Family Circle.

THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

Thou wilt never grow old, Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth; My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth. O, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there, In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold; Where the air thrills with angels' hosannas, and whe Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,-Never grow old !

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin Haunting my footsteps wherever I go; Life is a warfare my title to win-Well will it be if it end not in woe. Pray for me, sweet; I am laden with care; Dark are my garments with mildew and mould; Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair, And wilt never grow old, sweet --Never grow old!

Now, canst thou hear from thy home in the skies All the fond words I am whispering to thee? Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes Greeting me oft ere thy sprit was free? So I believe, though the shadows of time Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold; Thou wilt still love me, and, pleasure sublime, Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,-

Never grow old! Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray, Weens when the vines from the hearthston Faith shall behold thee as pure as the day Thou wert torn from the earth and transplanted O, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,

In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold, Where the air thrills with angels' hosannas, and wh Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,— Never grow old! MRS. HOWARTH.

MY REFUGEES.

[We are always reluctant to offer long articles to our readers, especially on this "family page" of our paper. without hesitation. Read it, and you be an offence.

burning of her house, and the escape of so fur behind us. Then I cried 0, her husband from his fiendish captors, how I did cry ! I hadn't cried afore stopped a moment, some strange, dark fur weeks—I got so frozen like—an' I glitter creeping into her eyes. After hadn't dropped a tear sence. that they changed only to grow more stony; and her voice, as she went on an found a house by the road as tuk us with her story, was cold and hard.

a home, an' twere all the home we hed an' guy us enough to eat; but all the the rest is better off. I like ter think fur three months. We dursn't go anigh | nussin' an' warm fires was too late fur | who's tuk 'em.' the railroads, an' we travelled mostly Mattie. They made a bed fur her up whar the forest was lonliest, an' the in the loft, an' when the poor little swamps a-plenty. Thar was cold nights, white thing put her arms around me an' too, when the wind cut into us, an' the cried ter go to sleep, 'cause she was so damp seemed ter choke us like; an' cold an' tired, I knew to once what it thar was rainy nights, when we crep' | meant. 'Twarn't only one sort o' sleep under the bushes, and Stephen he allers as would do her good, so I telled her tuk off his coat ter cover the rest on us, she might, tryin' ter smile, an' say as an'thar were no stoppin' of him no way, how God would guv her a nice nap. I An' I waked up a-cryin' in my dream, see her shet her eyes, an' I crossed her her. an' see his face while he slep' lookin' so little hands, an' I telled God thar warn't white with the cold, an' the childern nothin' left but Stephen an' the baby. shiverin' all night; an' I'd lay an' cry, an' ef He was goin' ter tuk 'em He'd • and the rain cried along with me on the better do it now while they had a roof cleaves, but it never stopped fur all that. to die under. But Stephen pinted ter Sometimes we found a shed or barn the little dead thing on the bed, an' whar folks let us sleep, an' sometimes asked me of I'd get to whar she was.

durst go out into the road ter hunt up an made me say a prayer over after that floated past. a house. Then, agin, they cussed us, him—he were allers the best on us both, She caught at i an' shet the door 'cause we was 'derned | Stephen were. It was I as learned him Yankees, yer know. Thar was a few ter read the Bible, but I didn't never as give us a basketful o' victuals, and it remember it as he. He tuk it all to she said, with a nervous laugh. lasted fur a long spell. When we once inten his heart, an' did what it couldn't get nothin', Stephen, he shot telled him fur himself an' me too. I rabbit an' birds, an' we picked berries, keep a doubtin' an' a doubtin', but Stean' ketched fish; fur he wouldn't steal, phen, he takes, it all, Miss, jes' like a that man wouldn't ef he was ter die fur little child. Well, then we cut off some uv it. But there was days when we hadn't Mattie's yeller curls, an' he laid 'em' in nothin' an' the childern cried an' teased my Bible, se when I wanted ter kiss'em cloud had dimmed the warm light which fur food, an' I only jes' sot an' looked I had to kiss it, too, yer see, and read at 'em, an hadn't nothin' ter give 'em, only ter hold em in my arms, an' tell never be forsook. Sound we was sus canse I kep' it under my shawl mostly, an' it were the warmest of all on us.
"Jack went fust—that was his

Miew it.

