THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.

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ON THE SHORE.

One of the most gifted and beautiful of our ladycorrespondents went to Portugal with the promise that she would let us hear from her during her residence in the Consulate there. The following exquiste lines are the first fulfilment of the charming promise . - Eds. Home Journal.

- If an an artist soul were here,
 What joy it would find,
 In the grand old domes of the Spanish town
 And the Moorish towers behind;
- In the purple mist that veils
 The hills so tenderly;
 In the golden clouds, the perfumed air,
 And the white sails on the sea!
- But I-the cold surf breaks
- And brings on its graceful swell A song from the heart of the moaning sea, Sometimes a broken shell; Which speaks not of the waves,
- Beauty and life are flown, And its mute lips have, of the past, no song, Worthless—lifeless—alone! I throw it back to the sea.
- "It lost in your restless deep
 The grace and charm of its life, now room
 That its sorrow there may sleep."
- Oh Heart! the broken shell Says suddest things to thee; This sunny land, this purple sky, Are the cold white shore to me, On which the restless waves,
- The pitiless waves of fate, Wrecked—wrecked and spoiled of my life's young hopes, Have cast me, desclate
- 1 sigh for the past. Oh far, Far rather 1'd be to day, In that western land, where the north wind blows
- And the sky is cold and gray. Leaving the orange groves, The vines—the blue, bright wave,
- For a quiet churchyard far away,
 Where the dead leaves wrap his grave. And, kneeling, I would move From the sod the leaves and snow
- And lay my head on the cold dead heart That was mine a year ago.
- The heart-prayer from me wrung Such a bitter cry would be, Forgetting his calm, in my wild unrest, "O come—come back to me! " See, for thy children's sake,
- How can I be their guide, Weary and fainting? O, would to the That I, in thy stead, had died!"
- Blind! that I never guessed
 What my life-cup held before;
 Too late, I would live its pains, twice told,
 To taste its joys once more! When the master chord is still
- How all life's music jars, And tear-dimmed eyes, thro' the dark look long Ere they can see the stars.
- But, over the saddest heart, The light of the cross shines clear, And "lover and friend put far from me," O Lord, thyself, be near! MALAGA, December 7, 1862.

around him, he tottered along the street. ing was left him but to die. It was at the close of a rude winter's

day. The evening dusk had fallen, and a ed himself for a fool. He was half fam- much like a fairy story, or dream! few flakes of snow fluttered down out of ished in a wintry garret, and the reflection the dark, gray clouds that fluttered over that he had given away to the greedy ones this is my business card. You ought to hated me because I was poor. But I was carefully across the icy slabs, a gay young last loaf fired him with indignation at his enough to afford any little caprice of this course of time, I was able to invite my lamplighter passed on his evening rounds, set his ladder against a post near by, 'I deserve to starve!' he muttered.

'The world is all selfishness, and he who match the eager jet of gas which cast a gives anything is a full dolt; let him suf-

lips, 'that's a good omen. Light, light, saw happy families, with smiling faces, sitgolden light, too, all over my poor old ragged shoes. So in my life I have been wept again—not now with envy and remen. Isn't there something else you would groping, though Heaven knows I capered morse. He thanked God there was com- like ? groping, though heaven allows I compelled mo to commit and entered, fantastically mixed, and in as gaily as any school-boy once, and walk- fort in the world, although his lot was to it forgot my clothes,' said Roger. 'I and necessity compelled me to commit and entered, fantastically mixed, and in as garry as any sounds as any youth afterwards— suffer. He thought of the man that gave should like a good warm coat, and whole Edith to the care of her grandparents. O, ed as proudly as any youth afterwards— suffer. He thought of the man that gave should like a good warm cost, and whole Edith to the care of her grandparents. O, Late the following morning sho went till now the cold winter night is setting in, bim the money that purchased the loaf; of trousers, and shoes, for this cold weather; the sorrow of that time! said the old man, Late the following morning sho went till now the cold winter night is setting in, before me, and lifted him up when he hed by the property to cat I can wenning again. To forget it, and redark, and chill, and threatening! But fallen, and spoken kind words to him; of manage to keep warm.' there will come a gleam soon, just like this the good and patient Mrs. Stone, the moth-

the frozen ground.

