

PEBBLES

BY

Mrs Mary Wood

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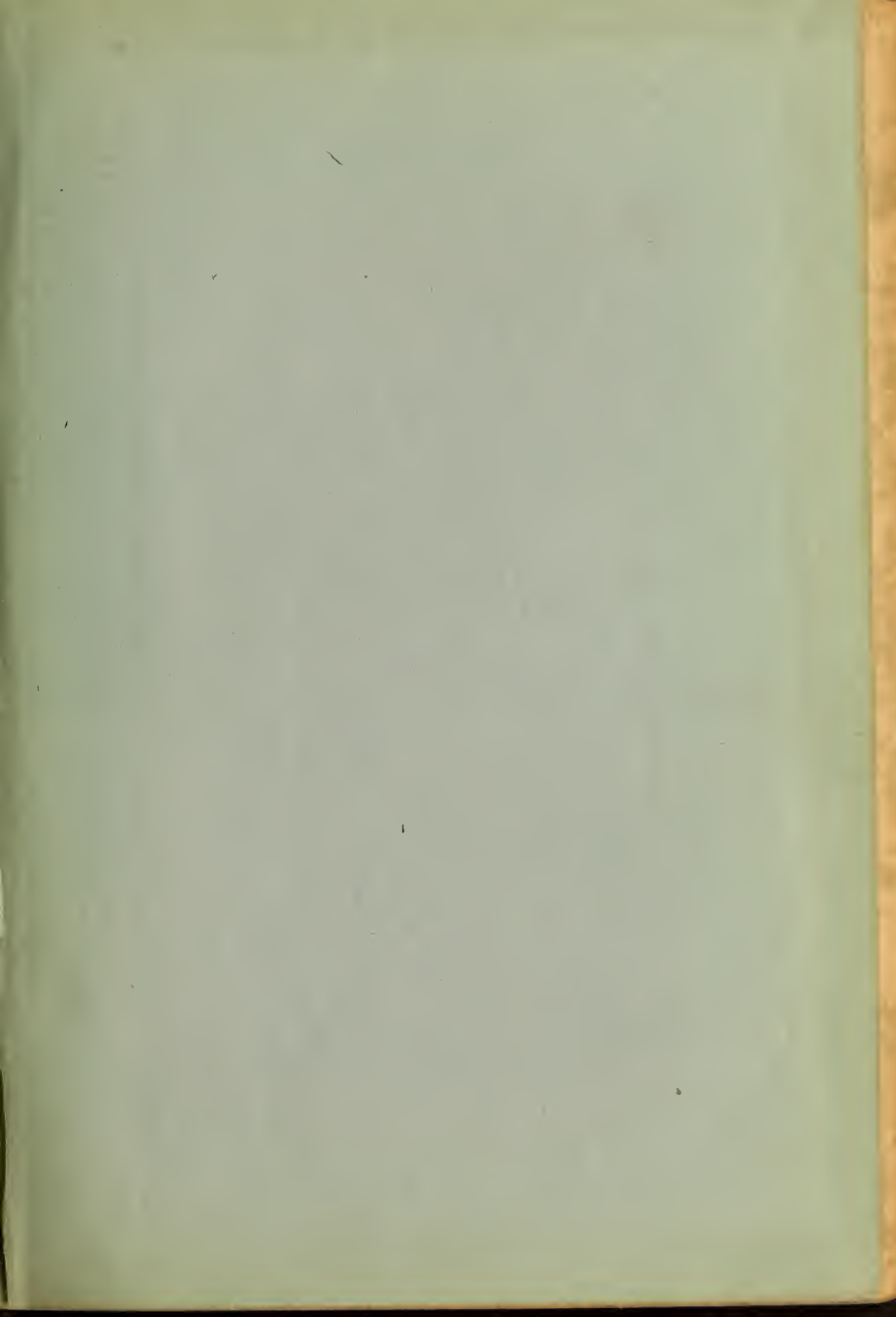
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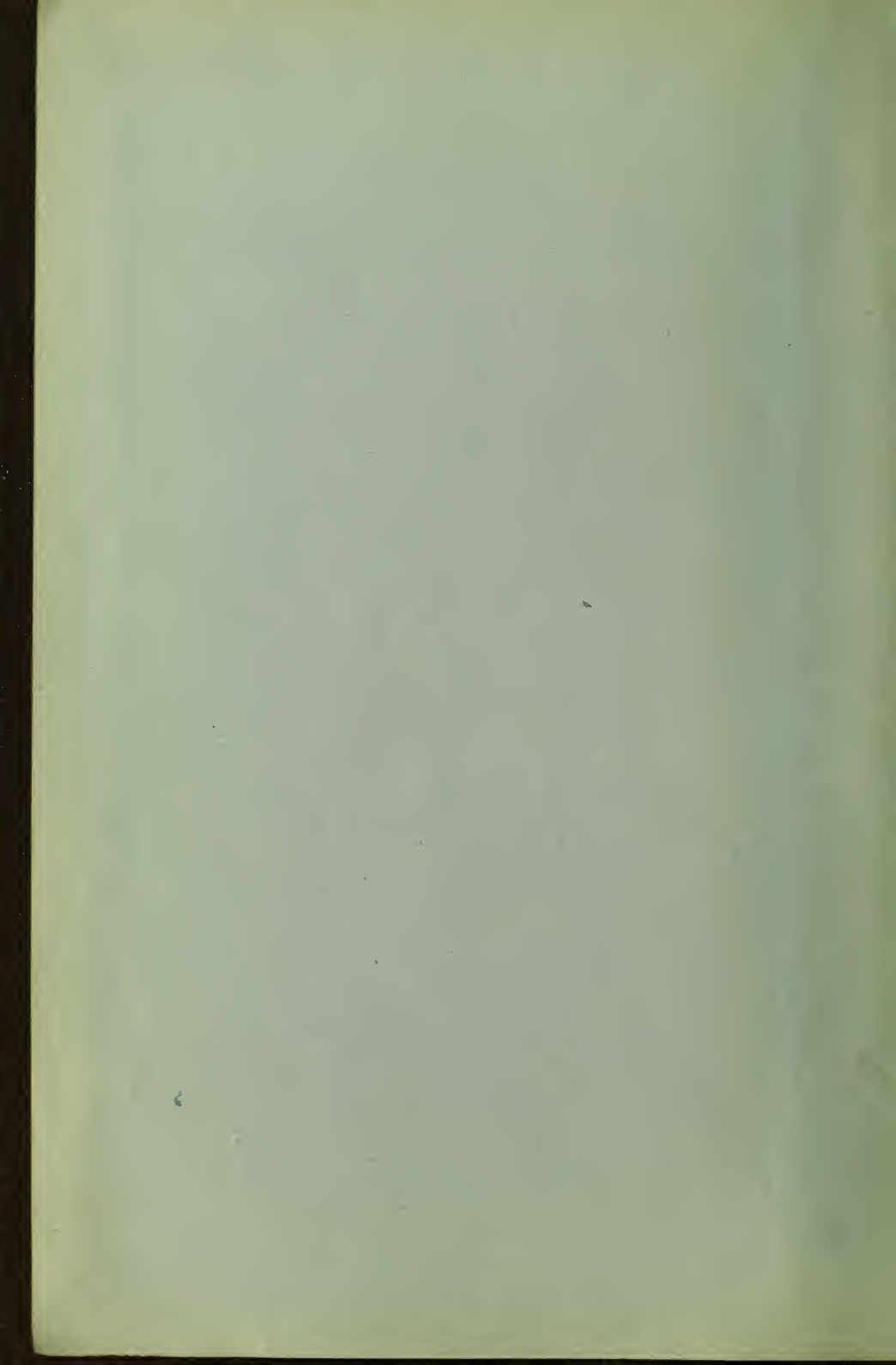
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

1885





PEBBLES

GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

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*A Monthly Visitor, Devoted to Temperance, Truth and
Virtue.*

BY



MRS. MARY WOOD.

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1885

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THANKSGIVING DAY;

Or, Good for Evil.



THANKSGIVING DAY, to me, always brings visions of my childhood home, where the dear Mother reigned a very queen.

It brings memories of warm cheerful fires and well spread boards, not so much of stylish, as of substantial fare. Visions of bright happy faces looming up, and again the old home is peopled with the loved ones who have left it forever; some have crossed to the other shore, the rest are scattered far and wide, perhaps never to be united in this world.

My experience has been a varied one, and in thinking over my past life this morning, I recall an incident that may be interesting to you as it is a Thanksgiving Story.

Oh! please do tell it Aunty, said my two nieces who always preferred hearing a true story to reading a novel.

Some fifteen years ago on Thanksgiving day morning, a Woman clad in scanty raiment rang the bell of a handsome dwelling on Wabash Avenue, in the city of Chicago.

The door was opened by an Irish girl, who asked her business.

The poor Woman, with tears in her eyes, begged to be allowed to see the Lady of the house.

But Bridget (for that was the girls name,) told her that she had been forbidden to admit either peddlers or beggars into her Ladies' presence.

But, said the poor woman, my baby is dead and I have no money to purchase a shroud for it, and I called to see if the Lady would be so kind as to give me a nightgown or wrap to bury my sweet baby in.

I have just buried my husband and two children two weeks ago, and my baby died last night, and with sickness and death, and the care of my three other children, I have not a dime left and know not what to do.

While the Woman was relating her sad story Mrs Thompson, the Lady of the house came out into the hall, and demanded to know, why Bridget did not shut the door on that beggar and keep out the cold air that was filling the hall.

Bridget, who was really a kind girl, stepped back to where her mistress stood and told her what the woman wanted, adding that she thought that the poor creature was in real distress, for she did not look like a common beggar.

Do not come to me with such stuff said Mrs. Thompson, for these people are always full of tricks, and there is no truth in them; she no doubt is a fraud, and I have no patience with street begging, so tell her to go about her business.

Bridget felt truly sorry for the poor woman and ventured once more to plead in her behalf.

Mam, she said, there are some little white wraps in the press that little Lucy has outgrown, may I not give her one to bury her little girl away in, it is hard for the poor soul to see it buried without a decent shroud.

No indeed, I will not incourage street beggars, and the chances are that she has no baby at all.

So Bridget was forced to return empty handed to the poor supplicant who stood shivering waiting for her answer.

But, as the poor Woman was turning away sick at heart, (for she had called on so many and been refused that all her courage forsook her,) Bridget called her back and slipped a half dollar into her hand, take that she said, I had intended it to buy a new dress for my little namesake, but she has plenty of dresses, so she does not need it as bad as you do, poor soul, God help you.

Mrs. Fisher, the poor Woman turned upon her a look of gratitude, but she was too full to speak her thanks.

When Bridget returned to her mistress she chided her sharply for bothering so long with that beggar.

But Bridget felt happy for having done what she could to relieve the distress of one she felt was in need.

Mrs. Fisher and her family had recently moved into the city from the Southern part of the State, and had been attacked soon after her arrival with typhoid fever, which prostrated her for several weeks, and then her husband and two of her children were stricken down, and after a short but severe illness they were buried out of her sight.

Then little Nellie her fairest and youngest was seized with the same disease and now lay cold in death.

She had been so reduced by her sickness and the death of her husband and children that she had not even a white gown to bury her babe in, but she thought, that in that great city, where there was so much wealth, that surely she could find some heart that would sympathize with her in her affliction.

But after she had walked from door to door for six or eight squares, and had been entirely unsuccessful, she began to realize that the charity of the world was indeed cold, for no one believed her story, no one gave heed to her distress, though they could not help seeing by her pale, sad face that she was really and truly in trouble, if they cared to notice.

She had been a member of the M. E. Church, but had not brought her certificate, thinking it better to wait and see if they could find sufficient employment to justify them in settling permanently in Chicago.

Failing in her efforts to procure a shroud for her dear child, she thought that she could find a minister who would at least give her little one christian burial.

But alas! even in this she was mistaken; she called on three different ministers, who seeing her evident poverty in her dress, "All began with one accord to make excuses." One had to preach to his congregation that morning, and of course would be too fatigued to attend in the afternoon; another had to entertain company as it was Thanksgiving; the third simply said, I am otherwise engaged without deigning to explain his engagement.

So the poor soul had nothing for it but to return to her room where lay the dead child, and where waited three hungry living children for her to bring them something to eat.

Happily, through the kindness of Bridget she had been enabled to supply their immediate wants with bread, and after they had been sufficed, she started to find a benevolent society where she had been repeatedly told in the morning that she could get all that she needed.

After an hours' search she found the place and was ushered into a large upper room, where sat at a desk a man who was most noted for his large teeth and gruff manner toward the unfortunate creatures, who was forced to come to him for aid.

He savagely demanded to know what she wanted? She tried to tell him her tale of grief, but was frequently interrupted by her tears and his rebukes.

for coming to the city to get help, that people had no business to move from place to place, that they should stay where they were and not come with their long tales of sorrow to annoy honest people, that there were too many in the city already depending on charity. He would give her no chance to explain that they had come to the city to get employment, that they had some means when they came, and that it was sickness and death that had brought them to their present condition.

Above his head was a card printed in large gilt letters, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

She had come to the steward of the great Master who had proclaimed those precious words, that loving invitation, and he was heaping rebuke and reproach upon her already overburdened heart.

No wonder she felt stunned, no wonder she could not find words to explain to him how it all happened, when she tried to speak he would not listen to her, but went on in his own way, and she stood weak and trembling, silent and abased in his presence as any culprit might have stood before her judge waiting for her sentence to be pronounced.

But he concluded at last as she really had death in her family, that he must at least see her child buried.

So after giving her a dollars' worth of bread tickets, which was their way of dispensing charity, he took her address and bade her go home and prepare for the funeral, as he would send some one to attend it by half past three o'clock.

He kept his word, and sent a good kind christian minister who preached a short but feeling sermon over the remains of her babe, after which she was allowed to follow it to the tomb in a cab provided for her by the charity of the city.

And who can describe the grief of that poor widowed mothers' heart as she returned that Thanksgiving night to her lonely desolate room, who can tell her anguish as she felt that in all the wide world she had not one friend.

You might ask what she had to be thankful for ; and yet if you could have been there and heard her on bended knees thanking God for sparing even three of her children to her, that through the great trials that had come upon her, she had been permitted to retain her reason and her faith in him "who has promised to go with those who trust in him to the end," and that he had that day granted unto them their daily bread, though it had been given by the hand of charity, so that they had not been left to

starve, you would have felt with her that she had still many blessings to be thankful for.

Did Mrs. Thompson the rich lady on Wabash Avenue thus value her blessings?

She was a member of high standing in one of the grand churches. She also belonged to two or three so called benevolent societies. She had everything that is supposed to make life enjoyable, but as her head touched her downy pillow that night, she did not feel as thankful as the poor widow, who was glad to stretch her weary limbs on her pallet of straw, with scarcely covering enough to keep her and her children warm.

But we will leave her and her thoughts to a just God, "who humbleth the proud and raiseth up the humble."

Four years have gone by, carrying with them the joys and griefs of the human race.

On State Street, just South of Monroe Street, there is a neat, tasty show-window filled with millinery goods, of the latest styles; it is the 1st. of November, and ladies are purchasing their winter hats and trade is coming in very fast as the weather is turning quite cold; Mrs. Fisher, who is the lady that keeps the store, is very busy attending to her customers. A girl of about two and twenty stands waiting to see the mistress of the store.

Well, what can I do for you said Mrs. Fisher, coming forward after she had got through with some ladies that she was waiting upon.

If you please mam, do you want to take a girl to learn the trade, I can sew pretty well, and I would be willing to help around for my board.

I believe not, at present, as it is rather late in the season to take an apprentice.

I am very sorry mam, for you see that I have always had a notion for the millinery trade, and as I have been sick so that I am not strong enough for general housework, I thought that perhaps you would be willing to take me in and teach me the trade, and I would help you do your light housework and go errands for you, you see the fever has left me weak, but I hope to gain strength again before the winters over. I have run entirely out of money with my three months' sickness, and a little now and then to help my poor sister through, for her man has taken to drink and is going to the bad as fast as he can, and now that I am out of money I must not depend on her, poor soul, for she has enough to look after with her three little ones and herself to clothe and feed all by her washing.

PEBBLES GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

so I must try to do something for myself if possible, if I can only earn my board this winter it will do, as I have plenty of good warm clothes.

Well, my poor girl I am very sorry for you, and I sincerely wish that I could take you, but I do not wish to turn any of my girls away as they are steady, well behaved girls, and like yourself, are dependent on their work for their support. But sit down by the stove and rest for you look tired.

The girl sat down as she was bid, looking very sad and dejected, and Mrs. Fisher was called to wait on another customer, but she still kept looking in the direction of where the girl sat, trying to remember when and where she had met her before, for she was certain that they had met somewhere.

As her customer was leaving she said I will call for the hat a day or two before Thanksgiving, that word acted as a charm to clear Mrs. Fisher's brain, that memorable Thanksgiving day came back with all its details of misery and pain; only one bright spot in the whole canvass of thought and that was the kind hearted Irish girl bestowing upon her the half dollar with her sympathy and blessing, and that girl she felt sure, sat weary, weak, and half sick in her store. With the thought came her resolve; stepping over to where the girl sat she inquired if she had ever lived on Wabash Avenue.

Yes mam I have, I lived with a Mrs. Thompson for nearly a year, but Mr. Thompson failed a little over three years ago, and grief and the disgrace caused his death, and his wife and children had to give up there splendid home, and of course I was dismissed; I believe she was turned out into the world without a dollar, and without the honor of an honest name itself, for they said that Thompson and his father before him had been living on other peoples money.

Then it was about four years ago that you went there to live?

Yes mam, four years ago in September last.

Do you remember a poor woman coming to the door on Thanksgiving morning, and asking for a gown to bury her baby in?

Indeed I do! mam, and I was sorry enough after that I had not given her a couple of dollars instead of the trifle I did give her, her pale face and sorrowful eyes haunted me for days before I could get them out of my mind.

Well, my poor girl, I am that woman; it has pleased the Lord to lift the burden a little, and now I can help you in turn, for this will be your home until you can find a better, and I will learn you the trade and you can, as you say, help me enough to pay for your board, so that you

need not feel dependent, so take off your things and come into the sitting room and make yourself comfortable until you get rested.

Bridget could scarcely believe that this well dressed, refined looking woman could be the poor woman who she had befriended four years ago.

And how in the wide world was this miracle wrought? said she, looking at Mrs. Fisher in wonder and amazement!

In a very simple way, you see it pleased the Lord to bring me down into the valley of humiliation, and suffer the pains of bereavement and the sting of poverty that I might fully understand from whence all my blessings come. He wounds only to heal, our sufferings are only sent that we may fully value and enjoy our blessings. He takes our loved ones that we may be drawn through them to him and his blessed abode.

And so you see, after I had suffered as much as was needed to help me to feel the want of his protecting care. He led me into pleasanter paths and made the way easier for my poor tired feet to tread.

The next day after my body was buried I took the remainder of your gift, (for you see I had only spent ten cents out of it) and bought a dozen boxes of matches at a wholesale store, and sold them from house to house, and, though the fever had left me weak and a sort of ague followed, yet I managed each day to buy and sell enough matches to pay my rent and keep myself and children from actual starvation.

One day a kind Lady seeing me in a store offering my matches for sale, asked me why I did not go out to sew instead of selling matches, saying that she should think it would be more agreeable employment.

I told her my story, and that I had three children whom I could not give up to send to the home, for they were my all and that we had resolved to suffer and if need be die together.

She seemed touched with my story and took down my name and residence.

Three days after she came to my room to tender me a hundred dollars, which, as she told me, she had collected for my benefit from individuals each giving a small sum.

She would not tell me her name, but said she was a friend of the needy and hoped that I might be enabled to invest it in something that would be the means of the support of myself and family. She advised me to open a small store and sell fancy articles.

The next morning she came to my room and handed me a card, saying that the gentleman whose name was on the card, had a room to rent that

she thought would just suit me, so we went together her and I, and I rented this store and have occupied it ever since.

I was very successful and soon hired a first-class milliner who taught me the business which has been of great advantage to me.

I have increased my stock a great deal since I began, and have been enabled to put a hundred dollars into the bank and have hoped that I might have an opportunity to return it to the giver with interest, but as my benefactress has never called since the first week of my taking possession of the store, I begin to think it is hopeless to try to refund the money; and believing that it would be in accordance with the spirit of the woman if I take the money and help others who come to me for aid.

I feel that it was a rare and beautiful kind of charity that prompted the unknown lady to stay away, instead of claiming the right to direct me in my business, and indeed in my private affairs as many would have done, but it was in accordance with the true spirit of the Savior who said, "let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

Thanksgiving day dawned once more on the city, cold and gray with now and then a snowflake coming down as runners to give notice of what might be expected by and by, but soon the air was filled with white feathery messengers and the bare frozen ground was covered the cold fleecy dawn. Sleigh bells began to jingle as soon as it was possible for the runners to slide along, but the heavy wagons soon cut up the snow so that the sleighing was of short duration.

The cold was not intence, but sufficient to keep people moving rapidly along.

Mrs. Fisher opened her store to accommodate those who could not purchase their hats before, besides there was a large number of shop girls who seldom had a chance to select their hats by daylight, and so this would be a favor to them as well as a source of income to her, and she needed all she could make to keep up her establishment and feed and cloth herself and children, for though some of them had grown to be of some help to her, yet it required all her ingenuity to keep things going all right, and do her duty by those who came to her for aid.

Besides she had made it a rule to put something in the bank every month, so that if sickness overtook her again that she would not be entirely without means.

Do you wish to go out this morning Bridget? she said, as she was placing some hats in boxes which were to be called for that morning. No mam,

but if you can spare me this afternoon I would like to go over to my sisters a little while and see how she is getting along, and take poor little Bridget my namesake something with the dollar that you were kind enough to give me for doing the chores, though I am sure I did not earn it all, and it was only your good kind heart that prompted you to give it me.

Well then I will ask you to mind the store for me a little this morning and when any one calls, either for hats or anything else, you can ring the bell.

And Bridget be sure to let me know if any one calls asking for charity, for this is my day especially set apart for that purpose. I can not do much, but I must do what I can as you taught me four years ago, that to do what we can is all that God asks of us, and that he will bless us and those we help in his own good time and way.

Thanksgiving day always brings to me, since that memorable day that I followed my baby Willie to the grave, painful memories, but I find that the pain is less and easier to bear when I try to help others out of trouble, instead of shutting myself up to weep and repine at the providence of God; so I look up and try to feel that they are only gone a little while before, and that we are not so far separated as we are apt to think. "To be sure the door is shut, but we are at the threshold" waiting to be let in.

And Mrs. Fisher soon had chances enough to show her benevolent spirit, for not less than six applicants called upon her before the morning had passed, and to each she gave her mite, varying the gifts according to the need of the applicant.

But at a little before three in the afternoon, a little girl about eight years' of age came into the store carrying a small basket on her arm.

Bridget had gone up stairs to dress, and Mrs. Fisher was in the store herself.

Please mam, said the child timidly coming up to where Mrs. Fisher sat by her stove, my Mother is sick, and brother Tom fell and broke his leg last week and cannot go to the store, and we have no coal nor money left to buy bread, for it took all that brother Tom had left to pay the rent, and he may not, the Doctor said, be able to do any work this winter. Large tears stood in the poor hungry looking child's eyes, and her lips quivered in a pitiful way.

She was dressed in a faded threadbare woolen dress, which like the wearer looked as though it had seen better days. She wore on her head a blue silk hood that she had evidently outgrown, which was in strong contrast

with the rest of her appearance; all the rest of her clothing seemed worn and faded, but the little hood was bright and pretty, and gave the child's pale face and blue eyes a look of innocence that went straight to the heart of Mrs. Fisher.

Sit down and get warm, my poor child! said she, for you look very cold.

Yea mam, she sobed, I am cold, and poor Mother and brother Tom are too, for we have no fire to-day.

Well, dry your tears and put your feet up to the stove, and I will see what I can do for you.

So saying, she went into the kitchen and brought the child a plate filled with the remains of the Thanksgiving dinner, which the poor thing took and ate in a way that showed that she was in a famishing condition.

While she was satisfying her hunger, Mrs. Fisher went again into the kitchen and filled a good sized basket with such provisions as she deemed was most needed to replenish the empty larder of the poor family who must, from the child's story, be in great need, and she did not forget to put in a glass of jelly and some cold turkey for the poor invalids who had been fasting all day; for the little girl told her that they had only a small piece of bread for breakfast.

She well remembered the Thanksgiving day, when she too was forced to hear her hungry children crying for the bread she could not give them until she had gone forth as this poor child was compelled to do, and ask it from strangers. And now it was her turn to give, and she would give freely, feeling deeply thankful that she had wherewith to give.

By this time Bridget had come down well bundled up, ready to start for her walk to her sisters.

Bridget, would you be willing to do me a favor? Indeed mam, as many as you choose to ask of me.

Well then, will you go along with this little girl and carry this basket for her, she and her family seem to be in great need of a friend to-day, and here is some money, I wish you would take it to the coal office as you pass and order a load of coal, for it seems that they have neither fire nor food; and the little girl tells me that her Mother is a widow, and a poor widow in distress touches me to the heart.

So saying, she handed Bridget the basket and the money; and stop a moment, here is a new dress for your little namesake, who was defrauded out of what would have been hers through me so long ago.

Bridget tried to remonstrate but it was of no use, so she took it and started on her way after the child had given her the street and number, it proved that she lived on South Green Street, only a couple of squares from where her sister lived.

Bridget stopped on her way and ordered the coal to be sent immediately, so that they might have a fire as soon as possible.

When she arrived at the rooms occupied by the poor woman and her children, what was her astonishment to find that the mother of the poor little shivering girl that she was helping home, was the once rich Mrs. Thompson who she had lived with on Wabash Avenue.

And what was the once haughty Mrs. Thompson's surprise and mortification, to find that the poor Irish girl who she had held in such contempt while she had lived with her in the capacity of servant, was the good angel that was bringing her food, and the promise of fuel to keep her and her children from perishing with hunger and cold.

But poor Tom was really glad to see Bridget, and was ready to welcome any one who would give him something to eat, poor fellow, for he had been compelled to sit there all day with his leg bandged up, and was too cold and hungry to let any false pride stand in the way when there was a prospect of relief, so he began at once to ask questions of Bridget as to how sister Lucy was so fortunate as to find her, and how she came to be so wealthy as to be able to do so much for them.

But Bridget told them that they need not thank her at all, that it was not her, but the kind lady that she was living with who had sent the things.

That little Lucy had happened in and tole her troubles to the kind hearted mistress who never turns any one empty handed away from her door if she can help them.

It seemed to be a relief to Mrs. Thompson to find that she was not indebted to Bridget for the things. But her shame and mortification increased instead of diminished when she found who her real benefactress was.

Bridget did not fail to remind her of the circumstances of Mrs. Fisher's coming to her for help, and of her refusal to aid her in her extreme need, nor did she fail to enlarge upon the goodness of her heart in trying to help others, now that she had got so that she could.

By this time the coal had come and Bridget laid off her things and soon had a hot fire and a good warm meal prepared for the poor invalids who were very grateful to her at last to get something warm and nourishing

to eat; and after they had partaken of the meal, Mrs. Thompson, who really was much affected by the thoughtful kindness of the girl, soon began to tell her how she had been brought so low.

She told her that her former friends had forsaken her when her riches had flown, and that she had struggled to keep up some appearance of gentility, but at last she had been forced to sell every valuable piece of furniture and even her jewels to keep them from starving. Poor Tom, she said, has tried hard to support us by his labor in a grocery, but he has only been able to pay rent and procure us the bare necessities, but now, just as he was beginning to understand the business, and was expecting to get his wages raised, he fell down the icy steps as he was taking some things down into the cellar and broke his leg.

And to mend matters, I have taken a severe cold through sitting so much without fire, and have been confined to my bed for nearly two weeks.

Bridget pitied her very much, for all she knew that it was a just judgment sent upon her for her want of sympathy for others.

And there was no exultation in Mrs. Fisher's heart that night, when Bridget told her who she had befriended, but pity for the poor stricken widow filled her heart, and she felt truly thankful that she had been enabled to do good for evil.

She never called in person on Mrs. Thompson, knowing that it would be painfully embarrassing to her to see her, but many a basket full of provision Bridget was commissioned to carry them until Tom was well enough to go back to the store, and she went to see Mr. Hubbard the grocer, who Tom had been employed with, and told him the circumstances of the family, so that he became interested in them and helped them a good deal, for he liked Tom very much, and would not have allowed them to suffer if he had known before their situation, but like many other business men, he was too busy trying to make money to think about the domestic affairs of his employees.

And let us hope that the lesson that Mrs. Thompson, found so painful to learn, had its effect in bringing her to the feet of the meek and lowly Saviour who felt it no disgrace to be found among the poor of this world, and who is always ready to hear the petitions of the lowest and vilest of his creatures and who turneth none away empty who calls upon him.

HE WILL GENTLE LEAD THEE.

What though the path be long, and dark, and dreary,
And thorns beset your lonely way,
And your tired, bleeding, feet grow weary,
Without even a place your aching head to lay,
Will not your Saviour gently lead you,
If to his arm you loving, trusting, cling,
Will not He lift you o'er the roughest places,
And safely to His heavenly home He'll bring.

What though He bids you lift and bear the cross,
Without e'en a flower to grace its dark rough form ;
And bids you count all earths bright things but dross,
And leads you through the tempest, clouds and storm,
Will not He raise you when you fainting fall,
And wipe the dust from off your aching brow,
And give you honor, wealth, love and all,
The very things your heart is longing for, so now.

And when at last you've borne your heavy load
And lain it down at death's cold stream
Leaning on Him you'll cross the icy flood,
As peacefully as though a summer's dream
And when lifes done and all your dangers o'er,
And you are crowned and robed in pearly white
You meet your loved ones on yon glorious shore
Where sorrow never enters, and there is no night.

And when through flowery paths, mid crystal founts you roam
The beauty of which the half has n'er been told,
Bright Angels meet and bid you welcome home
Whilst Seraphs fold their wings, and tuch their harps of gold.
Ah! then you'll think how little was life's woes,
Compared with all the glorious gain of heaven
One moment there, were worth all those
Years of pain, and suffering here to mortals given.

RECEIPTS.

Receipt for Removing Freckles and Tan.

One pint of Rose Water, the juice of one Lemon, one-half ounce of Pulverized Alum, one pint Rain Water. Sponge the face with this preparation two or three times a day.

If powder is desired, add an ounce of Magnesia, and some times a piece of Aniline as big as a small pea gives it a pretty pink tinge.

To Clean Alpaca or Black Silk.

Take a piece of black cloth and dip in cold coffee and sponge off the dirty places and spots. To remove grease—use a little Turpentine, then wash as above in cold coffee.

To Render Washing Easy.

Soak the Clothes over night in a tub of Cold Rain Water, adding a half a teacup of Coal Oil if they are very dirty, if not, a couple of tablespoons full will do, then in the morning ring them out, and to each boiler of Clothes after they are washed in the usual way, put one tablespoonful of Coal Oil. Do not let them boil more than five minutes, then wash them through some Clean Rain Water, with none of the suds except what little adheres to them as you lift them out of the boiler, then rinse well in two waters, this process makes them very white and clean.

To Keep Ants Out of Sugar.

Place some lumps of Campher Gum on a piece of paper and put it on the top of the sugar. It will not injure the sugar, but will drive the Ants away.

PEBBLES

GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

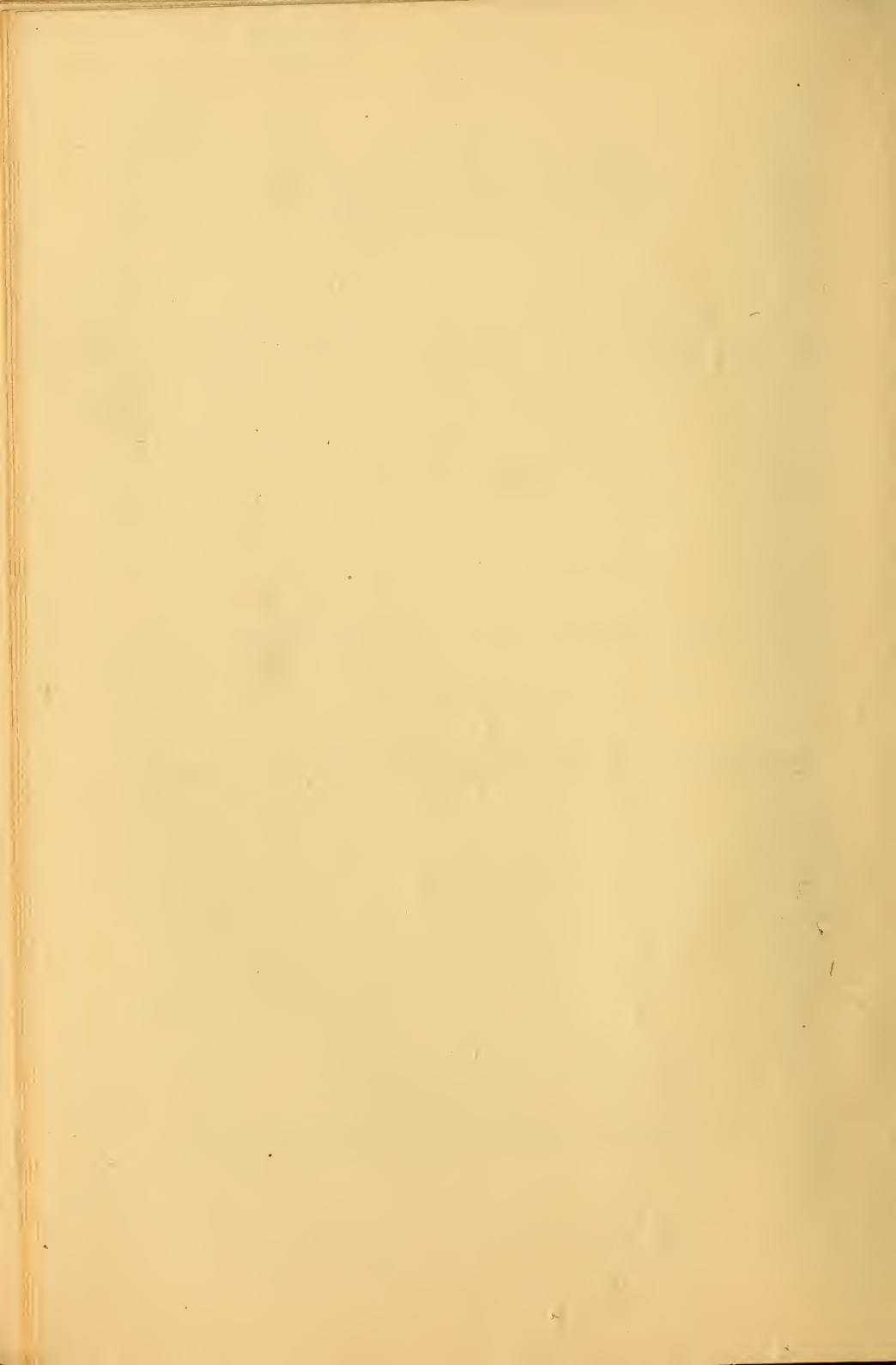
A MONTHLY VISITOR,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

—BY—

MRS. MARY WOOD.



THE GARDEN OF EDEN ;

OR, THE BIBLE AS A MIRROR.

DID you ever stand on the bank of a stream, and look down into its placid waters, and see there the reflection of your face?

You knew it to be the reflection of your own face, as there was no one else upon the bank, and because you could distinguish the outlines of your features, though they seemed so far away, and enveloped in such a dark mist, that it was like another face looking up at you out of the water.

The semblance was life-like, though it seemed but a shadow, and you could not tell whether you were fair or dark, handsome or plain; perfections and imperfections were alike obscured in the heavy mist that surrounded the picture.

But you turn to your mirror to see what manner of man you are. There you see your true face, and try to improve your appearance by brushing the hair, shaving the beard, cleansing the skin, and withal throwing a becoming expression into the face.

I might go on enumerating the improvements that you could make, but suffice it to say that you find out by the mirror your defects.

Thus you see that you are represented in three ways: First, your own natural self, as you know yourself to be, though you cannot look upon yourself, and therefore you are unable to see yourself as you appear to others. Second, in the water, dimly and indistinct as it seems to be, yet it is the profile of your true face, if you could see it plainer. Thirdly, in the glass, which gives you a clear, faithful representation of yourself as you stand, plainly showing forth your complexion, the color of

hair and eyes, the exact tint of cheek and lips, the cheerful smile, or the haggard and unhappy look, the animate or inanimate expression of the face—in fact, every spot, wrinkle or blemish is set forth, so that you cannot be ignorant of your personal appearance.

Just so you and the Bible stand in relation to each other. Your own life gives you a fair example of the hopes and fears, loves and hates, etc., of the human family, from Adam down to the present day. Man has not changed a whit in his natural propensities; his tastes and desires are the same as when Adam ate of the forbidden fruit—not so much, it would seem, from malice in the heart, as a desire to taste the fruit and enjoy the pleasure of eating it. And thus it would seem that selfishness began with Adam and Eve (though Eve showed that she could not enjoy the pleasure alone), and indeed prompted disobedience, for had they denied themselves the pleasure of eating the fruit, all would have been well. But before selfishness and disobedience entered the hearts of our first parents, another and a greater sin found room there, and that was unbelief. Think you that had they believed God when He told them that “in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die,” that they would have yielded to the tempter? No. Their subsequent exhibition of selfishness proves that they would not have willingly suffered themselves to be cast out of their paradise. Now look at your own heart, and tell me in what particular you differ from Adam?

You first disbelieve what God, your Creator, has said, and you reach forth your hand to pluck the forbidden fruit; no matter what kind of fruit, it is alike forbidden. No matter whether you listen to the insinuating, hissing temptings of the serpent, or receive it at the hands of woman and listen to her when she bids you eat, you know that God has said “that in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.”

And you will feel very foolish, as no doubt Adam did, when you come before your God and say the woman that thou gavest me, she did tempt me and I did eat. And methinks I see the look of unutterable contempt that God cast upon Adam when he offered such a lame excuse for his disobedience.

It seems to me that it would have been far more noble to have confessed his fault in a manly way, or in deep humiliation to have said nothing, but to have received the rebuke in silence, and accepted the punishment which he knew he richly merited, without trying to saddle it off on the woman—the weaker vessel.

Indeed, if Adam had been attending to his duty, instead of seeking

his own ease and comfort, he would have been watching over his wife, instead of leaving her to the wiles of the Devil. But the old Serpent seemed to know that if he could only gain the woman over, that it would not take much to conquer the man. And so he accosted her first, and persuaded her to taste the fruit; and when she had partaken of it, and found that it was pleasant to the taste, she flew to her husband to have him enjoy the pleasure also. Just as woman in these days cannot enjoy pleasure alone, but must needs share it with her husband and children.

Now when Adam ate of the forbidden fruit he became wiser, inasmuch as he could distinguish between good and evil. He knew that God had created him a free moral agent; he could eat of the fruit, or let it alone. He had enough to eat without it; it grew in his sight, and constituted one of the shade trees under which he could bask; and it even added to the beauty of the garden.

Now even Adam, when he was smarting under the pain of punishment and banishment from his home and paradise, did not throw in the face of his Maker, "Why did you put me here?" or "Why did you permit the serpent to enter the garden?" as men do now. He knew that no one was to blame but himself for his sin, and so he felt that it was a just punishment, even though it was a hard one.

You say that God created him, and why did He allow him to eat of the fruit? Why did He not compel him to let it alone? Well, all I can say in answer is, that God created man in His own image, thereby giving him power to be master of his own actions. He could either choose to do right, and live forever, and be blest in the present life and in the life to come, or he could choose to disobey, eat of the fruit, and suffer the consequences. He told him that the fruit would bring disease and death into his veins, and cause him unhappiness and shame; and he would feel how utterly wretched, poor and naked he was, and that he should be cast out of the beautiful garden. And so Adam, like many of the present day, thought God was only telling him that to frighten him, and that as He was so kind as to put him into such a beautiful place, He would allow him to remain whether he obeyed or not; for as he reasoned to himself, God is too good to punish me for doing such a little thing, forgetting the while that littles make up the sum of life, and that the very act itself would bring the curse upon him, for the fruit of the tree would diffuse poison or the seeds of poison or disease into his veins, that nothing could arrest until death ended his sufferings. And that disobedience, coupled with a disbelief in God's word, richly merited banishment from His face,

for it is said that He "cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance."

And so Adam found it a very grievous punishment to be put out of the garden, where he had been so happy, and withal a conscience that told him that it was all his own fault. That for the sake of a little selfish pleasure, he gave up Paradise and the glorious presence of God. And so, my friend, I fear that when you come to the judgment seat of God, and see as you are seen, like Adam, you will feel shame and confusion to think that you disobeyed your Maker, and so shut yourself out from His presence and from the presence of all the Holy Angels, and indeed all that is beautiful and good. No matter where you will be banished to, if it is to till the ground and water it with your tears, as did Adam, or to a dark and gloomy pit, or wherever or whatever it is, be assured that it will be to the company of bad spirits, (for you have chosen their company here, or you would not have listened to their temptings.) And the worst part of it all to bear will be the ever-present thought that it was all your own fault.

You would not believe God, but chose rather to listen to the temptings of evil, and in so doing lost your birthright to Paradise. For "as through Adam's disobedience all men die, so through "Christ's sufferings and death all men are entitled to life." And through Him you have a right to that beautiful Paradise above. But if you refuse to accept Him as your Saviour, and reject his offers of pardon, and go on your own way, openly disobeying His commands, and eating of the fruit which you know is sweet in the mouth, but pervades the whole being with the bitterness of death; for unbeliever as you are, you know that any transgression of the moral law brings unhappiness, too, and misery; and in failing to comply with the requirements of the spiritual law, leaves in your heart a void that nothing earthly can fill.

Believe me, my friend, that there is a place in the heart of every man designed for Christ, and nothing short of Christ can fill the void. You may make an idol of the world, the flesh, or the Devil, and your heart is empty and unsatisfied; there is that longing that nothing but the true worship of God can satisfy; try as you may to banish it, it will go with you to the grave.

Now it seems to me a very probable thing that Adam did live, for of course you know that there must have been a beginning, and such a beginning is just as probable as any we could suggest; and I believe that he lived in a paradise of some kind, whether it was a garden or not, and that he was happy while he remained obedient and observant of the

laws of his Creator; and that moreover he sinned in some way is very evident, and that God punished him justly for his sin, and that sin we by nature inherited.

And also the punishment put upon Adam was to represent the kind of punishment that we should receive, if we, like Adam, disobeyed our Creator. For although Jesus Christ washed away with His blood all the original sin, what will that avail us, if we do not accept His offers of pardon, but go on in sin and disobedience, despising His overtures of mercy, and continually transgressing His laws, and saying in our hearts, "We will not have this man Christ Jesus to reign over us?" God will leave us, like Adam, to choose whether we will obey and be saved, or listen to the voice of the old serpent, and eat of the fruit and be cast out of His presence "into outer darkness."

Now like the picture of your face in the water, though drawn no doubt from life, Adam's experience of life in the Garden of Eden is a very perfect representation of our own life in our happy childhood. Like our face in the water looking up at us from a distance, it was so long ago and surrounded with the mists of past usages, that if it were not for the prominent features being so exactly like our own disposition, we would fail to recognize or acknowledge the representation. And even as it is we must turn to the New Testament to get a perfect understanding of our spiritual life; for, like the mirror, it reflects the bright rays of the Sun of Righteousness upon our poor fallen natures, and points out the defects that we should try to remedy.

It also shows us the beauty of the Image of God, in whose likeness we were created; which should inspire us to improve the imperfections that sin and unbelief has covered that holy Image with. And if we believe it to be a true likeness, surely we will see the need we have to wash ourselves from sin in the living waters that Christ has purified for us, and to brush out the tangled mass of unbelief, to pluck out by the roots infidelity, which can only produce selfishness, disobedience and idolatry. For man must worship something, and if he does not worship God, he worships something lower and consequently less worthy of his worship. And if we follow its teachings the love of God will so pervade our hearts that it will shine out and beautify our whole nature.

But to return to Adam in the garden, representing our happy innocent childhood. We must remember that the child does not commit sin until it has eaten of the forbidden fruit, and thereby learns the difference between good and evil. Some come to that knowledge sooner than others,

for as their understanding is (through their teachings and perhaps a greater amount of intellect,) quickened into vigor sooner, so shall their knowledge of what is right and wrong mature sooner.

The heathen, for instance, you may say have no means of telling the difference between good and evil. Now you know that that Blessed Book says that where little is given little shall be required; and yet that little will be required, for it is the word of truth spoken by the Creator of the Universe, and as He has not forgotten even the little sparrow, be assured that He will remember the poor heathen; and I much fear that many of them will go into the Kingdom of Heaven before those who have so much worldly wisdom and are wilfully ignorant of the way of salvation. For His holy word declares that He will give a portion of His spirit to every man to profit withal, and if the heathen profit with what they receive they surely will be saved. You may go into heathen countries and prove what I say in this respect to be true. For while you will find some yielding themselves slaves to their evil passions, others yield to the inner instructions and influence of an unseen and unacknowledged power within them, and restrain themselves and cultivate their finer principles.

