Family Circle.

LITTIÆ BELL. He prayeth well who loveth well Both man, and bird, and beast Coursings.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray.
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he. What's your name? O stop and straight un-

Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold !"
Little Bell," said she. Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks

"Tossing aside her gleaming, golden locks"Bonny bird!" quoth she, Wa (Sing me your best song before) I go." "Here's the very finest song I know, I Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped—you never heard So gay a song from any bird— Full of quips and wiles, Now so round and rich, now so soft and low All for love of that sweet face below, Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour His full heart freely o'er and o'er, Neath the morning skies, In the little childish heart below, All sweetness seemed to grow and grow, And shone, in happy overflow, From the blue bright eyes.

Down'the dell she tripped and through the glade Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade, And from out the tree, Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear— While bold blackbird piped that all might

"Little Bell !" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern-"Squirrell squirrell to your task return—;
Bring me nuts!" quoth she:
Now away! the friskyl squirrel hies—
Golden wood-lights gloaming in his eyes—
And down the tree.

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun, In the little lap drop one by one— Hark! how blackbird pipes to see the fun! "Happy Bell!" quoth he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade-Sourrell squirrel from the nut-tree shade. Bonny blackbird, if you're not afraid, Bonny blackbird, it you re not arratu,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare—
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share—
Ah't the merry three!

And while the froite playmate twain the Piped and frisked from bough again, Neath the morning skies.

In the little childish heart below All sweetness seemed to grow, and grow, Shining in happy everflow, AND Tromber blue, bright eyes.

By her snowy-white cot at close of day, Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray Rose the praying voice to where, unseen
In blue heaven, an angel shape serone parent o Paused awhile to hear of dianes.

What good child is this," the angel said, That with hadpy heart beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?

Low and soft, O'! very low and soft,
Grooned the blackbird in the ordhard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

Whom God's, creatures love, l', the angel fair Murmured, "God doth bless with angel's care.
Oblid, thy bed shall be been and kind
Folded safe from harm dove deep and kind Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind. London Athenœum

commony, off or buorement dda? edf acatone with Jesus. and

Alone with Jesus! Leave me here," t 10 'Tis all the same when he istnight 12 And if I live, or if I die.

Adone with Jesus 1 Ye who weep, of And round my bed your vigils keep, My love was never half so strong;

And yours—oh! I have proved it long!

But when had earthly friends the power.
To comfort in a dying hour!

Alone with Jesus ! Oh, how sweet In health to worship at his feet! But sweeter far when, day by day, We droop and pine and waste away, To feel his arms around his close, And in his bosom find repose!

Alone with Jesus ! how secure ; The tempests howl, the waters beat,
They harm me hot in my retreat: Night deepens - inid its gloom and chill Heddaws me searer to him still.

Alone with Jesus! what alarms.
The infant in his mother's arms? Before me death and judgment rise: I turn my head and close my syss;— There's hought for me to fear or do, I know that lie will bear me through.

Along with Jewest Earth grows dim: Alone with Jesus! Earth grows dim :

"I'l' even see my friends through him; A

"Time; space—all things below, above, one
Reveal to me one life, one love; That One in whom all glories shine—buts
All beauties meet—that One is mine!

. de . de Sa**sanorem** wood laste Mr. Jes By the Misses Warner Authors of the Widd, Wide to So . Law !- Warle," " Old Helmet," &c.

was able always to pay his way in the his cheerfulness. He had been through world by the mere profit he could make such pain as most of you never even from his match basket. Board and imagined; he was very, very weak and However, he got on well. Some kind lad shone with a strange and quiet joy, friends lent him a little money, and which the bystanders could hardly comwaited for their pay; willing to help a prehend." boy who tried so earnestly to help himself; and Johnny in due time paid them feel all ready. " I trust in Christ."

