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Poetry.

THE "AGER."

BY PROF. J. P. STEELE.

Once upon an evening bleary,
While I sat me dreaming, dreary,
In the sunshine, thinking over
Things that passed in days of yore;
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,
Gently came a something creeping
Up my back like water seeping—
Seeping upward from the floor.
"'Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,
"From the regions 'neath the floor—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember,
It was in that wet September,
When the earth and every member
Of creation that it bore,
Had for days and weeks been soaking
In the meanest, most provoking
Foggy rains that, without joking,
We had ever seen before;
So I knew it must be very
Cold and damp beneath the floor.

So I sat me nearly napping
In the sunshine, stretching, gaping,
Craving water, but delighted
With the breeze from 'neath the floor;
Till I found me waxing colder,
And the stretching growing bolder,
And myself a feeling older—
Older than I'd felt before;
Feeling that my joints were stiffer
Than they were in days of yore—
Stiffer than they'd been before.

All along my back the creeping
Soon gave place to rushing, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
Had concluded to explore
All the cavities—"the varmints"—
'Twixt me and my nether garments,
Up into my hair, and downward
Through my boots into the floor;
Then I found myself a shaking,
Gently first, but more and more—
Every moment more and more.

'Twas the "ager," and it shook me
Into my clothes, and took me
Shaking to the kitchen—every
Place where there was warmth in store;
Shaking till the dishes clattered,
Shaking till the tea was spattered,
Shaking, and, with all my warming,
Feeling colder than before;
Shaking till it had exhausted
All its powers to shake me more—
Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,
Then resumed with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
Shaking, shaking, as before;
And from that day in September—
Day that I shall long remember—
It has made diurnal visits,
Shaking, shaking, on so sore!
Shaking off my boots, and shaking
Me to bed, if nothing more—
Fully this, if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows flitting
Round my cottage see me sitting
Moodily within the sunshine
Just inside my silent door,
Waiting for the "ager," seeming
Like a man forever dreaming;
And the sunlight on me streaming
Throws no shadow on the floor;
For I am too thin and shallow
To make shadows on the floor,
Nary shadow—any more.

OUT OF WORK.

"It's no use, Maria; I have tried everywhere.'

"But you are not going to give it up yet, Peter?'

"How can I help it! In four days I have been in every book-bindery in the city, and not a bit of work can I get.'

"Have you tried anything else?'

"What else can I try?'

"Anything you can do.'

"Yes, I've tried other things. I've been to more than half a dozen of my old friends and offered to help them.'

"And what do you mean to do for them?'

"I offered either to post up their accounts, make out bills or attend to their counter.'

Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband spoke thus.

"What makes you smile?' he asked.

"To think that you would have imagined that you would find work in such a place. But how is Mark Leeds?'

"He is worse than I am.'

"How so?'

"He has nothing in his house to eat.'

A shudder crept over his wife's frame now.

"Why do you tremble, wife?'

"Because when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow morning, we shall have nothing.'

"What?' cried Peter Stanwood, half starting from his chair. "Do you mean that!'

"I do.'

"But our flour?'

"All gone. I baked the last this afternoon.'

"But we have pork?'

"You ate the last this noon.'

"Then you must starve!' groaned the stricken man, starting across the room.

Peter Stanwood was a book-binder by trade, and had been out of employment.—He was one of those who generally calculated to keep square with the world, and who consider themselves particularly fortunate if they keep out of debt. He was now thirty years of age, and had three children to provide for, besides himself and wife, and this together with his house rent, was plenty; but now there was nothing.

"Maria, stooping and gazing his wife in the face, "we must starve. I have not a single penny in the world.'

"But do not despair, Peter. Try again to-morrow for work. You may find something to do. Anything that is honest and honorable. Should you make but a shilling a day, we would not starve.'

"But our house rent?'

"Trust me for that. The landlord shall not turn us out. If you will engage something to do, I will see that we have house room.'

"I will make one more trial,' muttered Peter, despairingly.

"But you must go prepared to do anything.'

"Anything reasonable.'

"What do you mean by reasonable?'

"Why, anything decent.'

She felt inclined to smile, but the matter was too serious for that, and a cloud passed over her face. She knew her husband's disposition, and she felt sure he would find no work. She knew that he would look for some kind of work that would not lower him in the social scale, as he had once or twice expressed it. However, she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and so let the matter pass.

