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 ilure to take the paper from their office.

The American Union.

VOL. XVII. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY MAR. 1, 1877. NO. 33.

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

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Poetry.

THE ELF-KING'S DAUGHTER,

Down the merry streamlet dancing,
Through the flickering shadows glancing,
Foam about her white feet creaming,
All her wayward hair out-streaming,
Laughing on the laughing water,
Dances down the Elf-King's daughter—
Youngest daughter fair.

All the trees bend low toward her,
All the rocks are strong to guard her,
All the little grasses whisper,
And the low-toned breezes lisp her
Praises everywhere.

All around the warm air lingers
Lovingly, the while her fingers
With a dainty upward gesture,
Seem to draw a shadow for vesture
Of her loveliness.

Yet meseems she moves so purely,
Gliding on her path demurely,
Looking with clear eye serenely,
She were clad not half so queenly
In a royal dress.

Now she's lightly onward sweeping;
Now she stays, half-glad, half-fearing,
O'er the ledge of granite peering;
Eyes the headlong torrent leaping;
Eyes far down the sullen boulders,
While the long locks round her shoulders
Gather tenderly.

Now with a little laugh a-tremble,
Glad her shrinking to dissemble,
Flashing through the diamond shower,
With her white feet launched below her,
And her hair drawn above her,
Swift as lady to her lover
Down the fall goes she.

Now when quiet night has clouded
All the river broad and stately
Down the stream she rides sedately,
By her soft hair warmly shrouded,
Lulled by melody.

Down amid the grim trees' greeting,
And the drowsy wheat's repeating,
Dreaming on the dreaming water,
Floats the Elf-King's youngest daughter
To the dreaming sea.

CHARLIE SNOW.

"Shall I tell you for what I am wishing this Christmas?' said Charlie Snow to his mother.

"Yes, Charlie, and we will talk about it by the firelight; that will be pleasant.—I sometimes like to imagine things that seem quite impossible; we never were so poor as we are this winter.'

"Yes, mother, it is true; we no longer have any eggs to carry to market; berries are gone long ago; the cow gives no milk; we are eating up our little store of food very fast; I need a pair of boots to go through the snow and bring wood to keep us warm. I have thought of all these things over and over, yet I am expecting a Christmas present. How pleasant it was when father was alive; we had abundance of everything good. One Christmas he brought me a pair of skates, an overcoat and cap, and a string of bells. When he came home with a bundle, I was so eager to see the inside of it that I could hardly wait to untie the string.

"I am thinking of a better way, mother;' and the luminous eyes of the boy gazed dreamily into the glowing fire, and over his face gathered slowly the rapt expression of enthusiast or saint. "It is only a little while ago that I learned it. I was at the Fort, one Sunday, and I went in, with other people, to hear a gray-haired minister preach. He had been through the war, mother, and suffered more privation than you or I have ever dreamed of. While he was gone, the Indians killed his wife and children and burned his house and barn.—His face was cruelly scared,—one long sword cut ran down the whole of his right cheek, dividing it with a dreadful seam.—You have seen sometimes how, at the close of a winter day of storm, the sun shines bright; so did his face. It had been beaten by storm and tempest; but, at last, the peace and rest of sunset were on it. God's beautiful image was there. He told us about the kingdom of heaven; it must be a lovely country, from what the old man said. *Our* Father's Kingdom he called it,—yes, *ours*, that is what he said. Why did you never tell me of it, mother? He told us of the *better* way. 'Do not be too much troubled to lay up treasure on earth; ask and ye shall receive. Be gentle patient, grateful, forgiving, and good. Know ye not, little children, that it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom?' I thought that meant me, for he went on to say: 'There are treasuries in the heavens that open for the asking; the key that unlocks them is prayer.' I said to myself: 'After this, I'm bound to pray for the things I need.' He said other things must accompany prayer; that man must work earnestly. His text was, 'I reckon—I reckon.' Do you know any such text, mother? I have looked through the Bible, but cannot find it yet. I know it began with those words; its meaning was something like this: 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are of no account; for such a long time of happiness is coming by-and-by.' It is so strange you never told me any of these things; a boy with such a Father as that can never feel poor, you know; that would be impossible. We wept when we heard the preacher, his words were so cheering and kind. After meeting, he spoke to me and asked my name. 'Charlie Snow, I answered. 'Remember the Lord, Charlie; be sure to have him for your friend.' I said I wanted to, but did not know how. 'Read your Bible, pray for wisdom; God's Spirit will enlighten you; be industrious and obedient;' these were his instructions to me. I am trying every day to do as the preacher told me. You say I am a better boy than I was—more patient and industrious. These lessons have made me so.—The 'better way,' dear mother, is to do all we can, praying, and trusting in the Lord.

