" THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD." BUCHANAN.

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TERMS.

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THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL. THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

"Oh, mother, I've been with an angel to-day! I was out, all alone, in the forest at play, Chasing after the butterflies, watching the tees, And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees; So I played, and I played, till, so weary I grew, I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew, While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top, I heid my breath, mother, for lear they would stop! Thus a long while I sat, looking up to the sky, And watching the clouds that went hurrying by, When I heard a voice calling just over my head, That sounded as if, 'come, do brother!' it said; And there, right up over the top of the tree, Oh, mother, an angel was beck'ning to me!

"And 'brother!' once more, 'come, oh brother!' he cried, And flew on light pinions close down by my side!

And flew on light pinions close down by my sina:
And, mother, oh. never was being so bright,
As the one which then beamed on my wondering
sight!
His face was as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in long ringlets fell,
While the eyes resting on me, so melting with love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove!
And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid,
As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,
And whispered so softly and gently to me,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!' "And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed Such kisses—oh, mother, they thrilled through my

breast, As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high, When the chariot of God rolls along the black sky!
While his breath, floating round me, was soft as the

That played in my tresses, and rustled the trees; Then plumed his bright pinions and upward he soared!

soared:
And up, up he went, through the blue sky, so far,
He seemed to float there like a glittering star,
Yet still my eyes followed his radiant fight,
Till, lost in the saure, he passed from my sight!
Then, oh, how I feared, as I caught the last gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!
When soft voices whispered once more from the tree,
Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!

Oh, pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart, For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart! That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb, Ere the autumn winds withered the summer's rich

As his delicate form wasted slowly away, Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed e'er his face,
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace!
"Oh, clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your

And he crept up to die in her towing should be "Oh, class me, dear mother, close, close to your breast,
On that gentle pillow again let me rest!
Let me once more gaze up to that dear, loving eye,
And then, oh, methinks, I can willingly die!
Now kies me, dear mother! oh, quickly! for see
The bright, blessed angels are watting for me!"

Oh, wild was the anguish that swept through her

s are ready to bear me on high! I will wait for you there,—but oh, tarry not lon. Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song!

breast, While his sweet face sank down on its pillow of rest, tures. Then, closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim, Went up with the angels that waited for him!

HATTIE'S HATRED.

I never look ridiculous,' cried Hattie Hall, but some one appears to whom I am particularly anxious to look my best. There I was-sleeves rolled up to the elbows-hair in anything but disgraceful disorder, washing the parlor windows, and singing as loudly as my lungs would admit, when who should walk in sans ceremonie, but Frank Wright. I haven't seen strive to profit by your counsel; neither him in four years, not since I was fourteen, and he was just disagreeable enough to compliment me on my improved looks, glance maliciously at my rumpled locks and wet gown, while I stood looking just about as large as your little finger. Don't I hate him.

· Undoubtedly you do,' I replied, leisurely taking off my gloves. 'Mr. Wright called at our house a short time ago-he mentioned being here!

Mentioned being here!' Hattie repeated. 'Did he give you a graphic description of my appearance?

I have no idea of ministering to your vanity, my dear,' I replied, 'but I really regret that you are ashamed of having been surprised in useful employment. Why I fancied you were rather proud of your kousekeeping qualities; not every young lady that plays the piano can manufacture as savory dishes as you can.'

· Housekeeping qualities, indeed !' exciaimed Hattie in a vexed tone. 'A good housekeeper never neglects her own per-

But, Hattie,' I urged, 'one cannot expeor to find one's friends en grande toilette

while engaged in washing windows.' · But my hair was in such dreadful disorder. You recollect what Mrs. Sigourney says on that subject; and mamma, who, in my opinion, is just as correct authority, declares that no lady should appear at the breakfast table until her hair is properly brushed and arranged. And, for once, I neglected mine, because I had so much to do in order to enjoy an uninterrupted

tete-a-tete with you this afternoon.' 'You are looking your very best now, Hattie.' 1 remarked, 'whatever your forenoon appearance may have been.'