In the morning the last bit of food in the house was put on the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food.

For years he had been gay, thoughtless and fortunate, making the most of the present, forgetting the past, and letting the future take care of itself. But the truth was naked and clear, and when he left the house he said, "Something must be done.'

No sooner had her husband gone than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her oldest child was a girl eleven years old and the youngest four. She then asked her next-door-neighbor if she would take care of her children until noon. These children were well known to be good and quiet, and they were cheerfully taken.—Then Mrs. Stanwood locked up her house and went away. She returned at noon, bringing some dinner for her children, and then went away again. She came home in the evening before her husband, carrying a heavy basket on her arm.

"Well, Peter,' she asked, after her husband entered and sat down, "what luck?'

"Nothing, nothing!' he groaned. "I made out to get a dinner with an old chum, but could not find work.'

"And where have you looked to-day?'

"Oh, everywhere. I've been to a hundred places, but it is the same story in every place. It's nothing but one eternal no, no! I'm sick and tired of it.'

"And what have you offered to do?'

"Why, I have even gone so far as to offer to tend in a liquor store down street.'

The wife smiled.

"Now what shall we do!' muttered Peter.

"Now we will eat our supper, then talk the matter over.'

"Supper! Have you any?'

"Plenty of it.'

"But you told me you had none.'

"Neither had we this morning, but I have been after work to-day, and found it.'

"Been after work!' the husband uttered in surprise.

"Yes.'

"But how—where?'

"Why, first I went to Mrs. Snow's. I knew her girl was sick, and I hoped I might have her work to do. I went to her and told her my story, and she set me at work at once doing her washing. She gave me food to bring home to my children and paid me three shillings when I got through.

"You have been washing for our butcher's wife?' said Peter, looking very much surprised.

"Of course I have, and have thereby earned enough to keep up in food through to-morrow; you may come home to dinner.'

"But how about the rent?'

"Oh, I have seen Mr. Simpson, told him just how we were situated, and offered him my watch as a pledge for the payment of our rent within two months with arrearages up to date. I told him I did the business because you were hunting for work.'

"So he got your watch?'

"No, he wouldn't take it. He said if I would be responsible for the rent he would let it rest.'

"Then we've got a roof to cover us, and good food for to-morrow. But what a curse these hard times are,'

"Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not starve. I have got enough engagements to keep us alive.'

"Ah, what is that?'

"Mr. Snow has engaged me to carry small packages, baskets, bundles and so forth to the rich customers. He has had to give up one of his horses.'

"Maria, what do you mean?'

"Just what I say. Mr. Snow came to supper; I was there, and I asked him if he ever had light articles which he wished to send around to his customers. Never mind what he said. He did happen to want just such work done, though he had meant to call upon the idlers that lounge about the market.'

"He promised to give me all the work he could, and I am to be there in good season in the morning.'

"This is a pretty go; my wife turned butcher's boy! You will not do any such thing.'

"And why not?'

"Because—'

"Say because it will lower me in the social scale.'

"Well, so it will.'

"Then, it is more honorable to lie still and starve, than to earn honest bread by honest work? I tell you, Peter if you can't find work I must. We should have been without bread to-night, had I not found work to-day. You know that all kinds of light, agreeable business are seized upon by those who have particular friends and engage them. At such a time as this, it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do, as long as it is honest. Oh, give me the liberty of living upon my own deserts, and the independence to be governed by my own convictions of right.'

"But, my wife, only think, you carrying about butcher's stuff! Why, I would sooner go and do it myself.'

"If you will go,' said the wife with a smile, "I will stay at home with the children.'

It was hard for Peter Stanwood, but the more he thought upon the matter the more he saw the justice and right of the path into which his wife had just led him. Before he went to bed he promised that he would go to the butcher's in the morning.

Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then sent him off with two baskets, one of Mr. Smith's and another of Mr. Dixall's. The new carrier worked all day, and when night came he had earned ninety-seven cents. It had been a day of trials, but no one sneered at him, and all his acquaintances whom he met greeted him as usual. He was far happier now than he was when he went home the night before, for now he was independent.

