

THE HERALD OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors. FORWARD. SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1851. NUMBER 24. \$1.50 A YEAR, in Advance.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.
B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.
TERMS OF THE PAPER.
By mail, or at the office, in advance, \$1.50
If not paid in advance, the paper three months from the time of advertising, two dollars will be charged.
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Cards not exceeding 1 line, one year, \$2.00
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Twenty advertisements have the privilege of changing at pleasure, but at no time are allowed to occupy more than two squares, and to be inserted in their respective numbers.
Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till told and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

W. H. KNOWLTON,
Watchmaker and Repairer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Looking Glasses and other Fancy Goods. Store over door of the Reed House.

ARBUCKLE & KEPLER,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. No. 3, Ferry Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

A. M. JUDSON,
Attorney at Law—Office at Douglas in the Chronicle Office, in Wright's Block.

J. W. DOUGLASS,
Attorney at Law—Office over Williams & Wright's Banking Establishment, entrance first door west on the Public Square.

COMPTON & HAVERSTICK,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. No. 1, Ferry Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

G. ANDRE,
Agent of J. A. Hoffmann—Deputy of Foreign Marine and Mercantile Merchandise, wholesale and retail, No. 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

DR. C. BRANDE,
Physician and Surgeon—Office at the corner of State and Seventh streets, Residence on Eighth street, between French and Holland, Erie, Pa.

T. W. MOORE,
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candles, Fruit, &c. One floor below Logans & Co's State street, Erie.

W. SANFORD & CO.,
Dealers in Gold, Silver, Watches, Jewellery, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Sight Exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office in Wright's Block, Public Square, Erie.

T. HERON STANTON,
Solicitor and Deputy of French and Fifth streets, over Moore Koch's store. Residence on Fourth street, one door east of the old Apothecary Hall.

R. T. STERRETT & SONS,
Has constantly on hand a full supply of Groceries, Hardware, Ship Chandlery, Provisions, Produce, &c. &c. and Wholesale Retail as cheap as the market. Cor. 11th, Chestnut and Erie.

WM. S. LANE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Revolutionary Army and Navy Pensions, Bounty Lands and claims for extra pay, and all other business entrusted to me shall receive prompt and faithful attention. Office in Wright's Block on State street, over J. H. Fullerton's store. Res. 19th St. Erie, Pa.

LAIRD & RUST,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Iron, Nails, &c. No. 1, Wright's Block corner of Fifth and State streets.

OLIVER SPAFFORD,
Bookkeeper and Stationer, and Manufacturer of Blank Books and Writing Ink, corner of the Diamond and Sixth streets.

J. B. NICKLIN,
Special and general Agent for all kinds of business, Franklin, Pa.

KUYEN REED,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Fruit, &c. &c. Corner of French and Fifth streets, opposite the Farmers' Hotel, Erie.

JOHN MCCANN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Iron, Nails, &c. &c. No. 1, Wright's Block, Erie, Pa.

J. GOALDING,
Merchant Tailor, alterations, &c. No. 3, Ferry Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

J. W. WETMORE,
Druggist, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Drugs, Chemicals, &c. No. 1, Ferry Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

HENRY CADWELL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Hardware, Iron, Nails, &c. &c. No. 1, Ferry Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

M. MERVIN SMITH,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace, and Agent for the Erie and Western Railroad Company—Office over Wright's Block, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law, Office at the residence on Reynolds street, opposite the Merchants' Church, Erie.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Forwarding and Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street.

J. ROSENZWEIG & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c. No. 4, Wright's Block, State street, Erie.

WILLIAMS & WRIGHT,
Banker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Drafts, certificates of Deposit, Gold and Silver coin, &c. &c. Office, Williams Block, State street, Erie.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tannery Hall building north of the Merchants' Church, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond.

C. M. TIBBALS,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c. No. 111, Chestnut, Erie.

SMITH JACKSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens, Ware, Lard, Iron, Nails, &c. 121, Chestnut, Erie.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
Cabinet Maker, Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

EDWIN KELSO & CO.,
General Forwarding, Produce and Commission Merchants—dealers in coarse and fine mail, Coal, Flour, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.