After a while, he went to New Haven, customers too. And now a new plan else. (If) he should write a little life of himself, an account of what he had been

to get an honest living, Johnny began to he is always doing kind things with his money.' One day it was a dinner to strength a little, some starving urchins, and another a fresh supply of matches to one whose basket and pocket were both empty. To this poor child he lent \$3 to set him up in life as an honest newsboy; and to this other he gave \$23 to start him in a trade. You'see that Johnny was not one of those who "will be rich in the world,"-except in the pleasure of doing good : he began his missionary work in New York without waiting to be old enough to stand in the pulpit and preach. Everywhere he carried the same open heart and hand, the same cheerful face; looking, as I suppose, always unto Jesus. There were a great many little boys at that time who were beautifully dressed, who had everything that they could wish; who were, many of them, what people call 'noble boys!'-with fresh ruddy But alas, though goodwill can do much, cheeks, and bright eyes, and quick springing steps. Very, very few men and women would turn from these children, to look at a pale-faced, lame. somewhat deformed boy; standing perhaps at one of the dark street corners in New York, in the midst of a little crowd of ragged newsboys and matchsellers; but I think the angels did. For Johnny was telling these young outcasts,

of Jesus; bidding them come to him,telling them to "work righteousness and before, and now all his strength was live uprightly, and fear God always." Johnny was not a very big boy, even then, though he must have been near the while the Lord took him home -a sixteen; but in years at least he was

would come when he hoped to be a

preacher. Then God interposed and said 'Nomina, to some

Children, whatever God does is well,he cannot make a mistake, and all his arrangements and dealings are good for those that love him. You must remember this, as I go on to tell you the rest

of Johnny's story.

He had always been lame; but now disease followed the lameness, and began to make him ill. I think the boy's faith to help him begin an honest way of life and hope must have been bright as ever, for he met the thought of suffering and death with steady quietness. He was in inherit the kingdom! New York when he found this illness coming upon him, and the doctors said that if he would save his life he must submit to a very dreadful operation. I don't know how Johnny managed to get about on that poor diseased leg; but the hands of the physicians, asking them to make the operation very thorough, and if they could ato cure his deformity. You need not be distressed, little children, to think of what Johnny had ito suffer, he has long been where there is no more pain, nor sorrow, nor crying; only make sure that you love the Lord Jesus as he did, that so whatever comes, all may be well with you as it was with him. For Johnny's peace and courage to teach him from the Bible standard never failed : such serenity, such trust, Doctor L. said he had never seen. But

and on earth!" They gave the boy chloroform; and when the operation was over, and he had revived a little, Johnny asked the doctor if he should be lame still, or if that was cured. And they told him that there was no cure for it in this world. Even in the midst of his suffer-

it was trust in Christ-not in the doc-

tors; trust in that one Friend who now

as formerly had all power in heaven

ing Johnny tried to smile.
Well, he said, ready as usual to put
a bright face on things—'taint so bad
after all; for now, when I want, I can limp and bega little fellow or. I can stretch up and be a big man."

You children who cry for a hurt finger, and fret over a little pain, learn You must not suppose that Johnny nights that followed, Johnny never lost lodging and clothes cost something, if a suffering still; and in all the world he hoy is trying to live respectably; and had no friend but strangers. But he then Johnny was studying hard, and was ever looking off unto Jesus; "and books and teachers cost something, too. the eyes of the deformed, sick, homeless

L do not fear to die," he said 4 4

And thus trusting Christ for the next world, thus sure that death could not and lived in the Theological Seminary separate him from his Saviour, well there, studying and selling matches and might Johnny trust him with all that other trifles, just as he had done in New had to do with his life. How strangely York, though, as he said, "it was pretty the Lord was leading him on! The hard work to attend to his books and his young students to whom he used to sell matches in the Seminary were many of it chanced to pass near by a stagnant for getting money came into his head, or them ministers now; one in this church uperhaps was put there by somebody and city and another in that, and others gone far, far away as missionaries to heathen lands. Do you think Johnny and what the Lord had done for him, forgot that he had wanted to be a mismaybe some one would print it and may-sionary? Do you think he ceased to be other people would buy it. His think of those wretched people to whom education was going on well now, and in he had longed to bear the glad tidings