And so long as they yield to that blessed influence, no matter what their ideas of its powers are, they are in the path of duty and yielding themselves willing servants of God; no matter how undefined that service may be to their poor blind, untutored minds, or how little they know of the Master whom they serve, they do their best, and that is all that God requires. The two mites of the poor widow were more acceptable to God than all the gold that was cast into the treasury by the rich and proud. And so it will be that the simple yielding of the Spirit of God by the ignorant savage, though not knowing whom he worships, will be more acceptable to Him than the pharisaical homage paid Him by those who profess to feel thankful that they are not trammelled with the superstition of the heathen.

Now I do not wish you to believe that the story in the Bible is a mere pen picture of man's life. Far be it from me, for I believe it is like all the other portions of the Bible, a true history of past events. But the manner of describing those events was, as at the present day, dependent on the historian's style of literature; and therefore it, like the water picture, is far back, surrounded with the mists of past usages, and clouded with superstitions, so that it is impossible to know whether it was written in allegorical style, or whether it is a plain history of facts. But

there is one thing that cannot be mistaken, and that is, it was intended to show us the object of the account to be the fact that man fell through his own disobedience, and that he had no reasonable excuse for disobeying; how helpless and naked he is in his alienation from God, and how certain it was that God would mete out the just punishment He declared He would if Adam did not obey; and also to show how unwilling He was that man should be eternally punished, inasmuch as He gave His Son, the best beloved of all the heavenly host, to come down to earth, take upon Himself a body like unto man, subject to all the sufferings of humanity, to walk forty years upon the earth, be persecuted and reviled, yet without sin; and at last be offered up a pure and holy sacrifice (for no other could appease Divine justice) for poor fallen man — to place man once more in the garden from whence he was cast out, that he might once more have a chance to inherit eternal life.

And that sacrifice was without spot or blemish, wholly acceptable to God, and left man free to choose whom he will serve—whether Satan, the great tempter of the human race, or the Holy One who has created us in His own image—inasmuch as He makes us free to choose for ourselves the path we will walk in, and He shows us by His holy word where each path will lead — the one into life eternal, the other down to death.

We have no excuse to offer that as Adam sinned, all are compelled to sin, for Christ has made full atonement for Adam's sin; and as "by the first Adam death came into the world, so by the second Adam, which was Christ," we inherit eternal life.

It is true that the seeds of sin and death are down in our natures, but it is only through the flesh. The spirit of the child, in its Eden of innocence, is just as pure and acceptable with God as was Adam before he broke the law of God or yielded to the voice of the tempter. And until he deliberately ate of the forbidden fruit, or transgressed the moral law, he is not held accountable for sin; though Adam really sinned before he took the fruit out of Eve's hand, in that he disbelieved God when He said "if thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," and by listening to the tempter.

Now God speaks to us in many ways. He speaks in our conscience, and tells us if we sin we shall be cast out of our Eden of innocence. He tells through His holy Bible the same. He speaks to us through His servants; and yet we, in the face of light and knowledge, deliberately partake of the offered fruit, and thereby see our nakedness, and begin to sew fig-leaves together in the shape of complaint that He should have placed

the tree within our reach, or that He should permit us to desire to taste the fruit; and we go and hide from His face (when He calls us) behind what we think to be a great mountain of defense—that of trying to believe that God is too good to punish us for our sins. But when He calls again we will have to come out from behind that flimsy barrier, and with shame confess our sins, and pass out of the gate, which will be guarded by an angel holding a fiery sword—the sword of our conscience; and though that conscience may become seared as with a hot iron, yet we can never pass that sentinel again into Paradise until we come through the blood of a crucified Redeemer.

And you may ask what is this forbidden fruit that we are commanded to let alone; and in answer I will say it is sin—sin in any and every shape. We can find it in our hearts, and at every step we take; it grows in our midst, and we can stop to pluck it or pass it by; it is proffered to us by the temptings of Satan; we find it in word, thought or action; we find it in the shape of anger, revenge and jealousy; in selfishness, in pride, in profanity and intemperance.

All these sins destroy and poison our lives. For instance, take intemperance and you can see that it pollutes our whole nature, it destroys the very fountains of life, it unfits us to enjoy any of God's blessings, it hardens our hearts so that the cry of misery that escapes from our loved ones fail to affect us. It makes us blind to our interest, and deaf to the call of duty; it takes all the courage from us, and makes us cowards; it saps away our strength, and we become old and decrepit, long before our time. It destroys our memory, and we forget our vows; it destroys our perceptions, and we cannot distinguish our friends from our enemies; it closes up all the avenues for good in our moral being, and leaves us the willing servants of Satan and the sport of fiends.

And who is to blame? Has not God created the wheat and corn for our benefit? and is He to blame if we yield to the temptings of the Spirit of Evil, and when he bids us turn that which would do us good into a poisonous beverage, that will destroy ourselves and neighbors, can we justly throw the blame upon our Maker? God commands that it shall be for bread, which is the staff of life, but Satan says no, we must make of it drink, so that we may be wise; and we yield as did Adam and Eve. And lo! What wisdom it brings to us. None can tell so well as the poor drunkard, who has bartered peace, innocence, rectitude, respect, family and friends, and all; all for the poor knowledge that he is a poor, miserable being, naked and despised, held in contempt by his fellow beings, and

banished from the presence of his Creator. Such is the effect of sin upon us; it leaves its own sting, and that sting is Death.

And such is the effect of the blood of Christ, that if we apply it through faith, to the wounds that sin has made, it will draw out the poisonous sting of Death, and death will be swallowed up in victory through our Lord and Saviour, and He will open the gate, and we shall enter into the Paradise above.

ROSA LANE, OR THE GUIDING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It had been a rainy, drizzly day, and little Rosa Lane sat by the window watching the rain as it came pattering against the panes of glass, or falling into the little rills, swelling them into ponds or tiny lakes. She had watched the sky for more than an hour, hoping to see some signs of its clearing up so that she might go out, but as it persisted in frowning back at her, she had lowered her gaze, and become interested in the rain drops. She was a beautiful child of nine years of age, who had been left an orphan by the death of her mother, which occurred about six months previous to the opening of my story. Her father had died two years before; and now she was living with her uncle, her mother's brother, who was appointed her guardian. She was not left without means, for her father had been a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, and had left his wife and only child well provided for.

But poor little Rosa, at the death of her loving mother, had been brought to New York to live among strangers, away from every familiar object, and it was not surprising that she should have her sad moments; especially as her aunt was a woman of fashion, and had very little time to devote to her own children, and it could not be expected that she would give very much attention to the little stranger, though it could not be said that she was a cruel woman. Oh! no; for no one could have taken more pains to have the little orphan made comfortable than she. And besides Mrs. Allen was not a woman to allow any one to go shabby or ill-fed in her house.

Rosa was not a dependent upon her bounty, so she had no reason to mistreat her; on the contrary, be it said to the credit of the lady, she was fully as well cared for as her own children, for Mrs. Allen had too many engagements with the outer world to spare much time to her family. What

with dressing and visiting, and receiving company, helping to plan festivals for the Church, and societies for missionary purposes, she had but very little time left for domestic cares.

On this particular day, she had been detained from going out, on account of the rain, but she had been very busy making out memorandums, and planning for her Christmas arrangements.

There must be presents prepared for her family, besides some to be sent to relatives living at a distance; there must be a Christmas-tree set up in the children's sitting-room; and last, though not least, a grand dinner prepared for the entertainment of her select friends. It was just three weeks until the Christmas bells would chime, and she would not have an hour that could not be filled up with preparations. Every thing must be gotten up in first-class style. Mrs. Judge Crosby had given a grand dinner last Christmas, to which she had been invited, and she could not consent to be outdone by Mrs. Judge Crosby, or, indeed, by any of her set.

She had her programme nearly made out, and was about to leave the room, when little Rosa, becoming tired of watching the rain-drops, left the window, and drawing a stool up to her side, said softly:

"Aunty, does it ever rain in Heaven?"

"How absurd, Rosa, to ask such a question. Of course it does not rain in Heaven—that is to say, if there is a Heaven—for it would not be Heaven if it rained there."

"Oh! but Aunty, surely there is a Heaven, for you know that dear mama and papa are there. Mama told me that papa had gone to Heaven, and that she was agoing there to meet him—and mama would not tell me anything that was not true." And little Rose's lips quivered, and a tear glistened in her eye, at the thought of her mother's word being doubted.

"Well, well, dear, I suppose there is a Heaven,—of course there is, so do not cry; there's a good child." And little Rosa brushed away the unbidden tear. "Now pick up my pencil, dear, for I have dropped it, and I had almost forgotten to take down a memorandum of the gifts that I must purchase."

"Why do people give presents on Christmas, I should like to know?" said Rosa.

"Well," said her aunt, "it is a custom, you know; all who can afford it, must give something to their friends."

"Yes, I think I understand; they give gifts to those who are not able to procure what they need themselves."

"Oh no, dear, you do not understand; they give presents to those to whom they wish to show marks of respect and affection."

"But, Auntie, do the poor little children get presents, too?"

"I do not know, dear; but now run and see where Eda and Willie are, for I must go and put these things away, and get ready for tea."

So Rosa went in quest of her little cousins, one of whom was a bright boy of six years, and the other a pretty little blonde of four summers. She found them in the nursery, listening to their kind nurse telling them of a poor little girl who was left an orphan and had to go to the poor-house, and when Christmas came, she had no kind mother to give her presents, or hang her little stockings up for Kris Kringle to fill, and how sad she felt. Little Eda was all sympathy, and tears shone in her innocent blue eyes; but her brother Willie had his little fist doubled up, and his face glowed with indignation toward the keeper of the poor-house for not filling the little stocking.

Rosa listened attentively to every word, and then asked Mrs. Gray to tell them about the Christ Child that her mother used to tell her about. Mrs. Gray was a good Christian woman, and always strove to instruct as well as amuse the children. She began, at Rosa's request, and told the story of the birth of Christ in a manger, and now the shepherds had seen His star at night while watching their flocks, and heard the glad tidings from the angels that a Saviour was born, and had sought Him out, following the star until it stood over the place where the young Child was; and how they brought gifts and offered them at His feet, lowly worshiping Him. She also told them that through the precious gift of a Saviour the beautiful custom had been established of giving gifts as tokens of joy and love to their nearest and dearest friends.

"And now, dear children," she continued, "I hope that when you give or receive gifts at Christmas, that you will always think of the holy child Jesus, who was born in a manger, but was Lord over all, and is now the only one who can give the gift of a holy heart, or of a home in Heaven. And I hope when you are enjoying the gifts of your friends, that you will not forget the poor little children who have no friends to give them presents; for," said she, "Christ came to save the poor as well as the rich, and He desires that you should be good and kind to them for His sake."

"I think," said Rosa, "that I shall always try to remember the poor, for dear mama was always kind to the poor, and taught me to pray for them; and she is now in Heaven with Jesus, and I know that she would like to have me do what would please Him."

Just then the tea bell rang, and the children had to hasten to have their hair smoothed and their dresses arranged in order to go down, so the conversation was brought to a close; but the words that good Mrs. Gray had said to the little ones sank deep into their hearts, and long after Rosa's curly head had pressed the pillow that night, she lay thinking of her dear mother in Heaven, and what she might do for the poor little children who had no kind friends to send them Christmas presents; and when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream of being a good little fairy, distributing candy into long rows of little stockings, some of which were pretty well darned, and others full of holes in both heel and toe.

But when Rosa came down to breakfast next morning, all traces of her serious thoughts, as well as her dreams, were lost in the bright smiles that lit up her face as she saw from the dining-room window that the sun was shining, and that there was no longer any trace of the recent storm.

"Well, Rosebud," said her uncle, as he stroked her curls, "I think that you and Eda can have a walk to-day; when the streets dry up a little Nurse must take you all down to the Bowery to see Santa Claus; they have him full size, on exhibition in one of the toy shop windows."

"Me want to see Santa Claus, too," said little Eda, climbing upon her papa's knee to receive her morning kiss.

"Papa, is he a real Santa Claus?" exclaimed Willie, "and can he talk and walk?"

"Well, one question at a time, my boy," said his father, kindly, for Mr. Allen was a kind man, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to see little children happy. He never forgot that he had been a boy himself. His father and mother were good Christian people, and brought him up in the fear of the Lord; but since he became a man and had married, he had laid aside his religious duties, and had conformed to the requirements of a fashionable wife. Perhaps it would have been different with him had he married a woman more like his own good mother or sister. Be that as it may, he showed at least that he was not a man of strong principles, for if he had been he would have maintained them under any circumstances. He loved his family, and though he could not help seeing how frivolous his wife was when compared with his own mother and sister, yet he never opposed her, but let her have her own way.

After breakfast the children hastened to prepare for their walk. The streets were now quite dry, and the people were hurrying to and fro, and little children were enjoying the beautiful sights in the shop windows. Rosa and Eda walked on before, while Willie and Mrs. Gray brought up

the rear. They stopped at every window that held anything worth seeing; but when they came to the toy-shop where St. Nicholas was holding sway, they could not bear the idea of leaving it. There he stood, laden with gifts of every variety, from a penny whistle to a horse and carriage. He appeared a kindly-looking, old man, with long beard and heavy overcoat, and high-top boots. His hat, coat and boots were specked over with snow flakes, and as he stood there smiling, the children could not help but think that he was their friend.

Little Eda clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, dood Santa-Claus, please put some of these pretty things in my stocking;" and Willie said, "I hope he will give me a sleigh, and a horse, and a drum, and a Noah's ark, and a ——"

"Well, Willie, I should think that would be enough for one time," said Mrs. Gray. "Surely you would not want everything. Remember, there are a great many children to be supplied, and you must not be selfish."

"Oh," said Rosa, "What a lovely doll; what pretty blue eyes and curly hair it has. It looks like cousin Eda."

"Well, my children," said Mrs. Gray, "we must not stay here too long, for you may take cold. I think that St. Nicholas will remember you all, and bring you what will be the most suitable for you to have."

When they reached home, their little faces glowed from the long walk in the fresh air and pleasurable excitement of seeing so many sights.

"Oh! Mama," exclaimed little Eda, on going to her mother's room, "I seed Santa Claus, and, oh! so many pretty things, and he is going to bring me some!"

"Well, dear, do not talk so loud, and be careful not to step on these pieces of silk; I do wish that Mrs. Gray would teach my little daughter how she should enter her mother's room."

"But, I wanted to tell Mama about Santa Claus," said the little one, feeling grieved that her mother should check her, when she wanted so to express her delight at seeing the little old man.

"Well, never mind; come and kiss me, and then run back to nurse, for see, I am too busy to talk."

But tea-time brought their father, and then the children could have an attentive listener, for it was Mr. Allen's delight to enter into all their joys, and he had a sympathetic word for all their sorrows.

A few days after this Mr. Allen called Rosa to him, and stroking her

hair with his broad, kindly palm, said, "Well, Miss Rosa, how much money will it take to purchase what you wish for Christmas?"

"Oh, I do not know, Uncle. Mama is not here to give me any money, and I guess I do not want any," said the poor child, sadly.

Mr. Allen took her upon his knee, and wiped the tears away, and spoke kind, soothing words to her, for he began to love the gentle little orphan. He would have loved and pitied her had she been a stranger; but she was his only sister's child, and he never looked at her but he could see his sister's face, for she very much resembled her mother. The same large, expressive eyes, and the same bright ringlets that never would comb smooth, but persisted in straying over the forehead and down her neck in soft, shiny curls.

"Rosa," he said, "your mother has gone to Heaven, dear, and she has left her little girl with me, and I must see that she has what she needs. Now, you will please to tell me how much money you need to get Christmas presents with, so I can give it you."

"Oh, Uncle, you are so kind; but you know that if I took your money to buy presents with, it would not be giving them."

"Just like your mother, little one; she was always afraid of doing wrong or being unjust to some one; but set your heart at rest on that point, for I am not going to give you my money. You know, or ought to know, that when your good father died, he left quite a large fortune to your mother and yourself, and when your mother died, I became your guardian; and while I have a right, according to law, to give or withhold from you, as my judgment will dictate, yet I shall only be giving you what is your own; for if you do not spend it now, you will have it when you grow to be a woman. Therefore, little miss, make up your mind, and prepare a list of what you need, and get Nurse to count it up for you, and bring it to me to-morrow, and if you do not demand too large a sum, I will accommodate you. But now I must go down town." So, after kissing her, he left the house.

Rosa immediately went in quest of Mrs. Gray, to get her to help her decide what was best for her to get, and to see what it would cost. "Well," said Mrs. Gray, "it would be rather hard to tell just what you want to buy, until you go out to see and select, and you would not want to select until you had the money to purchase with; so I think your best plan will be to get your uncle to give you five or ten dollars, and then you can buy what you wish with it."

"Five or ten dollars! would not that be too much? That seems to be a great deal of money."

"I know that, dear; to some people it would be quite a little fortune; but to you, or any of your uncle's family, it would not be too much, for of course you would wish to give your uncle and aunt, and Willie and Eda, each a present, and of course you would want to give them something nice, so I would think you would need ten dollars at least."

"But, Mrs. Gray, uncle and aunt have everything they need, and what could I buy them? Besides, I think I ought to give presents to some of the poor little girls and boys who have no one to think of them."

"A very commendable thought, indeed, my dear, and one I hope you will try and put in practice; but, of course, you ought also to show your love and respect to your uncle and aunt, by giving them some token of it."

"Well, yes, I suppose I ought, but I cannot think what would please them."

"Well, I will help you think, my dear."

"And I think that I shall get Eda that pretty doll that we saw in the window, and the Noah's ark for Willie. I know that they would like them." And Rosa went to her room delighted to think that she would have it in her power to make some one happy.

The next day she presented her petition for ten dollars, at the same time asking her uncle if he would be willing for her to use some of it to purchase presents to give to some of the little children who had no parents to give them presents. He handed her twenty-five dollars, telling her to do just as she pleased with it, "only, my dear," said he, "I would advise you to take Mrs. Gray into your confidence, for she has more experience in such matters, and she is a very good woman. She lived in my mother's family, and was very well acquainted with your mother in her girlhood. Indeed, I consider her a great blessing to the family, and would be very loth to part with her services."

Rosa took the money, thanking her uncle and almost smothering him with kisses, and promising to do nothing without Mrs. Gray's sanction, ran away to find her kind nurse and instructress, for Mrs. Gray was teacher as well as nurse.

Rosa was overjoyed to think that she had so much money to buy presents with, and she fully determined, with Mrs. Gray's approval, to spend the larger share of it in presents for the poor children. "Now, Mrs. Gray," she said, "I wish you would please to help me select what would be most suitable to give uncle and aunt, and Willie and Eda, and then what would be best for the poor children."

"Well," said Mrs. Gray, "what children do you wish to bestow your presents upon?"

"I had not thought of that; but of course there are a great many. But I would like to give to the poor children who have no mother; for you know, dear Nurse, I do so miss my mother, and it makes me feel so sorry for the little children who have no mother."

"Well, dear, we will try to think what is best for you to get, and to whom you had best give it; and now you had better go and lock up your money in your drawer, and come and attend to your lessons, for you know that 'duty must always be attended to before pleasure.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

SWEET HOME.

How sweet the word when applied to a real home, where every member fills the niche for which each was created. Where a Christian father presides over his family with quiet dignity, proving himself capable not only of ruling his children, but of governing his own passions, (for herein lies the secret of true government.) The man who is not able to keep his passions under proper control is not capable of ruling a family or taking part in State government.

To be able to rule properly, one must know how to obey. Such a father cannot fail to have the respect of his children, and respect from children commands obedience. They cannot fail to note the dignity and superiority of such a father, and profit by the example.

Many well-meaning parents destroy what influence they might have over their children by giving way to outbreaks of temper, often justly provoked by disobedience and willfulness, it is true; but they only make things worse instead of better by their passion, for children are quick to observe and resent anything that appears to them to be injustice, and they cannot believe that a parent loves them who will fly at them just as he would at a dog when caught in a mean act. They feel that it is only just that the parent should give them a chance to explain, and should show that he was correcting them for their own good, and not to gratify his passions. It is far better to rule by love than fear.

A home where presides a mother whose prudence is only equaled by her love; who, whilst caring for the wants of the body, does not forget that there is a soul to save, a mind to cultivate and train; who is working for the supreme good of her husband and children, instead of trying to keep ahead of her neighbors.

A home where the daughters are taught to take care of and beautify it; where the sons are early taught the great lesson of self-reliance, and to

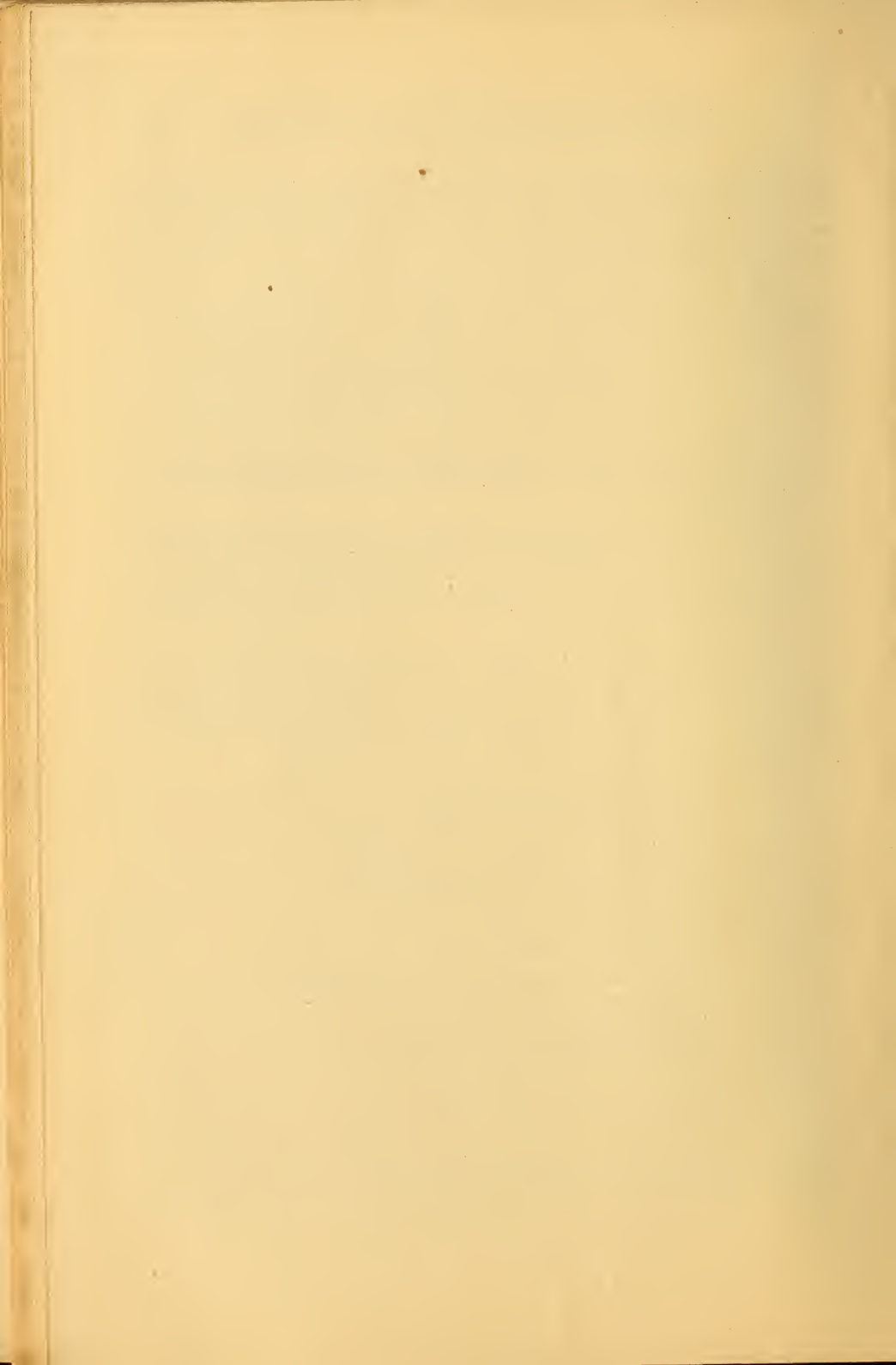
lend a helping hand, and, side by side with their father, fight the battle of life. Where, when the day's work is over, they turn for peace and rest; where the loving ones assemble around the frugal board, with perfect trust and confidence in each other.

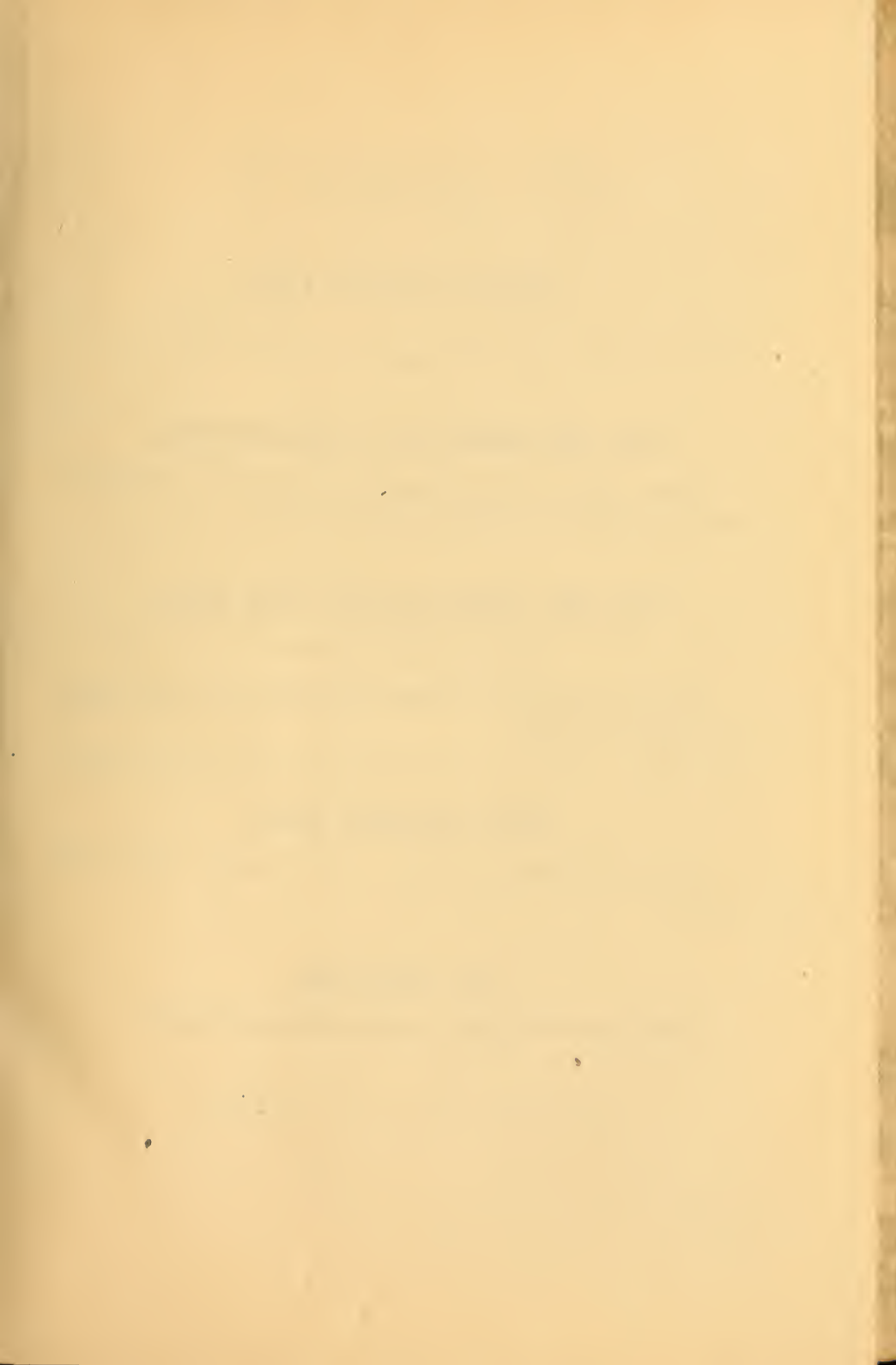
Such a home is the prototype of Heaven, in which, be it ever so humble, the heart finds rest, the life is purified, and when we go out into the cold world the halo of love still surrounds us, the armor of perfect trust and confidence encases us so that no darts from without can seriously affect us. We courageously battle with life's trials, and face difficulty for the sake of the dear ones at home; and when weary and ready to faint by the way with the burdens of the day, bright visions of a cozy home, a loving group, will cheer us on and help us take up life's burdens again with renewed strength.

To such a home we can trace the origin of nearly all our great men. It is seldom that a man reared in such a home becomes a criminal or a skeptic. You may read the biographies of all the infidels of note, and you will find that their lives were blighted, their faith in God destroyed in early life, by neglect or unkindness.

Reader, have you such a home? If not, you are one of the good fairies who can, if you will, help to make it. You have only to stretch forth the wand of love, and by its magic touch, turn bitterness into sweet, frowns into smiles, the storm of anger into the sunshine of kindness.

Oh! weary heart, when all the world doth turn from thee
Because thy gold hath melted into dross,
And health is gone, and death won't set thee free,
And old-time friends refuse to mourn thy loss;
And thou wouldst seek a place for peace and rest,
Then turn thy face to sweet, sweet home,
For there thou'lt ever be a welcome guest,
For all thy dear ones bid thee come.
Then what if all the world should coldly pass thee by?
At home thou'rt anchored safe at last,
Entrenched by love, thou need'st not sigh
For the false golden glitter of the past.





RECEIPTS.



FOR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

A half ounce of pulverized salt-petre dissolved in a half-pint of sweet oil ; bathe by a hot fire, and rub it in well.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES,

OR ANY PART OF THE BODY.

Take grated potatoes and make a soft poltice of it, raw ; apply every half hour, fresh.

FOR CLEANING ZINC.

A soft rag, dipped in coal oil. It is also nice to clean up old tinware.

FOR VOMITING.

Apply a mustard plaster over the stomach and breast

73

PEBBLES

GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

No. 3.

A MONTHLY VISITOR,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

— BY —

MRS. MARY WOOD.

PREFACE.

These little Pebbles were gathered personally by the writer, and so far she has quoted nothing from any other authors; but if she should deem it proper to quote extracts from other works, she will not credit them to herself, but give the works and names of the writers from whom she will think proper to borrow.

To those whose term of subscription will soon expire I would say, I should be glad to retain you on my list, but many thanks for your past favors. If this little work should prove a success, remember that you were the foundations upon which it stood.

Those who wish to renew their subscription can do so by putting a card in the postoffice, addressed to Mrs. Mary Wood, Author of "Pebbles Gathered by the Wayside."

Those who wish to preserve the copies and have them bound, can have an opportunity to get them done very cheaply at the end of the year, as I will call, personally, and take their orders.

ROBERT INGERSOLL'S GHOSTS DO NOT REPRESENT THE BIBLE.

I have just finished reading what Robt. G. Ingersoll is pleased to call the "Ghosts," and while they may represent some people's religion, yet they have no right to claim to be even a ghost of mine. Not one of the specimens that he holds up to view has any claim whatever to the Bible. Indeed, some of them do not indorse the Bible as much as he does himself; for while he condemns the Bible, he continually draws from its truths.

He fires his big gun at the clergy, just as though the clergy were the Bible; and what seems to be the most ridiculous part is that he loads his gun with Bible ammunition. He addresses himself to the church, and then goes on to define what the church is; and when he gets his definition complete, it represents the church of God about as much as an almanac represents the Bible, or as a traitor represents a loyal man.

Now, it seems to me that it would be only fair and just for Robt. G. Ingersoll, (who, by the way, prides himself on being an honorable man,) when he makes war on the Bible, to acknowledge frankly what it does teach, instead of laying to its charge what bigotry, selfishness and ignorance have construed its teachings into; for the very class of men, or so-called Christians, that he holds up to view, (as he himself has acknowledged,) did not dare to read the Bible, and the very few who did read it were usually men who used it to make capital out of it, just as he is making capital out of his lectures against it. They were Christians only in name. They had the power to hold the Bible, and keep it from the people, well knowing that just as soon as the people became Bible readers that their power was at an end; hence the cause of their malignity against those who persisted in reading the Scriptures. They held the power that they possessed over the people far too valuable to give it up so lightly. They knew very well that the Bible made every man a free moral agent, to do just as he chose. It simply points out the way to destruction and the way to happiness; it compels no man to walk therein; and they knew that if the people found this out that they could claim no more tithes nor homage from them; hence they put to death the few who would break through the bonds of ignorance and tyranny, hoping thereby to keep the rest blind and in their power.

And Robert Ingersoll ought to know that those grand and noble men and women who died so gloriously for the truth were Christians, and not infidels. They were put to death for reading and practicing the Bible doctrines; and I should like to know who ever heard of an infidel being put to death for reading the Bible, or in fact for not reading it. It is true that the Crusaders put the infidels to death who had invaded the Holy Land; but though it was done in the name of Jesus, it was only for conquest, and not through any desire on their part to serve the meek and lowly Saviour, who said "if a man take thy coat, give him thy cloak also."

Infidelity I look upon as a want of belief in God, and not in man's creeds. No man was ever put to death because he did not believe in or love God. That would be the height of absurdity, for the very men who took part in these cruelties were enemies of the Bible, and caused it to be burned, and destroyed those who read and preached the Word of God. They had creeds of their own that they wished to set up, to extort money from the people, and it was their policy to keep the people in ignorance of the truths taught in the Bible. Some of them pretended to use the Bible, and construed its teachings, or parts of it, to serve their own purposes, just as infidels do. They will oppose it and quote from it at the same time.

Now Ingersoll says that everything has progressed except the Bible, and yet I defy him, with all his eloquence, or any other man living, to produce a book that will equal it either in style, depth, or grandeur of conception.

The Bible has portrayed man exactly as he is, from infancy to old age, and while the story of the Brahma's creation of man, which Ingersoll tells so eloquently, might be more to his liking, yet he must acknowledge that the Bible account of Adam and Eve is a great deal more like the Adams and Eves of the present day. We cannot fail to see how plain the Bible shows up our humanity. Instead of the Bible degrading us, it beautifies and ennobles. Mark the difference! The infidel levels us with the brute; the Bible creates us in the image of God, and puts a soul in the earthly tenement. The infidel closes our existence with the few fleeting years of this life; the Bible gives us an immortality that lives forever. The infidel would blast the sweet hope that love has as she kisses the cold lips of death; the Bible lends faith to love and bids her look beyond this vale of tears over the cold stream of death, into a beautiful land where neither sin or sorrow, or death can ever enter, where the dear ones shall meet again never more to part. The infidel bids man worship

nature, with all her deformity and impurity; the Bible bids man worship God, who is pure and holy.

The teachings of the Bible are plain and satisfying to the heart; it teaches love to God and man, and I would like to ask you what can be better than love? Love will work no evil to his neighbor, for if you love God you will surely love your fellow man; and furthermore if you love God you will surely keep his commandments, for they are all made for your own good, and not simply to show His power over us. Every sensible man ought to be able to see that there is not a command in the Bible that was not made for man's own benefit.

CHAPTER II.

I want to notice briefly a few more points in that ghost story.

First. It may frighten those who have never made the doctrine of the Bible a study, or felt the benign influence of its teachings; or it may serve as a scare-crow to set up near the road that leads to Paradise by those envious souls who will neither walk therein themselves nor allow others to follow that path if they can prevent it. But as for those who have felt the love of God in their hearts, and have made themselves acquainted with the pure doctrines of that holy book, it can have no weight whatever, for they cannot fail to see through its flimsiness and its misrepresentations.

What would we think of an Englishman who would come over to this country and make a tour of the United States, and see all the grandeur of our government, the wealth and intelligence of our people, the improvements that civilization has made in this once benighted land, and on returning home, and surrounded by his countrymen, and perhaps some Americans, would begin to deliberately describe the Indian, telling of their copper color, their warlike habits and barbarous practices, intimating that we are all alike, simply because we lived on the same soil and breathed the same air? And what would we think of the gaping crowd who would listen attentively and clap their hands, and shout and ridicule the American people, and say, "Yes, we know that they must be all alike, for they all breathe the same air and live on the same soil?" Would it not be simply ridiculous in the face of all the knowledge that the English people have of our government and intelligence? Well, is it any better for people who have seen and known what wonders the teachings of the Bible have wrought throughout the whole world, and in the face of all that knowledge to applaud a man who is trying to make them believe that because an ignorant, selfish, tyrannical priesthood have used that same Book to further

their purposes, (and they have done this principally by closing it,) and because they had it in their power to keep it from the people, that all mankind who use it must of necessity be the same, and must construe its teachings to aid them in the same base purposes?

Now, you see that while the American soil is good to produce, and the civilized white man raises wheat, corn and all other productions to save life and bless man, the untutored savage uses it to traverse in pursuit of the life of his fellow-man, only taking enough from it to preserve his own life and foster his ignorance. While the pure air which the civilized American breathes is used by him to bless and elevate his fellow-man, the same air is breathed by the Indian to expand his lungs as he utters his war whoop, or follows in pursuit of his foes!

Is it the fault of the air or the soil that it is misused by the savage? It was created for his benefit, and he refuses to use it in that way. If the civilized American accepts its blessings and improves them, while the Indian refuses to do so, but misuses them, would it be just to say that there were no blessings to enjoy, or that America was a failure because everybody living on its soil was not improved by it? Well, just in that way infidels misrepresent the Bible, because ignorant, selfish people have used the same Book and pretended to be governed by it, and perhaps in some cases have believed they were governed by it, (for a religious bigot is the worst character known.)

But mankind has seen too much of the peaceful fruits of righteousness which that blessed Book has left in its train, when used by those who were actuated by its teachings, to leave any excuse, save a willful obstinacy in men who have been reared beneath its shadow, to lay the follies of the bigot or ignorant to its charge.

I need dwell no longer on this point. You have only to look at the fruit to judge of the tree. You have only to take the teachings of the blessed Saviour, who we as Christians take as authority above all others, in or out of the Bible, and the man who does not follow those teachings, no matter what he pretends to the world to be, is not a Bible Christian, and is not a fair sample to set up as one.

The Old Testament is history, in the main, of a people who lived and acted ages ago. We have no means of telling how much of it is literal, or how much of the structure is wanting to complete the whole, and make it a fit tabernacle for God to dwell in; but throughout the whole we can see a glamour of light, foot-prints of a God who walked in the midst of the darkness, sometimes scarcely visible to the human eye, but enough to show

that He had never forsaken mankind, and if they in their willfulness would sacrifice to idols, and as the smoke of their sacrifice which went up from unholy alters so blinded their eyes that they could not perceive Him, yet He was there, and manifested himself to those who asked for His presence. But never, until the Son of Righteousness arose in the form of our blessed Saviour, did man fully understand what true and undefiled religion was.

But from Genesis to Revelations there is one golden thread of light, narrow at first, but it broadens as it nears the full rays of the Son of Righteousness, so that no man need stand in the dark, unless he chooses darkness rather than light. .

Second. I wish to draw your attention to a few other points which Ingersoll seems to think conclusive evidence against the Bible. One is science. Now will the learned gentleman please to tell us which of the scientific men are right, for we poor ignorant souls have no certain means of finding out; for there is as much difference in their estimates and opinions as there are in the men who pretend to expound the Bible. Then how are we to know that any of them are right, for according to his theory we are not to have faith in what we do not actually understand? Then again he asserts that everything has progressed except the Bible, but I can tell him of one thing that has not progressed, and that is infidelity, for years and years ago they taught that there was no God nor future Heaven, and I have never heard that they found out to their satisfaction that there was either. Then I cannot imagine where their progression can possibly lead to, for at the end of this life, according to their own showing, they are at the end of their string, and can only lie down and die. We know that they have not progressed physically for ages past, and if they have made any progress mentally or intellectually, it has been because they have been carried along with the stream of education which has followed in the train of the light of that grand and glorious old Gospel that they so much despise, for never were the common people educated until they got possession of the Bible. And if you will go back in history over a vista of two hundred years, (and surely our faith may carry us safely over that much ground, for Ingersoll himself does not hesitate to believe that there was a Shakspear, and that he harvested all the fields of drama,) we can safely presume that there has been no progression among dramatists, which will make three classes who have not progressed. You will find minds that were as strong intellectually as have ever lived since, and I do not hesitate to say far stronger, for they had to combat ignorance on every

side. They stepped boldly out into the light from utter darkness, when the chains of ignorance were all around them, and if their fight for life did weaken their powers so that they could not grasp the mighty problems which have since been handled so easily when so many hands were stretched out to help, what wonder was it? It does not prove that they were weak intellectually, but that they had less chance or help.

And from history we learn that cities were built and palaces were furnished as grandly as have ever been seen in these latter days; gorgeous temples were reared, and man clothed himself in fine raiment; and that silk and linen were woven; that the people were acquainted with the fine arts; that they danced, sang, and played on musical instruments in former times. So you see the only real progression that has been made is in education, which has been the natural fruit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.—The tree was a long time, it is true, in coming to maturity, for the enemies of the Saviour are many, and the emissaries of Satan have done all in their power to destroy its growth; but grow it did, and grow it will when Robert G. Ingersoll is in his grave and forgotten, (save by the few who have followed his counsels to the destruction of their peace and happiness,) until its branches shall cover the whole earth—until all nations may repose under its shadow.

The next point I wish to notice is where he says that the Bible has degraded woman; and while I respect him for the honor he bestows on woman, and the manner in which he exalts her shows him to be a true and honorable man, yet I flatly contradict his assertion that the Bible degrades woman. We can begin at the Creation, if he likes, and prove that the Bible places woman as man's equal all through, and that it is only man in his ignorance and selfishness who takes advantage of his superior brute force to keep her down.

In the first place, Eve was taken from the side of Adam, and not from either head or feet. She was taken from his own body, which proves that she was equally as good, and the first marriage was performed by the Creator Himself, for He said that they twain should be one flesh, and for this cause a man shall leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife. Not one word about the humiliation of a wife before her husband. Then again, Eve had as much privilege of the Garden as Adam, or she would not have had the opportunity of eating the first apple off the forbidden fruit tree. If she had been humiliated as she has been since where they have not the light of the Gospel, she would have had to have waited on her liege Lord first, and then taken herself out of his presence to eat the

core or whatever he pleased to leave her. But we find that she not only took the first bite, but she took the liberty of persuading her husband to follow her example. That looks like degradation, does it not? Well, that proves that in the Garden of Eden, at least, they were equal. The next character we find that is spoken of is the wife of Abraham. She was spoken of as a very beautiful woman, and the whole history of her that is recorded proves that her husband loved her and honored her. Then came Rebecca, and I am sure the record given has a tendency to exalt her in our eyes. Then comes the case of Jacob, who made himself a servant for fourteen years for the love he bore a woman. I am afraid that if you would investigate you would find that love has not progressed any since the days of Jacob, for there have been very few men in these latter days who would serve anybody, much less his intended father-in-law, fourteen years for the woman he loved. Well, you may go all through the Bible, and you will find that good women were loved, honored, and respected just as much as men were, and had their say in Church and State matters just as they do now, and perhaps more so. Even King David's wife took the liberty to openly rebuke him in the presence of his men of high estate for making a fool of himself, as she considered that he had done when he danced before the Lord with joy.

We read of women advising, rebuking, loving and hating, just as the case presented itself, all through the Old Testament, and the New Testament gives her the highest position that could be given to mortal. She was last at the Cross and first at the Sepulchre. She appears in every figure, in every scene, and nearly always taking a favorable position, and the much-harped-on command given her to obey her husband is a very easy one to do, for her husband is commanded to love her, and if the law is love, what woman could not obey the law of love? Even the Saviour revered His mother from first to last, and provided for her in the hour of His agony. Now where is the degradation, I would ask, save where men did as they have done since, abused power and oppressed those who were weaker than themselves?

One more point is where Ingersoll asserts that, without exception, Christians of the present day would, if they had the power, rekindle the fires, etc., that the bigot was compelled to put out long years ago. That is another proof of the shallowness of his assertions. He says that he has read the Bible, and yet he seems to be ignorant of the fact that the teachings of the Saviour are love to God and man, and that He especially forbids rangling and envyings, and bitterness, and persecutions, and resentment

of any kind, or the use of carnal weapons to defend their faith, but bids us be long-suffering, rendering not evil for evil, but doing good for evil. But he will say that he can find no one who lives up to that rule. No matter if there is not one upon the earth who does, it is no less the true religion that is taught in the Bible, and when he assails the Bible he assails that religion. And if he wishes to make a fair fight, when he starts out to face the enemy let him tell us whether he is fighting the true religion of Jesus Christ contained in the Bible, or the bigots who have set themselves up for Bible Christians. He asks for liberty, and air, and room to breathe, and think, and to reason. Well, the Bible gives him liberty, for Christ only entreats—He does not compel or drive men. Listen to His words of love and compassion, when He cries out of the fullness of His pity, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered you as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, but you would not." Now, does that seem like coercion? Is it not more like the pleading of a loving father with a wayward son? And how long-suffering He is, for He says, "How often?" No, my friend Ingersoll, there is not a Bible Christian who would harm a hair of your head, or would harbor a thought of hatred against you. You could provoke no thought in their hearts save love and pity; but at the same time it behooves them to guard the minds of the young against your pernicious doctrines, for while your doctrines could not hurt the strong matured mind, whose experience in life has taught him the difference between the fruit of infidelity and the fruit of Christianity; yet the young, who are just entering the untried paths, can be easily allured into the shady paths of infidelity, for they do not see the lake of despair that lies at the end of the road, nor the slimy serpent that lurks beneath the poisonous flowers and fruits that seem so fair to look upon, when they begin their journey. The infidel would rob us of those two blessed angels, Faith and Hope, which help us to keep with us Purity, whilst he gives nothing in return but perplexity and despair.

