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BY THOMAS H. HANDY, JR.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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MEDICAL NOTICE.

DR. SMITH would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he continues to be confidentially consulted at his old established MEDICAL HOUSE, No. 11 South Frederick street, on all diseases of a PRIVATE OR DELICATE NATURE.

His long experience and attention to this class of complaints; his safe and speedy method of treatment, and his extraordinary success during a long and extensive practice, enables him, confidently, to promise all persons so afflicted, a safe and radical cure, without injury to the constitution or confinement from business. By a long course of study and practice experience, Dr. S. has now the gratification of presenting the unfortunate with remedies that have never failed, "since he first introduced them," to cure the most alarming case, and that in a very short but reasonable time, without the aid of mercury or any other deleterious drug. Within the last ten years Dr. S. has cured more than thirty thousand cases, of the above character and it may be safely said that *more than one-half* of the patients had been previously treated with mercury and other mineral poisons by some foreign or native pretender to the healing art.

Dr. Smith does not profess to be a Parisian, or a graduate of any London or Parisian hospital. He believes the United States can produce physicians as capable of curing disease, "no matter how difficult," as any foreigner who has been compelled to leave his own country because his boasted skill and wonderful discoveries in medicine have failed to afford him a living at home. Let the unfortunate bear in mind, when affliction overtakes him, that no time should be lost in making application to a competent physician, as they would not only obtain relief from pain, avoid mortification through exposure, and elude great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistant to be more moderate in his charges than he could justly be where symptoms have become confirmed or the disease more widely diffused. The rapid advances of this truly terrifying disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest heart. When ulceration and discolored blotches, with racking pains, betray to the unhappy victim the deadly poison preying upon his vitals, then, "and not till then," do many awake to a full sense of their danger.

YOUNG MEN

And others afflicted with seminal debility, "whether original from a certain destructive habit," or from any other cause, with the train of bodily and mental evils which follow, when neglected, should make an early application, with the full assurance that they can be speedily restored to sound health and firm vigor.—This is one of the greatest evils that can befall man, and has doomed thousands of the human race to untimely graves; blasted the brilliant hopes of parents, and blighted, in the bud, the noble ambition of many an aspiring youth. Dyspepsia, weakness of the back, eyes, and limbs, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, forgetfulness, &c. &c., are symptoms of this disease.

IMPOTENCE—IMPUISSANCE.

One of the most frequent penalties paid by those who give unrestrained license to their passions is a loss of virile power. The young, unaware of the fearful results that may ensue, are but too apt to commit excesses. Impotency may, and does occur from stricture, gravel, deposites in the urine, and from many other causes; but by far the most frequent source of it is an abuse of the sexuel organs, by excessive venery or self-pollution—particularly the last. Too great excitement of the genital organs is, however, productive of other effects, besides premature impotency; it tends to derange the digestive functions, and weaken the physical and mental powers. Thus parents and others are often deceived as to the true source of the complaints of the youth and young men. It could be shown how attenuation of frame palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, cough, indigestion, and a train of symptoms, indicative of consumption, are often ascribed to wrong causes, when, in reality, they are the consequence of an alluring and pernicious practice, alike destructive to the mind and body.

Dr. Smith has given particular attention to the cure of female complaints. His method of treating Suppression, Irregularities, and other complaints peculiar to their sex, is safe, and seldom requires but a short time to cure. Patients can be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Smith, describing symptoms, and receive medicine, securely packed from observation, forwarded by express or otherwise, to any part of the country.

N. B. Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to avoid boasting impostors, whether foreign or native, as also the numerous *Specifies*, advertised as a certain cure for any and every Disease. These preparations are put up to sell, but not to cure, and often do much more harm than good, therefore avoid them. ***A word to the wise is sufficient.

No letters will be answered unless they contain a remittance or Postage Stamp.

Address DR. J. B. SMITH,
No. 11, South Frederick street,
Feb. 18, 1857. 1y Baltimore, Md.

Select Poetry.

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

'Twas a tiny, rosewood thing,
Ebon bound, and glittering
With its stars of silver white,
Silver tablet, blank and bright,
Downy pillowed satin lined,
That I, loitering, chanced to find
'Mid the dust, and scent and gloom
Of the undertaker's room,
Waiting, empty—ah! for whom?

