The American Union

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD., BY
JOHN H. EMERSON.

Terms:

$1.50 per annum, invariably in advance.

No subscription received for less than 6 months.

The UNION circulates among farmers, mechanics and business men generally.

Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office

The American Union.

VOL. XVI. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY NOV. 4, 1875. NO. 16.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1.00
1 "	1 month	1.50
1 "	3 "	2.50
1 "	6 "	5.00
1 "	12 "	10.00
¼ column, one year,		15 00
½ " " "		30 00
1 " " "		60.00

☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

For the American Union.

Autumn.

BY SALLIE CARLTON.

'Tis Autumn and on Summer's robe of green,
The stealthy foot-prints of decay are seen;
All variegated are the myriad leaves,
That deck the branches of the forest trees.

Yes, it is true, Summer, golden Summer, with her beauties and pleasures has glided away, and Autumn has come. The feathered songsters are seeking a summer clime, and the beautiful flowers, whose unfolding we watched with so much interest and pleasure, have felt the touch of the frost-king, and like the fondly cherished, yet unwisely founded hopes of many human hearts, are perishing.

Beneath the trees, which surround our rural dwellings, the brown and yellow leaves are thickly strewn, while the dead foliage rustles 'neath as we tread the wood-land path. True, the forests present a grandeur; a picturesque loneliness, which far surpasses the most exquisite touch of the human Artist, but a few days more at most, and the "wailing winds" will have mingled these lingering beauties with their kindred on the brown turf.

It seems but a little while since they burst forth in life and beauty, and though brief indeed the time, there has been, through these passing hours, other changes, far more sad, than falling leaves and fading flowers.

The cemeteries of our land are dotted here and there with new-made graves; graves that the withering grass does not curtain; graves on which the flowers have not had time to bloom and beautify.

Visit, if you choose, the homesteads of the rich, the poor, the high and the low, and see if here, you do not find an empty cradle, from which a little form has vanished forever, and there the vacant, easy chair, which Grand-pa or Grand-ma, used to occupy, ere their eyes were closed in the dreamless sleep of the tomb, and yonder, in that darkened chamber, the harp hangs silent on the wall since the mysterious disappearance of its youthful mistress, for their is a mystery connected with death which human ingenuity fails to unravel.

Folded away, in some secret drawer, are the half-worn garments, the little slipper and stockings, with other treasures which were prized by hearts, now still in the embrace of death, worn by forms that will need them never again. A few weeks ago those hearts were as joyous and those forms as active as ours are to-day; but seek them where we may in this dreary "earth wild," we shall see them here no more. Pause, gentle reader, let us ask ourselves this all important question—if the death-angel should summon me to the spirit world to-day, to-night, am I prepared to meet God? Do I stand acquitted, through the atoning merits of Christ? If not, remember delay is dangerous; God says "now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation."

There is a land where flowers and leaves do not bloom to fade and die; where the death-chill claims not the hearts of the innumerable company there assembled; where are no burial grounds through which to wander; no sobbing orphan's moan, or wailing widow's sigh; no fraud or sickness, no tears; nothing that can in any way, rob the heart of its peace, or shadow the spirit with sadness; to reach it we must become separated from sin, and pass the dark portals of the tomb. Oh! beautiful, beautiful country, be it ours to share thy glories; to ramble thy grand old hills through the coming eternal years.

October, 1875.

The Reward of Kindness.

Mrs. Gorham put down a letter she had been reading, and looking around the table at her blooming daughters and two tall, handsome sons, she said in a doleful tone—

'Your Aunt Sabina is coming to London and has invited herself here without ceremony.'

'When?' asked Arabella, with an intonation of intense disgust.

'She will reach here this afternoon.—Wilbur, you will have to meet her.'

'Sorry, ma, but I have promised to drive Miss Caldwell to the park. Fred can go.'

'Certainly, I will go,' Fred said gravely, though there was a hot flush on his forehead. 'I am very fond of Aunt.'

'Nonsence!' said his mother, 'you have not seen her for fourteen years, I never went near the detestable old farm after your father died.'

'Nevertheless, I have a vivid recollection of Aunt Sabina's kindness when we were there.'

'Dear me, Fred,' drawled Lucilla, 'don't be sentimental; I wish the old thing would stay home. I can't imagine what she is coming here for?'