"But I have not yet told you for what I am praying. Candy and cakes I like, of course,—what boy does not?—but I don't feel free to pray for them; I am going to be a man; to take care of you; and I must put away childish things. I have been asking for books; I knew you could not buy them. I think I shall get them, too, mother.'

"I am sure I hope so; since I have heard your story, I almost think you will. But you said one thing that made me unhappy for a moment, Charlie. You asked why I never told you any of these things. Did I not teach you to repeat the Lord's Prayer?—and that begins with 'Our Father who art in heaven,' Did I not teach you to read in the Bible, and give you twenty-five cents for learning the Catechism?'

"Yes, you did; forgive me, mother; but it all seemed so new and as if I had never heard it before.'

"I heard so much religious talk in my childhood, and I thought the talk did not harmonize with the behavior, that I was rather set against it from the time I can remember. We used to commence our Sunday on Saturday evening, and going to church and Sunday school and learning the Catechism came as natural to our family as to breathe fresh air; but when I married your father, and all turned against me, from the Deacon down to the youngest, I turned against my religion. I see now that it was wrong. I ought not to judge the All-Merciful, or think he could have any pleasure in the harshness of my own father's conduct to me. I will do better, Charlie; I will forgive and forget, and let things that are past disturb my peace of mind no more.'

"And perhaps Grandfather Gray's heart may soften to us,' said Charlie; 'stranger things have happened.'

This conversation between Charlie Snow and his mother took place in the distant West, in a little home on the frontier of civilization. Mary's story is briefly told. She married Charlie Snow against the wishes of her father; as he was one of those dictatorial men who like to have their will considered law, he could not easily forgive what he termed disobedience. He was altogether mistaken in his estimate of the character of Charlie Snow. The young man was industrious, enterprising, of good habits, and sincerely attached to Mary.—He was proud also, and placed the States and Territories between him and the Deacon. He purchased a farm of government land, built a small but comfortable house, a barn, and bought a few cattle, and went bravely to work to overcome the hardships of a pioneer life and lay a substantial foundation for future prosperity. All went well with them for a time; but exposure brought on a severe cold; the cold settled into pneumonia, and this left his lungs weak; death soon terminated his earthly career; and Mary was left alone with little Charlie, his father's namesake. The strong arm had failed them, and, as Mary said to Charlie at the beginning of the evening conversation, "We never were so poor as we are this winter.'

Let us see now what they are doing and saying away at Grandfather Gray's house in New England. Grandfather sits in the corner, smoking his pipe, by the evening fire. Grandmother sits opposite to him, in her own corner, busy knitting.

"I have been thinking about Mary for a month or more; we did not do right by Mary.'

"You must speak for yourself, father, and not for me. I told you Charlie Snow was good enough for Mary; but you thought she might have married Farmer Adams' son, who was so much richer.—You were always a hard man, Deacon, to get along with; God knows it, and you know it yourself.'

"Mother, you are severe, very severe; perhaps I was wrong—I don't mind saying to you that I was wrong,—but I beg of you, at your time of life, and after we have lived fifty years together, not to begin to dwell on my faults. I will tell you what I have been thinking: I would like to send them a Christmas present. What do you think about it, mother?'

"What do I think about it, Deacon? It would be a pleasant and gracious act to send a Christmas gift to a stranger; how much more so to our own flesh and blood.'

In the morning, Grandfather Gray hitched up old Robin Gray,—that was the family horse,—and rode into town to his bankers.

"How much ready money have I here?'

"Twenty-five hundred dollars.'

"I want to give my daughter, Mary Gray, five hundred dollars, and it must reach Fort Dedlock before or on Christmas day. Now I want you to tell me the best way to get it to her.'

