

The Family Circle.

NAUHAUGHT THE DEACON.

Nauhaught, the Indian deacon, who of old Dwell, poor but blameless, where his narrowing Cape Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds And the relentless smiting of the waves, Awoke one morning from a pleasant dream Of a good angel dropping in his hand A fair, broad, gold piece, in the name of God.

He rose and went forth with the early day Far inland, where the waves of the waves Mellowed and mingled with the whispering leaves, As, through the tangle of the low, thick woods, He searched his traps. Therein nor beast nor bird He found; though meanwhile in the reedy pools The otter plashed, and underneath the pines The partridge drummed: and as his thoughts went back

To the sick wife and little child at home, What marvel that the poor man felt his faith Too weak to bear its burden—like a rope That, strand by strand uncoiling, breaks above The hand that grasps it. "Even now, O Lord! Send me," he prayed, "the angel of my dream! Nauhaught is very poor; he cannot wait."

Even as he spoke, he heard at his bare feet A low, metallic clink, and looking down, He saw a dainty purse with diamonds of gold Crowding its silken net. Awhile he held The treasure up before his eyes, alone With his great need, feeling the wondrous coins Slide through his eager fingers, one by one. So then the dream was true. The angel brought One broad piece only; should he take all these? Who would be wiser, in the blind, dumb woods? The loser, doubtless rich, would scarcely miss This dropped crumb from a table always full. Still, while he mused, he seemed to hear the cry Of a starved child; the sick face of his wife Tapped him. Heart and flesh in fierce revolt Urged the wild license of his savage youth Against his later scruples. Bitter toil, Prayer, fasting, dread of blame, and pitiless eyes To watch his halting—had he lost for these The freedom of the woods—the hunting grounds Of happy spirits for a walled-in heaven Of everlasting psalms? One healed the sick Very far off thousands of moons ago: Had he not prayed him night and day to come And cure his bed-bound wife? Was there a hell? Were all his father's people writhing there— Like the poor shell-fish set to boil alive— Forever, dying never? If he kept

This gold, so needed, would the dreadful God Torment him like a Mohawk's captive stuck With slow consuming splinters? Up in heaven Would the good brother deacon grow so rich By selling run to Indians laugh to see him Burn like a pitch-pine torch? His Christian garb Seemed falling from him; with the fear and shame Of Adam naked at the cool of day, He gazed around. A black snake lay in coil On the hot sand, a crow with sidelong eye Watched from a dead bough. All his Indian lore Of evil blending with a convert's faith. In the supernal terrors of the Book, He saw the Tempter in the coiling snake And ominous, black-winged bird; and all the while The low rebuking of the distant waves Stole in upon him like the voice of God Among the trees of Eden. Girding up His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he thrust The base thought from him; "Nauhaught, be a man! Starve, if need be; but while you live, look out From honest eyes on all men, unashamed, God help me! I am deacon of the church, A baptized, praying Indian! Should I do This secret meanness, even the barken knots Of the old trees would turn to eyes to see it, The birds would tell of it, and all the leaves Whisper above me: 'Nauhaught is a thief!' The sun would know it, and the stars that hide Behind his light would watch me, and at night Follow me with their sharp, accusing eyes. Yes, thou, God seest me!" Then Nauhaught drew Closer his belt of leather, dalling thus The pain of hunger, and walked bravely back To the brown fishing-hamlet by the sea; And, pausing at the inn-door, cheerily asked: "Who hath lost sight to day?"

"Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse, My daughter's handiwork." He looked, and lo! One stood before him in a coat of frieze, And the glazed hat of a seafaring man, Shrew-faced, broad-shouldered, with no trace of wings. Marvelling, he dropped within the stranger's hand The silken web, and turned to go his way. But the man said: "A title at least is yours; Take it in God's name as an honest man." And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed Over the golden gift, "Yes, in God's name I take it, with a poor man's thanks," he said.

So down the street that, like a river of sand, Ran, white in sunshine, to the Summer sea, He sought his home, singing and praising God; And when his neighbors in their careless way Spoke of the owner of the silken purse— A Welshet skipper, known in every port That the Cape opens in its sandy wall— He answered, with a wise smile to himself: "I saw the angel where they see a man."

Whittier in the Atlantic Monthly.

POLLY SYLVESTER'S DREAM.

