

The b lessings that we prise-To smile with others when they smile, And dry the mourners eyes.

And when one day I chanced to nd My neighbor's wife in tears, I whispered words of sympathy Within her listning ears; 1 drew her trembling form to mine And kissed her tears away; The act was seen, and lo! there was The very deuce to pay.

Alas! alas! 'tis passing strange-I'm sure I can't see through it: I'm told to love with all my heart, And blamed because I do it, The precept that I learned in youth Will cling to me through life; I try to love my neighbor, and I'm sure I love his wife.

## MISCHLIANY.

## CHARLIE WENTWORTH.

Charlie Wentworth was a favorite with all-his handsome face and pleasant smile every one liked to see; not one in the class at Yale College was as great a favorite with er though of disliking Charlie, his word was laid aside his Latin and Greek, and the friends who listened to his well written and ably delivered oration on commencement day, looked from one to another with a smile of proud satisfaction.

Charles acquitted himself with honor, and every one was glad, and after the exercises were over they crowded around him to congratulate him on the success he had achiev-

After bidding college friends good bye and shaking hands with many a pretty girl, bround us daily, remain quiet at the festal he returned to his father's house to pursue his law studies. Assiduously he applied learned to love the tempter. himself, and little more than a year after his graduation, he was admitted to the bar, and the future looked bright beforr him.

ly for amusement; he was clever at cards, board the tempting wine. danced where ashion held her sway. He not told that 'strong drink is a mocker?' drank an occasional glass of wine, but it was If we are not to look upon it, how much with a friend, or at some convivial party; he | greater must be the sin when we drink it, had never been intoxicated, and though he and give it to others to drink? often returned home flushed and excited, be A young fellow whose better half had

cup. in the saloons of refinement and taste, Char. | considerably startled the preacher by exlie at length married -married one of the claiming, yes, I have two of them! loveliest of her sex.

Mary Glen was no ordinary girl-well edion for one like Charlie.

stairs to the bedside of his wife, he fell upon 

'Oh, Charlie, I am dying! I cannot stay with you and the children any longer, but when I am gone, oh, what will become of the little girls if you do not give up strong peeping above the sheet. drink ?

'Mary,' said the half-drunken creature, turning his bloodshot eyes up to her in a meaningless gaze, 'I'll tell you what I'll do:if you die to-night, I'll box up the girls and send them to h-l after you.'

Yes, that was the awful reply of Charlie Wentworth, once the pride of the college, the man of letters, and deep scholar, the able lawyer, made to<sup>4</sup>his dying wife. That was the power drink had over one of

winds: all that was pure. good, true and noof darkness and of sin, ruling there instead. | dreams .- Philadelphia Press. The wasted arms of his wife relaxed their hold, her head sank powerless upon her bo-

som, and they knew she was dead.

These two friends who had known and for his departure.

And that is what drink did.

He murdered the wife of his bosom, killed himself, and all to gratify a love for drink. board? for 'twas there Charlie Wentworth

feared no danger from contact with the wine just presented him with a pair of twins, attended church on Sunday. During the dis-Was he not a gentleman, and did he not course, the elergyman looked right at our know how to control his appetite? Ob, no. innocent friend and said, in a tone of thrilthere was no danger for Charlie Wentworth | ling eloquence, 'young man, you have a very -he never could become a drunkard, and so he went on, night after night, supping the The newly fledged dad, supposing that the social glass with fashionable companions, and | preacher alluded to his peculiar home event,

own faces.

Presently a light was brought, and several ligence with skill! The well informed mind he had justly earned for himself.

The door was opened, and in rushed the valiant squad, and, sure evough, the fellow was still in bod with the top of his head just

'Come out of here, you scoundrel!' said him by the hair.

and graphic.

enclouded; all his pride scattered to the cheek, awakened her. The alarm, of course, was quite natural. The boarders had a shame with his merry carrols of gladness. ble, crushed out of his nature, and the fiend hearty laugh. and all retired to happy