"Does she live near a United States Bank?'

"Not within a hundred miles.'

"Send it by express; we are sending out a number of Western packages, shall we send yours to-day?'

"You say there is no risk of loss?'

"None at all; if the money is lost, it will be refunded.'

"Well, you fix it up all right; you know how better than I do. You want me to sign my name?"

"Yes.'

"Is that all?'

"Yes, Deacon; it will be all right.'

"Well, I declare,' said the Deacon, "it don't take long to fix up things if anybody knows how.'

Grandmother Gray also had been very busy all the morning and she was very happy. She told John, the hired man, to fetch down the great old-fashioned chest from the garret and set it in the kitchen. Now what do you think grandmother Gray thought of the very first thing? *Books.* Strange, was it not? Can you account for it?

"There's all the Goodrich Stories, Peter Parley we used to call them when I was a girl.'

"The world is round like a ball,' said grandmother. "I remember it as well as when I first learned it in my little Peter Parley.

"Seems swinging in the air,' went on the old lady again.

"Then there are the Abbot Stories, Franconia Mountains, Cornerstone: (I wonder if the Deacon will miss it?) and here are all Jed's college books, as fresh and new as ever; what a waste of money books are, I do declare, thrown aside like an old garment for moths and rats to corrupt. They shan't lie here doing no good; I'll send them all.'

Grandmother Gray had a very pretty collection of picture books, unsoiled, and good as new; they had pictures of the cunningest rabits, squirrels, deer, birds and other creatures, with stories about them; she added the books, along with slates, pencils, paper, pens, ink, envelopes and postage stamps.

"I don't know anything about Mary's boy, but if he's like the other Grays, he will be very fond of learning; and there's a sight of learning in that chest,' soliloquized grandmother.

Now, so far, the collection of books, paper and so forth, she had done as a duty she owed to Mary's child; the rest of the great chest, Grandmother Gray intended to fill as a pleasure. Skates, balls and games had accumulated, and all as good as new; these were added next. Grandmother went into town and selected two suits of very good clothes for a boy of ten or twelve, for it is a strange thing, if you know the age of a boy you can most always guess what clothes will fit him.—Mittens, handkerchiefs, boots and shoes, bountiful, generous Grandmother Gray purchased; and when she went home again she set Betty, her hired girl, to make six new shirts for Charlie. There's nothing in this world much better for a boy to have than a good grandmother. Then some very comfortable clothing was added for Mary. Now what do you suppose Grandmother Gray rounded off the top of the great chest with? A fruit-cake, iced as white as snow on the top, doughnuts, a bag of cookies—some housekeepers call them jumbles, and some seed cake; but Grandmother Gray always called them cookies. Grandfather poohpoohed at the cakes, but grandmother said: "I guess I know what Mary likes?' So grandfather said: "If you send the cake, I will send some coffee, tea, sugar and spices.'—When Grandfather Gray returned with his groceries he had a large bundle of candies, although, as a rule, he did not believe them. The chest was locked, strapped, and hurried off by express. Grandfather Gray said: "I have not felt so happy in years and years.'

"Mother,' said Charlie Snow, "to-morrow is Christmas; I have twenty-five cents; I earned it of Farmer Gibson. Can you spare me to go to town this afternoon?' "Yes, Charlie, and I will go with you. I would like to buy a few things for Christmas.' Each bought what they intended for the other. The village store, express and post-office were all in one room.

As they were waiting, the stage came in—it only came twice in a week. There was a chest on the back of the stage. "It took several men to fasten it on," said the driver. "Oh, Widow Snow, are you there? The chest is for you.'

"It can't be for me, sir.'

"Yes, indeed it is. You can read for yourself.'

Sure enough, her name was there, with directions so plain no one could make a mistake.

"What shall I do with it?'

"Take it to my house, if you please;—but I can't pay you to-day; I have no money.'

"Pay me when you can, Mrs. Snow.'

By this time the mail and express were ready. The expressman said, "Mrs. Snow, you are in luck to-day; here is a money-package for you.'

"It can't be for me, sir."

"Yes, here is the very same direction that was on the chest.'