Little Polly Sylvester lay fast asleep on her cot bed in Mrs. Tarbox's garret. It was a cold, dreary place, where the rats scampered about, and the mice scuffled and squeaked in every corner; and there were broken panes in the window, that let in the bitter November wind, and all about hung streaming cobwebs, bundles of dry herbs, hanks of yarn, and wisps of flax, till you could hardly see that there was a window; but through its dingy glass what little light there was on that gray morning, fell across the bed and rested on Polly. She lay very still; the tangled mass of deep chestnut curls was brushed away from her pale, delicate face, the great eyes were shut tight, and their heavy fringe of dark lashes never quivered; but there was a smile on her parted lips, sweet as summer's own sunshine, and so wistful it would have made anybody with a heart ache to see it.

But Mrs. Tarbox hadn't any heart, or if she had, and ever felt it throb in her breast, it had its ears boxed long ago, and was now hard and silent.

"She came lumbering up the stairs this morning with Fish in her arms, in a great passion. 'Get up, you little carrot-head! get up, I say! You're lazier than a snail. If I get at ye I guess you'll move pretty consider'ble s'pry!'"

"Dit up, tallot hed, else I'll bang oo!" echoed Fish, who was almost three years old, but a baby still, and a horrid one.

The suite on Sally's tender little mouth changed to a piteous quiver as she flung aside the bed-clothes, and with a shiver jumped out of bed. "I was dreamin'," she said, in such a sad voice.

"Dreamin'! I'll be bound you're allus dreamin', day in and day out! but you've got to dream out 'o' bed earlier'n this, mornin's, now I tell ye. Hurry up 'nd come down! There, he's most

ready for his breakfast, 'nd I've had to lug this great feller all round, and Vi-ohly she wants her shoes tied 'nd her things hooked up."

"Tum along tick, 'fore me kick oo!" shouted Fish; and Polly, having huddled on her thin and ragged clothes, slipped into her shoes,—an old pair of Mrs. Tarbox's,—and scuttled down stairs as fast as she could. She didn't stop to comb her hair or to wash her face, but took Fish in her arms and went into the bedroom to dress Violy, (whose name was Viola!) a scrawny girl some eight years old, with this light hair, weak blue eyes, and a sallow complexion; fretful and sickly, but, after all, kinder to Polly than anybody else in the house, and loved accordingly. Master Fish was set down on the floor while his sister's boots were laced, her hair brushed, her clothes fastened, and the rent in her pink calico frock basted up; and he amused himself by overturning his mother's mending basket, which Polly must set to rights; then she spread up the bed, and shouldering Fish, went into the kitchen. There at the breakfast-table sat the rest of the family,—Jehiel Tarbox, the father, a rough, stinky, coarse farmer, whose loose lips, red eyes, and stupid expression, told the road he had taken at once; Violy, her mother, and two big boys, Jackson and Everett, the terror and torment of Polly's life,—two young brutes who thought a poor trembling child fair game, and took pleasure in her shrieks and supplications. Now Mrs. Tarbox took Fish on her lap and fed him with fried pork, cold cabbage, and hot biscuit yellow with soda, while Polly fried cakes over the hissing stove,—not fast enough by any means to suit the boys or their father.

"Hurry up your cakes, Silly Poll!" shouted one, "or I'll let the old bull out into the barnyard 'nd set you to catchin' chickens there."

"Come on, Polly Syll!" chimed the other; "fetch along your slajacks, or I'll come 'nd stir ye up,"—a process Polly had experienced before, and stood in mortal fear of.

But when breakfast was scrambled through, and Polly allowed to eat her scraps of food standing at one end of the table, and because she had slept too late, denied the one thing that could have made her scanty meal tolerable to her,—a cup of the hot drink they called coffee,—Mrs. Tarbox began to map out her day's work.

"Come! don't be 'standin' there all day; swaller your vittles quick 'nd fly round. There's heaps 'nd heaps to do. After you've fed the chickens, 'nd emptied the swill pail, 'nd drove the cows, 'nd got Fish to sleep, 'nd righted things generally, there's two barrels 'o' red apples thet's got to be fixed for dryin'; Violy she can string 'em, I guess."

"Say, Mar! can't I go down to the pastur' lot, long of Polly," whined Violy.

"Yes, if you're a mind ter, only don't hang round there all day; get home quick."

So when Polly had done her first "chores," and established Fish safely in a dry-goods box with a heap of sand, an ear of corn, and a string of thread spools to play with, in which primitive nursery he was used to content himself for, an hour at a time, perhaps, the two girls put on their hoods and shawls, such as they were, and set off. Polly opened the cow-shed door and let the milky-eyed, friendly creatures out into the lane, saying a word or two to each of the three as they passed quite as if they had been friends.