On the next day he earned over a dollar; and thus he continued to work for a week, at the end of which he had five dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, besides having paid expenses for his family, save some few pieces of meat that Snow had given him. Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds, another binder who had been discharged with himself. Leeds looked care-worn and rusty.

"How goes it?' groaned Mark. "My family is half starved.'

"But can't you find anything to do?'

"Nothing.'

"Have you ever tried?'

"Everywhere; but it's no use. I have pawned all my clothes save those I have on. I've been to the bindery to-day, and what do you suppose he offered me?'

"What was it?'

"Why, he offered to let me do his hand-carting! He had just turned off his nigger for drunkenness, and offered me the place. The old curmudgeon. I had a great mind to pitch him in the hand-cart and run him into the—'

"If I had been in your place I should have taken up with the offer.'

Mark mentioned the name of the same individual again.

"Why,' resumed Peter, "I have been doing the work of a butcher's boy for a whole week.'

Mark was incredulous, but his companion convinced him, and then they separated, one going home happy and contented, and the other going away from home to some sort of excitement in which to drown his misery.

One day Peter had a basket of provisions to carry to his former employer. He took the load upon his arm, and just as he was entering the yard of the customer he met him coming out.

"Ah, Stanwood, is this you?' asked his old employer kindly.

"Yes, sir.'

"What are you up to now?'

"I'm a butcher's boy, sir.'

"A what?'

"You see I've brought provisions for you, sir. I'm a regular butcher's boy.'

"And how long have you been at work?'

"This is the tenth day.'

"But this is hard for you.'

"Nothing comes hard so long as it is honest, and will furnish my family with bread.'

"And how much do you make a day at this?'

"Sometimes over a dollar, and sometimes not over fifty cents.

"Well, look here, Stanwood, there have been not less than a dozen of my old hands hanging around my counting-room for a fortnight, whining for work. They are stout, able men, and yet they lie still because I have no work for them. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offered him the job of doing my hand-carting.—I told him that I would give him a dollar and a quarter a day, but he turned up his nose and asked me not to insult him; and yet he owned that his family was suffering. But come to my office to-morrow morning, and you shall have something to do, if it is only to hold your bench. I honor you for your manly independence.'

Peter grasped the old man's hand with a joyous, grateful grip, and blessed him fervently.

That night he gave Mr. Snow notice that he must quit, and on the following morning went to the bindery. For two days he had little to do, but on the third day a heavy job came in and Peter Stanwood had steady work. He was happy; more than happy ever, for he had learned two things—first, what a noble wife he had; second, how much resources for good he held within his own energies.

Our simple picture has two points in its moral. One is, no man can be lowered by honest labor. The second is, while you are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future, for no man is so secure that the day may not come when he will want the squanderings of the past.

What a Fly Did.

Near by a church lived a very wicked man, a rumseller, by the way, who seemed not to fear God or regard man. He despised all good things, and loved to do wrong rather than right. It happened that the church near him was remodeled, and an organ was put in, and there was to be some good playing on it, and excellent music by the choir on the "reopening" of the church. This man wanted to hear the music, but he did not want to hear the sermon. He was puzzled for the time, but finally hit upon this plan: he would go into the church, take a seat in an obscure corner and listen to the music, but stop his ears with his fingers when there was any praying, preaching or talking. So he went in and enjoyed the singing and the sound of the organ, but when the minister prayed he stopped his ears as tightly as possible. When prayer was over and singing commenced, he took his fingers from his ears, but stopped them again as soon as the minister began reading a chapter in the Bible. While he sat thus, self-made deaf, a fly lit on his nose and began to run round, and occasionally it stopped and thrust down its bill as if to take a bite from the skin. The man bore it as long as he could, and then involuntarily brushed the fly off with his hand, leaving one ear unstopped while he did so. Just at that instant the minister read the verse, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The words struck him with peculiar force; he thought a moment, unstopped his other ear, and listened to the rest of the chapter and to the sermon following. He went from the church with a changed purpose, became a good man, and lived many years, trying all the time to do all the good he could to others, and to repair the mischief done by his former conduct. The improvement done in the church, the organ, the attractive exercises, were all instrumental in drawing this man in where a good seed might be dropped into the soil of his mind, but that little fly was also necessary to unstop his ears.

How They Cured the Tutor.