## The Writing on the Rock

Ages upon ages ago the tide was out, and, the muddy beach lay smooth as this sheet of loved Charles Wentworth in his days of paper before me. A cloud passed over the the sunlight mocks you with its brightness? pride and promise, when the stamp of God sky, and a shower of big rain or hail came For shame! What would you think of a was yet visible upon his features, saw that down, and pitted the mud as thick as leaves child that you had loaded with toys; and bethe belles of New Haven as he. No one ev- the broken hearted wife was decently buried, on the trees. A strong wind drove the cause you took away what you thought and the children properly cared for; but | drops, so that the impressions were a little | might be hurtful, should throw them all alaw; but his college days were over, he had Charlie, poor Charlie Wentworth, died a few one-sided. They had written their short side, and mourn over the one? Would you weeks after in the street amid the silence of history as plain as my per can write; and not put them all away until he learned to the night, with no hand to smooth his pil- even the direction from the wind blew was appreciate them better? low, no voice to whisper love, no eye to weep | recorded. Some great frogs and lizards which used to live there, came hopping over the mud, and left their tracks also deeply | ther sees we need such discipline. Then printed on the shore. By and by the great waves came softly stealing up, and covered make the best of it, never forgetting the This is a true story. There are many liv- the whole surface with fine sand, and so the blessings Providence is showering so richly ing in the city of Hartford who would readi- tracks were seen no more for ages upon ages upon you. Do not tempt God with your in ly recognize Charlie Wentworth, and can The clay hardened into solid rock, and so grattitude to take them all away. we, knowing that such scenes are occurring did the sand; and after these thousands of years had passed away, some masons came ward into the dim uncertain future for hapupon the curious inscription. Men of science, piness, it is a phantom that will clude your who are skilled in reading these stony leaves grasp forever. Take the present by the No, no-we will rather bear the name of of God's great book. read, as plainly as if hand, and be friends with it. If it bring fanatic, and receive the jeers and scorns of they had been present, the story of that you sorrow, then pass meekly beneath the the future looked bright beforr him. fashion's votaries; for we know that in fight-Charlie Wentworth was what is called a ing for the cause of temperance we are fight-softest clay, but it was read on solid rock. promise. 'As thy day is, so shall thy moral young man, that is, he was never seen ing for the cause of Christ; and we would So your hearts to-day are like the soft clay. strength be. My grace is sufficient for to indulgo in bad habits. To be sure he that we might influence every man and wo- Everything stamps them, but the stamps played an excellent game of billiards, but on- man in the land to banish from the social are not so easy to remove. They will be there when you are grown up to be a man thankfulness, blessing the giver, and lookbut he slways played with a lady for a part-ner; he was a g. ceful dancer, but he only upon the wine when it is red? and are we bad words of evil associates make? But how petition. 'Lead us not into temptation.' lovely it will be to recall the record which

> so soon forgotten! Tis the way of the world. our jokes, and we really think, like the fly on it may be done with joy and not with grief. the wheel, that we have something to do with the turning of the earth. Some day we die, and are buried. The sun does not stop for son in the way he should go. frequently ex- emy alienate, no despotism enslave. At our funeral; everything goes on as usual; we ereised him in the Bible lessons. On one home a friend, abroad an introduction, in our funeral; everything goes on as usual; we ereised him in the Bible lessons. On one are not missed in the street; men laugh at of these occasions he asked him. jokes; one or two hearts feel the wound of affliction, one or two memories still hold our phers wife?"

names and forms but the crowd moves in its Those who blow the coals of others, strife | daily circle; and in a few days the great wave | ucated, refined, and in every way a compan- may chance to have the sparks fly in their of time sweeps over our steps and washes out on he could not shleep mit her?' the last vestage of our lives.

## The Bright Side.

'Many troubles in life cease when we cease to nurse them.' Yes, true enough. Don't sit there in your

one of the men, at the same time grasping darkened room, with that long, hopeless face fretting your life over what is inevitable. The tableaux was strikingly interesting No, indeed. Throw back the blinds, and give free pass to the rich, glad sunlight, The resolute boarder almost fell from the put the gayest of carpets on your floors, roimpetus he had given himself, for instead of sy hued curtains to your windows; arrange jerking out a man, it was nothing more than | your books and ornaments tastefully; and, aa 'frizzed chignon,' which the lovely occu- bove all things, cast aside that dingy , sompant of the bed had forggotten to take off bre dress, and bring out a neat bright morwhen she retired for the night. It had ning wrapper, with its snowy skirt peeping its victims. All his bright, beautiful mind been detached in her sleep, and, grazing her through; then hang your pet canary in the window, and see if he will not put you to Why will you persist in living in dark-

pess, when God's sunlight is smiling so brightly around you? 'Set traps' for it, and store some for dark days. Do you say your dearest treasure is tak-

en from you-your little ewe lamb-and

It is said, 'There is a skeleton in every house. Aye, may be there is, and our Falearn to look it bravely in the face, and

And what's more-don't keep looking forthee.