It is time now to introduce our little girl. Her father had been a flourishing young carpenter in a Vermont village, that hid itself among vast and verdant hills like a nest in the crochets of a fir-tree. Sam Sylvester loved his sweet little wife so much, that when one day she died and left him, he wanted to die too; and nobody could comfort him,—not even the tiny baby that lay and wailed in an old cradle, as if it felt, what it could not yet know,—the sorrows of a motherless child. There was no one in Hillvale in any way related to Sam; he was an orphan, like his wife, and any relatives he might have in the seaboard New England town where his father had lived he had never seen or heard from; so that when he made up his mind to try his fortune in California, because Hillvale was so desolate to him now, he put little Pauline, who was named for her mother, under the care of his next-door neighbor, a Mrs. Moore, leaving money enough to pay her for a year, and promising to send on more. He went away with a sad heart; but when he got to California, the voyage and the change had taken his thoughts off his own trouble, and hard work at the mines did so still more. He was quite successful. In the meantime Polly grew up under kind and motherly Mrs. Moore's care into a fat and happy baby.

One day, about a year after he left home, a couple of his mining mates, who had been down to San Francisco for stores, stepped into his tent, and after standing about uneasily for a moment, one of them spoke.

"Say, Sylvester! you didn't come from Hillvale, Vermont, did ye?"

"Yes I did, to be sure."

The two men exchanged a glance, and the one who had not spoken sauntered out. Bill Decker went on,—

"Anybody there related to ye any ways?"

"Nobody but my little girl."

"Name's Mary, ain't it?"

"No, Pauline."

"Good Jupiter!"

"What are you asking for, Bill Decker?"

"O nothin', nothin', only suthin' or other turned up queer down in Frisco."

"Tell me what it was, quick!" said Sam, rising to his feet with a pale face and angry eyes.

"Well, my mate and I we went into a saloon like to get a drink, 'nd there was a paper a lyn' round loose on the bar, 'nd I chanced to see 'Sylvester' on't. I kinder thought it might be some o' your folks hed kicked the bucket, and so I'd tell ye about it; and I read it, an' it sed Pauline Sylvester was dead, up to Hillvale."

Sam sat down on a box and put up his hands as if to wipe away some mist before his eyes. Baby was dead then; the little creature he had hoped would grow 'nto as sweet a woman as her dead mother, while she waited for him to come back and claim her.

"Well!" said he, slowly, "that's the last on't; but I may as well go to work," and he did. Nothing more was heard of him in Hillvale, and he never knew that the paper Bill Decker had seen was an old one,—so old that it was his wife's death in the register, not his child's.

In the meantime good Mrs. Moore, not receiving any money, or hearing any news from Sam Sylvester; still took care of the lovely little child

as if it had been her own. It had found its place in her great tender heart, and though she was poor she would never give Polly up. The child was six years old when Mrs. Moore died suddenly, and being a childless widow, with no property to leave behind her, Polly Sylvester was sent to the selectmen of the town, and by them bound out to Mrs. Tarbox. Two long years ago, and six months beside, had Polly taken her place in this new family,—for it was not a new home. When she came there she was a plump and rosy child, with rows of shining chestnut curls, eyes as brown, clear, and large as a flying squirrel's, and neatly dressed. To-day she was what we have seen her; the long drudgery, unkindness, improper food, and no care had made little Polly a forlorn sight. We left her driving the cows with Violy.

"Say, Polly, what makes you shiver so?" inquired the other little girl.

"O, I'm dreadful cold; seems as if I should freeze, Vi!"

"I ain't! the coffee was real warm."

"But I didn't have any coffee, because I didn't get up quick."

"Well, why didn't you get up? you 'most allers do."

"O Violy, I had such a splendid dream! Don't you know we had that picture-paper Miss Slater let us take one time, and it had about Christmas in it, and how children somewheres hanged up their stockings, and you said it was real splendid, 'nd you wish your folks had a Christmas; 'nd I said I guessed if my father and mother wa'n't dead I should have one, because Mother Moore always told me what clever folks they was? And then don't you rek'lect that queer picture of—let's see, what's his name?—oh! Santi Claus fillin' the stockin's? Whey, Rainbow!"

"—shouting to a cow that left the line of march tempted by a turnip field with the bars down."