He was the pink of perfection. If the cream of human excellence was to be churned the butter would lump up in the shape of Professor Porteous Frye, tutor.—He had contracted the habit of stealing up stairs in his stocking feet to see if the lights were out at ten. It is hard to teach old dogs new tricks, but boys sometimes succeed better than old professors.

Tommy Tayre is a cadavorous youth, with a sulphur-colored mustache, but the iron had entered his soul, and he said he must do what he could. So he bought three papers of carpet tacks one night, and stood the innocent little nails, business ends up, all the way up and down the stairs and retired with his faithful followers to the wood closet above to await the results.—Promptly the chapel bell struck ten, then a season of waiting and whispering followed. Presently came a furry, creeping sound like wollen stockings feeling their way over rough boards. Tommy tucked his hat in his mouth—his mouth runs clear around, except a small isthmus which connects the top of his head with the nape of his neck—and held his nose till the first burst of glee had subsided.

Now came a suppressed scream, one foot on the stairs; then another foot down, then a scream that wasn't suppressed; then a howl; he had struck the second stair; then he sat down on the next step, but he got up again, and a groan, with explanation points after it, came tearing up the wood closet. The boys stood back to give Tommy room to kick; then came a scrambling and shouting of heavy words, and distinct mention of the "father of iniquity," and Tom promptly appeared and asked, in a voice fresh from the valley of Nod, "What seems to be the matter?" "Matter!"—"The boys;" "the demons;" "confound it;" "see here;" "help!" and he shifted along and hung to the railing, and tried to stand on his knees.

Tom brought a light and the boys carried the wounded man to his room, and offered sympathy; got a claw hammer and drew out the tacks. The professor wears slippers and sits on a cushion. Tom sits on nettles, for seventeen boys know the secret, and it is spreading like small-pox in an Indian camp.

MEN seeing their graces which so far exceed those of common men, wonder sometimes why they should suffer still;—why they ever seem to be falling from one sorrow to another. But God sees that which no other eye can see—the grace which is capable of becoming more gracious still; and in his very faithfulnesss he will not deprive them nor suffer them to come short of this. They are fruit-bearing branches, and because they are so, He purges them that they may bring forth more fruit. How blessed must God's service be, when he can give nothing better to his servants in reward of their obedience that the ability to serve him more and better?—*Trench.*

Disadvantages of Farm Life.

Col. George E. Warning, of Newport—a practical farmer, by the way—has a paper in *Scribner* for April, advocating a better way of country living, namely, the grouping of farm-houses into villages, as is often done in Europe. He speaks as follows of the loneliness of American farm life:

It may seem a strange doctrine to be advanced by a somewhat enthusiastic farmer, but it is a doctrine that has been slowly accepted after many years' observation,—a conviction that has taken posession of an unwilling mind—that the young man who takes his young wife to an insolated farm-house dooms her and himself and their children to an unwholesome, unsatisfactory and vacant existance, an existance marked by the abscene of those more satisfying and more cultivating influences which the best development of character and intelligence demands. It is a common experience of farmers' wives to pass week after week without exchanging a word or a look with a single person outside of their own family circles.

The young couple start bravely, and with a determination to struggle against the habit of insolation which marks their class; but this habit has grown from the necessity of the situation; and the necessities of their own situation bring them sooner or later within its bounds. During the first few years they adhere to their resolution and go regularly to church, to the lecture, and the social gatherings of their friends; but home duties increase with time, and the eagerness for society grows dull with neglect, and those who have started out with the firmest determination to avoid the rock on which their fathers have split, give up the struggle at last and settle down to a humdrum, uninteresting and uninterested performance of daily tasks.

In saying all this—and I speak from experience, for I have led the dismal life myself—it is hardly necessary to disclaim the least want of appreciation of the stearling qualities which have been developed in the American farm household. But it may safely be insisted that these qualities have been developed, not because of the American mode of farm life, but in spite of it; and as I think over the long list of admirable men and women whose acquaintance I have formed on distant and solitary farms I am more and more impressed with certain short-comings which would have been avoided under better social conditions. If any of these is disposed to question the justice of this conclusion, I am satisfied to leave the final decision with his own judgment, formed after a fair consideration of what is herein suggested.

