

The Ruffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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Sket Poetry.

"PASS UNDER THE ROD."

I saw a young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedewed in her snowy array,
And the bright blush of joy mantled high on her
cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay,
And the woman's devotion, she laid her hand
on his,
On the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she whispered her hopes to this perishing
earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wore,
The Law when those heart-strings were
bleeding
And the chain had been severed in two;
She had changed her white robe for the
railest
gird,
And her bloom for the paleness of
veer,
But the leader was there, pouring
halm on her
heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he stretched the chain he had broken
in
twain,
And fastened it firm to the
skies,
There had shimmered a vision,
(twas a voice of
her
God,
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod!"

I saw a young mother with tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured
her name,
While the doctor lay smiling in joy,
Oh sweet as the roselind encircled with dew,
When his fragrance was fang on the air,
So fresh and so fair to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there,
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely
form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And he led them with tenderest care,
But the doctor was there, who had smitten her
heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven, he has placed it on high;
And the mourner will sweetly obey,
There had whispered a voice, (twas a voice of
her
God,
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."

I saw when father and mother had leamed,
On the arms of a dear, cherished son,
And the star in the future grew bright in their
eyes,
As they saw the proud place he had won,
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And the star of love glimmered bright
at
dawn,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet,
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the
grave,
Where their heart's dearest hopes had
lain,
And the star had gone down in the darkness
of
night,
And joy from their bosoms had fled,
But the leader was there and his arms were
around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in that bright upper
world,
(twas their star) shining brilliantly there,
They had each heard a voice, (twas the voice of
their
God,
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."

A BOY'S TRIAL.

A little cottage stands close down
to the road, with two or three melancholy
gnarled trees showing yellow leaves upon
its roof, and a cluster of gaunt lilac bushes
at the south end—when the golden crucible
of the early December sunshine could not
transmute it into light but a desolate and
dreary looking spot.
"Mother," said little Harry Morton as he
set down the pail of water he had just brought
up from the birning spring in the woods,
"don't you wish we lived in a big red house
like Mr. Oxley's, with white stone steps, and
ever so many acres of land?"
"And a wagon and horses," added Charley,
a stout urchin of seven.
Mrs. Morton sighed softly; she too had
been "wishing," but her aspirations had
taken a different shape from that of her two
little boys.
"Are you tired, Mother?" questioned
Harry.
"A little, my son."
"Is that pile of coals most done?"
"I shall think them by dark, I hope."
Harry stood solemnly watching his mother
as she went to the well for a bucket of water.
"Mother, I wish I could sew."
"You are too young, Harry; I could
not get along without your assistance around
the house."
"But I wish I could earn money to help
you, mother. Tom Murphy has a shilling
a week for helping Deacon Smith. I wish
I could do that, but I can't do anything but
carry water, and I don't like to do that."
Mrs. Morton smiled. "All in good time,
my son. I shall be very glad when you are
able to earn something, but until then we
must wait patiently."
"And eat potatoes and bread for dinner,
and have dead sticks in the stove," said
Harry, with a little grimace. "There comes
Mr. Oxley's big wagon—I'll run out and
open the gate for him."
As the "big wagon," filled with rosy red
and gold streaked apples, rumbled through,
farmer Oxley dropped his whip. Harry ran
up to it, and something in the old man's
kindly face, as he said, "thank you,
my boy," encouraged him to ask, in a tremulous
voice:
"If you please, sir, do you know of any-
thing I could do?"
"Oh!" echoed the farmer. "What on
earth does the boy mean?"
"To earn a little money, sir," explained
Harry.
Farmer Oxley hesitated. Not half an
hour ago, when his buxom helpmate had
proposed sending a basket of "gilliflowers"
to the people at the gate, he had negatived
the idea, saying "he did not believe there
was any good in the lot—gipsy woe-do-
wells, and nothing better." But now Har-