"Well, I dreamed that Santi Claus came down chimney right there in the garret somehow, and hung the dredfullest great big red stockin' you ever did see, close to the foot of my bed; 'nd when I looked at him he kinder laughed and said, 'Get up, Polly, and look in your stockin'; it's Christmas day.' So I looked in and the stockin' grew bigger, 'nd there was a most splendid kind of a wagon or somethin' drawn by two white horses, and in it—O Violy, what do you think?—my own really truly father and mother holdin' out their arms to me;—O dear!"

The tears streamed down those little pale, hollow cheeks, and Polly sat down on a stone sobbing bitterly; for she had driven the cows into the lot and put up the bars while she told her story.

Viola was not a bad child, and she was a child; a certain dull sympathy filled her heart for the poor little thing who sat there trying not to sob, and mopping her face with the corner of her ragged calico apron.

"Say! don't ye cry no more, Polly. I'll give ye a real soft apple to stop; don't no more, now."

"I can't help it; Violy, I'm so tired; 'nd sometimes I'm so scared up garret nights, and the boys do pester me the whole time. I wish, O I do wish, I had a real live father and mother! Seems as if I couldn't stand it no longer. Miss Slater, sometimes she talks to me about hev'in' a Father up in the sky; but I expect He's forgot about me; He has such sights of things to see to!"

Poor tiny soul! He had not forgotten you!

Day after day went by, and Polly grew yet more pale and pinched. Autumn had brought its stiller, harder work than summer, and when winter came, with drifts of pitiless snow over mountains and valleys, and the fierce winds blew more and more keenly upon Polly's half-clothed body and poor pretence of a bed, the child seemed to shrink away daily; there was no place for her by the fire at night, no warm and nourishing food by day, and when she was worn out with hard work she crouched and shivered under her scanty bedclothes at night, falling asleep from fatigue, without being warm.

One morning—it was the day before Christmas, but Polly did not know it, for no record of any holiday but Thanksgiving was ever kept in the Tarbox family—she was found in her garret so drowsy and stiff with cold that Mrs. Tarbox took alarm lest some day her boidid girl might be unbound, and leave her for the house of that Father whom the poor child thought had forgotten her.

So they told her she might bring her bed down at night and spread it in a corner of the kitchen, if it was done only after the family had gone to bed and removed before they got up. That night the moon shone full and clear over the sheeted snow, silvered the crests of the great mountains that bore up its drifted piles, and streamed into the darkest depths of the valleys. By its light Polly crept up garret and loaded her trembling shoulders with the husk mattress and cotton comforter. Everybody in the house was warm in bed, and just as she flung her burden down on the kitchen floor there came a loud rap at the door. Polly was frightened, and Mrs. Tarbox called from her bedroom,—

"Open that are door, Poll, pretty quick; don't stand gawpin' round as ef you was city folks!"

The startled little creature did as she was bid; and there on the doorsteps stood a man, while beyond him, in a sleigh heaped with furs, the moon, now shining like day, showed to Polly a lady muffled to the throat, and just holding aside a silvery veil to look out; and the lady saw a slender, pallid child, with large soft eyes and a head of tangled curls shivering on the doorstep before the strange gentleman. This took but one instant's glance, and the stranger asked if Mrs. Tarbox lived there.

"Yes, sir," said Polly.

The man seemed choked with his next question, it came so painfully and so slow,—

"What is your name, child?"

"Polly Sylvester, sir!"

"My own baby?" was the deep, low answer; and Polly rested right in her father's arms, sobbing so herself she could not hear the answering throbs of his heart, though her poor tired head lay upon it.

"Polly, shut that door!" screamed Mrs. Tarbox; but there was no answer. Out she hopped from her bed, fully intending to give Polly a trouncing, and came upon the sight we have seen.

"Well! I should like to know—"

"You shall," interrupted the stranger. "Mrs. Tarbox, I am Polly Sylvester's father; you have betrayed my little darling, whom I believed dead long ago, worse than a dog, and she shall not stay another minute in your house!"

"I guess there's two folks to settle that bargain. Fastly how do I know you be her father?"

"Look at me!" said he, lifting his cap.

"Why, Sam Sylvester!"

"Now you have committed your own self, Mrs. Tarbox. I haven't changed too much in nine years to be known again."

"Anyhow there's the selectmen, and the bond, 'nd I'll have you persecuted sure's my name's Tarbox, 'nd hev the law on ye if you tetch to take her away!"

Sam Sylvester laughed.

"Do it if you dare!" said he, and taking the great traveling shawl off his shoulders, he wrapped Polly all over in it and carried her off bodily to the sleigh.

"Darling," said he, as he put her into the lady's arms, "I have brought you a new mother as sweet and good as your first one was."