'She is our father's sister,' said Fred, 'and cannot find anything surprising in her looking for a welcome among her brother's children.'

Mrs. Gorham shrugged her shoulders.—If she had spoken her thoughts it would have been—'Fred is so odd! Just like his father.' But she only said—'I may depend upon you then, to meet your aunt, Fred? I will see about her room.'

It was a source of great satisfaction to Mrs. Gorham that her children were all like herself; 'Greers' every one except Fred,' she would say, congratulating herself that the plebeian blood of 'Gorham *pere*' was not transmitted in the features of her elder son Wilber, or any of the three girls.

That Greer pride meant intense selfishness, that Greer beauty was of cold, hard type, that Greer disposition was tyrannical and narrow minded, did not trouble Mrs. Gorham. That the son, who was 'all Gorham,' was proud to the core with the true pride that knows no false shame; that he was noble in disposition, handsome in a frank, manly type, generous, and self-sacrificing, she could not appreciate. His hands and feet were not so small as darling Wilbur's, he had no fashionable affections, and no 'Greer' look. So his mother thought him rough and coarse, and his sisters declared that he had no style at all. But outside the home, where great show of wealth was made by many private economies, Fred was more appreciated.

When he became a man, and knew that his father's estate, though sufficient to give every comfort, was not large enough for the extravagance his mother indulged in, he fitted himself for business, and took a position in a counting house, thus becoming self-supporting, though his mother declared no Greer had ever been in trade. That the money she lived on was made in soap boiling, the fashionable lady ignored entirely. Darling Wilbur had studied law, but his first client had not yet appeared, and Mrs. Gorham supported him, trusting his fascinations would touch the heart of some moneyed belle. Miss Caldwell was the present hope. She was her own mistress, an orphan-heiress, and very handsome.—That she was proud and rather cold in manner, was only an additional charm to Mrs. Gorham, and Lucilla, Arabella and Corinne were enthusiastic in their admiration of 'Cornelia Caldwell's queenly manner.'

Nobody suspected that Fred, blunt, straight-forward Fred, hid one secret in his heart, confessed to no living being. And that secret was a love, pure and true, for Cornelia Caldwell—a love that would shut itself closely away from any suspicion of fortune-hunting—that only drooped and mourned thinking of the heiress.

By four o'clock, Fred was at the station with a carriage, waiting for Aunt Sabina. What a little, old fashioned figure she was, in her quaint black bonnet and large-figured shawl. But Fred knew her kindly old face at once, though he had not seen it since he was twelve years old.

'You are Aunt,' he said, going quickly to meet her.

She looked at the handsome face, and caught a quick gasping breath.

'You must be one of John's boys,' she said. 'How like you are to your father!'

'I am Fred,' he answered.

'Dear heart! How you have grown! Is your ma here?'

'She is waiting for you at home.'

The good old country woman had never had the least doubt of a warm welcome at her brother's house, and Fred certainly confirmed her expectations. He found the old black leather trunk, the bag, the band-box, the great bulging cotton umbrella, and put them all in the carriage without one smile of ridicule. He made his Aunt go to the restaurant and refresh herself before starting on the long drive home. He listened with respectful interest to all the mishaps of the long journey, and sympathized, with the—'Ruination of every mortal stitch I've got on, dear, in the dust and smoke.'

And he chatted pleasantly of his childish recollections of the tiny house and wide farm where Sabina lived.

'You see,' she told him, 'I made up my mind this year I would come to London once more before I died. I've tried to before now, dear, but something or nuther allers hindered. Dear, dear! You're all grown up, I s'pose, and you was but a lot 'o babies last time poor John brought you to see me.'

'Corinne is the youngest, and she is eighteen. Wilbur is the only one older than I am.'

'Yes, I remember. Well, dear, I'm glad that John's wife brought up such a fine family. I'm only an old maid, but I do love children and young folks.'

But a chill fell upon the kindly old heart when home was reached at last, and four fashionably-dressed ladies gave her a strictly courteous greeting. But for the warm clasp of Fred's hand. I think she would have returned to the station in the same carriage she came, so wounded and sore she felt.

'Not one kiss,' she thought, 'and Fred kissed me at the train, right before all the folks.'