ry's bright eyes somehow appealed to his
better nature.
"What do you want money for, boy?"
growled the farmer trying to look stern.
Harry glanced down at his little red, frost-
bitten toes, as if he thought the question
rather superfluous.
"To buy some shoes, sir, and we haven't
had any meat in the house for a month, sir."
Farmer Oxley whistled, and snapped the
lash of his whip.
"Look here, boy, I'm going to Ledgeport
to sell these apples, and maybe I might
make you useful holding the horses, or meas-
uring out. If you've a mind to earn a shil-
ling, come along. But," he added, as Harry
clambered up, "a shilling won't buy a
pair of shoes."
"No, sir, I know it won't," said Harry,
"but I could lay it up, and perhaps get a
little more some day."
"Well said," chuckled the farmer. "I
guess you'll do, young man."
Harry wondered what Mr. Oxley meant,
but he did not venture to ask, and sat quiet-
ly by the farmer's side, while that individ-
ual asked silent note of the boys' bright black
eyes, and neatly mended
garments.

"Good fare," thought the farmer. "I
suppose they must be very poor. I wish I
had Rebecca send down those apples. If
he turns out to be good for anything I
may get him something to do around the
farm."
It was a hard day's work, but Harry cared
little for that, with the twelve cents gleam-
ing at the end of the long perspective.
"Well, my boy, I see you're not afraid of
work," said Mr. Oxley as he turned his
horses' heads towards home just as the new
moon rose a glistening thread, above the
city spires.
Harry laughed.
"Are you home now, sir?"
"Not just this minute; I've got to stop
at the Savings Bank. It don't close till five
and I must get a little sun out."
Harry held the horses, while Mr. Oxley
went into the bank, and gave up the reins
in silence when he returned.
"Well, boy, what are you thinking of?"
asked Mr. Oxley.
"I was thinking how nice it must be to
have lots of money!" Answered truthful
Harry.
"You are young to sing that song, but it's
true as gospel. Money is a nice thing!"
Harry was a poor boy that evening as
he showed his mother the guerdon of his
day's labor.
"Only see—fifteen cents, and he only
promised me a shilling; but he said I had
earned it, and that would not begrudge a
cent of it."
Mrs. Morton kissed Harry, while Charley,
standing on tiptoe to eye the fifteen cents,
regarded his mother as a capitalist.

Mrs. Oxley's bright kitchen looked even
brighter than usual, her husband came
in out of the frosty sunlight to the gleam
of blazing chestnut log, and the steady
glow of the big lamp of the mantel. The
evening board was duly spread with white,
new bread, crisp honeycomb, swelling over
with golden liquid, butter yellow as dan-
delion, and the fragrant peas of thinly cut
ham, in which the farmer's soul delighted,
while a brown cone of a gingerbread
smoked in the centre.
"I heard you coming," said Mrs. Oxley.
"Come, sit down. A cup of hot tea will
take the frost out of you."
Mr. Oxley sat down to the vening meal,
thinking, for the ninety-ninth thousandth
time, what a good wife he had.
"And what luck?" demanded the comely
matron, cutting off a section of verflowing
honeycomb for her husband's plate.
"Well, I sold all the apples for good
prices for 'em, too, and contracted for two
hundred pounds of butter, and—"
"Did you get the money for my new
dress?"
"Yes."
Farmer Oxley laid down his knife and
fork, and began searching in his pocket for
the little "Savings Bank" book. "I must
have left it in my overcoat pocket." He
rose up to look for it. "Stange, where can
it be?"
"Dear me, John, I hope you have not
lost it."
"Lost it! No, of course not; where should
I lose it? Give me the lantern and I'll go
and take a look into the wagon. Mike has
not put it in yet."
But the lantern and the book were alike
in vain. No Savings Bank book appeared.
"Rebecca," said the farmer, "you may
depend upon it that young scampgrass has
stolen it—the boy I told you about."
"My dear!" remonstrated charitable Mrs.
Oxley.
"I tell you he has!" raged Mr. Oxley,
"and I'll have the money back or have him
in jail. I was a fool to believe in his smooth
speeches. They're a bad set, and I have
thought so all along. Give me my hat, Re-
becca; I'll go down there at once."
The little supper of hasty pudding and
milk was on the table at the stone cottage,
and Mrs. Morton and her two little boys,
after having made the flickering firelight
last as long as possible, had just lighted the
one tallow candle that shed a faint circle of
lightness round the room, when a thun-
dering knock came to the door.
"Who can that possibly be at so late an
hour?" wondered the widow, rendered a
little nervous by overwork and insufficient
meals.
"Mamma, don't go to the door. It's a
robber, I'm sure, or else a bear!" faltered
little Charley, dropping the spoon which
had been lifted half way to his mouth, and
hiding behind his mother's skirts.