Sure enough; it seemed too good to be true; but it was certainly addressed to Mrs. Mary Snow. It was opened in order to pay express charges, and it seemed a great fortune to all the village. Every member of the little community sympathized heartily with Mary, and all were agreed in saying, "The old Deacon has done the right thing at last.'

Then followed a grave consultation of what should be done with the money.—Mary's neighbor's felt as if they each had a share in her unexpected prosperity; half a dozen women, with shawls pinned on their heads, came hurrying in to congratulate her: all advised that for the present it would be better to leave the money in the strong box of the expressman: so she left it there, retaining enough to celebrate the happy Christmas.

"Come, neighbors, all of you, to-morrow, and rejoice with me,' said Mrs. Snow, "and we will keep the Christmas day as we used to in pleasant New England.'

The neighbors, every one of them, accepted Mary's invitation, and it is safe to say that no Christmas gift ever made a score of people more completely happy.

When the chest was opened, and Charlie saw all the cakes, candies, skates, balls and clothing, he said, "Mother, the Lord has added all these things; I only asked him for the books.'

A few days after Christmas, Mary said to her son: "We must write a letter to father and mother, thanking them for their great kindness to us.'

Charlie wrote his letter. Perhaps you would like to read it?

"*Dear Grandfather and Grandmother Gray:* The chest came on the afternoon before Christmas in time for Christmas Eve. How very kind you are; I only expected the books, and did not think I would get cakes, and candies too, beside so many beautiful new clothes.—Mother kissed the chest inside and outside, and cried so much that at first I was frightened, until she whispered, "Happy, happy tears, Charlie; the chest looks like an old friend that has come on a very long journey to see me.' Then she took up one of the cakes: "My own dear mother's cookies and doughnuts, and as sure as I live, Charlie, here is one of mother's own fruit cakes.' No man can tell how we enjoyed our supper. I am sure we never can be any happier in this world than we were that evening. Dear grandmother how could you guess so exactly how tall I am? Even the bands of the shirt fit me perfectly, and you can't think how nice I look. If it had not been for the chest I never could have known what a nice and good grandmother I have. Jeddy Barnes used to say he pitied a boy that did not know his own grandmother. So do I. If you were here, perhaps you would ask me, "Charlie, what did you like best?' and I almost feel as if I ought to be ashamed to say, 'Of all the things in the chest I like Grandmother Gray's cookies the best.—But I hope there is no harm in a boy's liking a cookie? I work as hard as I can when I don't go to school. I cut all the wood, and get up in the morning and make the fire for mother. I am trying to be a good boy. This is from your grateful and loving grandchild, CHARLIE SNOW."

When the letter came home to Grandfather Gray, you may be sure he was a happy man. He read over the letters to the neighbors, and seemed very proud of his grandson.

"His name may be Charlie Snow," said grandfather, "but he is a chip of the old block, and is a *Gray*, every inch of him.'

It is not possible for a lady to look more radiantly proud and happy than grandmother Gray did when the deacon read the letter to her. Charlie's appreciation of her cookies won her heart completely and forever.

Charlie had not neglected, first of all, to return thanks to the Giver of "every good and perfect gift."

"I know, dear Father,' he said in his childish confidence and simplicity, "that it was Grandfather and Grandmother Gray that sent the Christmas presents; but I know who put that thought into their hearts. Forgive my sins, I pray Thee. I cannot always remember to say Thee and Thou, and I cannot pray very well yet;—but the preacher says that the Lord hears and understands words that are very feeble. The preacher says Thou art very near to those who love Thee; I am only a little boy, but I love Thee very much.—Don't forget me, dear Lord. There are so many boys in the world, that sometimes I am afraid you will forget your little Charlie Snow.'

After long and patient reading Charlie found his text. It is and must always be his favorite one. He found it in the 8th chapter of Romans and the 18th verse:—"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—*N. Y. Observer.*

COLD IN HIS ELOQUENCE.—"Katie, for the—yes, at thy command I'd tear this eternal firmament into a thousand fragments—I'd gather the stars one by one as they tumbled from the regions of ethereal space and put them in my trousers pockets; I'd pluck the sun—that oriental god of day, that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky and quench its bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee!"

