farm pay the best. The first year was a perfect success. Mary Ann cleared from her oats, hay and corn, nearly five hundred dollars. Jamie was kept at school. Mother was cared for like a lady, and we felt comfortable. Sam Jay spent the long winter evenings at our house, reading books and papers with Mary Ann.

So the spring came round again and we had our hands full. "Doing the chores" fell upon me; the burden of milking the cows, raising the calves and nursing sickly lambs, was my share, while Mary Ann attended to feeding the pigs, and raising the chickens, and other work around the barn. Some very fine rose bushes and a box of rare flower seeds were sent us from the city, and caused Mary Ann to pay some extra regard to horticulture. I knew Sam gave the seeds and wondered if her small brown hands had not opened a wound in his heart. He was very kind to us all, I believe; he managed to find a man to do all the hardest of our work. He did not like to see Mary Ann's hands sunburned and blistered. She was so merry all the time—there was something about her so refining and humanizing—she loved so passionately the beauties of Nature. Her mind was well stored with the beauties of thought and language, suggestive of nature and life—her kindly feelings and religious principles rendered her a superior character. Her simple piety threw over our home a holy influence, beautiful as it was touching.

Sam was a gentleman of refinement and mental cultivation. His manly qualities invested him with a wonderful charm. His gentle dignity, the sweetness and gravity of his speech, together with his wide range of thought and elevated sentiments, attracted Mary Ann, and later in the season I noticed her face would flush when his name was mentioned.

There was a gay party down to the Jay mansion; Sam's two sisters were home from a boarding school. They brought a number of their schoolmates with them. Sam had forsaken us—so we thought. He had not been to see us for three weeks. Mary Ann saw him riding every day with a dark-eyed girl from the city, and once they passed the field where Mary Ann was weeding corn. He lifted his hat gracefully, but the beauty by his side laughed sneeringly, saying, "What rustic beauty is that?"

Mary Ann heard her ask this in a haughty tone.

"She is beautiful, but not rustic; she is a queen among women," was his gay reply.

Mary Ann heard this answer, and felt like weeping. She finished her work before tea, and came to the house looking as if she had seen a spirit. She was as white as a sheet. I did not say a word to her, for I knew she had seen Sam Jay riding by with a lady, and knew Mary Ann thought more of him than was good for the peace of her soul.

Mother saw how ill she looked, and remarked about it. Mother was very proud and fond of Mary Ann. She resembled John, who was mother's idol while he lived. Jamie, and little Ned, who was killed by a fall, did not seem half so near. Ned did not live long enough to display any peculiar smartness; he was killed the same year John died. I don't think father rightly got over the death of his sons. Jamie, the baby, did not seem to fill their places in his heart.

"Are you sick, child?" said mother, in a frightened tone; you do look dreadfully, Mary Ann."

"No, dear mother, I am only weary; pulling weeds in the hot sun gave me a dreadful headache."

I thought of Sam, and that he had given her the headache—heart and head both.

"I am not going out again to-day, and will change my dress. Would you like to have me sing to you mother?" she said, cheerfully.

She knew mother was troubled, and put on a gay expression in order to banish her fear of making others uncomfortable. She was never selfish.

"I would love dearly to hear you sing, child. I was thinking to-day that you must have forgotten your music."

"I'll change my dress in a moment, and sing you that new song I composed last summer," said Mary Ann, leaving the room.

She returned after awhile, dressed in a nice new print, white apron, and lace collar, made by myself. I had a talent for fancy work as well as bread and butter making. She looked as fresh and fair, no one would have guessed that she had plowed and planted, hoed and weeded, all the spring. Her hands were brown and hard, but small and shapely, and they glided over the ivory-keyed instrument gracefully enough to suit even quality people. Mother was proud of her, and it did not much matter if other folks did not like it, if mother was satisfied.

"What shall I sing, mother?" she said, smiling, while her eyes were full of tears.

"Sing 'The dearest spot on earth to me,' said mother;" "and then, if you will, sing that pretty thing that you composed last fall, for Jamie. I have not heard it for a long time."

Mary Ann's voice was sweet and clear. The instrument was a cabinet organ, presented to her by her father on her last birthday but one. She sang, "Home, Sweet Home."

Mother was weeping silently behind her handkerchief. Mary Ann's face had a happy expression like sunshine over flowers. I think we got a glance of the faith which had given her so much strength to labor through all seasons. If anybody ever knew the glory of a prayer, our Mary Ann did. She was a true woman.