But Harry, fearless of evil, drew back
the iron bolts and opened the door.
"Why, Mr. Oxley!"
"You young vagabond!" exclaimed the
incensed man, "what do you mean by look-
ing at me in that brazen-faced way? Give
me the hundred dollars you've stolen from
me, or by all the fates I'll have you lodged
in Ledgeport jail before another hour has
passed over your head."
"Hundred dollars! What hundred dol-
lars? I have never seen it, sir," said Harry,
"too much bewildered at first to realize the
full force of the accusation that had been
made."
"You lie, you little miscreant; you have
stolen it!" shouted the farmer grasping the
boy's coat collar, and shaking him violently.
"I think there must be some mistake here,
sir," said Mrs. Morton, advancing, with a
scarlet spot brewing on each of her pale
cheeks. "I am sure that my boy can never
have taken any money that does not justly
belong to him."
"Once more I ask you, Harry Morton,"
said the farmer in choked accents of pas-
sion, "will you give back that money you
stole?"
"I have never stolen a cent of money,
sir," said Harry, indignantly.
"That is false, and you know it is."
Charley began to cry vehemently. Mrs.
Morton sat down pale and trembling.
"Come," said the farmer, resolutely, "it's
not too late yet to drive down to Justice
Hart's, and you will find the upshot of all
this obstinacy is a bed in Ledgeport jail to-
night."
"You shall not touch my boy!" exclaim-
ed the agonized mother. "Harry—Harry,
tell him you are not guilty."
"I have told him so once, mother," said
the boy proudly; "I cannot help if he does
not believe me."
"I'll see whether Justice Hart won't man-
age to make you tell a different story," said
Mr. Oxley. "Come, you young jail-bird,
I'll have the matter settled at once."
He was dragging poor little Harry down
the steps, when a cheery voice from the
gate beyond arrested his progress.
"Halloo! does John Oxley live here?"
"I am John Oxley," said the farmer,
shading his eyes to catch a glimpse through
the darkness of his interlocutor.
"Well, then, come and open the gate. I
thought I should never make you hear, there
was such a racket going on in there."
"What do you want?" asked the farmer,
distrustfully.
"Why, I want you, of course. Here
show a light, well? Yes it is Farmer Oxley's
house!"
"I don't know who you are though."
"Very probably," laughed the stranger.
I am Mr. Elliott, second clerk in the Ledge-
port Savings Bank."
"And, sir, what may your business here
be?"
"Just to restore to you your book, and a
hundred dollars that you left on our coun-
ter this afternoon."
"That I left on your counter?" stammered
Mr. Oxley, letting go of Harry Morton's
collar.
"Exactly so," said the clerk. "And you
couldn't have got it until to-morrow morn-
ing if I hadn't chanced to be coming this
way to spend my week's leave of absence
among the hills."
"I am very much obliged to you," said
Mr. Oxley, glancing over the bills, to satisfy
himself that the number was all right.
"Oh not at all; only the next time I
should be a little more careful how I left
loose cash lying about."
The clerk turned his horse's head away
from the gate with a pleasant laugh, as the
farmer turned with a crest-fallen face to-
ward the little group standing in the door-
way.
"Harry, come here," he said. I beg
your pardon, my boy; I've accused you
blatly."
"I told you so, sir," said Harry, with
beaming dignity, "but you would not believe
me."
"I've been wrong from beginning to end,"
said he. "Madam, I hope you'll pardon me."
Mr. Morton bowed quietly.
"Ad Harry, come up to the house to-
morrow, and see if we can't find something
for you to do."
Harry went; and years afterward, when
he was well-to-do farmer on his own ac-
count, possessed of his ambition "a big red
house like Mr. Oxley's, and over so many
acres of land," he dated the dawn of his
prosperity to the evening when he had been
falsely accused and vindicated almost the
same moment.
For Farmer Oxley, impulsive, though he
was, was generous and warm hearted too,
and never did kind things by halves.