'Hillo, old man-you hurt?' cried a

merry schoolboy.

'He's down there looking after a pin,' laughed another, sliding by with a sled at

The boys passed on, and the old man struggled to regain his feet. But he was feeble, and rheumatic, and the fall had well nigh shaken the life out of him .--When he came a little to himself, he observed that a kind gentleman was assisting him with cheering words.

No, I am not much damaged,' said Roger, gratefully. 'Thank you, sir; it man down stairs wishes to see you.' wouldn't have been much matter if I had wouldn't have been much matter if I had 'To see me!' echoed the astonished night key, showing that filled him.

broken my neek. I ain't of much account lodger, starting up. 'You didn't mean the premises, and presently the old man that filled him.

""" that filled him.

"Have faith!' he cried, 'have faith, and Johnson out of it."

or rather stay, right around the corner here, third door up the alley.'

Well, good night to you. Mind and keep your legs under,' cried the stranger. He passed on and the old man dragging his sinking limbs into a provision store on the corner, purchased a loaf of bread with silver to which he had clung under his arm.

staircase, a sharp feminine voice called out

Is that you, Johnson?' more than half suspect that it is somebody else,' replied the old man.

Why didn't you speak? I'd opened the door so you could see,' cried the other. Where does that light come from? light before it is hardly dark. Mrs. Stone ?' Come in here, and you shall see. There,

von did not expect such a fire as that, did von. Johnson? Bless you, woman, that I didn't. You

is to see a stove all aglow like that?

Where did your coal come from?'
'O,' said Mrs. Stone, Sidney brought me three dollars to-day; and the children were all a shivering and chattering over the little wood fire, so I took it into my head that these three dollars should go towards making us all warm once, if we never get warm again in our lives. So what did I do but go and order a quarter of a ton of coal, and the young ones have been as merry as crickets ever since. They're quite content to go without their supper, so there's a good fire for them to cuddle down by. Come in ; it's a free warm, Johnson. As long as the coal lasts I want every body to enjoy it who can. You shall sit with us this evening-your room

is awful dreary, Johnson." The frozen tears thawed in the old man's eyes, but his voice was so choked that he you know.' could not express his thanks. Seating himself in a rickety old chair, he warmed his cold shins, and subbed his shrivelled hands over the stove, patting the children's heads, and ended by dividing the larger portion of the loaf among them, re-

serving but a scanty fragment for himself. Mrs. Stone remonstrated against his generosity. But the children seized upon the food so eagerly that the grateful old man declared, with tears running down his cheeks, that it did him more good to see modesty, you know.' them eat than it would to sit down to a

most bountiful feast. The meagre meal was soon concluded, when heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs. The poor woman's heart ceased to beat. She turned so pale that the old man observed her change of countenance

even in that dim light. 'It is father,' whispered the children. At that moment an angry voice demanded, with an oath, why she did not hold a

light. 'Hush!' said Mrs. Stone to the cower-

ing little ones. She opened the door, and presently a shabby, frost-bitten, middle-aged man, came blustering into the room. It was the woman's husband, who always, when he had money to spend, deserted his family for the grog-shop, and who returned to them for shelter.

He was a brutal, tyrannical man, though he had not always been so, in sooth-and his appearance was the signal for general Jacob Stone demand money of his wife, and curse her, because she had that day spent all of their oldest son's earnings for fuel; and when the unfeeling father the crust that had been given to it to pension that will afford you this royal gnaw, the old man spoke out his indigna- bliss.'

tion. This led to a sharp quarrel, and he was driven with oaths from the room. Jaand windy attic.

OLD ROGER JOHNSON.

Ten cents! ten cents!' murmured old Roger Johnson, fumbling the bit of had just tasted made the present desola
As soot

Have I deserved so much ?' 'Ha!' said Roger, with the very ghost of There were others well fed and warmed,

The old man was mumbling again, with ted for having done one self-forgetting, to my house, friend Johnson, and I'll a sort of childish, dreamy glee, when, set- charitable act, which made him, in spite of look over my wardrobe this very evening, twenty years; I returned with broken She did not shrick, or sob, or shed a tear, ting his foot ineautiously upon a piece of his poverty and rags, a brother to all the and see if I can't furnish you with an out- health; and poor as when I went abroad. but with a feeling of awe she turned her ice, he slipped, and fell helplessly upon good and noble hearts that throbbed in hu- fit.

man clay. The old man's limbs, meanwhile, grew went to bed; when he heard a step on the hack. 'Have you gone to bed, Johnson?'