If American agriculture has an unsatisfied need, it is surely the need for more intelligence and more enterprising interest on the part of its working men and women. From one end of the land to the other, its crying defect—recognized by all—is that its best blood—or, in other words, its best brains and its best energy—is leaving it to seek other fields of labor. The influences which leads these best of the farmers' sons to other occupations is not so much the desire to make more money, or to find a less laborious occupation, as it is the desire to lead a more satisfactory life,—a life where that part of us which has been developed by the better edudation and better civilization for which in this century we have worked so hard and so well, may find responsive campanionship and encouraging intercourses with others.

CURE FOR FELONS.—We have had a case of felon in our family lately, and treated it successfully by steaming the whole hand with bitter herbs. It was allowed to progress, through ignorance, until badly swollen, exquisitely painful, and of a livid purple color. Being in the palm of the hand it involved the whole hand and wrist in the swelling. A handful each of tanzy, hops, catnip, and wormwood was thrown in an old basin, a small quantity of tobacco and half a teacupful of soft soap added, and sufficient water to cover. When boiling hot, the hand was placed over the steam, and a small blanket was thrown over the basin to retain the steam which was applied until the mixture cooled. This was repeated day and night until the pain was entirely removd, which was in forty-eight hours. The relief from the paroxysms of pain is almost magical as soon as steam is applied.

The mixture was only once renewed.—Between the applications of steam, a poultice of soft soap, thickened, with slippery elm flour, was applied, but I think it was unnecessary. After using for a day the hand was submitted to a physician, who thought it should be lanced or no relief would be found in less than a week, but the next day the pain took its final leave. No anodyne was used to procure sleep, as the steaming instantly relieved the pain until the next attack.

A legend tells of a great king who owned a golden vase, the gift of some kindly deity, which gave forth whatsoever rich or refreshing draught its possessor willed, inexhaustible in amount. The dream is true. A loving God has given us a precious chalice, from which there pours, in unstinted measure and boundless variety, all that the longing lips of the world can crave—wine to gladden, milk to nourish, water to slake the thirst. From that one source every appetite, every need, every taste, may receive what it will; for he said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

Beauties of Bible Language.

If we need higher illustration, not only of the power of natural objects to adorn language and gratify taste, but proof that here we find the highest conceivable beauty, we would appeal at once to the Bible.—Those most opposed to its teachings have acknowledged the beauty of its language, and this is due mainly to the exquisite use of natural objects for illustration. It does indeed, draw from every field. But when the emotional nature is appealed to, the reference is at once to natural objects, and throughout all its books the stars, and flowers, and gems are prominent as the illustrations of the beauties of religion and the glories of the Church. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle." The power and beauty of the same object appear in the Saviour's teaching.—The fig and the olive, the sparrow and the lily of the field give peculiar force and beauty to the great truths they are used to illustrate. The Bible throughout is remarkable in this respect. It is a collection of books written by authors far removed from each other in time, place and mental culture, but throughout the whole, nature is exalted as a revelation of God.—Its beauty and sublimity are appealed to to arouse the emotions, and to reach the moral and religious nature. No language can be written that so perfectly sets forth the terrible in nature, and its forces, we hear, when God answers Job out of the whirlwind. No higher appreciation of the beautiful, and of God as the author of beauty, was ever expressed than when our Saviour said of the lilies of the field, "I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these;" and then adds: "If God so clothed the grass of the field," ascribing the element of beauty in every leaf and opening bud to the Creator's skill and power. — *Prof. Chadbourne.*

Beautiful Figure.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the end of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him it was certain death—if he held his peace death was equallly sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, threw it against the wall, splattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked suddenly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him. So we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the pictures of this world, and, in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty dashes out the beautiful images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction—into the outstretched arms of mercy, and are saved.

A Lesson of Gratitude.

A gentleman once making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country, he was told that, to intrap them, a pit was dug several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, ect., some food was placed on the top.—The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily fall into the snare.

"But," he added, "if four or five happen to get in together, they will all get out again."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman.

"They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape."

"How does the bottom one get out?"

"Ah! these bears though not possessing a mind and soul, such as God has given us, yet can feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who had been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him to speedily join them in the freedom in which they rejoice."

Sensible bears we would say are a great deal better than some people we hear about who never help anybody but themselves.

DON'T UNCHAIN THE TIGER.—When an infidel production was submitted—probably by Paine—to Benjamin Franklin, in manuscript, he returned it to the author, with a letter, from which the following is extracted: "I would advise you not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?"

