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THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

BY WILL CARLTON.

[There are but few of any denomination—whether "for" or "against" organs—who will not enjoy and laugh heartily over the following:]

They've got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right,
They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Agin my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister good an' true
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led!
And now, their bold new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read—"I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"—
I always liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,
An' when I seed them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high then I was low;
An' all contrarywise;
And I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They played a little tune;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
An' never meant to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time, right through,
An' kep' it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh or cough!
It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn book through and through
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise;
But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister good an' true,
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
And some day, I to church will go,
And never more come back,
And when the folks get up to sing—
When'er that time shall be—
I do not want no patent thing
A squealin' over me!

—*Fireside Friend.*

DRESS PLAINLY.

Some one has given the following reasons why to dress plainly on Sunday. These reasons are as valid any other day in the week. Here they are: 1. It would lessen the burden of many who now find it hard to maintain their places in society. 2 It would lessen the force of the temptations which often lead men to barter honor and honesty for display. 3. If there were less strife in dress at church, people in moderate circumstances would be more inclined to attend. 4. Universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship by the removal of many wandering thoughts. 5. It would enable all classes of people to attend church in unfavorable whether. 6. It would lesson, on the part of the rich, the temptation to vanity. 7. It would lesson, on the part of the poor, the temptation to be envious and malicious. 8. It would save valuable time on the Sabbath. 9. It would relieve our means from a serious pressure, and thus enable us to do more for good enterprises.

Fast and Firm.

A CHARMING ROMANCE.

In this strange world how often are simple deeds, that cost nothing to the doer, most richly rewarded! What had I done? What sacrifice had I made? And how they thanked and blessed me! He with his difficultly-spoken faint words; she with her dear blessed eyes confirming his praises.

A few words explained the case.

He had rallied after sending the first telegram, and had thought it needless that Ruth should come; he had not calculated on the possibility of her starting as immediately as she had done; and the second message which bid her not come had not reached her.

A few days after—two days since now—he had broken a blood vessel, and had been pronounced beyond hope.

"If only I had known of all this sooner!" I thought as I looked at the miserable room, and thought of my idle hundreds and thousands.

When, by and by, Ruth was for a brief time absent,—a woman living in the rooms below, who had been very kind to Harold, had taken her away to give her some refreshments—I stammeringly expressed something of my regret, he answered—

'It is better as it is; for myself I am well content. I believe in another working world, where there will be a better light, truer sight, more beauty to perceive, and purer senses to receive it.'

'Is your sweet sister free?' I asked; 'free from any engagement—free-hearted?' I spoke low and hastily, and felt in all my being how much hung upon his answer.

'My little Ruth?—oh yes: as far as I know; and she has never had any secrets from me.'

'I love her,' I responded. 'If she can love me, I will do what a man can to make a woman happy as a wife.'

He did not immediately answer; he lay with closed eyes; but I felt the tightening pressure of his hand.

'I may tell her, by and by, that I had your good wishes?'

'You may tell her,' the radiant eyes unclosing on me, 'that in my last hours I drank a full cup of happiness; believing that my darling, my little Ruth, my ewe lamb, my pet sister, would be happy among happy women as your wife.'

'You have lost your generous-hearted enthusiasm for a very unworthy fellow,' I answered.

'Nothing I have heard of my old friend, my protector, my benefactor, has tended to lessen those feelings,' he said.

'One word of yours in your sister's ears will make me——'

She came in at that moment. I was going to leave them together, but he begged me not to go; and while he spoke a mortal faintness surprised him.

It passed, however. He asked to be lifted up; the recumbent position was painful to him; he lay with his head on Ruth's shoulder, bright hair mingling with bright hair.

The doctor came and went, and the women who had nursed him; they both foreboded that the last hour was near.

It was an afternoon not to be forgotten. He said he did not suffer much; now and again he talked; and when he talked wisdom not of this world was in his words.

Ruth did not shed a tear; she seemed absorbed in him beyond consciousness of self or sorrow; she moistened his lips or wiped his brow continually, and her eyes seemed to cling to his.