It was Mrs. Stone's voice, and the old man aroused himself to answer.

' Anything wanting ?'

'To see me!' echoed the astonished

Have you far to go?' asked the stran- he hastened to shake the coverlid from his fire glowing brightly in the grate.

vague apprehension that something was doubt. going to happen to him; nor was this fear | But I ought to have a good wash, and tightly all the while, then creeping with entirely dissipated when in the person who shave, before getting into anything resunsteady steps into the alley, entered a took his hand, and addressed him in kind-pectable in the shape of clothing. dark, dilapidated door, with his supportly words, he recognized the man that had so lately helped him to regain his footing bath, which will be ready for you in a few

to him from the foot of the first landing : | said the visitor : " but from the time you left your words- Old Roger Johnson said Johnson, with a smile of quiet glee. 'I suppose it is, though I sometimes around the corner—third door up the 'l've a good natured capacity that way: alley,' kept ringing in my cars, and I was and if any man is suffered to appreciate finally compelled to come back and look comfort I can set up a modest claim! for you,'

have made a mistake?

Not at all. I thought you might have need of assistance.' 'True, true, I am poor enough, but-Roger's voice failed him and he began

'You are cold,' said his new friend .-Come, let's step into yonder shop, and talk over matters. Roger hesitated.

'They turn me out, sir, when I go there

get warm.'
'They will not turn me out,' replied the other. 'So come along.'

They entered a common refreshment saloon, and by the countenance and protection of his new friend, Roger was permitted to enjoy a seat by the stove. 'You look like a man who has seen hard

times,' observed the stranger. 'I have suffered almost everything, sir,' replied Johnson, in a subdued, unsteady tone. 'I don't know why I am left

to live.' But you have some idea of happiness in store for you yet; no man is without that,

'I sometimes dream of such a thing .-I have hopes, sir—rainbow-colored some of 'em are, too. But it's all delusion .-My castles are built in the air, they are forever tumbling down about my ears. I harm to talk." know what would make me happy, sir; but what's the use of talking? It's something civilized way of living is to have a house I cannot have.'

'Speak out, friend Johnson,' cried the foolish enough to think of. stranger. But be careful not to place your expectations too high. The gods love

Well, sir, it is just this-nothing more or less—three meals a day.'

'Three meals a day!' 'I knew you'd call it extravagant,' said net mind your rich dishes; only give me a day, as long as I live, so that I can keep clear of the alms-house, and you'd see me a happy man, if there's not another in creation.' 'And haven't you as much already?

cried the astonished stranger. Roger replied that, with his poor health, t was difficult to get work that winter, and it was so painful to ask alms that his

a day. "Good heavens!" exclaimed his friend; in all this wasteful city, is it possible that one man can be found reduced to such trouble and fear. It made poor old Roger extremes? One, too, whose happiness ohnson's heart burn in his bosom to hear can be so cheaply purchased—three poor

meals a day!'
'Cheap, if one had the money,' suggested Roger. 'I have the money, and, by all that's snatched from the hands of a sickly child precious, I will devote so much of it to a

'O, sir, don't jest with me. 'I am not jesting, friend Johnson! cob slammed the door after him, and the show you how earnest I am-gaiter, cook feeble lodger erept darkling up to his cold for this man the choicest steak you have. Or would you prefer mutton chops, or the bill? Speak

As soon as the old man had sufficiently lives, or what has become of her.' silver in his palm. 'Ten cents,' he re- tion more bitter by its contrast. The old recovered from his amezement to realize peated childishly, a feeble smile flitting man huddled together, with the tattered his good fortune, he made choice of some over his lips with a sickly glare on his hag- bed covering wrapped around him, and cold fowl, with hot biscuit and coffee, be- one, and that she is still fair, and good, gard features; 'tisn't much, but it will sebbed like a little child. It seemed the cause these comforting items could be most and happy, would be worth more than all

His words died away to an inaudible little ray of hope when the gloom was way, was a fine-looking man of forty, with then I would be content to die.' whisper, as hugging his tattered garments | thickest, but in the present anguish noth- tasteful whiskers, and an exceedingly pleasant eye-seemed to enjoy the meal, al- child? Occe the old man started up, and cursthough he had tasted nothing, quite as on, it would take a long story to tell.