WALKER & COOK,
General Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Water-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & CO.,
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.

T. M. ANSTY,
CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Glass, &c. No. 2, Reed House, Erie.

JAMES LITTLE,
Furniture Merchant, Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Hardware, &c. &c. No. 1, Ferry Block, Erie.

O. B. SPAFFORD,
Dealer in Law, Medical, School Miscellaneous Books stationary ink, &c. &c. No. 1, Ferry Block, Erie.

P. S. DICKEYSON,
Attorney at Law—Office at the residence on Reynolds street, opposite the Merchants' Church, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. &c. No. 1, Ferry Block, Erie.

POWELL—1st King Ridge, Dealer and Manufacturer, Just received and for sale by the box or less quantity by J. W. Wetmore, Druggist, Erie, Pa.

R. T. STERRETT & SONS,
No. 1, Ferry Block, Erie, Pa.

Poetry and Miscellany.

OUR SUGAR CAMP.

BY MISS ELIZABETH WALDO CAREY.
Out where the maples in grandeur stand,
Our camp-fire used to blaze so bright
And numbers of sparks went up to heaven
On many an early Springtime night.
There, many a time to my childish glee,
I played till late the evening hour,
Hiding behind some huge old tree,
Which seemed to me like a mighty tower.
They were cunning houses we used to build,
With rarest moss to carpet the floor;
Where broken china the cupboard filled,
And a space was left for the open door.
There the elder-widow we used to get,
Of the prettiest and dearest green;
And the mushroom bells I remember yet,
Though such ones since I have never seen.
And there, when the camp-fire dimly burned,
How our hearts were filled with childish fear,
If our footsteps were not heard,
The shouting owlet we chanced to hear.
When I think of those hours so sweet,
And what careful children we used to be,
And of the little old-widow's feet,
The smiling face I almost see.
But those fond faces I see no more
As I saw them there in the days gone by;
For they cheerfully crossed the unknown shore,
And are angels, happier far than I.
And now, sometimes, in that grave so dear,
I walk alone in the early March;
But the desolate cabin is lone and drear,
And dead leaves lie in the fallen arch. (Tribune)

THE HEART'S RESOLVE.