somebody did-print it,—and then John-ny himself sold it about the country; all things well. Johnny knew this, Brook.—"Well if there be a danger came from this Johnny repaid nearly The sweet Bible words which he had \$300 which he owed to different people loved so well, came to his mind now, the day lasts; and if I am likely to tired." who had helped on his education; and speaking hope and comfort; saying to lose this water from the heat, I had part of the time he also supported his him 'Fear not,-bidding him trust in two little brothers. And never forget- the Lord alway. And so as the weary ting what it was to want friends, or how days of pain crept by, 'this strange, good it is to help a poor boy who wants quiet joy in Johnny's eyes never clouded over. Still, he did not fear to die; put out some of his money at that great still he was all ready, trusting in Christ. styled the brook, and settled down interest, which all receive who flend to But the doctor began to hope that he the Lord,"-very soon it was said of him, would live. The wound seemed to be doing well, and Johnny began to gain

> One day before the doctor had paid his accustomed visit, Johnny lay thinking how very kind he had been; how many of those cheering visits had come to brighten the lonely days, and how much care the doctor had taken of him. And then Johnny thought to himself that it to see him every day, but having to dress the wound too, -now if he could harder than the mere changing of a bandage. And so he began his work. sometimes she needs skill to help her; blood began to flow.

I do not know whether the people of the house—when at last they heard right help came, little Johnny almost pled to death. He had been very weak, water from it quiet eddies. And so on gone, and he never revived again; but grew weaker and fainter, until in a lityoung preacher of faith and patience to to that. It carried its full cup to the "You don't ask me to take a cent fast growing up and soon the time the last. He was all ready, he trusted river, and emptied it freely in; the less," said he, after hesitating a moin Christ.

Up to an everlasting home with Christ. the worn-out little body, and under the small pillow an old pocket book containing all Johnny's earthly possessions. In one part a few pennies; in the other a soiled little scrap of paper -a receipt for three dollars from the little news boy to whom Johnny had lent that sum. The young borrower was toiling on his way yet; -the young lender was gone to

THE LITTLE PREACHER.

All who knew little Bengie's mother felt that she was a sincere Christian, professing and possessing a Christian spirit, and his mother had been careful of piety, even though it should condemn her own shortcomings.

think mamma is not a true Christian?" O, 'cause' said the little boy," you get angry sometimes."

our children never are. They are shrewd observers, quick and accurate in their conclusions, and their estimate of character, just as it is seen by them every day, may be relied on as correct." . If we have thoroughly instructed the

he, unconsciously, brings all human conduct to the test of the standard we have 25 .- Methodist Protestant: taught him to recognize, and we need not be surprised if we are often startled by little questionings that will send; us away to sad heart searchings, and stearful prayer, as the most effective sermon could not have done. MAZA ARRELL.

SELECTIONS.

THE BROOK AND THE POND,

AN ALLEGORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

In the cool and shadowy cloud of a distant mountain, hard by a mossy spring, a little brooklet had its birth;

usefulness. One day, when it had reached the olain, and was hurrying on with tinkling feet to bear its tribute to the river, pond. The pond hailed it.

Pond .-- "Whither away, master streamlet?". Brook .- "I am bearing to the river his 'cup of cold water,' which God has

given to me." Pond.-"You are very foolish to do at his little book. And when it was done, bered it all. But it was the Lord who backward spring and we shall have a more on rainy days."

better do good with it while I have it." And so on it went, singing and

sparkling upon its useful way.

The pond smiled contemptuously upon the folly of the "babbler," as it very complemently into the conviction of the superior wisdom of its own covetousness: and so husbanding all its resources against the imagined day of need, it suffered not a drop to leak away.