"Twarn't fur as we'd gone after then, thing so warm, and tender, and full of afore the twins tak sick. They didn't life in the touch; I saw her lips quiver. stan' it long, an' it were better fur em, I am not ashamed to tell you what I moment. There was one day when her "To night." She repeated the word poor things! When I see em both pinin did. I just went up to her, put both husband had been in wild delirium all slowly, like one whose memory is better once, their little hands so poor an' my arms around her neck, and her head night, and the morning had found him coming treacherous. "To night. Ef white, an' heard em moanin' in my on my shoulder, and began to cry. in a state of half-stupor. She had stood there's a God in heaven, I hope He'll arms. I were slow believer of it. I Actor a while I arms. I were slow believer of it. white, an heerd em moanin' in my on my shoulder, and began to cry. In a state of half-stupor. She had stood there's a God in heaven, I hope He'll an' left me all alone was long beside him, watching his almost remember He's takin all I've got left.

I hope He'll an' left me all alone was long beside him, watching his almost remember He's takin all I've got left.

I heard the sergeant's sobs from the hought it were enough to be lonely fur crying too. I knew that was a mercy lifeless face in silence. T came up at all I've got left. The and laylike income the had satup in bed, holding their breath did not be her, so I laid her down on the bed, holding their breath did not be her words and holding their breath did not be her words and holding their breath "missin' of him every year, and be cryin and knelt down and said some-little into the yard-with me for a few moments did not to listen, lay down again and turned to listen, lay down again and the list listen, lay down again and the listen, lay down again and lay down again again and the listen, lay down again "missin' for him every year, and be cryin and knell down and said some little into the yard with me for a few moments of the pretty boy he'd hal growed for short apprayer; to which she seemed to for a few moments of the pretty boy he'd hal growed for short apprayer; to which she seemed to for a few moments of the pretty boy he'd hal growed for the pretty of the pr " Mary, says he, they're going ter see comprehend, or else for some reason Mary, says he, they're goint ter see Comprehend, or else for some reason Jacky. It looked up into his eyes, an' her own did not reflect itself Every day, mies to the most uncomfortable place. I says, a Stephen, it'll kill me. He put his hands up ter his face, an' her own did not reflect itself Every day, his hands up ter his face, an' her own did not reflect itself Every day, mies to the most uncomfortable place. I had at command of the special woman; and even which has the put his hands up ter his face, an' her own did not reflect itself Every day, mies to the most uncomfortable place. I had at command of the special woman; and even which has the special woman; and even which special woman; and even which has the special woman; and even which special woman; and even which special woman; and even which he asked, he stood face to face. She was a stranger, but he took her in into his dever, and there was no cry or sole he asked, he stood face to face. She was a stranger, but he took her in into hours. That was a stranger, but he took her in into hours. That was a stranger, but he took her in into was a stranger, but he took her in into wow was a stranger, but he took her in into wow was a stranger, but he took her in into wow was a stranger, but he took her in into wow was a stranger, but he took her in into wow was a stranger, but he took her in into wow was a stranger, but he took her in into wow of free!

The men's early and late, morning the stranger was a stranger, but he took her in in

the little thing in my arms, his face lookin' so white, even in the dark, an' I heerd him prayin', 'O God! leave one' on em-leave one on 'em-doan't take 'em both!' I couldn't ha' telled him no way. Katie were past speakin' then; but I could jes' see her little face from whar I sat. Dick's hands was close in mine—I hadn't never let go sence they growed cold. I see after a while a bit of light shinin' in the brook, an' I knew the stars was out. But I never looked up at the sky. He was-thar as had taken away my children. He was so fur up, I thought He never cared. Ef. He'd forgot me 'twarn't no use fur me to be lookin' at His sky an' sayin' over His prayers. So I sat an' see the shinin' in the brook an' the two little once, an put her warm fingers on my face and kissed me.