Mother said she was glad she was so near the "Heavenly Home," and thought she had put on autumnal shades, touching her silvery locks with her fingers. "I hope to see you both happily married, dears, before I go," she said, smiling. "I think you will prove a crown-jewel in somebody's home, Mary Ann."

"The Lord grant that it may be mine!" said Sam, who had come in noiselessly, just in time to hear mother's speech. He said in a trembling voice:

"Will you come back to the old home, my darling?" He opened his arms and Mary Ann sprang into them, and was clasped to a faithful heart. Brother Sam does the farming now.

Speech of Mr. Greeley at Portland, Maine, Aug. 14th.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is certainly true that throughout the course of my life, as far as I have been connected with public affairs, I have struggled with such capacity as God has given me, for first, impartial and universal liberty; second, for the unity and greatness of our common country; and third, and by no means last, when the former end was attained, for early and hearty reconciliation and peace among our countrymen. For these great ends I have struggled, and I hope the issue of the third is not doubtful.

I thoroughly comprehend that no personal consideration has drawn this vast assembly together. Other, higher and grander considerations have collected you to-day. It is part of the unwritten law of our country that a candidate for President may not make speeches in vindication and commendation of the principles whereupon he is supported, or the measures which his election is intended to promote, though a candidate for Vice-President is under no such inhibition. I not merely acquiesce in the restriction—I recognize and affirm its propriety.

The temptation to misinterpret and misrepresent a candidate for the higher post is so great, the means of circulating such perversion among the people who never see a word of the refutation so vast, that a candidate has no moral right to subject his friends to the peril he must brave, if not invite, by taking part in the canvass. Yet there is a truth to be uttered in behalf of those who have placed me before the American people in my present attitude, which does them such honor that I claim the privilege of stating it here, and now this is that truth: No person has ever yet made the fact known that he proposed to support, or actually did support, my nomination, whether at Cincinnati or Baltimore, or any action which resulted in sending delegates to either convention, as the basis of a claim for office at my hands. No one who favored my nomination before either convention, or at either convention, has sought office at my hands, either for himself or any one else, nor has one suggested to me that I might strengthen myself as a candidate by promising to appoint any one to any important office whatever. In some few instances, less than a dozen, I am certain, some of the smaller fry politicians have since my double nomination hinted to me by letter that I might increase my chances of election by promising a postoffice or some such place to my volunteer correspondents, respectively.

I have not usually responded to these overtures, but I now give general notice that should I be elected I shall consider the claims of these untimely aspirants after those of the more modest and reticent shall have been fully satisfied. [Applause.] In two or three instances I have been asked to say whether I would or would not, if elected, confine my appointments to Republicans. I answer these by pointing to the plank in the Cincinnati platform wherein all who concur in the principles therein set forth are cordially invited to participate in their establishment and vindication. I never yet heard of a man who invited his neighbors to help him raise a house and proceeded to kick them out as soon as the roof was fairly over his head. For my part I recognize every honest man who approves and adheres to the Cincinnati platform as my political brother, and as such fully entitled to my confidence and friendly regard. One other point demands a word: Those adverse to me ask what pledges I have given to those lately hostile to the Union to secure their favor and support. I answer—No man or woman in all the South ever asked of me, whether directly or through another, any other pledge than is given in all my acts and works from the hour of Lee's surrender down to this moment.

No Southern man ever hinted to me an expectation, hope or wish that the rebel debt, whether Confederate or State, should be assumed or paid by the Union, and no Southern man who could be elected to a Legislature or made colonel of a militia regiment ever suggested the pensioning of all rebel soldiers or any of them, even as a remote possibility. All who nominated me were perfectly aware that I upheld and justified federal legislation to repress the Ku-Klux conspiracy and outrages, though I had long ago insisted, as strenuously as I now do, that complete amnesty and general oblivion of the bloody, hateful past would do more for the suppression and utter extinction of such outrages than all the force bills and suspension of habeas corpus ever devised by man. Wrong and crime must be suppressed and punished, but far wiser and noble in legislation is the policy by which they are prevented.

From those who support me in the South I have heard but one demand—justice; but one desire—reconciliation. They wish to be heartily reunited and at peace with the North on any terms which do not involve the surrender of their manhood. They ask that they should be regarded and treated by the Federal authority as citizens, not culprits, so long as they obey and uphold every law consistent with equality and right. They desire a rule which alike for white and black shall encourage industry and thrift, and discourage rapacity and villainy. They cherish a joyful hope, in which I fully concur, that between the 5th of November and the 4th of March next quite a number of Governors and other dignitaries who in the absurd name of republicanism and loyalty have been for years piling debts and taxes upon their war-washed States will follow the wholesome example of Bullock, of Georgia, and seek the shades of private life. The darker and darker those shades the better for themselves and for mankind, and the hope that my election may hasten the much-desired hegira of thieving carpet-baggers has reconciled to the necessity of supporting me many who would otherwise have hesitated and probably refused.