IT is in vain to think we can take any delight in being with Christ hereafter, if we care not now little we are in his company here.

Rising in the World.

Experience continually contradicts the notion that a poor young man cannot rise. If we look over the list of rich men, we find that nearly all of them began life, worth little or nothing. To any person familiar with the millionaires of the United States, a score of examples will occur. On the other hand, the sons of rich men, who began life with the capital which so many poor young men covet, frequently die beggars. It would, probably, not be going too far to say that a large majority of such moneyed individuals either fail outright or gradually eat up the capital with which they commenced their career.

And the reason is plain. Brought up in expensive habits, they spend entirely too much. Educated with high notions of personal importance, they will not, as they phrase it, stoop to hard work. It is astonishing, therefore, that they are passed in the race of life by others with less capital originally, but more energy, thrift, and industry? For these virtues, after all, are worth more than money. They make money, in fact. Nay, after it is made, they enable the possessor to keep it, which most rich men pronounce to be more difficult than the making. The young man who begins life with a resolution always to lay by part of his income is sure, even without extraordinary ability, gradually to acquire a sufficiency, especially as habits of economy, which the resolution renders necessary, will make that a competence for him which would be quite sufficient for an extravagant person. It is really what we save, more than what we make, which leads us to fortune. He who enlarges his expenses as fast as his earnings increase must always be poor, no matter what his abilities. And content may be had on comparatively little. It is not in luxurious living that men find real happiness.

Paying for His Whistle.

Not many years ago, when a lofty building was on the point of completion, the mason who was finishing the highest portion was in the habit of whistling to the laborer who attended him whenever he wanted a fresh supply of lime, and as the scaffold on which he wrought was was rather small, this occurred very often during a day's work. A joiner who was fitting in a window immediately underneath, noticing Pat answer dutifully to every whistle from the mason, thought of playing a trick on him by imitating the whistle, and thus brought him up with a hodful of lime when there was no room for it. The mason told Pat that he had not whistled, so he had no other alternative than to trudge back with his load.—This having occurred for the third time during one day, Pat thought he would watch to hear where the whistle come from. He had not waited long with the hod on his shoulder when he heard the identical whistle directly underneath underneath where he stood, and leaning over, he saw the head of the joiner pretruding out of the window immediately below.—Pat, without more ado, emptied the hod right over the whistler's head. The joiner yelled and spluttered while attempting to clear himself from the adhesive mass, and, in the midst of his confusion, heard Paddy above shouting at the top of his voice; "Whistle when you want more mortar!"

THE COUNTRY.—A young man from the country who had recently come into possession of a few thousand dollars, visited an uncle in the city, an old merchant, to get his advice about investing his capital in business. "Go back to the country young man," said the merchant, "and invest your money in land. Buy a farm, settle down on it, and do a safe business. I have been in a business here nearly forty years and have accumulated a fortune, but it has been done by a fearful risk, heavy responsibility, constant toil and anxieties. A dozen times I have been on the verge of bankruptcy, and twice I have been sorely tempted to take my own life. Of ten men who commenced business when I did, only one besides myself succeeded. The rest all failed, one after another, some dragging their families down to poverty and disgrace. Take my advice. Keep away from the city and its delusive business avenues. Quiet contentment on a moderate competency in the country, is the best fortune I could wish you."

THE English *Garden*, advocating the growing of apple trees for shrubbery, says: "It is no more trouble to grow an apple tree than it is an ash or lime tree, and the apple, when in fruit, is certainly far more attractive than either of these, and, when in bloom it is not only ornamental, but useful and valuable, and if it pays the Americans to grow apples for the English markets, it would pay Englishmen. The best varieties of apple trees to plant in shrubberies for ornament are the Hawthornden, the Emperor Alexander, Lord Suffield, and Beauty of Kent. These are all trees of vigorous habit and fine foliage, and produce large clusters of bloom and bear abundant crops of large, handsomely colored fruit, which is unsurpassed for culinary purposes."

The history of the world teaches no lesson with more impressive solemnity than this: that the only safe guide of a great intellect, is a pure heart; that the evil no sooner takes posession of the heart, than folly commences the conquest of the mind.—*C. C. Bonney.*