

# CARLISLE HERALD

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## Selected Poetry.

### The Crooked Foot-path.

Ah! here it is, the sliding trail,  
That marks the old-remembered spot;  
The gap that struck our school-boy trail,  
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,  
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,  
That parted from the silver birch,  
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan,  
With frequent bounds to left or right,  
In stanzas, rows and verses it ran,  
Which always kept the door in sight.

The shaded porch, the woodbine green—  
The broken mill-race in the mill,  
Though many a road may stretch between,  
The trail could not be seen at all.

No rocks across the pathway lay,  
No fallen trunk in our path thrown—  
And yet it winds, we know not why,  
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way,  
With shaking knee or teary heart—  
And so, it often runs astray,  
With slippage sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain,  
From some unhappy banquet reeled,  
And since, on foot, he sought the main,  
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus—no earthborn will  
Could ever trace a path so true,  
Our tread steps are human still,  
To walk unwavering were divine.

Transit from love, we dream of death,  
O, rather let us tread the moor,  
Through all the wanderings of the path,  
We still can see our Father's door.

### A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

By SUSAN GLENWOOD.

I had a dream of the last night,  
A beautiful dream of this,  
The fields were bathed in clearest light,  
That ever in my life I saw.

They had been tightly clasped in mine,  
As we stayed in a winding way,  
I was a flower from every vine,  
But nothing did that say.

I dreamed it was the midnight hour,  
And the clouds were white as snow,  
And the dew shone bright on every flower,  
That grew the green below.

I looked and saw a lovely star,  
That told of a mighty hand;  
I asked if in that light, should stand,  
We, clothed, in light, should stand?

A tear was in my soft blue eye,  
When I looked of the stars gone by,  
For one that loved in years gone by,  
Was just as bright and fair.

I looked and saw that mournful light,  
While I held the hand in mine;  
I wiped the tear from my dewy eye,  
That those bright lights shine.

## Miscellaneous.

From Harper's Magazine for July.

### LOIS.

#### The Story of a Man's Mistake.

The snow had been falling steadily all day; it fell white and steadily now on the group that stood around an open grave, wherein a coffin had just been deposited in a New England church-yard among the hills. The neighbors had withdrawn a little, and only a group of four stood bending over the grave. It was a young wife who lay there, in her last slumber. The two old people on the right were her husband's father and mother, for she had been an orphan, without brother or sister, and there was none of her own kin to follow her to the churchyard. There had been no great store of love between William Comstock's young wife and his old parents, and the sorrow which sat now upon their faces was less for the loss of the dead than the grief of their living son. William was their only son, their idol. They would have thought the noblest bride in the land none too good for him, and they had been but illy pleased when he had married the daughter of a spring anne. Her words and ways were full of a tender, flower-like sweetness and grace; but she had neither gold nor land to her dowry, and her small forefinger was pricked, till it was callous with the frequent thrusts of her glancing needle—for pretty little Lois was a tailor's apprentice, and she worked hard for her daily bread, going about from house to house, as the fashion then was.

There had been many hard words when William Comstock, son of the richest man in Bradford, told his parents of the daughter he was going to bring them. Had he not been their only son, doubtless there would have been yet stormier times; perhaps William would have been thrust forth into the world to look out for himself, and his name would have been a forbidden sound thereafter at the home beside. But he was their only son. If they had cast him off there would have been none of their name to hold their brand, rich lands after them; so they yielded to their untoward fate, and did not positively forbid the home-coming of the unwelcome

bride. They spoke many scornful words of her, however—words which a stronger, more self-reliant man than William Comstock would not have borne. It would have been better had he taken his bride to another home, asking no aid of them, and remembering, while he showed them all filial duty, that it was Heaven's ordering that a man should forsake his father and mother and cleave unto his wife. This would certainly have been Lois's choice. Delicate as she looked, there was force and power in her nature, and she would have made her husband a true and wise helpmate if he had but been ready to go with her to ever so humble a home of their own, and live, as every newly married pair should, their own life apart from all the rest of the world.