'Oh, yes!' she replied. 'As uncle John says-after the horse was stolen I locked

'Well,' said I, 'play me something by way of forgetting your unfortunate ren-

Hattie played exquisitely. She was just dashing off one of my favorites when Frank John Gurney asked yery gravely : Wright came in, with an apology for having forgotten a commission entrusted to him for Hattie by his sister. Hattie nodded, pointed to a chair, and demanded petulently whether he was as charmed with her playing as he had been with her singing.

More so,' Mr. Wright had the candor to reply.

Ah! then I dare say you do not consider me the sweetest singer in the

Mr. Wright was positive, on reflection, evil? For charity rejoiceth not at iniquity. that he had listened to as good vocal efforts as he had heard that morning. After lingering as long as propriety would admit

of Frank withdrew. What a conceited puppy!' Hattie exhas not pocketed his first fee ; yet I suppose he thinks he has quite overwhelmed

us with his wit and wisdom.' 'How ungenerous you are,' said I, 'you know you are thinking now, away down heart, how much tact and cleverness he displayed, in warding off the shafts of your ridicule, without turning the points against yourself. Besides, he is considered

of great promise. I heard father say, yesterday, that he never listened to a more able and touching appeal than his plea in the Austin and Wilkins suit; and he gained his cause too. So the widow and

orphans are not shelterless!" That was nothing,' Hattie maintained. If he had been employed on the other side it would have been the same thing.' But he refused a retaining fee on the other side, and volunteered his services to the poor widow.'

But Hattie would not believe it. Frank had been so unfortunate as to surprise her in questionable dishabille, and she could not forget him. 'She never did like him when she was a little girl,' she said. 'He was infinitely more disagreeable now.' 'Then why were you so particularly

anxious to appear your best before him?' ()h! he mentioned me'in his letters to Ellen, and Ellen had written back all sorts beauty. Do you think I wish to be canvassed by a pair of malicious eyes, and read in their ill-concealed expression.—

'This is not quite the Hattie that I exread in their ill-concealed expression .pected to see.' Not I.'

Time passed. Ellen Wright and Hattie Hall were triends, so it would not seem at all singular if the former with her brother should walk over to Mr. Hall's on fine "Dance fight, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!" Sabbath evenings and the trio would wander away to the graveyard, or to some pretty retreat outside the village. I sometimes accompanied them in these rural rambles and soon learned that Hattie still maintained her antagonistic position towards Frank, never allowing any opportunity to pass without throwing porcupine quills at him, opposing whatever he ad- James and the girls. vanced, even when his expressed opinions completely coincided with those I had

Hattie the more. 'It was,' she said, 'as if she were not worth minding.'

'Hattie,' said I, as she sauntered into my sitting-room, one day, with her apron full of flowers, and her hat swinging by Oh. how his young footsteps she watched, day by day, one ribbon over her shoulder, 'Frank Wright must be contemplating matrimony. Husband says the new house in progress wonder who the bride-elect can be, Clara Perkins, do you suppose?'

'I am sure I do not know,' she replied.

breast,
As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed!
As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed!
As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed!
I can't bear Frank Wright.

I can't bear Frank Wright.

I had been telegraphing ever since she commenced, but she either would not or could not understand my signs; nor did she manifest any embarrassment, when, commenced, but she either would not or time. his a very perceptible smile wreathing his fea- Leonic. Together we soared to the realms tell you how she roused me in an ambition her idol, her Herbert is in prison!

sume, Mr. Wright,' said she. 'But there is a certain adage about eaves-droppers presence.'

'My dear Miss Hall,' said Frank, advancing towards her, 'I shall certainly shall I regret having heard your expressed dislike of myself, since I trust it may teach me how I may render myself less repulsive to you. For, believe me,' he added, in tones intended for her ear only, 'I cannot tell you how much I regret this singular abborrence you have ever maniby which I may yet hope to stand better

your regard ?' I did not hear the reply, as I was summoned to the kitchen at that moment.-But I have just foundations for believing that she did point out a way by which her esteem might be won; for not long ago I saw her and Frank standing in close proximity, while a venerable looking man propounded certain momentous questions, which Frank answered frankly and dis- Eh, Leonie? tinotly, and Hattie's replies, though low,

were quite satisfactory. Neither could I discover any of the old maliciousness peeping out of her saucy eyes; only-love and trust welled up from their subdued depths; and from that hour I became thoroughly convinced that a woman's heart cannot always be judged by her words.