BY ALICE S. SEAL.
"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor beads to bind your necked hawk,
Nor palfrey frisk and fair,
And you the foremost of the train,
Shall ride on forest green;
But yet the lost the more down fall,
For Jack of Basildon."
"But you can't think it a question of Ellen!"
"I have never known another parent; and you know, James, we were both taught by the pastor, when we were children, that 'the commandment with promise' included all those who had shielded or sheltered our youth. You have not forgotten the catechizing, early, when we stood in the church, with our eyes fixed on the good man, as he explained our duty to God and our neighbor."
James Ellis had not forgotten it; for it was there, in that lonely parish church, standing by the channel race, that he first learned to love his village playmate. "Orphan Ellen," they called her then, though she had found friends and a home in the Lodge of Ayton Hall. There was something in her manner and bearing different from the rest of the children upon the village green. In all their plays, she was the leader, and she never abused the confidence reposed in her by any of her playmates, which so many children show. James Ellis, the gardener's son, was her favorite among them all; for he loved flowers, and, being a boy, he was as athletic as his fellows, but never boisterous; and, though he was as hearty as a bull and "Hunt the Hare," he loved far better to wander alone in the woods, with Ellen for his companion, to read to her from some book the pastor had loaned him, or he had begged from the shelves of the housekeeper.
They learned their catechism together, sitting upon a bank that had christened "Fairy Knoll," for the lovely flowers that grew there, and the dall, had sometimes had a new charm as he repeated them, guided by her pleasant voice and never-failing patience. Did he remember the catechism in the church? Yes; and how he had watched her even then, in the red light that fell through the stained glass windows, and thought angels must be like Ellen Lloyd, with meek and reverent face, listened to the holy teachings of their good pastor. And there was another recollection of the happy Mayday when she was chosen queen. His father gave him flowers for the girl and his wife; and his sister Annie, much older than himself, made him very happy by the gift of the broad white ribbon with which it was tied. How Ellen had thanked him, with her eyes and with her smile! And they were merry with their dances and songs until—yes, until the young squire came;—and there his brow darkened in the reverse. He was a young lord, no older than James, but very proud and self-willed even then. He must kiss the pretty queen foremost; and Ellen blushed and drew back, while her young champion came to the rescue. There were high words, and almost blows, until his father parted them; while Ellen, weeping and trembling, took the girl from her forehead, and would sing no more that day.
How strangely our childhood shadows forth our life! Many years had gone by, yet they were sitting on the fairy knoll, as in the days we have recalled; and the boyish rivalry of old were rivals still, both suitors for the hand of Orphan Ellen. She had grown up in the Lodge to a tall and stately woman, despite the rustic dress she always wore, and the household tasks at which she labored cheerfully. James Ellis had removed to another parish, bordering upon Ayton, however, towards which his holiday rambles were always directed; and the young squire had come into possession of the Hall, with a wild undisciplined mind and that same fierce will. Caring only for field sports, and associating with the idle fellows who they drew around him, it was no wonder that the quiet grace of Ellen Lloyd attracted him, meeting her as he did within the shadow of his very roof. And cunning Dame Marjory was not slow to perceive it, or to throw outlures, which were scarcely wanted. He had no pride to overcome; there was no one to consult or advise, and so he demanded at last the hand of her humble charge, never dreaming that he could be opposed or thwarted. She was old, she said, and needed many comforts which she could ill afford with their straitened means. Besides, the squire had helped them in the fever, and she owed him a heavy debt for blankets and coal, and the doctor, which he was willing to forgive, besides making the cottage rent free, so long as she chose to live and occupy it. Then her own foster-child mistress at Ayton Hall! The prospect was too good to indulge a moment's misgiving on the score of James Ellis. She was ill prepared for the storm that burst when she confided in him the fine prospects of his friend Ellen. What, Ellen, the playmate of his boyhood, the darling of his manly heart, given to the arms of that rough, far-famed, wine-drinking young spendthrift. Never, while he had life! But the content was not so easily decided, for no promise had been exchanged between them; and Ellen, in the power of Dame Marjory, seemed only the servant of her will. Her heart was not in the Hall, with all its rich furniture and stately appointments—that was plainly seen; but it had come to this, that she had promised to meet him at Fairy Knoll for the last time.
There they sat, side by side, as in childhood, with the brook rippling before them, and the acorn-cups scattered in the soft grass, the very birds singing the song of old—nothing changed but those two human hearts.
"Nelly, you can't mean what you say. There is not any law in the land that can force me to marry him, if you don't wish it. Dame Marjory has been like a mother to you, to be sure, and we will always be kind and good to her. She can have a home with us, peer as it

Ballad of the Canal.

BY THE MUSE.
We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul had room to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And the banks were very steep.
"Twas fearful thing when sleeping,
Not to be wakened by the shock,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, 'coming to a look.'
So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stout berth was shook,
While the wooden gates were opened,
And the mule talked with the cock.
And thus we lay in darkness,
Each one wishing we were there;
"We are through!" the captain shouted,
And he sat down on a chair.
And his little daughter whispered,
"That's what he ought to know,
'Isn't startled by canal boat
Just as safe as it is slow!"
Then he kissed the little maiden,
And with better cheer we spoke,
And we trotted into Pittsburgh
When the mule looked through the smoke.

