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 businessmen generally.

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

The American Union.

VOL. XVII. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY FEB. 1, 1877. NO. 29.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted 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 fir t insertion.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

Poetry.

AT LAST.

BY MISS ANNIE F. A——.

The stream seems calmer as it flows
Into the mighty sea,
The soul seems lighter as it glides
Into eternity;
The day seems sweeter as it draws
Towards the eventide,
The heart beats softer in its dreams
When thoughts of love abide.

'Tis eve that brings old memories back
And thoughts of joys long dead,
While over all earth's plains and vales
Night's darkened veil is spread.
So life with all its happy hours
Is ebbing fast away,
While Time in all his majesty
Proclaims his endless sway.

How calm is life when earthly scenes
Have passed us swiftly by,
When friends who journeyed on with us
Are resting now on high,
When darkest days have faded fast
And left a life all free,
Then calmly will the frail bark sail
Upon the eternal sea.

Oh! Holy Father, let thy love
Protect me to the last,
Until the cares and trials
Of this weary world be past,
Until the never ending day
Has dawned upon my head,
And I shall rise above the stars,
And to thy throne be be led.

The Daisy and her Mission.

BY MRS. M. E. MEAD.

Under the shadow of a wood, with its ferns and vines and all sorts of wild blossoms, was the home of a golden-eyed Daisy. A trim little flower she was: not gay and beautiful, like her sisters in the garden, or her forest neighbors even, but, sturdy and brave, she filled her own quiet nook, day by day lifting her head a wee bit further from the ground towards the bright blue heaven above her. Not that her skies were always bright. Sometimes there were clouds and storms, though little the Daisy cared for that. Her business was to grow alike in the dark or sunny weather; and grow she did with all her little might and main.

"Heaven is a long way off," whispered the Breeze as he swayed her back and forth in a merry frolic. "Why don't you try to reach something nearer home?"

"Ah, yes," fluttered the Daisy, "it *is* a long way; but I can always look up, you know, and I can see it clearer every day. Never fear, I shall reach there by-and-by;" and she nodded her wise little head in the sunshine as if some time she meant to nestle her white fringed petals close against the fleecy clouds overhead.

The breeze lingered a moment. He had half a mind to lay the patient flower on the green moss that grew about her root, just to see if she *could* get discouraged; but he left her unharmed and went his way.

The next day a party of children came to the woods. The Daisy heard their happy voices before they were in sight, and, like the daintiest of wood fairies, bowed and waved her welcome.

"What a dear, bright daisy!" exclaimed one.

"She's a beauty, if she *is* such a common flower," said another.

"I wonder if they will not want her at the Flower Mission?" asked a little boy.

"They told us to bring gay blossoms, you know," replied his sister. "Let us see what we can find in this lovely woodsy place;" and they all passed on, leaving the Daisy undisturbed.

"What in the world is the Flower Mission? I am glad they didn't want me there,—though it does sound rather pleasant,—for this is my home, and here I hope to grow and blossom all the days of my life," said the flower to herself.

"By-and-by the young people came back again and sat down under the shade of a great oak, to arrange their treasures, and to rest after their tramp in the woods. Their baskets were filled with ferns, clematis, lobelia, and many another flower, which, if not fragrant, were bright and showy, and were to carry comfort and sunshine to the sick and dying among the poor of the great city.

"Don't let us leave this lovely daisy with no one to see it," said Allie. "I'll take it root and all."

The frightened Daisy felt herself raised from the ground and placed in the basket. She folded her petals over her golden eyes, hung her head in despair, and, as the little boy carried her away from her home by the wood, sighed.

"I can surely never see the blue sky now, I am far too weak and feeble ever to hold up my head again."

"See our beautiful flowers!" cried Fannie and Lizzie and Carrie and Allie, as they entered the rooms of the Flower Mission, where the ladies were busy over baskets of pinks, roses, geraniums, lilies, and all sorts of garden treasures.

"You have brought just what we needed to finish out our bouquets, dear little helpers that you are," said one of the ladies.

"And this daisy was so bright, we thought it would be a beauty; but it only looks fit to be thrown away, it is so wilted and dead!" exclaimed Allie.

