© Maryland State Archives msa_sc3596_scm11314-0056


# THE STAR.

*An Independent Democratic Newspaper*
IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
**Thomas K. Robson,**
**EASTON, MD.**

TERMS:—Two DOLLARS per annum *in advance*, or within three months of the time of subscribing—if not paid before the expiration of that time, $2.50 will be charged.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until all arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

THE STAR has a larger circulation than any other paper on the Eastern Shore—is more generally read by all classes of persons—and is, therefore, the most advantageous Journal for the publication of Advertisements, which will be inserted on the following terms:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| one column, | one year | $25.00 |
| one " | six months | 20.00 |
| one " | three months | 15.00 |
| half " | one year | 20.00 |
| half " | six months | 15.00 |
| half " | three months | 10.00 |
| one Square | one year | 5.00 |
| one Square (12 lines or less) | 3 insertions | 1.00 |
| one " | for every additional insertion | 25 |

☞ Advertisements sent to the office *not marked* the number of times to be inserted will be continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The *Courts* have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facia* evidence of intentional fraud.

☞ Subscribers will understand that their papers will be continued after the expiration of the time for which they paid, unless otherwise ordered.

☞ Subscribers residing out of Talbot county will be expected *invariably* to pay their subscription IN ADVANCE. This is necessary, owing to the trouble and expense attendant on collecting small bills at a distance.

All communications addressed to the editor must be *post paid*.

AGENTS OF THE STAR.—The following agents are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Star at the same rates as are required at this office.

James Harrison, Jr. — St. Michaels
Wm. H. Peaks, Sun Buildings, Baltimore
G. Pierce, — Philadelphia
V. B. Palmer, — Boston & New York.

STAR OFFICE, Easton, Md.



**LIFE INSURANCE.**

*The United States Life Insurance. Annuity and Trust Company, of Philadelphia.*

ASSETS liable for losses January 1st, 1854, $1 082.283

S. R. Crawford, Prest. | C. G. Imlay, Sec'y.

THE subscriber has been appointed agent of said company for Talbot county, and is now prepared to insure lives at the customary rates. Premiums in payment received yearly, half yearly, or quarterly.—Pamphlets of rates and explanations, with all other information freely given at my store in Easton.

*WALTER H. THOMPSON, Agent.*

*Medical Examiner*—Dr. C. C. Cox.

oct 31 1854—tf

**New Store**

AND NEW FALL AND WINTER **GOODS.**

**HAMMOND & BARNETT**

Have just returned from the city with a large and carefully selected assortment of Wares and Merchandise, such as is usually to be found in a country store, comprising

***Dry Goods, Groceries,***

**HARD-WARE, QUEENS-WARE, TINWARE** &c. &c.

They invite especial attention to their *Large and select stock of*

**LADYS' DRESS GOODS,**

among which they feel confident all tastes can be pleased and gratified.

Great care has been bestowed upon the selection of such goods as are really desirable for *GENTLEMENS' WEAR*, and they only ask an examination of their stock of *Cloths, Cassimeres, Satlinetts*, &c. to secure ready sales.

They solicit their friends and the public to give them a call before purchasing elsewhere. [sep 26

**NEW GOODS FOR THE FALL OF 1854**

THE subscriber now invite the attention of their customers and the public generally to their new supply of

***Fall and Winter Goods,***

which is large and complete, embracing every thing usually kept by them, and which they will sell at very small profits. Their stock consists as follows, viz:

**Dry Goods, Groceries,**

*HARD-WARE, QUEENS-WARE, TIN-WARE, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, &c. &c.,*

together with a great many articles too numerous to mention.

The public's ob't servants,
*MANSFIELD & HARRISON.*
oct 7 — St. Michaels.

**Pennsylvania Kerseys.**—Just received another supply of those Pennsylvania Sheep's Grey Kerseys, which are so superior and have given such general satisfaction. Farmers and others would do well to call and examine them.

dec 5 — J. H. GRACE.

