

Poetical Selections.

CHARITY.

IF we knew the care and crosses
Crowding around our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous, day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow—
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held but gentle blessing there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Flitting o'er the dewy grass,
If we knew that birds of Eden
Were in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would we drive it with our coldness
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe;
But the cheeks, tear-washed, are whitest,
And kept in life are flowers by snow.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love towards erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits,
Soar to realms of light above,
We may say "Dear Father, love us,
E'en as we have shown our love."

THE MISSING CHECK.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS, Miss Mabel!"

It was the first time Mabel had heard the words that day. From early dawn she had toiled at her needle.

The bells were chiming eleven and Mabel stood, dripping and shivering, on the threshold of the wretched tenement, one of whose poorest apartments constituted her home. The night was dark and stormy, and she had had a long walk through the driving rain and sleet, from the fashionable quarter in which her rich employer dwelt, to the humbler one that contained her own miserable abode.

"A merry Christmas, Miss Mabel, and there's a Christmas gift for you," said a little, dumpy old gentleman, touching her arm as she was about to ascend the steps, and thrusting a crumpled slip of paper into her hand.

What sharp eyes the little old gentleman must have had to recognize her in that dim and shadowy light, for it took the second glance of Mabel's, young and keen as they were, to make out the jolly features of Mr. Wentworth, who had once employed her to copy some papers, for which he had paid her liberally.

Mabel would have said "thank you" for the gift, whatever it was; but before she had time to do so, the little old gentleman was off.

No wonder Mabel started when she had lit her lamp and inspected her present. Such are seldom made outside of story books. It was a check to bearer on one of the city banks, for five hundred dollars!

What a magnificent gift to come from one almost a stranger! And how opportunely it came too! She would be able to pay off the arrearage of rent now, that had given her so much trouble. Mabel went to sleep with her treasure under her pillow; and while she is dreaming happy dreams, in which a face she had striven hard to banish of late, is constantly coming up, let us tell the reader who she is.

Mabel Gleason's father, (she had lost her mother in early infancy) was a wealthy merchant, whose study it had been to lavish on his daughter, and only child, every possible indulgence, and to adorn her with every attainable accomplishment. It is not too much to say he idolized her; and had her heart been less true or her head less steady, she must have been totally spoiled.

A financial crisis came, culminating in a crash, among the victims of which was Mabel's father. Crushed and broken in spirit, his health gave way, and the end of a few months saw Mabel an orphan and penniless, for nothing had been saved from the wreck of her father's fortune.

Feeling she could better bear her altered condition among strangers, she had left her native city, and sought a home and employment in the metropolis. The result we have already seen.

Mr. Wentworth's check was duly honored; it would have been for an hundred fold as much. Mabel, keeping out no more than sufficed for the present need deposited the balance in a savings bank. She took a tidy room in a respectable

street, which she was fortunate enough to secure on moderate terms, and straightway advertised for pupils in French and music.

Fortune seemed to smile on Mabel at last. She rendered so complete satisfaction to the first few pupils that gave her a trial, that she had as many as she could take. Her income enabled her to add to instead of diminish her deposit in the bank; and she was beginning not to be so rigid now in her banishment, during her waking moments, of that face that always would come up in her dreams.

But a shocking blow was in store for poor Mabel. She was on her way from the house of a pupil one day, when a stranger accosted her:

"I am sorry to trouble you, miss, but it is necessary you should go with me."

I am a detective, and have a warrant for your arrest. As I am not in uniform, no one need know you are in custody."

"Will you not at least inform me of what I am accused?" Mabel ventured to ask.

"My instructions are to answer no questions," said the man doggedly.—"You will learn all at the police-office; and it's my opinion the sooner we go there the better."

Seeing no alternative, Mabel acquiesced and walked in silence by the side of the officer.