Ah! what love-watched cradle bed
Keeps to-night the nestling head,
Or on what soft, pillowing breast
Is the cherub form at rest.
That ere long, with darkened eye,
Sleeping to no lullaby,
Whitely robed, and still and cold,
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,
Shall this dainty couch enfold?

Ah! what bitter tears shall stain
All this satin sheet like rain,
And what towering hopes be hid
'Neath this tiny coffin lid,
Scarcely large enough to bear
Little words that must be there
Little words, cut deep and true,
Bleeding mothers' hearts anew—
Sweet, pet name, and "AGED TWO!"

Oh! can sorrow's hovering plume
'Round our pathway cast a gloom,
Chill and darksome as the shade
By an infant's coffin made!
From our arms an angel flies,
And our startled, dazzled eyes,
Weeping round its vacant place,
Connot rise its path to trace,
Cannot see the angel face!

Miscellaneous.

THE OWL FINDER.

[From "The Book of the Thames," in the Art Journal.]

While crossing the Thames in the primitive "horse boat," at Bablоc Hithe, our attention was attracted by an unusually tall man, who was leaning, in an attitude at once careless and graceful, against the door of the ferry-house; his smock frock, of some gray material, was elaborately plaited and worked on the shoulders; and his heavy but handsome Saxon features were expressive of the most intense melancholy. On the ground beside him was what looked like the foundation of an arm-chair, crossed and re-crossed by wicker work, round which various long grasses in seed and flower were twisted, every passing breeze bending their heads or rustling among their stems; the chair was divided into three or four compartments, overarched by these grasses—bower fashion—and we imagined we saw something moving within each recess. We inquired who the stranger was. "That!" replied the boatman; "Oh, that is Tom Hirsell, the owl-finder."

"Owl-finder! What do you mean?"

"Why, he travels the country from one end to the other looking for owls and bats; owls, especially, he catches or steals from their nests, and tames, and then sells them to the gentry, or may be to gardners. Many an one likes them in barns and granaries better than cats; and Tom is a man of his word—if he promises an owl he'll be sure to bring it, and for the price he named, even if some one else offered him twice the sum. He don't mind a walk of thirty miles to get the owlets, and he's true as a sun-dial."

We asked "Tom Hirsell" if he had any owls for sale.

"None fit," he replied; "none that he could recommend."

There was a sleepiness in the man's look; his eyes winked in the sun as if light were disagreeable to him; he moved his head, too, slowly, in a sort of half circle, while he spoke, and we fancied he had imbibed some of the owl nature—

"Our nature is subdued to what it works in."

One of our party laughingly observed that in a former state of existence he must have been the bird of night. Certainly there was much about him unlike any other peasant we had ever noted; he seemed hardly awake, and yet it was evident he saw and observed us. We inquired if there was an owl under shelter of those long grasses.

"Yes, there was; a fine tame one. He had a deal of trouble training that owl; it was such a sulky; he had taken it at Farnham; but it was promised to a lord's gardener near Marlow; he couldn't sell it—it was promised."

He pulled the bird out; it fluttered, winked and twisted on his hand, and shook its feathers, and its eyes dilated and contracted while creeping up his sleeve gently, and hiding its great full head in the neck of his smock frock; he drew out another—a fierce, spiteful little bird—who hissed like a serpent, and chattered, and clapped its beak, and tried to bite, though it evidently did not see what to bite at.

"It will take another month or two to tame this one," he said.

"Had you ever one you could not tame?"

The owl-finder gave a grim, solemn smile, while a sort of phosphoric light glittered in his eyes.

"One I could not tame?" he repeated; they are all awhiles stubborn—it's their nature; they take different training from other birds—not at all the same; the younger they be the better; but I'd be sorry to find one I couldn't tame."

"Do you find them at night?"

"Night and day is all the same to me; day and night—all one. Glow-worms, owls, bats, night-hawks, snakes, fish, flesh and fowl—all the same; I can catch anything I like; but the owls are my favorites—I know them best and they know me." The peculiar light that glittered in the eyes of the "owl-finder" was anything but pleasant, and the more he talked (his talk was decidedly an underground, grave-yard whisper) the more he blinked his eyes and moved his head.

"I've a young one here," he continued, "Pope I call it; it came from the tower where the Pope lived once; they call it Pope's Tower."