But William Comstock, though good and truthful and loving, was not a strong man. He would have had little courage to fight unaided his battle of life. He had been petted and fostered and indulged in his own way, until his whole nature was changed, as a hardy woodland flower is changed when it is transplanted to a hot house. It may put forth more luxuriant leaves, and fuller and softer petals, but it would shrink from the first blast. Sun and wind and shower, which it was its nature to court, would be death to it now.

Going out into the world to toil for himself and the wife of his choice, would have been the last thing to suggest itself to William Comstock, and yet he loved her far too well to give her up because of his parent's displeasure. So he trusted, as many another weak man has done, to things coming right in time. He thought his father and mother would be sure to like her when all was done; and, any way, he would be good to her; and so, not without some stifled misgivings, he brought his bride home.

I think a cold wind blew up from the east, an ill-omened wind, when Lois crossed that threshold, and its subtle chill stole through her bridal robes to her young, innocent heart, for she was never the same Lois afterward.

Her father and mother-in-law were not rudely and openly unkind to her, for William would have seen that, and weak as he was, it would have armed him in her defence. But there is a secret cruelty, an intangible wrong, of which one could never find words to complain, ten times more bitter and deadly than open contumely. I do not mean to represent old Simon Comstock and his wife as very much worse than the ordinary run of men and women. They did not deliberately set to work to torture their son's wife, and crush out her life; simply they did not like her, and they let her see that they did not, every hour and every moment of the day. She never retaliated, and her very inoffensiveness provoked them still more.

Probably, if she had been a genuine terrier, and had fought one or two fierce battles with them, letting them see that she had her own little gifts in the role of Zantippe, it would have ended in their letting her alone, and finally recognizing her as their own kind, and coming to like her very well indeed. But her silence, her courtesy, her still patience they could not comprehend, and therefore they hated her the more. It was hardest of all when her husband became in some way her persecutor. Constant complaints of her fine ladyism, her inefficiency, her incompetence to manage domestic affairs, at length irritated him, and he often spoke to her in tones of dissatisfaction and fault finding. She did not explain that her apparent lack of domestic ability arose from necessity, not choice—because his mother's jealousy resented all exercise of authority on her part, and found something to condemn in every attempt she made to be useful. She was of a rare type of womanhood—one who never wasted words or complained. If love had made her husband's eye keen to see her shortcomings, she would have been thankful. He did not see them; she was silent.

When they had been married a year a little girl came—a new life blossoming from her own, to which she trusted to bring back the youth and hope which already, at nineteen, seemed slipping from her hold.

William Comstock had always loved his wife, in his own way—not so deeply and fervently, perhaps, as some men love—but each tree bears its own kind of fruit, and we do not cut down the cherry bough because it cannot offer us oranges. He was not a man of lofty courage or very delicate perceptions—his heart was not strong or so noble as some hearts which were worshipped women far less akin to the divine than she; but such as the heart was, it was all hers. He thought he had never loved so well as when he came into the still room where she lay with her baby on her breast. He bent over her and kissed the pink flushes on her cheek—the white lids that drooped over her eyes to shut out of sight the happy tears. Then he took the baby in his arms, clumsily and awkwardly, as men always do when they handle the little, frail newborn things; but with a strong pulse of love and pride throbbing in the breast against which the little helpless morsel lay—his child and hers.

The weeks wore velvet shoon which slipped by so noiselessly before the young mother left her room. She almost wished they would never end, and she was so happy. William was with her almost all the time. He read to her—he gathered flowers to lay on her pillow—he told her twenty times a day how dear she was to him, and how full of thanksgiving his soul was that her hour of peril had not been her hour of death. It was like their old lover days, she thought—like them, only so much better, for here was the baby, the wife, winsome dainty, who hold in such tiny, dimpled fingers the unseen threads which were drawing husband and wife nearer together than they had ever been before.