When confronted with the Judge—a shrewd, but withal pleasant looking gentleman, on a high seat—she was not so much intimidated as might have been expected. She had had time to collect her thoughts by the way, and there is ever a true courage in innocence, that makes the weak strong, and inspires the timid with boldness.

"Will you be good enough to tell me, sir, why I have been brought here?"—Mabel asked, in a voice so gentle and musical and with a flush on her face so far from betokening guilt, that his Honor forgot the prisoner, and remembered only the lady.

"You presented a check some time since, Miss Gleason, for five hundred dollars, purporting to be drawn by Mr. Wentworth on the ——— Bank, on which you drew the money."

"I did," Mabel answered; "it was a Christmas present from Mr. Wentworth himself. He gave it to me with his own hand," said Mabel, astounded at a charge so unaccountable.

"Mr. Wentworth has been sent for, and will be here presently," the Judge answered. "Ah, here he comes."

As the little old gentleman bustled his way to the front, and his eyes fell on Mabel, he started with astonishment.

"You here he exclaimed. "What is the meaning of all this?"

"That is the person who presented the check," said the Judge.

"Impossible!" cried the little old gentleman.

"She has admitted it."

Mr. Wentworth was dumbfounded.—The whole affair was involved in mystery. The written part of the check, had he not known the contrary, he would have sworn to be in his own hand. His check book, too, was missing, though how it could have been abstracted from the safe in his room, of which he kept exclusive possession of the key, was quite past his comprehension.

"You gave me the check yourself, sir," said Mabel, "on the steps of my lodgings, late on Christmas night; you surely cannot have forgotten it."

"Late on Christmas night!"—why, the old gentleman was sure he hadn't stirred out of the room after dinner, and that he had gone to bed at nine!

Whatever conclusion the little old gentleman's mind might have reached in its bewilderment, Mabel's was fast approaching one at the ludicrousness of which she would have smiled under less serious circumstances; which was, that Mr. Wentworth had celebrated Christmas a little indiscreetly, and taken a drop too much for his memory, when her reflections were cut short by the appearance of a new face on the scene—a decidedly handsome one, belonging to a young gentleman who had accompanied Mr. Wentworth to the court. It was moreover the same face that would keep coming up in Mabel's dreams—and sometimes when she was awake too.

"Mabel Gleason!" cried the young man. "What—what absurd blunder is this? Who has dared—"

A deep flush, succeeded by a deadly pallor, overspread Mabel's countenance, as she tottered, and would have fallen, but for the timely support of her youthful champion.

"Uncle!" the latter vehemently ex-

claimed, "I know this lady, and would stake my life upon her innocence!"

"So would I, boy, though I'm puzzled to my wits end!"

"See here!" he continued, addressing the Judge, "this case should go no further!"

"The charge can only be withdrawn by those who made it," the Judge answered.

"And who are they! confound them!"

"The officers of the bank."

"The officers of the bank be blowed, I'm one of them myself! I'll go her bail, anyhow, and fix it up with her afterwards."

The proposition was satisfactory.

As Warren Harding conducted Mabel home, he learned for the first time, her altered circumstances. When last they had met, it was in her native city, in the midst of a refined and fashionable circle, of which she was the centre of attraction. He had been absent for a year in Europe, and returned but a few days before. How little had he expected in accompanying his uncle to the police court, that the meeting to which he looked forward with most impatience should take place there.

Whatever explanations passed between the two young people, they led to Warren's passing a sleepless night. It was past midnight and he had not yet retired, when his uncle, whom he believed snug in bed, muffled, hatted, coated and equipped for going out, unceremoniously entered the apartment. A strange expression in his eyes particularly arrested the young man's attention. Taking a key from his pocket, he opened a secret drawer of a secretary in one corner of the room, from which he took what seemed to be a blank book, which he opened, and taking up a pen, began to write.

Warren drew nearer, it was a check book his uncle was writing in! Having finished, the old gentleman neatly cut out and folded the part on which he had written, and was about leaving the room when Warren spoke:

"Where are you going uncle?"