The sunset entering the room touched those two. She was watching him intently; his eyes half-closed, half-opened, seemed to look at her dreamily, like the eyes of one who dozes off to sleep.

The light faded, the dusk gathered, we did not stir, believing that he slept.

By and by, through the gloom, the near hush and the distant noise of the great city, Ruth's voice, low and awe struck, reached me, asking for a light. I had fallen into profound thought—love, life, death and immortality, failure, success, the world's vanity,—I do not know what I did not think of as I sat motionless in that dusky room.

I procured a lamp. I set it down on the table, where the light fell on those faces. I found that Ruth had sunk lower and lower as the head on her shoulder grew heavier. A glance told me the truth, he was dead.

She saw it, she knew it. She sank down lower yet, till his bright head was on the pillow, hers beside it. She moaned softly, lying thus cheek to cheek, I heard a few words.

'Brother, take me, take me with you; I have none but you.'

Then she lay quite still, half on the couch, half on the floor, face to face with the dead.

What did I do?

I stood and looked at them.

As I stood and looked at them, I went through one of those experiences that it is of no use to try and record; that are written in the life of life, upon the heart of heart, forever.

By and by I found that she was lying in a dead faint.

I disentangled them then, and laid her on the floor on as good a couch as I could make of my wrapper and of the cushions of an old chair.

I had told her the truth when I told her that I was a sort of doctor. That had been the profession I had not loved well enough to follow, after a large fortune left me made the pursuit of a profession needless. I could treat her as well as another. I did what I could for her, and saw her revive. My entreaties prevailed on her, after a time, to leave the room for a few hours, going with the woman of the rooms below; but before the night had half passed, she was back again.

'Do not be angry with me. I want to sit and look at him. I won't cry. Soon I shall lose him forever.'

She took her station by him; she begged me to go away somewhere to get some rest. I pretended to yield, but found myself too anxious to go beyond the anteroom: she was not in a state to be left alone.

The dawn before the horrible and harrowing business—of putting away out of sight, out of reach, the mortality that has been so dear, that we have clutched so close, and never could keep too near—to my mind.

I talked to her as little as I could and as gently. Gently! if words could have floated on the air like eider down, or touched her with gossamer-light touches, they would still have seemed to me too rough to be cast at her then. Still I was forced to try and ascertain her wishes.

'You know what is best, you will do what is most right,' she answered me gently; 'but don't ask me to leave the house while he is in it? Think of the long years that—' Then she paused, burst into violent weeping—she had not cried before—'Oh, I feel as if my heart was breaking!' she said, pressing her hands over it.

I clasped her to me; I comforted her as well as I knew how, of how well things must be with her beloved brother. I spoke, too, of the place where we would lay him to rest, of the country quiet among the roses, the violets, the cypresses.

She lay quiet in my arms, and by and by, lifted up her face to listen. To see that sweet sad face resting against my breast, to look down upon it, and meet its trustful eyes, filled me with overmastering emotions.

'If you can love me,' I said then, 'you need never feel alone or unsheltered, never more while I live. This is no unfit place or time to tell you this, for he knew I loved you, and was glad in knowing it; but I do not ask or expect or desire any answer—not now.'

I hardly know that she then took in the sense of my words; sorrow and exhaustion had drained her life. No tinge of color came to her cheeks, she just listened.

'How good you are! how good you are!' she said. 'What could I have done but for you?'

I arranged everything for the best as far as I knew; I tempted her from the room to go with me to the Protestant graveyard beyond the walls, to choose where he he should lie. She seldom spoke; she said afterwards it was all like a dream, from which she expected at any moment to awake.

The next day we buried him.

When all was done we lingered near the place. A soft spring-breath wind was blowing; spring-voiced sweet birds were singing; the cypresses were swaying to and fro; the mild spring sun was shining; the place was very soothing and peaceful—towered over by the great monumental pyrimidal tomb of some forgotten great one, within the wonderful city of the dead, of memories, and of surviving art lying in sight.

This was a day to be remembered.

I promised her that the grave should be cared for better than any other in the place; that flowers should always blossom on it, and its head-stone never be moss-encrusted.