It was a strange contrast to Ellen's simple attire, the rich fabric gleaming in the sunlight as the heavy folds caught its lustre; the snow with ground, with a dainty rose-like flush spreading over it, and softened by faces that a dethroned might have worn. It would well become her stately beauty; and perhaps the maiden thought this as she gazed vacantly towards it. But she, so severely understood why it was there. There was a sick, faint feeling of head and heart, her thoughts were dull and confused, and she longed only to escape from the sound of a voice she had learned almost to hate.
Oh, the weariness of that weary day! She scarcely knew how the hours passed, except that they seemed interminable. But at length evening came, and then the cool, still night, and the stars seemed more pitiful than the sunlight. She watched until sleep came to Dame Marjory's watchful eyes, and then stole out to seek the open air; for she could not sleep, remembering who she was in vain for her at Fairy Knoll. There lay the watch at the admiring Marjory had left it, spread out in her very path, and gleaming softly in the moonlight. She could not resist the impulse, but tore it from the chair and trampled it under her feet, as she thought. "And for things like this my happiness is to be barred!"
The night seemed to give her new life and energy, the night air cooled the fever of her brain, and she began to think once more calmly and clearly. Yet there seemed to escape for her; she was bound by every tie of gratitude to Dame Marjory, she had herself consented to the marriage; she knew the fierce passions which would not break down; and, as she wrung her hands for young hopelessness, the words of James Ellis rose in her mind with fearful meaning, "You will live a lie all your life!" It would, indeed, be so; and whether it were better to break one's heart than to live a lie, she knew not; she could never fulfill. To love! when she thought of his very tread, and trembled at the sound of his voice. To honor! when she respected more truly the very beggar at his gate. To obey! that wild lawless will. What an intolerable yoke did she bear her neck to receive! Turn where she would, it was too true—she would live a lie.

One last, last hope of escape. It was not yet midnight, and she traced to the thrilling thought of the deep sleep that had that day been professed to her. It seemed to bid her, to constrain her, by its power. A calm resolve passed through her heart, better than all reasoning, than all argument. She felt what was right; and, in another moment, was bounding down the hill to the forest path. No pause, not even to glance at the hall, more lovely than ever in the soft moonlight, or to the lodge, to see if her steps were watched. Fear was gone; weakness, doubt, were rolled away. On through the tangled wood, leaping the windings of the stream, penetrating the darkness thicket; on and on, every moment bringing the feters of her rash promise, until a quick step leaped to meet her, and she was locked in the strong arms of him who loved her so truly.
"I know, I know you would come!" he said; "and Annie is waiting for us. You are mine, mine own now, Nelly—are you not, my darling!"
But she only laid her head upon his breast, and "smiled upwards through her tears."—Lady's Book.

"Dirty Work."
Many people turn up their noses at what they call "dirty work," as though all honest labor was not cleaner than many a dirty game of betting one's way through the world. Rather than to shake carpets or sweep chimneys at fifty cents per day. A day or two since we learned of an instructive bit of history touching a case of "dirty work"—a hodman. No matter where he was born—he was once the worse for being a Turk-man or an Irishman. He came to this city about ten years ago, young, healthy, and honest; he could get no employ but hod-carrying, and he carried so well as to earn at once his daily bread. He procured cheap but good board and lodging, spent some of his earnings in saloons or low places, attended church on the Sabbath, educated himself in the evenings, laid up money, and at the end of five years bought a lot in the city and built a pretty cottage. It was one year more found a good wife, and used the cottage, before rented out; for these six years he had steadily carried the hod. He was a noted workman, a well-known scholar, and a noble pattern of a man. On the opening of the eighth year his talents and integrity were called to a more profitable account; he embarked as a partner in a business already well established. This day he is worth at least \$100,000, has a lovely wife and two beautiful children, a home that is the centre of a brilliant and intelligent circle; and he is one of the happiest and most honorable men so far as he is known. So much has come of a hodman.—N. Y. Paper.