So the midsummer days came round and very hot days they were indeed. But what was the effect of the heat? Did the little brook dry up? Nothing of the kind. Why, how did it escape? was time to stop giving so much trouble. Well, the trees crowded to its brink, There was the doctor not only coming and threw their sheltering branches over it, for it had brought life and refreshment to them; and the sun peep only do that part of the work himself, ling through the branches, only smiled there would be just so much time and pleasantly upon its dimpled face, as it trouble saved to the doctor. You must said: "Who would harm you, pure and remember that Johnny had always been beautiful brooklet?" Indeed all things used to wait on himself, and had often seemed inspired with a similar sentidone things which seemed very much ment towards it. The flowers sprang up along its border, and reflected their brightest tints from its mirror-like surface, and breathed their sweetest fragrance upon its bosom! The poet came and Johnny with some of his unskilful to hear the music of its warbling voice, handling opened the wound, and the and the artist to behold the beauty of its winding way. The husbandman's to see what you carry. eye always sparkled with joy as he He opened his box, and for once I Johnny's call came too late; or that so plainly marked its course through whether the doctor was needed, and his fields and meadows. Even the had. I should have wanted it, for the could not be found; but before the beasts of the field loved to linger by its little peddler had changed in my eyes-

But, giving so freely and so constantly, did it not exhaust its resources; did it not run; dry? Not at all; God saw looked into mine when I paid him! river bore it on to the sea, and the sea, ment. "I think you must be very rich." welcomed it with uplifted hands; the the spirit of the homeless newsboy took sun smiled warmly upon the sea, and its flight. On the poor hired bed lay the sea sent up its vapory incense to sun smiled warmly upon the sea, and greet the sun; the clouds, like great for them. Will you come again?" censor cups, caught the tribute in their capacious bosoms, and the winds, like soon." waiting angels of God, took the clouds in their strong arms and bore them swiftly away away to the very mount tain that gave the little brooklet birth; and there, over that cool ravine, they tipped the brimming cup, and poured it all back again; and so God saw to it that the little brook, so active, so generous, so useful, should never run dry.

it went blessing and blessed of all.

But how fared the pond? Ah, very different indeed was its fate. In its it grew sickly in itself and pestilential earnestly struggling to overcome frail in its influence, so that all beheld it but when the doctors told him this, he first ties, and sins native to human hearts: to dislike it. The farmer sighed and paid off a few debts that he owed in New York, and then made his way over to Brooklyn. There he engaged and paid looked up with a shade of perplexity on for a lodging, and then put himself in this little face and asked, "Are you a soon as he discovered it. The artist mituence, so that all beheld it but "Who told you you were going to die?" One day Bengie had been sitting unus shook his head whenever he looked upon haps I'll go before Christima."

The citizen who came to seek a looked up with a shade of perplexity on country seat, declined to purchase as I could not endure that, and tried to his little face and asked, "Are you a soon as he discovered it. The artist make him stay; but he would run and the root saw what he had been sitting unus shook his head whenever he looked upon haps I'll go before Christian." Christian, mamma?" "Why well and the poet saw no charm in it, and tell Mrs. Brown what luck he had met well what do you think about it, my hastened past it. The heasts of the with. He bade me good day again, son?" replied the mother, for she really field put in their lips, but withdrew cheerfully, and went out into the cold wished to know the child's estimate of her Christian character. "I think you away towards the brook. The evening with you my child."

are a Christian, mamma, but not a true zephyr stooped and kissed it—in the He never came again, though I looked Christian, said the child, who had been twilight, by mistake—and caught its for him every day. At length, about clearly taught the difference between malarious breath and carried it uncon- New Year, I went to the place he called sciously to all the houses around. The home. Mrs. Brown was there, but the people of the region soon grew sad and little pilgrim's weary feet were at rest, sallow, and began to shake with ague and never more would his gentle knock and burn with fever: and at last, with be heard at the doors of those who, like constitutions well nigh shattered they myself, forgot the necessary and stern "And why," she continued, "do you were compelled to move away from its way that often sent about these wanneighborhood. And finally Heaven, in derers from house to house; and their mercy to man and to nature, smote it employment might be more unseemly to with the hottest breath of the sun and them than annoying to us. Ladies' A spiritual and devoted minister, dried it up forever. And the wise pon-said, not long since, "Other people may dered the history of the pond and the be mistaken about our characters, but brook, and saw how the book of Nature THE WIDOW illustrated the book of Revelation, and how true a saying of the latter it was; "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to spot; yet a railroad had found it out, poverty. The liberal soul shall be conscience of a child, we shall find that made fat, and he that watereth shall be and gorges with its great passenger and watered also himself."-Prov. xi, 24. freight trains.