'If you don't believe me, look here; the city. As old Roger picked his way of Jacob Stone nearly the whole of his know mc-perhaps you do. I am rich fortunate in my business, and, in the kind, as you will see by calling at my store | wife's proud parents to my own house, and in the morning.'

time the stimulus of food was having its all the dearer because she came late to fill yellow radiance all around the old man's fer! But, O, this hunger and cold! effect, and the happiness found expression | the places of a brother and sister who, one in deep quiet laughter, and tears.

and it's all powerful dark before me—so him who had lifted him up when he had but then if I have plenty to eat I can which brightens all around, and—and— er of the children he had fed; and for all the other. 'I had forgotten them myself. night to tell you what chances befel me, lips; but not a motion, not even a breath.

The old man's heart leaped with joy .-

it were possible for him to get warm if he after Mr. Upton took him with him into a what had become of her; no one had re-

trick about that.' rick about that.'

They alighted before a handsome brick this time; if indeed she still lives.'

dwelling house, with a silver knob on the 'No, I thought I'd try a sitting freeze door, and a silver bell handle, and the "but O, she was the sweetest girl! If I heard a laboring man swearing dreadfully first,' said he, with a sad, playful humor. name of Upton on a silver plate—as the could but find her as I left her, still a in the presence of companions. He told old man saw by a bright gas-light that child, then my cup of happiness would be him that it was a cowardly thing to swear Anything wanting?'
'Yes,' replied the woman, 'there's a burned before the just painted steps.

The merchant entered by means of a Mrs. Stone did mean him, indeed, and where among other comforts, there was a

shoulders, and accompany her down stairs. The adventure looked more and more heat. The caller was waiting in the dark joining room, coats, vests, pantaloons, and entry-way below, and the women held shirts, all good, and whole, some scarcely the lamp while Roger went to speak with worn at all, and told him to choose what suited him best. Roger chuckled with a chant's touch, and, in the full flood of yours. The old man man was tremulous with a deep inward joy, scarcely clouded with a light from the astral lamp, stepped the

'I thought of that, so I ordered a warm

As he was stumbling up a dismal old in the slippery street.

As he was stumbling up a dismal old in the slippery street.

The state of the slippery street is a minutes. I am determined to see if it is the slippery street.

The state of the slippery street is a minutes. I am determined to see if it is the slippery street. minutes. I am determined to see if it is 'You've chosen a promising subject,'

shivering old man: 'this is an honor I razor, and shears; and finally clad in gar-

on 'Change. Then Roger sat down in the easy chair, any time vanish into thin air. which Upton placed for him before the grate, and wept like a child. What is the matter with you?' asked

are as warm as toast here. How jolly it to shake again as with ague. his friend. with a bashful smile.

"This reminds me of better days-it brings such strange things to my memory ? nuttered the old man. 'Is that all? I thought there might be something else necessary to complete your

happiness.' 'Nothing-nothing.' Nothing at all? Are you sure there

is nothing more? 'Indeed'-a cloud passed over the old man's face- there is one thing I would like to have mended a little, but I had no idea of asking the favor of you."

'Speak out, I tell you, old man. I knew there was something else.' 'My lodging is cheerless and cold. freeze there these raw, raw nights; and l an't sure that three meals a day, and the warmest clothing, will be sufficient to carry happiness into that gloomy hole.'

What will you have then? 'O, I ask nothing; but the truth is, if I was able to rent a little more comfortable lodging—' What would you fancy? 'Twill do no

'I am well aware that the only genuine of one's own-but that of course I am not

like ?'