Even the old father and mother were kind to her at first during those still weeks, for she had passed through such suffering as always softens the hardest heart.

But this season of peace and repose could not last forever. One day the Present touched her with rude hand, and woke her to the memory that she had not reached heaven—where our rest is.

Her husband had been sitting beside her, as she leaned back in her chair looking at the little flower-like creature on her knee. They had been marvelling over the perfect little fingers, the round, soft limbs, the eyes of violet blue, so Lois's own. At length he had gone out, drawing the door to after him, but not latching it. Space enough was left for a discordant, disturbing voice to penetrate to the Rose Eden. It was William Comstock's mother who spoke.

"How is your wife getting along? Are we never to see her out of that room again? Baby has been here four weeks now. Times have changed mightily since I was young. When you were a fortnight old I had you on my arm, and going round the house overseeing the work. Not that there is any special need of Lois, for she doesn't understand managing the business of a household like this; but she will never begin to gain strength if she doesn't move round, and I suppose you wouldn't like to have her slat up there always."

"I'll tell her about it, mother, if you think she'd get well faster by stirring round more. I won't go back now, though for she was going to get baby to sleep."

Lois heard the acquiescent reply, and her heart sank within her. She felt the old child creeping back over her life. Oh, how she longed then for a mother, for any friend, with strong love and keen feminine discernment, to make her husband understand that all women were not alike, and that his mother's strength was no criterion for hers; his mother, with her iron constitution and sturdy Dutch build, she herself "fashioned so slenderly." She sighed as she bent over the sleeping baby and drew it closer to her sheltering bosom; but there was a struggle for cheerfulness in her voice, as she murmured: "No more long, lazy days for us, little one! I suppose grandmamma was right, though, and we shall be all the better for more exercise."

That afternoon, when William came in to tea, he found his wife in the dining-room. Baby was asleep in the inner apartment, and Lois sat quietly by the window with a piece of work in her hands. So that was the end of the still, pleasant days of convalescence! The thought came to him half sadly, but he said nothing. He threw carelessly down on the table the bunch of late wild roses which he had fastened with a long spear of grass for Lois; he would have said to her there, with his father and mother looking on, who so hated what they called nonsense.

And so the happy weeks ended, and Lois came back into the hard every day life once more.

She had her baby, to be sure, and there was sweet comfort in that—at least in the rare times when she could get away, and have it quite to herself, where no eye could gaze sneered at her when she hugged it to her bosom, and covered its little face with kisses; no lip curled when she murmured all manner of unintelligible nonsense over it in true womanly fashion. But a baby is not quite enough to fill and satisfy a woman's heart. Lois felt that the vision she cherished of the love and harmony into which this new tie was to subsume her life with her husband had been an idle fancy—he was as far from her now as ever. Perhaps it would have been well if she had realized that he was not, and never under any circumstances, would have been, the hero her youthful imagination had made him. Once convinced that he was an utterly commonplace man, and she might have borne it better, for it is in human nature, I think, to become resigned to the inevitable.

The misfortune was that her exalted estimate of him did not change; so she was herself out in vain endeavor to kindle a fire which there would have been no fuel in his being to sustain. Partly she attributed her failure to the influence which she thought it but natural that his parent's contempt for her should unconsciously have over him, partly—and this was saddest of all—to some unworthiness of her own, which might at day she vexed herself with vain strivings to discover and remedy. And all the time she grew paler and thinner, holding the world more and more loosely.