Fellow-citizens, the deposed and partially exiled Tammany ring has stolen about thirty millions from the city of New York. That was a most gigantic robbery, and hurled its contrivers and abettors from power and splendor to impotency and infamy; but the thieving carpet-baggers have stolen at least three times that amount; stolen it from the already impoverished and needy, and they still flaunt their prosperous villainy in the highest places of the land, and are addressed as honorable and excellencies. [Applause.] I think I hear a voice from the honest people of all the States declaring that their iniquity shall be gainful and insolent no longer, at the furthest, than the 4th of March next, by that national verdict pronounced that will cause them to "fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away," and that I trust will be the end of their stealing at the cost of the good name of our country and the well-being of her people.

At the conclusion of his speech Mr. Greeley sat down amid a storm of cheers.

A New Motor.

WONDERFUL INVENTION—STEAM SUPPLANTED BY A NEW POWER.

For some time past, our Philadelphia correspondent has been permitted to witness, frequently, the private exhibitions of a new power, which bids fair to revolutionize machinery and motive powers now in use. These exhibitions were not by any means public, but only to a select few of the scientific and practical engineers, machinists and business men of our city—gentlemen of inteligence and ability—These same gentlemen, before seeing this great invention, were, naturally, in the highest degree skeptical in regard to the wonderful powers claimed for it, but upon repeated visits, careful study, numerous trials and experiments, they have been compelled surrender and acknowledge its great merit; not merely a wordy acknowledgement, but a substantial one; as some thousands of dollars have already been placed at the inventor's disposal, for the procuration of patents for this country and also several European countries, and for the purpose of constructing suitable practical models, and also a ten-horse power engine for the perfect demonstration of its entire practicability, and usefulness as a moter wherever motive power may be required. And further, the inventor is assured that he can have as much more of the "filthy lucre" placed at his disposal as he may require for perfecting the said invention and putting it before the world, and into general practical use.

The inventor explains, that with the best water or tribune wheels now in use, one hundred pounds of water are requisite to produce eighty-two pounds of power; but in this machine one pound of water is sufficient to produce one thousand pounds of power. The agents furnishing this immense power are not new. They are as old as creation and as necessary to our life as they are to furnish the motive for this engine. These agents are simply air and water in the proportion of fifteenth-sixteenths of the former to one-sixteenth of the latter. From the agents employed it is very properly called "The Hydro Pneumatic Pulsating Engine." Everything about it is patent to the eye, except arrangement of air chambers which give to the elements propelling power, and these are very properly concealed by a copper cylinder or receiver. A rubber hose is attached to the cold water stop-cock of a bath-tub, and through this the water passes into and upon what is called a "diaphragm," in a stream about the size of a goose quill.

Upon the introduction of the water, which is used only as a "packer" or "lubricator," a cast-iron fly-wheel is set in motion and presently revolves at the rate of from five hundred to nine hundred revolutions a minute, the spokes of the wheel glittering as a solid surface. A lead of four pounds of water through a goose quill produces instant activity, giving a capacity of seven hundred pounds each stroke of the pulsating medium, and dispensing power upon the pulley sufficient to raise thirty-six thousand pounds one foot per minute.

In the small one-horse machine now in operation, the cylinder in which the piston moves is about four inches long, and the piston is only the size of a copper cent; yet it runs readily with great velocity, lifting at every stroke of the pulsating medium a weight so arranged by leverage, to be equal to seven hundred pounds; and the strongest man finds it impossible to affect the speed a particle, by applying friction to the cogs of a wheel six inches in diameter, by which the power is directly applied to machinery.

By an improvement utilizing the escape of waste water, five hundred pounds of power per minute are gained, and the engine runs itself, either with pressure or independent of it. The full power of the small machine now in operation can be gained by a stream of water running through a tube no larger than a lucifer match. The machinery is simple, and yet there is a mechanical combination (also the invention of Mr.——) ingeniously contrived, and giving such a multiplication of powers as to astonish all beholders either scientific or practical.