FLOWER POTS.—Earthern Ware Flower Pots, assorted sizes, just received and for sale by

nov 21 — Hammond & Barnett

ETHERIAL OIL!—You will always find the *best* article at the store of

nov — Hammond & Barnett.

BLANK DEEDS neatly printed on fine paper for sale at the Star office by

dec 5 — T. W. L. Chambers



# Easton Star.

*A Weekly Journal—Devoted to Foreign & Domestic News—Politics—Literature—Agriculture—Advertising, &c*

[Vol. 14—No. 1. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JAN'Y. 2, 1855. [WHOLE No. 721.



**PUBLIC NOTICE.**

*NEW GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN LOTTERY LOAN.*

CAPITAL 14.006,000 Florins,

THIS LOAN is guaranteed by the Government, and will be drawn in different prizes, as follows.

| | |
|---|---|
| 14 of 50.000 Fls. | 54 of 40,000 Fls. |
| 12 of 35,000 Fls.; | 23 of 15,000 Fls. |
| 55 of 10.000 Fls. | 40 of 5,000 Fls. |
| 58 of 4,000 Fls. | 366 of 2,000 Fls. |

2 of 12.000 Fls.
2 of 4,900 Fls.
1914 of 1,000 Fls.

&c. &c. The lowest prize being 42 Fls.—12 Florins are equal to 5 Dollars.

The next Drawing takes place at Carlsruhe, under the Direction of the Baden Government, on the the 28th FEBRUARY 1855, when every drawn number must obtain one of the above mentioned Prizes, which will be paid in Cash, at the offices of the undersigned. Those fortunate Shareholders not residing on the spot, will have their amount of Prizes gained, paid to them through an established Bank. The Lists of the result will be sent to each Shareholder, and the successful numbers published in the new-papers.

The Price of one Ticket is Two Dollars.

The following advantages are given by taking a number of Tickets, viz—

| | |
|---|---|
| 11 Tickets cost only $20 | 50 Tickets $80 |
| 23 do do 40 | 100 Tickets 150 |

The Price for Tickets can be sent in Bank Notes or Drafts, payable in any of the commercial towns of Germany, Holland, France, England, Scotland, or Ireland.

For Tickets and Prospectuses apply to the undersigned Banking house, which is appointed for the sale of Tickets.

MORIZ STIBEL SONS,
BANKERS.
*Frankfort-on-the-Maine,*
GERMANY.

N. B.—Letters to be directed "per Steamer, *via* Liverpool," to *Moriz Stibel Sons*, Bankers, in Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Remittances which arrive after the Day of Drawing, will be returned, or invested in the next Drawing, at the option of the sender. [dec 5, 1854.

**AMERICAN ARTISTS' UNION.**

THE AMERICAN ARTISTS' UNION, would respectfully announce to the citizens of the United States and the Canadas, that for the purpose of cultivating a taste for the fine arts throughout the country, and with a view of enabling every family to become possessed of Eengravings, *by the first Artists of the age*, they have determined, in order to create an extensive sale for their Engravings, and thus not only give employment to a large number of artists and others, but inspire among our countrymen a taste for the works of art, to present to the purchasers of their engravings, when 250,000 of which are sold, 250,000 GIFTS, of the actual cost of $150,000.

Each purchaser of a One Dollar Engraving, therefore, receives not only an Engraving richly worth the money, but also a ticket which entitles him to one of the Gifts when they are distributed.

For *Five Dollars*, a highly finished Engraving, beautifully painted in oil, and five Gift Tickets, will be sent; or Five Dollars worth of splendid Engravings can be selected from the Catalogue, and sent by return mail or express.

A copy of the Catalogue, together with a specimen of one of the Engravings, can be seen at the office of this paper.

For each Dollar sent, an *Engraving actually worth that sum*, and a *Gift Ticket, will immediately be forwarded.*

AGENTS.—The Committee believing that the success of this Great National Undertaking will be materially promoted by the energy and enterprise of intelligent and persevering AGENTS, have resolved to treat with such on the most *liberal terms.*

Any person wishing to become an Agent by sending (post paid,) $1, will receive by return of mail, a One Dollar Engraving, a 'Gift Ticket,' a Prospectus, a Catalogue and all other necessary information.