When we went away I took her to the care of that motherly, kind, quakerish lady of the diligence, whom I had prepared to receive her.

I did not see her again for some days; she was too exhausted, when the reaction from long over-tension set in, to leave her bed.

At last a bright day came when I did.

She was more altered, more broken-down-looking than I had anticipated; the meeting me agitated her very greatly; her black dress, too, increased the delicacy of her look. Mrs. Norrison stood by her, smoothing her hair and petting her with loving deeds and words till she was calmer; then the good woman left us together.

I had no idea what lay before me. Our interview was a long one. More than once I left her side, and paced the room in despair, stood at one or other of the windows that looked down over the city, and pondered how I could convince her of my love, that is to say, of the selfish and interested nature of it.

She met my definite offer of my hand and heart (as the novelists phrase it) with the most meekly, humbly firm refusal.

Her gratitude was so full and so lowly, her agitation so great that I could not be angry with her but I was greatly irritated, and turned my irritation against myself; cursed myself that I could find no words strong enough to convince her. She had set me on a pinnacle, and she would keep me there, and I wanted to be no higher than the level of her love.

It was just like me, she told me. Just like what she had always heard of me. She would always love me with the most grateful, reverent love, always remember me in her prayers, but be my wife—no.

It was long before I could get a reason why; but at last I tortured it from her. She believed that I was sacrificing myself, that I loved her because she was friendless and alone; but she was not fit for me, she told me; she had not the accomplishments, the education, the talent, the beauty, the anything that my wife should have. As for her future, I need not be anxious, she assured me. Mrs. Norrison had told her that here in Rome, she could procure her a suitable situation.

At last, when I had exhausted every argument or thought I had, and despaired, at all events of present success, I grew hurt and angry; I turned from her to the winder, and stood looking out. A veil of blackness gathered between me and all I looked on. I was ill with anger, disappointment and thwarted will.

I don't know how long I had stood so (but I believe it was a long time) when the softest of small hands entered mine, which hung down beside me. I started and looked round. She was looking up into my face so wistfully, her own face stained with pain and earnestness.

'You look so pained, so displeased,' she said. 'I must seem to you so thoroughly heartless and ungrateful. I cannot bear it.'

Before I knew what she was going to do she was kneeling beside me, before I could prevent her, her soft fingers were raising my hand to her softer lips.

I lifted her up, holding her by the shoulders. I asked her, I am afraid almost fiercely, 'Can you tell me that you do not love me?'

'No I cannot; I do love you; I love you very dearly.' Her tears began to fall, and she tottering towards me, shed them on my breast.

I held her there, fast and firm, and never since has has she disclaimed the right to be there.

BIRDS AT PRAYER.

Rev. W. C. Prime, in his 'I go a fishing,' relates the following curious custom of birds: 'B——'s birds yonder have, beyond question, means of exchanging ideas.' 'You would think so if you saw them at prayer.' 'What at?' 'Yes, at prayers. It isn't anything less. There are birds of every country under the whole heavens, and with voices as various as the languages of men, and you hear what a whole concert of delight they keep up all the day long. But every day this entire group of birds assemble in silence, and if it isn't a prayer-meeting, I don't know what it is. There is no fore warning that we can detect. While they are all chattering, singing, playing, here, there and everywhere, suddenly one of them, sometimes one, and sometimes another, utters a peculiar call totally distinct from his ordinary note. Whatever bird it is, the call is much the same, and instantly every bird stops his play and his noise. They gather in rows on the perches, shorten their necks so as to sink their heads into their feathers, and make no motion, of wing, head, or foot for a space of thirty minutes, and often longer. It is almost a daily occurrence. Ordinarily you cannot approach the aviary without frightening some of the birds and producing a sharp commotion; but while this exercise is going on, nothing disturbs them.—They are birds of every land and climate, as you see, but this is their custom, and no one fails to attend, or behaves ill in meeting. You may think it something like mesmerism, for the leader keeps up his curious call-note throughout the service. The instant it is ended, they break up with a shout of delight, and rush around singing and having a jolly time of it, as if thoroughly refreshed.