Katie—"Don't George, it would be so very dark."

THEY have a "citizens' movement" in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and it was all going on very smoothly till one man got up in meeting and asked: "Ain't I nominated for Mayor?" "No," said the meeting. "Nor for Treasurer?" "No."—Nor for Comptroller?" "No." "Then damme if I don't make it warm for this movement, that's all."

American Churches

AS VIEWED AND REVIEWED IN ENGLAND.

If the article on "The Anglo-American Churches in the United States," in the *London Quarterly Review*, is generally read in England, it may correct many strange impressions that there prevail in regard to our ecclesiastical affairs. It may also serve to throw some light on the dark problems involved in disestablishment. In the first half of this paper, the writer gives an historical survey of the relations subsisting between various religious bodies and the several State governments during the Colonail period. From Dr. Warren's paper read before the Evangelical Alliance in New York, he quotes an eloquent passage descriptive of the influence of the "Whitefieldian revival," which was the dawn and premonition of a spiritual unity that has deepened and widened with the progress of the nation and the faith. Dr. Hurst's paper furnishes the following table, representing the denominational strength a hundred years ago:

	Ministers.	Churches.
Congregationalists	575	700
Baptists	350	380
Episcopalians	250	300
Presbyterians	140	300
Lutherans	25	60
German Reformed	25	60
Reformed Dutch	25	60
Associate	13	20
Moravians	12	8
Roman Catholic	26	52
Methodists	20	11
Total	1,461	1,951

"At that time the total population is estimated as having amounted to three millions, of which five hundred thousand were slaves. The proportion of ministers and of churches to-day is, in comparison of the population, much more than twice as large, although the population was multiplied by thirteen."

After alluding to the elaborate statistical exhibit of Evangelical Christianity in the United States that is published as an Appendix in the volume of Records of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, the following is given according to the census returns for 1870:

"Methodists, 6,528,000; Baptists, 4,360,000; Presbyterians of various classes, including the German and Dutch Reformed, 3,300,000; Roman Catholics, 1,990,000; Congregational, 1,177,212; Episcopalians, 991,051; Lutherans, 977,332; Christians, 865,602; Friends, 224,664; Universalists, 210,884; Unitarians, 155,471; besides minor sects."

Amid all this varied religious activity and denominational vigor, the writer is most impressed with the progress and triumphs of Methodism, speaking of the Methodist as *par excellence* the American Church, and indicating many of the reasons for this extraordinary development:

"It is often excelled both in culture and in power of a certain kind by some of the other Churches; excelled sometimes by Congregationalism, sometimes by Presbyterian, and again sometimes by Anglo-American Episcopacy; it is, on the whole in proportion to its numbers and its popular hold, excelled in high social and even political influence by all the denominations we have named. But it is absolutely more powerful as a Church, it possesses more ecclesiastical wealth and property, and it has more diffused influence in the community than any of them."

Of the wide diffusion of the Baptists the writer says:

"Like Methodism, they have had the advantage of using to the uttermost lay gifts and services. No scruple about college learning or ministerial training has stood in the way of their advances. A separate Baptist church can spring up anywhere and find a pastor in some speaking lay brother. Such a rough and ready system is well adapted to a large proportion of the American people, especially to strong-opinioned and unlettered farmers, who love a cheap religion and detest any thing that savors of form or dainty culture."

Of the Presbyterians he says:

"Next to Methodism, among connectional or collective churches, Presbyterianism has spread itself widely and successfully through the States. This has been very much, no doubt, owing to the original tenacity and fidelity of the Presbyterian principles with them wherever they went. Sometimes they had at first to put up with Methodism—in default of anything more like their own denomination—and afterwards became attached to it; but if possible, and as far as possible, they, as a rule, adhered to their Presbyterianism. Hence churches were founded in the wilderness, and woven into networks of synodical connection round about influential centres. Thus Presbyterianism has spread inland and far away westward from the the central seabord States, and is found very powerfully developed through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and still further south, and all through the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi. In some centres—as in St. Louis—Presbyterianism is more than a rival to Methodism."