A WISE REBUKE .- The following anecdete is related of the late excellent Joseph John Gurney, of Earlham, by one of his

family circle: 'One night, I remember it well, I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it; but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much off the right line of truth. S. did not in vain to win her a sister's gentle sympastand very high in my esteem; and I was thy Molly impenetrable. It was about to speak further of her failings of temper. In a few moments my eye caught such a look of calm and steady displeas- and seek, in the wood, the marmuring ure that I stopped short. There was no brook and whispering foliage?' mistaking the meaning of that dark speaking eye. It brought the color to my face,

and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph Dost thou know anything good to tell

I did not answer, and the question was more seriously asked : 'Think, is there nothing good thou

canst tell us of her? 'Oh yes, I know some good things, but.' Would it not have been better, to relate those good things than to have told us that which would lower her in our esteem? Since there is good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the

A calm, blue eyed, self-possessed young lady, in a village 'down east,' received a long call the other day, from a prying old spinister, who after prolonging claimed, as soon as he had gone. 'He her stay beyond her own conception, without speaking of the main question which had brought her thither, said:

· I have been asked a good many different times if you were engaged to Dr. D. Now, if folks inquire again whether you are or not, what shall I tell them I think. 'Tell them,' answered she, 'that you called. don't knew, and you are sure it is none of . . Edwin! Edwin! come here! Hurry! the officers!' was the short and ready revour business.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. by wiser heads than ours, a young lawyer AN IRISH JIG AND ITS RESULTS, I rushed into the entry. My idol had

BY J. P. WALKER, LL. D. "Ah sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel, Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning; Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree, Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning. The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley; While all the air rings with the soft, loving things Each little bird sings in the green-shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while, Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues, Its usru to retuse when a young lover sues.
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen—
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil:
Somehow, when he asked her, she ne'er thought of

Now Felix Magee put his pipes to his knee, And, with a flourish so free, sets each couple in mo-tion.

With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the

The maids move around just like swans on the ocean;
Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing—
Search the world all around, from the sky to the of nonsense about what she called my No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of

form,
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet

My Matter-of-Fact Cousin.

BY MARY E. CLARKE. I had just been admitted to the bar. Before me lay my aunt Fannie's letter, urging me to pay a visit to her, uncle

At dinner time I told my father of my

plans. 'Very good,' said he, approvingly, 'you frequently heard her advocating.

Frank's equanimity was never disturbed will have the fresh air that the doctor reby this pretty sparring: indeed he seemed commends; and if you choose to fall in rather to enjoy it. This only incensed love with your cousin Molly, I shall give my consent to the match.

'She's a dear, good girl,' said mother. I instantly resolved to hate Molly. Fall in love with a 'dear, good girl!' I-a gray and flower-strewn like the furniture, to sleep in the crib there, with one little poet-a genius-seeking, on this desert looked as if dust had never touched it. earth, for a kindred soul-a heart to beat in unison with mine-a bright, etherial was a bewitching air of finished neatness red lip; and then just to think of his pretat the upper end of the street is his. I being, formed to be worshipped, but of about the whole, that repudiated the idea ty, frolicsome, teasing way, that made me or reason, is there anything else that so course willing to bow before my superior of a servant's fingers. The book-shelf shall not envy his wife, neither her new courtesy to a strange gentleman. I fall in were in loving companionship on a table house, nor her husband. You know that love with her! Nothing could relieve my near the window, whose white curtains disgusted feelings but a canto to 'my gave a shade to the whole room. A small I had been telegraphing ever since she ideal,' and which I finished before bed-

ime.
The next evening found me in the quiet she manifest any embarrassment, when, home circle at Lee, already more than half on turning around, she saw the object of in love with—not the recommended Mollie, kept her room for a week, and Molly and son, and it has come into our family, un-'You have learned nothing new, I pre- pared favorite passages, and, eestasy! she, too, confided her inmost thoughts to paper that I would recommend to your leisure. unhappy, too, in want of sympathy. None | tions. I left Lee, determined to deserve Besides, when you enter a room where people are talking about what you ought not genius. Her father said 'trash!' to her One year later I renewed to hear, please cough, clear your throat, or first effusions; and her mother advised her had corresponded during my absence, and give some other indication of your august to spend her time in making cake, if bread