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This was the appeal made to the Court in behalf of a graceless youth who seemed to have determined upon a downward course. Francis Kelley and Moses Kinney, two lads known to the police, were placed at the bar and convicted for stealing a pocket book from a pedlar's basket. The members of the Court had made up their minds to send both the boys to the House of Refuge, when an exceedingly pretty girl, some seventeen years of age, well dressed, and using good language, appeared at the bar to plead for young Kelley. Her legs were filled with tears, and her whole face beamed with sisterly kindness as she said: "Please let him go this time; I think he'd be better. Won't you let him go?—I'll talk to him; I'll persuade him to be a better boy; I'm sure he'll not be here again. Will you not try him this once?" Judge Bebee said: "Miss Kelley, the Court deeply sympathizes with you; but we cannot but think that your brother will be better off at the House of Refuge than he is in the streets of the city. It will separate him from his kind companion. We will look after him; and if he conducts himself properly we will get him a good place, and then place him in the way of making a respectable man, and a valuable member of society." "You can see him as often as you like to call at the Refuge. The affectionate sister seemed to be convinced that the Judge was correct; and although it was hard to part with her brother, she stifled her feelings as much as possible, but the heaving of her bosom showed how deeply she felt for that erring brother.—N. Y. Paper.

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The night seemed to give her new life and energy, the night air cooled the fever of her brain, and she began to think once more calmly and clearly. Yet there seemed to escape for her; she was bound by every tie of gratitude to Dame Marjory, she had herself consented to the marriage; she knew the fierce passions which would not break down; and, as she wrung her hands for young hopelessness, the words of James Ellis rose in her mind with fearful meaning, "You will live a lie all your life!" It would, indeed, be so; and whether it were better to break one's heart than to live a lie, she knew not; she could never fulfill. To love! when she thought of his very tread, and trembled at the sound of his voice. To honor! when she respected more truly the very beggar at his gate. To obey! that wild lawless will. What an intolerable yoke did she bear her neck to receive! Turn where she would, it was too true—she would live a lie.

One last, last hope of escape. It was not yet midnight, and she traced to the thrilling thought of the deep sleep that had that day been professed to her. It seemed to bid her, to constrain her, by its power. A calm resolve passed through her heart, better than all reasoning, than all argument. She felt what was right; and, in another moment, was bounding down the hill to the forest path. No pause, not even to glance at the hall, more lovely than ever in the soft moonlight, or to the lodge, to see if her steps were watched. Fear was gone; weakness, doubt, were rolled away. On through the tangled wood, leaping the windings of the stream, penetrating the darkness thicket; on and on, every moment bringing the feters of her rash promise, until a quick step leaped to meet her, and she was locked in the strong arms of him who loved her so truly.
"I know, I know you would come!" he said; "and Annie is waiting for us. You are mine, mine own now, Nelly—are you not, my darling!"
But she only laid her head upon his breast, and "smiled upwards through her tears."—Lady's Book.

"Dirty Work."
Many people turn up their noses at what they call "dirty work," as though all honest labor was not cleaner than many a dirty game of betting one's way through the world. Rather than to shake carpets or sweep chimneys at fifty cents per day. A day or two since we learned of an instructive bit of history touching a case of "dirty work"—a hodman. No matter where he was born—he was once the worse for being a Turk-man or an Irishman. He came to this city about ten years ago, young, healthy, and honest; he could get no employ but hod-carrying, and he carried so well as to earn at once his daily bread. He procured cheap but good board and lodging, spent some of his earnings in saloons or low places, attended church on the Sabbath, educated himself in the evenings, laid up money, and at the end of five years bought a lot in the city and built a pretty cottage. It was one year more found a good wife, and used the cottage, before rented out; for these six years he had steadily carried the hod. He was a noted workman, a well-known scholar, and a noble pattern of a man. On the opening of the eighth year his talents and integrity were called to a more profitable account; he embarked as a partner in a business already well established. This day he is worth at least \$100,000, has a lovely wife and two beautiful children, a home that is the centre of a brilliant and intelligent circle; and he is one of the happiest and most honorable men so far as he is known. So much has come of a hodman.—N. Y. Paper.