Fred slipped a silver coin into the hands of the servant girl who was to await upon his Aunt, promising another if she was very attentive, and himself escorted the old lady to her room. It was not often the young man's indignation found voice, though it grew hot over many shams and acts of hard selfishness in the house of his mother, but he said some words on that day that called a blush to the cheeks of the worldly woman.

It was not a very busy season, and finding Sabina was likely to have a sorry time if left to the other members of the family, Fred asked for a holiday, and appointed himself to old lady's escort. He was too proud to care for the fact that the quaint little figure on his arm attracted many an amused glance, but gravely stood by while a new dress for Dolly, the dairy maid, and a city necktie for Bob the ploughman, were purchased.

He gave undivided attention to the more important selection of a new black silk for aunty herself, and pleasantly accepted a blue silk scarf, with large red spots, that was presented to him, appreciating the love that prompted the gift, and mentally resolving to wear it when he paid a promised visit to the farm. He drove Aunt Sabina to the park. He took her to see all the sights.

Once or twice, meeting some of his gentlemen friends, they had thought 'the queer old party is some rich relation, Gorham is so very attentive,' and had delighted Sabina by their deferential attentions.

Once—Fred had not counted on that—in a picture gallery, Cornelia Caldwell sauntered in alone. She had heard of Sabina, through the disgusted comments of Lucilla, and knew she had no property but a 'miserable farm,' but she greeted Fred with a smile far more cordial than she gave her admirers. A little lump came in Fred's throat. Then he gravely introduced the stately beauty in her rustling silk to the little old fashioned figure on his arm.

'My aunt, Miss Gorham, Miss Caldwell.'

They admired their pictures together, and the young lady was cordial and chatty.

After they came down the steps, Miss Caldwell said—

'You must let your Aunt drive an hour or two with me, Mr. Gorham. I am going to do some shopping, so I will not tax your patience by inviting you to join us, but I shall be pleased if Miss Gorham will dine with me, and you will call for her this evening.

Then she smiled again, made Sabina comfortable in the carriage and drove off, leaving Fred forty times deeper in love than ever, as she intended he should be.

'He is a very prince of men,' she thought 'and I'll give him one day's rest. Bless the dear old soul, she has such blue eyes as my dear old grandmother.'

Then she was Sabina's confidence, and found she was worrying about the purchase of certain household matters that would not go in the black leather trunk, and that she did not like to worry Fred about it.

She drove to the places where the best goods could be had, keeping guard over the slender purse against all imposition, till the last towel was satisfactorily chosen and directed. Then she drove her home, and brought her to the room where 'grandmother' was queen, knowing the stately old lady would make the country-woman welcome.

In the evening that followed Fred's heart was touched and warmed, till, scarcely conscious of his own words, he told his long cherished secret, and knew that he had won love for love.

Aunt Sabina stayed two weeks and then went home, to the immense relief of the Gorhams, and carrying no regret at leaving any but Fred and Cornelia.

It was not even suspected that Cornelia spent four weeks in the height of summer season listening to the praises of Fred at Sabina's farm-house, and Fred did not know it until he came, too, after she was gone, and had his share of the pleasure of hearing loving commendation of one he loved.

He wore the nectie, and made himself so much at home that Sabina wept some of the bitterest tears of her life when he left.

To have you both and lose you! she sobbed.

Next time we will come together, Fred whispered, and so consoled her.

But, alas! the next time Fred came was to superintend the funeral of the gentle old lady, and though Cornelia came too, his happy wife, there was no welcome in the pale lips or the blue eyes, closed forever.

But the will the old lady left, gave all her worldly possessions to her 'dear nephew, Frederick Gorham,' the farm and farm house.

It was apparently no very great legacy, and Cornelia smiled at many of the old fashioned treasures she touched, all with tender reverence, death leaves.

Ten years ago Sabina was laid to rest in narrow coffin, and there is a busy, flourishing town around the site of the old farm.

Mr. Frederick Gorham lives there now, and handles large sums of money, the rents of stately buildings.

Made his money, sir, by speculation; you will be told, if you inquire as to his source of income; fortunate purchase of ground before the town was thought of.

But I, who know, tell you that the only speculation he made was in the kindness of his heart extending living attention to his father's sister, and that the only land he ever owned was Aunt Sabina's farm.