WE SHALL CONQUER.

I feel thankful to say that the temperance cause is beginning to prosper once more. There has been a lull for a couple of years past, and the friends of the cause were beginning to feel discouraged, and its enemies were waxing bold. But if they thought the grand army of Cold Water

had given up the fight because they had apparently ceased offensive operations, they will find to their cost that they were mistaken. It is true that as yet there has been nothing done but a little skirmishing, for the main army has not yet consolidated; but they are making every preparation to do so, and when they do, they will present such a vast front to the enemy that he will be utterly astonished! And there are very few even among the friends of temperance who can at this time realize how much real good has been done silently and apparently unseen.

I have been a friend and advocate of temperance ever since I understood the definition of the term. I have watched its course ever since I was old enough to feel that I had a personal interest in its prosperity, and I must say that I never saw such a general awakening, such a simultaneous uprising as has manifested itself the past winter. The former outbursts of enthusiasm were like sudden heavy showers of rain; they did good while they lasted, but they soon ceased, and then the sun came out hotter than ever, and dried up the moisture and left the ground hard and baked. But now is the time for the gentle rain to fall slowly but steadily until the whole earth shall feel its life-giving influence.

All over the United States the work is steadily going forward. The prospect is bright and glorious for the cause. The call to arms has sounded in Kansas, is sounding in Missouri, Illinois and Indiana, and may still sound until all the States shall fall into line. We want to hear one great trumpet blast begin at the Pacific, and never cease its echoes until it reaches the Atlantic. We want to see every friend of temperance gird on his armor, and be ready to take the field at a minute's warning; for the time is coming, and I am not sure that it has not already arrived, when there can be no middle course—when we must declare either for or against King Alcohol and all his troupe of underlings, viz: wine, brandy, gin and whisky, and last but not least in the train is that scourge and nuisance, beer. You may say of beer what you please; you may prate by the hour of its virtue as a strengthener and a health-giving beverage, and after all is said that can be in its favor, you have only to point to its work and it will tell its own tale. Just look at its work on the habitual beer drinker. Do you see that man with the red face and unshapely form, with dull languid eyes, and slow staggering step? He spends the most of his time in the beer saloon. Go ask your pork dealers if they will give as much for hogs that are fattened at the brewery as they will for those that are corn fed, and their answer would prove that it does not make sound flesh, but simply a mass of bloated fluffy fat that has no solidity about it. Besides it heats

up the blood and excites the nervous system, and creates a sensual appetite for stimulants, and leads to excesses and unholy desires.

But I say that the time is close at hand, if it is not already here, when we will be called upon to declare which we prefer, intemperance with all its train of evils, or temperance, which gives health, power, freedom, wealth and prosperity to us as a nation and to us individually.

The American people are becoming too wise as a nation to be made a cat's paw any longer to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for whisky distillers and saloon keepers. They are getting tired of the play, like the Indian, that gives them all the bone and the whisky mongers all the meat. They are beginning to see just the part they are playing in this great drama. The majority of the people pay the bills in hard-earned money, and in tears and even blood! whilst none are benefited in the least, except those who make a gain of its sale.

It is unlike most commodities, for you pay your money and get nothing in return but the serpent and its deadly sting. But remember, you are sure to get that, for it is impossible to tamper with the deadly thing without being bitten. And there is scarcely a household in the land that has not been invaded by it, and felt its poisonous fangs; and there are very few to-day but could tell of some dear one who has fallen a victim to its deadly power. And just look around you and see how many are at the present time marching, slowly it may be, but surely, to fill a drunkard's grave. And where, pray, does this vast army come from? Whose homes furnish these victims that are yearly offered to Bacchus?

We read with horror of the Hindu mother, who, through her blind superstition, throws her infant into the river Ganges to appease the anger of an imaginary god; but what do we care about the civilized mother, who in her drunken fury, destroys her infant, or, we might say, sacrifices it to the fury of the demon drink? or of the civilized father who offers up his hungry children's bread to the vile god, and lets his offspring starve? We send missionaries to heathen lands to prevent men from throwing themselves down before the Juggernaut Car, which crushes them beneath its ponderous weight, and yet we stand by coolly and see human sacrifices offered daily to the Demon God! Yes, we not only stand by, but we help build the very altars upon which they are sacrificed. You may think that because you do not drink yourself that you are entirely guiltless; but I tell you if you stand by consenting, without making an effort to prevent the wrong, that you are a party to the crime; and when you sign a petition for the granting of a license to a man to sell to his fellow man the

baneful fluid, you are signing a petition for the death warrant of those who fall by the beverage he sells. I ask you to look the facts square in the face, for there is no way to get around them in this enlightened age. There is to be no more dodging the truth.

The enemy is out in full force. They are assuming the defensive. They are manœuvring a little. They are trying to catch the crafty with guile, but their schemes are too transparent to catch many of us. They are trying the injured-innocent game by way of variety; they set up a great "hue and cry" about so much property being invested, hoping to get sympathy; but if they could rob the drunkard's wife and children to accumulate this capital, why should we hesitate to see it rendered useless in their hands? And again, when do they propose that they will have less capital invested? We have no assurance whatever that the liquor traffic will decrease, but on the contrary it is increasing from year to year; and must we stand by and see our children sacrificed as we have seen thousands upon thousands offered up before them, just because they have capital invested in this accursed trade? Well, I hope that all can see the absurdity of such a course.

It is surprising to think that these whisky men could have the audacity to think that we would stop one moment to weigh their personal interest against the welfare of the whole nation. Let the saloon keepers, wholesale dealers and distillers go to work and earn their bread honestly, for they have lived too long already upon the hard earnings of others. It has cost the innocent tears, and blood, and broken hearts, to build up their heritage; they are wearing to-day the garments that should have covered the weary limbs of many of the convicts, if they had not been allured by the poisonous cup. They spread desolation wherever they set up their altars. Those who worship at these shrines are bereft of reason, health, wealth, and all things that make life worth the living. They barter for the kiss of this cruel god their liberty. Henceforth they are bound with chains that are harder to break and are more degrading than any worn by the late slaves in our Southern states, for they not only force to submission the body, but the soul is chained in darkness by the subtle influence of this fiend.

And shall these priests of Bacchus be allowed to usurp to themselves the power to make laws for their protection while they are destroying our sons and daughters, and subtly drawing into their nets the very men who, by their talent and intellect, should be the staff upon which our country should lean? I appeal to every freeman of this country, who is in his

own right a king, to put into the ballot-box his protest against this usurpation. I appeal to every woman of the land to use her influence to crush the monster who is destroying her peace through the intemperance of her rightful protector — her husband, her sons, her brothers, or her father. I call upon every man, woman and child to raise the banner of temperance, with its crystal sparkles, its pure, clear background, its strong staff, and its crowning wealth of ever blooming, fragrant flowers, and trample under foot the red rag of King Alcohol, with all its contaminating, loathsome influence, and

Let cold water sound from every tongue,
 'Tis music in my ear —
 Its intrinsic worth can ne'er be sung,
 And down with rum and beer.
 Cold water makes pure, wholesome blood,
 It serves to cook our food,
 It cleanses from us filth and mud,
 And helps us as it should.

It serves to quench our burning thirst,
 Nor leaves a blood-red nose ;
 With remorse from it you'll not be cursed,
 Nor lose your sweet repose.
 It cures your aching brain of pain,
 It cools your weary feet —
 It leaves upon your name no stain —
 It makes your breath smell sweet.

Upon its back in ships you ride
 To roam in other lands,
 And by its help, through wind and tide,
 Supply Europe's great demands
 For wheat and cotton, corn and rice,
 For which they pay in gold,
 And in return bring a fair, round price
 For labor, free and bold.

And what has whisky done, pray tell,
 To ever help mankind,
 Except to enrich the men who sell
 Strong liquors, beer and wine?
 Oh yes, it helps the doctors, too, if you please,
 For they, of course, must come
 To say that he died of some disease,
 And not lay it all to rum.

The tax it pays, now please to note,
Wont pay the cost of jails
To hold the men who for it vote,
When money and manhood fails;
F'or robbed of all they hold most dear
By whisky's potent spell,
They forget all honor, and indeed all fear,
Till they fill the criminal's cell.

Our poor houses, too, we would not fill
If men would cold water use,
And not pay their money to keep up the still,
Nor their time and health abuse,
For most all the paupers, young and old,
Who fill our poorhouses to-day,
Have suffered through whisky, though it can't be told
How much in this simple lay.

ROSA LANE, OR THE GUIDING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

[Continued from page 35.]

The same afternoon Rosa was sitting in her aunt's reception room, looking over a pictorial history (for she was usually so quiet that her aunt seemed rather pleased than otherwise to have her company), when Thomas, the porter, announced: "A lady to see Mrs. Allen."

"Who is she, Thomas? Did she send up her card?"

"No, ma'm, she did not give her name. She said she only wanted to see you on a little business matter. She would not detain you long."

"Well, show her up—that is, if she is not a beggar or a book agent."

"I do not think that she is either, ma'm. She looks like a rare lady, ma'm."

"Well, show her up, Thomas."

So accordingly the lady was ushered into Mrs. Allen's presence, who recognized her as a lady who attended the same church, though she had never had any acquaintance with her.

"I am Miss Wilburn," she said, bowing, while Mrs. Allen acknowledged it coldly, conscious as she was that the lady did not belong to her set. But Miss Wilburn paid no attention to her cool reception, but went on to state her errand in as brief a manner as possible.

"Mrs. Allen," she said, "knowing you to be a lady of means, and I would hope disposed to aid the poor, I ventured to call on you for a subscription to help us in a proposed dinner for the poor people at the almshouse on Christmas day. We feel that thereby we would be showing our gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts for the many blessings that we are permitted to enjoy above those poor creatures who have been less fortunate."

"Indeed, Miss Wilburn, I am very sorry to be obliged to decline putting my name on your subscription list. I hope you may be successful in your project, but you have no idea how many calls we have for charitable purposes. I pay a very large amount to the church annually, and I am a member of half a dozen foreign missionary societies, and we are daily called upon to subscribe for something; there are colleges and asylums to be built and corporation taxes to be raised for the support of the poor, and I do not know what not is to be done, and we rich people must do it all. Why, it was only yesterday that I gave a hundred dollars to a mission who propose sending books and clothing, and I do not know what all, to the poor heathen of the Figi Islands. Indeed, we would have nothing left if we were to respond to all the demands made on our purses," and the lady drew herself up to her full height and put her foot down in a very decided manner.

"Well, yes, Mrs. Allen, I agree with you that we have a great many calls, and I believe a great many of them are worthy objects, and as we can not respond to all, I feel it my duty to try to do for those that are nearest me, before I send what little I have to give away to foreign countries. Now, the poor of this city are our particular charge, and it seems to me to be more consistent with the spirit of true charity to help those first who are dependent upon us; then, if we can spare anything more, let us send it to the heathen or any others who need it."

"For my part I have no sympathy for those shiftless vagrants who are inmates of the almshouse. Me subscribe toward getting them up a Christmas dinner?—indeed not I; they bring themselves to want by their idle, wasteful habits. Drunkenness and laziness are mostly the steps that take them to the almshouse, and they should not be encouraged in it. Bread and water is too good for such."

"Mrs. Allen, you may be correct, and I believe you are in part; but you are far from being correct in all you say about these poor people. Accidents and misfortune, sickness and losses often overtake just as worthy people as you or I, and often the aged and the orphan, left unprovided for, or pillaged of their just dues by some unprincipled rascal who has grown rich from their downfall, are obliged to take refuge in the almshouse as the only asylum that the wide world contains for them; and if the same roof covers from the pitiless storm the idle and the worthless poor, did not the same Jesus, whose birthday we celebrate in our Christmas festivals, come down to earth to save them, too, as well as the king on his throne? And who are we that we should set ourselves above the Redeemer of mankind? But I see that I am trespassing upon your time, so I will go, but I do hope that you will look upon this subject in a different light, and try to exercise Christian charity toward those who have not been blessed with the opportunities that you were permitted to enjoy."

"Well, I fail to see it in the same light as you do," said Mrs. Allen, as she bowed her visitor to the door. "I am bored to death with such people," she said, as she seated herself in her elegant reclining chair. "She is badly mistaken if she thinks that I will throw my money away on paupers—not I, indeed."

Meanwhile Rosa had sat listening to the conversation between the ladies, and all her sympathies were with Miss Wilburn; but she said nothing, partly because she knew that it would not be proper for her to take any part in the conversation, and partly because she had promised to do nothing with her money without the approval of Mrs. Gray; but she did so long to run and get it and bestow a portion of it toward helping to get up a dinner for the paupers. But she wisely held her peace, even after the lady had departed; for she could see by what had passed that her aunt would not approve of her giving her money for that purpose.

But time that never loiters did not stop, but passed swiftly by, bringing in its train rainy days and sunshiny days, cloudy and stormy days succeeding bright, clear days; but at last as Christmas neared it became colder, and snow, sleet and hail paid flying visits, until the sun would come out and chase them all away with his kindly rays.

Christmas Eve had come, and it had dawned a cold, gray morning; the sun would come out for a few moments, and then disappear again, and little snowflakes would come down for a few minutes, and then cease to fall, while the wind would take them up again and put them down at the curbstone, leaving the middle of the streets bare again. People hurrying

along would draw their wraps closer about them to keep out the chilling blast. But for all the unpleasantness of the weather, there was no end to the crowds constantly pouring down the public streets, hurrying, surging along, as if bent on some important errand, as indeed many were, while others were merely out sight-seeing, but were forced by the cold to hasten their movements. The shop boys were kept busy carrying home orders from wealthy customers. Splendid carriages, driven by liveried grooms, were constantly setting ladies down in front of the many stores along Broadway and other fashionable streets, where they purchased costly presents or ordered some valuable article to be sent home, too large, perhaps, to be conveyed in their dainty vehicles, or because they designed making calls on their way back, and did not wish to be incumbered.

Mrs. Gray very frequently took the children for a drive in the carriage when not used by the heads of the family. She and Rosa had had a long talk about Miss Wilburn's call, and Mrs. Gray happened to be slightly acquainted with the lady, and had promised Rosa that if the carriage was at their disposal she would take them to ride and call on Miss Wilburn. So she went to Mrs. Allen's room to inquire if she was going to use the carriage that morning.

"No, not before three," she said, "and I suppose you will be back before that?"

The carriage was accordingly ordered, and the three children, warmly bundled up, started for their ride.

"Drive to Miss Wilburn's, No. 70 Henry street," said Mrs. Gray to the driver. He complied, and in a few minutes they pulled up in front of a plain, two-story brick dwelling. Miss Wilburn was at home, and was very gracious toward her visitors. She had known Mrs. Gray for years, though they had only a slight acquaintance. She recognized Rosa as the little girl who sat so still and watched her so intently while she was conversing with Mrs. Allen. She shook hands with Mrs. Gray, and gave the children seats near the fire. Her room was not elegant, but it was very comfortable and pleasant, with a bright coal fire burning in the grate, which threw a ruddy glow over all, dispelling the gloom of that dull, gray morning.

"Miss Wilburn, we called on you, knowing you to be the friend of the poor, to see if you can help this little girl forward a design she entertains of helping the poor little orphan children in the poorhouse."

"Well, my dear, I am sure it is very kind of you to think of the

poor little ones, and I am sure I shall be only too glad to further your desires."

"You see," said Mrs. Gray, "she has twenty-five dollars given her by her uncle and guardian, which he accords her full liberty to dispose of as she thinks best, and she has determined on giving it into your hands to buy suitable presents for the children, whether orphans or not, at the almshouse, and I have concluded that they will be the least likely to receive anything from other sources."

"Yes, that is very true, Mrs. Gray, for those who are so unfortunate as to be obliged to seek a home there are the most isolated creatures living in this great city; for outsiders will think them amply provided for, while those who have charge of them do not feel it their duty to do more than is absolutely needful, as they are brought to account for all they spend; and besides it often happens that unprincipled persons are appointed to the position of overseer to the poor, and abuse their power and use for selfish purposes money that should be appropriated to the wants of the paupers."

"Be that as it may," replied Mrs. Gray, "I think the chances are very slim for their being made very happy with Christmas gifts, and so we, that is, Rosa and I, have concluded that her gift would at least make some little hearts glad that would not otherwise be reached."

"I believe that you are quite right, and the little girl is certainly very kind to think of the poor little waifs."

Rosa got up and went over to Miss Wilburn, and handed her three crisp five dollar notes, saying she would be very glad if she would take it and spend it for the little children.

"And why do you wish to give your money to these children?" asked Miss Wilburn.

"Because—because," said Rosa, coloring to the very roots of her hair, but gradually gaining her self-possession under the kindly beaming of the benevolent lady's face, "I am an orphan, you know, myself, and I feel that I ought to try to make the little children happy who have no kind friends."

"But do you not need some of this money yourself for the holidays?"

"Oh! no, indeed; I have ten dollars left to get presents for uncle and aunt, and the rest of the family, and that is plenty, for they will all have other gifts presented to them, and I am sure that I have everything I need, so that I am only too glad to send this money to those who have none. Besides my dear mother who is in Heaven I know would be

pleased, and the dear Saviour, who was born on Christmas night, will bless me for helping His poor," said Rosa, frankly, her face becoming animated, and her large eyes expressing all the enthusiasm she felt.

"Well, God bless you, my dear, and may you grow up to be a blessing to those that are ready to perish," said Miss Wilburn, fervently.

"And here is five dollars that I can spare to add to Rosa's gift," said Mrs. Gray, handing her the money. "I wish it was more, but I have a great many places for my money, especially this winter; but I am willing to divide as long as it lasts."

"By the way, would you like to attend our Christmas dinner at the Almshouse? I am sure that these little folks would enjoy seeing the poor little ones so happy as they are sure to be when they find themselves the recipients of so many good things; for first they will find in their little stockings some nice little presents, and then they will be permitted to enjoy a good dinner that the ladies of our society intend getting up. We have received a great many contributions from outsiders, and we feel in hopes of making the day a happy one for many a sad heart. We wish to present the old people of the institution with such articles as the rules do not allow the commissioners to furnish, such as spectacles, easy chairs, dressing gowns, slippers, etc. Poor old souls! Whatever their past life has been, whether useful or otherwise, I feel that they should have some friendly hands stretched out to help smooth their passage down to the grave."

"I should like to be there, and the children would enjoy it I know. What time do you give your dinner?"

"At twelve o'clock precisely, so as to give the ladies who will be in attendance a chance to get home in time for their own dinner."

"If that is so I do not know but that we can come, for we do not dine until four, so we should have plenty of time to get home."

Mrs. Gray now took her departure, and proceeded down town to make her purchases. Rosa also selected, with Mrs. Gray's assistance, what things she needed, and then they all returned home in high spirits. Rosa especially was glad to think that she would be in some measure the means of contributing to the happiness of others. "Mamma always said that it made us happy to try to make others happy, and I know that she was right, for I feel already so much pleasure to think that I have done my duty."

The rest of the afternoon was spent in preparing for the Christmas tree, for all the children were to hang something on the tree for distribu-

tion. Everybody in the family expected to have something off that tree on Christmas morning, yet no one was to know what they were to have.

The tree was to be placed in the children's parlor, and Mrs. Gray was to hang each gift upon it in the uncertain light of twilight, so that she could not see the names marked upon it. Then the room was to be closed up and locked, and Mrs. Gray was to carry the key, as she was made mistress of the ceremony of distributing them in the morning. But on Christmas night the tree was to be beautifully illuminated, and the children were to have a supper all by themselves. But they asked permission of their mother to ask Nana, the cook, and a couple of the house maids, to attend, and as Mrs. Allen knew that that would relieve her of having to oversee them, she readily assented to the arrangement, for she had promised Mrs. Gray she might spend Christmas with some friends she wished to visit, and as she expected company, of course she would have little opportunity to pay much attention to the children.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. It had snowed all night, and now it lay on the ground six inches deep. It had turned cold toward morning so that it was crusted over. Very beautiful it looked covering the streets with its white mantle, which sparkled in the sunlight like a stream of glistening gems as it threw its white robe over housetops, trees and shrubs. But very soon the white surface was broken by sleigh-runners and wagons, and indeed all sorts of vehicles. Boys would gather on the corners of the streets, and as the sleighs came jingling along would pelt them with snow. It was cold, but what if their hands and feet did feel the biting frost, it was Christmas, and they were having lots of fun. And what boy was ever cold when he had a chance for fun? The children at Mr. Allen's were up betimes, for who could sleep on that glorious morning, so bright and clear, when the Christmas bells were ringing, and the Christmas guns were firing. Merry Christmas rang from garret to kitchen. Every one, even old Nana, received the kindly salutation. "And faith its the merriest, brightest Christmas morning I've seen since I left ould Ireland," said Thomas, the porter, casting smiles at his ladylove who was sweeping the halls, "don't ye think so, Mary?"

"Well, that depends upon the size of the gift you're afther givin' me, sir," she said, archly.

Mr. Allen went down to the bank, where he had some business to attend to that could not be finished the day before: he had to meet some members of the board, as he was president, to consult about investing funds which had been paid in the day before. They were negotiating for

some shares in a large silver mine, and had not quite come to the proper understanding concerning the number of shares to purchase. Some of the members had been absent from the city, and consequently could not attend the regular meeting that was held the day before, so they had made what arrangements they could, leaving the final conclusion to be reached through the votes (for or against), of the absent parties, who Mr. Allen, as president, must meet at the bank on Christmas morning, that the purchase might be concluded early the following day.

As he was returning home he met the carriage containing Mrs. Gray and the children, on their way to the almshouse to attend the banquet. As it was early in the day, he thought that he would join them in a short ride, and so called to the driver to stop that he might get in.

"Where are you going," he said pleasantly to Mrs. Gray, "Anywhere in particular?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, "we are going to the almshouse to attend a Christmas dinner."

"To the almshouse to attend a Christmas dinner! What on earth put such an idea into your head?—are you going crazy, Mrs. Gray? I never heard of such a thing before. To the almshouse to attend a Christmas dinner! Well, well; that is something new; my family going to the poorhouse to eat their Christmas dinner!"

"Well, Mr. Allen, I hardly think that we shall eat our dinner there, but there is to be a grand dinner, gotten up for the poor, at the almshouse, and as we are some of the stockholders, as you would say, we were invited to be present and see the poor people enjoy the feast. Rosa had a great desire to go, so I concluded to drive over and take Willie and Eda along. Perhaps I should have consulted you or Mrs. Allen about the matter, but you were not at home, and when I sent up to see Mrs. Allen about our ride, she sent me word to go where I pleased, as she had no time to see me. Besides, you know that you and Mrs. Allen both tell me to use my own judgment in the matter of taking the children; but I mean to be careful to find out whether there is any disease among the children at the almshouse before entering."

"And, uncle, you will go with us, wont yo?" said Rosa.

"Oh yes, papa, do," put in Willie and Eda.

"Well, it looks as if I was going with you at the rate that Thomas is driving. Unless I call a halt pretty soon I think I shall have no choice but to go." Mr. Allen took out his watch to see what time it was, and seeing that it was only half-past eleven o'clock, he concluded to go on with

the children. He had been confined a good deal owing to business pressure, and he thought it would do him good to take a long ride in the bracing air of that bright winter day. When he arrived at the Almshouse he was induced to go in; partly for protection for the children, and partly because he saw several of his gentlemen acquaintances entering, and therefore he thought that he would have a few congenial companions.

The dinner was fine, and there was a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen in attendance. The poor inmates seemed to be thankful and pleased. The little children were especially delighted at the good things dispensed to them. They were clad in neat blue drilling dresses, their hair cut short and combed smooth, with narrow blue ribbon tied around their heads. They were marched in and seated around a table especially arranged for them. The sight of the dainties spread before them brightened up their poor little faces, making many of them look almost handsome. For a time, at least, they forgot their sad, loveless life, and entered heartily into the enjoyment of the feast. The dull, pinched expression of their features seemed to expand, and they gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of the hour.

If there is a sight in this bright world of ours that is almost too painful for me to behold, it is the sight of a little child bereft of all that makes up a child's happiness—home, mother, and love.

After they had partaken of their ample dinner, the Rev. Mr. Foster, of the Third Avenue Chapel, delivered a short address, after which several other gentlemen spoke to them briefly of the great love of the Saviour, who, though Lord of the Universe, left it all and came down to earth for their sake; became poor that they, through Him, might be made heirs of salvation, and that He had not always as good a place as they had, for as He himself has said: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." And you have this roof over you, though humble it may be, and how thankful you should be for the gift of His love, which you all may have for the asking.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

RECIPTS.



FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

As soon as the child shows symptoms of cholera infantum, put a large mustard plaster over its breast and bowels, and then place its feet in a warm mustard bath, rubbing the legs well downward; then change the plaster to other parts of the body, to rest the breast and bowels. In this way keep up a rapid circulation. Also take the feet out of the bath, and rub them well with a dry towel. Then let the child rest a little, and then warm the bath and place the feet in it again for a few minutes. Repeat this until there is a change for the better. Also make some weak ginger tea, and give the child a sip of it as often as it will take it. I have never known this treatment to fail if taken in time.

FOR IMPURE BLOOD.

Take in the Spring of the year some cream of tartar, say a teaspoonful to a pint of water, and drink at least a pint a day about three days in the week. For adults some Epsom salts mixed with the cream of tartar one day out of every three would be an advantage. This drink may be taken any time of the year from April until October with safety. You can sweeten it with white sugar, and it makes a very pleasant drink.

FOR A COLD ON THE LUNGS.

Take flax seed and make a tea of it, put some lemon into it, and sweeten well with loaf sugar. Drink it five or six times a day until fully recovered.

TO KEEP LITTLE RED ANTS OUT OF CUPBOARDS.

Lay the leaves of the prima privy bush on the shelves.

PEBBLES

GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

No. 4.

A MONTHLY VISITOR,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

—BY—

MRS. MARY WOOD.

PREFACE.

These little Pebbles were gathered personally by the writer, and so far she has quoted nothing from any other authors; but if she should deem it proper to quote extracts from other works, she will not credit them to herself, but give the works and names of the writers from whom she will think proper to borrow.

To those whose term of subscription will soon expire I would say, I should be glad to retain you on my list, but many thanks for your past favors. If this little work should prove a success, remember that you were the foundations upon which it stood.

Those who wish to renew their subscription can do so by putting a card in the postoffice, addressed to Mrs. Mary Wood, Author of "Pebbles Gathered by the Wayside."

Those who wish to preserve the copies and have them bound, can have an opportunity to get them done very cheaply at the end of the year, as I will call, personally, and take their orders.

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FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

Two little hands poised in air,
Two little feet quite red and bare,
Two bright little staring eyes that show
How very little the child doth know—
Begins life here below.

Some baby toys, a jingling rattle,
Sweet little smiles and childish prattle;
A swaying motion to and fro
Of the little body, its strength to show—
Just so they go.

A doll, a hoop, a flying kite,
A straightening up to show their hight,
As books in hand to school they go,
To gain great wisdom, as you know—
And so they go.

Blushes and dimples, smirks and smiles,
Come next, as young lads try their wiles,
Whilst Cupid doth his arrow throw,
For every miss must have a beau—
And then they'll go.

But now they're getting old, you see,
So two of them must soon agree
To be one flesh, henceforth to row
Together in one boat through weal or woe —
And away they go.

Ah! now the battle is just begun,
And if you'll watch, you'll see some fun:
For some will love and kindness show,
And others fret and scold and blow—
As along they go.

And some will work and tug and pull,
With gold to fill their pockets full,
And some will lounge, and say, "Oh, no,
There is no use to work and trouble so"—
So they'll let go.

And some will live on others' toil,
 Nor care how many lives they spoil
 So they in ease through life may go,
 Nor know the weary weight of woe
 The toilers bear below.

And now old age comes on apace,
 And death steps in to end the race;
 And those that hath must now let go,
 And those that hath not must lie as low,
 As to dust their bodies go.

WHAT IS LIFE?

It is but a "breath!" "A vapor!" "We come into possession of it without our consent, or without being consulted in the matter, and we have no control of its length." We may breathe one breath, and the next is gone: the brittle thread is broken, and we are numbered among the dead.

We have no lease for our life. We may live for years, and we may not live one minute longer. We have no power to extend it. When the dread messenger calls we must go. He will not be bribed with gold; threatening can have no effect on him; neither principalities nor powers can drive him from our side. He comes a conqueror, and none can hold him in check but God.

Let us, then, take into consideration the purpose for which life is given. If it comes to us without our asking, and can be taken from us without our consent, why is it given at all? It would be folly to create beings to be made the sport of Death, without a single wish or desire of their own; to be ushered into the world to be made the toy for adversity and prosperity in turn to revel with, until Death, the great Conqueror, comes in, and they both leave him helpless to our common foe, who knows no relenting, who takes no denial, who will wait for no preparation, but takes him out of existence at his pleasure, regardless alike of all his entreaties or refusals to go.

Now, Paul says if he has only promise of this life, then would he be of all men most miserable, and the best of us could say if we have only the promise of this life, how unsatisfactory it would be; and indeed what real value would it have?

I am sure that those who live a life of trial would prefer that they had never been born, and those who have more of sunshine and happiness, would rather not have lived at all, than to only have been allowed to taste life's joys and be permitted to bask in its happiness for a brief moment, and then be rudely snatched from it all. The thought that soon they must leave everything, and those whom they so fondly love, and become corruption, and be lost to all sense of feeling or consciousness forever, would certainly destroy their enjoyment of life's pleasures; and so all would alike be miserable beings, without rudder or compass, drifting down life's stream, the sport of chance, the sure prey of Death. There are very few so coarse in their nature that they can say, in sincerity, "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow thou'lt die."

But, thanks be to God—who has placed within every man and woman a consciousness that they are immortal—there is a life to come which far surpasses the life that now is; and there is scarcely a man so skeptical as to believe that death will be the end of his existence forever. Even Robert Ingersoll, who has gone further to ridicule and blaspheme the Bible and religion than any other man we have ever read of, says that he does not know what will be the condition of man after death. Then if we are to live again, what is this short life for? It surely has a purpose, for every reasoning mind must admit that the Creator (for there must be a Creator, if we are immortal,) would not call us to a life of toil, and often of privation and suffering, simply to gratify a whim. It is too preposterous to think of, for all His works prove Him to be an all-wise God, and that His tender mercy has provided even for the little sparrow; and of how much more consequence, in His sight, must man be, whom He has created in His own image and likeness; therefore it is fair to suppose that He would not call us into existence to be the sport of chance, but solely for a purpose, and that purpose must be a wise one, worthy of an all-wise God. The Bible teaches us that His purpose is to prepare us for the life to come, and it is the only guide that we have, save the still small voice in our own heart that God has vouchsafed to us; and that conscience tells us that we must prepare for a higher and better life.

But you ask, how are we to know what preparation is needed? If we consult the Bible it will enlighten us. It will show us the path that leads to perfection and happiness. But then you next object and ask, how are we to know that the Bible is true? Well, that is easy enough if we are only willing to accept the truth, for it will prove itself true, and your own heart will bear witness to the truth if you will allow it.

Now, in the first place you will acknowledge that there is no book that can equal the Bible in its moral teachings, or in its perfect adaptation to the wants of man. He can feed spiritually on its hidden manna, and at the same time it addresses itself to his temporal or animal wants as well. Kingdoms or republics can be founded on its principles and ruled by its laws. It holds the germ and foundation of all civil and moral virtue. It is the only book that ever gave us our true position in society. It shows us our natural relationship, and gives us a proper knowledge of our spiritual relationship to our Creator and to our fellow beings. Through it we have the only knowledge of marriage and its sacred bonds. In fact it is a faithful mirror, held up to show us not only our past, but also the life that is in store for us. Its teachings are not only beneficial for the life to come, but also for the life that now is.

But these are only a few proofs. A volume would not contain half of the evidence that could be brought to prove the truth of the Bible. Then if we find that the Bible is true, life is no longer an enigma, but we can find its true solution in the holy word of God, and its precepts are the only foundation on which to build a pure, noble manhood. The only example that we are commanded to follow is that of the meek and lowly Saviour. While other men are held up as examples of faith, sobriety, wisdom, patience, honesty, true affection, friendship, courage, strength, and indeed all the moral and religious qualities that go to make up perfect manhood; yet faithfully recorded, side by side, are their faults and follies. In bold contrast stand Lot's honor, strength of purpose, and courage, in risking his own life to protect the guests whom he had welcomed under his roof, and had pressed to remain with him over night, to the after weakness that he betrayed in surrendering his honor and self-respect, first to his appetite, and afterwards to lower passions. The same spirit, no doubt, that actuated him, prompted Thomas Paine to risk his own life to save that of his king (the feelings of humanity); yet he stooped himself to vices that are even worse, in a moral sense, than death, and he did not hesitate to drag others down with him. And in every other instance recorded we find some weakness betrayed. Jesus alone stands the perfect man, showing grandly the spiritual gem in a human setting; showing what man may become by following in His footsteps and by trusting in His strength. His is the life that we are commanded to imitate. The others are all points of danger, showing in what they failed, while He is shown to be the way, the truth, and the life.

The Bible points out all the pit-falls that others have fallen into, and

gives us a faithful record of our enemies, and shows us our best and truest friends. In short, it teaches us all that is needful for us to know of this life and of the life to come. And if we will take it for our guide and counsellor, we need not go astray, nor need we be in doubt on the great question of what this life is for, or to what use we are to put the few fleeting years we are permitted to spend here below.

ROSA LANE, OR THE GUIDING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

[Continued from page 63.]

After the short speeches were concluded, a prayer was offered by a good old man, after which several pretty hymns were sung by the ladies, and then the services were closed by the benediction being pronounced by one of the ministers present.

After the service was over, Miss Wilburn came forward and took Rosa by the hand and led her out to where the children were seated, saying as she did so, "This is the little girl who was so kind as to send Santa Claus to you last night." Rosa colored up, and looked far more embarrassed than the children.

Mr. Allen asked Mrs. Gray what Miss Wilburn meant. "Why, you see," said Mrs. Gray, "that the dear child was so bent on doing something for the poor children, that she commissioned Miss Wilburn to take fifteen dollars out of the sum you gave her, and buy presents to be put into the little pauper's stockings."

"Just for the world like her mother," exclaimed Mr. Allen. "Why, she makes me ashamed of myself, to think that I should never have thought of such a thing."

But before leaving he managed to think enough to see Miss Wilburn, and have a private talk with her, which resulted in his leaving a fifty dollar bill in her hand to be used for the benefit of the poor.

"And now, Mike," said he to his coachman, "drive home just as fast as you can, so that we shall not be too late to dress for dinner, as we are to have company."

"I'll do that same, your honor," said Mike, and to make his word good he gave the whip a flourish over the horses, and away they started at a rapid pace over the frozen snow, until they came into the more frequented part of the city, then they found it more difficult to proceed, as the streets were thronged with sleighs, and, indeed, vehicles of all descriptions. "Merry Christmas!" was shouted from the boys as the sleighs went jingling by, and they would pour a broadside of snow-balls into them, and woe to the luckless passenger who did not dodge his head. Of course, they were careful not to throw at ladies, for the people of the Eastern States teach their boys early to be gentle and courteous to ladies.

Our passengers in the close carriage enjoyed the sport without suffering any inconvenience from the shower of snow-balls that was flying around on every hand. But poor Mike was not so fortunate. Perched up in front, muffled warmly in his livery suit, he was a good target for the boys to aim at, and many a ball struck him right and left as he went whirling along.

"By me soul, and I would be a dead man if them were cannon-balls; bad scant to yeess, ye bloody hounds, but I would ring the necks of ye if I could git me hands on the likes of ye; be gorra, but I would that same thin!"

But Mike did not get his hands on them, but he did what was more to the purpose—he got out of their way, and they pulled up at the Allen mansion just as the great clock in the church steeple was striking four

"Well, little ones, I think we have had a merry Christmas so far, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," they all exclaimed in one voice, "we have had such a nice time."

"Well, run up with Mrs. Gray, my dear children, for I expect mama will be waiting for me to make my appearance to help receive our guests; it is only a few minutes until they will begin to arrive." So saying, Mr. Allen hurried up to his room to prepare for dinner, and sure enough, he had not been in the parlor five minutes before the bell rang, and General Knox and lady were ushered in. Judge Crosby and lady were next announced, and so on until the parlors were well filled with the *bon ton* of the city. A very brilliant assemblage were they, and a very grand reception they received, for the parlors were lit up in a dazzling glare of light.

Bright coal fires burned in the grates. The ladies were dressed in elegant costumes, and decked out with costly jewels: everything was gotten up in grand style.

The men gathered in groups to discuss politics, and the state of the market, and the rise and fall of stocks, wars and rumors of wars. The ladies entertained each other with the latest fashions, the arrival of a distinguished stranger from France, who had just made his appearance in the fashionable circles in New York, and other novelties of the season, until dinner was announced. But if the parlors were brilliant, the dinner was sumptuous. It had taken up Mrs. Allen's whole attention for several days; every effort that she could put forth to make it a grand affair had been used, and she had made it a perfect success. It far exceeded anything of the kind that had been given by her friends. It was grand but not gorgeous. The whole affair displayed the most approved taste. And yet it was not a feast of love, but simply for display. There were very few who sat at that board that night who did not feel envious and jealous, and their host and hostess found, when the time came for them to need a friend, that there was not one who could stand the test of true friendship.

Among the guests were George Green and his wife. George Green was cashier of the bank which acknowledged Mr. Allen as president. I shall here describe him a little more particularly than the other guests, as he is to figure conspicuously in this story. He was rather short and thick-set, with black hair and dark complexion. He talked but little, had restless, sharp black eyes that seemed to see behind as well as in front, or, indeed, better, for he could never look one square in the face, but seemed to see those better who sat at the side of him than those who sat opposite him. He had been in the bank for six years. He was first hired as assistant clerk, but had gradually advanced to the position of cashier. His success had been mainly owing to the kindness of Mr. Allen (who had known his father, for which he should have felt the most profound gratitude, but instead he only envied Mr. Allen's better circumstances, and studied day and night how he might raise himself to an equality of position, or even higher than his benefactor. Instead of acknowledging Mr. Allen as the means of his good fortune, he only looked upon him as being in his way and keeping him out of a higher position. He believed himself to be fully capable of being president of the bank, and if Mr. Allen would only resign, or if he could be removed, there would be no one beside himself who would be as likely to be chosen. In fact, his conceit was so great that he thought that there were none of the members of the bank

who were so well qualified to fill that position as himself. He interfered a good deal in the management of affairs of the bank, but Mr. Allen, in the kindness of his heart, believed that he was trying to show his zeal in the welfare of the bank.

His wife was a very dressy woman, fond of display and given to talking scandal. She looked with envious eyes at the costly home and fine furniture belonging to the Allens. The grandeur and style displayed that night at the Allen mansion, provoked some very unkind remarks from her and some of the other ladies present, who considered the whole affair as a personal insult to themselves. They felt that that dinner was gotten up especially to show how much superior it was to anything that they could get up, instead of feeling honored by the extra exertions to make the meal enjoyable and being pleased at the way they were entertained. But as they were highly cultivated people, it would not be expected that they should be vulgar enough to express themselves openly as they felt. On the contrary they were full of expressions of admiration. Compliments were continually lavished upon Mrs. Allen, on her display of good taste, and her capacity for getting up a grand dinner. The unkind remarks of Mrs. Green and others were side remarks, and even then veiled in such a way that it required discernment to tell whether they were intended for compliments or slurs.

While they were at dinner, another party were enjoying themselves in the children's room. The Christmas-tree was brightly illuminated with small wax candles, and hung all over with gold and silver balls, and here and there a group of silver stars, forming words significant of the birth and birth-place of Christ, etc. A pretty little mimic dinner-table was set with cold turkey, fruit and nuts, and slices of fruit and plain cake. A beautiful little set of China was set out, and Aunt Nancy was serving them with tea. She was dressed for the occasion with a new chintz gown and a bright red bandana. She was playing grandmother to the three little ones, and they were a merry set, for Grandma, as they called Aunt Nancy, entered heartily into their sports, for she loved the children, and as she would occasionally sit down and eat, the little ones would laugh to see the wry faces that she would make as she was trying to imitate a fashionable lady. The two Irish girls were in attendance, sometimes assisting as waiters and sometimes as company, as it suited the caprice of the children.

As Aunt Nancy was returning to the kitchen after taking dinner with the children, she heard a timid rap at the door, and when she opened it she found a little girl, shivering with cold, standing out in the entry.

"Good Lor' massy, what you do dar, out in de dark dis cold night?"

"If you please, ma'am, my mother is sick and we are starving. Will you please to give us some cold victuals, for we have no money?"

"Come right in, honey, to de fiah, and I'll see what I can do for you. Come right along, honey. Tank de good Lo', you can warm and it won't cost nothen. Put yo' feet up on de side ob de range. Well, I do clar, if de poor child's feet ain't wet clar through wid de snow. Well, some people do have it pow'ful hard, and some do have it pow'ful easy," and thus saying Aunt Nancy hurried out in the hall to call Thomas, the footman. And when that worthy came into the kitchen, she told him to go and tell Mrs. Allen.

"Well," said Thomas, after taking a survey of the little girl, "I don't think that Mrs. Allen will like it if I disturb her when she is at dinner; but as soon as they go to the parlor I'll go and see her and tell her."

While Thomas was waiting for an opportunity to speak to Mrs. Allen, Aunt Nancy bustled about and got the poor little thing a cup of tea and a plate of roast fowl, and some bread and butter and such dainties as she could lay her hands upon. The poor little starved creature almost snatched at the food, for she was nearly famished; but just as soon as her hunger began to be appeased, she stopped eating, and asked if she might carry the rest to her poor sick mother; but Aunt Nancy told her to eat her fill, and she should have some to take home.

As soon as the ladies and gentlemen retired to the parlor, Thomas went up and asked Mrs. Allen if she would please to come down for a few minutes; "for," said he, "there's a poor little crather as wants to see you in the kitchen, ma'am."

"Wants to see me! What does she want?"

"If you please, ma'am, she says that they are starving, this blessed Christmas day."

"Well, you just go down and send her home, and don't come to me with such stuff, for she is one of those beggars that come tormenting me every day. Why I declare, one is never safe from their intrusion. Just as likely as not her people are a pack of thieves, and have sent her in to take notes."

"I think that she is raley starving, ma'am, for she does not look like any of them thaving strollers."

"What nonsense; they are all alike, so do not come bothering me about such people. I am surprised at you, when you know my orders about such things." So saying, she swept into the parlor, and Thomas

had nothing left to do but go back to the kitchen, where he found Aunt Nancy still trying to warm up the little waif.

"Bad luck to the likes of her," said Thomas. "If I had as much money as she has I would not see a poor little child like this starve, indeed I would not then."

"Well," said Aunt Nancy, "wouldn't she come down?"

"No, indade, not she. Faith and I would like to see the likes of her come to want; indade would I."

"I wish that Mrs. Gray was in," said Nancy, "for I know she would give the poor child something if she was."

"Well," said Thomas, "I'll be after giving her a couple of shillings meself. I have enough to ate and drink and wear, and I'll never see the likes of her go out in this cowld winter night empty handed. The Howly Virgin protect us forever! Me owld mother would rise in her grave if she would know her son to do the like."

"Yes," said Aunt Nancy, "and I'll call Bridget and Maggie, and mebbe they will give her a little, too, for I know that they have money;" and the kind-hearted old soul called the girls, who willingly added their shillings to those of Thomas, and Aunt Nancy packed up á basket of bread and cold meat, and such things as she had a right to give out of the abundance of the kitchen supplies. Thomas went out to the stable in search of Mike, who had gone out to see to the horses, and made him hand over another quarter, though be it said in justice to the good-natured Irishman, it did not need much urging.

Rosa came into the kitchen just as the little girl, who was now well warmed and fed, was leaving for her comfortless home, and seeing the ragged, bright-eyed child, inquired who she was, and when Aunt Nancy had told her, she ran to her room, and brought her a dollar and a little basket filled with toys which she hastily gathered up, and saying she had more such things than she wanted or would ever care to play with, she handed them to the delighted child.

"Honey, I'se 'feerd that your uncle will scold if you give your money away," said Aunt Nancy.

"No, he won't, for he told me I could do just what I pleased with it, and this was the last dollar I had, and Nurse Gray told me yesterday I might see some opportunity of giving it that I did not then expect; so you see, Aunt Nancy, it has come."

"Mike," said Maggie, "you ought to see that poor child home, for it wont be safe for her at this time of night, and she may lose the money."

"Where do you live, little one?" asked Mike.

"I live at No. — Delancy street."