It requires no fuel, no caloric, or any chemical agent. Air and a very small stream of cold water are the only agents used. It will not occupy one-fourth the space, nor cost one-fourth as much as an an ordinary steam engine of the same power; and, economically considered, will be the cheapest motor ever brought into practical use. The propelling agents are absolutely without cost—the only cost after first cost being the wear and tear of the machine, by friction. The inventor says, "only keep the water running into it and the machine will be kept in motion until worn out." Active preparations are now in progress for putting up a ten-horse power engine.

As long as the patents for this wonderful invention are not yet secured, the "occult principles" of the motor are not yet to be explained. It is frequently interesting to investigate and learn the cause of particular thought, or act that has led to a great invention; and not the least curious, among others, is the subject of thought that led to the invention of the "Hydro Pneumatic Pulastic Engine"—it being based upon physiology; viz: the circulation of the blood throught the ventricles of the heart. Few understand the power of the heart, in forcing the blood to all parts of the body; and few still would have thought that the contemplation of such a subject could ever have led to the invention of a great motive power, which is destined in a great measure to take the place of steam; and also to allay the fears of those who are calculating in what particular year the coal fields of the earth will be exhausted.

When Stephenson projected his locomotive and Watts perfected it, men thought them mad, to have faith in the utilization of steam, for such a purpose; and years afterward the world thought Fulton a visionary to imagine that steam could be applied to navigation. When Franklin drew the lightning from the Heavens, and Morse made it a vehicle of intelligence, men heard and read and wondered; but were slow to believe. But the utilization of steam and electricity have been brought to such perfection, that we now only wonder how mankind blundered, struggled and toiled slowly along a hundred years ago; and we must not be too sure that our astonishment shall not be still greater at seeing so useful an agent as steam almost entirely supplanted by a new motive power, furnished simply by air and cold water, and absolutely without cost.

The inventor is in his prime and has been a mechanical genius all his life. At fourteen years of age he built a small engine, and for the past twelve years has been constantly engaged in mechanical studies for the perfection of this and other mechanical inventions. Any one can learn to run this new machine in a few hours, and by its use all dangers of explosion and loss of life thereby are entirely avoided. It cannot explode, nor can it collapse, for like a perfect arch, the greater the pressure upon it the greater is its resisting power, and the greater is the power dispensed to the machine.

Skepties may be loth to believe in the utility of this new motor, and those interested in the use of steam may fight the issue, but "truth is mighty and must prevail" and the name of the ingenious inventor will be ranked with those of Newton, Stephenson, Watts, Fulton, Morse, Franklin and the great geniuses of physical science throughout all time.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

The following lines were found written on the back of a five hundred dollar Confederate note:

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it,
As a pledge of the nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell—
Of Liberty born, of the patriot's dream,
Of the storm-cradled nation that fell.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well discerned;
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were over due;
We knew if it brought us bread to-day,
It was the best our poor country could do.

Keep it—it tells our history over,
From the birth of its dream to the last;
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
Like the hope of success it passed.

THE WHITE STEP-STONE.

The English are very domestic in their habits. A home to a Londoner is a necessity. No matter how poor, or lowly, he must have a hearth-stone and a companion to share his homely lot. Probably no people on the face of the earth would be content with the rude tenement, the coarse, hard diet and the scanty accommodation that make the home of a British workman.—Give him a shelter, with wife and children, work to do, ale to drink and bread to eat, and he seems content.

John Morey was a good specimen of a British workman. He was a Spitalfield weaver, and one of the poorest of his class.

Morey's home was as poor as poor could be. One room served him as parlor, kitchen and bedroom. An air of neglect untidiness, poverty and want pervaded the room. A coarse woman, slipshod, and unwashed, tall and bony, with a querulous look, and a face on which ill-temper suffering and despondency, had done their worst, presided over this apartment. Three children, more dilapidated and untidy, quarrelled and cried alternately. The woman sat with an air of despondence and gloom by the hob. Between his work, when he had any, and the ale-house, the man's time was mostly consumed. His wife saw little of him, and would have been content to have seen much less. He lived a life of perpetual warfare at home. He loved the ale-house. The brisk fire and the cheery company he met there suited him. His earnings were mostly spent at the tap-room. On Saturday evenings, with a week's wages in his pocket, he was found at the "public," shouting over the flowing tankard. He came home late, to be met with reproaches and to look in on the discomfort of his own room, filled with strong drink, and scarcely a penny saved from his debauch.

Not far from the home of Morey, some practical Christian women met to see if something could not be done to elevate the poor, and to relieve their physical necessities.