On the final completion of the sale, the Gifts will be placed in the hands of a Committee of the purchasers to be distributed, due notice of which will be given throughout the United States and the Canadas.

*LIST OF GIFTS*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 100 Marble busts of Washington, at | $100 | $10.000 |
| 100 " " Clay " | 100 | 10.000 |
| 100 " " Webster | 100 | 10.000 |
| 100 " " Calhoun. | 100 | 10.000 |
| 50 elegant Oil Paintings, in splendid gilt frames, size 3x4 ft. each. | 100 | 5.000 |
| 100 elegant Oil Paintings, 2x3 ft. each. | 50 | 5.000 |
| 500 steel plate Engravings, brilliantly col'd in oil, rich gilt frames 24x30 in. each, | 10 | 5,009 |
| 10,000 elegant steelplate Eng. col'd in oil, of the Washington Monument, 20x26 in. ea. | 4 | 40,000 |
| 237,000 steel plate engravings from 100 different plates now in possession of and owned by the Artists' Union, of the market value of from 50 cts. to $1e | | 41,000 |
| 1 first-class Dwelling, in 31st st. N. Y. City | | 12.000 |
| 22 Building Lots in 100 & 101sts N. Y. City, each 25x100 feet deep at | 1,000 | 22000 |
| 100 Villa sites, containing each 10,000 sq. ft. in suburbs of N. Y. City, and commanding a manificent view of the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, at | 500 | 50,000 |
| 30 perpetual loans of cash, without interest or security, of $250 each, | | 5,000 |
| 50 do do do | 100 | 5,000 |
| 1000 " " " | 60 | 5,000 |
| 250 " " " | 20 | 5,000 |
| 3,000 " " " | 6 | 10,000 |

Reference in regard to the real estate, F. J. Visscher & Co., Real Estate Brokers, New York. Orders, (post paid) with money enclosed, to be addressed,

J. W. HOLBROOKE, Sec'y,
605 Broadway, N. Y.

☞ The Engravings in the Catalogue are now ready for delivery. [nov 17—6m


## THE MUSE.

### SABBATH EVENING.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis holy time. The evening shade
Steals with a soft control
O'er nature, as a thought of Heaven
Steals o'er the human soul.
And every ray from yonder blue,
And every drop of falling dew,
Seems to bring down to human woes
From Heaven a message of repose.

O'er yon tall rock, the shady trees
A solemn group incline,
Like gentle nuns in sorrow bowed
Around their holy shrine;
And o'er them now the night winds blow
So calm and still, the music low
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
Soft echoed on the evening air.

The mists, like incense from the earth,
Rise to a God beloved,
And o'er the waters move, at earst
The Holy Spirit moved;
The torrent's voice, the waves' low hymn,
Seems the fair notes of Seraphim;
And all earth's thousand voices raise
Their song of worship, love, and praise.

The gentle sisterhood of flowers
Bend low their lovely eyes,
Or gaze through trembling tears of dew
Up to the holy skies;
And the pure stars come out above
Like sweet and blessed things of love
Bright signals in the ethereal dome,
To guide the parted spirit home.

There is an air of blessedness,
In air and earth and heaven,
And nature wears the blessed look
Of a young saint forgiven;
Oh! who, at such an hour of love,
Can gaze on all around, above,
And not kneel down upon the sod
With Nature's self, to worship God?

## THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

A SKETCH FOR PARENTS.

Mr. Solomon Winthrop was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rules, and could see no reason why people should grasp at things beyond what had been reached by their great-grandfathers. He had three children—two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah, seventeen years old, Samuel, fifteen, and Fanny, thirteen.

It was a cold winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen, reading a book, and so interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jeremiah was in an opposite corner, engaged in cyphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

'Sam,' said the farmer to his youngest boy, 'have you worked out that sum yet?'

'No sir,' returned the boy in a hesitating manner.

'Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetic till you had done it?' uttered Mr. Winthrop in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head, and looked troubled.