"To make a present to Mabel," replied the other without turning his head.

"I made her one on Christmas, and intended making her another on New Year, but somehow forgot it."

Warren grasped his uncle's arm. The latter gave a bound that almost lost him his balance.

"Why, what's the matter he exclaimed rubbing his eyes: "where am I?"

"See! see! uncle cried the young man eagerly; "the mystery is explained."

"What's this?" said the old gentleman, more and more astonished. "My lost check book, as I live! and a check in my hand, regularly filled up, and dated to-day! And here—why here's a memorandum, in the margin, of that confounded check that has caused all the mischief. It's all plain now! I've been at my old prank again. They used to accuse me of sleep walking when I was a boy, but I never more than half believed it."

When Mabel called next day to tender back the \$500—which her deposit and savings, and some tuition bills she had collected, enabled her to do—the tender was emphatically rejected. Mr. Wentworth said he had but one regret in the matter, and that was, that he was much better when asleep than when awake.

If our young friends would know what came of it all, they have only to put themselves in Mabel and Warren's place, and think what they would have done in similar circumstances.

The following obituary notice recently appeared in a German paper:

"My husband is no more. He did not wish to live longer, and, if he had, it would have made no difference, for gout entered his stomach and was soon followed by death. I shall marry the doctor who so kindly attended my late husband; I learned then to trust him. Soft rest the ashes of the departed one, whose wholesale liquor business I shall continue at the old stand."

MARIA W. SCHLEMM.
"My noble husband, Professor Seil is dead; the most powerful medicines would not keep him with me. Two sorrowing children would weep over his grave, but alas! our marriage was not thus blest. As he is dead, and it cannot be helped now, I do not wish to think of it, and do not wish to be reminded of my loss by having people condole with me. His death has placed me in the mournful state of widowhood; and I see no way to get out of it."

A man in Rhode Island was sent to jail ten days for sleeping in church.—Nothing was done to the clergyman.

The Temperance Question.

IN Sweden, the first time that a man appears in any public place in a state of intoxication, he is fined three dollars, the second time six dollars. For the third and fourth times, the penalty is much more severe, for the culprit has not only to pay a heavier sum of money, but also loses his rights as an elector, becomes ineligible for office and on the Sunday next ensuing after his drunken fit, is placed in the stocks in front of the parochial church.

The fifth time a man gets tipsy he is incarcerated in a house of correction, and condemned to six months' hard labor, and on the sixth occasion he is sent to prison for a whole year, of hard labor. Every person convicted of having induced another to get drunk pays three dollars, and if the person thus influenced be under age, six dollars is the penalty.

An ecclesiastic who thus forgets himself loses his position, and if he be a civil officer, he is suspended or deprived of his charge and its emoluments. Moreover, drunkenness is never accepted as an excuse for any crime or breach of the peace, and a man who dies drunk is not allowed burial in consecrated ground.

The result of these regulations, and their faithful execution by magistrates, has, of late years, been a most remarkable improvement in the moral condition of the lower classes in Sweden, and the example is held up to other nations by writers on temperance legislation.

In this country, the time has come for a revival of personal and legal effort to arrest the rising tide that threatens to sweep all barriers away.

A Romance of the Pavé.