He pulled it out of its appropriate cage, and held it up; the bird hooted and hissed, and the others took up the harmonious notes, hissed in concert, and flapped their wings.

"Here is a thing," said the man, "I don't understand, though I've been among them, man and boy, these many years, for my father was a grave-digger to an old church, and so I may say I grew up among them. I used to climb the ivy when I was a little chap—so high—in twilight or moonlight, or dead darkness—all one; and I knew well the two great nests of the big buff owl, and the horned owl, at different sides of the old clock tower; and I used to take up bits of meat or mice and lay 'em on the edge of the nest; and the great buff owl, or the horned owl, would come and take up the things, and feed the little muffy owlets; and at last they came to know me, and would coo like doves when they heard me coming; and I had, like many another boy, a mother-in-law—step-mother some call it—who had no feeling for the child of the dead bones that were in the church-yard; and she'd often, when my father was abed and asleep, turn me out in the shiny snow or the bitter rain, and I'd away, and just climb up and shelter under the nest of the great buff owl in the angle of the tower, warm and dry; and the old owls would come and coo at me as they did to their young ones, but never seek to hurt me; and many's the star we've seen shining and falling through that darkness, and many a blink of the moon I've got that never reached earth, and seen and heard much through the broad leaves of the ivy that nobody would believe if I was to tell it. There's more roams the skies a nights than we think of. I shall never, on this earth, have the happy time again I had under the buff owl's nest.

He raised his dreamy eyes, but their brightness was gone; they looked dim and heavy, and the poor fellow sighed.

We reminded him he had said there was something he did not understand about the particular owl he called "Pope."

"Oh, yes; day or night, night or day, whenever Pope hisses all the rest hiss; and if he hoots they all hoot; he seems like a master among them—they have their masters; *he* never minds *their* hooting."

"Is Pope bespoke?"

"Yes. I've only three with me; they're all bespoke."

"Have you any at home?"

"At home?" he repeated; then moved his head in that strange, half-circling way, and added, "Home! I have no home; but I have two or three sets to take from different parts of the country. You're from the town, I think. I shall be on Waterloo Bridge on the 12th of November, and if you want an owl by then, I'll keep one for you; I rest there for a couple of hours between two and four."

We bespoke an owl. Tom Hirsell replaced his birds, tying all to their perches, except the senior, who seemed to have an affection for his master, and a desire to nestle about his person, rather than return into the shadows of the long grass. There was something strange and mysterious about the "owl-finder." He did not seek even to dispose of his game. What an unchildish childhood must his have been! escaping from the brutality of a cruel step-mother to shelter under an owl's nest in the tower of an old church—finding a forbearance in those savage birds which was denied him in his father's house—hanging like a bat from the ivyed tower above the mouldering graves—watching the stars, and peering through the ivy at the moonbeams—wondering if the shooting stars were angels—wondering and feeling, rather than thinking--alone! alone! in the mysterious universe of night, when the animate and inanimate assume shapes, sounds and shadows all unlike themselves. If the young and the brave—the strong hearted and strong minded, knowing as much of causes and effects as it is given us to know—become superstitious in the darkness, and often quail and quake with undefined sensations which they shame to confess, it is no subject of astonishment if the mind of the poor, ill-used child was so shaken in his youth as to grow up morbid and melancholy, deriving a species of pleasure and excitement from the companionship of the unearthly birds with whom he associated during those lonely hours.

It was a rude and evil thing of one of our friends, after we had left the "owl-finder," to suggest that the stalwart fellow was a "Detective" in disguise. The months had passed on; we had forgotten our *tryist* on Waterloo Bridge, and were crossing it on the 12th of January—two months after the appointed day—with no memory of Tom Hirsell in our minds, when a soft, clear voice, heard amid the din of traffic, said:

"Will you please to have your owl?"

And we did have it, and brought it home, and it was put in a parrot's cage; but it seemed so unhappy both day and night, that we sent it to the country, where it has already established a good mousing reputation.

☞Bus—to kiss. Re-bus—to kiss again. Blunder-bus—two girls kissing each other. Omni-bus—to kiss all the girls in the room. Bus-ter—a general kisser. *E pluri* bus *unum*—a thousand kisses in one.

THE NAUTILUS.