A Scene From Life.

The following thrilling incident is related by the Chicago *Evening Journal*:

"A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink.—'No,' said the landlord, 'you have had delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more.' He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they finished, he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him: 'Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now—I was a young man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me; but they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them.' The landlord listened pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, 'So help me, this is the last drop I will ever sell to any one.' And he kept his word."

John Todd's Reformation.

It not unfrequently happens that when prayers, and entreaties, and shame, suffering, degradation have failed to check a man in his down hill course, some incident seemingly changes the whole current of his life. I have such an incident in mind.—You may know my hero as John Todd. A few yet living will know him by another name.

John Todd had sunk very low. Once he had been gay, handsome and happy.—When he made Mary Somers his wife, there was not a young man in our village whose prospects seemed brighter. But the demon of drink seized him. It was a gradual going down. Wife and children were neglected; true friends were forsaken; the low and the debased were his chosen companions, and poverty and want fell upon his once happy household.

For months and years his friends tried to save John Todd. They expostulated, they prayed, they begged they reasoned, but all to no avail; and at length they gave it up.

One night, quivering and shaking, with not a penny in his pocket, John Todd entered his dilapidated home and asked his wife for liquor. She told him there was not a drop in the house. He cursed her savagely and then commenced to search, professing to believe that she had liquor hidden away somewhere. At length, away back on one of the shelves of a small locker over the fireplace he found a bottle the contents of which smelled like rum. As he raised it to his lips, his wife, who had been watching him, sprang forward and dashed the bottle from his hand, shivering it upon the hearth.

With a fierce oath John Todd smote his wife to the floor, supine upon the broken glass, and then staggered away to his bed. He would not go out again for he had no money.

On the following morning his oldest child, a girl of twelve years, came to his bedside.

"O, papa, do you know what you did last night?'

He had a dim recollection, but made no reply.

"You knocked mamma down and cut her badly.'

"Aye, child, she—she'——

"She saved your life, papa. That was poison in the bottle you were holding to your lips—a most dreadful poison.'

"Poison, child?'

"Yes, don't you remember what grandma sent for mamma to kill bugs with? It was corrosive sublimate and alcohol.'

John Todd sank back upon his pillow and did not get up until noon. When he arose he was very weak and tremulous.—He dressed himself and went out into the kitchen, where he found his wife standing by the fireplace, with a napkin bound around her head. He went to her side, and laid his hand upon her shoulder. She turned, and looked into his face, but he did not speak. He only kissed her and then went out.

Only kissed her? What did it mean?—Mary Todd caught her hands over her heart to crush back the sudden, surging hope. It was madness to hope now. And yet, with the impress of the kiss upon her cheek, and with the memory of the look that had accompanied it, she sank upon her knees and wept, and prayed.

John Todd went away into the woods, where he wandered until nightfall, and with the last gleam of the setting sun he was upon his knees, his palsied hands reverently folded, speaking a vow to Heaven that his home should be once more happy if he could make it so.

Out of the darkness of desolation, even in the midst of ruin, comes the angel of hope and promise to the stricken home.—Mary heard, and saw and took heart, and gave her smile and blessing to the work.

That was twenty years ago. John Todd has kept the faith from that day to this. He is beloved, respected and honored wherever he is known; and a happier woman than his wife is not to be found anywhere.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A Wise Answer.

Some of the fancies of the Jewish Talmud are very witty and neat. Particularly so are those short apothegms which illustrate or defend some attribute of God by answering an infidel's objection. The following is a perfect specimen of Oriental retort:

A prince once said to Rabbi Gamaliel,—"Your God is a thief; he surprised Adam in his sleep, and stole a rib from him.'

The Rabbi's daughter overhead this speech, and whispered a word or two in her father's ear, asking his permission to answer this singular opinion herself. He gave his consent.

The girl stepped forward, and feigning terror and dismay, threw her arms aloft in supplication, and cried out:—

"My liege, my liege! Justice! Revenge!

"What has happened?' asked the prince.

"A wicked thief has taken place,' she replied, "A robber has crept secretly into our house, carried away a silver goblet, and left a gold one in its stead.'

"What an upright thief!' exclaimed the prince. "Would that such robberies were of more frequent occurrence!'