An advertisement says—Wanted—A female
who has knowledge of fitting boots
of a good moral character.
An Irishman said, "No printer should
publish a death unless informed of the fact
by the party deceased."
Luxury is defined as a mistress in whose
lap one forgets the lapse of time, and the
slaps of conscience.
A vein of copper ore, yielding \$70 to the
ton has been discovered in Farmington, Me.
If a toper and a galon of whiskey were
left together, which would be drunk first?
The Democratic party "kicked the bucket"
on the Fourth. Funeral in November.
Reverdy Johnson will have the pleasure of
Mrs. Lincoln's company to England.

A Child's Dream of a Star.
There was once a child, and he strolled
about a good deal, and thought of a number
of things. He had a sister, who was a child
too, and his constant companion. These
two were used to wonder all day long. They
wondered at the beauty of the flowers, they
wondered at the height and blueness of the
sky; they wondered at the depth of the
blue water; they wondered at the goodness
and power of God, who made the lovely
world.
They used to say to one another, sometimes,
supposing all the children upon earth were
to die, would the flowers, and the water, and
the sky be sorry? For, said they, the buds
are the children of the flowers, and the lit-
tle playful streams that gambol down the
hillsides are the children of the water, and
the small bright specks playing at hide and
seek in the sky all night, must be the chil-
dren of the stars, and they would all be
grieved to see their playmates, the children
of men, no more.
There was one clear, shining star, that
used to come out in the sky before the rest,
near the church spire above the graves. It
was larger and more beautiful, they thought,
than all the others, and every night they
watched for it, standing hand in hand at the
window. Whoever saw it first, cried out,
"I see the star." And often they cried out
both together, knowing so well that it would
rise and where. So they grew to be such
friends with it, that before lying down in
their beds, they looked out once again, to
bid it good night; and when they were
turning around to sleep they used to say,
"God bless the star."
But while she was still very young, oh,
very, very young, the sister drooped, and
came to be so weak that she could no longer
stand in the window at night; and then the
boy looked sadly out by himself, and when
he saw the star, he turned round and said to
the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the
star," and then a smile would come upon
her face, and a little weak voice would say,
"God bless my brother and the star."
And so the time came—all too soon—when
the boy looked out alone, and when there
was no pale face on the bed; and when there
was a little grave among the graves not there
before; and when the star made long rays
down toward him, as he saw it through his
silent tears.
Now these rays were so bright, and they
seemed to make such a shining way from
earth to heaven, that when the child went
to his solitary bed he dreamed that, lying
there he was, he saw a train of people ta-
ken up that sparkling ray by angels. And
the star, opening, showed him a great world
of light where many more such angels wait-
ed to receive them.
All these angels who were waiting turned
their beaming eyes upon the people who
were carried up into the star; and some
came out from the long rows in which they
stood, and fell upon the peoples' necks and
kissed them tenderly, and went away with
them down avenues of light, and were so
happy in their company, that lying in his
bed, he wept for joy.
But there were many angels who did not
go with them, and among them one he knew.
The patient face that once had lain upon
the bed was glorified and radiant, but his
heart found out his sister among the host.
His sister's angel lingered near the en-
trance of the star, and said to the leader
among those who had brought the people
hither, "Is my brother come?"
And he said "no."
She was turning hopefully away, when
the boy stretched out his arms, and cried,
"O, my sister, I am here! take me!"
And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him
and it was night; and the star was shining
into the room, making long rays down to-
wards him as he saw it through his tears.
From this hour forth the child looked out
upon the star as on the home he was to go
to, when his time should come; and he
thought that he did not belong to the earth
alone, but the star too, because of his sister's
angel gone before.
There was a baby born to be a brother to
the boy; and while he was so little that he
never yet had spoken a word, he stretched
his tiny form upon his bed and died.
Again the boy dreamed of the open star,
and of the company of angels, and the train
of people, and the row of angels with their
beaming eyes all turned upon those people's
faces. And his sister's angel said to the
leader, "Is my brother here?"
And he said, "Not that one, but another."
As the boy beheld his brother's angel in
her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here!
take me!" And she turned and smiled at
him, and the star was shining.
He grew to be a young man, and was busy
at his books, when an old servant came to
him and said: "Thy mother is no more. I
bring her blessing on her darling son."
Again, at night, he saw the star and all
the former company. And his sister's an-
gel said to the leader, "Is my brother not
come?"
And he said, "Thy mother."
And a mighty cry of joy went forth through
all that star, because the mother was re-uni-
ted to her two children. And he stretched
out his arms, and cried, "O, mother, sister
and brother, I am here; take me!" And
they answered him, "Not yet;" and the
star was shining.
He grew to be a man, whose hair was
turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair
by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with
his face bedewed with tears, when the star
opened once again.
And his sister's angel said to the leader,
"Is my brother come?"
And he said, "Nay, but his daughter."
And the star was shining. Thus the boy