But his mother planted the poor wilted root—looking little indeed like our Daisy—in a pot of earth, watered it, and set it away in the dark, to rest and recover its freshness.

For a week the flower was watched over and tended, and, when the ladies were again at their pleasant work at the Mission, Allie produced his daisy, quite herself again. Her leaves were as green and fresh, her stem as straight, her blossoms as fair as ever, and, though she had not yet seen the sun, her brave little head was looking up to catch the first gleam of brightness that come in her way.

"It's a cheery world, after all," she whispered. "Perhaps if I grow very fast, I may see the dear sky once more, and that will be joy indeed."

"I know a poor, forlorn boy who will be glad of that daisy, and you children may carry it to him, if you wish," said one of the ladies.

With a basket of bouquets, Fannie and Lizzie and Carrie started out with their mother on this pleasant errand, while Alfred trudged on before, carefully carrying the happy Daisy. Happy she was; for, still looking up, she could see the bright heaven once more, and she nodded and gleamed as gaily as in her old home.

"Ah, this merry sunshine, I must gather it all to carry to somebody," she whispered as they went on from the broad streets into some of the narrow, dirty ones, where only patches of blue sky were visible through the walls of the houses on either side.

Into one of these tenements our party turned, going up, up, to the very top floor, where they knocked at the door of a poor little room for admission. The Daisy had certainly never seen such a miserable room before, and the children but once or twice. A little invalid, wasted and pale, lay on his bed in the corner; at the one window sat his mother, stitching away—oh, so fast—on a coarse shirt; while the general aspect of the room showed that poverty, hard and bitter, reigned there.

Mrs. Allen had a kind greeting from the woman. "You're always welcome with the posies; it's what puts life into Willie," she said; while Willie, his face all covered with smiles, stretched out his thin hands for the flowers he loved.

There was more than a boquet for Willie, for this was to be the Daisy's new home.

"A plant to be all my own; that I may see grow every day. Oh, that is too good!" he cried; and tear drops of joy actually fell on the Daisy's golden eyes. But the little blossom smiled gaily back again by the window.

"I know *now* what the Flower Mission is," she said as she was placed in a corner. "It is to bring gladness and heartsease from our beautiful homes in the woods to these dark, sorrowful places. Now my store of sunshine will all be wanted and it will be sweet to give it. And see how far I am above the earth where I wanted to stay,—just so much nearer heaven, and I may look almost into the clouds. This gloomy room is better than the beautiful woods, after all!"

All the long summer, the Daisy opened its blossoms and did its best to grow in the hot, stifling atmosphere. Its life was a tender ministry, a comfort and a blessing to the little sufferer, Willie. He would talk to it, watch over it, and tend it; and all the while the Daisy would whisper in his ear:

"Look up! Look up! Heaven is nearer every day, and we shall reach it by-and-by!"

To the mother, toiling so wearily for daily bread, her heart the while heavy with fear and discouragement, this little flower brought the same sweet message. From her place in the window she caught the first rays of the morning and the last of the evening sun, to throw them into the forlorn hearts that had so little to gladden and brighten them.

So the brave wood-flower, ever looking up, fulfilled her mission, and heaven was indeed coming nearer.

One autumn morning the Daisy awoke to the consciousness that she was growing no longer. She became faint and sickly at the thought.

"Never mind," she sighed, as she raised her head to catch her last gleam of sunshine; "I'll hold up my head as long as I can. If I may not reach the sky, I can still look up."

Little Willie was lying, more feeble than ever, in his mother's arms. "The dear sunshinny daisy, I wish I could take her with me," he said. His mother plucked the flower and he held it in his hand, until he went where "flowers immortal bloom."

"Somehow, I hope he'll find daisies up there," said his mother to Mrs. Allen; "I think Willie could not be quite content, even in heaven, without the dear little flower that helped him to look up."

This, then, was the Daisy's mission; to grow bravely, to blossom always, and, in looking up, to teach the same sweet lesson to others. And who can do more or better than this?—*N. Y. Observer.*

A boy was asked which was the greatest evil, hurting another's feeling's or his finger. The feelings, he said. Right, my dear child, said the gratified priest, and why is it worse to hurt the feelings? Because you can't tie a rag around them, exclaimed the child.