Polly did not doubt that the lovely face bending over her with kisses and fond words was all her father said; and when he sprang into the sleigh and the driver let his impatient horses bound away and shake their silvery bells along the smooth road, Polly only whispered, "This is better than my dream!"

It seems that Sam Sylvester, now a rich man, and married to a young English girl he had met and loved in San Francisco, had, about three months before, met a Hillvale man fresh from home, who, after he had got over his surprise at beholding Sam alive and well, told him all about Polly; and of course the father set out at once to find his child.

They drove over to Drayton, the nearest large village to Hillvale, and there, after a warm bath, and a good supper, happy Polly fell sound asleep, holding her new mamma's hand; but when she woke up next morning her first words, in answer to the loving smile of those blue eyes were,

"Mother, is it Christmas day?"

"Yes dear!"

"And did you come out of a red stocking?"

"Why, no, my little girl!"

"O, I'm so glad! then it isn't a dream!"

—Rose Terry, in Our Young Folks.

MOTHERS, HEED THE WARNING.

"Ain't it splendid?" I heard a little boy exclaim, as he took a huge bite from the brandy-peach his playmate had offered.

"What makes it so good, Lewis?"

"You little goose, don't you know? Why, it's the brandy, of course," was his companion's reply.

"Then brandy must be very good if it makes peaches taste so nice," said Frank, smacking his lips.

"I rather think it is," answered Lewis.

"I coax mother to give me a spoonful every time she opens a jar. Father don't like for her to do it, though. He says I might grow up to be a drunkard; but mother says there's no danger, and I say so too; for I do think it is awful mean for a man to get drunk and go staggering about the streets, and rolling in the gutter. No, indeed, I'll never—never be a drunkard!"

Years passed, and I was one day strolling through the still, shadowy groves of Greenwood Cemetery, when a funeral procession filed slowly in. I followed it, and when the mourners and others left the carriages, I went with them to the open grave, and stood near to the pall-bearers as they deposited their burden, for a few moments, on the rude boards placed to receive it. The coffin was very rich and costly, and as a sunbeam, the farewell of the departing day, flashed across the silver plate on the lid, I read—

"LEWIS ABBOT. Aged 18."

"So young," thought I, sadly; "cut down in the very spring-time of life." When the coffin was lowered, the mother, who had been strangely calm, suddenly sprang away from the arm on which she had been leaning, threw herself on her knees beside the grave, with her hands clasped and her tearless eyes gazing wildly downward into the dark receptacle.

"O my precious boy! Lost, lost forever! Sent to perdition by your mother's hand!" As this despairing cry burst from her lips she threw her arms upward, and, with a deep groan of mortal anguish, fell back death-like and inanimate. She was removed by her friends to the house of the officer in charge of the cemetery, and I, shocked and startled beyond measure, left the place with that terrible cry of self-reproach ringing in my ears. As I passed out, I met a friend to whom I related what had transpired, mentioning the name of the youth.

"I heard of his death this morning. Poor Lewis! It is a brief but sad history, and, as I have known the family for years, I can explain the scene you have witnessed."

"Mrs. Abbot was famed for her brandy-peaches, and allowed her children to eat of them freely. Lewis, the oldest son, seemed to have a special fondness for them, carrying one to school almost every day as part of his lunch. After a time he began to beg for the brandy in which they were preserved, and the indulgent mother often gave him a spoonful, until, at last, it began to disappear very rapidly and strangely, and Lewis was caught, one day, drinking from the jar. Mrs. Abbot was appalled; but her work could not be undone. Her jars were looked away safely, but it was too late. The infatuated boy spent his pocket-money for brandy; and when that was withheld, sold his skates, then his watch, then his books; his medal, which he prized so highly, and even articles of clothing were all sacrificed to the fatal appetite that was consuming every attribute of his high, noble nature. For four years he has been rushing madly, recklessly to his doom, and now the star of his young life has gone out in everlasting darkness. His last words were full of the most fearful import: 'Those infernal brandy-peaches, mother—they gave me the first start on the downward road. Remember that, mother!'"

Ah! well! might the heart-broken mother reproach herself in the bitterness of despair at the grave of her lost boy; truly her hand had done the work.