It might, naturally have been thought the little child in the house would have won, as grandparents' hearts for its mother, and so brought love and harmony in place of discord and coldness. But what was singular, they did not love it. "They always spoke of it as Lois's child," old Gray—not a bit of Comstock about it. If it had looked like William it might have been different, but it was simply Lois in miniature. It had her eyes, her soft shadowy brown hair, her delicate outline of features, and its fragility of organization. A bold, boisterous child, thrusting herself on their notice, might have stormed its way to their hearts; but little Nellie never sought any one's attention—she took whatever treatment she received quietly, and shrank within herself like a sensitive plant. She was perfectly well, but she seemed to have been, as it were, marked with silence. It is probable that her mother's feelings before her birth had impressed her with these characteristics, usually so foreign to childhood.

She was certainly not cold of nature, for she clung to her mother with a tenacity so passionate that it seemed terrible when one recalled the chances and the changes which life has in store for these clinging, intense natures. Her father loved her, fondly, but he, too, would have been surer of a child more gay or frolicsome. She felt this, not with her understanding, of course, but with a dumb, instinctive heart-knowledge which she was too young to frame into thought.

She was more than three years old when again to her mother came the fierce explosion of a woman's anguish and peril. This time it was a boy who lay upon the almost pulseless breast. Towards him,

indeed, the grandparents' hearts warmed. He looked like William—he was Comstock, not Gray. It was evident that he had been idolized and spoiled, as his father had been before him, would be his destiny if he lived. From the first, this was but a doubtful life. He was helpless and frail as a wreath of snow, and he seemed hours before to grow fainter. It was three days before he slipped quite away from the hearts and hands that would have held him back from death—three days, and they found upon the pillow a little white, frozen lump; a still, cold mouth that human breath would never flutter through; a brow on whose awful chill the kiss of Azriel had left its seal of eternal peace.

Only the mother seemed not to mourn. A smile full of mysterious meaning crossed her face when they told her he was dead—not a tear dimmed the blue gladness of her eyes, in which shone a strange rejoicing; and this singular difference—hard heartedness the old people called it—vexed them still more, and woke a vague disquiet in the sorrowing soul of William Comstock.

That afternoon he followed Dr. Sprague from the sick-room. The doctor had known Lois from a baby, and, without wife or child himself, had loved her, perhaps better than any living thing, for the sake of the dead mother, whom he had once loved in vain. With the quiet insight of one long practised to observe minutely, he had noted the coldness and contempt which had been meted out to her in widowhood, and often had been angered almost beyond his power of self-control and silence. He felt condemned now that he had been restrained from speaking by his hesitation to intrude upon the domestic privacy of another household; and angry with himself, he was more ready to deal harshly with another. He turned upon William Comstock, as they stood alone together, with something stern and threatening in his eye.

"What would you have?" he said shortly.

"Lois," the young man faltered—"what ails her?"

"Nothing, I think," was the curt answer.

"Has she no disease?"

"None that I know of."

"Is her mind all right then?"

Dr. Sprague drew a long breath, and looked at Lois Comstock's husband with the fierce, pitiless gaze of one who feels no truth and will show no mercy. He spoke with cold, incisive tones that seemed to cut the air.

"Nothing is the matter with Lois, only she is dying. Among you, you have done her to death. What did you think, man, when you brought that sensitive and delicate flower to live here—to be crushed and scorned, and flouted, and stood by your silent looking on, and never thinking it was killing her? Did you have it in your heart to be a murderer?"

He paused a moment with a cruel joy to see how the thrust had given him back strength. Then opening the outside door, he said, coolly, "You had better keep the boy, and bury him with his mother. You will not have long to wait."

Left alone, William Comstock stood for a moment leaning against the wall. He understood it now too well—saw but too clearly. She had not mourned for her babe, indeed we do not mourn for those from whom we part but for a day or an hour.

He went in at length where she lay, carrying, as he always had done, his trouble to her. The wistful, violet eyes, with a strange smile in them, met his as he dropped down on his knees beside her. He spoke abruptly—he knew what he had to say was always ready familiar to his thoughts—

"Dr. Sprague says you are dying, Lois."

"Yes, William. I have known it all along, as best as I was poorly fitted for this struggling, turbulent world."