Bent on this mission, two messengers of mercy called at the door of John Morey.—Half invited and half intruding the ladies found themselves in the centre of a room where the reception was less repulsive than the furniture and filth. With a kind tone the ladies announced that a tea meeting was to be held in that neighborhood during the week, and they came to invite her and her husband to become guests. A good supper and pleasant entertainment would be provided for all who came. Cards of invitation handsomely printed, were laid on the table, and with a warm invitation left for the husband, the ladies, with a cheerful good morning, left the room. Mrs. Morey stood in the centre of the room as if transfixed. Somebody cared for persons as neglected and worthless as herself. She went to the table took up the cards, and looked at them.—Thoughts, emotions, hopes, that she thought had long ago been stamped out by suffering and sorrow, began to assert their rights. She brushed a tear from her eye, an unwonted thing, and turned away and seated herself again by the hob. She was disturbed by the entrance of John. He had great news to tell. There was to be a grand tea given to the workmen, and all were excited over it. A hall was engaged. The workmen were putting down the tables. Grand ladies and gentlemen were going to preside, and all the workmen and their wives were to be present. John was so full of the matter that he had forgotten to stop at the Public. His wife more generous than usual, told him of their visitors, and pointed to the cards on the table. John took them up reverently, examined them carefully, and gently laid them away in the old Bible which his mother gave him when he was a boy.—The invitation was heartily accepted, and preparations were made for the grand tea that was to come off.

Before the ladies commenced their work, efforts had been made to meet the spiritual destitution of the Spitalfield weavers. Not far from this famed locality is a fine vicarage. The vicar, like many of the Establishment, belonged to a noble family. To keep the gift in the household, one of the sons is usually fitted for the Church. The elder takes the titles. One goes into the army or navy. The fine living must not go-a-begging, so the younger son takes orders. The vicar lived in a social atmosphere far above the greater part of his people. He associated with a few families among the gentry.—When he was told of the spiritual destitution of a part of London, he felt it his duty to do something toward its relief. He made an appointment to hold a Sunday service in the neglected neighborhood, not far from Morey's house. At the appointed time the vicar, with some personal friends, appeared at the place of meeting. His coming had been announced, and a rude assemblage gathered, for outdoor meetings are very common in London. The preacher was handsomely dressed. He bore in his hand a gold headed cane; an elegant coat hung on his arm, and he surveyed the crowd, with a complacent and benignant air. One of the audience volunteered to hold the preacher's hat; another took his coat, a third offered to hold the cane while this reverence preached." A stolid but respectful attention was given to the services. At the close the hat could not be found; the coat had disappeared, and the willing holder of the cane had evidently walked away. The indignant preacher gave vent to his feelings. He denounced the whole crowd for its heartlessness.

"I came among you," he said, "to do you good. I left my comfortable home, and took upon me the burden of an extra service to seek your spiritual welfare. You are ingrates. You have stolen my hat, carried off my coat, and run away with my cane. I will wash my hands of you hereafter, and leave you to your sins."

Not long after, another clergyman felt his heart moved toward this neglected people. Before he started on his mission work, he resolved to make himself acquainted with the people. He visited the poorest houses in the neighborhood; nor did he go empty-handed. He left coal, medicine and food where it was needed. A little money and surgical aid for the sick children, and nourishing food for exhausted women, were distributed. He got up a tea for the woman and children, and spent a month going from house to house relieving the temporal necessities and dropping a word here and there in behalf of his Master. When he had prepared the way by thus doing good, he proposed to the families to have a religious service. The proposition was hailed with delight. At the day appointed a great crowd was in attendance, and the workmen made a little stand for the outdoor service, which was a great success.

The evening for the tea arrived. John and his wife were prepared in season to join their neighbors on their march to the hall. He had not looked so tidy for months. His wife could hardly be known by her neighbors. Some little article of finery had escaped the general wreck were brought out, and perhaps the happiest hour John and his wife had enjoyed for months was the passage from their own door to the hall.

The rooms selected for the tea were near the Public, where most of the company were accustomed to pass their evenings. The keeper stood in the door as the groups went by, uttering jeers, flinging gibes after the company, but satisfied that he would have little custom that night. In the hall long tables were laid, running twice the length of the room, and a bounteous feast was spread at the close, a few verses were read from the word of God; a short prayer was offered, to which the whole company responded with a hearty, "Amen;" the blessing was pronounced by a layman, quite a common thing in England, and the company separated.