If prosperity comes; then accept it with

When will we learn to live? Alas! that kind and loving action make upon the soull it should be when we pillow our heads on | pet, &c. When buried out-of doors a high, the bed of death! Then shall we look back How Soon FORGOTTEN .- S, lately dead, with regret at the blessings unheeded, privileges unprised, paths of usofulness untrod. same course with the lime as before. Avent Men take us by the hand and are anxious Father in Heaven, teach us to live, that about the health of our bodies, and laugh at when we are called to render a final account,

An honest Dutchman, in training, up his

'Joseph."

'Dat's a coot poy. Vel, vat vas de reas-'Dou't know. Sphose he vasen't sleepy.'

many hours, because he had no right to have | I'here is another life, hard, rough and thornhis name in the papers. He had six weeks ry, trodden with bleeding feet and aching to figure up the value of a DAM. Let us hope that others will be warned by

this tragic affair, not to speak profanely of village papers, nor ACT profanely, in not finish before the victory is won, and, strange subscribing for them, and paying in advance that it should be so, this is the highest life -Exchange.

THE GOOD MAN .- The good man is the very salt of society. And fortunately for almost all communities, at least one such

may not be the most prominent, the most of influence indispensable to the weal of suciety. He stands firm when others are yielding; the farthest removed from dishonest tricks or heated strifes, he is a composer of differences. Always happy in the consciousness of his own integrity, he is calm when others around him are violent and alarmed; invariably careful in forming and expressing his opinions, his judgment is deferred to

when the heats of passion have subsided and men wish to ascertain the path of safety. One such person in a community, one such Christian in a church, is of more value than thousands of silver and gold. Great multitudes of people cannot have, in the straight

sense, minds of their own. They either lack original capacity or training, and they must have some such men insensibly to think for them, to be their moral or spiritual guide He becomes a reservoir which is constantly tapped for spiritual knowledge. Lesser and feebler souls take hold of his strength and are held up by it. By the tiches of a single rich man, employed in manufacture or commerce, hundreds of poor families may live; and so there may issue from the heart of one good man streams of religious wealth which will nourish and indirectly sustain very many who are not so much producers as consumers in

the religious world.

STORING POTATOES .- The surest protection against rot in the potato after being harvested there is no question we think is air-slacked lime. Let the lime be sprickled over the bottom of the bin before filling, and repeat the application at each foot of potatoes as the bin is filed up. The quantity is what a farmer would call a good sprinkling. Potatoes should be excluded from the light, and where convenient covered with old cardry spot should be selected, which can be thoroughly drained, and then pursue the must of course be left in the top for the escape of the confined air.

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no clime destroy, no ensolitude a solace, in society an ornament. It of pleasure as an occupation. obastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives grace and government to genius. Without it The very what is man? A splendid slave vacillating morrow. between the dignity of an intelligenco derived from God, and the degredation of brutal passions. broaher.

sent to the village paper: and his wife wept forbid that we should not call it beautiful. brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol, a battle which no peace follows this side of the grave, which the grave gapes to of man. Look along the great names of his.

tory, there are none whose life has been other than this.

It is said that after a horse is nine years man is to be found everywhere. He may or old, a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year wealthy, the best educated citizen of his thereafter he has one well defined wrinkle neighborhood; but be his surroundings what | for each year over nine. If, for instance, a they may, he is the centre of a distinct class | horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four he is thirteen, etc.

> A POSER .- "Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go to Heaven?"

> "Yes, my dear, they will be all the same there."

> "Then Ma, why don't rich and poor Christians associate here?"

The mother did not answer.

Hundreds of lives might have been saved by knowledge of this little receipt-a teas noon full of mustard in a tumbler of warm water and swallowed as soon as possible; it acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

A colored clergymen, in a prayer meeting in Virginnia, while engaged in supplication a few weeks since, after praying the divine blessing upon the Governor of that State, and all others in anthority there, continued, And O Lord, O Lord, if it will not exhaust thy compassion, have mercy upon Andrew Johnson.

The first pair of buckskin breeches seen by the South Sea Islanders were so little understood that the natives stuffel them, with scaweed, and had them "biled" for dinner.

Ladies who have a disposition to punish beir husbands should recollect that a little sun will melt an icle sooner than a regular Northeaster.

A good kick out of doors is, to some, better than all the rich uncles in the whole world.

What goes most against ithe grain? rcaper.

Why is a prol'x clergyman like an aged person?

Because they both di-late.

A woman may speak as many tongues as she will, but don't let her do it with too long a one of her own.

Nothing is more tedious than the pursuit

The very stars are nearer to us than to-. ...

Make no haste to be rich, if you would 1

Who was dat would not shleep mit Bot'-