"Well, I'll go, then, and if I'm called for, Tom, you must answer for me."

"I'll do that same," said Thomas.

So, after thanking the kind friends who had done so much for her, the little girl, under Mike's protecting care, started for her home. She felt truly grateful toward them all, but the beautiful little girl who had given her the dollar and the toys, she thought must be an angel or a fairy, and she was at a loss to determine which. Mike left her at the foot of the dark stairway, after she had assured him that she was not afraid to go up.

At a late hour that night, after they had had music and dancing, and been served with oysters for refreshment, Mrs. Allen's company departed for their homes, feeling very much as people generally do under such circumstances—very tired and dissatisfied with their friends, and probably more so with themselves; for, my dear reader, there is one fact which you have probably learned already, and that is that no one can feel pleased or happy who has not an unselfish desire to make others happy. Those who truly love God, and their neighbor as themselves, are the only ones who are permitted to taste pure happiness.

Mrs. Gray was away from home on Christmas night, visiting some friends, and consequently she did not see the poor little girl who had come for charity. But Rosa took good care to tell her when she came back the day after; and Mrs. Gray, after hearing the facts in the case, decided to call on the poor family that very day, to see if she could be of any further use to them. So after dinner she and Rosa set out in search of them. On arriving at No. — Delancy street they inquired for Mrs. Moss, and were directed to go up to the third floor of the building, for there were no less than eight families occupying the old tenement.

When Mrs. Gray knocked at the door it was immediately opened by the little girl who had been at Mrs. Allen's the night before. She invited her visitors in, and they entered the room, where they found things just as little Bessie had represented them. The mother lay on a hard bed of straw, in a very weak and feeble condition, while an intelligent lad of seventeen was preparing some medicine for her. The room was quite neat, though very bare and uncomfortable; but thanks to the kindness of Rosa and the servants at the Allen mansion, they had a fire, and Roy, Bessie's brother, had managed to get a job of carrying some coal in for a merchant, so they had been enabled to add fifty cents more to their little

stock of cash, and all things considered they felt a little brighter than they had for the past few weeks. Mrs. Gray took a seat by the bed-side of the invalid, and asked her to give her a little of her history, for she felt sure that there must have been some unusual cause to bring her to her present poverty, for she could see that they had known better days.

Mrs. Moss related in as brief a manner as possible her sad story; how she had lived near Boston, and her husband had been foreman in one of the large factories, but for some cause had been discharged. Being thrown out of employment, he took it into his head to go to California to dig gold. He was very successful, for he soon struck a vein, and made quite a fortune; he finally bought a mine, and feeling that he could then provide them a good home, he desired them to pack up and come to him. He had forwarded plenty of money, with detailed directions of what trains to take where they would have to change, etc., and was to meet them at Salt Lake City, Utah. They were to come on to New York, thence by rail to Chicago and as far westward as there was railroad facilities, and thence by stage to their destination, for be it remembered that the Atlantic and Pacific were not always connected by rail, and it is only a few years since the iron horse began to cross the great plains, and since the time when a journey across the Great American Desert, as it was justly called, was a perilous undertaking. In those times it was no uncommon event for whole caravans of travelers to be set upon by Indians, who were to be met at any time wandering up and down the great territories, seeking whom they might waylay. And if they did not literally devour, they massacred every one who came in their path, except when their wild fancy led them to take prisoners. And beside this there were other perils to be met with on the way. Terrible storms or cyclones were liable to overtake them at any time; wild beasts not unfrequently crossed their path; disease, hunger and thirst very frequently attacked them, and often proving more than a match for the poor weary pilgrims, they laid down to die, and their bleached bones proved land-marks for others to note as they journeyed on toward the land of gold. Then, too, many of the Mormons, joined with white renegades, turned robbers, and hid in ambush to rob and murder the innocent traveler, who, never suspecting his white brethren, pitched his tent and kindled his evening fire too close to their unholy city. Often mail stages were stopped, and their drivers shot down before they had time to pull a trigger, and the passengers taken so entirely by surprise as to have no time for deliberation, and consequently it would be simply accidental if they escaped to tell the tale. Sometimes the robbers,

in their haste to get away with their ill-gotten gains, would leave some of their victims half dead upon the ground, and they would revive and be able to drag themselves away to a place of safety; or perhaps some lucky one would make good his or her escape in the excitement of the attack, and then return after their foes had left to assist if possible any that might need their help. Such was the condition of traveling toward the setting sun at the time that Mrs. Moss started from Boston to join her husband in Utah, whence he expected to take her to the home he had prepared for her in one of the beautiful valleys near Sacramento City.

But we must resume our narrative, or rather the part that Mrs. Moss related to Mrs. Gray. She had started in great spirits from Boston, and reached New York on the afternoon train. Ray had called a dray to transfer her baggage to the Western depot, the driver had started with it across the city, and she was preparing to follow with the children, when suddenly she met an old neighbor who had gone to California with her husband. She was very much surprised to meet him, for she had not heard of his coming back, but imagine, if you can, her feelings when he told her as gently as possible the terrible news that her husband, whom she was with such a glad heart going to meet, lay a mangled corpse upon the prairie, waylaid and murdered by Indians and white roughs.

Wm. Clark, the neighbor, had, it seemed, started in company with six others besides Mr. Moss, from California for Salt Lake City—John Moss to meet his family, Wm. Clark to go to Boston on business that demanded his presence, and the other six were on a trading expedition to Salt Lake. They all joined together for company and mutual protection, and had had a pleasant and prosperous trip until within one day's journey of the Mormon capital. Selecting a place to rest for the night, they had partaken of needed refreshments, spent an hour in social converse, and appointing the necessary watch, they laid down by their camp-fire, and were soon asleep. Presently a party of about twenty men arose as it were from the ground, and with wild whoops and yells, surrounded their camp, and before the poor fellows could recover from the shock sufficiently to reach out and grasp their guns, they were pounced upon and massacred by their savage foes. Wm. Clark alone escaped, and he by the merest accident. He had been on guard in the fore part of the night, and had just been relieved by one of his comrades, but instead of lying down at once, he started to ascertain if possible what it was that disturbed the horses. They had seemed to be a little uneasy several times during the evening, and thinking perhaps they had seen some wild animal, he

concluded he would see if they were all right, and if so would bring them a little nearer the camp-fire, for, as you all know, wild animals will not venture very close to a fire. It happened that the horses were tethered on the opposite side from where the wily foe had hid in ambush, and when they made the attack Clark was just in the act of untying one of the horses. His position was such that while he could see the assailants, they did not discover him. He looked with horror on the massacre of his companions, but what else could he do? It is true he had his gun with him, and he might from his concealed position have brought one or two of the dusky savages to the ground; but what good would he accomplish if he did? There would have been plenty left to destroy the prostrate men, who could not help themselves, and some to spare to follow him; he also knew that the red men were the allies of the whites, and should he escape them, and reach Salt Lake City, he had no assurance that he would be safe there. He stood gazing at the dreadful scene for a few minutes, almost paralyzed with fear and horror; but at length rousing himself to a proper sense of his own danger, he mounted his horse and struck out toward the southeast. In doing this he would leave Salt Lake City to the north, instead of passing through it. He knew that the bodies of the victims would be counted, and then the savages would proceed to count and take the horses, and he rightly conjectured that if they found no more horses grazing than the number of men they had killed, they would not be likely to search for him, for he was sure they had not caught sight of him as he left the camp, and probably did not know the exact number of his party.

Mr. Clark traveled all night, and in the early morning, after he had gathered some wild plums on which he made a breakfast, he tethered his horse in a grove that he had reached, and with his gun in one hand, and the rope that he tied his horse with in the other, he laid down to get a little rest, and keep, if possible, out of sight of any enemy that might be abroad. He slept until noon, when he awoke very hungry, but not daring to shoot anything that might have made him a nourishing dinner, he again picked some of the wild plums and berries that grew so plentifully along the streams that border the western prairies; but when evening came again he ventured to draw aim on a prairie chicken that he espied on its way to roost. In this way he traveled all the nights and part of the days, until he felt that he had reached the borders of civilization. On arriving at Fulton, Ill., he sold his horse, and took passage by rail to Chicago, and thence to New York.

Just here it is proper to explain why Mr. Moss started for Salt Lake City so long before he expected his wife to meet him there. One reason was for the sake of having the benefit of company, and another that he expected his wife would meet him in the middle of October; but she could not get ready before the second week in November, and he had told her to answer his letter at Salt Lake City; consequently he did not know but she would arrive almost as soon as he did. But alas for human plans! "Man proposes and God disposes," was an adage very applicable in this case. No pen can describe the feelings of that disappointed family. They left their home in Massachusetts rejoicing in the thought that they would so soon meet the husband and father from whom they had been so reluctantly parted nearly two years before. But now these bright hopes were suddenly dashed to the ground, and it seemed that the verdict had gone forth that they should never meet again in this world. The news came upon the poor woman so suddenly that she had no time to think, much less to act. Finally she roused herself sufficiently to ask Mr. Clark if he knew anything relative to her husband's business. He told her that he feared she would have great difficulty in establishing her right to his property, as he believed he had seen on the night of the massacre, acting with the murderers, the very man with whom Mr. Moss had left his papers and valuables when he started East; "and," said he, "I have tried very hard to find some reason for this, but could think of none, unless it was to get and keep possession of his property, which he could not do except in the event of his death and that of the only two witnesses to the transaction. But after I have gone home, and attended to my business, I will see what I can do to bring the villain to justice."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN NO. 5.]

CAN WE NOT RUN THIS GOVERNMENT WITHOUT MAKING DRUNKARDS?

The most surprising thing to me is the talk the anti-temperance men are getting up about not being able to run this government without the whisky tax! Can it be possible that we, who boast of being, and I

believe are, the most intelligent people in the world, and have the very best government that the sun shines on, are willing to confess that we cannot run this government without yearly sacrificing a portion of our inhabitants to intemperance? Their plea is that it pays such a large revenue, that to prohibit its use would be to ruin the government. Then does the loyalty of the citizens of the United States hang upon such a slender thread that they would be willing to see it go to ruin for a glass of whisky or a drink of beer? Have they no motive for supporting this government only that it might afford them something to drink, and failing in this they would let it go to destruction?

Now I believe that the very men who pay most to these beer saloons and whisky men would be the very first to come up to help their country's need of aid, and would respond the most willingly to a collection of taxes if they were in their sober senses; and if they did not every one knows that the bulk of the taxes comes out of the laboring man, who has his wages fixed at figures to enable his employer to make something off him after the cost of taxes, &c., of his business is taken out; and thus again his rent is fixed at a rate that will include interest of money and taxes, and then allow a per cent. to the landlord besides. As he must buy his provisions in small quantities, of course he must pay more for them, and so the merchant gets his taxes principally from him, for he sells in larger quantities to his richer customers, and therefore makes less profit off them. And as the poor man is not generally represented in any position that would give him power to reduce the taxes, there is nothing else for him to do but to pay them. And if he does not drink strong drink, he has as a consequence more to pay with.

If there is nothing else to collect taxes from sufficient to run this government but a poisonous beverage that destroys its victims, then let us curtail the expense of the government, and bring it down to figures that we are able to pay, for it is a monstrous cruelty to keep up a government at the expense of broken hearts and desolated homes. It is a mockery and an insult to Freedom to pretend to support a free government by making slaves of a portion of its people.

But you say that they make slaves of themselves, and that they are not forced to drink, and that the government can in no wise be made responsible for their slavery; but the government most certainly is responsible for their slavery, if it places the temptation in the way of poor weak humanity, for the sole purpose of receiving gain at their expense;

and not only this, but the drundard's wife and children are compelled without their consent to suffer. Now it is the duty of a free and righteous government to protect these innocent sufferers, who are helpless to protect themselves, instead of sacrificing them for selfish purposes; and if we have any just and honorable men left in this country, who have not or do not worship at the shrine of inebriate's god, let them step to the front, and say whether these poor suffering women and children, and these poor deluded men that are paying their children's bread out for whisky, must be ground under the government wheel, or whether it would not be more Christian-like and just to put the government rig in a plainer harness, take off some of the fine feathers that the postilions are wearing so gayly, or what would be more to the purpose, have fewer of them, and pay them smaller salaries.

And it would be well to remember that Uncle Sam's parents were true, honest, hardy people, and that they cut their way through by hard knocks and a strong, resolute purpose to do the right; and instead of making bridges of drunkards to cross the streams, they pulled off their boots and forded them; and it would be just as well for him to exercise himself a little, if he does not wish to lose all the health and strength that his parents bequeathed to him, and become as weak and diseased, through idleness and high living, as his European neighbors. The priceless cornet of Liberty which they wrested, after long years of toil and struggle, from the English tyrants who unlawfully held it, requires only a clean unspotted brow to wear it; to be able to command the respect and even homage of the world. No gilded trappings can add to its value, or enhance its beauty. But corruption and filth beneath this priceless gem only calls for ridicule and derision. Let this government clothe itself with liberty, honesty, justice and wisdom, (which, by the way, are not costly,) and it will need no whisky tax to maintain its dignity, but gold will flow into its coffers from its willing and loyal subjects, and praise and thanksgiving will go up from grateful hearts that have been redeemed from the curse of intemperance.

How many mothers, think you, ye Men of State, would fall on their bended knees before your feet if you would remove forever the temptation of this demon from the paths their sons must tread? What an incense of thanksgiving would arise to Heaven from wives who could feel that henceforth their husbands would return to them sober, industrious men, and renew their broken vows! And what a sense of gratitude would

these men themselves feel when they could realize that the evil "spirit was cast," and that hereafter they would have no fear of its influence, but could "go about clothed, and in their right minds."

The question of temperance, in my opinion, should not be made a party issue. It should be a question of morality, and decided by the good and true of all parties, just as they would decide in favor of honesty, or any virtue; for depend upon it, any party taking it up as an issue would lose, and therefore would not be in a condition to help the cause in the least. But it should be a matter of principle that all good men of either party should try to advance and use their influence, in every sense, politically and socially, to further it, just as they would education, or public improvements. Every good man should set himself to the work of bringing about a reformation in this direction, irrespective of party, and if he would spend his time and money as freely in trying to renovate our government, and clean out this pestilence of society, saloon-keeping and whisky-manufacturing, as he does at mud-throwing at his political opponents, he would confer a benefit upon his country, and surround himself with honor and glory that would far surpass anything that his ambition has yet conceived.

ON THE REVISION OF THE BIBLE.

On the question of the new revision of the Bible, the Rev. Dr. Talmadge, of Brooklyn, N. Y., expresses my views exactly, and I believe the views of the majority of Bible readers, among the common people at least. There are two classes of people who, I think, will favor the new revision: one is the worldly-wise, who would like to set their wisdom above the wisdom of the Creator of the Universe. The Bible as it was, was becoming too old-fashioned for them; they are afraid that it will not be able to keep pace with the go-ahead-ativeness of this generation; the style must be brought up a little, must be made more modern. Besides they

want to do something that will place them at the head; they must be leaders, or, as the politicians would call it, bosses. If they cannot be at the head of the church, they will not be found anywhere among its members, and I have sometimes thought they would not be satisfied in Heaven unless they were invited to take the front seats, or appointed to direct the whole business. But an all-wise Creator has provided for such an emergency, for he tells us that "the first shall be last, and the last first," and that "he that exalteth himself shall be abased, and that he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The other class are those who pretend that they do not believe the Bible. Nothing would please them better than to see Christians divided upon the correctness of the Bible, and if we by our actions confess that it needs correcting, how shall we be able to prove to them that it is not all incorrect, or that any of it is true? For it must be remembered that the men who oppose the Bible seldom read it attentively, and never with an honest desire to understand it as it should be understood; therefore they are not likely to find out the truth of the matter, that the principles taught are just the same, and that the only difference is in correcting some grammatical mistakes, and putting it into a more modern form of language. In so doing they have probably pleased the tastes and accommodated the sensitive ears of our best scholars; but at the same time they have made the Word of God a reproach among its enemies. These mistakes were so trifling in comparison with the value of the precious truths taught, and the beauty and sublimity of its conception, that it seems to me it were desecration to touch it.

Just think of a party of men going to Niagara Falls with spades and picks, and undertaking to fashion it into a more modern form, (if it were possible,) because they happened to see some irregularity along its banks that did not coincide with their ideas of the grand and beautiful, or because in these days of progress they thought that art was surpassing nature—how many, think you, would stand by and see that grand natural scenery mutilated? To be sure, the Niagara belongs to the government, as the Bible does to the church, and the government might grant the privilege; but the government belongs to the people, and while the heads of both the English and American governments might consent, and even authorize the change, the people who have been filled with awe and wonder, and charmed with the unsurpassed beauty and magnificence of the grand scenery of this great natural wonder, would claim that they must be con-

sulted in this matter. And how many of us (who have loved that Holy Book, that has descended to us as a legacy from our sainted parents, that we were taught to touch with reverent hands—that has been as a lamp to our feet, to guide us through the perils of youth, and that contains the precious promises that have ever given us hope and courage, and still comforts us as we descend into the valley of age,) will consent to stand by and see it desecrated without a protest.

No, let us clasp it to our hearts, and cry:
 For it we'll live, or even dare to die;
 For no other book can this outshine,
 And if the words are plain, they are divine.
 Though men do change, and polished grow,
 'Tis Christ's blood alone can wash white as snow.

That grand old book has stood for years
 My precious hope, 'mid all my fears;
 And now you shall not change a line,
 For all its promises shall still be mine.
 Then off with hands that are profane,
 For unchanged God's Word shall still remain.

And on my bended knees at night
 I ask that God's own glorious light
 Would shine upon these truths sublime
 That ne'er grow old through age or clime;
 And down through sunbeams from above
 The answer comes, My law is love!

No! wise scholars, let the old book stand;
 Its beams are brightening many a heathen land.
 My mother's dying bed it cheered and blest,
 And all who follow its word may still find rest.
 Then why with worldly wisdom its beauty mar—
 That precious book, our guiding star.

DIRECTIONS FOR HEALTH. ✓

Be at peace with all men. Have a clear conscience.

Eat wholesome and digestible food. Use very little or no stimulants.

Use plenty of cold water, both internally and externally.

Always have some useful employment.

Sing, talk, and be cheerful. Let in the sunshine to your homes.

Keep your temper down, and avoid passion or anger, for anger poisons the blood.

Do not wear too much or too little clothing, and be sure that it feels comfortable.

Do not keep your rooms too warm; air them well every day. No room should be entirely without ventillation.

Remember that cleanliness is next to Godliness for health and happiness.

HOUSEWIFE'S TABLE,

By which housekeepers may readily measure articles wanted to form any receipt without the trouble of weighing. Allowance should be made for any extra dryness or moisture of the article weighed or measured.

One quart of wheat flour is equal to one pound.

One quart of loaf sugar, broken, is equal to one pound.

One quart of powdered white sugar is equal to 1 lb. and 1 oz.

One quart of best brown sugar is equal to 1 lb. and 2 oz.

Ten eggs equal one pound.

A common teacup is equal to one gill.

A common tumbler is equal to a half pint.

A large wineglass is equal to one gill.

One teaspoonful is equal to forty drops.

Two teaspoonsful are equal to one tablespoonsful.

RECIPTS.



HOW TO WRITE IN SILVER.

Mix one ounce fine pewter with two ounces quick-silver; grind with gum, and mix with water sufficient to make it the right thickness.

INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH.

Equal parts sweet oil and castor oil, with a little magnesia. Dose, one teaspoonful every hour, until relieved.

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Pulverized rhubarb and grated orange peel. Use either oatmeal or bran once a day, at least. Have your mind as much as possible free from worry, and above all things avoid giving way to anger or passion, for anger poisons the blood and destroys the digestion; too much brain work is also a hindrance. Work in the open air is very beneficial.

FOR CORNS.

Use glycerine, mixed with indigo. Apply it to the corn twice a day, if not ofener.

PEBBLES

GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

No. 5.

A MONTHLY VISITOR

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

—BY—

MRS. MARY WOOD.

PREFACE.

These little Pebbles were gathered personally by the writer, and so far she has quoted nothing from any other writers; but if she should deem it proper to quote extracts from other works, she will not credit them to herself, but give the works and names of the writers from whom she will think proper to borrow.

To those whose term of subscription will soon expire I would say, I should be glad to retain you on my list, but many thanks for your past favors. If this little work should prove a success, remember that you were the foundations upon which it stood.

Those who wish to preserve the copies and have them bound, can have an opportunity to get them done very cheaply at the end of the year, as I will call, personally, and take their orders.

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ROSA LANE, OR THE GUIDING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

[Continued from page 81.]

Mrs. Moss listened calmly to all that Mr. Clark said, and even walked with him to the train, and when he asked her if she would need him to assist her to return, she answered "No," very quietly; and so he bid her good day, mistaking her calmness either for self-control or want of feeling. After Mr. Clark started for Boston, Mrs. Moss stood for a while like one in a dream. She could not realize that her journey must thus be brought to an end, that she should never meet her dear husband again in this world; and that she and her children were now friendless and alone. To be sure, she had an aged mother in Massachusetts, who made her home with her youngest sister, Mrs. Moss' aunt; besides, she had some cousins and plenty of old neighbors who knew her, and probably would not allow her to suffer, but she could not think of being a dependent on any one long.

The most of her friends had condemned Mr. Moss for what they considered his wild, foolish undertaking, when he went to the Far West, and like many others, they sided with the rich mill-owners against him when he lost his position, because he would not consent to let them direct his conscience as well as command his service. They found him too just to those under him, and too kind and indulgent to the poor children who were employed in the factory, to suit their overbearing notions or selfish purposes, and, besides, he dared to have political opinions of his own, which his employers considered dangerous to their interests, as those opinions favored the poor quite as much as the rich, and as he was an intelligent man, they feared his influence and example. So they called a meeting, and after going through a mock trial of a pretended accusation of some misdeed, preferred against him by a couple of men hired to misrepresent him, they discharged him.

Mr. Moss and his family felt this disgrace keenly, and as there are always plenty of even poor people who will side with the rich against their own class, instead of helping them up, they are often the first to give their fallen neighbor a kick to push him farther down the hill of adversity. Just as soon as it was known that the firm of Chesterfield & Co. had discharged Mr. Moss, and believed the report against him, his old neighbors, with a very few exceptions, and even some of the very ones whom he had befriended, were the first to turn the cold shoulder toward him; and when he left his native village, because his proud spirit could not patiently brook such insult and coldness from those who should have stood by him, they took it for granted that he left because he was ashamed to face them with so much guilt upon him, so they talked the more, and abused him the harder; so that when the time came for Mrs. Moss to leave for her new home in the West it was a positive relief, instead of a cause of regret. She could not bear to hear her husband, whom she knew to be the very soul of honor, maligned in that manner, and she had found it very difficult to listen patiently when her own relatives repeated the tales that were put in circulation about him. To be sure, he might have staid at home, and sued for his character, but that would be folly; for what could he do in suing such a wealthy firm as Chesterfield & Co., and he without even the employment whereby he might earn his daily bread? So he did what he considered the proper thing to do, under the circumstances—he sold his little cottage, and took part of the money to pay his way to California; the rest he left for the support of his family until he could send them more. As we have seen, success crowned his efforts, and they were comfortably prepared for a home in the Golden Valley, near Sacramento City.

As is usually the case when people have injured and persecuted any one, they are loth to believe any good of him afterward. So they did not believe Mr. Moss had made his money honestly, and did not hesitate to express themselves freely on the subject to his family and friends. Taking all these things into consideration, it is not surprising that Mrs. Moss stood bewildered as she began to realize what she had lost, and how little she had left to depend upon. She had, as she thought, bid farewell to her native home, and wept over the few faithful friends who still stood by her in her trouble. She had cut herself loose forever from all the false friends who forsook her when she most needed their friendship, and now she suddenly finds herself in a great city, away from all who had ever known her, a helpless widow, with nothing to go forward to, and nothing inviting her

return. For herself, she could have returned to her old home and found friends who would have sympathized with her, but like a true woman and faithful wife, she shrunk from receiving sympathy from those who had been her husband's declaimers.

As she stood there, looking after the train which was carrying away from her sight the last familiar face, dazed and almost stupefied by the suddenness of the shock, she began to realize her condition, and like a rushing train everything connected with her late troubles came over her mind, and she found that it was more than she could bear, with all her imagined firmness or strength. So at last she gave way and swooned, falling upon the ground. Roy, her eldest son, was just inside the waiting room, taking charge of her personal baggage, and his sister and little brother, and did not see his mother when she fell, and, as usual in such cases at a city depot, the crowd gathered around her until a couple of police officers made their way to her side, and dispersed the crowd sufficiently to give her a little air and let a doctor reach her. By this time Roy had come out in search of his mother, and discovered her condition. The doctor gave her some medicine, which did not have the effect of bringing her to, so he and the policemen had her carried to a hotel, which was only a square from the depot. Mrs. Moss lay in an unconscious state for nearly two weeks, hovering between life and death. The sudden shock had caused brain fever. She was obliged to remain at the hotel all this time, but as soon as she recovered sufficiently to be removed upon a bed, the landlord had the city authorities to have her removed to a furnished room that they rented for her on Delancey street. Here they had pretended to support her through the rest of the time, but it was but a poor support. Roy had taken the best of care of his mother with what little resources were at his command, but he was not, with all his love and affection, capable of making the scanty supply of food which was dealt out to them so grudgingly keep his poor little brother and sister, and himself also, from feeling the pangs of hunger, and, do as he would, he could not make the coals last until the small box that held them should be replenished.

Mrs. Moss had in her pocket when she arrived in New York over a hundred dollars, besides her tickets to Salt Lake City, and she would have been able to pay all her expenses if she had not been robbed, but some one had relieved her of it before she recovered from her fainting spell, or at least the hotel people declared that when they undressed her, her pock-

ets were empty. Be that as it would, her money was taken charge of by some one. Roy had too much else to think of to remember her money, and besides, this was his first journey from home. He had never seen enough of the world to dream of its impurity. He would never have thought any one could be cruel enough to take advantage of his mother's helpless condition to rob her. But he was beginning to see human nature in its worst form. He was a bright, sprightly lad, full of fun and frolic, before his father left home, but the trouble which caused his father to go to the West had settled him a good deal, and he had come to look upon himself as his mother's protector. But since he had heard of his father's death he had rapidly developed into a man. A few months had given him more experience than is often acquired in a lifetime. And the saddest part was that he should be exposed to such an experience before he had sought and found the Saviour, for had he committed himself to the keeping of Jesus he could have gone down even to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and have felt no fear or dismay. But he could feel no Heavenly Father's hand gently leading him; no Faith stood at the foot of the rough, ungainly cross that he was compelled to take up, pointing to the beautiful crown, with its wreath of never-fading flowers, which he might receive in exchange for the wearisome cross at the end of his journey. His dark cloud seemed to his blinded, unbelieving eyes to have no silver lining. He would continually ask, what had he and his family done, that they should be singled out as especial objects of Divine displeasure. He knew that his parents were both professors of religion, and were good, honest people, and he could not understand why the God whom they worshipped should allow them to be persecuted without cause, and his father to be murdered in cold blood, and his mother to be thrown, sick and helpless, with her children, upon a cold, heartless city, almost starving in the midst of plenty, alone and friendless among thousands of human beings, robbed of what little they had in a Christian community, where their very helplessness should have insured them against treachery; all these crushing facts settled upon Roy Moss' fine, intelligent mind like a huge avalanche, that pressed out every particle of faith that he had ever had in a kind, loving God, for his nature was too pure to accept or enthrone anything short of a perfect God, and in his ignorance of the inscrutable ways of his Maker, he could not comprehend Him, and therefore he ceased to believe that there was an over-ruling Providence. This belief, or rather unbelief, settled upon the boy's mind just as it does on all minds that have

the power of reflection, without the faith to bring light from above, like a pall of gloom. All mirth and joy seemed to have gone out of his life forever. He became pale and thin from over-anxiety and the care of his sick mother, and his proud spirit rebelled against the necessity of receiving their support at the hand of charity. For himself, he would not have accepted it, but as it was he had no choice. He was obliged to take care of his mother and sister and little brother, so that he could not go out to try to find employment.

The day that Mrs. Gray and Rosa called upon them was the first that he had ventured out for even an hour, but as he was ordered by the doctor to go out into the fresh air, for fear that he too might be prostrated by illness, he took the opportunity to make his recreation profitable as well as agreeable, and so he earned his half-dollar by carrying in the coal for the merchant. Just as Mrs. Moss had finished her narrative, a little curly-headed boy of five years of age came into the room with his cheeks all aglow, and his pretty brown eyes sparkling from excitement. "Oh, mamma!" he cried, "I wish you would get up and come down stairs, and see the man churning music, whilst his monkey dances upon the top of the churn;" but he stopped short when he saw that there were strangers in the room, and crept shyly up to his mother's bed.

"What a sweet, pretty child!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray.

The sick woman brightened a little when she saw her darling admired. "Yes," said she, "poor child, he has been sadly neglected in our trouble. Roy has had his hands too full with me to give him much care, and Bessie has her full share of the burden also, so the little soul has had to find amusement for himself, and I am afraid he has not always had enough to eat since we came on this unfortunate journey."

"Well, well! that is hard for you to have to think about, it is true. But he will forget all that in time, with his youth and good health; and indeed, the innocent child is the least to be pitied of any of you. His youth and innocence have served as a shield to protect him from the severe blast that has swept over your home and hearts, leaving so much desolation in its train. I feel that I can say nothing that can in any wise comfort you. I can only commend you to the tender mercies of your Heavenly Father, who understands the depths of your sorrows much better than I can understand them. His hand has been laid heavy upon you, but oh! if you could only realize it, it is done in mercy. I trust that you feel that He wounds to heal, and that which He has taken from you

• He will restore again in His own good time and season."

“Oh, I wish that I could feel that way. I have tried to be a Christian, but all seems dark now. I cannot see one ray of light. I do not know what to think. I know not whether it is because of my unfaithfulness, or because that I have been deceived. I am searching for the light, but can see none. My heart is as heavy and cold as lead, and when I try to pray it seems as though my desires can reach no higher than my head.”

“Well, Mrs. Moss, I would recommend you to cease your vain struggling. You are really wounding your already bruised spirit by your efforts to rise by your own strength. You are trying to see through a dark, thick cloud that your Heavenly Father will roll out of your way without your aid, if you will only trust and wait. All you have to do at present is to lie still on your bed, and try to get well for the sake of the dear children, if for no other motive; and while waiting, I would beg of you to try to rest calmly, leaning upon Jesus, for depend upon it, He is your only hope, for whom else have you upon earth to depend upon, or to whom else can you appeal in Heaven? And now we must bid you good day for the present, but I will try to see you again soon, and you need not worry about your financial condition, for, until you get well enough to make some arrangement for the future, I will see that you are provided for. It is true you have been very badly treated since your arrival in the city, for it seems that you have literally fallen among thieves, but you will find that New York also contains many good Samaritans. I can do but little myself, it is true, but I have only to report your condition to some of my Christian friends to insure your comfort whilst you are helpless to do for yourselves. So try to cheer up, and cast all your burdens upon the Lord, for he is both able and willing to bear them for you, when you are not able to bear them for yourself.”

So saying, Mrs. Gray and Rosa took their departure, leaving Mrs. Moss deeply affected at her kind words, and somewhat comforted at the prospect of being able to supply her children's wants.

That afternoon, as they were returning home, Mrs. Gray fulfilled her promise to Mrs. Moss by presenting her case to a couple of benevolent ladies, who, on hearing the particulars of her situation, immediately undertook to collect provisions, fuel, etc., for them. Mrs. Gray also called upon a physician whom she knew to be a kind-hearted man, and asked him to call and see Mrs. Moss, which he readily promised to do. He was a very skillful doctor, and she hoped that he would hasten her recovery.

Rosa had listened very attentively to the narrative related by Mrs. Moss, and all her sympathy was aroused. Her little heart ached for them. She thought how dreadful it must be to be sick and friendless and alone in a large city, and she thought how wretched she would have felt had she lost her father in that way, and she could not help but wonder why God should permit those who tried to serve Him to suffer so much. She pondered the subject until she felt that she could see no way out of the difficulty, though she believed that there must be some good reason which she could not understand; so, according to her usual habit when she was perplexed about anything, she sought Mrs. Gray for an explanation.

"Nurse Gray," she said, "why do people who are Christians often have to suffer so much, whilst those who are not seem to get along so well. Now, you see, there is Aunty Allen, who is not a Christian. She has a beautiful home, and kind friends, and plenty of money, and servants, and everything to make her happy, whilst Mrs. Moss, who says she is a Christian, is deprived of even the necessities of life, and her friends are taken from her. The more I think of such things the more bewildered I grow."

"Well, my child, such thoughts are too deep for you. You are too young to understand; and remember that "God's ways are not as our ways, His thoughts as our thoughts," and the best thing for you to do is to believe that "He doeth all things well," and when you grow older you will be able to comprehend these things better. It is impossible for us always to be able to judge of other people's happiness or misery, and, in the same way, we are often mistaken as to who are true Christians and who are not. God sees the heart, and can understand the intentions, and besides, as we are all afflicted with sin, and it preys upon us as a disease, we require a remedy, and like the medicines administered for bodily ailments, they have to be varied to suit the need of the patient. What would be beneficial for one might not do at all for another; and the Great Physician fully understands our needs, and what would seem to our ignorant minds to be a means of destruction, perhaps is the very thing we need to build up our spiritual system. And we must remember that this world has not been promised to us as a peaceful abode until the dear Saviour has put all things under His feet, even Death, our last enemy. We are not to consider anything lasting here, but are to be in constant readiness to lay down the cross for the crown; and, moreover, we are commanded to possess our souls in patience, and accept the bad with the

good, well knowing that we shall be delivered in good time from the evil; and, indeed, it depends a good deal upon the manner of spirit with which we receive either our trials or our blessings; for if we are not grateful for the benefits conferred upon us they may cease to be blessings, and, like the cases we read of in the fairy tales, turn into toads or scorpions in our hands, and failing in their purpose of leading us to thank God and improve by the benefits conferred upon us, we receive them in an ungrateful spirit, never acknowledging our obligations to the gracious Giver, they may take wings and fly away. Or perchance the very trials that come upon us so much against our will, through a cheerful, patient spirit accepting them, knowing them to be sent in mercy, may turn them into messages borne by white-winged angels, to remind us that this is not our abiding place, and that we are not to live always in this changeful world, but that we are seeking a home in a better country. So instead of repining at our trials, we must, as good soldiers of the cross, take up our burdens and travel on, never stopping to worry or fret at the condition of the roads, or complain at the weight of our burdens; but when we are wounded our Captain, who is also our good Physician, will bind up the wounds again if we ask Him, and He is ever ready to pour balm into our aching hearts, if we will go to Him, but if we stand off and grumble at our lot, and fret and complain because we have to suffer, He will consider us rebellious subjects, and will let us alone until we feel His need."

"Well, Nurse Gray, you always explain things to me so that I can understand them. It all seems plain enough to me now but one thing."

"And what is that, Rosa?"

"Well, I can see why it might possibly benefit Mrs. Moss and her children to suffer, for through it they may be made better, and so be a blessing to others, and inherit everlasting life in the Kingdom of God; but how it can possibly benefit Mr. Moss, who is now dead, I cannot understand."

"Well, my dear child, you see, if Mr. Moss was a true Christian, he has gone straight from a world of pain and sorrow to heaven, which is a great benefit. It surely must be a happy exchange to enter into God's home, where all is joy and peace, from this changeful earth, where all seems to be changing and struggling restlessness everywhere. Suffering and death is the sure lot of every child of earth, and if he was not a Christian, and the Lord saw that he was not likely ever to become a true Christian, then his death would only be the consequence of his own choosing, for if he

did not choose to put himself in the care of his heavenly Father, then he could not reasonably expect His protection. But, Rosa, I think I hear your uncle coming, and we must go down to tea, for it is some time past our usual hour."

The bank that Mr. Allen was president of was one of the largest on Wall Street. The week before Christmas there had been an unusual amount of deposits placed in the vaults for safe keeping until they would be needed the following week, and would be called for to settle up the accounts for the year: and as I have said before, that on the 24th there had been a meeting of the stockholders to negotiate for stock in a rich silver mine that had been lately struck in California, it had all been settled by Mr. Allen's meeting the absent stockholders on Christmas morning and by their signing the papers that had been made out and signed by the majority on the 24th; and now there was nothing else to do but to pay over the cash, and that was placed in the chest in the inner vault, ready to be handed over when the agents for the mining company should call for it, and that would not be perhaps for three or four days, as they had gone to Boston to spend Christmas, and would call at new York on their way back to the Far West.

Mr. Allen and George Green were the only men who were allowed to carry the safe keys. The 26th had been a very busy day; considerable money had been handled over the counter. There was very little more drawn out than deposited. The clerks were kept very busy until the very moment of closing the bank, and Mr. Allen and George Green were obliged to stay for some time after the rest had gone, to fix up the accounts and place the money away in the vault. This was not a usual thing for Mr. Allen to do, but the great pressure of business and the responsibility demanded it at this time. Just an hour before the night watchman would arrive on his tour of inspection, George begged that Mr. Allen would allow him to go home, saying that a boy had called at the door with a note stating that his wife had taken a chill and was very sick. Mr. Allen very readily excused him, for he was a very humane man, and felt it his duty to do so. The consequence was that he did not get home himself until a quarter past six. He was very tired, and would have been glad to have remained at home to enjoy a quiet evening, for after his late hours the night before, and his close application to business, he certainly did need rest. But there was to be a grand concert given in St. Paul's Church that night, and as they were members of that Church, and Mrs. Allen deemed

it her duty to go, he made no objection, but went with her. The next morning found him somewhat indisposed, and he did not get up until it was quite late; therefore it was half-past eleven before he arrived at the bank. The clerks were all there, and George Green stood behind the cashier's desk, looking somewhat impatient and surprised at Mr. Allen's delay.

"We have had a number of large checks to cash, sir, which has used up all the money outside of the inner vault, and we were unable to honor the last which was presented, for it called for two thousand dollars, and you had the keys to the inner vault, sir," said the cashier, respectfully.

"Mr. Green," (Mr. Allen spoke in a quick and slightly irritated tone, though he was usually very patient and kind-spoken; but this morning he felt quite unwell, and besides there was something in Green's manner that annoyed him, for it savored very strongly of impatience,) "why did you not get aboard of the street-car and come to my residence and get the keys, or send some one after me?"

The cashier made some trifling excuse, then took the keys and unlocked the inner vault, and proceeded to take out the trays of gold and silver and place them in handy position for use, whilst Mr. Allen passed on into his private office. Presently the man returned with the two thousand dollar check. The cashier took the check, turned it over in the usual manner to see if it was valid, etc., turned to the vault and took out a small chest that was used for holding large bank bills. As he unlocked the tiny chest and raised the lid he uttered an exclamation of surprise, which made every clerk turn around and ask what had happened. "Happened!" said he, "why look at this chest! On Christmas eve it contained about three hundred thousand dollars; to-day it is empty, except a few notes of hand and a few twenty dollar bills lying loose in the bottom. What does it mean? where can the money be? who has paid it out?" all of which questions remained unanswered, of course, as the clerks who were present knew nothing of this chest of bills, as they had never been permitted to handle any of it; but if they could not answer, they did their best to stare, as if that would fill the empty treasure box.

"Call Mr. Allen," said Green to one of the clerks, for he seemed to retain his presence of mind better than any one present.

Mr. Allen was called, and when he came the cashier pointed to the empty box, and asked him if he had paid out the money. Mr. Allen stepped quickly to the chest and looked in. "Paid out the money?" said

he, "to whom should I pay out that money? And besides you know that I never pay out money out of banking hours, and that you are the one who pays out money during banking hours, and that no money is handed out through the paying teller without your knowledge. You have been here too long not to fully understand the rules of this banking house, Mr. Green."

Mr. Allen looked him full in the eyes whilst speaking; but the cashier looked perfectly innocent, and astonished that the pile of bills should not be lying in the box. "Well," he said at last, "I cannot account for this. Could you have disturbed them accidentally last night when you were arranging the books and notes in the vault?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Allen, "it would have been impossible for me to have touched the chest even accidentally, as it was in the inner part of the vault, and I did not unlock the inner vault at all."

"Well, I am sure it looks very strange," said Green.

"Perhaps you did not put the bills in the chest at all, but put them in some other part of the vault," said Mr. Allen, "and have forgotten where."

"Oh, I am sure that I put them in the chest, and, if you remember, you were standing by at the time, just before closing the bank after the stockholders had left. I was arranging the money in the chest when you remarked to me that I had better place the money that was to be paid out for the mining shares in one package, and mark it "Special," so that it would be all ready."

"Yes, I remember; but that was the day before Christmas. Have you not had any of the money that was put in that box out since then?"

"No, sir; we have not needed any of it. But perhaps I had better examine the vault to see if any one else has disturbed or misplaced it." and so saying, he started toward the vault to examine its contents.

"Stop," said Mr. Allen. "As you are the only one, according to the rules of the bank, that has a right to pay out money, and you and I are the only ones who have a right to unlock that vault, and if, as you say, you placed the bills in the chest all right and have not handled them since, it is not likely that any one else has disturbed them, except with evil intent; therefore, for your sake and my sake, and, indeed, for the sake of all concerned, I desire you to close the vault until an investigation can be made by the proper authorities."

So saying, Mr. Allen stepped over and locked the vault, and took the keys and placed them in a drawer in his private office. He then turned

to the man who had made application for the two thousand dollars, and taking his check, examined it. He then asked if it would be convenient for him to wait for the money a day or two, as he would prefer not to pay out any large sums until the meeting of the directors of the bank could be called, so that they might look into the matter, and take some measures, if possible, to find out what had become of the missing money.

"But, sir," said the man, "I am from Philadelphia, and cannot be put off, as I have to return with this on the 4 P. M. train."

"Well, whom do you know in the city who can identify you? I know very well the company that the check is endorsed by, but of course we cannot know that you are the proper bearer, or the Alfred Morgan mentioned."

"I think that I can perform that service," said George Green, coming forward, "for I have known him for the last eight years, and can certify that he is Alfred S. Morgan, of Philadelphia, and beside, this is not the first check we have cashed for the same house, and presented by him."

"All right, if that is so. You will have to use the small bills and silver or gold to cash the check with."

Mr. Allen then proceeded to notify the directors to meet him in the afternoon on some very important business. So at 3 P. M. the directors met, and examined the vault and its surroundings, to see if any signs of robbery might be discovered, or if, peradventure, the missing money might be brought to light. After a secret conference in Mr. Allen's private office, George Green was called and questioned closely. He held up his head, and answered promptly and intelligently. After they had put a great many questions to him, and he had answered them satisfactorily, he said, "Gentlemen, I received all the money myself, deposited it in the chest, locked it up, and, as we were unusually busy, Mr. Allen remained until we were ready to close up, both on the day before Christmas and also yesterday, and in fact, he was the last one to leave the bank last night, for I was called away on account of my wife, whom I found quite sick, and Mr. Allen was kind enough to stay and perform my duties, and no one except him and myself has had the keys." The last part of this statement Mr. Green seemed to be very reluctant to make. They finally decided to call in the aid of some good detectives, and the clerks and all concerned with the bank were particularly cautioned to keep the whole affair quiet.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN NO. 6.]

WHAT DOES YOUR TOBACCO COST YOU?

Young man, stop now, before you go any further, and count up, in a business manner, what it will cost you to use tobacco. If you were going to study law, or enter college, or engage in any kind of business, you would not be very likely to begin before calculating the cost. If you anticipated building a house, would it not be your first business to make a memorandum of all the material required for its construction, and the sum the carpenters and masons would charge for their part of it, and you would even add in what the man would charge you to dig the cellar, your pump or well; and all your out-buildings would be included, and a careful account of all, to see whether it would pay you in the end to begin the work; or, if you were starting on a long journey, you would most undoubtedly try to find out before you started what the whole expense would be, before starting; or if you were going to join some society, you would hardly allow your name to be put upon the roll before you ascertained just how much you would be assessed for the privilege of being a member, and you would justly consider any one who did not pay attention to these things very improvident, to say the least. And from all these enterprises you would expect some return for value received. You would give the whole scheme due consideration, to see whether it would pay you to invest.