One of the happiest and most independent of the human occupation is that of an intelligent farmer, whose land is paid for and who keeps out of debt.

A Husband and Fortune by Knitting.

"But had she no money? Every one thought her so rich," said Miss Becky.

"Some people sink all their property in a life annuity; perhaps she has done that,' said Miss Patty.

"Yes, that is it, selfish old thing," said Miss Jane.

"All I know about it," said Miss Hannah, "is that the will is just what I have repeated.' "I, Margaret Skidmore, being in full possession of my senses," and all the rest you know, just as wills are usually written, "leave to either or any of my nieces who will knit it up—Miss Beck Linn, Miss Jane Foster, or Miss Hannah Foster—my great ball of yarn, of which I intended to knit stockings for the poor.—Each pair to be carried to the pastor of St. ———'s church, and given to him in care for the Winter Mission, which supplies warm clothing to the suffering. I have written my thanks on the paper on which the worsted is wound, and hope one of my nieces will be willing to do so much for a poor old woman who wants to do what little good she can. The worsted will knit forty pairs of stockings."

"How absurd!" cried Miss Becky.—"And did you see the ball?"

"It's the most immense thing," said Miss Hannah. "Well, poor Grandma Skindmore was always good to us. Of course, we'll do what she asks us."

"Knit forty pairs of stockings?" screamed Miss Patty.

"The idea!" cried Miss Jane.

"I never heard anything so ridiculous as that remark, Hannah Foster," sneered Miss Becky.

"Well, then," said Hannah, "I'll do it myself. I shouldn't like to disregard poor grandma's last wishes."

"She was so polite to you, you know," said Jane.

"She said that I was the plainest one of the lot," said Hannah; "but very likely it was true. All events she liked my gingerbread."

"Liked her gingerbread!" cried Miss Jane.

"Becky, I believe one's name has an influence on one's life and actions. She rejoices in her gingerbread, and is happy in knitting forty pairs of blue worsted stockings."

"Oh, you needn't complain," cried her cousin. "It's bad enough to be Hannah and Jane, but fancy being Becky and Patty!"

The Misses Linn and the Misses Foster were cousins. Their parents had never been rich, and had all died young, but not before they had impressed on the minds of their children that Grandma Skidmore was a relative of whom great things were to be expected.

As each was born she had sent her commands as to the christening to its parents. Hannah, Patty, Becky and Jane, all owed their names to her, and considered themselves somewhat ill used in being cut off from so many that were pretty, elegant, and fashionable. However, the hope of the legacy which was sure to come some day comforted them. Grandma Skidmore had rather hurt their feeling by telling them that they had not the charms she had hoped their descent would insure them, and that Hannah was the plainest of the lot. However, when she went home she gave them each a new dress and a dozen pocket handkerchiefs, and declared that Hannah's gingerbread was better than she could make herself. And when she died they had all been sent for to hear the reading of her will. It was an expensive journey and a fatiguing one, and Hannah had been sent to represent the others—Hannah the eldest, hopelessly turned thirty, who had a plain face and a subdued manner, and so little spirit that she had declared that she did not care in the least about being named Hannah. Anything unpleasant which was necessary to be done in that household of four had always been done by Hannah, from time immemorial.

Now, having brought home that great ball of worsted—worsted enough to knit forty pairs of stockings—rolled up in one immense sphere, she had her task before her, and in the intervals of cooking, dusting, and mending, she worked at it faithfully. Also, when each pair was done, she carried it to the Rev. Mr. ———, and left it in charge of the Winter Mission.

"It was poor grandma's wish,' she exclaimed. She desired to knit these stockings and she asked me to do as I am doing. I suppose it seems odd."

But the good clergyman did not think it was odd, and told Hannah so. He was a grave, middle-aged man, but Hannah liked these little visits. When, at last, the ball was knit away, Hannah felt that she would miss them very much. It was with a sad heart that she felt the last stitches slip over the needless.

"And your thanks are written here," said Hannah. "I will read them when I come back," and she put the paper into her letter holder. Her time was short, and she had need to make haste, if she would see the clergyman before she left the little office of the Winter Mission.