The Nautilus, an American invention for working beneath the sea, in almost any depth of water, we are glad to see, has proved a complete success with the English mind.

The Victoria Dock afforded facilities to Mr. Hallett and Major Sears for making the experiment for the information of the public, on the 2d Tuesday in June. There was assembled to witness the experiments as large a number of practical engineers and scientific men as had been seen present on any similar occasion for the last twenty years. The London Era, June 14, gives the following account of the experiment:

Upon the arrival at the docks of the distinguished party, Mr. Hallett, to whom for the introduction of the Nautilus we are indebted, gave the strongest possible proof of his confidence in the self-supporting power of the machine, by disconnecting from it the hose communicating with the barge attached, and making, with a single dive, four descents in twenty-five feet of water.

We think we cannot do better, for confirming our views of the great usefulness of this machine than to give the following speech from Robert Stephenson, the great engineer, delivered at a very elegant luncheon supplied after the experiment had concluded.

Mr. Robert Stephenson said—"The Nautilus Machine—and I am speaking from personal and careful examination—appears to possess so many qualifications as a diving bell (a machine which has hitherto been confined to very limited practical operations,) that I may truly say it may be called a universal bell. (Loud cheers.) I assure you that I could not help feeling very much interested in what had been told me of its usefullness. (Hear, hear.)—They are distinct classes of mechanical genius; one distinguished for extreme ingenuity in minute details, applicable to many processes of the highest value in civilized society; but I think the highest class of mechanics, talent and genius is brought to bear in completing these mechaical contrivances that may be called rough and ready machines. (Loud cheering.)

Every mechanic in this room will fully appreciate what I mean. (Renewed cheering.) I consider this one of such rough and ready machines, and I must say that the Nautilus Diving-bell appears to me to combine the highest mechanical skill with that high class of ingenuity in detail to which I have referred. (Great cheering.) For I must mention to you that the ingenuity brought to bear in Mr. Williamson's pump in the barge, which you must have observed, was by a hose connected with the "Nautilus" is scarcely second to the comprehensive skill which is evidenced in the arrangements within the bell itself, and I must frankly say that, from the beginning to the end, I have never witnessed a piece of mechanicism so perfectly adapted to the purpose for which it was designed as the Nautilus Diving-bell and Pump. (Long continued cheering.) Gentlemen, with the toast I have proposed, you must permit me to couple the names of Hallett and Major Sears, to whom I consider we are indebted for introducing this remarkable result of mechanical ingenuity and genius. (Loud cheers.)

Before I conclude I think I should give you the substance of a statement made in reference to the working of this machine by the engineer under my friend, Mr. Bidder. It appears that great difficulty has been experienced under the old method, of replacing the heavy iron roller plates for the outer dock gates. The Nautilus was applied to this work, and I have no doubt the meeting will be surprised to learn the fact that *an amount of work which had previously occupied a period of three weeks and four days, was performed by the Nautilus in two days and four hours* with the same number of men employed daily. (Enormous cheering which lasted some time.) The engineer reports that he was down in the Nautilus machine, and is satisfied that by its use nearly the same amount of masonry can be done under water as can be done above the surface." (Great cheering.) He then proposed the toast, which was drank with three times three and one cheer more.

Mr. Hallett, in returning thanks, said,—I thank you, I thank you heartily, for the kind manner in which the distinguished gentlemen have been pleased to speak of the Nautilus, and I thank you gentlemen for the cordial manner to an American—proud as I am of the stars and stripes upon the self-reliant breast of an American eagle—I am still more proud to have been instrumental in any manner, however, in introducing an American invention worthy the distinguished character given the Nautilus, by such a man as Robert Stephenson, before whom all others are as pigmies in engineering science—than whom none excel in all the excellencies of public and private life.

I am sure more is due to the eminent gentlemen who have honored us with their company this day for the successful experiments of the Nautilus than to any effort of myself; and I may be allowed to say, that to the directors of the Victoria Dock Company, and to Sir M. Peto, are we indebted for the cordial and liberal facilily that has been given for the introduction of the Nautilus in England.—Every opportunity has been given us by those gentlemen for extended experiments, and, as has been stated by Mr. R. Stephenson, for the practical working test of a rough and ready American machine. (Loud cheers.) It will be the highest pride of the American proprietors to make the Nautilus worthy the confidence and patronage of the Victoria Dock Company, and one of the high character paid it by Mr. Robert Stephenson on this occasion. The chairman has pronounced the toast, and I am happy to say, as an American, that his sentiment will meet with a warm response in the hearts of my countrymen. (Cheers.)