was too commonplace. Molly had a small but neat slipper, and her dainty slipper and dress both fitted exquisitely; ber hair was dark brown, and oraided in heavy hoops; she had soft. brown eyes, fair complexion, and a bright,

cheerful face. Leonie, tall, slender and graceful, wore a white dress, which might have paid a visit to the wash-tub with advantage; but my eyes and admiration rested on her face. The features were Grecian, and the large, fested. Can you not point out some method languid blue eyes and long, loose curls, made a fair picture, which, to my blinded eyes, was improved by a half reclining position, and pensive expression.

'Leonie,' said her father, 'what are von looking so dolorous about? Toothache? A look of scornful impatience excited at once my sympathy, and the laughter of the

'Oh! I see,' said uncle James; you are composing an ode to a summer's night.

'Including mosquiters,' said Molly quietly. 'Of course! Come, let's have the first

verse,' said the poor girl's tormentor. 'Papa, spare me! Torture not my calm repose by dragging forth my sorrows to the

world. 'Come, Lenny, sing for us,' said her

mother, 'and no nonsense,' So, 'Love not,' and 'The broken heart, then, at her father's request, Molly sang, in blithe, sweet voice, some Scotch ballads,

after which Leonie and I wandered out on the piazza to gaze at the moon. The first evening will stand for a picture of many more. The sentimental poetess was right when she told me that no one sympathized with her; for all tried by ridicule or more gentle warning, to bring mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, her from her fancied heaven to the neglectand how often it happens that talkers run ed duties blocking up her path. I labored

Molly, walk with us on this lovely morning to woo the gentle summer's air.

'Can't indeed, Cousin Ned; must help mamma with the preserves.' She was always busy. Leonie, who

never rose till ten o'clock, was ready for my proposed stroll at any later hour, and I forgot her untidy dress, tumbled hair and slip-shod feet, in the melodious voice, the questioning sympathy, and the soft flatteries of my blue-eyed cousin. Yet, though I fancied I looked down upon the common-place Molly, it was a pleasant sight to meet her little, graceful figure, always neat, whether in the tidy morning chintz, or the lighter evening dress-a pleasant sound to hear her cheerful voicea pleasant thing to note her ever busy fingers, always ready to lighten her mother's cares, to give her father a pleasure, or repair some negligence of her sister's. She spent part of her time in her own room; but the breakfast-table never waited for

her father's return at night. and had already decided that Leonie was my second self and my life a paradise or a desert, according as she willed to accent or reject my hand, when, one day, waiting for Leonie to walk with me, Mollie's voice

Leone has fallen.

caught her foot in a rent in her dress, and fell headlong down the stairs, where she lay insensible. I knelt down and called upon her by every endearing name.

'Don't be silly,' said Molly, in a quick, here who can lift her. Take her to her room, and then send John for Dr. Wal-

I obeyed. Lifting the inanimate form, I followed Molly's light footsteps up the disgust which that room gave me. My home where genius could rest secure of no aunt came up in a moment.

'Some water, Molly dear!' she said, taking her post at once by Leonie. 'And cologne! Where is the cologne? 'Don't stop to look here. Ned, go to

my room. There is a bottle on the mantel piece,' said Molly. I went hastily, found the bottle, and ing with her. was then unceremoniously requested to

retire, and send the doctor up as soon as had the impudence to go for another.

leased, and it was a revelation to look at gray, (cottage,) with pretty flowers scatvase on the bureau held one rose, half

leaves. Leonie's injuries proved slight; but she of thought; we quoted Byron-we com- to be a better man; how her earnest, useful life, her gentle intelligence, and the well-trained mind, shamed me from my -she, in short, wrote poetry! She was dreams, to manly aspirations and resolutifeatures of her friend.

One year later I renewed my visit. when I left the second time, I brought home for my bride my MATTER-OF-FACT-

COUSIN. A dcaler advertised eve-glasses, by the aid of which a person could easily read the finest print. A well dressed man called at the counter one day to be fitted to a he had never worn any, some were handlooked hard through them upon the book set before him, but declared he could make out nothing. Another pair of stronger power were saddled upon his nose, but stock The customer, quite as impatient as the merchant at having to try so many, put on the last pair and glowered through them at the printed page with all has

Can you read that printing now?' inquired the dealer, pretty certain that he hit it had right this time, at any rate.