Poor Hannah's heart was very full;—when feelings such as those that had lately come to her when early childhood is long past, they are not lightly to be put aside.

When she entered the office and saw the face she liked so well—though most women would have cared little to look on it—she had need to be very brave, but she said her few words calmly, and would have uttered good-bye as calmly, when something happened that rendered her mute with astonishment. The clergyman had taken her hands as in adieu, but instead of dropping it he kept it, and suddenly inclosed it in both of his.

"I can not bare to let you go thus," he said. "You may think me odd, very presumptuous—I am a strange man, I believe but I like you so. If you could like me as well—not that I expect that, but I suppose you understand me—could you make up your mind to be my wife?"

Hannah was always very much ashamed of it, but by way of answer she quietly fainted away.

In the gloaming two people walked together, arm in arm, toward Hannah's home. And on Hannah's finger was a plain old-fashioned ring, that had been her lover's mother's wedding ring. Many a glittering begemmed circlet is less worthy of typifying such a sacred promise as each had given the other that day, than that worn bit of pure gold with the graven motto, "Until death do us part," within it. At the door they said good-bye until the morrow. There was great excitement in the house when Hannah entered.

"Why Hannah, where have you been?' cried one girl.

"How mean to go off without telling us!" cried another.

"I don't see how I could tell when I did not know until an hour ago," said Hannah.

"Why how red your cheeks are! and you've got a ring that I never saw before. I wouldn't know you, you look so odd!" cried Jane.

"She should look happy," said Becky with a sigh. "I'm sure I would."

"He is such a good man, and I never dreamed he liked me," said Hannah.

"Well this is something else," cried Jane. "An offer, too, I declare! Who is it?"

"Oh, you know. Grandma's stockings did it!" said Hannah. "I've been to see him forty times! Think of that."

"A clergyman's lady, too," said Jane; "and I don't believe she read this before she went out. Read it now, Hannah."

And Hannah, taking the long fold of paper, on which the worsted had been wound, from her sister's hand, read thus:

"Whichever of my nieces may have completed the forty pairs of stockings for the Winter Mission may now receive my thanks. They are substantial. Go to my old residence. Open the cupboard beside the parlor fire-place, and you will find a sliding door in the left wall, which opens by a spring. In this lies a will in her favor. Proof must be given that the forty pairs of stockings have been knit, and by whose hand. I think, and I may add, I hope, Hannah will do it."

So Hannah, plain and hard-worked as she had been, stood before them an heiress and a betrothed wife. Jane was glad.—Becky and Patty had the grace to endeavor to be; and Hannah, having entered into the fortune, was very generous to them.

Such is the power of happiness and wealth, that, as a middle-aged woman, Hannah has grown quite handsome, and is by no means "the plainest of the lot" today.

A Martyr's Joy.

Algeries; who was burned at Rome in the year 1557, wrote a short time before his martyrdom, dating his letter "from the most delightful pleasure garden, the prison called Leonia, the 12th of July, 1557," as follows:

"I will relate an incredible thing: that I have found infinite sweetness in the lion's bowels. Who will believe that which I shall relate? Who can believe it? In a dark hole I have found cheerfulness; in a place of bitterness and death, rest and hope of salvation; in the abyss or depth of hell, joy. Where others weep, I have found laughter; where others fear, I have found strength. Who will ever believe that in a state of misery I have had great pleasure; that in a lonely corner I have had glorious company, and in the hardest bonds perfect repose? All these things ye, my companions in Jesus Christ, the bountiful hand of God has granted me. Behold! He who at first stood far from me is now with me; and Him whom I imperfectly knew, I now see clearly; Him whom I formerly saw afar off, I now contemplate as present; He for whom I longed, now stretches forth His hand; He comforts me; He fills me with joy; He drives bitterness from me, and renews my strength and consolation; He gives me health; He supports me; He helps me up; He makes me strong. Oh, how good the Lord is, who suffers not His servants to be tempted beyond their ability! Oh, how light, pleasant, and sweet is His yoke! Is any like unto God Most High, who supports and refreshes the tempted, who heals the stricken and wounded, and restores them altogether? None is like unto Him. Learn, my most beloved bretheren, how gracious the Lord is; how faithful and compassionate is He who visits His servants in their trials; He who humbles Himself, and condescends to be in our huts and mean abodes. He grants us a cheerful mind and a peaceful heart."