But you begin the use of tobacco, (which, by the way, is an undertaking which is likely to be a great deal more costly than any that I have as yet mentioned) without ever giving it a thought, or a serious one, at least. If you begin it when you are young, and, as you are not very likely to stop it (for very few ever do), you will, in all probability, use enough money to pay for a handsome home before you become old. You will find that the cost does not stop even there, for there are other things connected with this habit that you should consider in advance. If you are a clever fellow, you will be expected to lend or give away a great deal to your friends and associates, or as tobacco users are apt to say "Set 'em up!" Then, again, you will be obliged to part with your pure, sweet breath, for those who use tobacco seldom have anything, except strong, rank breaths. Then you will be considered a nuisance by a great many of your lady friends, for your disagreeable spitting and smoking, scenting up the pure air with tobacco fumes; for no matter how well-bred you are, and how

careful you are to observe the rules of politeness among your friends, you will very likely make yourself very offensive, among strangers especially, as I have often been obliged to receive a full puff of tobacco smoke right in my face from some one passing me on the sidewalk, entirely unconscious that the wind was blowing his tobacco smoke that way; or sitting in a public stage, with two or three smokers in front puffing away, and the wind blowing it straight in my face; or often in rail cars or depots where there are not strict rules made to protect the passengers from this annoyance, men seem to think that it is not necessary to carry their good breeding, and ladies are compelled to suffer the offensive fumes coming from their pipes or cigars; and there are, I am happy to say, a few men yet who find tobacco smoke disagreeable to them, who are also liable to be annoyed through such rudeness. So you see that is another sacrifice you must make. You must submit to be considered a bore or nuisance by those you come in contact with. Then there are your clean white teeth. You must allow them to become yellow, or generally brown, and also your lips will be stained with the disagreeable weed. Then, you stand a great chance of ruining your health by the use of this poisonous stuff. And if you become a married man, with a family of children, and find in after life that you have not been able to provide your family with a home, over and above what it has cost you for tobacco, if you have any principle, or have any love for your family, it will cost you many a pang when you remember that you deprived your wife and children of a comfortable home, for the sake of indulging yourself in this vile habit. Now, I am only setting plain facts before you, without overdrawing them in the least, for a large volume might be written on the evil consequences of this bad habit; but I am only asking you to sum up the actual cost that will be sure to accrue from its use, and see if you are really willing to pay it, and at the same time receive so little value in return.

For my part, I cannot imagine what you can possibly gain. Of one thing I am sure, and that is, you do not gain respect by it, neither does it enrich you. And the influence it has over those who learn to use it, should serve as a warning to others, for a man who habitually uses tobacco becomes its slave, and if he dares to neglect it, or refuses to use it, it soon lashes him into obedience again, and he must find money to buy tobacco with, whether he has any to buy bread with or not. It is a surprise to me that men with good common sense and intelligent minds can submit thus to become the slave of such a filthy habit. If they could show

any possible good it brought them there might be some excuse to offer for such folly. But they cannot, and when they learn to use it they have not even the excuse in their favor that they like the taste of it; on the contrary, it nearly always makes them sick at first, and they are obliged to persevere until they have become used to it, and so conquered their dislike for it. It is true that most men learn to use tobacco when they are boys. But when they grow to be men, and see the folly of it, they should at once quit its use, unless they are willing to acknowledge that they are its slaves, and have not the power to quit. Then they should do all in their power to save their children from falling under such bondage. They feel and know its power, therefore they should warn others from becoming its victims. But instead of this, such is its degrading influence on the human mind that they are the very men who tempt the young to follow their example.

You seldom ever hear a man contending that the government has no right to make laws to regulate what we should drink, except the man who makes a practice of drinking whisky and other strong drinks. Just so the man who smokes and chews. He is usually the first to clamor for his rights, and liberty to use tobacco or not, just as he pleases; his rights usually consisting in spitting tobacco juice around, which other people may stain their clothing in, if they are not particularly fortunate; to puff tobacco smoke in the faces of other people who happen to come in his way; to spend the money that might buy a comfortable home for his family for this vile weed that does him no manner of good; the liberty to become and remain the slave of tobacco. These are a few of the rights of tobacco users, and the liberty for which they are calling so loudly. They overlook the fact that they have already bartered their liberty away, and that it is to make them free that the laws to regulate the sale of these poisons are made.

I have only made a few statements here of the evils and expense of tobacco to those who indulge in its use. You will see, if you will look at the subject honestly, that I have not overdrawn the picture, but have rather underdrawn it. I do not even ask you to quit the use of the nauseous weed, but I ask you to count up and see what it costs you before you go further into the speculation, and see if it will prove itself a paying business; and if you find, after due consideration, that it does not pay, then I do ask you to assert your manhood sufficiently to work for your own interest, and whilst summing up the loss and gain remember that to-

bacco is a poison, and that no one can take poison into his system daily without being injured thereby. He may not understand its workings, or he may fail to notice its deadly course, until with its influence it has lulled him into a stupor, and thereby failed to arouse any suspicion, but it is none the less at work, and will complete its mission in one way or another.

INFIDELITY.

Infidelity acknowledges no authority but self, yet it will betray you into the most abject slavery to whatever in life has the power to subdue, disregarding the principles of justice or right; for without the Divine hand of God we have nothing to support the right. It denies all time except the present, and yet it will point you back with the Hindoo's finger, or through the researches of the scientists to many years before the Bible times. But it claims no place for man but earth, though it will prove to you, and with reason, that the earth is one of the inferior planets.

It is a complication of contradictions, twisted to suit the time and place, so that it is a sworn enemy of all law and order, and of all that is good and true. No matter how much it may boast of being the champion of freedom, or of its philanthropic deeds, they are only intended for a delusion and a snare. With one broad sweep it destroys the only incentive man has to virtue—the promise of reward. The only proof man has of his heirship to the Creator of the universe, or by which he can prove his title to possess the land—the Bible—contains the only emancipation laws which establish his equal and unqualified freedom. Through it we learn that we were created free agents from the beginning, and when we, through our own folly, entangled ourselves in bondage through lusts of the flesh, God sent His beloved Son to redeem us and thus emancipate us, and again left us untrammelled and free. And when they take from us the Bible, and with it the knowledge and power to establish our freedom, what do they propose to give that will be a substitute? Man has been proved to be an untrustworthy keeper of his own freedom, and how shall we

trust him with his brother's? And as to the philanthropy that infidelity boasts of, can it reach out further, or cover broader ground, than the beautiful golden rule? And when it denies the authority of an all-wise, a just, and loving Creator, to whom will it look for justice, or what power will bring law and order out of confusion? For if, according to infidelity, our desire must be our law, and each should take it into his head to be guided by his own sweet will, what a mess we should have of it! It is the most absurd folly to talk of the sense of honor or justice dwelling in the heart of man as a natural production, and if left to himself without the influence of religion, or as they class all religion, superstition, that his own sense of honor would lead him to mete out justice, and that love would become his ruling power. All nations of the earth have disproven the assumption of such an idea. They have either been deterred from wrong by the fear of a higher power, or they have carried out their desires by using their strength to subdue the weak, and using them to administer to their selfish wants.

In China, where the infidel boasts that they possess a higher state of civilization than we, that their records of time are older, and that their laws, which uphold good and condemn evil, were made before the Bible was written, the people are ruled by might and strength instead of justice, love, and kindness. All their laws favor the strong and tend to oppress the weak. Their rulers are masters, their people are slaves, and each in turn oppress those who happen to come under their power. Even in the lower walks of life, the husband tyrannizes over his wife and children; the mother, in obedience to the supposed mandate of her god, the River Ganges, with her own maternal hand throws her infant daughter into its cold embrace, to be the food of sharks and other monsters of prey. All are slaves; the Emperor on his throne to his superstitions, and those who are under him to his will, and so on down to the lowest in the Empire. If we must take China for example, which the infidel seems to delight to hold up to us, we shall see only the fruits of selfishness and depravity, and whatever their traditions may have taught them, or their philosophers pointed out to them of good, or their sages of wisdom, they have failed to profit by the advice; they have not been improved thereby as a nation, for the Chinese are known to be untruthful, dishonest, filthy, and licentious. Whatever the exceptions may be, this is the general rule, and from it we may judge that the main incentive the Chinese have to do right is fear of their rulers, and the chief reason for the power exerted

over the subjects by the rulers is selfishness and the love of power, which is the natural offspring of the human heart. Not that they ever show a desire to benefit the people in the least, except as they see that it would eventually benefit them. This is the general rule of action, from the Emperor down to his lowest slave. Self is the predominant element.

Now, all the maxims and laws in the world posted on gate posts or in conspicuous places would have no moral force, or benefit a community, except as they were enforced by the officers of the law, unless we could show the people that they had a personal interest in them. So, whilst those maxims of the Chinese may be very good, they are not applied personally to the people. The average Chinaman feels no more interest in obeying them than did the recent slaves in the South feel an interest in improving their masters' farms, though indirectly it would have benefited them, inasmuch as it would often have saved them from reproof and punishment, and would have produced a better living for all, thus enabling the masters to retain them on their farms instead of selling them to curtail their expenses or replenish their purses, as was often the case. But they felt as the Chinese do that they were only slaves, and had no responsibility or interest, except as they could take advantage of circumstances to get the best of others in their own favor. Now, if those great maxims and precepts of the Chinese, that the infidel considers as being so much superior to those taught in the Bible, fail to influence either the rulers or the people, then there must be a cause for it, and that cause must be in the fact that there is no authority to enforce these maxims, except by human will, and human will is based on selfish purposes. There is no authority above humanity or its suggestions, no fear of justice, no incentive to do right through the hope of reward.

The most ignorant savage feels in his heart that there must be an authority above him, and this he worships either through fear or love, and if you cannot prove to him that the god he worships is worthy of his love he bows down in fear. Fear produces slavery, and love, freedom. Thus in the absence of anything worthy of the heart of man to love (for it is true that man cannot give the heart's purest and best worship to an object less worthy of his love than God), he falls down in fear and sadness before his idol. Thus it is that when the Bible is left out, and the Spirit of God excluded, all brightness and love are gone. The letter of the law may be there, but the spirit is absent—no perfection, no beauty of holiness. All the idols we may make—the world, the flesh, or the devil—will prove

themselves impure. There is no idol that we can set up that can ever bear a comparison with God, the Father and Creator of the universe. No man, however exalted he may have become among his admirers, can show a record like the meek and lowly Jesus, the Saviour of mankind. Thus you see that infidelity, whilst pretending to be the champion of freedom, destroys or tries to destroy the only proof and authority we have that we are entitled to freedom. When it tells us that we have no authority above our own desires or inclinations to obey, it is only laying a snare for us whereby we shall fall into the worst kind of slavery. It is then only a question of time and might, for the weak must always give in under such government to the strong, and be forever the slaves of those who have the power to oppress them. The evil passions in our nature, which all who have studied humanity will acknowledge, are stronger than the love of good. And when it takes from us the Bible, it gives us no reliable record in return of time in the past or future. All is guesswork or conjecture. To be sure, it pretends to believe that the Chinese have the true timetable, but if we should feel inclined to take any stock in this assertion, we are suddenly called to a halt by the announcement that we must not have faith in what we do not know to be so. Traditions are fiction, and revelations are a delusion, and thus we are left drifting adown life's stream, cut loose from the past, and with no hope of the future. Who would exchange the Christian's hope of Heaven for all the infidel's philosophy and self-dependence?

MORMONISM.

Mormonism is a growing evil. It has been growing for years, and is likely to keep on growing, for anything that is being done about it by the government. Slavery was an evil, and it was fought as an evil, and was subdued as it should have been years ago. But then there was one excuse for slavery existing upon this free soil: it was sanctioned by the constitution. But I should like to know where the constitution sanctions Mormonism, or contains a law that upholds bigamy, or gives a man power to enslave white women and hold them against their will, or to trample upon the sacred ties of marriage, and break his solemn vows to his first wife by bringing other women to his home, thereby destroying all that is

holy or true in the marriage relations and turning his home into a brothel, degrading his wife and prostituting his other victims, and raising his children in shame.

It is well known that many of these women are persuaded by the Mormon agents and their own husbands to emigrate to Utah, in the hope of a better home and a better chance of making a living, without the least suspicion of the trap that has been set for them, and, until they are within its stronghold and have no way of escape, know nothing of polygamy being practiced there. I believe that this is the case with a large majority of them, for I cannot believe that any woman with the least intelligence would, of her own free will, consent to a division of her husband's affections, or a second place in his home. It is not in human nature to be so generous.

It is also well known that they have tolerated murder and theft and all the baser crimes. The Mountain Meadows massacre was virtually proven upon them, and the confession of one of their leading Danites, who was hung for the crime that many others helped him commit, revealed much of their treachery that was unknown before. And yet they have had things all their own way; there is no one to molest them, or to make them afraid. If we hear of a poor, ignorant Indian committing depredations a whole army is immediately sent against him, and the cry is raised, "Annihilate them! Wipe them out!" though it often happens that the Indian is only retaliating for some injustice done him, or some cruelty committed against him, by those who are intrusted by the authorities to do him justice, or by white outlaws who infest the borders of civilization. And he, in his ignorance of right and wrong, punishes the innocent for the guilty. But not so with the Mormons. They go on from year to year in their lawlessness, spreading a corruption that will eventually, if not stopped, become a pest-house to the nation. And there is no notice taken of it. They are growing rich, and through their wealth can elect their Senators and Congressmen (for be it known that none can be elected in these days without money), who help to make laws in their favor. Now I ask, is it not time that something should be done to arrest this gigantic evil? It is gaining strength and territory rapidly, and it will soon be a formidable enemy to cope with. It is a shame and disgrace to this free and enlightened people that it should foster upon its soil an institution so demoralizing in its effects upon society; nay, even allow the members of this polluted society to take part in making the laws of the country, and

if they are still allowed to go on and grow, I fear that we will find, when it may be too late for our peace, that we have been nursing a serpent that may poison with its baleful sting the national life.

I feel proud to be able to say that the United States of America stand first among the nations of the earth. Our free institutions, our means of educating the masses, our intelligent, self-reliant people, our agricultural resources, our rich mines of gold, silver, and other precious ores, wooded lands and mountain scenery and broad, spreading prairies, our beautiful rivers and grand lakes, with our girdle of oceans and seas, place us, without a doubt, ahead of any other nation; yet we are permitting a fanatical people to break our most sacred laws, and spread moral disease that for foulness cannot be found on the face of the earth. Even freedom has a limit, and when it passes that limit it ceases to be freedom. When a man through his freedom walks into the ocean he ceases to be free. When he gives himself up through his freedom to drunkenness, or a free range of his baser passions, then he ceases to be free. And when a people claim freedom to allow fanaticism to conquer their sense of justice and right, and give themselves up to their evil inclinations, which oppose law and order, then it is evident that they have voluntarily thrown away their freedom, and it is the duty of the government under which they live to see that these rights are restored to them again, and that they are compelled to use them in a proper and lawful manner.

SOME GOOD LESSONS FOR BOYS.

Remember that a true lady may be found in calico as often as in silk or velvet, or a gentleman in jeans as in broadcloth.

Remember that honesty is the best policy, and that it is better to be poor with a clean conscience and an honest name than to be rich through fraud and double-dealing.

Remember that a common school education with common sense is better than a college education without it.

Remember that one good, honest trade, well mastered, is better than a dozen beggarly professions.

Remember to show a proper respect to those who are older than yourself, and be sure always to retain self-respect.

Remember that the surest proof of manhood is to protect the weak.

Remember that practice makes perfect, and if you begin to use prop-

er language whilst you are young you will not be likely to use improper language when you are old. It is just as easy, when one tries, to use a proper word as an improper one; and above all, use no profane or slang words, for they do no good, but are very offensive to the listener.

Abstain from intoxicating drinks, if you would wish to grow up to a noble manhood.

Remember that chewing and smoking, even in moderation, though the least of vices to which men are heirs, is disgusting to others and hurtful to yourselves.

Remember that to be able to whip your enemy is no sign of bravery. It is only a sign that God has given you more strength than your enemy. If you wish to show yourself truly brave or courageous, show that you are not afraid to be dared, but are strong enough to be laughed at for the sake of the right. Show true courage by keeping your temper down, and your hands off, and forgiving your enemy. It is brutish to strike and fight. A man should show himself superior to a brute.

Remember that idleness leads to want and wretchedness, whilst industry brings a train of blessings too numerous to mention here.

And if you would enjoy a long life, be frugal and temperate. Be honest with Nature, and she will be true to you.

RECEIPTS.

—●—

FOR FEVER.

Use mustard, salt, or saleratus in tepid water; bathe well, and rub as hard as can be borne with a dry towel afterward. To bathe a small part of the body at a time with a coarse towel is better than to get into the bathing tub. When there is much fever this should be repeated twice a day at least.

FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD.

Bathe the head and face with cold water very frequently; bind a towel wet in cold water around the head on going to bed, and put a hot brick or iron to the feet.

FOR BURNS OR SCALDS.

Use New Orleans molasses, and wrap the burn up quickly from the air.

FOR WORMS IN CHILDREN.

Use salt and water, or cold sage tea, or peach leaf tea. Either of the above remedies is good, taken in small quantities morning and evening.

PEBBLES

GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

No. 6.

A MONTHLY VISITOR

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

—BY—

MRS. MARY WOOD.

PREFACE.

These little Pebbles were gathered personally by the writer, and so far she has quoted nothing from any other writers; but if she should deem it proper to quote extracts from other works, she will not credit them to herself, but give the works and the names of the writers from whom she will think proper to borrow.

To those whose term of subscription will soon expire I would say, I should be glad to retain you on my list, but many thanks for your past favors. If this little work should prove a success, remember that you were the foundations upon which it stood.

Those who wish to preserve the copies and have them bound, can have an opportunity to get them done very cheaply at the end of the year, as I will call, personally, and take their orders.

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ROSA LANE; OR, THE GUIDING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Continued from page 102.

After Rosa had visited Mrs. Moss and her family she began to feel that she had been very ungrateful at times for the many blessings that she enjoyed. She knew that she had been very rebellious, and had given way to grief and gloom at the loss of her parents. She would sit sometimes for hours in this moody frame, and would refuse to join her little cousins when they had entreated her to come with them and share their childish sports. She had felt envious, too, at times, that her cousins should have all they needed, as she thought, and their parents besides, and she would throw herself upon her bed and weep, and refuse to be comforted. But now she resolved to ask God to help her overcome her selfish feelings, and try in the future to think less of herself and more of how she might comfort others. So, after her uncle had come home that evening from the bank she went to him, and in her simple, childish way, told him the story of the poor family, and begged him to let her have some money to help them.

Mr. Allen sent for Mrs. Gray, and inquired more particularly into their circumstances, and after she had told him what she knew he consented to let Rosa have a check for fifty dollars, so that she could aid them in a way that would do them some permanent good, but she must be guided by Mrs. Gray's judgment, as she was too young to know what would be the best use to put the money to to be of the most service to them.

"William Allen," said Mrs. Allen to her husband, "I will certainly think you are taking leave of your senses if you go on in this way much longer. I understand that on Christmas day you took the children to the alms-house to eat Christmas dinner, exposing them to any disease that might be among the paupers; and now you are foolish enough to yield to that child's whim to give her money away to a lot of strollers, who are artful enough to work upon the simple child's feelings. Why, some one

ought to apply to the court to appoint her a guardian who will not allow her to squander her money."

"Mary, you are entirely too hasty, for neither I nor the children ate dinner at the poorhouse on Christmas day. We simply went there out of curiosity, and to get a ride in the fresh winter air, though I do not know but what I might be obliged to eat my dinner there some day; and as to the poor family whom Rosa has become so interested in, Mrs. Gray tells me that they are very needy, and that should be sufficient inducement to us, who are able, to give, and to give cheerfully."

"The idea of your ever having to eat your dinner at the county house! Why, William Allen, I am ashamed of you, to permit yourself to talk in that way. And, of course, Mrs. Gray can talk pity very fluently when it does not cost her anything. I do believe these servants would expect us to give away all we have. They will come pleading for every vagrant who chooses to come along, but they would be very clear of ever giving a cent to one of them themselves."

"There again, Mary, you are mistaken; for I have been informed, and I believe, correctly, that when my wife refused to help the little perishing girl who came to our door on Christmas night, that every servant in the house, even old Nancy, who is of a different color, gave out of their penury a mite, and that mite saved the wretched family from starving, for they were perishing from cold and hunger; and Mrs. Gray yesterday added what she felt she could spare, and she did not come to me to plead for them, but I sent for her to learn their exact condition. In doing what I have done I feel that I have only performed my duty. Who can tell but that our own children might need a friendly hand to help them over some of life's rough places before they die? We cannot see the future, or know what it contains for us."

"Why, William Allen, if you ever expect to be a beggar, or your children paupers, let me tell you that I never do. Idleness and extravagance make beggars, and as you already have enough to insure your children's future I am sure that your remarks are superfluous."

"Ah, but we may not know what other causes may sweep away all that we possess, but let us hope that want will never come to us or ours."

Mr. Allen whilst speaking little dreamed what really was in store for him and his; he only remembered, as every true man should, that he was ruled by a Higher Power, and that He who had given to them so freely of this world's goods could, by the same power, take back His own. He

also knew that those who were as good by nature, and perhaps far better by practice, had often been called to suffer reverses of fortune that brought them to the lowest depths of want and suffering, and he felt that he held his possessions by a tenure that might at any time be forfeited, and that, too, without his consent or fault.

A month has passed since the bank robbery, and as yet nothing has been learned as to who could possibly be the robbers. Notwithstanding the cautions given to the employes at the time of the discovery of the robbery, to be careful to say nothing outside of the occurrence, a rush was made on the bank that same day which caused them to close the doors, for though the loss of three hundred thousand dollars could not even cripple the bank, yet it might be very inconvenient and detrimental to its welfare to have a rush upon it, so the company took the precaution to close the doors for a few days until the public could be informed of the true state of affairs. But it seemed a mystery that no one could be found among the many who had heard of the failure of the bank who could tell who had started the report. All the clerks and officers stoutly denied having spoken of it to any one outside of the bank, and what seemed the greatest mystery was that the report should be that Mr. Allen, the President, had absconded with the money. What had led to such an impression no one could tell, they could only say that they heard it talked of. Even the evening journals came out with long columns giving the whole affair, each trying to outdo the other in abusing Mr. Allen. Of course, letters were written by the officers of the bank asking the editors to make retractions, which they did promptly. In the meantime every possible effort that could be made was put in force by the detectives, but without avail.

The first of February had come and with it the regular monthly meeting of the Board.

"Well, Johnson, what do you think," said one of the gentlemen present to the head detective. "Do you still adhere to the theory that the robbers entered and retired by the regular means of egress?"

"I do, sir. I have examined every inch of ground inside and outside, and though there was a slight attempt made to show that they entered by the window, I think that was all a sham. I am more convinced than ever that the robbery was committed by some one who wished to have us believe that the robbers came in from the outside in an irregular way, but they were very clumsy in their arrangements to that effect. Do you feel perfect confidence in your cashier, Mr. Green?"

"Oh, certainly. He has been in the bank for a long time, and we have the fullest confidence in him," said they all.

"Well, what of the others. Are there any whom you feel at all suspicious of?"

"There are none whom we have any reason to suspect," answered the gentleman who had put the first question to the detective, "but of course, it would be just as well to watch them."

"What of the watchman? Do you think that he is all right?"

"Well, of course, we cannot be entirely sure of anybody, but we have no reason to doubt Jack Donaldson. He has been in our service a long time, and has always proven himself very faithful."

"Well, I shall keep an eye on them all, as you cannot direct me to any certain one, for I cannot help but think that the robber, whoever he might be, had an easy time of it, or was helped by some one who knew all about the bank and the safe."

The directors held their meeting in the President's room, and none of the clerks were even admitted to the meeting except as they were called in to give some information or to explain something that required their knowledge of the business. Just before the meeting closed another detective came in, saying that he thought he had a clue to the robbery, but could not be sure. He refused to say anything further on the subject until he could have more positive proof. While he is following up his clue we will return to Mrs. Moss and her children.

Under the good care of Roy and with proper medical treatment, with plenty of good, wholesome food, Mrs. Moss improved rapidly. The kindness she had received from Mrs. Gray and the other ladies seemed to inspire her with new hope, and she felt that it was her duty to cheer up for the sake of her children. It was now the eighth of February, and a bright, clear, cold day. She had been able to be up for over a week, and she concluded to walk out to-day, hoping it would give her strength to go out into the clear, crisp air, and besides she wished to see a lawyer concerning her husband's business. She called at the office of a lawyer to whom she had a letter of introduction from one of the ladies who had been so kind to her through her sickness. She gave him her letter, and after he had read it he kindly asked her to be seated and tell him all the particulars of the case, which she did as well as she could remember, for she could not possibly remember the exact place where her husband was killed, or some other things connected with the affair that Mr. Clark had told her.

"Where is this Mr. Clark now?" he asked her.

"Well, I am not sure, but I suppose he is at home in Massachusetts."

"Have you never written to him since you met him in the city?"

"No, sir, I have not. I have only been for a couple of weeks able to write, and in that time I have not thought of writing to him. In fact, I have scarcely thought of anything but the great trial to which I have been subjected, and I suppose I should not have come to you now only for my son's urging me to go West. He firmly believes he could gain some clue to his father's murderers, and perhaps be able to reclaim some of his property. I have my husband's letter wherein he speaks of what he has and where it is, and perhaps Roy may be right. We might be able to secure what rightfully belonged to him."

"I think your son is right, madam. I would by all means advise you to go West and follow up the trail until you can know to a certainty whether you have lost all or not, and besides, as you say, you must support yourself somewhere. You will find the West as good a place as any to raise your family in, for all kinds of work bring better wages there than here. You can probably sew, and your son, if he is industrious and persevering, would stand a better chance out there for a start in life than he would here, where there are so many to compete with him. Do you know just where your husband's property was situated in California?"

"Oh, yes; I have several of his letters, and besides I have the direction where we have been in the habit of writing to him before we left home."

"How far did you say your tickets will take you?"

"To Salt Lake City in Utah."

"Well, let me give you a little advice. Now, I do not know, of course, whether you think you can make the arrangements or not to pay your way out to California. But whether you do or not, I would say to you, do not go by Salt Lake City. You have every reason to believe, from what Mr. Clark told you, that some of your husband's murderers were from the Mormon settlement, and if they were not, it is always extremely dangerous for men to go that way, and a great deal more so for women. Now, if you conclude to go, and think you can raise the money, I will see some of these ticket brokers, and see if they will not try to sell your tickets for you, so that you can have the money to help pay your way by steamer. It would be much better for you to go that way."

"Well, I do not know yet what I can do. Some of the ladies who

have been so kind to me have proposed raising the necessary means for me, but of course I cannot yet be positive about it. But I will send the tickets to you, at any rate, for they will probably be of no use to me in either case, whilst the money would help me whether I go or not. So, if you will be so kind, I will send them to you by Roy this afternoon."

"And one more thing. I advise you to write to Mr. Clark, for if he has not gone back yet he would be of a great deal of service to you, and company, too, if he would also go by steamer, and I would not wonder at all if he should prefer that way, after his late experience of the over-land route."

"I will do so, sir, and I bid you good day and thank you for your kind advice."

So saying Mrs. Moss returned home to her children and to write the letter to Mr. Clark. It was two weeks before she received an answer from the Postmaster with Mr. Clark's letter enclosed (for she had sent it in the care of the Postmaster, to be returned if he was not there), stating that he had gone back to California. She wrote to the Postmaster because she had made up her mind not to write to any of her people until she had gone to California, as she believed they would oppose her going, and she had her mind so set on going, and Roy was so anxious to go, that she could not bear to relinquish it, but strove in every way to accomplish her object, believing it to be for the best.

The lawyer had sold her tickets, and the ladies had promised to have the money ready for her by the first of March, so that she would have enough to pay her way clear through to her destination. Mr. Allen had told Rosa to save the fifty dollars that she wished to give Mrs. Moss until she should be well enough to determine what she would do to maintain her family. "For," said he, "Mrs. Gray tells me that the ladies will see that she wants for nothing through her sickness, and it will be a good thing for her to have that money to begin on when she is again thrown on her own exertions for a living." So when they found that she expected to go out to California, they concluded the best use it could be put to was to give it to her when she started away, so that she would have it to begin on in their new home.

Rosa had called on Mrs. Moss, in company with Mrs. Gray, several times during her sickness, and had lent Bessy and Roy some books to read, and taken the little baby brother some toys and nicknacks, so that they all had good reason to be glad to see her when she came. So, when

Mrs. Gray came to bid Mrs. Moss goodbye a few days before she was to sail, and bring Rosa's free-will offering of fifty dollars, they were greatly disappointed at not seeing the little girl with her, but were gratified to receive an invitation from her to call and see her before they went away; for Mrs. Gray told them that Rosa had taken cold and that it was not deemed prudent for her to go out until she got better. "And Roy," she said, speaking to the young man, "you can come on Sunday afternoon, as you will probably not have much time on Monday, for you will have to be on board the steamer on Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock, and when you come you can ask for me."

"Thank you," he said, "I shall be very glad to come."

Roy was not destitute of clothes, for it will be remembered that they were well prepared to go on their journey if it had not been for the news that had prostrated Mrs. Moss, so when he and little Bessy rang the bell at Mr. Allen's door on Sunday they were both looking neat and trim, and when Thomas admitted them he had no idea it was the little girl who came to the door almost frozen on Christmas night. Mrs. Gray had Willie and Eddie also in her room, and whilst they and Rosa entertained Bessy by showing their pictures, Mrs. Gray had a long talk with Roy on his prospects, and she also gave him some spiritual advice to which he listened with respect, after which she went to call Mr. Allen, as he had expressed a desire to see Roy when he came. Whilst she was gone Rosa handed Roy a book about the shepherds watching their flocks at night, and how the angels appeared to them and told them of the birth of the Saviour, and how a beautiful star appeared in the sky to guide those who sought the place where He was to be found. "Take it," she said, "and keep it and read it, for it always comforts me when I am sad. My mother taught me that the star appeared brightest when the sun was down and night had thrown her dark mantle over all nature. It was then, she said, they needed the guidance of the star, and they could go faster as it rode majestically in the heavens before them than they could when following its pale glimmer when the dazzling light of day almost hid it from their view, and she said it was just so with Christians. They often missed their way whilst surrounded by prosperity, but when the night of adversity came upon them, and all save the star of hope that points out the Saviour is dark, then they could go straight to Him—but you can read for yourself." said Rosa, coloring and looking confused, for in her anxiety to have Roy enjoy her favorite book she scarcely realized, for the time, what she was saying.

Perhaps if Rosa's mother had lived the little girl never would have cared half so much for the book, nor tried to remember what her mother had taught her out of it; but she had missed her mother so much, and had felt so lonely without her, that she had often shut herself up for hours, thinking of her, and trying to remember all her words and looks. In this way many of her mother's lessons came to her again, and she could remember looks and language that she had before forgotten. And how well it was for Rosa that what her mother taught her was so well worth remembering, and how careful mothers should be to sow precious seed that will bring forth good fruit!

Roy took the book from her hands and thanked her, and promised to read it and keep it as a precious memento of her kindness; and whilst he looked at the flushed face of the child, and heard her eloquent words, and saw the anxious expression in her large, thoughtful eyes, he felt that surely it was an angel pointing him to the star that would lead him, if he would follow, to where his Saviour could be found. Such words from a little child weighed far more with him than the most eloquent sermon he had ever heard preached, and from that moment he became a firm believer in the doctrine of the Bible, and made up his mind that he would follow the star whithersoever it might lead him. And thus was the Scripture fulfilled, as it often happens, that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings His praise is perfected."

Mr. Allen was very much pleased with Roy's appearance, and had quite a long conversation with him, giving him many useful hints and good advice concerning entering upon new duties in a strange place and among entire strangers. And so, after a very pleasant afternoon, they took their leave, bidding farewell to their kind friends.

As Mr. Allen returned to the parlor Mrs. Allen asked in a contemptuous tone if he had not better turn the house into an orphans' home, to which he replied that if he could fill it with as promising children as those two who had called there that day, he would not make much objection to the arrangement.

"Oh," she said, with a toss of her head, "they are all very fine until you have found them out."

The next Tuesday morning the Moss family started on their long journey, and whilst they are pursuing their way toward the setting sun, we will see how far detective No. 2 has followed up the clue that he thought he had found concerning the bank robbery. The next Tuesday is the day

the Board is to meet, and the detectives are all particularly anxious to have some progress to report. Thus far the other two have not gained the slightest clue, though one of them shadowed what he deemed to be a clue away up in the regions of Lake Michigan, but when he had followed it to where he expected to see it turn around and give itself up, and declare that even robbery will out, lo and behold, his phantasm turned into thin air, and he was obliged to return crestfallen to where he began the chase.

But detective No. 2 had had several conversations with Mr. Green lately, and each time he felt that he was coming a little closer upon the trail of the robber; and to give the the reader an idea of his clue we will allow him to listen to a conversation between the detective and Green. It was just after banking hours of the same Tuesday that the Mosses started for their new home in the West.

"And you feel sure, Mr. Green, that no one was with Mr. Allen the afternoon of the 26th, when you had to leave the bank and go home on account of the sickness of your wife?"

"Oh, yes; I am quite sure there was no one but him in the bank for an hour at least. There was no one there when I left, and it would be a full hour before the night watch would take up his position. Of course you know that I would not for the world cast any reflection upon Mr. Allen's honesty, but you know it is my duty to tell all I know."

"Of course it is, and you know that any false delicacy you might feel about exposing the man who has been your friend and your superior in office would be criminating yourself and treating the company by whom you are employed unjustly."

"Yes, I know that, and it has been through that feeling of delicacy that I have been deterred from expressing my suspicions before, but it has troubled me a good deal, and I suppose that was why I let out to you the other day that the robbery might be found to be much nearer home than was generally believed."

But let me say right here that Mr. Green had another reason for speaking of his suspicions, which was that he found the detective, to whom we shall hereafter give the name of No. 2, watching his movements closer than he liked to have him, and he was glad of anything that would divert attention from himself to another. And he found the detective, who was an ambitious man, more than ready to listen to anything that promised the faintest hope of success, well knowing that his future was made could he but find out the thieves or succeed in recovering the money that was sto-

len. So when Mr. Green explained to him that Mr. Allen was in the bank a full hour entirely alone, he began to think that now he had probably struck the right trail, for he reasoned the case in this wise: He supposed that Mr. Allen felt so secure in his reputation that no one would be likely even to think of his robbing the bank, so he was all the more convinced that he was on the right track when Mr. Green told him that he had heard Mr. Allen was about to fail; that he had been speculating heavily, and that his wife was so extravagant that it was supposed if his debts were paid he would not be worth a dollar. All these statements were false, but they were eagerly accepted for truth by the detective, who had up to this time been shadowing Mr. Green, fully expecting that he was the man who knew the most about the affair; but when that gentleman went to him voluntarily, and expressed his suspicions that the President was the guilty man, it rather knocked the bottom out of his theory, for it seemed incredible to him that a guilty man could come of his own free will and try to push investigations which might implicate himself, or would, if he proved to be mistaken, at the least be the means of turning him out of his position. So he naturally concluded that the cashier had pretty good grounds for his suspicions.

"Well, after all, Mr. Green," said the detective, "all our suspicions would amount to nothing unless we can prove them to be well founded. We will have to give better proof than the mere fact of his being in the bank alone, for I dare say that you have often been alone in the bank yourself."

"Oh, yes, I know that, and that is why I do not want you to say anything until we can give some stronger evidence. By the way, have you ever searched his office? But then, I dare say he would not be so careless as to leave any evidence in his office."

"I do not know about that. He may feel that the office would be a safe place to hide the money in, as he would not suppose any one would mistrust him. Suppose we take a sly look into his office to-night—or does he always carry his keys away with him?"

"Yes, he always takes them home; but I suppose in a case like this we would be justified in procuring duplicate keys."

"Yes, of course, we must get keys made, if necessary, and examine the place. For who knows but the money may be hidden away in that very office? I wonder we did not think of the office when we searched the rest of the bank. But I shall have no time to-day to see to getting them made, as I shall be busy with some other business until 6 o'clock."

"Oh, I can get them for you. I know an old Jew who keeps a whole ring of keys, and it would be strange if among so many none should be found to fit Mr. Allen's lock."

"Well, then, we will meet here at 7 o'clock, and you have the keys here ready."

"But do you not think we had better call some of the directors, as you know, in case we found anything, it would be best to have some witnesses on hand?"

"Well, that will be needless, I think, for it is not very likely we will say we found any money if we do not find any. However, do as you like about that."

So saying, the detective hurried off to attend to his business whilst the cashier went to see the Jew about the keys, and also to summon the directors, or rather to write a couple of notes to send to them by a messenger, desiring their presence at the bank at 7 P. M., as they thought they had made a discovery (which was another misrepresentation, as the reader knows, for they had made no discovery as yet).

Seven o'clock came, and with it the party to examine Mr. Allen's private office. Mr. Green took no part in the search, and the two directors were amazed that it should be thought necessary to search Mr. Allen's office. But all the time they were laboring under the delusion that there had been a discovery, so they stood anxiously watching developments. Every part of the office was searched, and nothing was found. Then came the desk. All its contents were turned out, and still nothing until at last, in picking up a large book, out tumbled a roll of bills. The detective stooped and picked them up and found them to be large bills, some fifty and some one hundred dollar bills. He counted them over, and found that they amounted to one thousand dollars. "Well," said he, "this looks as if we were on the track sure enough. Now, the next thing to be done is to see if the numbers on these bills correspond with the numbers of the missing bills." He then took out his note book, and found on examination that they did exactly. They kept up the search for an hour longer, hoping to find the rest, but in that they were disappointed. Nothing more was found, excepting a letter addressed to Mr. Allen in a very poor hand. The letter contained but a few lines which, after being deciphered, were found to contain these few words: "I got your letter, and will be there all right. I have got all safe, I think." This was signed with some foreign name.

It would be impossible for me to describe properly the surprise and amazement of the bank directors the next day when detective No. 2 walked in to their meeting and laid the money and letter down before them, telling them where he had found it. Even then Mr. Allen could not understand that he was at all implicated. He got the idea into his head that some one had hid the money in his desk. But he did not remain long in this delusion, for as soon as the first surprise was over some of the gentlemen present turned to him, and asked him to be so good as to explain how the money had got into his desk, and where the rest of it was, or what he had done with it.

Shocked and insulted at such a demand, he stood up and asked them to explain. "Surely," said he, "you do not mean to accuse me of this robbery?"

"We accuse no one," they said, "all we can do is to believe what we see until you have explained how the money came into your desk."

The suddenness of the whole affair came upon him so unawares that he could scarcely know how to act or talk. His confusion at the bare thought of being accused of such a thing helped to make his guilt more apparent. There were a few there who did not think him guilty, one of whom was detective No. 1, or the head detective. But they had no means to prove him innocent, so they kept silent on the subject. Finally a few of the members conferred together, and concluded it was their duty to have his house searched at once.

"By all means," said Mr. Allen, "you can search my house or subject me to any other indignity that you wish. I see I am the victim of some foul conspiracy. You can search my house, but you will find nothing there, I can assure you, and this money that you say you found in my desk was never put there by me, and I knew nothing of its being there. And as to this letter, I have never seen it until you laid it before me, nor do I know the writer."

Some of the gentlemen then said that they were indeed surprised and sorry that he should be the one of all others to have such a charge laid on him, but law was law, and they must abide by the results. "Very well," said Mr. Allen, "you can come right along and search my house, for I wish to return at once as I feel that I can no longer be of any use here."

The two detectives and three of the bank directors went along with him, and began a search of his house. It so happened that Mrs. Allen was not at home that afternoon, for which Mr. Allen felt very thankful.

They first searched Mrs. Allen's room, after which all the children, together with Mrs. Gray, were sent in there whilst they searched the rest of the house. As Mr. Green was of so much service to the detectives in unearthing the money in the President's desk, they insisted that he should accompany them to the house. And indeed that gentleman did not require much persuasion, for it is characteristic of men of low, base minds to render servile worship to those that hold the sceptre, but as soon as that sceptre is broken, to hold the former object of their pretended worship in corresponding contempt. But Johnson, the head detective, thought he could see even more than contempt in the cashier's expression. It appeared to him that there was a mixture of satisfaction in his gleaming eyes that contradicted his professions of sorrow and regret at having to participate in so unpleasant a task.

They had searched the house all over, even the servants' rooms and the cellar closets, but had found nothing. The men were expressing their satisfaction to each other that this had been the case (for, anxious as they were to find the money, be it said that there were very few who wished to find it in Mr. Allen's house), when they heard detective No. 2 calling from the parlor. They entered it in response to his call, and found him standing by the mantle, holding a small vase of Parian marble in one hand and a roll of bills in the other. A second time he was the exultant victor. He had pulled the bills out of the inside of the vase from under a bouquet of artificial flowers. The roll was found to contain fifteen hundred dollars and some notes of hand which were known to be part of the missing papers. The bills were examined, and they proved to be also some of the bills that were taken from the bank vault.

"Well, this certainly is becoming serious," said some of the bank directors.

"Yes, it does look bad," replied Johnson.

They held a consultation, after which a committee of three was sent to Mr. Allen's room to see if he was willing to make a confession and tell them what he had done with the rest of the money.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am an innocent man. I know nothing of the money. I never saw it after it was placed in the vault by Mr. Green, and the fact of your finding the money in my desk at the office and in the vase may seem to you sufficient proof of my guilt, but to me it only proves that I have an enemy who is trying to ruin me."

"Well, as to that," said one of the gentlemen, "it may be as you say ;

but you know until you prove yourself innocent we are bound from circumstantial evidence to consider you guilty—that is, through the law. “But,” said the speaker, “I consider you innocent, and shall believe you to be, until I hear you from your own lips confess your guilt.” One of the others warmly seconded this opinion, and the third remained silent.

Mr. Allen bowed to the gentlemen, and whilst his voice almost choked with emotion he thanked them for their faith in him. They then withdrew and joined the rest, who were waiting in the hall below.

“Well, what success, gentlemen,” asked the cashier, “Did he confess?”

“He had nothing to confess,” answered one of the gentlemen who had professed his belief in Mr. Allen’s innocence. All looked up in surprise, but over the cashier’s face spread a flush. Then it quickly gave way to a deadly pallor, but this only lasted a moment and was noticed by none except Johnson, the detective No. 1.

“What do you mean?” asked detective No. 2.

“I mean,” said the gentleman, “that I believe Mr. Allen is innocent.”

“Believing is one thing, and proving is another,” said the detective.

“I fully understand that,” said the first speaker, “and I hope to see the day that we can prove his innocence.”

They all agreed to that desire, except it may be the detective, who expected to gain fame and wealth by his discovery, and the cashier, who now stood a good chance, as he thought, of being promoted to be President of the bank if Mr. Allen’s innocence was not proven.

They now concluded to leave, and consulted with each other as to the propriety of leaving a guard to see that Mr. Allen did not leave in the night and escape with the rest of the money, but the two gentlemen who had stood up so manfully for their friend would not hear of such a thing. They declared that they would give bond for his appearance to answer when wanted to the amount of all they were worth, if need be, which offer had to be accepted, especially as they were the head officials of the bank, and could, if required, pay in every cent that was missing.

“And I shall watch,” said Johnson, “and bring the guilty to justice.”

[TO BE CONTINUED IN NO. 7.]

EDUCATION.

What is education? Is it, as many suppose, the mere study of the various branches taught in our schools and academies, and committing to memory certain texts and precepts? Do you imagine that because you have spent several years in schools and colleges, and have gone patiently through all the common English branches and then entered deeper into the study of mathematics and philosophy, law or anatomy, or perhaps have mastered the languages, are accomplished in painting and music, have studied astronomy until you can tell all the revolutions of the heavenly bodies and call the stars by name—that you have finished your education?

If you do, you are very much mistaken. If in all the course of study you have gone through you have not learned that you are only beginning your education, you have failed to learn one important fact. You are only standing upon the threshold of knowledge, holding in your hand the keys that are to unlock the various chambers of her treasure house. You may have learning and yet not possess wisdom. The price of wisdom cannot be estimated; "it is above rubies." A man may go to the gold mines and spend years in digging gold; he may accumulate ten thousand pounds of the precious metal, and when he gets this vast amount together, if he should sit down idly by his pile and brag to the passer-by of his vast wealth, but do nothing with his gold except make a display and taunt those who were less fortunate than himself with the amount of his possessions, until he actually starved for the bread that his gold might have purchased for him, who would call that man rich? He was simply loaded down with a metal which in itself has no intrinsic value, and could do him no good unless he could make use of it as a medium of exchange for that which would supply life and insure happiness. To be sure, it would glitter and dazzle the eye of the passer-by as the sun flashes would light upon it, but the gold would be admired, whilst the man would be only an object of pity and contempt.

Just so your great learning, without wisdom to make the proper use of it, would cause your friends to pity or blame you and your enemies to ridicule you. All would agree that it was a pity so much learning should be thrown away on one who had not the wisdom to value it or use it to advantage. The learning you receive in schools and colleges is but a small

fraction of your education. You begin to be educated as soon as you open your eyes to the light of this world.