Sure, not a bit,' was the reply. ' Can you read at all !'said the merchant, unable to conceal his vexation any longer. 'Rade at all, is it?' cried the customer. There's not a single word among them

that I can identify the features uv. 'I say, do you know how to read?' exclaimed the dealer impatiently. Out wid were sung in an agonizing manner, and ve!' shouted the Irishman, throwing down the singing had 'run completely down.' the spectacles in a huff. 'If I could rade, what' ud I be after buyin' a pair of spectacles for? Ye chate the paple wid idea that yer glasses 'ud help' 'em to rade print aisy; but it's a big lie, it is! Ah, ye blackguard, ye thought I'd buy 'em without tryin' 'em!'

> F' How do you, Mrs. Towe? Have you heard that story about Mrs. Ludy?' 'Why, no, really Mrs. Gad? What is after such singing!'

it? Do tell.' afraid it will get out.'

Why, I'll never tell on't as long as I live, just as true as the world. What is it?

'Now, you wont say anything about it, will vou? 'No, I'll never open my mouth about it

told me last night, that Mrs. Trot told her it was reported by the captain of a clamcrinoline made out of shark skins.'

We hear a good anecdote concerning a soldier laddie on one of our gunboats.her, and her's was the first kiss to welcome The vessel was just going into action, and our soldier upon his knees, when an officer I had been at my uncle's two weeks, sneeringly asked him if he was afraid?-' No, I was praying,' was the response .--'Well, what are you praying for ?' continued the officer. Praying that the enemy's bullets may be distributed the same way as the prize money is, principally among tort.

"No Sorrow Like Mine."

ask such to read the following story: anxious tone. You are the only one her voice. She clasped her hands over her eyes, and the tears broke through her fingers-such salt bitter tears as could only break up from a mother's heart-a mother robbed of her first born!

Two weeks ago that very day he had stairs, to Leonie's room. Even in my ter- been with her in the chamber where the ror, I could not escape the impression of young mother now sat in darkness and desolation, the little restless feet patteraunt made it a rule that the girls should ing along the floor, and the little glad voice take care of their own rooms, and I fondly breaking up in quick shouts of laughter, imagined Leonie's room to be a bower of beauty—a resting place haunted by the works, the pictures of great minds-a music to a mother's heart; and now ---? There stood in the corner the little crib, jar from outer life. I saw at mid-day, an with its pretty lace curtains, and ever it in the right way for a right man. When a unmade bed—dusty, greased, dirty carpet
—open, disorderly drawers, from which
merino dress he had last worn, and at the straggled ends of dresses, brushes, soiled foot lay the little morocco slippers that collars, and manuscripts in dire confusion the mother couldn't have removed from -a crushed bonnet on the table, with a her sight, though the feet that had worn volume of Shelly in the crown- and a them now lay folded close together, and writing desk open on a window sill. My down so deep under the grass that no warmth of the sunshine could ever reach

Don't, Mary don't! It might have been worse. Remember there are sorrows himself with outburst and glorious anger voice of Mrs. Howard, the lady's most intimate friend, who was passing the morn- all the more to know that it is capable of

The stricken woman looked up in incredulous astonishment, that checked for he came. Where did I go? Straight, on a moment the flow of her tears. 'How whom a sweet justice in common things, my word, straight back to the room of my can you tell me this, Helen?' she exclaim- and a forbearance toward men in all the matter-of-fact cousin. I was fascinated by ed in a voice broken with grief and woundthe glimpse I had had of it, and I actually ed feeling; 'he was my only boy, my little Harry, with but two years and five I knew that my cousins were allowed to months over his golden head; and I loved by a kind of bravery born with then. furnish and decorate their rooms as they him so; and then I don't believe there ever was another quite so pretty and are benevolent, and always feel in a sunny Molly's. All the furniture was of a cool bright a child. You know, too, how my very heart was bound up in him, how if I tered over it. The dainty, white bed, ever ran out for an hour, I was never easy them, and they really cannot feel nettled neatly made, stood under curtains of a till I got back to him again; and how I and worried; some, because a sense of soft rose-color gauze; the pretty carpet, used to stand and watch him, after he got | character keeps them from all things unbechubby hand wrapped up like a lily under Every article stood in its place, and there his cheek, and the smiles crimping up his stop every other minute and hug him up much blesses a man in human life as this like unto my sorrow,' and the sobs broke