THE YOUNG PEDDLER.

One rainy afternoon, in the earliest part of autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon opening it, I strong men who go about with little myself, "lazy."

world, bent on a life of activity and appeared as though he expected I was going to buy something, for he com-menced opening his tin box; but I had no such intention. He looked up in my face very earnestly and sadly, when I told him to warm himself by the fire, and that I did not wish to purchase anyreplied :

Tam out every day and can't stay

"How much do you eas "Sometimes two shillings metimes Brook. Well if there be a danger lone; and once in a while I get nothing of drying soon, I had better work while all day, and then, ma'am, I am very whistle from the engine brought me to

startled me.

"How long have you had that cough?"

"I don't know ma'am."
"Does it hurt you?"

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, ma'am.

"Where does your mother live?" "In heaven, ma'am," said he, unmoved.

"Yes, ma'am, he is with mother," he replied in the same tone.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" "I had a little sister, but she went to mother about a month ago.'

"What ailed her?" "She wanted to see mother, and so do I, and I guess that's why I cough

"Where do you live?"

"With Mrs. Brown, on N-street." . "Does she give you any medicine for your cough?'

"Not doctor's medicine; she is too poor, but she makes something for me

"Will you take something, if I give

it to you?' "No, ma'am, thank you; mother took medicine, and it didn't help her; though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go; it would not stop my cough. Good day, ma'am."
"Wait a minute," I said, "I want

looked upon the line of verdant beauty found what I wanted. Indeed, I don't think it would have mattered what he banks, or to stand and drink the pure he had a father and mother in heaven, and so had I. How strange that peddlers had never seemed people—humansoul filled beings before! How thankful he was, and how great his blue eyes

"O, no," I replied, "I am far distant from that; and these things are worth. more to me now than what I gave you "Yes, ma'am, if I don't go to mother

"'Are you hungry?''

"No, majam, I never feel hungry now. I sometimes think mother feeds me when I aleep, though I don't remember it when I am awake. I only know I don't wish to eat now, since my sister died."

"Did you feel very bad?"

"I felt big in my throat, and I thought I was choked; but I didn't cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night mistaken prudence and selfish idleness for a while; but I am glad she is up there now. "Who told you you were going to

THE WIDOW GRAFF, OR WHAT SAVED THE TRAIN.

The widow Graff lived in a hollow of the Blue Ridge. It was a wild, lonely and wound its way among the mountains

The widow Graff had a small cabin

and a few acres of land, and she had three little girls. They feared God, and loved their mother and tried to help her. In the summer they picked berries, and walked three miles to the nearest station to sell them. Here one of the conductors on the road often met these little found a peddler. Peddlers are a great girls. How did he treat them? He vexation to me; they leave the gates spoke kindly to them. When they were open, they never have anything I want, very tired carrying their heavy baskets and I don't like the faces that belong over the rough way in the hot sun reto most of them, especially those of the membering his little girls at home, he would sometimes take them on the cars, packages of coarse goods; and I always and set them down near their own cabin close the door upon them, saying to door. How happy this little ride made them, and how heartily they thanked This was a little boy, and he was the good conductor for his kindness. and with a pure heart, a generous na pale and wet, and looked so cold that I And do you not suppose it pleased the ture, and a lively and cheerful spirit, it forgot he was a peddler, and asked him poor mother? Oh yes, it went to her started upon its course through the to come in by the fire. I thought he heart. And to show their gratitude,

sometimes the children picked a basketful on purpose for him, and sometimes their mother sent him a little present of fruit from her own garden. He took their gifts, but always paid for them.