"Behold, then, sire, the kind of thief that our Creator was; he stole a rib from Adam, and gave him a beautiful wife instead.'

"Well said!' avowed the prince.—*Selected.*

THE charity that begins at home isn't the kind that 'covers a multitude of sins.'

The Road to Ruin.

Under this caption the London *Times* has the following editorial. It will be found of especial interest to our numerous lady readers:

It must always be with pain and delicacy and hesitation that we make any allusion to those who are supposed to be less able to defend themselves, and the more under just authority, as well, it must be added, as also the most sinned against.—But one remark must be made. Even on the most superficial survey of society, whether in the great furnace of the metropolis or in the lesser fires of provincial and rural life, who can shut his eyes to the lamentable fact that in the gentler and kindlier sex have a great deal to do with that boundless and ruinous extravagance which introduces all the vices and disables all the virtues, even to decay and extinction? It may be the necessity or the duty of some to spend princely pomp and luxury; if so they are only to be pitied for the difficulty of doing it gracefully, and redeeming material waste with personal refinement.—But in this great town, and each season more than the last, there are thousands and thousands who are manifestly spending far more than their circumstances will allow. For very much of this deep, widespread, and still spreading evil, the women are answerable. It is they who dress at a rate far beyond their income; they who insist on the best houses in the best neighborhood; they who must have exquipages for uses, times and places; they who cannot abate their manifold requirements, even when the family increases and noble cares should take the place of childish things.

Of course, the men have their besetting and their pet extravagances, sometimes very costly; and they have often the still greater fault of not explaining their pecuniary affairs to their wives with manly candor of common business-like accuracy. They do not make the wife a confidant and fellow-counsellor. But there cannot be a doubt that in the great majority of houses the lady knows quite enough to see, with a very little reflection, that she is driving her husband and family into straightness and embarrassment, with the risk of ruin. People must have very many and good acres, of very good investments indeed, to be able to spend often the rental of a good estate in a single entertainment, a dressmaker's or an upholster's bill, a house at a fashionable watering place, a prolonged continental tour, a necklace or some other toy. Yet women are such creatures of rivalry and display that they cannot help a sort of triumph over those who are less fortunate or less spirited, and so are continually the foremost to inflame a pernicious rivalry. What can their husbands do? They submit, perhaps.—They sulk, perhaps. They are commonly cast about for ways and means, and as they hear and learn more, they are more apt to take counsel from despair, and give themselves up to the stream in which they are already floating helplessly. They cannot be worse than they are; they may be better. So they speculate—that is they gamble. They soon find they are victims, and set it down in their simplicity or their scruples. By and by they make the discovery that in such an affair it is better to be on the right side of the wall; better to be in the ring than an outsider. So they press inward, give and take confidences, and in time are millionaires, or bankrupts and exiles.

Slights.

They are cheap. It costs nothing to turn the face, to shut the mouth, to not see a person before the eyes, and has expectations if not claims. It is very easy to put off the call long overdue; to neglect sending an invitation to a party to one who is not of much account; to pass a former friend in the street without recognition; to go and come, ignoring the existence of people who have right and feeling. And it is as cowardly to do so as it is easy and mean. But the cheap, cowardly slight is as hard to bear as it is contemptible. How it rankles. It stings like a nettle. It is prussic acid on a wound. The very cowardliness of it makes it more painful. If Miss Scornful had only the courage to say frankly she does not care for our friendship and prefers our room to our company, we could not possibly reply with an equally polite expression of chilliness; but to be dropped out uncermoniously and cut direct is like a stab in the dark. Society is a set of complex relations. People are bound together. They have duties, obligations, affiliations. Kindness and politeness are parts of the unwritten law of social commerce. A slight is a sort of robbery—a man, pickpocketry sort of robbery, too—of the notice one has a right to expect. It may not cost anything just to mind one's own business, and let a friend languish for want of notice, and sympathy, and cheer; but it shows what he is made of, and what his friendship is worth. The person who can slight another is too base to be afforded an opportunity to slight a person a second time.

A gentleman, well known for his large benefactions, was asked what part of his income he was in the habit of contributing to the Lord's treasury? 'I do not know,' said he; 'I do very much as the woman who is famous for the excellence of her rhubarb pie. She put in as much sugar as her conscience would allow, and then shut her eyes and put in a handful more. I give all my conscience approves, and then add a handful without counting it.