"But, Lois, please me, I cannot bear it. What shall I do? You must not leave me alone."

The white, thin hand was cool and soft as snow that touched his lips.

"Not alone, love. Our father will watch you, our Saviour here and comfort for you, if only you will not shut the door of your heart. And then you have Nellie. I leave my image with you on earth, even as I shall carry yours with me to heaven. Your parents, too—"

"Do not speak of them," he interrupted, with a fierce passion that seemed foreign to his easy quiet nature. "God forgive me but I hate them. I shall hate them till their dying day. They have killed me, my darling, and I, blind fool, stood by and never said a word."

"What they did, I did not ignorantly—you must not blame them. If you would ever see me again hereafter, you must forgive them, and be at peace with them—They meant no harm; it was only that they could not like me, we were so different. The worst pang was when I thought you did not love me. But I know better than that now. I know that I was your beloved wife always."

"As God helps me, you were. My blessed darling! I must have been mad ever to have given you room to doubt it."

Knelling there, he laid his head on the pillow beside hers. Strong sobs shook him; the fierce agony of manhood was upon him. He wearily felt the hand that rested softly on his hair, or the lips that fluttered against his cheek. There would come a time when he would barter life itself for one of those touches. She was the first to break the silence—she felt a strange lethargy creeping over her, and she knew but too surely what it portended.

"Go, William," she said, "bring me little Nellie, and call your parents."

He sprang to her bidding. He caught the child from the chair where she sat silently by the window, the quiet patient little thing. He did not speak to his parents, but started by his white face and strange manner, they hurried after him. Even during the moment of his absence, that change which none can mis-

take which ever saw it once, had crept over Lois's face—he would have needed no one now to tell him she was dying—Simon Comstock and his wife saw it, too, and wild spasms of repentance shook their hard, worldly natures to their depth. As white almost as the dying woman they stood beside her bed, and she; patient in life, and merciful in death, whispered: "Good bye, father and mother."

Her husband laid little Nellie beside him, and the child crept quietly into the bosom, growing chill so fast. The mother's lips moved in prayer—then they clung passionately to a moment to the white, childlike brow and golden hair, and there—where she stretched her hand towards her husband, for the last and hardest parting of all—they sank nerveless by her side; and—little Nellie was motherless.

I have no words to paint the bitterness of William Comstock's agony. It blanched his hair and aged his face, but he made no moan. He said not a word, save to give the necessary directions for the funeral of his dead wife; and the murmurs of passionate tenderness and sorrow over the silent, clinging child in his arms, which no one else heard.

And so the days went on till the day came on which they laid her in her still grave among the hills. She had been beautiful in life, but never had she seemed half so fair as with the last and sweetest smile of all frozen upon her face, the eyes closed gently as in sleep, and the brow so very white, beneath the shadowing, dusky hair. In her arms, close-pressed to her bosom, lay the little babe, whose life had been only three days long. Not till William Comstock's eyes should be covered with the death film would they cease to behold the awful, statue-like beauty of those two—his dead wife and the dead baby in her breast.

Plainer than ever he seemed to see it when they had shut the lid of the coffin above her, and let it down into the open grave, where the snow flakes were falling steadily. Little Nellie in his arms clung closer still, and cried shudderingly, that he should then put her mother into the ground. He clasped her to his breast with a quick, passionate gesture and whispered something which made her silent again. And so they stood around the young wife's grave—those who had hated, and those who had loved her.

Ever since Lois's death a half stifled remorse and vague, shuddering fear of retribution had lain heavy at the hearts of Simon Comstock and his wife. They knew not exactly how their punishment was to come, but they read a sentence of doom in their son's implacable eye.

When the funeral was over, and they were all seated in the room whence the dead had that day been borne, with a wild courage which is born of despair the mother resolved to know and provoke the worst. So she took Lois's name upon her lips—uttered, like Job's comforters, some of the common platitudes of sorrow, and told him that time would heal the wound that ached so now.