> out again. whose bitterness yours bears no compari- ever they tarry long.

of society and all sorts of fun, and his them. But as far as we can find out their mother was doting and indulgent; and so thoughts, flowers are just as modest as he grew up to his seventeenth birthday, they are beautiful. reckless and self-willed, though he was too kind-hearted to be ever malicious.

I must make the story short : he fell into had company and had habits; and one pair of spectacles. As he remarked that night when quite intoxicated, he was persuaded to join some incendiaries. ed to him that magnified very little. He ringleaders were detected, and the boy was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary, which might have been ten, only his unsuccessfully as before. Further trials a felon's cell, while his poor, broken-hearted were made, until at length the almost dis- mother paces her room with the tears couraged dealer passed to him a pair which streaming down her wasted cheeks as she magnified more than all the rest in his moans over and over these words: 'If he had but died when he was but a baby !--if

he had but died then!' And Mrs. Sprague listened to this story with mingled horror and sympathy, which close she said solemnly: 'Yes, Helen, her sorrow is gneater than mine. I had ten thousand times rather Harry had died

than lived for this.' And for you, oh. stricken mothers! who God best knoweth, the child of your love do I write this story.

TIT FOR TAT !- In a small town on the Schuylkill river there is a church in which It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical power had been gradually failing.

One evening the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was in metrical measure rather harder than usual, and the deacon

led off. Upon its conclusion the minister arose and said: Brother B will please repeat the hvmn, as I can not conscientiously pray

The deacon very composedly pitched it Oh, I promised not to tell for all the to another tune with a manifest improveworld-no, I must never tell on't; I'm ment upon the first effort, and the clergyman proceeded with his prayer. Having finished, he took up a book to give the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congrega

tion. Will Mr .never. Hope to die this minute.' prayer?' It will be impossible fo 'Well, if you'll believe it, Mrs. Funday sing after such praying as that!' prayer ?' It will be impossible for me to

Nichens that her grandmother heard by a there to whome his heart goes out in imletter she got from her sister's second hus- measurable yearnings of affection. The band's oldest brother's step daughter, that | vonth who has come to the city to seek his fortune, is guarded as by an angel boat just arrived from the Feejce Islands, from Heaven, when he carries fresh in his that the mermaids about that section were memory the picture of an humble cottage home which shelters the dear and venerated being who gave him birth. The thrill of her loving touch, as she laid her hand upon his head in blessing, ere he turned his footsteps towards the great city, shall hold him ever in the Path of Life, and charm the Tempter away. And still more blessed is he if he has to devote a nortionof wages to the support of that home, and of those dear ones whom he so loves. In such a case, his earnings are hallowed with a sacredness which communicates itself to his character, and is exhibited in blossoms of noble duteousness. The consciousness that the wages of his toil gladden, and beautify, and make comfortable,

the home of his childhood, and the authors of his being, gives a dignity to his labor, and a delight in its reward, such as no mere selfish spirit of acquisition can impart.

The publisher of Goday's Lady's Book, thankful to that public which has enabled him to publish a magasine for in last thirty-three years of a larger circulation than any in America, has made an arrangement with the most popular authoress in this country—

Your paternal homes, and devote at least a portion of your earnings to the making of them brighter and happier, that your own life path may be brightened by the effugence which is ever radiated from good deeds.

The publisher of Goday's Lady's Book, thankful to that public hat happile of him to publish a magasine of the last thirty-three years of a larger circulation than any in America, has made an arrangement with the most popular authoress in this country—

MARION HARLAND, Authoress of "Alones" "Hidden Path," "Moss Bide," "Nemesses" and "Miriam," who will furnish a story for every number of the Lady's Book for 1883. This alone will place the Lady's Book in Second to 1883. This alone will place for no other publication. Our other deeds.