came to be an old man, and his once smooth
face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow
and feeble, and his back was bent. And one
night as he lay on his bed his children stand-
ing round, he cried, as long ago, "I see the
star."
And they whispered to one another, "He
is dying."
And he said, "I am. My age is falling
from me like a garment, and I move to-
wards the star as a child. And, O, my father,
now I thank thee that it has so often
opened to receive those dear ones who are
waiting for me!"
And the star was shining—and it shines
upon his grave.
A SERMON CUT SHORT.—Many years ago,
there lived in Virginia a Baptist preacher
named B—. Though uneducated he was a
sound thinker and an eloquent speaker, and
no minister had more devoted flock. It was
the custom, during the inclement season,
to hold meetings at the residence of
members, and once or twice during the winter,
at the house of the preacher. For many
years it was observed that B— neither
preached or conducted the meetings, when
held at his house, but secured the services
of some neighboring minister. He was of-
ten pressed for an explanation but without
success; until finally, in response to the im-
portunities of some of his flock, he gave
the following: "When I was much younger
than now—in fact, not long after the com-
mencement of my ministrations—I held a
meeting at my own house. It being custom-
ary for many of the congregation to
remain for dinner, Mrs. B— sent our ne-
gro boy, Tim, to neighbor Paul's for some
butter. Tim returned and located himself,
standing on one foot at a time, on the out-
skirts of the congregation. Being well
warmed up in my sermon, thinking neither
of Tim nor his errand, but only of the most
successful mode of pressing upon my hear-
ers one of my strongest arguments, I de-
manded, with all the energy in my power,
"And what did Paul say?" Tim, at the top
of his little squeaking voice, exclaimed, as
Tim only could have done, "He told you
couldn't get any more butter till you paid
for what you got!" This brought down the
house, and cut short one of the finest efforts
of my early ministry. Since then I have
kept my preaching disconnected from do-
mestic affairs."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Dickens wrote:
"There is nothing—no, nothing beautiful
and good, that dies and is forgotten. An
infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle
will live again in the better thoughts of
those who loved it, play its part though the
body be burned to ashes or drowned in the
deepest sea. There is not an angel added to
the hosts of heaven but does its blessed
work on earth in those that loved it here.
Deeds! oh, if the good deeds of human
creatures could be traced to their source,
how beautiful would even death appear; for
how much charity, mercy, purified affection
would be seen to have their growth in dusky
graves!"

