

Raftsmen's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

Bland as the morning breath of June...

to see the New Year in, but Mabel knew his call on that day would be to say farewell...

tant letter. The foolish challenge of New Year's Eve had been crowded from his memory...

It was on Christmas Eve, and Mrs. Greenway was to give a large party, to which all the upper crust of New York society were invited...

"Who was that, Aunt Helen? How came he here?" she asked in an eager whisper.

"Where, my dear? Oh, that must be the gentleman Mr. Lee was telling me about."

"Oh, John, was it an April joke?" And then the date of his letter flashed upon his memory.

"Where can we be alone?" he whispered, for she trembled violently, while the color was fading from her face with alarming rapidity.

The name "Protestant." The name of Protestant took its rise from the following circumstances.

ONE OF TRAIN'S TRICKS.—The advocates of women's voting have made a great parade of the nine thousand votes cast in favor of the measure at the election in Kansas last fall.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

A statistician estimates that every married couple may calculate upon 4,194,304 descendants in about five hundred years.

A French Romance.

Several months ago a young man, salesman in one of the leading houses in Paris, saw a young lady enter, to whom, during the past eight or ten days, he had sold a number of dresses, shawls, gloves, &c.

"I shall be at the hotel in one hour; here is the address. Be kind enough to accompany the porter when he brings the articles."

"The young man was at a loss what to think. However, an hour later he entered the apartment of the American lady, who invited him sans façon, like an acquaintance of long standing, to lunch with her."

"Without conceit, I say, yes," answered the young man.

"This is what I wish to propose. I am alone, or almost alone, in the world; my fortune or my actions concern no one but myself."

"I insist on remunerating you; this is strictly a matter of business; I regard it in that light. Accept or decline. Which shall it be?"

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Jem and the Pocket Book.

"Jem, I dropped my pocket-book somewhere out here. Have you seen it?" asked a farmer, one day, of a boy who was hoeing potatoes for him in a field.

"No, sir," said Jem, "I have not."

"Well, suppose you help me to find it, you look along that side of the field towards the gate, while I look on this," rejoined Mr. Beers, pointing in the direction shown.

"Yes, sir," said Jem, cheerfully, and dropping his hoe in the furrow he started along the edge of the field, carefully looking for the lost pocket-book.

When he reached the gate he found the farmer there before him, with the pocket-book in his hand. Jem looked pleased, and said: "You have it, sir?"

"Yes," replied the farmer, "I have, and I guess you knew very well where it was. I found it right beside your dinner kettle, under the grass, where, I suppose, you left it."

"Jem felt the color rise to his temples and anger burned in his heart; but the latter he kept down, for he was a Christian boy, and quietly answered: "I know nothing about your pocket-book, sir. I cannot tell how it came to be near my dinner kettle."

"You are very innocent, dare say," said the farmer, with a sneer, "but facts don't favor that opinion. I don't want suspicious boys about my place, so you may quit as soon as you like."

Poor Jem was dumb with surprise and sorrow. Taking up his dinner kettle, he left the field and went directly home to his mother. He told her the story of his misfortune, and closed by saying: "You believe me, mother, don't you?"

"I do, my son," she replied; "I don't believe you could either lie or steal for the best filled pocket-book in the world."

Jem was comforted. His mother had faith in his word, and a voice whispered, "Jesus knows." His own heart, too, freed him. Though suspected of lying and dishonesty, he was at peace, because he knew the suspicion to be unjust.

The farmer, believing that Jem had hid the pocket-book, told the story to his friends. Some believed it, but many shook their heads and said, "It can't be. Jem has always been a truthful and honest boy."

Jem felt sad to know that any thought him guilty. But he told the story over and over to his Heavenly Father, and was comforted. Jesus made him strong to bear this sore trial. After a few days a gentleman sent for Jem and offered to hire him. Jem asked if he knew about the pocket-book.

"Yes," said he, "I know more than you do about it; I saw your dog with a book in his mouth going towards your dinner kettle. I supposed you had sent him to it, until I heard this morning from Farmer Beers that you were suspected yourself."

Thus the mystery was solved; Jem's dog had found and hid the pocket-book. The boy's honor was now clear. He had a better place than before, and his heart was as happy as the love of Jesus could make it.

Happy Jem! He lived to be a very useful man, the trusted clerk of his employer, the support of his mother, and an honor to the church of God. Suppose he had been guilty of hiding the pocket-book, and lying about it, would not the story of his life have been a very different one? You know it would. Learn, therefore, to be as true. Your life will then be happy, honorable, and useful to yourself and the world.

HOUSEHOLD ORNAMENTS.—Articles of ornament in the household have so much influence in the family as educators, that we consider them quite as important as objects of utility. Indeed, we should prefer to spare some of the necessities of life, rather than miss the articles of taste that speak to us daily from the walls of our home.

With love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without, it is a bleak desert, covered with ashes.

Business Directory.

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