THE BEST LADY'S MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD, AND THE OHEAPEST. Many cherish, if they do no express in of his being, gives a dignity to his labor, and words bitter and murmuring feeling We a delight in its reward, such as no mere 'It seems so hard—so cruel!' said the young mother, and here a sob broke into

Good Nature.

If there be one thing for which a man should be more grateful than another, it is the possession of good nature. I do not consider him good tempered who has no temper at all. A man ought to have spirit, strong, earnest, and capable of great indignation. We like to hear a man thunder once in a while, if it is genuine, and noble fellow is brought into contact with mean and little ways, and is tempted by unscrupulous natures to do unworth. things; or when a great and generous heart perceives the wrong done by lordly strength to shrinking, unprotected weakness; or where a man sees the foul mischiefs that sometimes rise and cover the public welfare like a thick cloud of poisonous vapors -- we like to hear a man express greater than yours,' said the soft pitying It makes as feel safer to know that there are such men. We respect human nature

> such feelings.
>
> But just these men are best capable of good nature. These are the men upon details of life, and a placable, patient and cheerful mind, sit with peculiar grace. Some men are much helped to do this Some men are good natured because they mood; some, because they have such vigor and robust health that care flies off from coming manliness; and some, from an overflow of what may be called in part animal spirits, and, in part, also, hopeful dispositions. But whatever be the cause

mind! 'Dear, good girl,' brought up a held a choice selection of standard works, to my heart, and cover his face with voluntary or involuntary good nature? Is vision of a little bread and butter Miss, and a few landscape pictures hung on the kisses. Oh, Harry, my baby, my precious there anything else that converts all things Of one thing I am positive, however; I always ready to wait on mamma and walls. The work basket and writing desk baby! shall I never see you again 2— so much into enjoyment to him? And Surely, Helen, there never was sorrow then what a glow and light he carries with him to others! Some men come upon vou like a cloud passing over the sun. You do Yes, Mary, there was,' and Mrs. How- not know what ails you, but you feel cold blown, with a cluster of its own green ard's solemn tones checked the tears of and chilly while they are about, and need her friend. 'I know of a sorrow with an extra handful of coal on the fire when-Others rise upon you like daylight .not long; her spleen standing in the open doorway, but her sister, the fair-haired, blue-eyed I were thrown much together. I cannot to my own and only sister. for her pride, How many times does a cheerful and hopeful physician cure his patient by what he

'Oh, Helen!' cried Mrs. Sprague, carries in his face, more than by what he springing up from her chair with a shud- has in his medical case! How often does der, while she looked at the pale working, the coming of a happy-hearted friend lift you up out of a deep despondency, and be-I cannot talk of it, Mary, or it will fore you are aware, inspire you with hope drive me, as it has his mother, frantic. and cheer. What a gift it is to make all You saw him in his childhood, and can men better and happier without knowing remember what a beautiful, promising boy it! We don't suppose that flowers know he was; but he was impetuous, and fond how sweet they are. We have watched

These roses before me, salfatine, lamarque, saffano, with their geranium leaves rose) and carnations and abutilon, have made me happy for a day. Yet they stand huddled together in my pitcher without seeming to know my thoughts of them, or the gracious work which they are doing And how much more is it to have a dispos ition that carries with it, involuntarily, youth pleaded hard with the kind hearted sweetness, calmness, courage, hope, and udge; and now he lies down at night in | happiness, to all who are such? Yet this is the portion of good nature in a real, large minded strong natured man!

it has made him happy it has scarcely begun its office. In this world, where there is so much real sorrow, and so much unnecessary grief of fret and worry; where men stumble in rough paths, and so many push them made her forget her own grief, and at its down rather than help them up; where tears are as common as smiles, and hearts ache so easily, but are poorly fed on higher joys, how grateful ought we to be that God sends along here and there, a natural heart-singer-a man whose nature is have laid down, with such heart-aches as large and luminous, and who, by his very carriage and spontaneous actions, calms, cheers, and helps his fellows. God bless the good natured, for they bless everybody else.—Beecher's Eyes and Ears.

An anecdote is related of a young preacher at a city church, who had for his text a verse from the parable of the ten virgins, and in the course of his sermon

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