MONEY.—Money does not make the man.
The world has a notion that it does, but
the notion is erroneous. Money is good in itself;
almost everybody has a hearty respect and
appreciation for it, but it will go only so far
and bring only so much. After that it is
powerless and goes for nothing. It will be
get neither brains for men, nor beauty for
women. It will impart no gift over which
good sense can take comfort nor decency re-
joice. It may carry its possessor to the ends
of the world and pamper him with all that
the varied climes can offer, but it can not
add one jot to his manliness as a citizen.

God has written on the flowers that sweet-
en the air—on the breeze that rocks the
flower upon the stem—upon the raindrop
that refreshes the spring, or moss, that lifts
its head in the desert—upon every peevish
shell that sleeps in the cavern of the deep,
no less than upon the mighty sun that
warms and cheers millions of creatures who
live in its light—upon all His works He
has written, "None liveth for himself."
We distinguish four seasons in love. First
comes love before betrothal, or spring; then
comes the summer, more ardent and fiercer,
which lasts from our betrothal to the altar;
the third, the richly laden, soft, dreamy au-
tumn, the honeymoon; and after it, the
winter, when you take shelter by your fire-
side from the cold world without, and find
every comfort and every pleasure there.

It is not until the flower has fallen off
that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life,
it is when the romance is past that the prac-
tical usefulness begins.
Keep up the habit of being respected, and
do not attempt to be more amusing and
agreeable than is consistent with the pres-
ervation of respect.
Every genuine principle of morality and
religion is followed by a sweet and holy
pleasure.
Hot haste is defined as a prairie fire trav-
eling at the rate of about thirty miles an
hour.
Why are the arrows of cupid like a man
in an ague fit? Because they are all in a
quiver.
The young lady whose feelings were all
"worked up," has ordered a fresh supply.
If a tree were to break a window what
would the window say? Tree-mend-us.
Brazil supplies almost half of the coffee
consumed in the world.

All is Well.
The following exquisite gem is worth pre-
serving. We doubt if, in the whole range
of English literature, anything more touch-
ingly eloquent can be found:
"Twelve o'clock at night and all is well."
False prophet! Still and statue-like at yon-
der window stands the wife. The clock has
told the small hours, yet her face is pressed
against the window pane, striving in vain,
with straining eyes to penetrate the darkness.
She sees nothing, she hears nothing but the
beating of her own heart. Now she takes
her seat, opens her Bible, and seeks from it
what comfort she may, while tears blister
the pages. Then she clasps her hands and
her lips are tremulous with mute supplica-
tion. Hist! there is an unsteady step in
the hall; she knows it, for many a time and
oft has it trod on her heart strings. She
glides down gently to meet the wanderer.
He falls heavily against her and in man-
dram tone pronounces a name he has long since
forgotten to honor. Oh, all-enduring power
of woman's love—no reproach, no upbraid-
ing—the light arm passed around the reeling
figure, once erect in God's own image. With
tender words of entreaty, which he is pow-
erless to resist, if he would, she leads him in.
It is but the repetition of a thousand vigils!
It is the performance of a vow, with a hero-
ism and patient endurance too common every
day to be chronicled on earth, too holy and
heavenly to pass unnoticed by the register-
ing angel above.
"All's well!" False prophet! In yonder
luxurious room sits one whose privilege it
was to be fair as a dream of Eden. Time
was when those clear eyes looked lovingly
into a mother's face—when a kind, loving
father, laid a trembling hand with a blessing
on that sunny head—when brothers' and
sister's voices were heard around the happy
hearth. Oh! where are they now! Are
there none to say to the repentant Magdalen,
"neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no
more?" Must the gilded fetter continue to
bind the soul that loathes it, because man is
less merciful than God?
"All's well!" False prophet! There lies
the dead orphan. In all the length and
breadth of the green earth there was found
no sheltering nest where the lonely dove
could fold its wings when the parent bird
had flown. The brooding wing was gone
that covered it from the cold winds of neg-
lect and unkindness. Love was its life, and
so it drooped.