"I heerd Katie moanin', an' I see Stephen holdin' uv her all night. When the fust mornin' light come in through the trees, we turned an' looked at one another, an' they were both dead. We made 'em two little graves by the brook an' buried 'em thar. Then we tuk hold of hands an' kneeled down on the moss, Generally we feel disposed to accompany an' Stephen he prayed sech a prayer as them with some apology for their length. I never heerd afore. It made me look But we give the following from Harper up ter the sky fur the fust time an' see how blue it was, an' how bright the trees was in the sun, an' think how will feel that any apology for it would they'd be blue an' bright over the little cold things jes' the same when we was My refugee, after describing the gone, an how we'd leave 'em all alone

"We come ter safer travellin' soon, in an' hid us up garret, fur a spell. "So we all tuk up with the woods for They was good to us, God bless em! the promise which telled me as how I'd

"After that we found we was sus-Our Pather. The poor innocents pected of bein thar, an the folks couldstopped cryin allers, cause He'd throw n't keep us no longer; so we was off com down bread from heaven. In agin'—us three alone. Then we come course He did give us some at mostly, or we'd all a ben under the grass; but here in the cars, an a chaplain as paid He didn't send enough ter keep the our fare, an so we come here this morn-childern. Four on em is dead. He in Miss. Stephen he's clean beat out; didn't leave one big enough ter call me but ef God hain't forgotialle about us, mother, or kiss me with its little com- an' he gets well an' strong, we'll go ter fortin' ways; there's nobody left but work an get an honest home. I don't the baby. I don't know why she stood know as I can ever oall it home, an all it, when the rest couldn't. Praps be them little things as was playin round them little things as was playin' round the old place by the river lyin' cold an' stiff in the swamps."

Just then her baby wakened and be-

till nigh mornin', but I jus' sot with the they hushed their noisy jokes and laughboy stone-cold on my knee, an never ter when they looked over to the man's telled Stephen. I see him bendin over corner, and how many anxious inquiries for our refugees met me every morning. It puzzled me, at first, to see how en-

tirely nature seemed to have confused her rules in the hearts of these two. The man clinging to her, resting so in her strength and love, yet fancying still in his delirium that he was again her protector in the dangers of their forest life; taking with such a childlike trust, the truths from the Bible she had taught her with a faith as pure as a woman's: yet withal a brave man, no coward in principle, no craven in danger.

I used to wonder as I looked up often at her from my work, and saw how quietly she sat, "the same loved, tireless watcher," how her husband's eyes followed hers, and his voice called her, how white faces. I heerd Mattie hushin the they clung to one another—these two babie ter sleep whar I'd left her under from whom God had taken all else but the bushes, b. The little thing crep up the knowledge of what they were each to each—I used to wonder how she could bear it to have him go.

Out of those busy days I have saved many a pleasant picture of her as she sat fanning the hot air about the bed, watching for all little cares for her husband, hushing her baby, or perhaps bowing her head, her lips moving as if in prayer. And I thought what it would be when, for such tender offices, no voice would call to her.

Once, I remember, I was busy over the captain, not far from her, and I saw her turn suddenly, in answer to her husband's call.

"Mary, whar's the baby?" "Here, Stephen:"

the child. He put up his thin hand and touched its face.

"It's all we've got left, Mary, ain't "Hush, Stephen, man! Yer too sick ter think on't now."

"No. I allers think when I'm awake

"I doan't;" in a quick, sharp tone.
"Mary! Mary! yer must. Yer might tempt Him to do wus things."

She made no answer, but I could see her thin lips compress suddenly, and I marked how the purple veins were swelling on her forehead.

Her husband passed his hand over the baby's puny face, and then looked up at

"Mary, ef I should be took"-She stopped him with a low, sharp ry, and caught both his hands in hers. Stephen, yer won't," she said.

A bit of sunlight had fallen across the bed and touched the three, dropping off from her dark hair and deep-set, glowing when thar warn't no rebel sojers anigh sayin' sech things ter Him as tuk her eyes, down on the sunken face upon the the place they'd let us in the house. sayin' sech things ter Him as tuk her eyes, down on the sunken face upon the away from sorrer an' sufferin', an' made pillow, and then on the little child, who "But the starvin' come the wust. her a little angel to hum with Him for saw it with a bubbling laugh, and put Folks give us meals sometimes, ef we ever: So he put the baby in my arms up its hands to catch the golden motes

She caught at it quickly, as if it were promise.

"Yer've been dreamin', Stephen, sun's come ter wake yer. Why, man, yer most well. I haven't seen yer luk so natural-like sence yer was sick."