O mothers! heed the warning. In every crystal jar of peaches and cherries, from which the brandy fumes arise, in every glass of the sparkling, domestic wine your hands

have so skillfully prepared, lurks a fiery fiend which may relentlessly and cruelly crush and blight the fairest, the noblest, and the dearest of all your cherished household treasures.—Advocate.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

For the great adversary who always aims at the open point in the harness. A shrewd writer says:

"Does not Satan attack us in our weakest point? How he suits his mode of temptation to the disposition of the victim! Are you vain? In how dazzling a lustre will he place the pleasures of this poor world before you! Are you ambitious? In what splendid honor will he make the great things of man appear! Are you discontented? In what exalted light will he place the advantages of others before your eyes? Are you jealous? In what strong contrasts will he place the kindness of the person you love toward another than you! Are you of an ill temper? How he will make you think everybody hates you, neglects you, despises you, or intends to slight you! Are you indolent? How wearisome will he make the slightest effort for another's good seem in your eyes! Are you too active? How useless will he make the quiet hour of prayer, and thought, and reading seem to you! He tempts us to what our nature is most inclined; he suits his allurements to our inclination. If we are of a quiet temper, he will not tempt us there; if we are only ambitious, he will take care to make us jealous; if we are too active, he will not tempt us to be idle. He knows us well; he drives our inclination to its far extreme."

INFLUENCE OF SUNLIGHT.

In his lecture on this subject, Dr. Griscom said: Sunlight, particularly in dwellings, has become absolutely necessary to health and comfort. The lecturer illustrated how carbonic acid gas is deleterious to human life, by exhaling into a bottle the air from his lungs, and then placing a light therein, which was immediately extinguished. The life of a living insect, he said, would have been extinguished there with equal rapidity. The oxygen necessary to human life is derived from plants through the operation of the sun's rays—the yellow ray—and the vegetables in return absorb the poisonous carbon exhaled from the human lungs. Both these operations take place only in the sun's rays, hence the impropriety of sleeping with plants in our rooms. With man, the sun's rays play a part very important. Under their operation continual change is taking place in the human system; a constant chemical process is in operation. The action of death was a mere chemical operation, produced by the incapacity of the system to inhale the necessary oxygen and exhale the poisonous carbon of the system. To preserve this condition in life, and a healthy system, as well as the development of the mental powers, alike in old and young, a due proportion of sunlight is necessary.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

—Mr. Gray had not been long minister of the parish before he noticed an odd habit of the grave-digger; and one day coming upon John smoothing and trimming the lonely bed of a child which had been buried a few days before, he asked why he was so particular in dressing and keeping the graves of infants. John paused for a moment at his work, and looked up, not at the minister, but at the sky, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And on this account you tend and adorn them with so much care," remarked the minister who was greatly struck with the reply.

"Surely, sir," answered John, "I cannot make overbrow and fine the bed-covering of a little innocent sleeper that is waitin' there till it is God's time to waken it and cover it with a white robe, and wait it away to glory. When such grandeur is awaitin' it yonder, it's fit it should be decked out fine here. I think the Saviour will like to see white clover spread above it; dae ye no think sae, sir?"

"But why not cover larger graves also?" asked the minister, hardly able to suppress his emotions. "The dust of all His saints is precious in the Saviour's sight."

"Very true, sir," responded John, with great solemnity, "but I cannot be sure who are His saints, and are no. I hope there are many of them lying in this kirkyard, but it was great presumption to mark them out. There are some that I am gey sure about, and I keep their graves as neat and snod, as I can. I plant a bit flour here and there as a sign of my hope, but daurna gie them the white skirt," referring to the white clover. "It's clean differin, though, with the bairns."—Dr. Thompson's Seeds and Sheaves.

—The narrator, at that time surgeon of a Pennsylvania regiment, was seated in Washington's tent a day or two before the battle of Trenton. The general was engaged in writing, when suddenly tearing off a piece of the paper on which he had just scribbled something, he crumpled it in his hand, and rising from his seat threw it on the ground, and then paced the floor absorbed in thought. This act was repeated several times, and the doctor's curiosity being aroused, he put his foot on one of the pieces of paper which happened to fall at his feet, and as Washington walked away transferred it to his pocket. On reaching his own quarters he found the words written were, *Victory or Death*. This phrase was given out the next day to the troops as the countersign.—From the January number of Lippincott.

—It is related of a distinguished Senator, who had been in rather bad health, that he was accosted by a constituent during one of those breathless periods of the late war when the very destinies of the nation seemed to out excited fancies to hang upon the fortunes of the hour.

"Oh, Mr. —, I am so glad to see you!" said the friend. "Is there—have you any news?"

"Thank you," responded the Senator, with grave serenity. "Thank you: I am much better!"—January number of Lippincott's Magazine.