A FEW WEEKS ago a poor, lonely bachelor, who had never loved or been loved, left his dreary home for the sake of a little exercise. The morning was bright and sunny, and as he walked up Broadway he gazed longingly at the girls as they passed him, and thought of his wretched condition. As he saw their bright and smiling countenances, and the happy faces of their male companions, he could not but contrast his own loneliness and single misery. These thoughts weighed upon him, and he became quite melancholy. As he was standing on the side-walk, gazing listlessly about, he saw a beautiful young girl coming toward him, leading a venerable blind man. Unmindful of the danger she incurred from the passing vehicles, her whole thought was devoted to her charge, which she finally landed in safety on the side-walk. He thanked her for her kindness, and she left him. The lonely bachelor saw the whole transaction, and it struck him so forcibly that all his ideas concerning the gentler sex of the community were changed. He took a look at the young lady that he might know her again, and went his way. He subsequently described her to some of his friends, and after ascertaining who she was procured an introduction. He found she was just as good as he thought her; and now he is a married man. Of course he told her of the incident that led to their acquaintance. She, in turn, told it to her lady friends; and the consequence is that a new Society has been started, called "The Young Ladies' Humanitarian Association for Helping Blind Men across the street." Bachelors, look out.—*New York Commercial.*

An Unpleasant Request.

A newly married man came very near being made a victim of circumstances in Baltimore the other day. In company with his blooming bride, he repaired to the depot for the purpose of taking passage northward, and just as he was about passing into the depot, he was approached by a small boy whose reason is impaired, with "Papa give me a cent before you go away." The request of the child was heard by the newly made wife, and for the moment she looked very queer at her husband. The latter was also somewhat confused by the peculiar fix which he was in, but managed to say to the child, "Go away; I am not your father." The little child, however, asserted that such was the case, and stoutly insisted on being presented with a penny. Again the wife looked queerly at her husband, and had it not been for a gentleman who stepped up to the couple at this juncture and remarked that the child importuned for a penny every gentleman with whom he met, the young husband would not have enjoyed as pleasant a journey as he anticipated.

SUNDAY READING.

Christianity.

In regard to that Christianity which the world most requires to-day, Bishop Huntington truly remarks; We want in you, Christianity that is Christian across counters, over dinner-tables, behind the neighbor's back as in his face. We want in you a Christianity that we can find in the temperance of the meal, in the moderation of the dress, in respect for authority, in amiability at home, in veracity and simplicity in mixed society. Rowland Hill used to say he would give a very little for the religion of a man whose very dog and cat were not the better for his religion. We want fewer gossiping, slandering, gluttonous, peevish, conceited, bigoted Christians. To make them effectual on all public religious measures, instructions, benevolent agencies, missions, need to be managed on a high-toned, scrupulous and unquestionable tone of honor, without evasion, or partisanship, or overmuch of the serpent's cunning. The hand that gives away the Bible must be unspotted from the world. The money that sends the missionary to the heathen must be honestly earned.—In short the two arms of the Church—justice and mercy—must be stretched out, working for man, strengthening the brethren, or else your faith is vain, and you are yet in your sins.

"Can't Rub It Out."

"Don't write there, said a father to the son, who was writing with a diamond on his window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. I wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You wished a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. I wrote itself on his mind and led him to do a wicked thing. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written in the book of God. The record is a very sad one. You can't rub it out.

Mind me! What you write on the minds of others will stay there. It can't be rubbed out anyhow. But glorious news! What is written in God's book can't be blotted out.

Go then, O my child, and ask Jesus to blot out the bad things you have written in the book of God.

Of What Persuasion.

In terrible agony, a soldier lay dying in the hospital. A visitor asked him:

"What Church are you of?"

"Of the Church of Christ," he replied.

"I mean what persuasion are you?"

"Persuasion!" said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Savior; "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate me from the love of Christ Jesus."

Heaven's Best Gift.

Jerem. Taylor says, if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize your health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's best gift to man; his angel of mercy; minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels.—Her voice his sweetest music; her smile his brightest day; her kiss his guardian of innocence; her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips his faithful counselors; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

When we come to the solemn hour we shall want something more than a formal religion; it may have satisfied us very well before, but it will give us no light for the dark valley. "God be merciful to me a sinner," will have more meaning to us than a volume of the most "beautiful prayers," pronounced with the most faultless elocution.

When a Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is: "Keep me, my God! my boat is so small, and the ocean is so wide!" Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us, as we sail with frail boat on life's broad sea?