The beauty and perfection of American marine architecture, and the skill and science of Americans in this profession, have been alluded to, as exemplified in the production of the United States war steamer Niagara. I assure you it is with profound pride that Americans can look forward to the triumphant accomplishment of her peaceful mission to England—preparatory to performing her part in laying the great submarine telegraph cable, which is to connect the opposite shores of England and America. It is a beautiful thought, and as wonderfully comprehensive as beautiful, that within a few months, space and time between London and New York, and the two greatest progressive commercial cities in the world, will speak to each other with the rapidity of thought.

The movements of the London and New York money markets will appear in both countries on the same day they take place. The last division in the British Parliament will be announced simultaneously with the last Congressional vote in Washington. (Loud cheers.) And the same news will be transmitted over 42,000 miles of connecting telegraph line in the United States, and over 33,000 in Europe.

Then, I trust, the union and interests of England and America will be one, and that it will be the glory and pride of both countries that America should be considered England's eldest daughter. (Loud cheers.)

Major Sears also addressed the meeting in an appropriate speech.

The Jew of Wilna.

In the advance of the French against Russia during the time of the first Napoleon, a Colonel, strolling in the suburbs of Wilna, heard the cries of distress from a house, and entering to ascertain the cause, he found four soldiers engaged in plundering and ill-treating an aged Jew and a young girl. The marauders not being inclined to relinquish their prey, proceeded to blows; but the Colonel, who was an excellent swordsman, laid two of the assailants dead on the spot, and drove the other two from the house severely wounded; he himself, having received slight wounds, and a ball grazed his chest. On the return of the remnant of the French army, oppressed with fatigue, want and disease, the worn out soldier, in rags, sought the dwelling of the Jew, and with difficulty was recognized, so completely changed was his appearance. The Jew entirely furnished his wardrobe, and contrived to send him through the hostile armies to France. At the peace the Colonel was obliged to retire on a miserable pittance, which an aged mother shared. He had forgotten the Jew of Wilna, when one evening a man called at his humble abode in the suburbs of Paris, and having satisfied himself as to his identity placed in his hands a packet and vanished. On opening it the Colonel found bills on a banker in Paris, to the amount of five thousand pounds, with the following note:

"He whose daughter you preserved from a brutal ravisher, whose life you saved, and whose house you protected from plunder at the risk of your own existence, sends you an offering of his gratitude. The only return he requires is, if you ever hear the Jews condemned, you will say that one of the race knew how to be grateful."

The old Jew died at Vienna. His daughter, the heiress of his immense wealth, the larger portion of which was in French funds, visited Paris. It was natural she should seek the brave man who had preserved her from the worst of fates; and, with no common emotion, he found the young girl he had protected now a blooming and beautiful woman, and amiable as she was engaging. He became a lover, and she consented to be a wife.

THE FOP DAGUERREOTYPED.—The following portraiture is so true to life that there is no mistaking the character drawn:

"The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking-stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt; but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of tailor bills gives him the nightmare. By his hair, one would judge he had been dipped like Achilles: but it is evident that the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heels. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were not tadpoles there would be no frogs. They are not so entirely to blame for being devoted to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it seems to be a waste of materials to put five dollars' worth of beaver on five cents' worth of brains."

☞Many years ago, in the city of Providence, there was a large audience collected within the walls of the old theatre (now Grace church.) The performance had reached the crisis wherein the dreadful villain of the play was to be shot—the fatal pistol was even pointed at its victim, the house was wrought up to the most intense excitement, and all was still as death. At this breathless period a highly respectable citizen in the stage box arose, and addressing the hero of the pistol, while his wife sat by his side, her cheeks ashy pale and a thumb thrust into each ear, said:

"Mr. Duffy, Mr. Duffy, Mr. Duffy, don't shoot the villian just yet! For love's sake, desist! Mehitable's afraid of a gun! Wait till we retire from the theatre!"

The gun didn't explode, but the audience did. Duff waited, but they couldn't.

[From the American Messenger.]

A Cure for Discouragement.