"All's well!" False prophet! Sin walks
the earth in purple and fine line; honest
poverty, with tear bedewed face, hunger
and shivers, and thirst, "while the publican
stands afar off." The widow pleads in vain
to the determined judge for "justice," and,
unpunished of heaven, the human tiger
crouches in his lair and springs upon his
helpless prey.
"All's well!" Ah, yes, all is well, for
He who "seeth the end of the beginning,"
holds evenly the scales of justice. "Dives
shall yet beg of Lazarus." Every human
tear is counted. They will yet sparkle as
gems in the crown of the patient and en-
during disciple! When the clear, broad
light of eternity shines upon life's crooked
path, we shall see the pitfalls from which
our hedge of thorns has fenced us in, and
in our full grown faith, we shall exultingly
say, "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Gone.
Gone, gone, said a little wretch as he
stood on the bridge, beneath which rolled a
turbid stream, and saw the glittering coin,
that had just dropped from his hand, strike
the dark waters below. "It was a keepsake
—grandfather gave it me," said the little
fellow in deep regret. "I loved him so, and
now his little gift is gone—what shall I
do!"
"Gone," said a blooming maiden as she
beheld the form of a friend fading in the
distance, "and I, perhaps, shall see him no
more—driven away by my unkindness—
what shall I do?" And she saw him never
again, his hopes and aspirations were de-
stroyed by her unkindness, and he now
sleeps beneath the tall pines of the far off
Rocky Mountains having fallen by the hands
of the red men of the forest.
"Gone, gone," in whispered accents fell
from the lips of the pale, care-worn, yet
loving and devoted mother, as she bent in
silence over the lovely form, from whence
had just fallen the angelic spirit of her dar-
ling boy. Ah! tis true; and his eyes were
closed, never again to be opened till the
loud shrill voice of the Archangel's trumpet
shall rouse the sleeping nations of the dead.
Solemn thought! Gone, gone forever from
the lights and shades, the joys and sorrows,
the bliss and cares of earthly life.
But with a thousand fold of darkness and
gloom enveloping these solemn words, did
they fall on the ear, as they came in all
their burning agony from the lips of the
grey haired and dying seaman at the mer-
cies of God. "Gone, gone, gone," fell
from the paroled lips of the ensign of God
and religion and all that was high, holy and
sublime. Yes, gone, the golden opportunity
to the scepter of the Prince of peace and
washing the sin-stained robes in the blood
of the lamb—gone, the last hope of bliss
and joy, of heaven and immortality of
peace in the light of God forever. Yes,
gone, as the spirit took its flight down, down,
down, lower, lower, and still lower,
till the dark, fiery, gloomy and suffering
regions of eternal despair threw wide open
her portals, and the lost spirit entered the
abyss of endless woe. Solemn thought!
Gone forever. Gone a spirit that might
have soared amidst the angelic hosts of
heaven, and amid more joy and lustre in
the crown of rejoicing and the diadem of
spotless purity encircling the fair brow of a
world's Redeemer.

Anecdote of General Grant.
During the Petersburg campaign of 1864
several privates were engaged in unloading
barrels of "salt horse" from a transport at
City Point, and were in charge of a Lieuten-
ant of a New York Regiment, who took every
occasion to show his authority. To one of
his abusive remarks one of the privates
made reply, whereupon the Lieuten-
ant administered several kicks to the offen-
der, who offered no resistance, but contin-
ued on with his work. A short, thick-set
man, wearing a slouched hat, and a rather
seedy officer's cloak, who had been standing
by for some time, hereupon threw off his
cloak and coat and proceeded to help unload
the officer's horse and coat and asked the
Lieutenant, in very civil terms, his name
and regiment.
"Lieutenant —, of the — New York
Volunteers. By what authority do you dare
ask such a question?"
"Report yourself immediately to your
Colonel, under arrest, by order of General
Grant, for cruelty to your men, and remem-
ber that abuse of privates by officers is not
tolerated by the present commander of the
army," replied the "dick set" officer, as he
lighted a cigar and walked slowly away.