Spend your money where you make it; buy your goods at home and not abroad; encourage your own mechanics; sustain your home papers; let each be for the other, and all for public improvement. Charity "begins at home." Our town first; others afterwards.

A Pestilent Practice.

The promiscuous kissing of children is a pestilent practice. We use the word advisedly, and it is mild for the occasion.—Murderous would be the proper work, did the kissers know the mischief they do.—Yes, madam, murderous; and we are speaking to you. Do you remember calling on your dear friend, Mrs. Brown, the other day, with a strip of flannel round your neck? And when little Flora came dancing into the room didn't you pounce upon her demonstratively, call her a precious little pet, and kiss her? Then you serenely proceeded to describe the dreadful sore throat that kept you from prayer meeting the night before. You had no designs on the dear child's life, we know; nevertheless, you killed her! Killed her as surely as if you had fed her with strychnine or arsenic. Your carelessness was fatal. Two or three days after the little pet began to complain of a sore throat too. The symptoms grew rapidly alarming; and when the doctor came the single word diptheria sufficed to explain it all. To-day a little mound is the sole memento of your visit.—Of course the mother does not suspect, and would not dare to suspect you of any instrumentality in her bereavement. She charges it to a mysterious Providence.—The doctor says nothing to disturb the delusion; that would be impolitic, if not cruel; but to an outsider he is free to say that the child's death was due directly to your stupidity. Those are precisely his words; and who shall say, under the circumstances, that they are not justifiable? It would be hard to tell you how much of the prevalent illness and mortality from diptheria is due to such want of thought. As a rule adults have the disease in so mild a form that they mistake it for a simlpe cold; and as a cold is not contagious, they think nothing of exposing others to their breath or to the greater danger of labial contact. Taking into consideration the well-established fact that diptheria is usually if not always communicated by the direct transplanting of the malignant vegetation which causes the disease, the fact that there can be no more certain means of bringing the contagion to its favorite soil than the act of kissing, and the further fact that the custom of kissing children on all occasions is all but universal, it is not surprising that, when the disease is once imported into a community, it is very likely to become epidemic. It would be absurd to charge the spread of diptheria entirely to the practice of child kissing. There are other modes of propagation, though it is hard to conceive of any more directly suited to the spread of the infection or more general in its operation. It stands to diptheria about the same relation that promiscous handshaking formerly did to the itch. It were better to avoid the practice. The children will not suffer if they go unkissed; and their friends ought, for their sake, to forego the luxury for a season. A single kiss has been known to infect a family; and the most careful may be in a condition to communicate the disease without knowing it. Beware, then, of playing Judas, and let the babies alone.

Home Life a Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago not a pound of coal or a cubit foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron-framed fire-place which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town as well as in the country were done by the aid of a fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick ovens. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking "sweep." No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those early days by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire "went out" upon the hearth over night, and the tinder was damp, so that the spark would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm, unless some member of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in the winter. The men and women of one hundred years ago undressed and went to bed in a temperature colder than that of our modern barns and woodsheds, and they never complained.

INSULTS.—It is always better to pass a dozen intended insults without recognition, than to take offense at a single unintentional neglect or reflection. Misunderstandings are fruitful of more unkindly feeling than ever result from deliberate ill-nature. Hundreds of friends have been sundered by that egotistical sensitiveness which is ever looking for offense. We all point to certain persons who are thus morbidly sensitive to a painful degree. They are disagreeable companions. We need not spend our precious time in pointing to them however. We have each something to guard in our own character. We are inclined to take offense too easily. If we could remove this ever-jealous watchfulness, society would gain a new charm, or rather it would be relieved of a very disagreeable feature. Pass neglect, then, and personal reflections, as gracefully as possible, instead of taking the risk of being offended when no offense is intended.

His Experience.