A WRITING MACHINE.

A writing machine on trial at Washington, D. C., is thus described: The machine is about the same size as an ordinary sewing machine, and can be worked by a child who can spell, as easily as by a grown person. It consist of a series of forty-two keys, to which are attached two steel hammers, and each one of these represents a letter, a figure or a puntuation mark. The keys are arranged in four rows, like the keys of an organ, and are operated on precisely the same principle. The hammers are arranged in a circle, and when the key is pressed, the corresponding letter moves to the centre, receding again immediately when the pressure is removed. A space key is provided, by means of which the spaces between words are made. Mr. Washburne, of San Francisco, patented an improvement on the machine, and he contemplates the use of printer's ink. In the original, the color is taken from a prepared ribbon, which is between the hammer and the paper. At the end of each line the machine is adjusted for the next line by means of a treadle which is worked by the feet of the operator. By this machine three times as much can be written as an ordinary man can write.

That Engineer.

'Now, George,' said mother, 'when you run into Chicago to-day, I don't want you to forget that lambs-wool. Them storekeepers 'll try to put you off, and say they don't have no such goods on hand this time o' year, but I want you to foller 'em up, and git it, for I want to go right to knittin' yer socks for next winter. There's nothin' so good for men's socks as fine, hard-spun lamb's wool.'

'Not even yak, mother?' asked George mischievously, as he snatched up his hat and belongings, as if the alarm of fire had been sounded.

'I don't know nothin' about yak. That may do for winmen's wear, but for men's there's nothin' like hard-spun lamb's wool.'

'I'll remember,' promised George fully primed and charged. 'Now, good-bye. Home on time at nine.'

The old woman's cheek had a flush like winter apples. George took a hasty nip at it—he always did when he started on his trips—looked at her with his big cherishing eyes, received a mother's unspeakable reply, and dashed off to his engine.

It was a little after sunrise. His boots rang along the pavement, and his whistle rang along the breeze. George was handsome and strong, as twenty-two has a right to be. He wore a blouse instead of a business coat; and that great, fresh downy rose—his face—would soon be coated with the locomotive's breath. But he was a wholesome, splendid man.

Perhaps Jennie thought so. She was sweeping the front steps of her paternal mansion as he passed. Her hair was gathered atop her head in a curly coil, some crinkles of it just dropping over her forehead. The sleeves were pushed back from the pink, round arms, for women as well as men, when they go to work with a will, begin like a pugilist. Jennie had her morning complexion on. As her eye met George's, she put on an additional morning complexion.

George touched his hat, Jennie bent her head shly. The young man squared his shoulders and walked on like a brigadier general.

'That's a nice girl,' he communicated to his sleeve. 'Mother thinks a heap of her. She's got more sense than half of 'em, mother says. And she's smart and modest like in her ways. Mother says she's uncommon pretty, too.'

These opinions of mother's so edified him that he had not gotten Jennie out of his head when he leaped on his engine. But I suspect, if mother's verdict had been against her, he would have stood her lawyer. He was only making mother compliment his choice. He was skulking behind mother! For some young men are shy.

While he and his iron horse, and his row of baggage-cars and passenger coaches rushed across the land that hot day, nobody looked in the engine-cab for romance yet there the fire of the world was glowing under a dark blouse. Nobody looked into it for integrity and worth; yet there stood six feet of integrity and worth, which had come up to manhood through thick and thin, and had carried his mother to comfort, and which kept his character like his burnished engine. Neither did anybody look in that cab for heroism; but it was there, potent and still, like electricity in a cloud, Ah, my countrymen are capable of some things! As for locomotive-engineers, I suppose there are men not of the best among them—as among parsons—but the deeds of some do speak for them. Now when one's mind has run in one channel for a length of time—or I might say, in more appropriate figure, when a train has gone over a great deal of road, some results are generally arrived at.

So it came to pass, when George dashed up the street in Chicago after his mother's lamb's wool, while his engine cooled, and the train was being made for the home trip, that he dived into a jeweler's store, and asked sheepishly to see some rings.