Your education must be three-fold. You must be educated physically, mentally and morally. These three, to be perfect and complete, must keep the proper pace with each other, or you become dwarfed and weak and unshapely. If the parent or guardian should keep the child sitting in one position, without teaching it to try its strength and expand its limbs by exercise, it would grow up physically deformed; or if the child was never taught to pronounce words, or to note the different names of its friends, or to read and write, etc., it would certainly be very deficient in intellect, for no matter how much natural intellect it came into the world with, the want of cultivation would certainly dwarf and destroy its natural possession, and it would grow up a stupid, to say the least. So you see how necessary it is that the physical strength should be preserved and expanded by proper exercise. And the intellect should be fed with proper food to enable it to grow and grasp greater problems each day and keep proper pace with the physical strength. And still more needful is it that the child should receive the proper amount of moral instruction to fit it to fill its place in society and enjoy life in its highest and purest sense. Now, this moral training of the child is the easiest training of the three if the parent is only wise in its dispensation; for like all other good things its value depends greatly upon the manner in which it is presented to the recipient. If it is given with a frown and a positive command which gives the child no choice in the matter but to obey it is very apt to arouse all the feelings of rebellion to which man was made heir by the want of obedience in our first parents. But if it is presented by a gentle hand with kindly smiles and persuasive voice it has an overpowering influence that few can resist. Many parents who have a desire to see their children grow up good and true men and women often make a great mistake by supposing that it will be time enough to begin the moral training of their children after they have grown out of their babyhood and have age enough to reason. But they find to their sorrow that it is not a very easy thing to begin. The soil of the mind is already occupied by weeds that are hard to root out, and in consequence it has become hard and calloused so that gentle persuasions scarcely make an impression and severity arouses still greater resistance. Teach your child from its earliest infancy, when perhaps it can only understand by the gentle pat on the hand that it is naughty to pull your hair, the difference between good and evil, and you will be able to

sow the first seeds and take possession of the mellow ground. In loving, cooing voice teach it to commend its little life to the keeping of the gentle Saviour with reverent head and folded hands, and it is scarcely possible your child could become an infidel. As soon as it has strength to run about teach it with gentle admonition that there are paths in which it must not walk and bounds which it must not overstep, and you have taught it the first principles of obedience. When it mingles in play with its little companions point out to it firmly but kindly that it must not infringe upon the rights of others, and the law of justice will become with it an established principle. Show it by precept and example that truth is mighty, and will stand and support its possessor, while falsehood and perfidy have crumbled and sunk their dupes in disgrace and dishonor, and you have placed the feet of your child on the foundations that cannot be moved.

It should be your duty to see that when it starts out in life it has a full stock of morality and of the purest kind, else how would it be enabled (as it must if it should be good and true) to increase its stock as the years advance. If it begins with worthless metals it will be likely to deal in that kind, but if it starts with the precious metals it will stand a great deal better chance to increase the stock. And when the parent lays down the responsibility thus the child takes it up, and now that it has become responsible for its own acts it should not fail to try to improve and increase its moral strength by a vigorous application of its powers in everyday life. Thus will those who have received the blessing of this three-fold education grow up into perfect manhood or womanhood.

A healthy mind is very apt to be the possessor of a healthy body. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, and so we make just allowances for this rule. So you see that when we have come to the years of maturity we are far from being educated. Our education must then go on under our own supervision. We cannot stop entirely. If we become careless, and cease to take note of what intellectual food we receive, of course it is more than likely we shall suffer in consequence. So it is with the moral and physical training. It must go on just the same, if we would develop into perfect manhood. The reason why we find so many dwarfs in the world is that they either have never had the proper training in the beginning, or if they had, have failed to carry it forward when they gained their majority, and simply drifted along, seemingly without thought of ever making any farther progress in their moral or intellectual education. Their physical education may have been going forward, but only through the force of circumstances, not because they have given the matter much thought.

Now, there are very few persons who have had the advantages of even an ordinary education, but could, if they would, keep adding to their small store of learning until it would in after years be swollen to a vast amount. "Here a little and there a little." Keep practicing what they had already learned, and gaining a little more day by day. "Read and you will know," was an advice from a mother to her son, and it is good advice. There are so many books printed in these days, and so many advantages open to the willing mind, that it is to me a matter of wonder that so many go on through life satisfied with what little learning they received in their childhood, and that is often so little that they scarcely think it worth their while to put it to its proper use. They had not yet learned to value it, not having been permitted to travel sufficiently far along its paths to get a glimpse of its grandeur and its magnificent landscapes, its beautiful rivers, its boundless oceans and its intellectual mountains. They have only been permitted to enter the forest that bounds its domains, so they turn back disgusted because they can see no light. Or if perchance a glimmer crosses their intellectual sight, it is so transient that the difficulties to be encountered soon loom up between them and the end, and cloud their minds, and they cease to go forward; and as they cannot stay long in that uncertain light they must go backward, and so they settle down contentedly, satisfied with the poor taper of ignorance, believing there is no greater light.

But it does not follow that those who are content in ignorance are always deficient in their physical or moral training. They may be giants in physical strength, or as pure in spirit from their moral training as it is possible for humanity to be. Nor does it always follow that great learning means honesty and pure principles. On the contrary, it often helps the rascal to take a greater advantage of his victim, or gives him a better opportunity to corrupt the minds of others. Knowledge, like the horse, is power, and will carry its rider to destruction unless wisdom holds the check rein and guides it past the pitfalls of life. It were far better to be a clown than a knave, if we must make choice of either. Ignorance with good principles is far more to be desired than great learning and impurity of heart or dishonest practices. But there is no need of our running into either extreme if we will see that our education goes on in the proper proportions, and instead of hoarding up our learning and using it as an ornament, we make practical use of it as a medium of exchange for the benefits which it is able to confer upon its possessor, and to improve and benefit mankind as far as our individual influence extends.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1881.

The grand old Fourth has come,
The day we all revere ;
But sadness, grief and gloom
It has brought to us this year.

Our President lies low,
In agony and pain,
Shot by a party foe
His faction to sustain.

Through sectional hate and strife
This cruel monster came,
Who sought the President's life,
Hoping to gain a name.

"His party to cement,"
This was his battle cry.
On fame his mind was bent,
So the innocent must die.

We can only weep, and pray
That God will spare his life,
And save our land to-day
From fiendish party strife.

THE CRIME AGAINST THE NATION.

The news that our President has been shot has cast a gloom and sadness over the whole land, and no wonder. It is terrible in these days of civilization to hear of a man deliberately taking the life of another under any circumstances. It outrages every feeling of humanity. But to hear that our President is shot down in time of peace, without even the shadow of provocation on his side to cause an enemy to harm a hair of his head, seems to be the most horrible thing that we have ever heard of. It has shocked the nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian borders. Nay, it has not stopped there, but it has shocked the whole civilized world. There is not a man in the United States to-day, be he Democrat or Republican, National, or Greenbacker, or whatever he may term himself, but feels that it was a dastardly deed without the least shadow of excuse, and while there is not the least doubt

in the world that it was engendered and brought about by party strife, yet I cannot believe that there is another man in the country who could have desired it should be the means of the shooting down in cold blood of the President, except the vile, crazy wretch who perpetrated the deed. For whilst there are, I am sorry to have to admit, many who would take life to further their ambitions or enrich their pockets, or to satiate their revenge, yet there are very few in the world who would deliberately take life without a purpose and without the hope of reward. But this should be a lesson and a warning to us, for it has taught us that party strife calls up the worst passions of the heart, and to what depths of baseness it will carry the blind zealot.

It is not necessary that this strife shall be between two parties, for we have seen in the last few months what bitterness and hatred and shameful wrangling have been kept up between men of the same party, when their best interest lay in being united and of one mind. And we see also that out of this same party came a man fed upon this rancor, thirsting for power, seeing and knowing nothing in life but his party and his particular wing of that party, sinking reputation (if he ever had any, which is doubtful), country, humanity, everything, for party. Now, whilst there are few who would be led like Guiteau to commit such a dastardly deed, yet there are far too many politicians in this country who have more or less of this same spirit, and while they would be worthy of all honor and praise for standing up, even in the face of death, for their country and their principles, yet it is contemptible and unworthy of freemen to throw away principle and forget country for party.

It has been said to be "the glory of the English people that they loved their country better than their King." Such could be said truthfully of the founders of this great republic, and those who have won for us our freedom. They loved their country better than their King when they braved his wrath and his bayonets, and manfully faced death to save their country from degradation. And I would to God that there were more Americans touching whom it could be said that they loved their country better than their party. If there were, there would be no need of the shedding of blood to cement a party. Common cause, which should be high principle and the love of country, would be all the cement needed. When money and power are man's ambition his steps are often marked in blood; but when truth and love and good will to man are his aim he leaves no stain, for all his paths are peace.

TOBACCO A CAUSE OF BLINDNESS.

At the annual commencement of the Hospital College of Louisville, Kentucky, Doctor Dudley S. Reynolds delivered an address to the graduating students, from which I quote the following, as it may be the means of causing some tobacco user to stop and think, if it does no more. It is well worthy the careful consideration of every tobacco user, coming as it does from such authority. Professor Reynolds says:

"It is a well-known fact that tobacco deranges the digestion and poisons the nerve centre of a majority of the male members of the human family. A species of blindness—not complete, but partial blindness, sufficiently great in extent to destroy the reading of ordinary type—results from the continued and excessive use of tobacco. Careful investigations have led to the discovery that that form of tobacco habit known as smoking produces the so-called amblyopia. This form of amblyopia is precisely identical in all respects with that produced by the excessive use of alcohol. Both are incurable. I know a number of persons in Louisville who are now practically blind from the excessive use of tobacco. A lady in Portland was forced to admit that she had been a secret smoker of tobacco for thirty years. On abandoning the habit the further progress of her dimness of vision ceased, though there is little or no hope of her regaining that power of perception which she had already lost. She may be considered fortunate in the possession of enough vision to go about and attend to her ordinary household duties. Smoking tobacco has never been known to result beneficially to any person in the known world. It always lessens the senses of smell and taste. It always contaminates the breath. It always creates an unsteadiness of the muscles through its irritating effects upon the nerves, and I know from personal experience that it diminishes the capacity for mental labor. Now, if you can succeed in inducing even a few people to abandon the habit of smoking, and to pay over to a common charity fund the amount formerly spent on cigars and smoking tobacco, the time may come when public taxation may be reduced and the condition of the pauper, who is now miserable, be made at least comfortable. If the money destroyed by burning cigars and tobacco in Louisville could be paid into the city treasury it would support all our charitable institutions and pay the entire expense of the street cleaning besides. This would reduce taxation nearly one-half and produce a corresponding improvement in the public health. Tobacco smoke is of-

fensive to many persons; it is nauseous to me, though I used to be fond of it. In fact, it requires a great deal of punishment to learn this disgusting and unreasonable habit; and why men and boys will go on indulging a habit known to be damaging to health, and very expensive besides, is beyond my comprehension."

RECEIPTS.

TO MAKE A GOOD STARCH POLISH.

One ounce of white wax, and two ounces of spermaceti; drop a piece as large as a pea in a pint of starch whilst it is boiling. After your shirt fronts are starched and dried dip them into a pan of boiling water; shake out and wring as quickly as the heat will allow you; roll them up tight, and then lay them away for an hour or so before ironing. This mode gives them a fine gloss.

TO KILL INSECTS.

Salt brine will kill a great many kinds of house insects. If troubled with insects, it is a good plan to sprinkle salt around in the seams and crevices where they are apt to be located.

WARTS.

Warts may be got rid of by wetting them every morning before you eat with the saliva from the mouth.

FOR PILES

Make a salve of onions fried in fresh lard; or sulphur and lard are good.

PEBBLES

GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

No. 7.

A MONTHLY VISITOR,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

—BY—

MRS. MARY WOOD.

PREFACE.

These little Pebbles were gathered personally by the writer, and so far she has quoted nothing from other writers ; but if she should deem it proper to quote extracts from other works, she will not credit them to herself, but give the works and names of the writers from whom she will think proper to borrow.

To those whose term of subscription will soon expire, I would say, I should be glad to retain you on my list, but many thanks for your past favors. If this little work should prove a success, remember that you were the foundations upon which it stood.

Those who wish to preserve the copies and have them bound, can have an opportunity to get them done very cheaply at the end of the year, as I will call, personally, and take their orders.

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OUR PRESIDENT IS DEAD.

It is done! The tragedy is completed, and the poor sufferer rests at last. We have hoped against hope, and solemn prayers have gone up from fervent hearts that the life that was so dear to every American citizen should be spared—the life dear to us because of the common bond of sympathy that should unite humanity, but more especially through bonds of brotherhood, reared upon one soil and beneath one flag—dear to us because he was the chosen representative of the government which is the pride of all Americans, and because of his intelligence and his manly efforts to place himself in the front ranks of his countrymen.

Whatever may have been the feelings of his political opponents toward him before, all is forgotten; all opposition has merged into one great sob of pity, and nothing but sorrow and sympathy have filled the hearts of his countrymen since that fatal shot was fired by the inhuman wretch who, in his zealous madness, sought to elevate his particular friends or favorites to power. He, like his predecessor Beelzebub, must either rule or ruin.

This spirit of the evil one is no new inspiration by any means, for it began in Heaven when Beelzebub refused to be governed by the Lord of Hosts, and, though he had not the power to take life, he did what was worse—he drew others with him when he was justly turned out of that blest abode to a place of everlasting torment. And he did not stop there, but we next see him entering the garden of Eden on his unholy mission. He did not, it is true, shoot down the innocent occupants of that happy place, but his envious eyes beheld them enjoying serenity and peace under the wise government and loving care of the Creator of the universe, and as he knew he was not able to destroy God's power, he directed his malice toward humanity, and crept to their side in the form of a friend and beguiled them into partaking of the poisonous fruit that brought death into their veins and destroyed their happiness, blinding their spiritual vision so that they were no longer able to look upon their Maker, but must needs go out from before His face to hide themselves for shame. We next find him filling Cain's ears with whispers of envy, persuading him that God was partial to his brother Abel, and telling him that Abel must be removed so that he himself should be reinstated in favor. And Cain, like Giteau, listened until he could think of nothing but how he should be able to slay his innocent brother.

And we find this grand inspirer of evil dictating to those who will

listen to his insinuations. It was through his inspiration that bigotry kindled the fires that consumed the martyrs, though those bigots, like their father, the evil one, pretended that it was needful to remove them—that the religious world required the sacrifice. He prompted the crusaders to destroy the innocent ones, pretending they were doing God's service. He has ruled in kingly palaces, when tyrants who listened to his subtle voice sent their victims to dungeons and to death, and he has been the moving spirit in massacring and oppressing those who came under the iron heel of his servants or who dared to oppose their malignant will. The same evil spirit helped to crush out free speech and freedom of action in the South and caused brother to strive with brother in the North. It has not been, nor is it now, the question, Do you love your country, but the question asked is, Do you favor my candidate, and your loyalty or disloyalty is measured by your answer, and if you dare to oppose the powers that be your life or your reputation is at stake.

This same spirit that Guiteau has put in practice, I am sorry to be obliged to say, far too many have maintained in theory, and in so doing have encouraged and fostered a bitterness between those who should dwell together in unity. It is true they have not dealt blows, but they have shown by their words that it was not because they thought their opponents did not deserve blows, but simply because they were overburdened with forbearance in not applying them. How often in the last twenty years have I been shocked to hear men and women, who, from their education and their religious pretences, ought to shudder at the thought of murder entering their hearts, say that such and such ones should be shot or hung or annihilated—and for what? Simply because they could not agree with them politically, or could not fall down and worship the same political idol that they did.

There are thousands both north and south who are shouting themselves hoarse for liberty, whilst at the same time they do not understand its first principles. They are calling loudly for union whilst they are cutting asunder the only bands that can unite a free people together. Such a spirit has been engendered through envy and malice, growing out of difference of opinion on questions which, momentous as they were, we had ample room in this country and sufficient power to settle; but arrogance and pride and selfishness, all of which are emissaries of the evil one, inspired brethren to shed blood before they would allow their opponents to rule. And blood flowed plentifully enough, too, God only knows. It is Satan's inspiration that calls for blood, but the messengers

of God's holy spirit are mercy, justice, love and peace. An inspiration from God would surely bear the imprint of His loving kindness, for when He sent His only begotten Son, who surely was the most direct messenger whom it was man's privilege to see, and though that Son was coming forth to suffer degradation and death, He was ushered into the world by a herald of peace and good will to man. Satan's inspirations come clothed in malice and envy and bring death in their train, whilst God's loving messages bring forgiveness, peace and good will.

OUR HERO RESTS.

My heart is filled with grief and pain,
A cloud hangs o'er the land;
The Nation's chieftain now lies slain,
Struck by an assassin's hand.
'Tis sad to think, that in this bright land,
Where freedom first had birth,
We should rear upon our soil a man
The foulest one of earth.

To-day our hero takes his rest
Upon his marble bier;
Cast flowers upon his manly breast,
And drop a pitying tear.
Tread softly, brothers, as you come
With bowed, uncovered heads —
A nation pauses at the tomb
That receives our honored dead.

Drape your flaming banners o'er,
And beat your muffled drums;
Sweet music sounds from shore to shore
As the solemn cannon booms.
Hark! I hear the heavy, solemn tread
Of the mourners passing on,
To lay in the grave the nation's dead —
To weep for the loved one gone.

Oh God! in this sad, solemn hour,
We feel that thou dost reign;
And with Thine almighty power,
Canst make us one again.
May peace within our borders be,
And our glorious flag still wave
O'er Freedom's sons by land or sea,
And from strife our people save.

ROSA LANE, OR THE GUIDING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from Page 102.)

When Mrs. Allen returned it seemed impossible for her to believe that her house was searched for stolen money. To be sure, she could see the confusion everything was in, and from what the servants told her she had no reason to doubt that strange men had been there and that something dreadful had happened, for the shadow of evil that had come to them seemed to hang over the house like a pall. But yet she could not believe that her husband, whom she knew to be as pure-minded as an innocent child, could be accused of robbery. That was too much also for her confidence in their social standing to admit or her pride to acknowledge. "Hush," she said to the servants who were trying to explain affairs to her, "do not dare to tell me such a thing!" and she rushed by them up to the room of her husband, whom she found sitting in a distracted and absent-minded manner.

"William, what is this silly tale that I hear from the servants about money being found in this house that has been stolen from the bank? I have been afraid that you would sometime have reason to be sorry that you had been ready to take strollers and beggars into the house, and see now what it has brought us to."

"What has that to do with this terrible business, Mary? Surely I have taken no strollers into the parlor, and there is where the money was found."

"Then it must have been some of the servants who put it there."

"Be not too hasty, Mary, in your judgment. We know not who is the guilty one, but for the present I must lie under the ban."

"What! You do not mean to tell me, Mr. Allen, that you are accused of robbing the bank?"

"Alas, it is even so! And as there is an abundance of circumstantial evidence, too, against me I must bear the blame until I can vindicate myself by finding the real robber."

These words uttered so firmly and so seriously carried conviction to Mrs. Allen's mind of the unhappy position her husband was placed in,

which was that of a man accused of a great crime without the means in his power to vindicate himself or extricate himself from the mesh that circumstances, perhaps combined with artful malice in some enemy, had thrown around him; yet she could not for the life of her tell who could possibly have any malice against her husband. What could it all mean? She felt bewildered. It seemed as though the firm ground were slipping from beneath her feet. She turned and left the room without one word of comfort to her afflicted husband, only feeling her own trouble and disgrace, never seeming to realize that there was another heart to suffer besides her own, and her want of sympathy and apparent coldness made it all the harder for him to bear up under the trial. He had done nothing that he was aware of to bring this calamity upon himself and family, and he felt it all the more keenly that his wife should act as though she considered him guilty.

That evening the two directors who had professed their belief in Mr. Allen's innocence, together with Johnson, the first detective, called to see him, and were closeted with him in his room until after midnight. They came for the purpose of offering their services to assist him in settling the business, if possible, and arrange matters as he would desire they should be arranged. They had perfect confidence in his innocence, so they did not insult him by asking him to make a confession, but they wished to find a way, if possible, to shield him and his family from disgrace. They knew it would be a terrible blow to him and his haughty wife if he should be arraigned before the court as a criminal, and it was their desire to avert such a proceeding if possible. They were certain that they could buy silence upon the part of all the employes of the bank, if they so desired, for there was scarcely a man employed in or about the bank who had not been indebted to Mr. Allen at some time or other for some especial favor granted through his kindness, and they believed it would be a pleasure rather than otherwise, for the most of them, at any rate, to try to shield him from reproach. But not so with the stockholders. They would not be satisfied or silenced by anything but the full restitution of all the money that had been taken from the safe, and that, and that only, would cause them to keep the secret. The majority of them believed him guilty and had no disposition to screen him, except as a means to regain the money. After a long consultation together Mr. Allen agreed to meet all the directors the following day, to settle the painful business, if possible. When this was agreed upon they bade him good night and hurried away so that they might suppress any report that might be sent in to

the journals for publication. They had the power to do this through their high standing in society and by means of their wealth, which seems to be, I am sorry to say, a potent lever when directed either for good or bad. In this case it was on the side of justice, and faith in his integrity and feelings of friendship alone prompted them to use their power in Mr. Allen's behalf.

The next morning found Mr. Allen sitting in his chair where his friends had left him. He was very pale. He had not slept any during the night, but had spent it in trying to figure up how far his possessions would go toward settling up the demand of the bank. As soon as it was daylight he arose, attended to his toilet, and then went to his wife's room, but on entering it he found her asleep. He quietly closed the door and returned to the library, took a pencil and hastily wrote a few lines, telling Mrs. Allen that he should not be in until evening. He passed downstairs and rang the bell for the servant, to whom he handed the note with instructions to give it to his mistress when she came down to breakfast, after which he left the house and walked as slowly as the weather would permit down street. He had no particular aim in going down street so early, only to get out of the house and to avoid meeting his family. He felt that he could not meet them until he should know the end. He knew there was but the choice of two things awaiting him—either to stand his trial, which, in default of the proper proof of his innocence, might result in his being sent to the penitentiary and would certainly bring disgrace upon his family, or pay into the bank the amount that was missing, and thereby command or buy their silence and beggar his family. Neither prospect was inviting. For himself, he would have been willing to stand his trial, hoping to be able to vindicate himself, but the risk was too great to take the chance when he considered his family. He would prefer death to dragging his wife and children's reputation before the public.

He walked on until he had passed the city park, then down Broadway until he came to the Battery. Then he turned back again and came up on the other side until he came to Park Row. By this time it was near ten o'clock. He then turned into a restaurant and took a cup of coffee, after which he looked at his watch and found it was time to go to the office where he had agreed to meet the directors. This was on Broadway, at the office of a lawyer in the employ of the bank. When he reached the office he found no one there except the attorney and Johnson, who met him very cordially and respectfully, but the other gentlemen soon came in. The gentlemen who had spent part of the night with Mr.

Allen walked over to where he sat and shook him warmly by the hand. After the usual formal proceedings in such cases were gone through, one of these gentlemen arose to address the meeting in behalf of his unfortunate and afflicted friend, as he termed Mr. Allen. He rehearsed all the proceedings of the bank for the last ten years, showing how Mr. Allen had been identified with its interests and how zealously and faithfully he had worked for it. He reminded them that Mr. Allen's father had been one of the best and most honorable of New York's citizens, and that he himself had always maintained an unsullied record up to the present time. "And now," said he, when winding up his discourse, "I ask the gentlemen present to take a fair and unbiased view of the whole affair, and then say if you believe Mr. Allen could be guilty of the crime that is this day laid at his door."

After he had finished, one of the other gentlemen arose and begged leave to address the company. He said that, while he deeply sympathized with the afflictions and also with the weakness of any one in trouble, and while he was especially sorry to be called on to take part in the proceedings of the day on account of the respect he had always felt for Mr. Allen, yet he felt it his duty to see that right was done to all concerned. If Mr. Allen had any evidence to offer to prove his innocence, for his part he would be glad, yes, very glad, to receive it; but in the absence of such evidence he should be obliged to consider him guilty. The law demanded that he should be tried, and for his part he was willing that he should have the full benefit of such trial, if it would vindicate him. But at all events he would be willing to forego the trial, if it would be more desirable, but the law and the bank demanded restitution, and for his part he thought it right and proper that Mr. Allen should make restitution if he wished a private settlement. Several other gentlemen made short speeches, some few taking sides with Mr. Allen, but the majority were in favor of full restitution.

"Well, gentlemen," said one of Mr. Allen's advocates, "since nothing but the pound of flesh will satisfy you, how many of you will go in with me and pay the penalty of the law and redeem our friend? For I believe him to be just as innocent of robbing the bank as I or any one present, therefore I feel it would be unjust to allow him to suffer alone in this unfortunate business. I am ready to place my name to two thousand dollars. How many more will help him in this sad affair?"

Two or three others called "I, I," but before any more could give

expression to their wish for or against the proposal to help him out of the difficulty, Mr. Allen was on his feet, his head erect, his face flushed, his hand stretched out waving silence.

"Gentlemen," he said in a firm voice, and instantly there was silence in the room, "while I thank you who are willing to help me bear this great trial from the bottom of my heart, I cannot allow you to pay any portion of this debt. The bank demands full restitution"—looking with flashing eyes over to where those sat who had presented the claims of the bank so urgently—"and restitution it shall have. I am thankful to be able to say that it is in my power to pay this money to cancel a debt that I never incurred, and the only favor I ask of any of you is that you will spare my family the mortification of this outrageous business. For myself I would ask nothing. I would defy you all. But for the sake of my wife and innocent children I must stoop to ask this favor." Then turning to his friends, he said, "I am truly grateful to you, my kind and faithful friends, for your faith in me and your proffer of help. But I cannot accept it. It would lower me in my own estimation were I to allow you to suffer through your friendship for me. The memory of your faith and kindness to me in this, my hour of need, will be to me very precious. No, my friends, I am resolved to bear this burden alone and trust to time, and I would say to God, but I feel that I have no right to ask Him to vindicate me, for I have neglected to call upon Him in prosperity, and how shall I expect Him to hear me in adversity? Now, gentlemen," said he, after he had regained somewhat of his composure, "I am ready to make over to the bank all my possessions, or at least as much of them as will cover the amount of the missing money. And as I am guardian and executor for my niece, Miss Rosa Lane, I wish to purchase for her, in her name and with her money, the home property that was my father's, in which I now live, together with all the furniture, so that it may be kept in the family, as I have a right to do." He then proceeded to make over his stock in bank, his moneys, property, etc., until the full amount was paid; and when all was arranged he found that he had just five hundred dollars left. His horses and carriage, home and personal property were transferred in Rosa's name, for which he made over to the bank the value in money out of Rosa's portion left to her by her father.

The next proceeding was to see his securities and have them make application to the court to appoint another guardian for Rosa, for he felt that it would not be convenient for him to fill the position under the circumstances. He sent a letter to the court in which he recommended the

guardianship to be given to a brother of Rosa's father who had come to his majority since her father died, and he also recommended that Mrs. Gray be retained as her companion until she should be of age, and act as housekeeper in her home. This business he attended to on his way home so that it was nearly dark when he reached there, and this was to him the saddest home-coming of all his life. He opened the door and went up wearily and sadly to his room. When the bell rang for tea he went to the dining room, where he met the rest of the family for the first time since the previous day.

Mrs. Allen had spent the most of the day in bed nursing a bad headache, but as night approached she could not bear to lie still any longer on account of her great anxiety to learn the termination or probable result of the money being found in their house, so at four o'clock she got up and bathed her head and arranged her toilet, after which she rang for Thomas to bring her the papers. When he brought them she examined them all over to see what would be said concerning the affair, but after looking over them thoroughly and finding nothing in them at all that even alluded to the matter, she began to wonder if she had been dreaming or if her mind was wandering, or if the whole business was some terrible hoax to worry and scare her. She laid the papers down eventually, scarcely knowing what to think, for she had never given it a thought that the press could be bribed. It had never occurred to her that we had in this great and free country a partial press, and that it was often silent concerning great and notable frauds when perpetrated by those who could afford to buy silence, whilst its indignation knew no bounds when recording an account of some poor ignorant wretch stealing a sack of flour, or some vagrants getting up a street row, or such things, where there is no money to pay for silence. So when she heard her husband come in she made haste to order the tea to be served, so that she might be relieved of her suspense. But when she had glanced at his pale, haggard face she felt there was no need of asking questions, so she silently sat down to pour out the tea and wait until he should speak.

No one seemed disposed to talk, but ate sparingly and in silence, except a few commonplace remarks. Even the children did not rush into papa's arms for their accustomed kiss, but took their seats quietly at table, and he did not even venture to look toward them; but as soon as the meal was over and the servants had left the dining room he mustered courage enough to say:

"Well, Mary, it is all over and we are now left almost penniless—or

no," correcting himself, "we should not say that, for I suppose there are many to-night who would feel very rich if they were the possessors of five hundred dollars and no debts."

"What are you saying, Mr. Allen? Are you going crazy—for it seems to me you must be, to talk in that way?"

"I mean that I have settled up this bad business by giving up everything except five hundred dollars, to save you and the children from this terrible disgrace."

Mrs. Allen could only stare in silence. It was impossible for her to comprehend fully the meaning of his words. But he tried to explain to her their situation, and narrated to her the whole proceedings, saying in conclusion that he would prefer death rather than that his family should have to bear the disgrace of his trial for robbery. When he had concluded Mrs. Allen got up and left the room without saying a word and went up to her room. The children went quietly up to their father and kissed him good night, and then Mrs. Gray took them to bed. After they had all gone Mr. Allen went up to the library and sat down to think. He felt that his whole life was changed, that he was like one groping in the dark. He did not know where to begin. He could not see his way out. He had no thought for the one who had brought this evil upon him and his. He had no idea who it could be, and his mind was so thoroughly filled with the terrible blow it would be to his proud wife, and the deprivation to his children to be taken from their luxurious home, that he had no thought for anything else. Finally he got up and walked over to a drawer of his writing desk and took out a pistol, turned it over in his hand, then laid it back into the drawer. "No," he said, "I cannot do that. That would be cowardly; and besides it would bring more disgrace and more trouble upon those whom I should be willing to stand by to the bitter end. No! I will not do that. I must bear it like a man, if I should die in the effort."

He sat down again and held his head in his hand. He had sat there only a few minutes when the door opened and shut softly and he heard a slight noise. Then presently two little arms had stolen around his neck and Rosa's voice gently said, "Uncle, can I do anything for you?"

"You foolish child, what could you do?"

"Well, I do not know; but did you not tell me that I had a great deal of money?"

"Well, what of that? I did, and of course you have,"

"Well, uncle, I would like if I might give you the money, and you

know I can always live with you and be your little girl, and then perhaps auntie will not feel so badly and you need not give up your beautiful home."

"My dear child, I would never take your money to build up my ruined fortune; and if I would, I could not do it now, for I have given up your guardianship into your uncle Fred Lane's hands, and now you are to be under his protection from this time until you are of age."

"Oh, uncle! How could you, when I so want to stay with you and help you?" and as she said this she climbed up on his knee and wound her arms closer around his neck and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"No one can help me, my child. I must fight this battle alone."

"But I know of one who can help you, uncle. The dear Saviour can help you. He helps all who come to Him when they are in need of help."

"But I have wandered far from His protecting care, my child. I am out in the wilderness and I cannot hear His voice, neither do I know where I may find Him." This he said as if communing with himself.

"But, uncle, you remember that the shepherds were out in the plains or wilderness feeding their sheep, and it was dark night, too, when the angels appeared to them and pointed out the star that was to go before them and show them the way to where the Saviour could be found."

"You dear child! If ever there was an angel sent to lead one in the right way it surely is you. But I cannot see that that message is sent to me, for I have wandered from the right path although I have been taught by a pious mother."

"Well, uncle, who does it mean when the Saviour says, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?' Does it not mean those who are in trouble—and I am sure that you are in trouble and need rest?"

"Yes, child, I am weary enough."

"Well, then, I think that surely the dear Saviour means you too, for you know He says that He came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

"Well, Rosa, it is wonderful that you can remember all this. I believe you are right, though I had forgotten those words of the Saviour, and, indeed, a great deal that I should have remembered; for I have had good instruction and word upon word and precept upon precept, but alas! I have neglected my duty and given my time and thoughts to accumulating money and conforming to the requirements of society, neglecting the duty I owe to my Maker, and now He will laugh at my calamity and mock when I call."

"Well, uncle, I do not know what you mean, but I think mamma has told me that He is always to be found by those who seek Him, and if you will go to Him and ask Him to help you I think He will do it."

Just as Rosa was finishing the last sentence the door opened again and in walked Mrs. Allen. She stopped for a minute just inside the door and looked at the picture before her. It was a picture worthy of an artist—the strong man wearily laying his bowed head against the beautiful curly head of the innocent child. But she only stopped for a moment and then crossed quickly over to her husband and sat down by his side.

"William," she said, "I feel that I have been very selfish to shut myself up and never try to comfort you when you have so much to bear."

The truth was that she had come down to find fault with the way he had arranged matters, and on coming to the door, which was a little ajar, she heard voices within. She halted to see who was with her husband, and as she listened she overheard the conversation between Rosa and her uncle. She was particularly struck by the sweet tone of the child and her confident words as she tried to comfort the afflicted man, and the despairing words of her husband melted her heart. She also felt shame that Rosa should have been more thoughtful to try to comfort her husband than she, and the precious words that the little girl had repeated struck home to her own sorrowful heart. So altogether she had entered the room in a very different mood from what she had started in; her words to her husband were very different from what they would have been had she reached him in the temper in which she had left her own room.

Mr. Allen looked up quickly, surprised, for he had not heard her enter, and her gentle, kind words completely unmanned him and he gave way to a flood of tears; and it was a blessing to him, for they temporarily relieved the terrible pressure upon his heart and brain. But he had suffered so long and intensely that it was impossible now to avert the serious effect upon his system, for the morning light found him tossing in a high fever, entirely unconscious of his surroundings, and for three weeks he knew no one, not even his wife and children. Poor Mrs. Allen, now humbled and subdued, watched and prayed that his precious life might be spared. She felt now that she could give up everything else if only her husband should be spared to her. Thus it is often the case that we only value our blessings when we find them slipping from our grasp, and thus it often happens that the Lord humbles us in our foolish, haughty pride by laying His hand of affliction upon us that we may be brought to a proper sense of our obligations to Him. For years Mrs. Allen had enjoyed all the choicest of

His blessings and had carried her head aloft in her self-confidence, never giving thanks from her heart to the Giver; but now she was prostrate upon her bended knees asking that even the life of her kind and loving husband might be spared, even though all else should be taken away. What a change was presented in her!

But it was the will of her Maker to spare her husband, and after several weeks of suffering, during three of which he was unconscious of his misery, he began slowly to recover; but the Spring had nearly passed away before he was able to leave his room. Very few of his friends knew what was the cause of his sickness, for, as we have already said, through the influence of his truest friends and by his giving up everything to satisfy the demands of the bank he saved himself and family the mortification of a public trial for robbery; but his circumstances were entirely changed, and he knew he would be obliged to go somewhere to try once more to make himself a home, for he could not remain in New York and keep up the appearance that he had been accustomed to. If it should become known that he had lost his fortune the reason would be enquired into and perhaps be discovered, for Mr. Allen had begun to suspect that he had an enemy and he believed that enemy was among those who had professed to be his friends. He felt besides that it would be a painful position for himself and his wife to be obliged to meet those who knew of their downfall, as they would often be obliged to do. He felt that he wanted to leave the place where he had once been so happy, but now so deeply humiliated, so as soon as it was possible for them to make the necessary arrangements they had bidden farewell to their few steadfast friends and had embarked upon a steamer for California.

None among the servants in the house knew of their departure or destination; no one among their friends except Mrs. Gray, who was left in charge of the house for Rosa, as it had been made over to her by her uncle, who bought it in with her money. Not even Rosa knew anything about it until they had been away three days. She had been sent away to a relative of her father to remain whilst Mr. Allen was so sick, and they concluded to leave before she was permitted to return, as they felt it would only be another painful trial both to them and her to be obliged to take leave of her. They knew she would beg to be allowed to go with them, and as they had no definite plans in view and no knowledge of what privations they might have to suffer, they did not feel justified in taking her from a comfortable home until they could be sure that she could be well cared for with them. So Mrs. Gray was duly installed as house-

keeper for Rosa under the supervision of her new guardian, the servants and the friends of the family supposing that Mr. Allen and family were traveling abroad for his health. Yet there were some who knew this was all a sham, and some of those who had partaken of their bounty at their Christmas festival rejoiced that Mrs. Allen's pride was humbled and that now she would no longer be able to outdo them as she had formerly done.

Poor Rosa cried bitterly when she found that her uncle and aunt had gone. It was another severe trial to her to be parted from the little cousins whom she was learning to love with all her affectionate heart. She had never had a brother or sister and she had found it so pleasant to have her cousins for companions, and they had become so much attached to her, that the thought of leaving her behind spoiled the pleasure of the trip to them. Rosa had begun to break herself of the habit of giving way to her feelings as she had done when she first found herself an orphan among strangers, but this new trial seemed to overcome all her good resolutions and she shut herself up for a whole week, scarcely tasting food when it was brought to her, and crying all the time, until her kind nurse became alarmed at the depth and obstinacy of her grief, and was obliged to command her to restrain herself and to come down to her meals as usual. She felt sorry for her, but she knew it would not do to allow her to indulge in weeping and fasting until she made herself sick; so, when she found that she would not listen to reason she concluded that the only way to bring her to terms was to command her, and although Rosa was usually very obedient it took all of Mrs. Gray's firmness to cause her to yield now. But it was a long time before she could bow in submission to this new trial, and what wonder? She was a little child who had not yet passed the age considered by many irresponsible, and she had lost both her parents, was without brothers or sisters, and now just as she was beginning to form an attachment for her dear uncle and family they too must be taken from her. She had only Mrs. Gray now, and to that friend she at last turned with confidence and trust. Mrs. Gray promised to let her know if her uncle should write to her, but for the present she did not know their destination. They would not tell her so that she might not be embarrassed by keeping the secret. Rosa at last began to comfort herself by forming plans whereby she and Mrs. Gray would go out to California and visit her uncle as soon as they should get word where they had settled. Mrs. Gray encouraged these plans, feeling glad to have anything to divert her attention from her sorrow.

In the meantime Mr. Allen and family had reached San Francisco,

and had rented a small house. He was still weak from his recent illness, but he found it needful to apply at once for a position of some kind, for he had so little to get along with that he knew he must be very economical to make it last until he could procure what they needed for house-keeping and other purposes. After a long search and waiting nearly a month he finally procured a situation as assistant book-keeper for a large wholesale house in the city. A man with capital can always invest to advantage in those Western states, and a man who can labor need not long be out of employment; but men who have nothing but their pen to depend upon often find it up-hill work, for there are so many adventurers before them who are glad to get into any kind of easy work to help them bridge over until they can get hold of something else that will pay as to make it hard for those who have to depend on that kind of work for a support. Mr. Allen's appearance was prepossessing and his ability to perform what was required of him was acknowledged, but he was very weak and he found at times that it was almost impossible for him to go through with his task. But he had pulled up all the bridges behind him, and he felt there was nothing left for him to do but to press forward, putting his trust in Him who is mighty to save.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN NO. 8.]

IF you are poor, strive to make your poverty as bearable as possible by robbing it of its sharpest edges. In most cases, if you are poor, you can be clean and neat, for water and air are free, thanks to the Giver of all Good. Dissipation only adds to your trouble, by robbing you of your time, money, and the pure enjoyment of all of God's blessings. Education can be had by almost all who have a desire to obtain it. There are so many free libraries in these days, and so many ways of obtaining instruction at a very small cost, that there is no excuse for ignorance. If the time that is often spent in gossiping and loafing where bad habits are too often formed, was used in reading or studying, by the poor or laboring class, they would be far happier, and society would be greatly improved. Knowledge is power, and if you will not take the trouble to obtain it, because it takes up a little of your time, you must expect to be kept under by those who are more ambitious. Knowledge gives you not only power, but it furnishes you enjoyment; it is both useful and ornamental.

HINDERING REFORM.

There is a class of men who have always retarded reform more than the really vicious. They constitute a very large class, and their influence is the greater because they are among the most respectable and wealthy. You can find them in the church and out of the church. They are always ready to retard both religious and political reforms. They do not rush like many others to the popular side, but use their influence and money to make their side popular, and by standing midway between the two extremes they have a good chance of success. What is their motive in thus obstructing the way to reform? This will be very easily seen if we will only give the matter our attention.

In the first place, they are usually in the front seats, and have everything pretty much their own way, and therefore have themselves no special need of reform; and in the second place, it often happens that reform might have a tendency to cut off some of their revenues, and thus it is to their interest to veto reform. The world is full of heroes, but very scarce of martyrs. The sufferings and deprivations of mankind are nothing but an idle tale to those who have an abundance of what they want and are enjoying health and happiness. What is slavery to the man who is not only his own master but derives power from being the master of others? What are pain and disease to those who are enjoying perfect health? What is blindness to those who have a clear vision? What is hunger to the man who has never felt the keenness of its pangs? What is poverty to those whose coffers are full? What is intemperance to the man whose tastes have never led him in that direction or who has never been made to suffer from its power, or seen those suffer who were near and dear to him by the ties of nature? How is he to enter into the feelings of those who have felt the agony of its fangs? And yet those men are the ones generally consulted concerning the regulation of this evil.

For centuries England has struggled for liberty, and her generous sons have fought every inch of the ground, yet what they have gained they won through blood and fire—and why? What sane man could deny that any period of history that liberty was more to be desired than bondage? But the reason is evident when we consider that those who alone had

power to bestow liberty upon their fellow-countrymen held the reins. They were free, and through the slavery of others they were kept in power, and whilst then as now there were always some grand souls, who could rise above selfishness so far as to be willing to sacrifice their individual interest for the welfare of the many, yet they were in the minority, and could do but little. The wealthy had all the liberty they needed, and the poor had no choice but to submit. We are utterly astonished when we look back over England's history, and see how long men were almost like cattle in their bondage, and how meekly they submitted and bowed to those who oppressed them, and how few there were comparatively who were willing to sacrifice their interest for the good of others. And yet there were always some who sacrificed themselves that others might be free.

And why were these few sacrificed? It was not because there were not many who believed they were right and knew they were disinterestedly battling for a righteous cause, and might, if they had preferred, rested content like themselves in ease and comfort, and let the poor and friendless ignorant ones remain in their bondage. They would have been glad if these agitators had held their peace, for it forced them to choose publicly between self-interest and the good of mankind, and this was disagreeable to them, as it stirred up their conscience and annoyed them. They would have preferred to appear before the world as good, moral men if it involved no sacrifice, but, if they must choose, they preferred to be considered cruel and tyrannical rather than give up their power and position. They stood between the tyrants and the abused people who were permitted to have no voice in the matter. They besought both extremes to be moderate. They warned the tyrannical oppressors not to go too far, but to preserve at least the semblance of justice. They looked with hatred upon those who had stirred up the long-suffering people to rebel against oppression. They looked with scorn and ridicule upon the masses who had not manhood enough to preserve their liberty, but at the same time stood square in the way of reform. Nothing could have saved those tyrannical kings and their counselors from the just indignation of the people but the fact that these moderate men stood in the way. They had not taken up the sword or the firebrand themselves, and therefore the people could not see that they were their enemies. But neither had they attempted to put out the fires or sheathe the sword, and by their counseling moderation had only kept the people longer in bondage, by causing their rulers to be more wary and careful not to go too far.

It was just so with religious reformations. Whilst the Catholics were in power it is not to be supposed that all helped to light the fires which consumed the victims who perished in the flames of persecution. But neither did they attempt to put them out. The more moderate ones would have preferred that their zealous brethren should cease to persecute, but they had not the nerve or the desire to put out the flames and thus expose themselves to persecution. If people would persist in having consciences, and would sacrifice their very lives at the stake for the sake of maintaining their conscientious scruples, they must bear the consequences. *They* were conservative, and why could not everybody else be? *They* were minding their own business, and were neither troubling nor troubled, and why need the rest of mankind kick up such a row? But since they had made so much confusion, and every one must needs take sides one way or the other, why, they would take sides with the strongest and wealthiest. To be sure, they could make the weak side strong if they all went over in a body, (for these moderate men are very numerous,) but then the wealth and power were on the side of the persecutors, and they could hope for greater reward temporally from siding with evil than good; for virtue is thought by the virtuous to be its own reward, whilst the wicked are ready "to compass Heaven and earth to make one proselyte."

Just so when the Church of England persecuted the Catholics and Presbyterians. It was only a few who led the way and did the work, whilst the moderate men stood by, and by their very inactivity consented to it, and by and by, when they were quite sure that the martyrs would not yield, they were even ready to hold the cloths (or bear the blame of their cruelty) so that they themselves might not be troubled or disturbed any more by these people who would raise such a rumpus for conscience sake. They cared little for conscience or principle themselves and therefore never had to suffer for its sake, and they could not understand how to pity, for it is true that we must suffer ourselves before we can fully understand how to pity others.