"No, sir, I never regretted marrying Mollie, here. She's been the making of me. I was an idle dog when I met her, and thought of nothing but spending my money at saloons just as fast as I earned it. She was only a poor seamstress, but was industrious, honest, and frugal in habits, for she'd had a hard row to hoe, poor girl! Well, for her sake I grew saving and careful, and soon had a little money in the bank. Finally we were married, and after furnishing two rooms had just a hundred dollars left. It was not much, but it was our own. That was fourteen months back. Now we have this little house. We have carpets on the floors of two rooms, nine pictures on the walls, and nearly fifty books in that case of shelves up there which I made. Our house is small, but there is no envy, no fear of the future, faultfinding, or selfishness in it. We have nearly a hundred dollars saved, beside these things in the house. Our rent is paid for the entire year, till next spring. We go to church regularly, attend concerts and lectures and amusements when the price is not too high. Sometimes the prices are so high that we cannot afford to go. Then we stay at home, read to each other, have visitors, or go out a little while to visit a few friends close by. I haven't ben in a saloon since I was married, sir, and will never enter one again. I had rather these books, pictures, carpets, and that organ should be in our house than in the house of the man who makes his saloon attractive so as to entice men there to spend their earnings. We find that this life is as we make it. We are helping each other, and thus my wife is leading me to heaven. And from the bottom of my heart I wish that all young men who are now traveling the road I traveled two years ago would follow my example, for, sir, they'd never regret it."

Carbolic Acid for Whooping Cough.

A writer to the *Scientific American* says:

"An item in your issue of Dec. 23, 1876 relating to the application of the vapor of the corbolic acid, by Dr. Lee, of London, for whooping cough, recalls a similar application made for my children in the winter and spring of 1873. Two little girls returned from school with hard coughs. During the night following they received small doses of various cough medicines, but without apparent effect; they coughed incessantly. The next day we learned that they had been exposed to whooping cough at school, and that they probably had it. That night as our usual remedies had failed, it occured to me that possibly some relief might be obtained by their inhaling the vapor of corbolic acid. So when the children were in bed, we evaporated, over the gas in their bedroom, a very weak solution of the acid for about fifteen or twenty minutes. The effect was magical. The character of the cough was from that time changed. There was hard coughing that night. The children had a light cough, which continued during the usual term of whooping cough, but it was without the "whoop," save in one or two instances, and without any special, distress sickness, or discomfort. Three other children took the cough at this time, and were treated in the same way, with the same result.

In these instances a teaspoonful of a strong solution of carbolic acid crystals and glycerine was well mixed in a quart of water. From one to two gills of this weak solution was evaporated slowly over the gas (in the room where the children were asecp or at play), with doors and windows closed, twice daily."

Earthly and Heavenly Glory.

Standing at midnight in a vessel's stern and looking backward upon its foaming track, the sea seems aflame with an unearthly brilliance, and a glory like that of a thousand stars flashes up from the darkness of the depths beneath. But when the vessel has passed, and the rippled waves sink down again, the splendor fades away, while the stars above shine steadily along the sky. A piece of decaying wood bright in the darkness, and dim, as daylight dawns, but the sunshine that comes in the morning beams with unfading glory from age to age.

So there are honors from beneath, and earthly glories which charm and bewilder and ensnare our souls. They are the phosphorescent gleaming of a decaying world; the transient flashing of a troubled sea.

But there are more enduring glories. High above earth's stormy seas, there beams the light of everlasting life, and joy, and love. The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal; and they who bear the Saviour's cross of sorrow, and walk in lowliness and in humility in this world, and who in every conflict stand for right and truth; though their present life may seem a dull routine of trial and care, yet the day of their glory shall come, when tears shall dim their eyes no more. They shall no more walk in shadow, eclipsed by the glitter of earthly pomp and vanity; but their sorrow shall end in joy, their darkness shall vanish, their morning shall dawn, the eternal sunshine of God shall bless their redeemed and holy souls, and "then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father," for "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousnes, as the stars for ever and ever."—*Common People.*

What Rum Did.

Charles saw a wretched drunkard reeling by his father's house. The ruined man was ragged, dirty, and loathsome to behold. As he stood gazing at the staggering man, almost terrified at the sight, his father, who was standing near him, said:

"Rum did it! Rum did it!"