He put Nellie down from his arms as he listened, and stood up before his mother, straight and strong.

There are men weak by nature and easily swayed—men who are not firm of self-reliance yet with a certain vein of desperation in them which, when once aroused, is as long enduring, as terrible, as the sternest and most well grounded resolves of stronger men. Such was William Comstock—such a fierce purpose glittered in his hard eye, and gave a sharp steel like ring to his voice.

"Not that name, mother—never dare to take that name upon your lips again. You killed her, you two—chilled, and tortured, and goaded her to death; and I—1, who loved her—stood by and never said a word. I can never forgive myself—is it likely I shall ever forgive you? I will stay here, unless you choose that I should go out in the future place for Nellie, and there is no need that the world should busy itself concerning our affairs. But I will never speak to you, save when some third party is present, or business requires it—so help me God!"

When he had said these words he took the child up in his arms, and bore her to his own chamber. He had spoken passionately. He confirmed his words with one oath, though he did not confess his motive to himself, in order that the terror of perjury might keep him from any weak yielding. Knowing the weakness and infirmity of purpose which characterized his nature, he feared to trust himself without outside support.

The two left behind looked at each other in blank horror.

"We are punished," the words fell slowly after a time from the mother's ashen lips. "We have idolized her, and now she has turned from us. I cannot blame him. We have sinned and the penalty is just. I never can forget the face which Lois lifted to ours the moment before she died. It will haunt me forever."

Simon Comstock was silent. He was a man of few words, but the blow fell on him heavily. He understood his son better, however, than his wife did; and in his heart was a vague hope that resentment or fierce, in such a nature, would, sooner or later, wear itself out.

There were weeks and months passed on and there was no change. Never, when they were alone with their son, did one word more cross his lips than business actually required; never by any chance did his eyes meet theirs. When guests were present, his manner was so courteous, so apparently unconscious of any estrangements between them, that it was almost beyond their endurance. But there was in his face still which told even his mother that words would be wasted. She did not once appeal to him.

They did try to win Nellie's love, those two poor, forsaken old souls; for their hearts yearned over the child now in this alienation from her father. They succeeded in so far that she was always dutiful to them, suffered their caresses, and often performed for them thoughtful little

offices of attention. To all this her father never objected. He would not for worlds have taught the child one lesson of hatred or revenge, were it only from an undefined feeling that her mother would look on from the far place of her abode with a still human sorrow. But Nellie's heart was all his. She loved him as she had never done during her mother's lifetime, for now they were all to each other. He never went to the grave of his dead young wife without her. They would sit there together hand in hand, in a silence drearier than tears or mourning.

At last the child was taken sick. Scarcely a day was in the neighborhood, but her father guarded her carefully, and she thought, from contagion. Yet in spite of all precautions, one day he saw the fatal scarlet flushing his fair child's face. From the first he felt as if she was doomed. He watched over her incessantly himself, scarcely allowing any one else to approach her. He longed then for his mother's sympathy; for she was his mother in spite of all, and a fond and loving mother to him; but he thought himself unworthy of her love and the wrongs of his dead wife, and preserved his stern silence.

At length one night he sat as usual alone watching his child. To all offers of assistance he had replied that he needed none, and so his vigil was unshared. It was midnight when he knelt overwhelmed by the anguish of fear, and uttered a wild, passionate cry to Heaven for his darling's life. Was it his only over-wrought fancy? did he hear, or only seem to hear, a voice falling through the farthest space—a well known, well loved voice—

"You have forgotten to show mercy—how can you venture to ask it? I bade you with my dying breath to forgive—you have not forgiven. You have taken away from your parents their child, can you hope Heaven will spare yours? Defying God's offer of peace and pardon, can you cry to Him for a blessing?"