The article closes with a paragraph on the growth of the Episcopal Church, its prospect in the West, its strength in many of the larger cities, and adds:

"Unfortunately, developed Ritualism is its curse, especially in the fashionable churches of the East, and its discipline enforces a law of exclusiveness as regards other Churches not less arrogant and intolerant than the utmost pretensions known in this country, coupled, at the same time, with a power and reach of synodal inquiry and control of which nothing as yet is known in our own Established Church;—enforces it, too, equally on the ministers and in the Churches of America and the foreign mission-field—in New York or Wis Chang, in Milwaukee or Jeddo."

Although these sketches may not convey any new impressions to our readers, they may be of interest and value in showing how the great facts of our religious history are seen and understood by those who look at them from across the ocean. It is certainly very pleasant and encouraging to have them thus fully presented and reviewed without a line or word that is not appreciative and sympathetic.

The Old-fashioned Gospel.

Yes no doubt it *is* old-fashioned, but by no means worn out. It possesses the same vitality and the same power as ever. Those who sneer at it on account of its old age, forget that it is not as old as sin. The gospel never saw the world until sin came, and yet many who profess to despise it because it is old, love and cling to sin which is older yet. Strange inconsistency!

If we could look into many of these hearts, we would find the chief trouble to consist, not so much in the oldness of the gospel, as in the oldness of the sin which binds them. The sin-chained soul instinctively hates the good and hence shrinks from contract with that which is pure and holy in its very essence—the gospel of the blessed Saviour.

It is an easy thing to throw mud and call harsh names, but such opposition betrays the guilty conscience rather than the candid and honest mind.

An army defeated at every point, and well nigh discouraged in its efforts to gain an advantage over the enemy, will often make a last desperate attempt to turn the fortunes of the day. Such was the case at Waterloo when Napoleon's "Old Guard" charged upon the British lines. Such is *constantly* the case with the enemies of the gospel. They have attacked it upon every side. Science has been summoned to aim its deadliest shafts, and philosophy has employed its most powerful weapons, but all to no effect. Now, however, as the final and desperate attack, comes the charge that the gospel forsooth! is old-fashioned and worn out—that it is not adequate to the genius of the age and the demands of the 19th century.

The very carge betrays the insincerity of those who make it. If what they claim be true, why have they waited so long to inform the world of their discovery? Such persons remind us of the little children, who when beaten in their games, so often run off bellowing and pouting, at the same time crying "*I wont play any more.*"

Let us be very thankful that the gospel *is* old, since its power is unimpaired, and since age has affected neither its beauty nor loveliness. The fact that it is old carries our minds back to the olden time when the dear Saviour was pierced for our sins. That scene, as old as it is, we may picture as vividly as ever, and the old gospel which so beautifully tells us all about it, will daily become dearer and dearer to us, despite the attacks of its enemies.—*Sower.*

'Casting All Your Care upon Him'

How much the anxieties of life are increased by forgetting the little but comprehensive word "*all*" of the text! What father might not learn a lesson from his child, with whom he is starting for a journey. His little boy says, "Father, you will have to carry the big bag, and I will carry the little one." The strong father smiles, and says, 'I think you had better let me carry both.' They start. After a few minutes, the little bag becomes a great burden, and the child overheated and weary says, 'Father, you had better take the little bag too.'

One of the greatest lessons of life is for a child of God to let the Heavenly Father carry *every* burden; to cast all his care upon Him. Little trials are a Christian's great temptation. 'Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.' 'Truly,' says Archbishop Leighton, 'the godly are much in the wrong to themselves by not improving this their sweet privilege. They too often forget this their sweet way, and fret themselves to no purpose; wrestle with burdens themselves, and do not entirely and freely *roll them over to God.*' Many a man who never doubts God's care of the whole Church to the minutest particle, is tempted to distrust God's interest in the little things that concern his own daily life. 'Do I confide in Him,' says the same writer, 'for the steering and guidance of the whole ship, and shall I be peevishly doubting and distrusting about my pack in it?' The same age that invented the telescope brought out the microscope. The same grace that reveals distant things as near, ought to discern our least cares as great to a father's love. 'The very hairs of your head are numbered.'—*Christian Treasury.*

A passenger in a sailing packet was complaining to an old "salt" that he was so sick he couldn't keep anything on his stomach, when the sailor exclaimed:—"Can't keep anything on your stumic! You jest try a porous plaster, and if that don't stick, I'll stand grog for all hands from here to the Injies.'