"I know that," replied Charley. And yet I doubt if Charley ever stopped before to think what a miserable being rum will make of a man.

"Dreadful!" added Charley's father, as the drunkard staggered out of sight. "And that man," he continued, looking down upon his son with great tenderness, "was once a nice little boy like you."

After a pause the father proceeded, putting his hand on Charley's head: "And now I will tell you a story, my son. There once lived an artist who painted the portrait of a beautiful little boy three or four years of age. The painter begged the privilege of painting the likeness of the child, because he thought that he was the most lovely child he ever saw. And when the picture was completed, he hung it up in his studio, where he might gaze upon it as often as he pleased.

Many years afterwards, I know not how long—perhaps it was thirty, forty or fifty years——he met one of the most degraded and disgusting men who ever lived. He was low, vulgar, profane, filthy and indecent in every respect. His clothes were so tattered that they scarcely covered his back; and, all in all, he was a revolting object to look upon. The artist thought of his picture of the charming boy in his studio, and he said within himself, "Can it be that such a wretch was once a lovely little child?" He resolved to paint the portrait of the man, and hang the picture beside that of his angel child.

"So, obtaining the consent of the vagabond to sit for his picture, he painted the portrait and suspended it beside that of the beautiful boy. What was his surprise, however, to learn that the hardened profligate was once that lovely child! He had painted the portrait of the boy at two periods of his life, thirty or forty years apart! Intemperance, with its long train of vices, had corrupted his youth and early manhood, until the human was almost lost in the brute.

"That is what rum will do," added Charley's father after a pause, "and boys who would not become drunkards, must never touch the intoxicating cup."

"I will never touch it," said Charley; "I have signed the pledge."—*The Reform.*

Mr. Evart's Vermont Farm.

The farm of Mr. William M. Evarts contains between seven and eight hundred acres, seventy head of cattle, including twenty cows, three yoke of oxen, averaging four thousand pounds per yoke, fifteen calves, a three-year-old Durham bull—splendid specimen of that famous breed—a fine Jersey bull and other young cattle, all of which show care and skill in handling and feeding. There are two hundred sheep on the farm, many of them being superior animals. Of horses and colts there are sixteen; one span, as smooth and active as colts, aged, one twenty-five and one twenty-six, showing that generous feeding and careful usage are strong incentives to longevity. Several spans of young horses show good blood. Mr. Evarts has his best pair of horses in New York, no doubt competing, as far as he may, with Bonner and other horse fanciers in that city. Last but not least come the swine, twenty five in number. Brick from the old Baptist church, bought by Mr. Evarts, furnished materials for the walls of a new and convenient piggery, and the interior was finished with due regard to neatness, ease of feeding, and the comfort of the inmates.—One breeding boar, imported from Lancashire, England, is as near a perfect type of the hog as we have ever seen.

The products of the farm average two hundred tons of hay yearly. This year two thousand two hundred bushels of corn were raised on twenty acres, beside several acres to fodder fed to cows in the fall.—Oats and roots of various kinds are largely raised.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

The Cradle and the Coffin.

When man has borne the burden and heat of the day, he lies down weary at eventide, on his resting place, to gather strength for renewed labor: but there are *two* places of rest, in which man is laid by other men, and these are the cradle and the coffin.

The former is the place of rest at his entrance into the world; the latter, at his departure from it.

However different the coffin and cradle may be, they have nevertheless much similarity with each other, in regard to their destination.

The cradle is prepared by their loving mother, that the babe may stretch its tiny limbs and rest. On its face beams the peace and heavenly joy of an angel. It knows nothing of the misery of this earth, and the cares of this life.

What kind of a resting place is the coffin? It also receives man for a sleep, the sleeper rests also in it, free from the hardships of earth. Only this sleep is a sleep of long, long duration, and no earthly morn rouses the rester to awakening.

On the cradle and the coffin are shed the tears of the bystanders. On the cradle falls the tears of joy of the parents, and on the coffin the mourners' tears. At both places of rest, prayers are offered.

Trust in God's mercy chases care from the mother's heart at the cradle of the darling, and the same trust dries the tears at the coffin of the departed ones.