UP AND DOING.

Do not waste the moments,
Idly dream away,
All the favoring sunshine
Of the livelong day;
Be not ever waiting
Patiently within,
Out among the active
Earnestly begin.

Do not slight the hours,
Men have work to do,
There are slumbering powers
Yet unwaked in you.
Many a thought lies dormant
In the veils of night,
That would be a blessing
If 'Twere brought to light.

Do not pass your springtime
That "our talent" screening,
Making life a failure,
Fruitless and unmeaning;
Rise up like a tower
Of strength, proportion, beauty,
Let the world be richer,
Having done your duty.

Live Within your Income.

If you earn but $1.50 a day make $1.00 pay your expenses. There is a young man in this city who is making but $9.00 a week; he has a comfortable room with many books and ornaments, and he boards in a very respectable house, dresses well, goes with good society and is popular.—There is another who has been ten year's in a bank; begining at a salary of $500, he has received almost annual advances until he now has $3000 a year. And this man so highly favored, has never been out of debt. When his salary was $700, he lived on $800; when $1000, he expended $1300; when $2000, he spent yearly $2300, and now, at the monthly pay of $250, he frequently has small bills presented which he cannot promptly discharge and notes become due which he cannot honor. He lives in a commodious house, expensively furnished, keeps several servants, drives a fast horse, and owns a yacht. In addition to all these creature comforts he has put a contract into the builder's hands for a seaside octtage to be ready for next season.—To sit down at this man's dinner table you would imagine he was a milionair, so great is the display of silverware, and the indulgence in expensive luxuries. In a convetsation, a short time since, he expressed regret that, while a youth, he had fallen into the habits of extravagance from which he has never been able to escape. From the first to feel a want was to obtain a way by some strategy or other to satisfy the cravings.

There is everything in a young man beginning right and discipiling the mind to do without what is not necessary. Every craving beyond your cash resources should be strangled at its birth. Once in the meshes of debt it is impossible to extricate yourself: you get deeper and deeper in the net. The unpleasant sensation at first produced by the thought of your liabilities, is superseded by a feeling of resignation; in a short time you are comfortable in the knowledge that nobody knows how much you owe; next you begin to congratulate yourself that your credit is so good, and finally you boast of the sums due your creditors.

Almost all defaulters trace their crime to extravagance. This class of criminals do not at first propose to defraud the employer or the corporation for which they transact business, they simply borrow money privately with the intention of replacing, but becoming more involved the secret self loans are increased until the irregular procedure is carried to such an extent as to be easily discovered. The deluded man becomes the victim of his own imprudence, and is sooner or later plunged into disgrace by the necessary exposure.

It is unwise to borrow, even small sums; if you begin borrowing a dollar, the reluctance to ask for a loan will decrease as amounts increase. You will find it easier to ask for $10 than $2, there is a respectability about the size of the loan that seem to vouch for its punctual return. There are many men receiving a salary, or having an income from investments, which ought to keep him handsomely, who are embarrassed through debt; they are compelled to borrow of one party to pay another, with no prospects of a removal of the weight from their shoulders. It is an unenviable and deplorable situation, and should be avoided by any sacrifice, by all who have a tendency in the same direction. BEGIN RIGHT. Divest yourself of extravagant notions if you have them. Pay your washerwoman every week.

Labor.

It is a mistake to suppose that labor is an unpleasant condition of life. It is a matter of experience that there is more contentment in attending to any kind of occupation than there is in looking for some occupation. Attend, therefore to your business as being worthy of all your attention. Working men are apt to consider that their occupations alone are laborious, but in that matter they are mistaken. Labor of mind is generally even more fatiguing than labor of the body, and it is quite erroneous to suppose that others do not work as well as we do, simply because their work is different from ours. Labor is the earthly condition of man, and until the nature of man is changed, the want of something to do will produce all the horrors of *ennui*. Gambling and other reprehensible dissipations are all owing to the fact that human nature cannot support a state of idleness. To live without a purpose is to lead a very restless life.

A Woman's First Beau.