'Why havn't you done it?' continued the father.

'Can't do it? And why not? Look at Jerry, there, with his slate and arithmetic. He had cyphered further than you have long before he was as old as you are.'

'Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, sir, but I cannot fasten my mind on them. They have no interest to me.'

'That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?'

'It's a work on philosophy, sir.'

'A work on fiddle-sticks! Go, put it away this instant, and then get your slate and don't let me see you away from your arithmetic again until you can work out those roots. Do you understand me?'

Samuel made no answer, but silently he put away his philosophy, and then got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner. His nether lip trembled, and his eyes were moistened, for he was unhappy. His father had been harsh towards him and he felt that it was without a cause.

'Sam,' said Jerry, as soon as the old man had gone, 'I will do that sum for you.'

'No, Jerry,' returned the younger brother, but with a grateful look, 'that would be deceiving father. I will try to do the sum, though I fear I shall not succeed.'

Samuel worked very hard, but all to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject before him. The roots and squares, the bases, hypothenuses and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple in themselves, were to him a mingled mass of incomprehensible things, and the more he tried the more did he become perplexed and bothered. The truth was, his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathmematician—he never yet came across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boys should be like him, for he conceived that the acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid, and he often expressed his opinion, that were Euclid living then, he could give that old geometrician a hard tussel.' He seemed not to comprehend that different minds were furnished with different capacities, and that what one mind grasped with ease, another of equal power would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jeremiah progressed rapidly in his mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that because Samuel made no progress in the same branch, he was idle and careless, and treated him accordingly. He never candidly conversed with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the true bent of his mind, but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was, that Samuel was continually pondering upon such profitable matter as interested him, and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, either, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathmetician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour come, and Samuel had not worked out the sum. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was idle, lazy child.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen and went up to his chamber, and there he sat and cried. At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his parent, and he took another turn, and the grief marks left his face.—There was a large fire in the room below his chamber, so that he was not very cold, and getting up, he went to a small closet, and from beneath a lot of old clothes he dragged forth some long strips of wood, and commenced whittling. It was not for mere pastime that he whittled, for he was fashioning some curious affair from those pieces of wood. He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate; pieces of twine, and dozens of small wheels that he had made himself, and he seemed to be working them together after some peculiar fashion of his own.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away, when his sister entered his chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand and after closing the door softly behind her, she approached the spot where her brother sat.

'Here, Sammy—see, I have brought you something to eat. I know you must be hungry.'

As she spoke, she opened her apron and took out four cakes and a piece of pie and cheese. The boy was hungry, and he hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer. He kissed her as he took the cake, and thanked her.

'Oh, what a pretty thing that is you are making!' uttered Fanny, as she gazed upon the result of her brother's labors.—'Won't you give it to me after it is done?'

'Not this one, sister,' returned the boy, with a smile; 'but as soon as I get time I will make you one equally as pretty.'

Fanny thanked her brother, and shortly afterwards left the room, and the boy resumed his work.

At the end of the week the various materials that had been subject to Samuel's jack knife and pincers had assumed form and comeliness, and they were jointed and grooved together in a curious combination.

The embryo philosopher set the machine—for it looked much like a machine—upon the floor, and then stood off and gazed upon it. His eyes gleamed with a peculiar smile of satisfaction, and he looked proud and happy. While he yet stood and gazed upon the child of his labors, the door of his chamber opened and his father entered.

'What—are you not studying?' exclaimed the boy standing in the middle of the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and he turned pale with fear.

'Ha, what is this?' said Mr. Winthrop, as he caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. 'This is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is that you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making play-houses and fly-pens. I'll see whether you learn to attend to your lesson or not. There.'

As the father uttered that common injunction, he placed his foot upon the object of his displessure. The boy sprang forward, but too late. The curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks was utterly gone. The lad gazed for a moment upon the mass of ruins, and then, covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

'Ain't you ashamed?' said Mr. Winthrop 'a great boy like you to spend your time in such claptraps; and then cry about it, because I choose that you should attend to your studies. Now go out to the barn and help Jerry shell corn.'