'If you mean just such a house as I house as this of yours. Everything seems Roger, with a faint smile. 'But I would be as happy as Adam in an Eden like this.' plenty of bread and potatoes—with now the enthusiastic merchant, 'I can't think and then a bit of cheese, or salt fish, or may be a morsel of smoked beef, or dried the sake of philanthropy; but if you will bacon. Make me sure of that, day after let me live here, and have my own way a you. But he said the truth must be discarc of themselves? It is not perhaps, that little, I'll give you this house to be your

home as long as you live.'
Old Roger Johnson opened his eyes wider with wonder. 'It shall be as if you were my father,'

said the eccentric Mr. Upton. 'Everything I have shall be at your service. You shall sit with me at table, and enjoy three meals a day; my baker, my tailor, my subsistence did not average half a meal servants, are yours. 'Twill be worth half hearted merchant, looking on with glisten. you take good care of yourself, it is essenmy fortune to have a happy man in the house. What say you to that?

'Now you are mocking me,' said the old man, deeply troubled. 'So you thought at first; but I'll teach you that I never was more in earnest in my

'But I can never pay you.' 'You will pay me, I tell you, by being

perfectly happy.'
'It is too much, too much.' 'Not a jot too much, old man. And, take my word for it, it won't be long before you will think of something else necessary to complete your full bliss. I see love you so much! by your eye that you have already thought of something-am I not right ?'

until I know whether my child Edith still

'Ho, then you have a daughter ?' 'I had a daughter-to know that I have buy me my breakfast, dinner and supper—
all in one—and God be thanked for that.'

known. Always, until now, he held some

The sympathizing stranger—who, by the
me, to know that is all I ask of Heaven the blessings you so lavishly bestow upon

'But how did you lose sight of your you that! The poor thing's mother married me against the will of her family, who treat them as such people ought to be Roger began to be convinced. By this treated. Edith was our third child, and after the other had been taken from our

Now, are you sure you are going to be hearts and laid in the grave. When she So the old man was conducted to a con a laugh flitting airily from his numb, cold that night. Roger thought of them; he perfectly happy?' asked Mr. Upton .- was thirteen years old a failure of a large Three meals a day-all the world has firm in which my fortunes, and my reputamidst of my trouble my poor wife died; speech, until all his happiness dissolved, weeping again. 'To forget it, and retrieve my fallen fortune, I made a voyage slept! His thin hands were crossed upon The clothes you shall have,' rejoined to the East Indies. It would take all his breast. There was a smile on his wan his hungry pangs he felt richly compensa- Waiter, call a hack for me. You shall go on sea and land. Let all that pass. It is Edith touched his brow; it was cold. enough to say that after an absence of She felt his lips; they were rigid and chilly

Then commenced a search for my child, eyes upwards, and, with clasped hands, but her grand parents had been dead many Still he seemed to be more than half years—she had been thrown upon the numb and cold, and he was wondering if inclined to believe it was a trick, even world. I could find no one to tell me

membered her even.' stair, and presently saw a light shining '1've made sure of my supper, at any . 'And is it so necessary to your happithrough the wide cracks around the door. rate,' said Roger to himself. 'There's no ness that you should find her ?' asked Mr. Upton. 'Consider how changed she is by

'I have thought of that, sighed Roger;

full. night key, showing that he felt at home on browed, and radiant with the inspiration not afraid to swear at any time or in any

power to do good beyond anything yet yard at twelve o'clock to night, and swear conceived. Speak the word, and it shall the oaths you have uttered here, when you shoulders, and accompany her down stairs. The adventure looked more and more conceived. Speak the word, and it shall be done. Shall I restore your child? are alone with God.' or rather stay, right around the corner fallen asleep by the stove, stupefied by the hands, the merchant brought, from an additional like a prophet. Agreed,' said the The old man was thrilled, and awed. His way of earning ten dollars.' lips move with a feeble murmur; and on Well, you come to me to-morrow and

have faith.'

melting blue eyes, that sweet and cherry instead of the dreadful oaths he came to mouth, those dimpled cheeks, the fair utter, the earnest cry went up-God be So the old man was put into a bath, white brow, and demure chin, every fea- merciful to me a sinner.' God bless you, sir,' articulated the then barbered by a fellow skilful with a ture was his child's—his Edith's. Yet it The next day he went to the gentleman was not his child that stood before him, and thanked him for what he had done, and asked Roger. 'Do you indulge in lamp- know not how I have descrived; your must ments that would have been respectable else she was something more than human; said he had resolved not to swear another else she was an apparition that might at oath as long as he lived.