"Please let him go this time."
This was the appeal made to the Court in behalf of a graceless youth who seemed to have determined upon a downward course. Francis Kelley and Moses Kinney, two lads known to the police, were placed at the bar and convicted for stealing a pocket book from a pedlar's basket. The members of the Court had made up their minds to send both the boys to the House of Refuge, when an exceedingly pretty girl, some seventeen years of age, well dressed, and using good language, appeared at the bar to plead for young Kelley. Her legs were filled with tears, and her whole face beamed with sisterly kindness as she said: "Please let him go this time; I think he'd be better. Won't you let him go?—I'll talk to him; I'll persuade him to be a better boy; I'm sure he'll not be here again. Will you not try him this once?" Judge Bebee said: "Miss Kelley, the Court deeply sympathizes with you; but we cannot but think that your brother will be better off at the House of Refuge than he is in the streets of the city. It will separate him from his kind companion. We will look after him; and if he conducts himself properly we will get him a good place, and then place him in the way of making a respectable man, and a valuable member of society." "You can see him as often as you like to call at the Refuge. The affectionate sister seemed to be convinced that the Judge was correct; and although it was hard to part with her brother, she stifled her feelings as much as possible, but the heaving of her bosom showed how deeply she felt for that erring brother.—N. Y. Paper.

Ballad of the Canal.

BY THE MUSE.
We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul had room to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And the banks were very steep.
"Twas fearful thing when sleeping,
Not to be wakened by the shock,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, 'coming to a look.'
So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stout berth was shook,
While the wooden gates were opened,
And the mule talked with the cock.
And thus we lay in darkness,
Each one wishing we were there;
"We are through!" the captain shouted,
And he sat down on a chair.
And his little daughter whispered,
"That's what he ought to know,
'Isn't startled by canal boat
Just as safe as it is slow!"
Then he kissed the little maiden,
And with better cheer we spoke,
And we trotted into Pittsburgh
When the mule looked through the smoke.

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The Silver Dollar, or how God Provides.

It was a season of great scarcity in the hill regions of New Hampshire, when a poor woman who lived in a hut by the woods had no bread for her little family. She was sick, without either friends or money. There was no help but God, and she took herself to prayer. She prayed long—she prayed in earnest; for she believed that He who fed the ravens would feed her.
On rising from her knees one morning, her little bereaved girl opened the door to go out. Something shining and bright she saw on the floor. She picked it up, and beheld a silver dollar. She ran and took it to her mother. It really was a new, round, bright silver dollar. They looked up and down the road; not a living person was in sight, and neither footsteps nor wagon-wheels were to be heard.
Where did the dollar come from? Did God send it? Doubtless it was from his hand; but how did it get there? Did it rain down? No. Did he throw it from the windows of heaven? No. Did an angel fetch it? No.—God has ways and means for answering prayer without sending special messengers. He touches some little spring in the great machinery of his providence, without in the least disturbing his regularity, and help comes.—Sometimes we do not see exactly how, as this poor woman did not; then it seems to come more directly from him; while in fact, our all being taken care of ever since we were born, comes just as directly from him, only he employs so many people to do it, fathers, mothers, servants, shop-keepers, that we are apt to lose sight of him, and fix our eye only on them.
But how did the silver dollar get on the door sill come may ask. It happened that a pious young blacksmith was going down to the seaboard in quest of business. It was several miles before he could take the stage coach; so, instead of going in the wagon which carried his chest, he said he would walk. "Come, ride," they said; "it will be hot and dusty." "I'll walk, and take a short cut through the pines;" and off he started with a stout walking-stick. As he was jogging on through a piece of woods, he heard a voice from a holly but by the roadside. It drew his notice, and he stepped towards it on tiptoe; then he stopped and listened, and found that it was the voice of prayer; and he gathered from the prayer that who offered it was poor, sick, and friendless.
"What can I do to help this poor woman?" thought the young man. He did not like to go into the hut. He clapped his hand into his pocket and drew out a dollar, the first silver dollar he ever had—