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and without a word he left his chamber; but for long days afterwards he was sad and down-hearted.

'Samuel,' said Mr. Winthrop one day after the spring had opened, 'I have seen Mr. Young and he is willing to take you as an apprentice. Jerry and I can get along on the farm, and I think the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor out of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to lay it out. Jerry will now soon be able to take my place as surveyor, and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn and obtaining his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a living at it.'

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business, and moreover, he had the reputation of being a fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposals, and when he learned that Mr. Young also carried on quite a large machine shop he was in ecstacies. His trunk was packed—a good supply of clothes having been provided; and after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father and brother he mounted the stage and set off for his new destination.

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master. One evening after Samuel Winthrop had been with his master six months, the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in filing a piece of iron. There were quite a number of pieces lying on the bench by his side, and some were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use. Mr. Young ascertained what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work. The next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ.

Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one, Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and he was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the country.

Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride, and often expressed a wish that his other son could have been like him. Samuel had come home to visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

'Mr. Young,' said Mr. Winthrop, after the tea things had been cleared away, 'that is a fine factory they have erected in your town.'

'Yes,' returned Mr. Young, 'there are three of them, and they are doing a heavy business.

'I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factories. Now if my boy Sam is as good a workman as you say he is perhaps he might get a first rate situation there.'

Mr. Young looked at Samuel and smiled.

'By the way,' continued the old farmer, what is this noise I hear and see in the newspapers about those patent Winthrop looms? They tell me they go ahead of anything that ever was got up before.

'You must ask your son about that,' returned Mr. Young. 'That's some of Samuel's business.'

Eh? What? My son? Some of Sam—' The old man stopped short and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his idle son—was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken all the manufacturers by surprise.

'What do you mean?' he at length asked.

'It is simply this, father, that this loom is mine,' returned Samuel, with a look of conscious pride. 'I have invented it, and have taken a patent right, and have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap you you crushed with your foot six years ago.

'Yes, answered the old man, whose eyes were bent to the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed to be breaking.

'Well,' continued Samuel, 'that was almost a pattern of the very loom I have set up in the factories, though of course, I have much alteration and improvement and there is room for improvement yet.

'And that was what you were studying when you used to stand and see me weave, and when you used to fumble about my loom so much, said Mrs. Winthrop.

'You are right mother. Even then I had conceived the idea I have since carried out.

'And that is why you could not understand my mathematical problems, uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair and took the youth by the hand.

'Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I have used towards you. I have been blind, and now see how I misunderstood you. While I have thought you idle and careless, you were solving a philosophical problem that I could never have comprehended. Forgive me Samuel I meant well enough, but I lacked judgment and discrimination.

Of course the old man had long before been forgiven for his harshness, and his mind was open to a new lesson in human nature. It was simply this:

Different minds have different capacities and no mind can be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and dispositions of children, and then in your management of their education for after life, govern yourself accordingly. Geo. Combe the greatest moral philosopher of this day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician, could not write out a common place address.

TOO HONEST.—'Mr. Slocum, I believe sir?'

'Yes, sir—James Slocum.'

'Some six months ago, Mr. Slocum, you gave me credit for a pair of boots—price five dollars—I have now called to liquidate the demand.'

'Owe me five dollars. Why, really I have no remembrance of the fact.'

'Be that as it may, the debt is honest and must be paid.'

Here the middle-aged gentleman in pepper and salt cassimere took out a well filled pocket book and handed Slocum a twenty-dollar bill. Slocum balanced the account and handed to the gentleman in seasoned wearing apparel, fifteen dollars, being the balance on the boots.

The middle-aged gentleman left, while Slocum went off in a revery.

'Well, the world is not so bad after all; here at least, is one genuine honest man. I will never speak ill of the human family again.

2d Scene—An Exchange-office—Enter Slocum.

'Bullion, my boy, just discount this lot of money, and give me current.'

'Certainly, sir.'

'Bullion runs over the pictured blotting paper, and throws out a twenty dollar bill.