A few days later, the ladies made a tour among the families whom they had invited to the tea. The visits were made practical. Poor, toiling, discouraged women were shown how to do their work; how to make a hovel cleanly, comfortable and cheerful; how to make a little money go a good way; how to fill a poor man's home with comfort. It was a wonder to a wife who all her days had been a drudge, to look on these sisters of mercy, well dressed and genteel, some of the "quality," doing up her work. The quiet tread, the cheerful manner, the magical change produced by a touch, here and there; the order brought out of confusion; the sullen gloom and discomfort giving way to cheerfulness. Even the handful of coals gave out a warm and cheerful glow, while the merry kettle sung on the hob.

To elevate the lowly, these ladies felt it necessary that the poor should be taught to help themselves. They formed sewing meetings, and encouraged the women to make clothes for their husbands and children.—They taught them to sew, and paid them fair wages, while they were making garments for themselves. To teach them self-respect and independence, they sold the women cloth at a small price, and allowed them to pay in instalments.

Going their rounds, the ladies came to the home of John Morey. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty," was the expression on their lips as our friends paused in front of the untidy dwelling. Heaps of cinders, piles of garbage and filth, the accumulation of weeks were piled up in all directions.—The gutter was full of stagnant water, decayed vegetables and carcasses of animals. The unclean stepstone was a type of the house. In answer to the rap, a sharp "come in" was heard. The door was opened, and the visitors found themselves in the unwholesome apartment of John Morey.—The tea furnished a theme of animated conversation. Mrs. Morey complained of her hard lot, and her poverty stricken home.

"Because you are poor, you need not be unclean," said one of the ladies. Why do you not put your room in order, and clean up your children and yourself?"

"Why should I?" said the woman,
You should do it for your husband's sake,
and for the sake of your children."

"I should like to know what John does for me, that I should put myself out for him. He earns but little, and that little he spends in the ale-house. He brings me home abuses, curses and blows. No; I will do nothing that I can help."

"But you may reform him," said one of the ladies.

"You should heap coals of fire on his head."

"Yes," said the woman, "and burn his brains out. I would like to do that!"

A long talk followed. Mrs. Moray agreed for once to try the effect of a clean home and a kind welcome on John. She went to work with a will. The ladies spent an hour in helping her arrange her home. Before they left, John would not have known the spot where he took his homely morning meal. His wife not only made the inside of the house tidy, but the step-stone was cleaned and whitened. So unusual was the sight, that the rude children of the neighborhood left their play, and gazed with wonder on "Marm Morey's white step-stone."—The children were transformed, and last of all, Mrs. Morey trimmed herself up and became what she really was, a comely looking person.

John's work came to an end quite early that day. A carouse was to come off that evening at the Public, and the workmen were to be there. They seperated early for the good time was coming. John hastened to his home to make himself presentable. He passed the Public without his usual cup, knowing that he could make amends in the evening. His wages were in his pocket and he felt a degree of independence, for he knew that he could pay his way with the best.—Full of the coming course, he thought of nothing till he halted in front of the clean step-stone. He was amazed, and began to doubt whether he had not mistaken his own home. His wife, who was on the watch for him, threw the door open, and he was more bewildered at her transformation than he was at the exterior of the house. He leaped over the whitened step-stone, lest he should soil it with his dirty shoes. An unwonted sight broke upon him; a clean floor, a tidy room a cheerful fire, his supper laid in order and his wife cheerful and clean to welcome him.

"Well, lass," said the astonished John, "what does all this mean? What fine company are ye expecting, that all is so nice in John Morey's house? Ye must expect company to-night, to be all fixed up."

"No, John," said Maggie, "I expect no company but you. You are a hard-working man, John. You have a few comforts. You do spend much time at the ale-house, and your money, that would make your family comfortable, with worthless men. But perhaps, John, it is more my fault than yours. You are a good man in the main, John, and so I thought I would surprise you. You know the good words spoken to us at the tea, and how it was said that poor folks could have many comforts. And then the kind ladies whom you know have told me how to do things that I did not know, and I'll try to be a better wife to you than I have been."

John listened with astonishment, as if some one had spoken to him from another world. He laid his hand gently on Maggie's shoulder, and, in tones which he had not used for years, said:

"An' so, lass, you have done all this for me, a brute, that has spent his money in drink with bad men, and left you to suffer with hunger and cold; and I have not spared the curses at you. I'll see what I can do for you." And away he went, leaping over the step-stone that he did not care to soil. He soon returned laden with comforts for his home, to which it had been long a stranger. One chair was vacant at the carouse that night in the Public. From that hour John was a changed man. Nor was his home long

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