'Rings, eh?' murmured the salesman, looking amiably at the man of soot. For Chicago isn't afraid of coal-smoke. The men who bring her the dollars do not come in elaborate toilet.

'Rings,' emphasized George, 'and don't be afraid of your high-priced ones, with stones in 'em.'

'If I give her one,' in the parenthesis of his sleeve, 'I want it to be a ring that'll last, and always be fine and handsome, and do to go down in the family, like mother's.'

Diamonds, emeralds, opals, pearls, were flashed in his face, but still his fingers went searching.'

'What's this?' he asked, picking up a small strong circle, with amethysts set around it. 'Looks like a grape, sort of when the sun shines through it.'

'That? oh, those are amethysts. Not as expensive, as these jewels, but a very nice, firm stone.'

'This suits me,' observed George, diving for his wallet; 'that is what I was looking for.'

So he paid for it, and darted out to hail a passing horse-car, tucking that little morocco case under bills, away down out of sight, as another secret was tucked under his left breast-pocket.

As he rushed back across the afternoon landscape, curbing his iron horse with this bit, giving rein by another motion, making the villages resound, watching his road with a keen, tended eye, George's mind rose to no greater height than meditation on how he should give that ring to Jennie.

'I'll ask her to take a walk—no I won't. Don't want nobody to see me. I'll shake hands with her, and sort of slip it on her finger, and then cut! Hang me! no I won't neither. Let's see. I'll go there a Sunday night and stand up to it and have it out. If she'll have, me, all right; if I ain't the man, I'll put it and my heart in my pocket, and reverse engine on the marryin' question.

And just at this crisis of thought he saw cause for reversing engine indeed.

Some are rash to villiany. The conductor of construction train, which ought to be lying on a switch a mile away, thought he could make the next switch before the Chicago Express came by. So he tried it. He survived the disaster to telegraph his resignation to the company the next hour, and 'go West.'

George—hair flying back from his forehead—hands like lightning—eyes and mouth set, reversed his engine, whistled the breakes down—the fireman ran back, the engine of the construction train jumped—but George stood up to the alarm signal till engine reared against engine, the baggage-car fell on a gravel flat, and human yells went up out of the Express from mouths which he saved but never a sound from the engineer who had stood at his post and saved them—and now lay half under his dear old Number 8, wrecked with it.

'There's been an accident,' cried Jennie, rushing into his mother's presence and causing the dear old lady to push her glasses quite into her hair. 'A telegram just came——'

'Not George!'

'The Express! oh, don't dear! No one was dangerously hurt but the engineer—it was a collision—he saved the train, they say! Oh, don't let it kill you!'

'Where's my bunnit?' groped the old mother.

'Here's your bonnet—and your shawl.' Jennie wrapped both this and her arms around George's mother. Those tender young touches brought her on Jennie's neck.

'Don't you leave me! Its agoing to kill me to see him lyin' under them wheels all tore up! The best son, and kind as an angel! Oh, how'll we git there? Oh, who's agoing to take me to my son!'

'I will,' promised the young woman, breathless and white, 'a relief train is going up.'

What they thought all that long time they rode, hanging to each other's hands, this childish woman, and womanly child, I know not. Do you think at all just before you open a black-bordered letter, when some awful charge threatens you? Do criminals think when the noose is round their neck? We sometimes exist without living.

It was warm summer dusk when the relief train slid slowly up to the wreck. The passenger coaches stood intact. Men were chopping at the engines and broken flats. The people who had swarmed for hours, and nearly killed a man whom they were determined to lionize, now partially hived themselves in the new train.

'Mother!' breathed George, from his bed of coats, over which a surgeon stooped.

The poor old womon spun wildly round like a top, till Jennie righted and propelled her to George.

'The lamb's wool is in my pocket,' he whisped, with a merry twinkling in his suffering eyes. 'And mother, pull out my purse, and give the little case in the corner to Jennie.' 'Open it,' motioning her ear nearer his lips. 'I bought that for you this afternoon,' his voice just reached her, 'and I was going to offer it, and ask you to marry me. Take it now, and I don't want any questions with it. No woman would take up with a smashed affair like me.'