It took the people of the free States a long time to come to the conclusion that slavery was cruel, and that it was their duty to interfere with its institutions. The few generous souls who were ready to battle for the right and suffer that through their suffering others might enjoy peace and happiness, had to fight it alone for many a year, and suffer persecutions for the cause they were struggling to maintain; whilst the majority of respect-

able men who had influence and power looked on indifferently. They had no slaves, it is true, nor did they want any—but then they had business connections with those who had, and they were not willing to have those connections disturbed for the sake of setting free a few blacks. Of course they really would have been glad if the slave-holders had been more moderate, and not carried their tyrannical power to such excess, but then it was nothing to them. They had no slaves, and were enjoying freedom themselves, and they could see no good reason for making such a fuss about so trivial a matter. So they contented themselves with saying, and perhaps thinking, that slavery had always existed, and, for what they knew or cared, always would exist. But just as soon as these men who had devoted all their energies, and some of them a great deal of their time and means, to the abolition of slavery, and had worked it up by dint of perseverance and self-sacrifice to a point where it would be either a benefit or an injury to those men—who could no longer stand neutral, but must declare either for or against it—how quickly they arranged themselves as its decided friends or foes just as the case happened to be for or against their selfish interest. For forty years that question was hotly discussed, and there was no time in that forty years, had men proven themselves true to their convictions regardless of self-interest, but that there could have been found enough to vote it down and change the statutes without a drop of blood being shed. But then you see these good, respectable, moderate men stood in the way, counting the cost and measuring their interest and counseling moderation. They would cry fanatic to the abolitionist and warn the slave-holder to be prudent, thus keeping the two belligerent parties just far enough apart to enable them to glare at each other. Thus they held them for years, without benefiting either party, but only increasing their wrath by keeping them in sight of each other and yet not allowing either to conquer. Their sense of right would have influenced them to help free the poor helpless ones, but then their love of power and gain blurred their sense of right until they could see nothing but themselves and their interests in all the universe. So they failed to use their power to vote against slavery, but let it grow until it became a monster that the humane portion of our people could no longer permit to run at large through the land and therefore must put a stop to it at all hazards. When the conflict came on those men did not change their opinion, but simply changed their position the better to serve their own interests. Those who felt that their interest could be best served by championing slavery did so; those who could get the most power and

make the most money, or at least take care of their own interest best, by raising the banner of freedom, did so. Now bear in mind that I am only speaking of those respectable, moderate men who never allow their voices to become conspicuous or aggressive if they can conveniently help it, nor their love of virtuous principles to disturb their repose or affect their personal interest.

Everybody from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific knows that polygamy is a crime against our laws, an outrage committed against women and children, an open insult to intelligent society, a disgrace to a country that boasts of being foremost in education, morals and progress in science and art, and spreads a banner to the breeze that for beauty and purity cannot be matched. And yet these moderate men would counsel caution in dealing with so delicate a subject, and would recommend time and deliberation. So they sit in the legislative halls from year to year dallying with the evil and waiting for a more convenient season. They would be glad if there could be a stop put to it, but they dare not meddle with it, fearing it might in some way injure them politically or financially, and so they hedge up the way of those who would be willing for the sake of their country's fair fame, or indeed for the sake of humanity, to suffer a loss themselves that good might come to the whole community.

Just so it is with intemperance. For years the question has been agitated, and every man who is not a slave to it, and indeed, some who are, believe it to be an evil, and yet it goes on and increases every year. Men who do not drink and do not expect to drink deliberately go to the polls and vote for men who will oppose temperance laws—and why? For several reasons. One is, they fear that a prohibition of the vile stuff might stagnate business for a while, and that their bank account might not be quite so large at the end of the year as it would be if things went on as usual. They are not willing to bear the pressure even for a time, for even though it should disarrange business for a few years (which I very much doubt), it must all come right again, for men must eat and wear clothes, build houses, etc., whether they can have whisky or beer to drink or not; and the idea that men would not go to town to sell grain or buy food and clothing for their families, if they could not get beer and other liquors, is too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. Those men who only go to town to buy drink, buy very little else, and sooner or later the community is taxed, either to support them in the penitentiary, or them and their families in the almshouse, and if they could not buy

liquor they would have far more to spend for other commodities. There is one fact evident—if it goes to the saloon-keeper, it fails to reach the merchant or mechanic.

These moderate men are not suffering any inconveniences from intemperance. They have no dear child being sacrificed, either by the use of liquor or by those who use it; and they think that, as far as they are concerned, they can drink it or let it alone. They do not happen to have a weakness that way, or if they have, perhaps the love of money exerts a stronger influence, or perhaps they have been blest with a better education and have been early taught to shun temptation, and so, for the sake of being able to procure a single glass when they have a desire for it, they are willing to see thousands of their fellow-beings perish annually, who have not the same strength of mind or common sense that they possess. What if hungry children cry for bread, whilst the besotted father lies a victim to his appetite in some saloon or by the roadside? Their children have enough to eat, and can have a sober father return to them at the close of the day. What if the drunkard's wife must go in rags, and try to eke out a miserable living by her toil for herself and children? Their wives can meet them with smiling faces and neat attire. What if, in his drunken fury, the miserable wretch has committed crimes that have forfeited him his liberty and perhaps his life, and brought his aged parents' gray hairs in sorrow to the grave? They have steered clear of those pitfalls, perhaps more through circumstances that surrounded them than through any superiority of principle in themselves. What if all the world must suffer? It matters not to them, so they are not called upon to give up their social glass.

One of the strongest arguments against temperance laws is made by temperate drinkers. They maintain that because they have been able to tamper with liquor, and take their drink occasionally without becoming drunkards, everybody can. Well, admit for the sake of argument that they can. But if they cannot, what then? Then, you say, they ought to suffer. Admitting that also, we ask, Why do those who are not willing to give up an occasional glass to save the whole intemperate world, condemn their weaker brethren for not giving up their pint, or perhaps quart, a day to save themselves and family? And we must come to one of two conclusions—either that he, like the drunkard, has become a slave to his appetite, or else that he is the very personification of selfishness. He is far worse than the drunkard in that respect, for the drunkard becomes blind to his own as well as his family's interest, and loses power to think clearly

on any subject; but the man who has for years drank temperately has had the opportunity to see all the evil it brings to his fellow-man, and, at the same time, is able to think correctly and rationally on the subject, and if he chooses to support and encourage the sale of what he knows is sending thousands of his fellow-beings to untimely graves, and bringing ruin and desolation to innocent hearts and once happy homes, for the sake of the little that he pretends to care for, he proves himself the worse enemy of the cause of the two. Clear the field of these temperate drinkers, and we would soon wipe drunkenness out.

But these are the men who rule in society, who make the laws, whose advice is taken, whilst the real sufferers or interested parties are not consulted, and for this reason reform is retarded. Men must feel the need of reform before many of them are willing to make sacrifices to advance its interests. It is the man who has had his property stolen who is the most anxious that stringent laws should be passed against thieves. Push these very good, moderate men out of the way of reform, and let the accused and accuser stand face to face.

RECEIPTS.

FOR SMALL-POX, EITHER TO PREVENT OR ALLEVIATE IT.

Take one ounce of cream tartar and dissolve in a pint of boiling water. Let it get cold, and take a table-spoonful every hour, if the disease has already set in. But if you only expect or fear it, then take a table-spoonful of it three times a day, from the time you were exposed to the disease until it is time for you to take it. If you break out with it, then take it every hour. There are nine chances out of ten that, if you take the small-pox at all, it will be in its lightest form. This is far better than repeating vaccination. It cleanses the blood, and if your blood is pure you will not take small-pox at all, and can hardly take varioloid.

TO COUNTERACT THE EFFECTS OF POISON.

One heaping teaspoonful of common salt, and one of mustard. Put it into a teacup of warm water.

TO KILL INSECTS ON VINES OR TREES.

Sprinkle your vines with wood ashes in the evening, and put some around the roots. Whitewash your trees every year, throwing a little ashes around the root of the tree in the Spring, before the insects begin to crawl.

PEBBLES

GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

No. 8.

A MONTHLY VISITOR

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, TRUTH, AND VIRTUE.

—BY—

MRS. MARY WOOD.

PREFACE.

These little Pebbles were gathered personally by the writer, and so far she has quoted nothing from any other writers ; but if she should deem it proper to quote extracts from other works, she will not credit them to herself, but give the works and names of the writers from whom she will think proper to borrow.

To those whose term of subscription will soon expire I would say, I should be glad to retain you on my list, but many thanks for your past favors. If this little work should prove a success, remember that you were the foundation upon which it stood.

Those who wish to preserve the copies and have them bound, can have an opportunity to get them done very cheaply at the end of the year, as I will call, personally, and take their orders.

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THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

A lovely child, all wreathed in smiles,
Sat joyous upon a mossy bed;
Before it spread out many weary miles,
Upon which its feet must shortly tread.
Its arms were filled with roses, and blossoms sweet,
Its head was crowned with golden wealth,
Bright sandals covered its tiny feet,
Its cheeks shone radiant with blooming health.

A shining angel, her golden wings outspread,
Stood sentinel, near this little one ;
And, when storms lowered o'er its helpless head,
Or burning rays descended from the noonday sun,
Was quick to shield, with fondly loving care,
This child from harm, beneath her sheltering wing ;
Alike she shielded from the fowler's snare,
Or from the serpent's deadly, poisonous sting.

I looked again, and lo ! this lovely child
Had wandered far adown life's sunny way ;
But still the angel, with her gentle smile,
Kept pace, where'er the wanderer chose to stray.
And on it went, with joyous, happy, mirthful glee,
Nor dreamed that serpents lurked beneath the glade ;
Plucked flowers or fruit from every bush or tree,
And when tired, lay down to rest beneath their shade.

But now I looked with yearning, anxious gaze,
For just ahead there stood a tempting fiend ;
Where two roads met, then went their separate ways.
Upon a golden sceptre, this tempter, watching, leaned.
I knew that soon that child must pass the place
Where stood the fiend, with baleful, envious eye.
I watched the expression of the sweet child's face.
As, to the enchanted spot, it fearlessly drew nigh.

I saw them meet in life's young morning there,
 The angel and the fiend stood side by side ;
 The child had grown to youth, though bright and fair,
 And his choice for life must now be made.
 And oh ! my heart beat fast as I watched to see
 Which of the two the youth would choose to be his guide ;
 I prayed the angel's hand his choice might be,
 That they might still walk together side by side.

The angel lifted up her loving, shining face,
 But the heedless youth looked not that way,
 The fiend had pointed to a brilliant race ;
 (Where hidden snares along their pathway lay,)
 And pointed downward, where forms swayed to and fro,
 Following life's bubbles, o'er hill and flowery dale,
 Wandering through glittering halls, amid gaudy show
 Gliding o'er bright lakes, with flashing, spreading sail.

“ All this to you I'll give, if to me you'll homage pay,
 And follow where I take you, at my beck and call ;
 On fancy's dream you'll sail in splendor gay,
 Wear raiment fine, and sup in luxurious hall.”
 Once more I heard the rustling of the angel's wing
 To arouse the youth from the tempter's spell,
 And try her magic influence still to fling
 Around this dreamer, but alas ! It had charmed too well.

I watched to see what course they now would take,
 I had prayed and hoped for him, but all in vain ;
 I feared the angel now would leave him to his fate,
 But no ! I saw her follow in the downward train.
 And ever, when the tempter left that foolish boy
 To his own reflections, she flew near his side,
 And begged him to return to virtue's purer joy ;
 Would take his hand, and try from sin his steps to guide.

Lo ! years have passed, and now I sadly stand,
 Looking upon that youth's fair face once more ;
 The youth I saw in childhood's bright fairy land,
 Who now lies stranded upon life's rocky shore.
 He had followed the tempter, had quaffed to the dregs
 The cup of sin placed to his youthful lips,
 Had sown to the whirlwind, had reaped the cup of death,
 His manhood wrecked, cut off in life's first steps.

Ah me! If to that angel guide his hand he'd given,
 How different now his life and fate had been ;
 A glorious manhood rising from earth to Heaven,
 A life of noble work, a conscience void of sin.
 For life is short, and there is work to do, for all,
 No time to waste, but onward let your watchword be.
 Do not stop to listen to the tempter's alluring call,
 But obey Christ's words, when lo! He cries, "Come follow me."

For man was created free to choose his way
 Through life, from childhood to the grave ;
 And though fiends in wait for him may lay,
 He need not yield to be their willing slave,
 For near his side, to point out every evil snare,
 A guardian angel stands, ready his steps to guide,
 Placed there by God's ever watchful, loving care,
 To help him o'er life's weary way, when sorely tried.

But 'tis easier far to keep the upward road,
 When life is young, and your steps are free and bold,
 Than to turn again when sin has laid its heavy load
 Upon your heart, and you are growing old.
 Or, when sunk in sin's foul quagmire deep,
 You turn for help, with a despairing, hopeless cry,
 You find the way is now too long and steep,
 You can only sink beneath your heavy load and die.

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.

You can not avoid being tempted of evil, but you can avoid yielding to temptation. It is far easier to do right than to do wrong, for the way of the transgressor is hard; and, though the path of sin may lead downward and the descent at the beginning may seem to be easy, you will find before you travel very far that it is a crooked way, beset with untold pain and sorrow; and when you reach the end of this unhappy road you will find only darkness and despair.

And your companions, though they may promise you a life of ease and pleasure, you will soon find are not to be relied on, and when you need their friendly aid the most you will be forsaken by them, and, like the

man spoken of in the New Testament, you will probably take to yourself other spirits or familiars who will prove themselves worse than the first and will carry you into deeper degradation, and then, when you are completely in their power, taunt you with your lost happiness, and by their gloomy presence and evil designs help to drag you down to death; for death is the wages of sin, and, though your master, the Evil One, is not over-indulgent on the road and does not hesitate to lash you into obedience, yet he will not fail to pay you your wages at last in full.

It does not require a theologian to prove this fact, nor can all the skeptics combined disprove it; for it is an evident fact, evident to every rational mind who will look into human nature with an honest view to learn the truth. Who can deny that the habitual transgressor of the moral law, no matter to what class he belongs, is either entirely dead or partly so to purity and noble impulses?

This death is not completed at once. Your spiritual life is far the strongest and the best in the beginning, and it dies hard. You were created in God's image, not a bodily image but a spiritual image, and when you begin, by yielding to evil, to destroy this spiritual nature, remember you have something of a task before you. It often takes years, and sometimes a whole lifetime is scarcely sufficient, to quench entirely the light of this spiritual nature. A stroke of the uplifted arm or the snap of a pistol, a stumbling to the ground or the bite of an insect, may at any moment prove instantly fatal to the animal life that you possess, but it requires many darts of the enemy before that vital part of man can be put to death. It may slumber often, but it will awake, and you will be reminded of its presence when on your bed at night or amidst the wild revelry of sin or in the hour of exultation. When you imagine that it is gone forever it will return to plead with you for its rightful abode. But still it is dying, and you have done the work yourself. You sow the first seeds of death when you commit the first sin, and you keep on increasing the malady as long as you continue in sin; and you have no power within yourself whereby you can heal that malady. You must grow worse and worse until you finally succumb to the entire spiritual death.

But then you ask, "Is there no balm by which a remedy may be secured?" None whatever but the balm that is found in the blood of Jesus. He has been since the beginning the only one who has been proof against temptation. He was tempted just as we are, and he proved by his life that it was possible to live without yielding to sin; but through his purity

he can look at us with the charity and love born of God, who is love, and carry our burden for us, only asking that we shall follow in his footsteps after he has made the path plain, only asking that we shall carry the cross that he was willing to be nailed to for our sins, only asking that we raise our eyes in faith to him as he suffers the penalty that was laid upon us, so that through his suffering we may be healed of all our infirmities.

It has been said by the skeptic that the conscience is only the result of superstitious fear arising from the teachings of religion, and it is a peculiar fact that that conscience is in every man's breast, no matter what has been his education. Even the infidel must acknowledge a conscience. And it is also a peculiar fact that not a throb of that conscience is ever felt until some known sin is committed. The same guilty feeling comes to the savage as well as the Christian; for this reason, he seeks to ease his conscience by making a sacrifice to atone for his wrong doing. He feels that there is a power above him to which he is accountable, and he seeks to propitiate this power; and, as he is not gifted with reason to draw rational conclusions from nature, and as he has not the written Word, he does the best in his power to form something that will represent the powers that surround him, so that he may fall down and worship it, hoping thereby to find relief for his mind.

The idolater does not believe that the lump of clay of which his idol is made has itself the power to aid or destroy him, but it is simply an act of undefined faith that prompts him to fall down before his dumb idols, believing they personate the deity whom he wishes to please, and that the Spirit, seeing his desire to serve and obey, will condescend to bless him. He instinctively feels the malady that is settling down upon him and he naturally seeks a remedy.

Go out amongst the ignorant outcasts of society where you will find men who have never read a word in the Bible or heard a sermon preached, whose companions have been gamblers, cut-throats, and thieves (and I can assure you that every large city or every border country contains many such), whose religious teachings have never troubled them, and you will find that every man among them has felt a fear and dread of the hereafter that far exceed the fear of what might befall them in life, and a longing too for something that could relieve them of this moral disease.

Now it is only the pure and innocent that can enjoy God's blessings in their fullest sense. Therefore to be entirely happy you must be good and true. The innocent child in its purity comes out into the open air,

and gazes around at the wonders of Nature, looks up to the sky, with its passing clouds and its glorious sun, or its starry canopy where majestically rides the silvery moon, and asks reverently, Who made all this? Who planted these beautiful trees and spread out this carpet of green, bedecked with these fragrant flowers? and it is evident that he expects something far superior to man has done all this, and he desires to come face to face with this great Creator. There is no fear in his voice or look of terror in his innocent eye, but love and adoration is his first thought, and he is happy in the belief that God made him also. But as soon as he has transgressed the law of God, then he seeks to hide from His face—seeks to cover himself with anything that will serve as a barrier between himself and his offended Maker. He will grasp at every straw that his trembling hand can lay hold of, cover himself with every leaf that he is able to sew together, and skulk behind every substance and shadow that he imagines will afford him protection from the pure eye of a just God.

God has made man capable of enjoying all of life's blessings in their purity, and He has given him all things to enjoy that his nature requires; and yet man is not satisfied with that, but must needs transgress the law of his nature, just because he has the power to do so; and then when he finds that he has brought misery upon himself, he overlooks all the blessings that his Creator has bestowed upon him, and adds the worst sin of all—ingratitude, to the former list, and accuses his Benefactor of injustice toward him in permitting the results of his own folly. This is why ingratitude is considered "the basest of all crimes." It shows up the most malignant part of our fallen nature.

You will never have an enemy who will try to injure you more or hate you worse than the man who happens to turn against you after you have used all the means at your command to befriend him, and whom you are sure that you have given no cause for his enmity. The very fact that he can find no just excuse for his action toward you angers him, and in his jealous rage, seeing as he does that you have by far the advantage of him, he allows himself to listen to the insinuations of evil and to try to injure you in every way possible. Just so the infidel who has received the most favors at the hand of his Maker you will find loudest in his blasphemies of that Maker's name. If he fails in his attempt to prove to you that there is no God, then he will use all his power of intellect to prove to you that the God you are worshiping is a partial, cruel monster who takes delight in the misery of his creatures. He takes no note of the

fact that God has provided amply for every legitimate want of both man and beast, so that even the lily is clothed with beauty and the humble worm can find a shelter from the wintry storm. And it is only man in his selfish blindness who will not see the hand of God in all this, that perverts the way; and, putting God out of his thoughts, he takes unlawful possession of all that he can lay his hands upon, and after he has robbed the widow and the fatherless will tell them if there be any God to call upon him. After he has laid his hand of might upon his fellow-creatures who have not the intellectual or physical strength to combat him, he will taunt them with the apparent absence of their deliverer, or, after sowing corruption broadcast through his sensual desires, will ask, Where are the perfections of God? As he himself is one mass of moral impurity, he can not see the perfection and purity of One who can not "look upon sin with the least degree of allowance."

Everything in nature teaches us the great lesson that seems to be so hard for us to learn, that like produces like, and that God created all things perfect, and that if we would only put them to their legitimate uses, all the blessings God has bestowed upon us would only help to prepare us for the enjoyment of a higher state of being.

A proper use of God's blessings, a cheerful acquiescence in His will, a desire to serve him in pureness of heart, is profitable for the life that now is, and its reward is life everlasting, whilst yielding to sin and perverting our nature through evil can only fill our life with sorrow and produce moral death.

RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND FAMILY QUARRELS ARE BARBAROUS AND PRODUCTIVE OF EVIL.

Religious disputes for the sake of argument alone; political quarrels for the purpose of beating the opposite side without regard to truth, and where the fight is not for principle, but to win at the expense of both truth and principle; civil wars, unless forced upon the people through the tyranny of their rulers; and family quarrels, are all pretty much of the same class. They are brutal in their nature, and seldom allow reason to govern them; they acknowledge no law, but contend for the law of might instead of the perfect law of right, and like all other victories won on the same principle, they find it easier to win than to hold the ground after it is won.

Such arguments never convert, but they will drive your opponent further over on the other side. Every new family quarrel only serves to widen the breach and helps to alienate one from the other. Remember that family ties were formed of God the Creator, and He will not consider it a small matter that you through your indulgence of evil passions break up and undo His work.

War for any purpose and under any circumstance is barbarous and should be of the past and remembered only with horror and regret; but civil war, unless made necessary through self-defense, should never be even thought of by an intelligent civilized people. A free people have no need of civil war if they will guard with care their rights. Delegate your rights to your rulers, and you will soon have need of arms and all the force at your command to recover them.

ROSA LANE, OR THE GUIDING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from Page 177.)

It is now going on three years since that grand Christmas dinner was given by the Allens, and they had been gone from their former home in New York about two years and four months; for, as it will be remembered, they started about the first of June. And yet not a word of tidings had come to any of their friends except one short telegram to Mrs. Gray announcing their safe arrival in San Francisco.

Rosa and Mrs. Gray had watched constantly for some word from them, but none came. They had sent three letters during the first summer and fall to San Francisco directed to them, but they were all returned to them through the dead-letter office. At last they began to give up all hope of ever hearing from them again.

But Rosa was growing older, and she was beginning to understand that she must try to submit patiently to the will of her Heavenly Father; but still she felt that it was hard to be thus separated from those whom she loved in that way, and she felt lonely in the great house without any companions of her own age. Her uncle Lane, who was now her guardian,

was not a married man, and he spent very little of his time at Rosa's home, and as Mrs. Gray felt that under the circumstances it would be much better not to receive any company until she could explain to people generally the cause of Mr. and Mrs. Allen's absence, or at least be able to furnish some reasonable excuse for their absence, so the house was kept closed, all except a few rooms that were necessary for their accommodation. She also discharged all the servants but one to do the general house-work (for the family was so small that she considered one enough). She taught Rosa to wait upon herself and take care of her own room, for she rightly considered that it would be better for Rosa to be employed, as it would take her mind from her trouble to some extent. She also retained the coachman to take care of the horses and see to the yard and stables; so that their life was a very quiet affair, too quiet in fact for a child, and she began to see that it would be needful soon to make a change of some kind, for she feared that Rosa's health was beginning to fail from being too much alone or for the want of young companions to make life more cheerful and give her a greater interest in taking needful exercise. To be sure, she walked or rode out every day when the weather would permit, and she also attended church and Sunday-school regularly, and she still visited in company with Mrs. Gray the poor when an opportunity offered itself for them to administer to the destitute and suffering; yet this kind of life was too one-sided for her. While it had a tendency to draw out her sympathy and make her unselfish and more thankful for the many blessings that she enjoyed above others that were less fortunate, still it had a tendency also, in the absence of cheerful, happy companions, to warp her nature and give her an idea that this world was one vast plain of sorrow and suffering, veiling with a cloud of tears all the beauty of earth and sky.

Mrs. Gray and Mr. Lane, Rosa's uncle, had long consultations concerning the matter, and at length it was determined that, should they not hear any tidings from Mr. Allen's family during the fall or winter, Rosa and Mrs. Gray should accompany him to Europe in the spring, for it was his intention to travel over Europe for a year or two in pursuit of both knowledge and pleasure, and they concluded that it would be of great benefit to Rosa in several ways. It would be very likely to strengthen her constitution as well as to furnish wholesome food for her mind and help to dissipate the gloom that was fast settling down upon her young life. Besides, this would furnish a good excuse for closing the house entirely, and

it would also lead their acquaintances to believe that they were going to Europe to join Mr. and Mrs. Allen, who it was supposed (by the majority of their friends) were still traveling for Mr. Allen's health.

Thus matters stood, and it was now the first of October. Business at the bank was pretty brisk, for the business men had returned from their various summer resorts, and as the weather was turning cool trade was beginning to brighten. Country merchants were beginning to come from all parts to purchase their winter stock, and the metropolis, as it usually is in the fall, was full of life and activity. There was little change in the officers of the bank, save that a new president had taken the place of Mr. Allen, and he was chosen from among the stockholders, and it so happened that he was one of the few who had stood by Mr. Allen in his adversity. It was a great disappointment to Mr. Green that he was not promoted to that position, but he had to submit, as his name was not even mentioned in that connection; but he still retained his position as cashier. The new president found it necessary to hire a clerk, and so Johnson, the first detective, was hired; for, as he said that he was out of business for the time being, and as his father had once run an individual bank, he had had considerable experience in that line. Besides, he was well known as a man of integrity and ability to many of the stockholders. This was quite contrary to the wishes of Mr. Green, who had spoken for the situation for a friend of his, and besides he had a particular aversion to Johnson. Of course he said nothing of his dislike of Johnson, for he could not have given any good reason for his dislike to him, but somehow he always felt uncomfortable when in his presence; and this was not owing to any want of civility or respect shown him by Johnson, for he was civil with all at all times, and he kept closely to his business, paying no attention to any other matters. He seemed to take a great deal of interest in all that pertained to the bank; he was usually there the first in the morning, and was nearly always the last to leave in the evening. It would seem that he was determined that a repetition of the robbery should not take place if care and watchfulness on his part could prevent it.

Mr. Green did not seem to appreciate his value as an apt assistant, for he would have been glad if it were possible to have been able to find something against him that would have been serious enough to have him discharged, but he could not. Perhaps if it had been any one else but Johnson he could have managed to get him into trouble, but it seemed as though it was impossible for him to take any liberty with Johnson. He

feared him as much as he hated him. It seemed to him as though he could never look up when Johnson's eyes were not upon him. Go into whatever part of the bank he would, Johnson was the first man he would see when he looked up; and yet it did not appear to be by design, but by mere accident. It was all so easy and natural for him to act and do as he did that no one could be sure that he was doing anything more than was his duty to do, paying close attention to business; but it annoyed the cashier so much that he had serious ideas of giving up his position, and perhaps he would have resigned long before but for reasons that we will explain hereafter.

One day about the middle of October, Johnson was busy at the cashier's desk, as was his custom, when Mr. Green happened to be out or stayed longer than usual at dinner. This was not his proper position, but as I have before said he was always ready to lend a hand when needed anywhere where he could be of the most use; and as he was the president's clerk and consequently his representative he had power to act in almost any capacity that he thought needed his attention. A boy came in and handed him a letter directed to Mr. Green. He took the letter, looked at the address, and as the boy stood waiting he told him that he would hand it to Mr. Green when he came in from dinner. The boy looked surprised and nervous, as though he was undecided whether to leave the letter or not. He finally stammered confusedly that he was told to bring an answer back. "Well, my little fellow," said Johnson pleasantly, "that will not be possible unless you wait until Mr. Green returns." "I will wait, then," said the boy; but just as he was speaking the cashier came in. "Here is a letter that this little fellow has brought for you," said Johnson as Green came behind the desk. Green took it and looked at the handwriting, and as he did so Johnson thought he turned a trifle pale. He was about to put it unopened into his pocket, when Johnson called his attention to the fact that the boy was waiting for an answer. "Oh!" said Green. Then he took the missive out of his pocket and opened it and read it; and this time Johnson was sure that the cashier turned deadly pale. Then a bright flush took the place of the pallor, and his eyes fairly snapped as with anger whilst he was engaged penning an answer. When he had finished he handed it to the boy after he had sealed it, and snappishly showed him out. All the afternoon he seemed to be in a deep study, which, to judge from his frowns and his abrupt manner of answering every one he had to speak to, was not an agreeable cogitation. Just fifteen minutes before the

usual closing hour of the bank Johnson happened to be in the front part of the bank, when one of the younger clerks, who was standing between him and the window, called his attention to a horse that was prancing and rearing until becoming unmanageable by its driver, who was quite a lad. But in a few moments a man came out of a store opposite and took his seat in the little spring wagon and drove off. Just as Johnson and the clerk were about to turn away from the window the former noticed a tall man with rather dark complexion and dressed like a countryman stop right opposite the bank, peer into the window attentively for a moment, then walk briskly on, pass up the street, then cross over and come back on the opposite side of the street until he came opposite the bank, and then stop and look over as though waiting for some one to come out. Accustomed as Johnson had been to the detective business, it was so natural for him to watch any unusual movement of any one, especially of a stranger, that he found himself closely watching the movements of this man before he realized what he was doing; but as soon as he recollected himself he thought how foolish it was in him, for it was very probably some one waiting for one of the gentlemen who was in the bank (as there were quite a number in trying to get waited upon before it closed), very likely a country man who had sold his produce to a city merchant, who was obliged to draw on the bank before he could pay for it. Thinking thus he resumed his writing and dismissed the circumstance entirely from his mind. In a few minutes the bank was cleared of the throng and the doors were closed, and most of the clerks were preparing to leave. Mr. Green locked the inner safe and deposited the papers and loose money properly in the vault and made his preparations to go also. Johnson and a couple of the other clerks were detailed to remain to finish up the unfinished work of the day. Just as Green opened the side-door to depart, Johnson, who was as I have said in the habit of keeping all of Mr. Green's movements under his especial notice while he was at or about the bank, happened to glance over his head into the street, and was surprised to see the same countryman standing watching the building intently. "Well, you have had quite a wait of it, my man," said Johnson to himself; "I wonder what is up, anyhow? taking cognizance of the lay of the bank with a view to purchase it, or to rob it? The latter is the most likely, for people do not get across the street and stand a half-hour looking at the outside of a building that they desire to purchase; they usually examine the inside first." Whilst this was passing through his mind, the cashier

had passed into the street and walked at a brisk rate toward the corner, and as soon as he did so the countryman appeared to be seized with a sudden desire to reach the same corner, though on the opposite side of the street. "Ho! ho! I'll just see what the game is, anyway," said the detective half aloud as he took his hat from the rack and rushed out into the street, leaving the two clerks wondering whether he had gone crazy or had started to overtake some one who was running away with some bank funds. In turning around to reach his hat Johnson lost sight of the object of his pursuit, for the street was so crowded that he could see but a few feet ahead of him on either side, nevertheless he continued on at a good pace, scanning every one he could see. He felt sure that if he could get his eyes on the gentleman he could recognize him, let the crowd be as big as it might, and he thought that it might lead to some discovery of some plot that was being fixed up to rob the bank. Of course he knew there was a chance, too, of his being in pursuit of some green countryman who was taking a leisurely view of everything that was new to him, or he might be running after a crazy man who had escaped from some negligent keeper; but he thought that either of these cases was extremely unlikely, for his actions were not at all like a wandering countryman who was visiting the city for the first time, nor did he act in the least like a crazy man. So he concluded that it would be just as well to look into the matter a little; at any rate it could do no harm. Hurrying on, with his eyes fixed across the street, he ran against an old woman carrying a basket of clothes home to be washed, and nearly upset her, basket and all. "Bad scrant to ye. Are ye crazy, or is it blind ye are, mon, that ye can't look where ye are going?" said the old lady as Johnson begged her pardon and helped her to right herself again, but he passed on, taking no further notice of her. It was on the corner where he stumbled against the old lady, and in stopping to apologize and help her steady her basket again he had turned around, and in doing so it gave him a view down the other street which he was crossing, and there, just a few steps away, who should he see but the very man he was pursuing in such hot haste, talking to Mr. Green. He passed on quickly, fearing lest Green would see him and wonder what was bringing him from the bank so soon, knowing, as he did, that the detective and the other two clerks expected to stay until the day's extra business was all squared up, and that would take at least two hours. He went on, muttering to himself for being such a fool as to run his legs off and knocking women down in the street, all to

catch up to a man who was only waiting to see the cashier. "And yet it was a curious thing for him to do to stand waiting on the opposite side of the street instead of at the bank door, or coming into the bank, and then when the cashier came out, instead of crossing over to meet him, go rushing down toward the corner on the opposite side of the street. "At any rate," continued Johnson to himself, "I think I shall watch them both a little. I never could put full confidence in that Green, though thus far he has baffled all my skill to find anything against him, but you are either an honest man or a very smart rogue indeed, sir, if you can always show up a square front to Ben. Johnson. Mark my words, sir." As he finished this soliloquy he had again reached the corner on his return to the bank. Looking down the street continuously, that he might slip past without being observed by the cashier, if he still stood there (which he did), he noticed that Green was talking rapidly, making gestures with his hands, sometimes shaking his fists as though he was very angry or very much excited, whilst the countryman looked on with as much composure as though he was listening to a temperance lecture or political speech. He also noticed that the countryman's awkward dress very much belied the general expression of his face as he looked at Green. He could not see the full expression of Green's face, as it was partly turned away from him, but he judged from what he could see that he was very angry, and he could see also that that anger failed to make an impression upon his companion. All this he took in as he crossed the street, keeping his eyes on them as long as he could do so. When he reached the bank, the clerks that he had left behind looked at him with some surprise, seeming to expect an explanation, but they knew their place too well to ask any questions, and Johnson said, good naturedly: "Boys, did you ever get hungry all of a sudden, and feel as though you must have something to eat right away?" "Not that I remember of," said one. "Well I have," said the other, "often, and I could eat something now with a good relish." At this they all laughed, taking it for quite a joke.

That night Johnson was very careful to see that everything was locked up securely, and he gave the night watchman (who he met on his way home coming to take charge) a hint that it would be well to be very vigilant. That night as he was returning from the lodge, at 11 o'clock, he concluded to walk past the bank, as it would only be three squares out of his way, but he found everything quiet. He heard the police exchange signals that all was well, so he passed on to his home. The next day he

found upon entering the bank that all was as it was left, nothing disturbed, and he felt easier, for he was considerably annoyed by the occurrence of the previous evening, and could not believe but that some evil threatened the bank. But he was destined to have another surprise before the day was over, for about two o'clock who should walk into the bank but the very same countryman, holding a check in his hand for five hundred dollars, which he presented to Johnson, who was standing by the teller's window. "Hand that to Mr. Green," said Johnson. "He is the cashier." "Which is Mr. Green?" said the countryman, looking perfectly unconscious of that gentleman's presence, and acting as though he had never seen him before. Johnson pointed him out as quietly and as innocently as though he had never seen them in earnest conversation together. He now became convinced that there was something up sure enough, and he concluded that his part of the play was to keep mum and watch. Green walked up to the window, took the check into his hand, examined it, and then asked if he could bring any one who could identify him.

"Well," the countryman drawled, "I don't know. Le'me see; I could bring a good many, but I suppose you want somebody that you know."

"Exactly, sir," said Green; "somebody that some of us know to be a responsible man."

He thought a minute, and then called over a half dozen names that nobody seemed to know. At last he inquired if any body knew William Brower, who kept a hotel in the Bowery.

"I do," said Green; "he is all right; if you can bring him he will do." Saying this he turned to Johnson and the rest of the men, who, having nothing else to occupy their attention at the moment, had become interested listeners, and remarked: "You know he is all right?" They all answered that they did not know him at all. "Well, I do," said Green, "and you can bring him, for he is a very responsible man."

Our country friend departed, and in about half an hour returned in company with a well dressed, portly man, who stepped briskly up to the cashier's desk, and shook hands very cordially with Green.

"This is Mr. Straub, from Catskill, a dairyman and farmer; a little common looking, but you'll find his paper all right. He always puts up at my house when in the city, and I know him personally, and know him to be straight."

This little speech was delivered by Mr. Brower with an air that seem-

ed to say "My word is beyond cavil," whilst the cashier seemed to be particularly impressed by the occasion, for it appeared to Johnson (who was watching closely, though seemingly very busy writing,) that he actually turned pale. However he soon recovered his color and presence of mind, and apologizing to Mr. Brower for the trouble the rules of the bank had obliged them to put him to, he cashed the check and put it on file. He then again shook hands with the consequential Mr. Brower and bowed stiffly to Mr. Straub, when they departed.

Whilst the latter part of this business was going on, Johnson walked to the door, still listening and watching. He stood there until they passed out; then he stepped quickly into the hall, crossed it, and opened a door to a room where a young man stood busily writing at a desk. "Here, Nick, come here quick! I have a job for you; but you must be careful and quick about it, and there must be no failure in it if it can possibly be avoided." This he said in a low voice as he pushed the young man ahead of him to the street door; then directing his attention down the street, he pointed to the two men, who were walking off leisurely nearly a block away. "Do you see those two men walking leisurely together—one a portly man, and the other a tall, country-looking fellow?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, shadow them, that is all; and when you have tracked them until you are sure they are in their den, come to me and report. Do you understand?"

"I do, sir."

"All right; then go ahead."

The young man started on his mission, and Johnson returned to the bank and resumed his writing. So quietly had he moved about, and so deeply did he seem absorbed in his duties, that his absence had scarcely been noticed and attracted no attention.

At eight o'clock that evening he had a call from the youth whom he sent after Brower and Straub, who reported that he felt pretty sure he had them located, though he would watch them the next day and find out their further movements. Johnson concluded that he would walk with the young man down town, and call on Mr. Brower at the hotel, for although he had often heard of the Brower House, he had never met its proprietor until he saw him at the bank that afternoon. When he reached the hotel he bade his young friend good night, giving him strict orders to keep an eye on all the movements of the two gentlemen he had shadowed. "Remember,

Nick," said he, "if you wish to learn the detective business from me, you must not prove a disgrace to my teaching by making blunders. Having run the game to earth, you have them in your power, and I don't think it necessary that you should watch them to-night. I will take all the risk of their leaving to-night, for I believe they are not quite done with the bank or Green, or perhaps both. I think I saw symptoms in their faces that said plainly, 'This little sum is hardly worth our while to bother with; you will hear from us again, my friend;' or at least it seemed to me that they meant that Green was to understand that, and I think he interpreted their significant looks that way. But mind that you are at your post in the morning, and do not let them out of your sight again until evening, when you can report; but you had better have some of our force to watch in your place while you come to me with your report. Good night."

Nick departed, and Johnson walked into the office of the hotel and inquired for Mr. Brower. A very gentlemanly looking person was introduced to him as that individual, who bowed politely to the detective, and inquired what he could do for him.

"I should like to see you in private a few moments," said Johnson.

"All right, sir; walk in here." And he led the way to a private sitting room.

Johnson opened his business by inquiring: "Do you know a man living near Catskill by the name of Straub — Isaac Straub, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, I do know Isaac Straub, of Catskill, very well," said Mr. Brower, looking at the detective in seeming wonder as to what was coming next.

"What sort of a man is he? Or, to speak more plainly, what is his character and financial standing?"

"Well, sir, I have known him ever since I was a boy, for I was raised among the Catskill Mountains, and he has been a neighbor of my father for many years, and I should not hesitate to say that he is perfectly reliable, both morally and financially, unless he has failed within the last few weeks, and that is hardly probable, as he is not in debt nor engaged in any speculations."

"That is very satisfactory, sir. What kind of a looking man is he, if I may ask?"

"Certainly, sir; you are at liberty to make all the inquiries about him you may wish. He is a short, heavy-set man, I think of about seventy

years of age, though he does not look so old, for an easy conscience and success in life has caused time to deal very gently with him, added to pleasant surroundings, a good constitution and temperate habits, all of which he has been blest with. His hair is turning quite gray, but otherwise he does not appear to be over fifty years of age."

"Thank you," said the detective; "and now I must explain my business, and the reason I have for inquiring about your friend. I am a detective, employed in the interest of the —— Banking house, of —— street. To-day two men came into the bank, one having a check for five hundred dollars, drawn in favor of Isaac Straub, of Catskill, and the other gentleman came to identify him as the said Isaac Straub, and claimed that privilege by right of being acquainted with our cashier, who shook hands with him and recognized him as Mr. Brower, of the Brower House, situated in the Bowery."

"No! Impossible!" said Mr. Brower. "You surely misunderstood the name."

"Not a bit of it, sir. The check is now on file in the bank, and will show for itself."

"What! You did not cash the check?"

"Our cashier did, and no one had a right to object, as everything appeared to be all straight."

"Did you see the men?"

"I did, sir."

"Well?"

"Well, they did not resemble you, sir, nor your description of Mr. Straub, in the least."

"You can see Mr. Straub for yourself, sir. It is but a couple of hour's ride from the city."

"Well, Mr. Brower, I am satisfied that what you say of him is all correct, and that the two men who personated Mr. Straub and yourself are precious scoundrels. I believe also that we have them trapped, and could to-night have them arrested, and that conviction of fraud and forgery would inevitably follow; but I do not wish to move for the present, for I expect that by waiting a day or two we can fasten guilt on a third party, who may be as deeply involved as they, if indeed he is not the ring-leader. As yet I have not sufficient proof to make a clear case against him, and having the others arrested would only put him on his guard, or give him a chance to get way. For the present I shall only request you to keep this

matter perfectly quiet, and be sure not to let Mr. Straub hear of it, for should he do so, and come down to the bank to see about it, my whole scheme might be upset. At present no one belonging to the bank imagines I suspect there is anything wrong. So good night, and hold yourself in readiness to be sent for to confront Mr. Brower, No. 2."

Mr. Brower promised that he would do so, and expressing a desire to see them all caught, shook hands with the detective and bade him good night.

"So far I have judged aright," said Johnson to himself, as he walked in the direction of home; "and now I will just walk by Mr. Green's house on my way back, and see how everything is there. If I have not erred in my judgment, the cashier will receive a call from one or both of those gentlemen to-night, unless he should consider it more desirable to call on them. I am pretty sure I have interpreted aright the threatening looks which the pretended Straub cast at Green as he left the bank, and I am just as certain the cashier winced under them, too."

It was now about ten o'clock, and Johnson hurried on at a rapid pace until he came to the corner of the square on which Mr. Green's house was situated. Then he walked slowly past on the opposite side of the street. He was somewhat surprised to find the house brilliantly lighted and sounds of music coming from the parlor. Two or three instruments were being played at the same time, that sounded as though they were in the hands of skillful musicians. The piano, guitar and violin were giving forth their sweetest sounds.

"Well, this sounds as though I had made a mistake of some kind, for surely there can be no plotting or scheming where the appearance seems to be so pure and innocent, and I can hardly think there can be any dread of trouble when all seems so merry and pleasant. And yet facts are facts, and of one thing I am sure, and that is, Green helped two rascals to defraud the bank out of five hundred dollars by pretending to recognize an imposter as a responsible, honest man. I think I will cross over and just take a peep inside. Perhaps I can see who is playing so exquisitely. I did not think that Green had any musical talent."

So saying he went on to the corner, crossed over, and came back on the side the house stood on. He walked slowly, and his feet made no sound, as he had put on a pair of over-shoes when starting out. The house was a three-story brick, with brown granite steps in front and iron railings. There was an area in front also, inclosed with iron railings. He

had mounted to the top step, and was trying to look into the parlor window, and had partly succeeded, when he heard steps in the hall, coming toward the front door. They seemed to come from some other part of the house, and approached the door so rapidly that the detective had no time to run down the steps, as he would have been certain to have been seen from the light which streamed out of the hall when the door was opened, so he vaulted over the railing into the area, and crouched down quickly in the shadow. He knew that the men (for such it proved to be), coming from the glare of the light in the hall, would not be likely to discover him, and he expected they were guests leaving for home, and would merely say good night and pass on, and the door be closed again; but instead of this they both walked out and took a seat on the broad stone just at the end of the top railing, almost exactly above his head, and he was forced to almost hold his breath for fear that they would hear him breathe.

“I think,” said Mr. Green (for one of the men was he), “that you ought to be satisfied with the five hundred for a short time, and give me a little chance to get hold of some more money. You are too impatient. You know I must go careful. You see, I must pay back that five hundred, or there will be the deuce to pay, for we have a lynx-eyed fellow there who can see right through you, and I know he hates me, or at least I do him, and if ever there is any more trouble, he will bring the whole place down about my ears.”

“You think I ought to be satisfied, do you, and patient, and give you a chance until you get hold of some more money? Well, that is good, truly! When do you think you could get enough to pay me the twenty thousand that you agreed was to be my share of the two hundred thousand that I helped you get? Now, look here, Green, you have lied and fooled enough about that money already, and even if it is true that you lost the most of it by gambling in stocks, &c., which I do not believe, for you are putting on most too much style here for a man without means, but I do say, if it should be true, that can make no possible difference, for you had no right to use my part at all, and you should have sent it to me to Australia as you agreed to. You were anxious enough to get me off there, and I do not believe now that I was suspected, as you made me believe. It was to keep me away, hoping that I would not dare come back; but you see I did come back, and now I tell you plainly that I am going to have that money, for if you can not pay it I know that Mr. Allen’s friends

would gladly pay it to lift the stain from his name; and besides, by paying twenty thousand, he could recover from the bank his two hundred thousand and interest for two years, which they took from him. Now you have it all plain, and I will take no more fooling. You can pay over the money by twelve o'clock to-morrow, or by five o'clock Mr. Allen's brother-in-law, Mr. Lane, will have a chance to accept my offer, which he will be only too glad to do."

And with that he walked down the steps, leaving Green almost powerless to speak from anger and fear. As soon as he could gain his self-possession he called after the retreating man: "I say, Sam, come back a minute, and lets talk this over."

"No, thank you; I have said all I intend to say until I act. You understand me. Remember, I mean business. Good night."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN NUMBER NINE.]

MOTHERS, KEEP YOUR BOYS FROM STREET LESSONS.