It was one of those cold, lowering, forbidding days of autunn, when nature is wont to wear her gloomiest aspect, that a worn and wearied mother sat down discouraged and exhausted. Five little ones, the eldest but ten years old, were about her, but they too had caught somewhat of the mother's spirit, and they were tried and fretful. It had been *washing-day*—a long, hard day. Every thing had gone wrong. The clothes-line would break, and the linen so carefully washed was draggled and soiled. The mother's only help was an inexperienced girl of fourteen, and with the labors preparation for winter, and increased cares just before her, her children still unprovided with clothing adapted to the inclement season, and her own almost unaided hands to accomplish it all, is it strange that she yielded for once to despondency, and tears flowed freely?

Presently the children's faces brightened.—"Father is coming." "Dear father is coming," sounded from tongue to tongue. Ah, there was magic in that sound, which at almost any other time would have sent a thrill of joy to the mother's heart. He had been absent through the day in those arduous duties which only the faithful pastor knows, and should have found a cheerful home, a warm inviting supper, and *smiles* and *tears*. Before disposing of the horse, he hastened into the house. It needed but a single glance to show him the state of things.

"Wife," he presently exclaimed, "the horse not unharnessed, and it is not quite so windy as it has been through the day, and I want you to go and ride a little way. It will do you good:" "I cannot go," she replied; "it was the thought of having more to do than I could possibly accomplish, that made me feel so bad; I am very tired, and was wishing I could go directly to bed, instead of doing all I must do before I sleep." "I know you are tired," said her husband, "you have already done more than you ought; but perhaps a ride will rest you. We will go but a short distance." "The children are hungry and fretful," she said, "and I have nothing prepared for supper. No, I cannot go." Yet the sympathy of that warm, loving heart was already doing its work. The clouds has begun to disperse before its genial influence, and when the husband still urged, "Let Catherine get some milk for the children, and we will defer supper till a late hour to-night," she had yielded; and soon, though still desponding, was ready for the ride. "But where are you going in this direction?" "This is a more sheltered road," he answered; "the woods will keep off the wind."

They stopped before an old, dilapidated building; and the husband remarked, "There is a sick man here I wish to see a moment. You had better come in. It will be cold sitting in the chaise." They entered the house. It consisted of but two rooms. In the only habitable one lay the sick man, who had been entirely helpless for weeks. His poor imbecile wife, wan and pale, sat with a puny infant of two weeks in her lap. Four others (making the lady's own number) were playing about the floor, but in the faces of two of them the light of intellect had never shown. Idiotic and helpless, they formed a strange contrast to the group she had just left with a murmuring and repining heart.

She glanced at her husband, who was speaking words of kindness and sympathy to the sick man, and she wept again; but they were not such tears as had greeted his return. Oh, how different her own lot appeared to her now. With a penitent, subdued heart, she approached the mother, and inquired after her health and the wants of her children. Alas, the bare and cheerless room, the thin and tattered garments, and the few empty unwashed dishes upon the uncovered table, told but two plainly their wants. The ever-considerate husband saw that his work was done, and fearing the effects of too great simpathy on the part of his wife, proposed to leave, but first he took from his pocket a small Testament, and after reading a short but comforting passage, he prayed that whatever of earthly good was denied them, they might put their trust in Israel's God and at last attain to that inheritance which fadeth not away."

They took their leave. I will not describe their ride home, not the greeting the children received. All was changed. It required no effort to prepare an inviting supper.

After a grateful meal, "Dear husband," remarked the wife, "I rode before tea to please you; now will you ride again to please me?" "Certainly, with pleasure." A basket was filled from the table, and several articles of warm clothing were found, that her own children had outgrown, and once more they sought the sick man's home.

Do you wonder that the mother, as she heard the evening prayers of her little ones, and placed them in their beds, forgot that she had been weary, or sad or discouraged?

That man of God has since gone to his rest in a brighter home, but to the wife, the widow, the lesson he conveyed is not yet lost. A voice still says, "Though troubled, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed." When with increased cares, and an overburdened heart, she has again sought the dwelling of the wretched and hopeless, she has returned with a full heart's gratitude for the unmerited blessings which still surround her own path. SELINA.

☞"Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Certainly, anything is a means of grace that leads us to repentance." Scene closes with a broom handle.

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