She bent over with a long look into her husband's eyes, and pressed her lips to his. She did not notice that a was there but a moment before, and that touched with a glow of health, was pallid followed me. on should red the

while it accepted all life as without hope, for the graves which had just closed above it, yet was so blind to the fact that she stood upon the brink of another. could not take away, her husband—who transfixed, like one who asks the quest could wake her from her dream? Not tion on which hangs an eternity. I against her breast, and dropped her face appears to falling over them both. Her whole slight frame was quivering. No one could see her shadows on the hospital floor—finding to tion on which hangs an eternity. I against her breast, and dropped her face upon the pillow by his, her hair falling over them both. Her whole slight frame was quivering. No one could see her shadows on the hospital floor—finding to the hospital floor—finding to the pillow by his, her hair falling over them both. Her whole slight frame was quivering. No one could see her face. Through the moments that passed her alike with that steady look in her voice that froze me—"I know what

Sometimes I thought a glimpse of what come to night." She repeated the word an I won't never say hard things on I thought—I thought. O.

we was married. So I knew how it cut hearty, soldier fashion, seeming pleased and was musing upon the fickleness of make her eat. She only shook her inter his heart to hev the childern took, at her grateful smile. But as the days human nature, while I sat one morning head, pushing it away. Through all the an' how selfish it war in me ter forget | went on, and they saw how the fever | in a meditative attitude before the hot afternoon she did not seem to move he loved 'em jes' the same as I did. I was burning in her husband's eye and kitchen fire, my sleeves rolled up, my her eyes from her husband's face. He shet my lips then an' never said another cheek, and caught snatches of the coneyes fixed reflectively upon a basin of was tossing on the bed in frenzy, calling Shall I put it up for you?" sultations the doctor and I had over him arrow-root, and blessed with the con- for her, catching at her hand, but still "Dick went fust. Katie she held out out in the entry, I noticed how often sciousness that my face was slowly, but he did not recognize her. surely, turning to "celestial rosy red" Her baby slept quietly on her arm. over the coals. While thus occupied, I She did not seem to know it, holding it was told by an attendant that the doc- mechanically. Toward evening it waktor wished to see me.

> He met me with a grave face. "Well?" I said, stopping short.

"Who'll tell her?"

"You must." "Dr. Joyce," said I, "I'm no coward, and I never disobey orders; but I wish my neck, whether its warm touch could sole feathered exception. The collar him to understand, giving them back to you'd find me a few moments to go away ever comfort her, and if God would not was sent home. and cry first.'

"Why-why, really," said the good man, whom I puzzled every day by my were very quiet, and we sat watching owner of such a collar must be. Do feminine developments, "I don't see through the windows the gorgeous hues what she would her thoughts flowed in how you can be spared just now. There's the man who came last night, waiting for a fresh bandage; and Jones, behind the hills. The twilight began ker "-for there was a little amount due and I don't see how there's time just to creep in at the windows, and fell each, and neither would like to wait. at present."

very well. I must face duty if it put thin hand fanning her husband, the other me in the front, and held me under the

I found the boys quite sober as I passed along finishing all most pressing many times, I saw her drop the fan of which must come house rent as well work, and prolonging it, I am afraid, rather more than was necessary; for which I expect you will combat my assertion that I was not a coward.

"So he's going at last!" the captain | yer'd only kiss me once!" said, with a sorrowful glance into the corner. "I-I call that hard, poor thing!"

The sergeant called softly as I went by, "Have you told her? If it was my wife—if I was you, I'd rather be under fire than have it to do!"

"I say, mum" and Pat, the warm-She held up the little thing so that he hearted, was tugging at my sleeve with could see it, her eyes on him, and not on his one arm + "I say how long'll he hold lay panting and weaker as the night acutely painful, and on the following day the presence of light was intoleraout ?"

"Till night." "May the Houly Vargin an' all the saints have marcy on her!" he ejaculated, fervently. ""She's sech a poor young critter, sure!!"

But the thing that most unmanned me, more than all the anxious questions that met me from each bed as I passed along the messages from Jones and Brown, or the condescending sympathy of the rebel-was the entreaty of my little drummer-boy, who had lain in agony with his wound for many weeks, and was himself marked with the touch of that looking over to the corner. unerring finger that no human care or love can parry; an orphan child, to whom now I alone was a mother, and so ed his hands. it was that even to look at him as he turned his patient face so mutely on the

The chaplain was sick that morning, and so I told him.