SKIP IT.—In a certain school there were
two boys, whose names we will call James
O— and Bob H—. James was a very
good reader, but Bob was a very poor read-
er. The latter, however, managed to get
into the class of the former, by what means
I cannot say. It often happened that when
Bob came to a word which he could not pro-
nounce, he would nudge James, and in a
whisper (if the teacher wasn't looking,) ask
what the word was. Once he came to a
word that even James could not make out,
and the latter in a whisper, told him to skip
it. Not rightly understanding the advice,
he asked the second time, when James,
somewhat out of patience, answered, "skip
it, god darn ye, Bob." Thinking he under-
stood aright, Bob cried out, in his usually
loud, drawling tone, "Skipitgoldarnyeob."
The effect in the school may be imagined.

BEAUFORT BRAY.—Right in the hottest of
the fight, at the first bombardment of Fort
Fisher, just when the big Parrott on board
the Canonicus flew into flinders, knocking
nine men down, and everything was admit-
tedly dark, a big, hulking Dutchman fell
down on his knees by the side of Jack Arm-
strong's gun, and began to pray. But what
little English he ever had in him was all
frightened out, and afraid that the Lord on
this side of the Atlantic couldn't understand
Dutch, he held up his hands, and appealed
to Jack: "O Shack! mine good friend, vont
you please bray for me?"
"No, you ass, do your own braying!"
roared Jack, fetching the Teuton a kick that
sent him sprawling into the scupperns.

A very talkative little girl used often to
annoy her mother by making remarks about
visitors that came to the house. On one
occasion a gentleman was expected whose
nose had been accidentally flattened nearly to
his face. The mother cautioned the child
to say nothing about this feature. Imagine
her consternation when the little one sud-
denly exclaimed: "Ma, you told me to say
nothing about Mr. Smith's nose. Why, he
hasn't got any."
LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—A clergyman, at-
tending a funeral, had gone on with the
service until he came to that part which says:
"Our deceased brother, or sister," without
knowing whether the deceased was male or
female. He turned to one of the mourners
and asked if it was a brother or sister? The
man very innocently replied: "No relation
at all, sir; only an acquaintance."

During a recent performance of "Romeo
and Juliet," at Marblehead, Mass., the fair
Juliet's question in the soliloquy, before
taking the sleeping draught, "What if this
mixture does not work at all?" was answer-
ed by an urchin in the pit, who said: "Then
take a dose of pills." The effect was elec-
tric.
STAGE MANAGER—"John, go and see if
the ballet are dressed, for it is time to ring
up the curtain."
"Boys returns—"About ready, sir; got most
of their clothes off."
A man in Maine was recently asked to
subscribe for a chandelier for the church.
"Now," said he, "what's the use of a chan-
delier? After you get it you can't get any
one to play on it."

"My dear," said a gentleman to a young
lady whom he hoped to marry, "do you in-
tend to make a fool of me?" "No," re-
plied the lady, "Nature has saved me the
trouble."
An Irishman says that "the best remedy
for baldness is to rub whiskey on your head
until the hairs grow out, and then take it
inwardly to clinch the roots."
A drunken man leaning against a church
in a country town, was asked if he belonged
to that church. "No, but I lean that way,"
said he.
"I wish," said a son of Erin, "I could
find the place where men don't die, that I
may go and end my days there."
Josh Billings says: "There is no such
thing as inheriting virtue; money and titles
and fever sorz can be inherited."
Questionable people—School teachers and
those who get up catechisms.