'Oh, George!' replied the woman, blazing out of all reserve, and piercing him through with her eyes of love. 'You splendid—hero—darling! I'd rather marry you now than any other man alive! And I'll work for you and your mother, too, George!'

Upon which the engineer, with the passion of a man whose whole life is drawn to a single point, gathered her face over one of his shaking hands, and made a full rose of the mouth, which he kissed—kissed till the whiteness round his lips stole over his whole face, and he fainted.

Jennie sat still under the stars, holding George's head, soothing his mother, and thrilling at the doctor's favorable verdict. Though her face was all streaked by her sweetheart's fingers, she was feeling some kinship to the great people of the earth through that engineer.

For a woman always values herself according to the quality of the man who loves her. And a king will make a queen, whether he be King of Spades or King of Senates, or King of Engine-cabs.

UNFINISHED STILL.

A baby's boot, and a skein of wool,
Faded and soiled and soft:
Odd things, you say, and I doubt you're right,
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly; but mate, look here;
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on yon far off strand,
With a wedding-ring on the small soft hand
Which clung so close to me.

My wife—God bless her! The day before,
She sat beside my foot;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore;
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white,
A cottage empty and dark as night,
And this beside the chair:

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;
The tangled skein lay near;
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the churchyard drear.

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

This beautiful extract, from Dr. Holland's new book, Arthur Bonnicastle, will be read with deep and tender interest by many whose experience it truthfully portrays:

'I stand in a darkened room before a little casket that holds the silent form of my first born. My arm is around the wife and mother who weeps over the lost treasure, and cannot, till tears have their way, be comforted. I had not thought that my child could die—that *my* child could die. I knew that other children had died, but I felt safe. We lay the little fellow close by his grandfather at last; we strew his grave with flowers, and then return to our saddened home with hearts united in sorrow as they had never been united in joy, and with sympathies forever opened toward all who are called to a kindred grief. I wonder where he is to-day, in what mature anglehood he stands, how he will look when I meet him, how he will make himself known to me, who has been his teacher! He was like me: will his grandfather know him? I never can cease thinking of him as cared for and led by the same hand to which my own youthful fingers clung, and as hearing from the fond lips of my own father the story of his father's eventful life. I feel how wonderful has been the ministry of my children—how much more I have learned from them than they have ever learned from me—how by holding my own strong life in sweet subordination to their helplessness, they have taught me patience, self-sacrifice, self-control, truthfulness, faith, simplicity and purity.

'Ah! this taking to one's arms a little group of souls, fresh from the hand of God, and living with them in loving companionship through all their stainless years, is, or ought to be, like living in heaven, for of such is the heavenly kingdom. To no one of these am I more indebted than to the boy who went away from me before the world had touched him with a stain. The key that shut him in the tomb was the only key that could unlock my heart, and let in among its sympaties the world of sorrowing men and women who mourn because their little ones are not.

'The little graves, alas! how many they are! The mourners above them, how vast the multitude! Brothers, sisters, I am one with you. I press your hands, I weep with you, I trust with you, I belong to you. Those waxen, folded hends, that still breast, so often pressed warm to our own, those sleep-bound eyes which have been so full of love and life, that sweet, unmoving, alabaster face—ah! we have all looked upon them, and they have made us one and made us better. There is no fountain which the angle of healing troubles with his restless and life-giving wings so constantly as the fountain of tears, and only those too lame and bruised to bathe miss the blessed influence.'

☞A publisher gave a very good reason for preferring deceased authors to living ones. He said that the former never kept him waiting for copy.

☞Three single sisters, of Baltimore, have all engaged passage on the ship Matrimony. It will sail on the third Thursday of November. How happy they must be!

☞Don't be too hasty. A Kentucky gentleman invested in a coffin fifteen years ago in order to have it handy. He was burned up in a lime-kiln the other day and now that coffin is a dead loss.

☞Why is the letter E a glutton? Because it is always first in eating, and the last to leave.

☞Houses that are run up in a few weeks by landlords, are usually run down by tenants ever after.

☞They say crocodiles do not really weep; we know a sailor, though, who has seen whale's blubber.

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