Now I will let the conductor tell you what happened. "The winter of 54 thing. He rose slowly from his seat, was very cold in that part of Virginia, and there was something in his air which he says, "and the show was nearly reproached me, and I detained him to three feet deep upon the mountains. On inquire why he was out in the rain. He the night-of the 26th of December it turned round warm, and the rain fell in torrents. A terrible rain swept over the that; you will need it yourself before in for a little rain; besides, most ped mountain tops, and almost filled the valall his lessure moments Johnny worked of salvation? No, I am sure he remem the summer is over; we have lad a very diers stay at home then, and I can sell ley with water. The night was pitchy dark, but as my train wound its way

among the hills, I had no fears, because I knew the road bed was all solid rock. "It was near midnight when a sharp my feet. I knew there was danger in Here, gave a quick, dry cough that that whistle, and I sprang to the brakes at once; but the brakemen were at their posts, and soon stopped the train. T seized my lantern and made my way forward as soon as possible. And what a sight met my eyes! A bright fire of pine logs shone on the track far and near, showing a terrible gulf open to receive us. The snow and rain had torn out the base of the mountain, and eternity seemed spread out before us. But widow Graff and her children had found it out, and had brought light brush from their home below and built large fires to warn us of our danger. And there had they been for more than two hours watching beside their beacon of safety. As I went up where the old lady and her children stood, wet through and through,

she grasped me by the hand, and said: "'Thank God, Mr. Sherbourn, we stopped you in time. I would have lost my life before one hair of your head should have been hurt. Oh, I prayed that we might stop the train, and, my God, I thank thee!

"The children were crying for joy. I fell on my knees and offered up thanks to an all-wise Being for our safe deliverance from a terrible death, and called down blessings on the good old woman and her children. Near by stood the engineer, firemen, and brakemen, the tears streaming down their weatherbeaten cheeks.

"I made Mrs. Graff and her children go back to the cars out of the storm and cold; and telling the passengers the story of our wonderful escape, the ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in their thanks and heartfelt gratitude to the courageous woman and her brave little girls. More than that a purse of four hundred and sixty dollars was made up for her on the spot, the willing offer-

ing of a train of grateful passengers.
"The railroad company built her a new house, and gave her and her children a life pass over the road, and ordered all trains to stop and let her off whenever she wished. So you see a little kindness, which cost me nothing, saved my life and my train from destruction.

Oh the power of kindness!-Child's Paper.

A SWEET PHILOSOPHY.

The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from the house, his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to the bed-chamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening the Rabbi came home.

She reached him a goblet. He praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and asked:

"Where are my two sons, that I may ive them my blessing? I reneated looked round the school, and I did not see them there. Where are my sons, that they, too, may drink of the cup of blessing?

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him, that he might eat.

He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:

"Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask it, then, my love," he replied. "A few days ago a person entrusted

some jewels to my custody; now he demands them again. Should I give them up?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have

thought it necessary to ask. What!

wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied : "but" vet I thought it best not to restore them

without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white

covering from the dead bodies. "Ah, my sons, my sons!" loudly lamented the father. "My sons, the light of my eyes and the light of my understanding! I was your father, but

you were my teachers in the law." The mother turned away, and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand, and said:

"Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir; "and blessed be His name for thy sake, too, for well is it written, Whose hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

NEVER AGAIN.

Never again !" so speaks the sudden silence When round the hearth gathers each well

known face,
But one is missing, and no future presence
However dear, can fill that vacant place; Forever shall that burning thought remain,"Never, beloved, again! never again!"

Never again !" so-but beyond our hearing-Ring out far voices fading up the sky; Never again shall earthly care or sorrow Weigh down the wings that bear these souls

on high; Listen, O earth! and hear that glorious strain,

"Never, never again! never again!"

Adelaide A. Proctor.