'What do you throw that out for?'

'Not worth a cent—one of the new counterfeits that came out yesterday.'

Slocum once more goes off into a revery.

'Curse that scoundrel. That's the very bill that the honest man paid me yesterday for them boots. What a vile world! I don't believe there is one upright man on earth?'

The last we saw of Slocum, he was putting off for a 'perlice' to enter a complaint.

[From Arthur's Home Gazette.]

## THE WHITE ROSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

SHE was a sweet child, little Enna Willis, and her face shone like some rare old picture out of its world of golden hair, and her young widowed mother folded her to her heart, and blessed the Great Father that Enna's hair and eyes were like those that had lain ever since the early June time under the white shroud plaits.

'Look, mamma, it's leaves are beginning to unfold, and it will be entirely opened by New Year's night, so that I can were it to Helen's party,' and Enna lifted her fair, eager face from the flower whose snowy petals were just breaking through their sheath of green. That winter rose-bush was a gift from Enna's father, and it was his last one. No wonder the child loved it.

"Yes, darling, you shall wear it, twined right here in this bunch of curls," and the small fingers lifted the bright tresses tenderly from Enna's forehead, while the mother's pensive features reflected somewhat of the light in her child's.

Every day, every hour, Enna watched it as a miser watches his gold. Every day the large creamy looking petals curled outwards, and lay in exquisite contrast with the world of green leaves amid which the flower's beautiful life was opening.

'Do you want to come in and see my rose, little boy?"

Enna was returning from school that afternoon when her eyes first rested upon the child. He was standing before the window in whose embrasure her mother had placed the exotic, that the pale winter sunbeams might grant it a brief visit. The boy's large, mournful eyes were fastened eagerly on the large blossom for it was now only two days before New Year's. His clothes were greatly worn, and patched with many colors, but Enna did not mind that,—she only saw the eager light in those large brown eyes.

'Then you love flowers, do you, my child?" said Enna's mother in her soft tones, as they all three stood before the plant.

'Oh! yes, ma'am; but not so well as Mary does. I was thinking when I stood out there on the pavments, looking at it if Mary *could* only see it!"

'Who is Mary? Can't you bring her here?' asked Enna eagerly.

'No!" said the boy, shaking his head mournfully. 'Mary is my sister, and she is sick. Mamma says she cannot live much longer, and at night, in her dreams, she moans about the white roses that grew so thick in the low meadows, just west of where we used to live. They were just like those, and Mary used to weave wreaths of them, every May. Oh! dear, if she could only see it!"

'Mamma,' whispered Enna, while her blew eyes were moist with tears, and she pulled mother's dress,' please give the rose to the little boy for his sick sister; I do not want it now.'

'My good child,' and the mother's tremulous lips dropped to Enna's forehead, 'God will reward you for this.'

'Do you mean it, ma'am? do you really mean that I shall take this to Mary? questioned the child, while his deep eyes grew radiant with joy, as Mrs. Willis placed the precious branch in his hand. Oh! how glad she will be,' and at the thought of his sister's great delight, the little heart gave way, and the tears dashed over the boy's brown lashes.

It was New Year's night. Very beautiful looked Enna Wills in her pink dress and shining hair, amid with her mother's tastful fingers had twined a few green leaves, as she put up her little ripe lips for a parting kiss, before she started for her schoolmates soriee.

At that moment the door opened, and the little stranger boy entered. His face was very white, as he glided up to Mrs. Wills, and said, 'Mary is dying, and she has sent for the little girl who gave her the white rose.

The little girl was brought. The sick child lifted her head. It was a very beautiful one, with its brown hair, and blue eyes but the death-chill was on it. 'Come nearer!" Mother, Charley, good bye! Little girl for that white rose you gave me, I will weave you a crown of those that blossom up there. They are larger and fairer, and I will have it ready when you come, and you shall wear it in that bright world.'

The brown head sank back, the light went out from those bright eyes, and Mary had gone to braid Enna's rose-wreath in the great meadowy lands of Heaven.