That was all. It was as if, for a moment Heaven had opened, and the voice beloved had sounded down to him through the far distance, and then the golden gates had rolled back upon their hinges, and the voice was silent forevermore until he should join her there.

In that moment he knew that his vow was not "unto the Lord;" that the sin would be in keeping, not in breaking; and leaving his sick child lying alone in the dull stupor of fever, he went swiftly to the room where his parents always slept. He found them sitting together over the fire—it was winter again now—too anxious for slumber. They started when he entered with a shiver of agony, for the child had grown very dear to their penitent hearts, and they thought he had come to tell them she was dying.

Once more, as on that night after the burial, he stood before them, and now, as then, they listened.

"Father, mother, God is chastening me. Lois bade me, with almost her dying breath, to forgive you, and I have hardened my heart against you. I dare not ask Heaven's mercy for my child till I have made my peace with you. I have sinned, forgive me."

It is not for me to describe that hour of confession and pardon—the parents who humbled themselves in the dust, and then clung, weeping tears of joy and grief and terror, to the lost son whom they had found.

William Comstock watched no more alone. Together, father, mother and son called on God, and He heard them. Nellie lived.

Her illness, or the difference she witnessed in her father's manner of thought and life wrought a strange change on her. When she recovered, she was no longer a passive silent child, shutting the leaves of her heart from every eye. She became joyous, social, easy-going—even naughty and exacting sometimes—thoroughly and deliciously human.

She grew up to a character and faith far other than her mother's. Joy smiled upon her life, and so-day the hair which above her serene forehead, and her children's children call her blessed.

### A LIVING DEATH.

It sometimes happens on certain coasts of Brittany and Scotland, that a man, a traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide far from the land, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The sand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is sand no longer; it is glue. The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil, all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface, which is solid from the surface, which is no longer so; the joyous little cloud of sand-fleas continues to leap tumultuously over the way-farer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines toward the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only, he feels somehow as if the weight of his feet increased with every step which he takes. Suddenly he sinks in it. He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take the bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. His feet have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the sand; he will retrace his steps; he turns back; he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left; the sand is half leg deep; he throws himself to the right, the sand comes up to his chest. Then he recognizes, with unspeakable terror, that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one; he lightens himself like a ship in distress; it is already too late, the sand is above his knees.

He calls; he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more; if the beach is deserted, if the

land is too far off, if the sand-bank is of too ill repair, if there is no herb in sight, it is all over—he is condemned to enlightenment. He is condemned to that appalling interment, long, inflexible, implacable, impossible to shicken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which will not end, which seizes you erect, face and in full health, which draws you by the feet, which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout that you utter, drags you a little deeper, which appears to punish you for your resistance by a redoubling of its grasp, which sinks the man slowly into the earth while it leaves him all the time to look at the horizon, the trees, the green fields, the smoke of the village in the plain, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine, the sky. Enchantment is the grave become a tide and rising from the depths of the earth toward a living man. Every minute is an inexorable onslaught. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes intensifies him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed up; he howls, implores, cries to the clouds, wrings his hands, despair. Behold him, waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbow to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobs frequently, the sand rises. The sand reaches his shoulders, reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it; silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them; night. Then the forehead depresses; the little hair flutters above the sand; a hand protrudes, comes through the beach, moves and shakes, and disappears. Sinner's effacement of a man.—Victor Hugo.

WASHINGTON, WATERLOO.—My dearly beloved hearers, I said a very popular preacher down South, when haranguing his hearers on the importance of perseverance and fortitude during the present war, "you must do what General Washington did at the battle of Waterloo. In the heat of the battle the British horse was killed by a British cannon ball. Did Washington give up his horse to the enemy? Not he. He swung at the top of his voice, 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!' A horse was instantly brought him by Frank Marion, and he drove the British from the field, and secured the liberty of South Carolina."

A SOLDIER'S STORY.—Not long since a lot of us—1 am an U. S. P.—high