How does man differ from the brute creation? He stands upright; but he doesn't act so.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER has published in the *Christian Union* a number of "Hints to Housekeepers," some of which we reproduce, as follows: Remember, that a tablespoonful of black pepper will prevent gray or buffs linens from spotting, if stirred into the first water in which they are washed. It will also prevent colors running, when washing black or colored cambrics or muslins, and the water is not injured by it, but just as soft as before the pepper was put in.

Remember, that the wings of turkeys, geese and chickens should never be thrown away. Many people, especially in the country, keep them simply to brush off the stove or range, but there is nothing better to wash and clean windows. Chamois or buckskin is very good, but wings are better, and cost nothing, and their use is economy—utilizing that which would otherwise be thrown away. They are excellent to clean the hearth or stove, to dust furniture, but best to wash windows, because the corners can be easily and perfectly cleansed by them, leaving no lint behind, as when cloths are used. Use these wings also to spread on paste when papering walls. There is nothing that does this kind of work better.

Remember, that if brooms are dipped a minute or two into a kettle of boiling suds once a week, they will last much longer. It makes them tough and pliable, and a carpet is not worn half so much by sweeping with a broom so cared for. A good housekeeper will see that her brooms are all thus scalded.

Remember, that old newspapers will put the finishing touch to newly cleaned silver, knives and forks, and tinware, better than anything else. Rub them well, and make perfectly dry. They are excellent to polish stoves that have not been blackened for some length of time.

PUMPKIN SEEDS FOR TAPEWORM.—M. Regnault asserts that freely administered pumpkin seeds constitute a sure and inoffensive tænifuge that seldom misses its effect, though some precautions are necessary in the employment of such a medicine, as follows: The intestine, says M. Regnault, is to be previously emptied by recomending the patient to abstain from eating on the eve of the day on which he proposes to take the remedy; early in the morning administer on an empty stomach sixty grains (one ounce, seven drams) of pumpkin seeds, deprived of the skins and ground with sugar, then mixed with water, forming a sort of milk of almonds. When the patient feels the worm detaching itself, administer seventy drams (two ounces, 125 grains) of castor oil in a cup of hot broth or black coffee, and the worm, in all probability, will come away during the day. If the head of the worm is not found, the same treatment is repeated in eight or ten days, or the day following the first treatment, if desirable.

TACT.—Love swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a great deal of its fine work. The name of the little servant is act. Tact is nimble-footed and quick-fingered; tact sees without looking; tact has always a good deal of small change on hand; tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; tact never runs its head against a stone wall; tact always spies a sycamore tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageble on the level ground; tact has a cunning way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; tact carries a bunch of curious-fashioned keys which can turn all sorts of locks; tact plants its monosyllables wisely, for being a monosyllable itself, it arranges its own order with all familiarity of friendship; tactsly, versatile, driving, running, flying tact—governs the great world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that it has not been touched at all.

JESUS, the Lover of our souls! What a force of reality is given to our conceptions of God's love, when we understand that all our blessings come through and from this kind and tender Friend! It will be well for us all through life, in our daily, quiet joys and in our sorrows when they come to us, as sooner or later they certainly must come, to think of this heavenly Friend as standing very near to us, allotting us each day our portion, and all in the Spirit of His never failing love.

THE young lady who trod on the skirts of a gentleman's Ulster the other Sunday, as they were coming out of church, was heard to mutter; "Sweet revenge!" The garment has become so very long that some of the wearers have adopted the "pull-back" and others are contemplating the introduction of a bustle.

"PAPA," said a little boy to his parent, "are sailors very small men?" "No, my dear; what leads you to suppose that sailors are so small?" answered the father.—"Because I read the other day, of a sailor going to sleep on his watch," replied the young idea smartly.

Josh Billings remarks: "The muwl is a larger burd than the guse or the turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with, and it wears its wings on the side of its head."

"Every heart knows its own bitterness," she said, as she looked into the nest and saw that those Cochin China eggs, which had cost her $3 per dozen, had hatched out Muscovy ducks.