"Who'll pray for that man?" "My boy, he isn't afraid to die; he reeds no chaplain."

white face!" I was silent. I could not tell him how she needed prayer—purer, better

prayers than mine could be. "I remember how mother felt when father died." he said, and spoke no more then, but turned his face quietly away. her hands in her husband's. Her thin I saw that he folded his hands, and I hair had fallen down about her neck; heard the echo of a whisper on his lips, her face, with its drawn lips and hucless

touched her shoulder.

'I want to see you a moment, I said.

She turned with a look of surprise, stooped a moment to touch her husband's the face which it had for the instant forehead with her hand, then rose and

again in the gray of the dull afternoon, so We satt down under a large entry That was some strange contradiction window, quietly. I remember how the in her nature—this woman with the des—garish sunlight played about her worn clate eyes and frozen voice—which, face, and how the wind blew in gusts up the stairs and through the deserted

1/44 I have something to tell you, "I began! But there I stopped, held fast by whisper but natural in its tone; and the ture was sold, the lease given up, and Ellinging so tenaziously to the one love the look in her eyes Dark, yet filled hand which his wife held had grown soft. yet left to her-feeling so sure that God with the depths of some glowing light; and moistant and mistant could not take away her husband who transfixed, like one who asks the quest She clasped it tightly, holding it up

"The doctor says the crisis must itent child. slowly, like one whose memory is be-Him agin! I thought—I thought, O, coming treacherous "To-night. Ef my husband! I thought He'd tuk yer, there's a God in heaven, I hope He'll an' left me all alone!"

serving my country in sending her ene- mouth sharper, but her voice, when she

ened and cried. She paid no heed to it. nor once took her eyes from the fairy I went up and took the child gently lace creation, though breaking the tenth from her. Her arm remained in the commandment at every glance. The "Stephen Rand he can't last same position as before. I could hear clerk was not slow to perceive his adthrough the night, unless there is some her quick, sharp breathing; but she did vantage. Gathering an elegant silk in change I see no reason to expect." not look at me nor speak. I took the pyramidial form, he adroitly placed the little thing away, and found a negro collar over the shining folds. In vain girl to take care for it, wondering, as I is the snare spread in the sight of any went and felt the clinging hands about bird; but to this rule woman forms the in mercy take them both.

Of course there wasn't. I knew that | ped her figure where she sat, one white, | sion, and they did. thin hand fanning her husband, the other No one, on entering the elegant parlying clenched in her lap, her head bent lor of the Marshes, would have supposed toward the bed to listen to his ravings. Once, when he had called her name quickly, and creeping up, lay her head as house expenses. Yet it was even so. upon his arm with a long wail.

Perhaps he understood her, for he put up the hand he held to his hot lips. She put her arm about his neck and root of their prosperity—the quicksand kissed him once—twice—almost fiercely. Then she buried her face in the clothes. I could just hear her stifled cry, "O, my God! my God! my God!" three times—a cry that made me tremble.

bed and the flickering of the newlylighted lamps above the faces of my ily progressed. Meanwhile the rent beboys. Now and then some one called came due, and one after another, like me, and I went silently to meet their venging spirits, came those little bills, wants. Often I could hear a groan till not a dollar was left in the purse. from some sufferer, or the captain's Notwithstanding her one great foible, cough, but nearer and more distinctly, Mrs. Marsh possessed the elements of Stephen Rand's labored breathing, and true womanhood, and in the light of her his wife's low voice soothing his deliri- present distress her past conduct seemum. Once the little drummer called ed culpable in the extreme. Tying on faintly for some water. I went up to her bonnet and taking from a drawer give it to him. He smiled as I left him, several articles of dress for which she

"I haven't forgotten her," he said. So he turned away, and once more fold-

I came back and sat down again. I could do nothing for him. His wife light step she reached the place of buspillow, brought the quick tears. Put- jealously watched for every care which ting up his hand into mine, he said, softly, now remained. I watched her face,
"Is the chaplain here?"

wondering who would dare to sometime. her when the morning came.

Presently her husband grew more quiet, and fell at last into an uneasy slumber, fitful and restless at first, but me to say that you will have to fill his But his wife; she has such a white, doctor, with his finger on the pulse,

looked, I thought, surprised. Was it stupor, or rest? was it death, or life? The woman's eyes asked him mutely, but he could not tell her.