'Who are you, darling?' he asked, in

The old man took her in his arms, and bowed his face over that fair head, and sobped out his emotion. 'I understand it now,' he said speaking with an effort, 'tis my child's child-my

Edith's Edith; the woman, the mother, where is she?' Already a slender female figure was knceling at the old man's feet; affectionate lips kissed his hands, affectionate eyes

bathed them with tears. · Father-father ?' The kneeler looked up. It seemed that

the plant producing flower and fruit, evokeach hour and each moment in the day, parent and child forever.

the old man's brain, as his daughter and trust confided to your keeping; and as that granddaughter lay in his arms, and his trust is discharged, so will be your happihot tears rained down upon their heads. 'How is it that I have never found you

'Now, I tell you what, old man,' said told him of this scar upon-your cheek; he ed at last into applause. observed it, and no longer had any doubt

> feet, and call you father! you are, you are, my child!' said the ex- and wanting in generous sympathiserscited old man, 'O God be thanked!' 'Amen!' responded the generous-

ing eyes. Don't weep father,' pleaded Edith, weeping herself all the harder; 'your trials are all now over.'

added her husband. 'Yes, yes!' said the old man; 'but nourish strength, some one else, who betwhy,' patting his grandchild's neck with ter understands how to take care of himtender playfulness, 'why did you tell me self, steps fleetly beyond your place of

our name was Edith Johnson?' enervating repose, and you will never re'That is my name,' replied the young cover the lost ground. Up, then and be your name was Edith Johnson?' girl-'Edith Johnson Upton. And if you doing. are my grandfather, I am so glad! I shall 'Waste not, want not,' was well writare my grandfather, I am so glad! I shall

shall be alread to go to sleep to-'Indeed, said the old man, letting fall inght,' mused the old man, 'for fear that should be placed in letters of gold before, tear; 'I can never think of being happy intil I know whether my child Edith still has passed. But if it isn't a dream, there is one thing more that is necessary to give me perfect peace of mind.

'I thought as much,' laughed Mr. Upton. 'Speak it out.' Poor Mrs. Stone, and her childrensomething should be done for them. Protect her from her brutal husband, and procure her eldest son a situation, where his time and talents will bring comfort to that

poor family.' 'That shall be done, if there's any virtue in money,' said Mr. Upton. 'Is there anything else?

"Nothing-only let me know your hisorv, my Edith.' 'You shall lie down, father, and I will talk to you about myself until you fall

asleep. 'Don't be afraid,' said the young woman, tenderly. 'I will take care that you don't wake in Mrs. Stone's attic.' fortable chamber; and, when he was peacefully ensconsed in the soft sheets of the

murmured: O God, thy will be done! No more earthly sorrow could the old man know. A happy door had been opened to him in his last mortal hours, and through it his spirit had passed into the blessed country where alone perfect hap-

piness and peace await us SWEARING ALONE. - A gentleman once in company with others, when he dared The merchant arose, smiling, noble not do it by himself. The man said he was

place. 'I'll give you ten dollars,'said the gentle miracles may yet be performed. I have a man, 'if you will go to the village grave-

'Agreed,' said the man, 'it's an easy the instant open flew a door at the mer- say you have done it, and the money is

yours.'
The time passed on ; midnight came. graceful form of a young girl, fresh and beautiful, and glad, with bright curls riped the graveyard not a sound was heard pling over her head and neck.

ed the graveyard not a sound was heard

My own child—my own Edith!' cried all was still as death. Then the gentle the wonder-struck old man. 'But it can-man's words, 'Alone with God,' came over not be,' he faltered, sinking back upon the him with wonderful power. The thought chair from which he had risen in the ex- of the wickedness of what he had been citement of the moment. 'It cannot be.' doing and what he had come to do, darted 'Look at her,' said the merchant, 'and across his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take The old man looked again. Those another step, he fell upon his knees, and

Corals, agates and crystals ar broken accents.