You knew at once by her general appearance, says a writer of the Rochester *Chronicle*, and the manner in which she smiled, and the giggles she giggled, and the way that she talked, that this was the first time that she had ever had a beau. She was in fact, very much excited; and like a person striken with the first shock of numb palsy, didn't know exactly how to use her tongue. The blood rushed to her head until there was a tremendous buzzing in her ears, and she recognized all her acquaintances, old and young, and called them by name in a loud tone of voice, and wore at the same time a very triumphant expression of countenance. It was a moment of intense exstacy (to her)—a moment looked and longed for ever since she got in her teens; and all the heroes and heroesses of all the dime novels she had ever read went trooping across her vision like a row of bees in swarming time. Apples, and peaches, and hollyhocks, and mushrooms, and pumpkins, and hedge fences, as they hung on trees, or blossomed on stalks, or grew in the grass, or tore her new dress as she swept by them, borne almost from her feet by an electric force, all passed as an accessory panoroma of bliss in her way to the circus, that glorious, grand, never to be forgotten noon-day of her new experience. Did she enjoy the show? Did she remember how the elephant stood on his hind feet? Did she follow the flight of the great, unsurpassed, unrivalled, wonderful, astonishing, most daring bare-back rider in the world, as he dived in a doubled up way through two hoops and alighted on the horse again right side up? Was the music the most delightful she had ever heard? Of course! But some how these things got all mixed up in one glorious whirl of delight, in one glorious fact she had a beau—a nice beau in black cloth, and a red neck-tie, and a stove-pipe hat, and who smoked a cigar, and bought peanuts, and candy, and lemonade every time the man who sold it came around and whispered his goods so softly that the noise of the band and the best ten-year old joke of the clown was drowned out of hearing entirely. O, how her little heart went pit-a-pat, and throbaty-throb, and bobyty-bob on her way home that glorious afternoon!

How Error Perishes.

BY PASTOR BERSIER, OF PARIS.

People talk about the decrepitude of Christianity. Do you really believe this? Is there a man here who would dare foretell the date of its death? On the contrary, are you not struck with its prodigious amount of vitality? No, it is the systems substituted for it that perish. Old men who listen to me, and you, my brethren, whose memories carry you no further back than thirty or forty years, how many systems have you not seen rising on the brilliant horizon of human thought, and then ascending triumphantly to the meridian of glory, but only to disappear and be forgotten forever! Call to mind the Deism of the last century, which, under the name of natural religion, seemed alone worthy of the regenerated human mind. With what enthusiasm it was welcomed! To-day you would seek in vain for a thinker willing to gather up the inheritance it has left. Call to mind that proud Pantheism which seemed to have uttered the definitive formula of the evolutions of the human mind. To-day we study, as a matter of curiosity, its dialectic processes, just as in an arsenal we examine antique weapons, and move about the rusty joints of helmets belonging to the knights of olden times. At this present moment it is Positivism which believes itself called to accept the heritage of former schools, and to direct the human mind.—Its tone is confident, and it talks about its future without suspecting that its heir, whose name I do not know, will in due course pronounce its downfall, and will be ready to dig its grave in that immense cemetery which is called history. In this age the dead pass quickly away, but the gospel, the work of the living God, is living like Himself.

The Golden Rule and the Rule of Gold.

A few days ago a gentleman of this city received by mail a check for five hundred dollars. He deposited it in his bank, and went down in the street, there to be met by a rumor that sent him back in haste.—Just twenty-five minutes had elapsed. The teller's little door was shut. The money was gone. Had it been stolen? Was the banker a swindler? No, he had failed.—About the same time, a merchant received a large quantity of goods one day near the close of business hours. He made some commonplace excuse for not making immediate payment, and promised to send a check the next morning. The first announcement of the morning was that he had failed. He had the goods, but the real owner was without his check. Was the merchant a thief? He was unable to meet his obligations. Two young men were recently brought into our police courts on a charge of stealing shoes from a Third Avenue store. They were decent in appearance, and it was believed by some that they were driven to crime by want. Had they failed or had they suspended? Or was it because they were unable to meet their obligations? Not at all. They were thieves—common thieves—very common thieves. They were sent to the penitentiary for two months.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE foreman of the Cincinnati breweries get about $10,000 per annum, which is more than a circuit judge gets.