The light fell full upon her where she was crouched on the floor by the bed, I went up at last to Mary Rand and cheeks, looked more like death than the salary. When can you make a begin-ouched her shoulder. one on which she gazed. A soft, natuning?"

"I want to see you a moment," I said. ral heat seemed to color that at last, and in the seement was soon as he is better—next Monhe stirred in his sleep. The doctor day perhaps. passed his hand over the man's forehead. and Diwas sure his face brightened be Speak to him, ? he said to the wife.

She bent over, with her hair falling about her face, so I could not see it.

"Stephen!"
He opened his eyes, and smiled faintly.
"Whar are ye, Mary?"
He was quite himself now—weak as

father's boy. He tuk fever in them gan to laugh and coo at her, in its prett her alike with that steady look in her voice that froze me—"I know what before she spoke, her husband touched marshes, an kinder wasted afore we ty way, putting up its tiny hands to eyes and that firm hand which betoken yer've come say How long ill they her hair caressingly, and smiled. At know it.

There was some ed as yet no shade of fear or doubt. "There was some last it came a little, low cry, like a pen-

still folded as when he sought from the tian Times motificant process orphan's God a blessing for this hum-

LEARNING A LESSON.

"It is exquisitely wrought, Mrs.

"How much did you say it was?"

"Ten dollars." "Ten dollars! I don't know as I had better take it to-day.'

Yet she turned not from the counter.

Mrs. Marsh was not perfectly happy The evening came at last. The boys that evening, as she had fancied the of purple and gold that were in the sky. alliterative measure: "Baker, butcher, The great warm sun dropped at length and Bridget-Bridget, butcher and baheavily on the hospital floor. It wrap- But they must, was her ready conclu-

that the husband was only a book-keeper with a salary of fifteen hundred, out Literally taking no thought for the mor-"O, Stephen, it's me! it's yer wife, row, and scarcely for to-day, they lived Stephen! I hain't never left yer. Ef a little faster than their income and were constantly incurring small debts and deferring the time of payment. Love of display was the worm at the that was fast undermining the hearthstone. But even now dawns the day of reckoning.

That evening Mr. Marsh could not enjoy his paper—the gaslight strangely day the presence of light was intolera-I sat watching the forms about his ble. A physician was called and remedies applied, but the inflammation stead-

was owing, she hurried to the store, and with a burning cheek told the merchant that she could not meet the payment. A weight was taken from her mind when these were disposed of, and with a iness of her husband's employer. The venerable principal met her at the door.

"Ah! good morning, Mrs. Marsh—I hope to hear that your husband is bet-

"No better as yet, sir. He wishes gradually he became quite still. The place, as the physician enjoins perfect rest for many weeks."

"We shall not readily find his equal." "May I take his place, sir?"

" You! Mrs. Marsh?"

"Yes, sir. It is necessary that I should exert myself now, and I think I could do this. I studied bookkeeping when I was at school."

"Well, madam, if you can do your husband's work, you shall receive his

Wery well, we will depend upon your animala com

And the young wife hurried home deeming that every one she met could hear the wild throbbing of her heart, for she had taken this step without consulting her husband."

But feeling his atter helplessness, Mr. Marsh could make no objection to his an infant, his voice scarcely above a wife's plan, and accordingly the furnienough was thus realized to meet their most pressing wants. Pleasant board was engaged in the family of a worthy widow, and Monday morning found Mrs. Marsh bending anxiously over the pon-derous ledger of Smith, Wells & Co. Her husband was better, and in his darkened room needed not her care, but he would need her earnings, and in that dingy counting-room the young wife first learned the blessedness of toil for those we love. From her occupied mind the demon vanity fled away, and when at the expiration of the second month Mr. Marsh would have resumed his labors at the desk, the merchant expressed himself more than satisfied with the present incumbent, and offered his former clerk a situation in the salesroom. The wife begged to be allowed to continue her

ef any thin' vexed me—I hadn't never cot for a plaything, or they would send day. I began to think they had forgot to hear a prayer to which we ourselves born the least uv a trouble alon' sence some cheery message to her in their ten their sympathy with our refugees, up a little dinner, and tried gently to Magazine. are not attending?