I am Edith Johnson, said the child, soul finds God's most precious gifts in the rugged path of sorrow.

Take Care of Yourself.

'Take care of yourself,' is a principle which, in some respects, is not neglected by mankind in general, but is not often carried out in the way it ought to be.—

Take care of yourself; for, be assured, from the very outset, that if you do not take care of yourself, there are none to be found who will perform this office for you. In taking care of yourself, your health, your reputation, your interests, your happing the property of the your reputation, your interests, your happiness, are to be considered, and whatever else combines with them to make up the his lost wife had come out of the past to individual known as yourself. A contrary

embrace him there again.

O Time! O, miracle of life! O wondrous divine law! ever working in the broad day, and in the silence and secresy of the night, when we sleep, the same push
o the night, when we sleep, the same push
o the night, when we sleep, the same push
o the night, when we sleep, the same push
o the night, when we sleep, the same push
o the night there again.

course, may secure your temporary popularity and wond cost 25 cents (the price of the lock) in the music stores; but most of it is copyrighted, and cannot be obtained axcept in "Gody."

OUR STEELENGRAVINGS.

All efforts to rival us in this have cassed, and we now stand alone in this department, giving, as we do, many other work. of the night, when we sleep, the same push- less there be a prudent change in your ing forward the germ into the plant, from tactics, when the same people pass you with a smile of contemptuous pity, as the ing new germs, creating all things new, man who did not know how to take care of himself; and this you will find but a poor reward for sacrificing to the good of others. Such thoughts whiled, and burned, in Your individual self, remember, is a sacred

It is a great fault to neglect your own before, dear father? asked Mrs. Upton, advancement in life: see to it always, by But supposing you were to have a for she was the merchant's wife. How I house, what sort of a house would you have longed to hear from you—to know if acter. It is folly to stand aside while othyou were still alive. I thought you must ers pant and struggle for a prize which have died in some foreign land; but when might as well be yours as theirs. Assert would like-why, I'd say some such a my good husband here came home this your own claims, your own dignity; and evening and told me of an old man calling heed not the sneers that may assail your so comfortable here! A man ought to himself Roger Johnson, something said to coming forward. It is ever so. If you me, deep in my soul, that it was you. I are successful, these sneers will be chang-

What are great men, successful men, that you were my father. How I wished to go with him when he went back to find admires? What, but men who have taken closed to you carefully, and by degrees, all of them are endowed with lofty qualifor he thought you ill, and feeble, so I ties: this was not necesary to the end; but have waited patiently for this moment, it is evident that they have been firm and when I could safely throw myself at your inflexible in taking care of themselves.— Those nearest to them have doubtless of-'It is not all a dream! It is all real—ten thought that they were cold, selfish, perhaps, even considered them mono-maniacs. But let it be remembered, that if tial that you devote yourself to a purpose, always fixing your energies upon the end you have in view, and laboring steadily until that view has been attained. All 'You have every wish of your heart, and else must be secondary and insignificant. all you have to do is to be perfectly happy, If you pause to chase butterflies, and play among the roses more than is necessary to

ten on the walls of the industrious man's 'I shall be afraid to go to sleep to- kitchen; but 'Take care of yourself,' regard to unreasonable sneers about takregard to unreasonable sneers about taking care of Number One. It is your special business on earth to take care of that number, and to have a sharp eye of Number One's welfare. Who else is there were described to the shore One's welfare. ber One's welfare. Who else is there but you to take care of that number ?-Will Tom do it? or will Dick? No, nor Harry either.

If you acknowledge the correctness of

this maxim, awake at once from your dreams of interestedness, and look at the fate of those who were careless of Number One. See them in middle life; observe them in old age. Alas! what sorrow, what suffering, what remorse! Be wise, there-fore, while it is morning; for in paying attention to yourself, you will be able to assist those who stand in need of your assistance; and there is no greater happiness

Don't be bashful, young man .-Don't be like the person who rode ten miles in a sleigh with a prettygirl on bright moonlight night, with the intention of popping the question, but all he said was.

'It's quite moony to-night: 'Yes,' she replied, 'muchly.' And there was not another word spoken ME LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER

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