Mothers, do you ever think of the lessons that your boys are learning in the street? Do you ever realize the fearful risk you are taking in giving them free range to run into evil company at their pleasure? For you must know they can find that kind of company at every street corner, in every shop, livery stable, and alley; at every depot, and in fact there is scarcely a store front but what is occupied by a lazy, lounging, profanity-loving crowd. And such places have a peculiar fascination for boys, and they are ever ready to listen and imitate those who are older and should be better. And no matter how pure their home life may be; no matter how much good counsel they receive from parental lips, the outside influence can upset it all, and seldom fails to destroy a good part of it. You allow your children to go into the street to get exercise, to strengthen the body. This is well, but stop and think if the body is strengthened at the expense of the purity of the mind, will it pay? And beside, many of you have yards which are plenty large enough for all the exercise your children need; and if you would teach them the manly exercise, which is

labor, it would go far to develop both mind and body. A little labor is beneficial for all mankind. Let them work according to their strength, and let them grow up to believe labor a duty, and play a rest from labor and a recreation, instead of a constant occupation, in which, if they are interrupted, they feel themselves wronged.

Again, you may send them from you to get them out of your way, that you may be rid of their noise, and that they may not keep your house and yard littered up; but bear in mind, fond mother, that you may be paying a fearful cost for a tidy house and yard and an undisturbed day; you know not what may grow out of these street lessons to fill your heart with pain and your eyes with tears. I would advise you to bear with the noise and the litter they make, and keep them near you just as long as you can; for the parting time will come all too soon at best, and should the separation be caused by the wrong doing of the child, the natural consequence and bitter fruits of his street lessons, how your heart in its vain regret will go back to the time when you were all too glad to spare him out of your sight. How you will wish you could have him back in his innocence. His childish prattle and noise would then be music in your ears.

You permit your children to go into the street because other parents permit theirs to go, and you do not wish to be considered too strict. Now this talk about being too strict is all humbug, and you should know it is your duty to guard carefully the precious treasures committed to your care, regardless of what others do. There is a great difference, as every one should know, in being ill-tempered, cruel, and brutish with your children, and in seeking with love and tenderness, but with a firm hand, to lead them up to manhood untarnished by crime, with pure morals and strong principles.

Mothers, where do your boys learn to swear and lie? At home, under your protecting care? Oh! no; in the street. Where do they learn to smoke and chew? Surely they do not get such instructions from you. Oh! no; in the street. And where do they learn to take a glass of beer, throw dice, or gamble? I am sure you are too pure-minded to allow such low vices to invade your home sanctuary. And still the answer must be, in the street. Then how can you permit those dear children to go daily where they are surrounded with such vices—where they must meet the danger alone, without age or experience to guard them from the evils that meet them at every turn?

PEBBLES

GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

No. 9.

A MONTHLY VISITOR

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, TRUTH, AND VIRTUE.

—BY—

MRS. MARY WOOD.

PREFACE.

These little Pebbles were gathered personally by the writer, and so far she has quoted nothing from any other writers; but if she should deem it proper to quote extracts from other works, she will not credit them to herself, but give the works and names of the writers from whom she will think proper to borrow.

To those whose term of subscription will soon expire I would say, I should be glad to retain you on my list, but many thanks for your past favors. If this little work should prove a success, remember that you were the foundation upon which it stood.

Those who wish to preserve the copies and have them bound, can have an opportunity to get them done very cheaply at the end of the year, as I will call, personally, and take their orders.

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THE NATION'S DANGER.

There never was a time, perhaps, in the history of this government when there was such a scarcity of good honest-hearted statesmen as there is just now. There is no lack of men for position—no lack of brains, education, or eloquence; no lack of political capacity to wheel a party into line and lead it safely to victory. No! our political leaders of the present day are not easily backed down. It is one of their principles to let nothing stand in the way, or between them and success. Truth, honesty, and virtuous principles must stand aside, or be trodden under foot, by the triumphant party rushing to lay hold of the reins of state. He that stops to weigh right or wrong, or to deal justly by his friend or foe, is left far behind, and when he reaches the gate, and knocks for admittance, he finds there is no place for conscientious men, and so he is left out in the cold.

We have no lack of political heroes, but we are woefully lacking in political martyrs. The very qualifications necessary to run a free government of a free and intelligent people are becoming every year more scarce and hard to find among public men.

It is not that we do not have plenty of true, unselfish men, who are fully capable of representing our people, and who would stand up for principle in the face of famine, fire, or sword; but such men are usually modest and unassuming, and stand back until others discover their merits and capacity; and since it has become the fashion for men to seek the office, instead of the office seeking the man, they instinctively retire into the background, whilst arrogance, self-conceit, and pomposity step nimbly out, peddle their various qualifications, and get a following by different modes and through different means. To the sympathetic they appeal by pathetic outbursts; to the avaricious, by promises of great gain; to the ambitious, by holding out the hope of place and power; to the unthinking and unprincipled, (who are ever ready to sell their birth-right for a mess of potage,) they offer gold or silver, or whatever they imagine will be

the most likely to win from them their franchise. And just here let me ask, how many of those men who sell their votes to the highest bidder (and they often only offer a glass of whisky or a trifle of money,) ever stop to think what that privilege cost the brave men who bequeathed it to them? If they did, surely they would not cast it from them so lightly. Besides to whom do they sell their votes? Are they men to whom it would be safe to entrust this precious gift? Not at all. Honest men never tempt others to steal, nor does a true, law-abiding man tempt others to violate the laws of their country.

The man who sells his vote would sell his country. It would only be a question of price, not principle. And the man who would tempt his less wealthy and less intelligent fellow man to sell his vote by offering to buy it, is still more of a traitor, and therefore is not fit to be entrusted with any office.

This may be considered plain talk, but it is nevertheless true; and it is a truth that should be felt and realized by the people, that they may have their eyes opened to the danger they are incurring by entrusting the government in the hands of traitors; for let me repeat, whoever gains his office by fraud, be he Republican, Democrat, or Greenbacker, Prohibitionist, or whatever he may call himself, he is a traitor not only to his country, but to his fellow man. And the man who stands up blindly, or otherwise, for his party, regardless of principle, or the interest of all the people, is not an honest statesman. He is simply a party politician, abusing the trust committed to his care, and is not fit to be entrusted with the helm of state, nor indeed any office.

It should never be forgotten for a moment that this government was bequeathed by the fathers (who won it by suffering, toil, and death,) to the people, and it never was intended by them to be monopolized by cliques and rings; and these schemers might just as well pretend that they have a right to the crown of England, as to pretend that they have a right to usurp to themselves the power to lead and rule this free people without their consent, as many of them are doing. The true politician or statesman will advocate a cause because he believes it to be for the good of his countrymen—not simply because he is likely to get into place and power by advocating it. He would prefer defeat whilst advocating what he feels to be right, rather than be allowed to rise to higher position through advocating the wrong. An honest statesman, who acts from principle instead of policy, will not ride into office upon any other steed except in-

tegrity; but a party politician will straddle any hobby, be it harnessed with vice or virtue, so he is enabled thereby to get into power; and such men are dangerous to the country—they are ripe for anything that offers them gain, no matter who are the losers thereby.

It is through such men that treason has been plotted and executed, and liberty destroyed, and tyranny established, and that bastiles have been erected and instruments of torture used; that whole nations have been compelled to bow down in slavish submission to a few lordly rulers. The mainspring of it all was selfishness, and the power they gained by fraud enabled them to indulge their selfishness until they became almost demons. And to-day the men who gain power through fraud are actuated by selfish motives, else why would they cheat and sacrifice a whole community to gain some position for themselves? And it will only be a matter of time before they bear down with the hand of an oppressor upon the heads of a duped people.

Who is it that sit in our conventions and nominate the candidates for office? You answer, they are delegates, chosen by the people. Then I ask, what people choose them, and I find they are chosen by a few of the leading men of each county. Then I ask, who are the leading men, and what constitutes their leadership? And I find on further search that they are usually the wealthiest men. Their wealth gives them prominence and influence, not their usefulness to society, or their moral character. The question is not asked, what good are they doing for their fellow beings, or what good have they ever done in the way of making the world better, and therefore necessarily happier? If they have the money, and are free with the drinks among the boys, or will promise that the boys shall be properly noticed when the time comes, they are the accepted leaders, born to rule, and they trot out the candidates, (whom they have been paid to bring out,) and the boys fall into line, and immediately they are ready to declare that unless they are nominated the whole country will go to pieces, and the glorious foundation of our republic will crumble into dust.

Now no one believes, or feigns to believe, that intelligent men, who are in the habit of thinking deeply and acting wisely, take this course; but they are left in a minority, and the only good they can do is to put on the breaks by their remonstrance, and try to keep their party as straight as their weak strength will allow them to, and use their influence against intrigue and designing politicians.

The laboring class of men are falling into the habit of allowing the few leaders to think for them. They have but little time to spend in reading, and if they do read the papers they are by no means certain that they are getting at facts, knowing as they do that two-thirds of the journals of the present day are in the pay of cliques and supported by candidates who themselves direct the tone of the publications, and that such papers make a business of throwing dirt at one side while they sound aloud the praises of the other. And thus neglecting their political duties, the laboring men hand the power over to the wealthy and idle, who, as they say, have more time to investigate, and who, as a natural consequence, use it for their own benefit. This was begun for convenience when men were generally loyal to the interest of the whole country, for the sounds of the cannon of the Revolution and of 1812 were still reverberating in their ears, and the memory of hard fought battles, where they stood side by side to rout a foreign foe and for a common cause, had not yet faded; so they felt themselves a band of brothers, and those who were a little richer than their neighbors had not become hardened through the influence of gold or corrupted by party quarrels, or through the effects of civil war. But now all this is changed, and the country is flooded with foreigners, who cannot be expected to feel the interest in our free institutions or to guard our precious privileges with the jealous care that should be felt for them. Nor indeed can they fully understand their worth, having been partially under bondage themselves all their lives. And besides the rich have grown much richer, so that they scarcely know how to air their importance in a common republic, where the poor man is supposed to be the rich man's equal, and are clamoring for elevated positions and larger salaries, and trying in every way to ape the weak and corrupted aristocracy of Europe; and in so doing they must get themselves head and shoulders at least above the laboring man. And that they may gain that position the laboring man must stoop still lower to his labor, so that whilst he works the wealthy may ride into power and position upon his back, and as the heavy load the laboring man must bear presses him still lower, the rich man must get upon his feet, so that he will have nothing to do but to pluck the fruit that he is lifted up to; and to keep his eyes upon the prize he must not look down, nor heed the weary sigh that escapes the breast of the poor dupe who is thus by his labor and humility elevating him to power.

And when he reaches the legislative halls, does he sit in council with his colleagues to frame laws that will best subserve the wants of those who have placed them there? Not a bit of it. The most of his time is taken up in raising the salaries of the already over-paid officers of the government; in reducing the salaries of underlings and subordinates, and clerks who have most of the drudgery to do; in forming cliques and rings, whereby he may fill his pockets from the public treasury; in turning out officers who do not happen to be of his particular faith politically; and in fixing up jobs (for a high consideration) for railroad, banking, commercial, and manufacturing monopolies; and last, but not least, in managing the next political campaign — and that is not a small job, I assure you, when you take into account the various points that must be considered, and the many outposts that must be guarded.

To begin with, he must see that all are removed who are not favorable to the ruling power, irrespective of worth or capacity, and be succeeded by those who will work for the interest of the party, as it is phrased. (Never a word about the good of the country.) Then the campaign issues must be looked after, and must be taken up just as an artist would a color. They are examined, not to find their worth or durability, but to see if they will match with the back-ground, and make a good showing.

If anti-temperance has the best chance of success, the temperance cause is spit upon. If temperance is popular, they will clamor loudly for temperance. If Mormonism or anti-Mormonism, whichever is in demand is freely handed around. If high or low tariff is likely to win, they jump to either side, like boys in a game of leap-frog. Whatever or whoever will carry them safely through will be mustered into service, regardless of principle or morality. It is not considered whether temperance would best elevate the morals of the people and promote their prosperity, but whether they can carry the German vote, or secure to themselves the whisky element. It is not asked if intemperance is an evil that should be met and fought, but whether if they oppose it they would gain the votes of the temperance people. It is not considered whether, whilst we stand by and see our women degraded through the institutions of Mormonism, and wink at an evil that many savages do not tolerate, we are not thereby responsible for the evil, but which would make the party strongest, Mormonism or anti-Mormonism. The tariff question is not considered for the purpose of making all things equal and fair to the whole people, but to try to find out which will help the party most, or give it its greatest

strength—the poor laboring man's vote or the monopolist's gold; so it is to them a momentous question how to secure both.

Then, again, it requires a good deal of time and manœuvring to raise the campaign fund. All this must be managed by these same statesmen. They must, if possible, get hold of the purse-strings of the treasury to help them to succeed; for lo! what a host of expenses rise up to view when we take them all into consideration. The journalist must be salaried to proclaim to all who are worthy and who unworthy. Then, hand-bills and other printed matter must be provided. Speakers must be hired to go forth and proclaim their campaign lies, as well as truths, throughout the length and breadth of the land. Men must be bribed to act, voters must be bought, States must be captured through treachery or fraud of some kind; and all these things cost money, and there are a hundred other things to be looked after; and then what wonder that these statesmen, who have all this to see to, besides attending to the numberless social requirements they are expected to patronize at the capital, either of State or United States, have no time to attend to the business of the people! In fact the people should not bother them too much. It is enough for them that they are permitted to vote, and have the glorious privilege of paying the bills, without meddling in such important affairs. They should feel proud that their representatives are able to imitate the lords and dukes of England, and should feel that nothing could be too good for them. This is the case with many. I have heard men say who have been obliged to labor from morning until night—from Monday morning until Saturday night—for one dollar a day, and that at the hardest kind of drudgery, too, when speaking of the high salaries of our officers, that it was all right; they ought to be well paid; the people of this country did not want anything done for nothing. And I have heard it remarked by those who were obliged to see their families suffer privations, and go half clothed because their pay was too small to divide up among so many, that it was only proper that our officers should live in luxury, and dress elegantly, and fare sumptuously; that it was needful for the honor of our country—and I thought, poor, blind zealots! of just such men is composed the cringing, cowering throngs who fall down and worship kings and rulers, and deem it a favor to be allowed to contribute of their penury to swell the coffers of those who would not look at them except to use them.

Wealth and grandeur are no honor to a country whose poor and laboring classes are hard pressed for bread. It is a weak and foolish idea that

makes you willing to deprive yourself and family of the comforts of life, not to say anything of the necessaries, to build up grandeur for others to enjoy, simply because you have placed them in power above you. It should be the duty of every true man, be he poor or rich, a politician or simply a voter, to try to procure the greatest good to the greatest number of people. Then he will be doing his duty, and building up the interest of his country. But if he fails to do this, either by his vote or his influence or his power, he is an enemy to his country and a traitor to liberty and all free institutions; and he is helping to destroy our free institutions, and to place the whole government in the hands of a privileged few.

Is it not even now boasted that one man can deliver a State into the hands of either party? What more could a king or an emperor do? Are there not thousands of men looking up to bosses in every State, watching every expression, and trying in their own weak, feeble way to dance to every tune they pipe? Are these proceedings worthy of freemen? How long, think you, will their freedom last at this rate? In fact, have they not already bartered it away?

And how long can a free government be maintained on a proper basis if controlled by such means? One of two things must occur, it must be recovered by the people, who are its proper controllers, or it will die a natural death, and on its tomb will be built up a monarchy.

We were in the days of our youth a heroic, energetic, self-denying people. We had but little to loose, but we laid it all on the altar of freedom. To-day we are a money-loving people, who, though industrious, still, are growing careless of our best interest, which is the maintenance of a righteous government, which shall reach out and bless all who are permitted to live within its dominion. Our leaders and statesmen are growing pompous and becoming weak through luxurious living and reaching after higher positions, and our poor or middle classes are becoming debased giving over into the hands of others their birth-right, and permitting others to manage their heritage. It will be the old story over again, if we do not stop now, and think and act before it is too late.

First in our poverty we, like men, work hard to gain a home and a national independence. Labor and plain living strengthen our sinews, and honesty and integrity give us courage, both moral and physical, and there is no foe that we fear to assail or power that we feel we could not vanquish; no sacrifice too great to make in behalf of our homes and loved ones; for our love is pure and unmingled with jealousy. Every man be-

neath our flag is a brother, and as we toil together so we fight together, for our interests are one.

But now behold we have grown from a few colonies, whose only wealth was their honest name and undying love for liberty and their country, which was endeared to them by the very hardships they were called upon to endure for her sake, to a great nation whose flag spans the continent from ocean to ocean; with mountains where the precious ore is found, and minerals of all descriptions. In fact there is no country that compares with us, when we consider all the blessings we possess. Our people are intelligent, and have every opportunity afforded them to cultivate their minds, and like all other nations that have grown rich, they are beginning to give themselves up to luxurious living and dissipation, which never fails to weaken the mind and corrupt the understanding; and if we go on in this way we will most assuredly meet with the same fate. We will fall, as did all the great nations before us, when they gave themselves up to feasting and rioting, ease and idleness, instead of legislating for the benefit of the people.

And now, to whom are we to look to save us from the dangers that are threatening us? We cannot look to wealth, for that has already been turned into a weapon against us. We cannot depend wholly on either party, for they all have traitors in them, and whilst they tolerate fraud and the buying and selling of votes, they are unworthy of our full confidence. And as I have said before, our leaders and statesmen are corrupting and being corrupted. And so in this great dilemma we can only appeal to the rightful rulers of the land—the people—to look to their interest, and see to it that the ballot box is kept from fraud; that bosses shall not rule the consciences and desires of the people by attracting, by their false glitter, to their side the unwary, or by promises of reward, the ambitious, or by bribery, the thoughtless and selfish. Let the intelligent portion of the people unmask these traitors, and show to their duped followers their true proportions, and what may eventually overtake them if they persist in giving up their blood-bought privileges into their hands.

ROSA LANE, OR THE GUIDING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from page 207.)

Green stood for a moment watching the retreating figure of his visitor; then he went into the house and slammed the door, indicating that he was in a rage. As soon as he did so our detective stepped up on the side of the stoop, and quickly descended to the street, walking rapidly in the direction that the man had taken, whom Green had called Sam. He had no difficulty in overtaking him, as there were but few on the street at that time of night, promenaders usually selecting streets that were more public, and besides there was no danger of his following the wrong man, as he had been favored by the light from the parlor window shining full in his face as he turned to give Green his parting warning, and Johnson could see that Sam was none other than our countryman who was introduced to the cashier of the bank as Isaac Straub.

"Well, this is becoming interesting surely; but I am at a loss to know which place needs the most guarding, Green's house, the Rogue's Retreat, or the bank. Of one thing I am satisfied, and that is, Green will either leave the city or comply with the demand of these confederates of his, and in either case I think it well to expect him at the bank, for I do not believe that he has enough funds by him to pay what they demand. He has evidently been gambling and lost heavily, or he has hidden what he has where no one suspects, for he has not much to his credit in the bank I know, and I do not know of any property that he owns, unless he owns the house he lives in, and I do not believe he does."

Thus soliloquized our friend Johnson, as he hurried on in the direction that Sam, alias Isaac Straub, had taken. He followed on about a hundred yards behind him, until he saw him enter the place where Dick, the young detective, had left him in the evening. Then he walked on past the building, and took a survey of the whole premises, to see if possible how many were there. In the bar-room there were a few men lounging; some

smoking, others sitting by small tables drinking and talking; one or two lying at full length upon benches, either drunk or asleep. The rest of the house seemed to be in total darkness when the two men approached it, and when Sam entered, he walked straight through the bar-room to a door that opened at the side of the room, and disappeared.

All this Johnson saw as he walked leisurely past. He also saw two men behind the bar, but when he returned he saw but one. The landlord had evidently followed Sam, as the detective supposed, to find out what success he had had with Green. Presently a faint light was seen in the rear end of the old rickety building, showing where the two men had gone to hold their conference.

As soon as Johnson was satisfied that they had adjourned to confer, he hurried off to where young Dick had his sleeping room, and after awakening him told him the situation.

"Now, Dick," said he, "you go to the Rogue's Retreat, and watch that light in the rear end of the building, and when you see it put out, then be ready to follow whoever emerges from the building; but if you see Mr. Green go in, then leave the watchman in charge and hurry off to the ——— Bank to inform me, for I will be there. Signal me by giving three short whistles just as you come in front of the building, and I will meet you in my private office; do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, I understand, and will do as you say."

"And see here, Dick; if the light should be put out, and no one leave nor enter the building whom you would have reason to suspect before four o'clock a. m., then you may return quietly to your room, and I will see that some one takes your place until you have had time for rest and breakfast."

"All right, sir," and as Dick said this he hurried off to perform his task, and Johnson started for the office of the detective force. There he gathered a force of five men, armed to the teeth, who accompanied him to the bank. On arriving there he entered his private office, which we have already spoken of, across the hall, and then took a bunch of keys and opened a door that was concealed beneath his desk. Then, followed by his companions, he descended to the cellar, and passed through a corridor, at the end of which stood a ladder. Ascending this ladder, they made their exit through another trap door, which he unlocked with his keys. Through this door they passed directly into a closet, which opened out of the President's room. All these doors and passages had been

made and arranged by Johnson's order. Not one of the employees knew of them, and only a few directors, including the President.

After entering the President's private office, Johnson assigned each man a position where he could be the most available in case of a raid being made upon the bank. But the hours passed wearily to the men waiting till the chimes in the church steeple struck four, and yet no one made his appearance. Everything was perfectly quiet about the bank, except the heavy tread of the watchman as he passed to and fro on his round.

"Well, this beats me," said Johnson to himself, as the sound of the clock ceased. "I surely am sold for once. Can it be that Green has escaped me after all, and gone off in the night, while I have been sitting here waiting for him to run his head into my trap?" After thus cogitating he called one of his men, and directed him to go to the detective's headquarters and send some one to relieve Dick as agreed.

Johnson and his men remained at their posts until the gray dawn told them that it was useless to remain longer, for as the precious daylight appears rogues disappear. Johnson now came to the conclusion that he had made a great mistake in not setting a watch over Green's house. He now proceeded to do so, though he thought that it was probable that he was acting the part of the man "who locked the stable door after the horse was stolen." However, he thought that it would do no harm if it did no good.

He then returned to his home to get a little rest if possible, and also breakfast, for the thorough detective always if possible tries to take rest and food, so that he may be the better able to bear fatigue, and he knows too that it is necessary to a clear mind that the body should be nourished.

Eleven o'clock a. m. found him still at his home, though he had arisen and breakfasted, and was preparing to go down to the bank, wondering all the time if he should see Green at his desk as usual. He began to think that it was hardly likely, as he had received no report from his house. He knew that his watchman had not seen him leave the building, for in that case he was to report as soon as he could find out where he was going. He began to feel pretty sure that Green had left the city during the night, and that he would have a good deal of trouble in tracing him, if he should be fortunate enough to trace him at all. But just then the bell rang, and when the door opened he found Dick standing on the stoop.

"Well, young man, what is the news?"

"I think, sir, that the men at the Rogue's Retreat have had a message from Mr. Green, and have gone to reply in person. At four o'clock I was relieved by the man you sent, and I went to my room and slept until nine. At ten I returned to my post, and when I got there I learned from the other man that a boy had called at the retreat and delivered a letter to the landlord; and just as Bill and I were talking about it, and wondering if it concerned our men, the two precious rogues stepped out, dressed in their Sunday-go-to-meetings I should say from the air of importance it seemed to give them as they trudged toward the Bowery. Bill and I followed them that far, until I was pretty sure of the course they were taking. Then I left Bill to follow on, and I came in search of you, sir, to report."

"All right, Dick, so far so good. I begin to feel that we are about to tree them after all. That looks as if Green was still at home; I had begun to fear that we had lost him. Now you go back to Green's house, and if you find that the men are still there, or that they have actually gone, then you can dismiss the others and take the post of observation yourself until they return. Then follow them, leaving Green's house unguarded if you like, for I do not think that any of them will leave the city to-day. But, however, if Green does not put in an appearance at the bank before it closes I shall send some one to look after him; but I think that we shall hear from him through the course of the day. Keep a sharp look-out for the other two, for I am more afraid of them giving us the slip."

"All right, sir."

"And be sure, Dick, to make arrangements with Bill to answer your call if he is needed, or to relieve you when you need rest."

So saying Johnson dismissed the young man, and took his hat and cane and started for the bank. The clerks and officials were surprised at his absence during the morning, for it was so unusual for him to be absent for an hour during banking hours, except to step into his private office, where no one ever followed him, and it was supposed by more than one that he was there. But the absence of Green caused no comment, as he had often absented himself for half a day, and, indeed, sometimes a whole day. At such times Johnson or the assistant acted in his place.

The detective walked in and took his place at his desk, looking as unconcerned as though nothing out of the usual order of things had occurred.

At two o'clock Mr. Green put in an appearance, and took his place as usual, and no one in the bank dreamed of the little by-play that was being enacted by these two. If they had taken the pains to notice they might have seen that Green's face was a shade paler than usual, and that he had a careworn look, as though he had not slept well. But the closest observation could not have revealed a ripple of excitement on the calm, dignified countenance of the detective.

At the closing hour of the bank all the clerks left, as none had been called on to do extra work except the assistant cashier, who was detained by Green to pass over some accounts that had been transacted during his absence in the morning. Johnson also retired, not to his home, but simply out of the front door, through the hall, into his private office. He remained there only a few minutes, but went down below, as he had done with his men the night before, and passed up to the President's room. Drawing aside a curtain from a small window in the door, he took a position where he could watch the movements of the cashier and his assistant. In ten or fifteen minutes the assistant was dismissed. Then Green proceeded to make some arrangements that looked suspicious to Johnson. He first unlocked the safe, and took out, it seemed to the watcher, all the gold, silver, and paper money, and put it promiscuously into a large bag that he seemed to have provided for the occasion, but where he took it from Johnson could not see, but he supposed it must have been one that was sometimes used to carry paper away when it had accumulated in the waste baskets. Then he closed the safe and locked it carefully, after which he placed the bag in a waste paper basket, and pulled it over near the door that led to the hall. Then he seemed to be fixing up some other packages, but the detective was unable to see what they were, for he had now turned his back to him, and as the light was growing dim, he could not distinguish them, but supposed they were money. He then placed them in different places, some in empty drawers, and others in his own desk. He then took a pile of paper and placed it on top of the basket, so that the whole thing looked like a basket of waste paper ready for the paper man to carry away. Then he gathered up a few papers out of his desk, and hastily putting them into his pocket, left the building. But before this, Johnson noticed from his place of observation that he went to the door leading to the hall, and did something to the lock with an instrument that he held in his hand.

Now let me here explain that if the vault was properly locked no one could enter it from the outer room unless he had a key, and as there

never was any money left outside the vault, there was not as close a watch kept upon the fastenings of the outer doors as otherwise would have been.

At six o'clock the night watchman, whose especial duty it was to watch the bank, came on duty, and every fifteen minutes during the night he was expected to take a look at the building, back and front, to flash the bull's eye of his dark-lantern down into the coal cellar, along the hall, and through the front windows, to see that the vault door was safely shut, and that no one was concealed in the banking room.

It would have been indeed a difficult job for any one to have opened that vault, and the only way that it could have been possible to do so would have been to dig from the cellar. It was owing solely to this fact that Mr. Allen was considered guilty of robbing the bank, for it was almost an impossibility for any one to do it unless they belonged to the bank, and had the key. This, and the fact that he was in the bank alone the night before the robbery, and that the money was found in his house, was the cause of his being adjudged guilty.

Now all the manœuvring of the cashier was as plain to the detective's quick eye as though he had labeled every movement in large print. He understood perfectly why the money was taken out of the vault and put in baskets and places in the ante-room; why the basket was covered with paper, and why the hall door was tampered with, but for the life of him he could not see how Green expected to get the money out of the bank unless he contemplated killing the watchman. As soon as the cashier left, Johnson retired to his room, and there awaited the coming of the night watch. As soon as that individual made his appearance, Johnson called him into his private office, and gave him to understand the position of affairs, and directed him concerning the part he was to play. He informed him that the only thing required of him was to be at his post as usual, looking unconcerned, but at the same time to keep a sharp lookout for his own safety, for he knew that the men who were acting in this play were shrewd, desperate fellows, who would stop at nothing short of accomplishing their object, unless they were out-generaled by some one who knew their purposes, and he hoped he was posted on that. It was not necessary for the watchman to go his usual rounds, as Johnson and his men would be in their places, ready to act when the time came; but it was needful that he should be in his usual place, so as to give the rogues the impression that nothing unusual was going on. It would also be very necessary that he should look sharply that he was not taken by surprise.

In case the watchman should be attacked and overpowered before assistance could be sent him from the inside, the detective had two men stationed in an alley a few steps from the bank, where they could see the whole surroundings but could not be seen by passers by, unless they went on purpose to search the place.

Thus matters stood until one o'clock pealed forth, and the watchmen on the street corners near by gave and answered the customary signals; then all was still again save the tramp of some belated pedestrian, or some wagon passing to perform some night duty, or now and then could be heard the whistle of a boat, approaching or leaving the piers. All at once there was the sound of feet running swiftly up the street toward the bank, and when the man, for such it proved to be, arrived in front of the bank, he stopped short, and looked earnestly until he espied the watchman standing in the hall. Then he rushed up to the latter, and asked in a rapid, earnest tone, "Are you John Dale, and do you live at No. ——— Street?"

Very much startled, the watchman answered in the affirmative.

"Well, then, if you want to see your wife alive you had better go just as quick as your legs can carry you, for she is dying, sir, positively dying, and all her desire now is to see you before she dies. The lady who stops with her sent me for you and the doctor, so I must hasten after him, now that I have delivered my message to you," and before the watchman could answer a word he was off at the top of his speed.

Had the watchman taken the time to think, he would have known that he dare not leave his post, even in a case of death, and, besides, he could have called to some one, either within the building or from the alley, to take his place; but the news came upon him so suddenly, and it so distressed his mind, that he did not stop to consider anything but how he should reach his wife before she should die. So, under the possession of this feeling he started off in the direction of his home as fast as he could run.

The men stationed in the alley saw from their position all the movements, but did not understand their import, and believing it to be a messenger sent by some part of the detective force for help in some other direction, they quietly kept their positions, for they could not tell who the man was who ran out of the hall, he went so swiftly, but merely supposed him to be a fellow detective, whom Johnson had sent to help in the capture of one or more of the rascals they were after.

But in less than five minutes after the watchman had started in such haste for home, two men were seen by them coming from another direction, who, when they reached the bank, halted and looked carefully around. One of them held in his hand a dark-lantern, and seemed to be taking a view of the premises, just as the watchmen are accustomed to do, while the other, who had a large package, went quietly into the hall, and disappeared in shadow. When the would-be watchman had gone his pretended round, he also disappeared in the hall. Then the men in the alley knew that it was time for them to act, so they followed to the door, and then waited to see what would come next. They heard a slight click of the lock, then a stream of light in the hall told them that the door was open. They then followed after, closing softly the outer door, and locking it. A few stealthy steps brought them to the side door which led into the bank, and then they could see the movements of the men within. The men who first entered had laid their package in a corner and opened it. Papers were being quickly taken from the desks, after they had lowered the gas so that it was a mere glimmer, and their pockets were being filled with what they considered valuables. They then turned to the package and seemed to be fixing something, after which they lifted the paper basket between them and had turned to make their exit from the side door, when a voice, seeming to come from the ceiling, commanded them to stop. Awed and astonished at this, they turned to see from whence it proceeded, but when they did so they were confronted by four armed men. Feeling sure that the only chance for them to make their escape was to fire into the men who had surprised them so suddenly, and then take to their heels and run, they both drew their pistols from their pockets, and were about to point them at the group, when they were knocked from their hands from behind by the men who had followed them into the hall.

"It is of no use, gentlemen," said Johnson, who was nearest the robbers, "you are caught, and you might just as well surrender gracefully, for surrender you must," and before they had time to answer they were caught and handcuffed. "Now turn up the light, boys, and let us see who we have here."

All this time not a word had been spoken by the two men, who stood sullenly glaring at their captors, just as wild beasts do when brought to bay. When the light was turned up, Johnson turned to look at them, and found he had at last trapped the man for whom he had been watching for

nearly three years, and whom he had from the first believed to be guilty of the crime for which poor Mr. Allen was made to suffer so keenly. He was sure that he could read his guilt in his face, and his revenge in his malignant looks at the trial, which had brought so much suffering and shame to the once highly respected and happy president of the bank and his family, and he then and there determined in his own mind that he would follow him and bring him to justice if it took the rest of his life. It was for this end that he watched and worked so steadily; it was for this purpose that he was taken into the bank (though there were only a few who knew this), and was always ready to devote every spare moment to its interest; and now he had succeeded. And what did his success mean? Not merely the gratification of a desire to see a guilty man punished, for our detective was a man of much too noble a mind to take delight in even the just punishment of a fellow mortal; but it meant the vindication of an honest man's name. The taking of the money from the bank was crime enough, but fastening the guilt upon an innocent man was a thousand times worse. The detective feigned astonishment when he saw that it was Green he had in custody. Green did not turn his eyes to look at him, but kept them averted, while his face was as pale as death. The other man proved to be the man who represented himself at the bank as Isaac Straub.

Whilst Johnson and a couple of his men were busy taking care of the prisoners, one of the other men extinguished a slow match which they saw the rascals attach to a train of powder. They meant also to blow up the building. After securing the prisoners, Johnson went out into the hall and conferred with some of his men as to the best plan to catch the other rascal who passed himself off at the bank as Mr. Brower. They were at a loss to know why he was not there to assist in taking away the booty. While they were talking, the watchman, who had been sent for in such haste, came back. He found on reaching his home, that he had been sold; and whilst he was overjoyed to find his wife in perfect health, and that she and her mother, who lived with them, had been sleeping quietly since ten o'clock, entirely ignorant of the little job that had been put up on her husband, yet he was mortified and provoked that he should have allowed any one to hoodwink him in that fashion. But there was no help for it now, so he returned to his post as quickly as possible. When he reached the bank, he was not at all surprised to find that the birds had been caught, for he knew they had been in the little game of sending him

away, and he also knew they would not be likely to get out of the trap they wished his absence would make it easier for them to run into; for he knew well Johnson had his plans too nicely arranged to miscarry if the rogues should put in an appearance. On hearing what the detective and his men were talking about, he told them that as he came into the hall door of the bank he thought he heard a horse neighing, a little farther up the street, as though impatient for his rider, or in a hurry to get home to the stable. "Who knows," said he, "but what it might be the other scamp waiting with a horse to carry the booty when these men should bring it to them. I think it would be well enough to look into the matter little."

"That is so," said Johnson. "I would not wonder, if you went up the street, but you will find not only a man with a horse, but a carriage also, waiting to take the rascals in when they should come with the money, and I think the best thing you can do is to take a basket out of the old closet under the stairs, and a couple of you take it between you and go in search of the vehicle; but go careful, as though you were heavily loaded, and you need not speak, but pretend that you are followed and are obliged to use caution and haste, and I think you can manage the whole business. Now for it, boys; do your best."

"All right, sir," said those who were preparing to go, but the watchman asked to be allowed to take one of their places, for he felt a desire to do something, and that he would like to pay the rascals off in their own coin. In five minutes they were trudging up the street, seemingly lugging a heavy basket. They found the surmises of the watchman correct, and, also, that Johnson was right about the carriage. As they approached the man called out to know what the — they were waiting for so long, and they only answered by motioning him to silence and a prolonged "hush," and rushing up hastily to the carriage, they lifted the basket in, which had really become heavy in consequence of a large stone they had put in to increase its weight. Then they jumped into the carriage, and the man seeing their haste jumped in also, and reached for the lines to drive; but one of the men had already secured the lines, and when he reached his hand out to take them, it was caught in an iron-like grasp by the man on the other side of him, and then a slight struggle ensued, which ended in rogue No. 3 getting the handcuffs slipped onto his wrists. Then the officers drove quickly to the bank, where the rest of the party were awaiting their return.

And now, as these precious rascals are caught, it is needless to go into all the details of the trial, as the reader already knows what it would amount to, for there was unmistakable evidence that the cashier of the bank was a scoundrel of the darkest dye, for he had planned and committed his crimes without any reason except for envy, malice, and covetous greed for wealth. He was receiving a salary that was ample for all his needs, and it was sufficient to procure him and his small family many of the luxuries of life. Besides, through the kindness of Mr. Allen, he was introduced into the higher circles of society (*i. e.* if wealth and fashion constitute the higher circles), and he enjoyed the pleasure of possessing a polished education. So that whatever others might have as an excuse to advance for crime, he had not even the shadow of an excuse, save a base, unprincipled mind, which he allowed to get ahead even of good policy or sound judgment, to say nothing of equity.

In the first place, he allowed envy of Mr. Allen's higher position to govern his mind to such a degree that he could only look upon him as an enemy when at the same time he was truly his best friend; and as evil spirits seldom remain long alone, so Selfish Greed assisted Envy to form an alliance with Malice; but as is always the case, when we attempt to bring destruction upon others, we are buried in the ruins ourselves at last.

So when Green saw that he was caught, and that there was no chance for his escape, he confessed the whole crime from first to last. He would not have robbed the bank the second time, he explained, but the men who assisted him in the first robbing were so urgent for the pay he had promised them (and which promise he had failed to keep), that he was at last forced to satisfy their demands, and his greed and love of money was so great that he was not willing to part with what he had stored away, but concluded to make another raid upon the bank, get his share of the proceeds, and then manage to have some one inform upon the other two, and have them sent to the penitentiary. Then, as soon as the excitement should calm down, he would give up his position and travel into foreign parts for his health. He thought that the blowing up of the bank would destroy any clue that might attach to him. But his programme was changed through the perseverance and superior generalship of Johnson, the detective, who was as earnest in vindicating the innocent and bringing the guilty to justice as the cashier was in trying to defeat justice, and in throwing guilt upon the innocent. And as truth and right must eventually conquer falsehood and wrong, so it did in this case.

About a week after the arrest of Green and his confederates, Mrs. Gray was surprised by a visit from Mr. Lane, in company with the detective, whom she knew, for he had frequently called during the first year of the departure of Mr. Allen and family for California, to inquire for tidings from them; but as he had not been there for over a year, it naturally surprised her to see him, especially in the company of Mr. Lane.

"Well, Mrs. Gray, have you heard nothing yet from the Allens?" asked Johnson, after a few formal remarks about the weather, etc.

"Not anything, Mr. Johnson, and Rosa and I are beginning to believe they must either have been killed by Indians, or perished from disease or hunger."

"Well, we would be very glad indeed to hear from them, especially at this time, as we have news for them that would be of grave importance, and it would also be joyful news to them to know that they were vindicated before the world, as indeed they have always been to me."

"What do you mean, Mr. Johnson? I do not understand."

"Why, Mrs. Gray, have you not heard that the bank robbers have been caught, and that one of them has made a full confession that has vindicated the innocence of my brother-in-law, Mr. Allen?" asked Mr. Lane.

"No, sir, I have not."

"Then you could not have read the papers very attentively, at least."

"Well, perhaps it was owing to my dislike of reading the column appropriated to the record of crime that it escaped my notice."

Then Mr. Johnson began and related to her all the circumstances of the arrest and confession. Of course you may readily guess that this brought joy and gladness into the hearts of Mrs. Gray and Rosa.

"Uncle," said the latter to Mr. Lane, "could we not travel to California instead of Europe?"

"I do not know but what I shall start for there in a few days," said he, "for while the terrible shadow of that crime hangs over my brother-in-law's head I respected his feelings, believing that he naturally would prefer to be left quietly alone until such time as he could remove the stain from his hitherto honorable name; but now that he is vindicated I shall spare no pains to find him. Of course the papers now are full of the story, but it takes a paper a long time to reach California, and perhaps they might not reach him at all, especially if he should have gone into any of the mining districts. And since you speak of it, I don't know but it would

be a nice little trip for you, if Mrs. Gray would consent to accompany you."

"I should like it very much, Mr. Lane," said Mrs. Gray, "and I think it would do Rosa a great deal of good."

So before the gentlemen left it was arranged that they should start for California by the next steamer that should leave for that port.

[To be continued in Number Ten.]

STOP AND THINK.

Child of earth, whither away?
 Stop and think for one brief hour;
 Your life's now but a Summer's day,
 Your home's a very Eden bower.
 But what if storms should darkly rise,
 To blot the beauty from your earthly skies?
 Basking in love's bright sunny hue,
 Fondly cherished by kind friends;
 Earth's pleasures seem but made for you;
 Didst ever think where all this ends?
 Dost dream the tomb may open wide,
 And thy dear ones in her bosom hide?
 Or may, perchance, in life's frail bark
 Be tossed on ocean's angry wave,
 Thy sun go down, and leave all dark,
 With no hand stretched out, from death to save?
 Hast thou a friend who canst out-ride
 The stormy billows to reach thy side?
 If not, I pray thee, make thy peace
 With One who, waiting, asks thy heart —
 Who can bid the angry tempest cease,
 Or save thee from the tempter's dart;
 Can take from death its bitter sting,
 And around the grave His glory fling.

The first weekly newspaper, we are told, was established in England, by Nathaniel Butler, in 1622.

The first daily paper in London was, I believe, called the *Courant*. It was established in 1702, three days after Queen Anne's accession to the throne.

RECEIPTS.

TO CURE A HORSE OF A COUGH.

Give fifteen drops of the tincture of aconite twice a day, and see that the horse has plenty of fresh water. Horses should have a bran mash twice a week, in which a handful each of salt and wood ashes have been mixed.

TO TAKE OIL OUT OF CARPETS.

Apply buckwheat meal plentifully and constantly. It will require time, but it will accomplish it. You should never use water in such cases.

TO RESTORE VELVETS.

Hold the velvet, nap down, over a basin of boiling water, and though it will take a long time, the nap will surely rise.

TO CLEAN SILVER.

Use a little soda, then wipe all off with a soft cotton rag.

TO CURE WOUNDS MADE BY HARNESS ON HORSES.

Take some scraps of leather and burn them, using the ashes to rub on the sore. A cure can be made speedily.

To inhale the smoke from a coal oil or kerosene lamp is very injurious, especially while sleeping.

FOR AGUE.

Spread a plaster, composed of mustard mixed with molasses, the full length of the spine; double the muslin over the plaster to prevent it from running out, and place this plaster on the spine just before the time for the chill to come on. Wear it three or four days, or it will do no harm to wear it a week. It seldom fails to cure. Also peach leaf tea, taken in small quantities, or to chew the young peach leaves, is an excellent thing for biliousness.

PEBBLES

GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

No. 10.

A MONTHLY VISITOR

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, TRUTH, AND VIRTUE.

—BY—

MRS. MARY WOOD.

PREFACE.

These little Pebbles were gathered personally by the writer, and so far she has quoted nothing from any other writers; but if she should deem it proper to quote extracts from other works, she will not credit them to herself, but give the works and names of the writers from whom she will think proper to borrow.

To those whose term of subscription will soon expire I would say, I should be glad to retain you on my list, but many thanks for your past favors. If this little work should prove a success, remember that you were the foundation upon which it stood.

Those who wish to preserve the copies and have them bound, can have an opportunity to get them done very cheaply at the end of the year, as I will call, personally, and take their orders.

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ROSA LANE, OR THE GUIDING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from page 231.)

It was a cloudy day and a storm was threatening, when a carriage stopped before a handsome residence, a few miles from the city of San Francisco.

"I think," said the driver from the top, looking into the carriage, "that we had better stop until this storm blows over, for it looks as if it was going to be a hard gale, and after we pass these few houses there is no place that we could get shelter for our horses for over two miles. It is rather late in the season for a tornado, but if that is not one coming, then I am greatly mistaken."

"Do you suppose that we can be accommodated here?" asked a young gentleman from the inside. "Will they not consider that we are intruding if we should call on them?"

"Well, I should think not. In such a storm as this is going to be Californians are not so formal. Everybody is welcome to stop when they need rest or shelter, and I think we shall need shelter in about five minutes from the way that cloud looks and the speed in which it is coming toward us."

By this time the party occupying the carriage had alighted and were standing in an undecided manner hesitating whether to go up to the front door and ring the bell or go around on the piazza. While they were considering the matter, the driver opened the gate leading to the stable and drove directly to the carriage-house, where a man stood ready to open the door and admit him, carriage, horses, and all. The servant had seen them stop, and, supposing that they wished to take shelter from the coming storm, had hastened to open the door.

"This way, sah," said a voice at the gate leading to the piazza. "Bring de ladies right in heah. Massah an' Missus am not home, but dat am no diff'nce. Cum in all de same, fo' you's welcum an' eberybody else

to cum in heah when dar's sich a storm comin'," and the negro led the way into a cozy sitting room that opened onto the piazza. "Sit right down an' make yourself at home, fur you're welcome, sho' 'nough."

At this hearty welcome they walked in, took seats, and made themselves as comfortable as possible; while the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, the wind blew, and the rain came down in torrents, seemingly trying to see which could outdo the other. For an hour they could only sit and think, not being able to hear each other speak on account of the din that was kept up by the elements. After a while the lightning ceased to flash, the thunder was only heard to rumble at a distance, and the rain fell more gently though still quite fast, when the silence was broken by the young man, who addressed the darkey who kept bustling about as though very busy, though in reality doing nothing of importance except to keep within calling distance in case he should be wanted.

"Do you have many of these storms in this part of the country?"

"Well, not of'n, sah; not more'n a dozen times a yeah, I reck'n, an' sometimes not dat of'n."

"Should call it pretty often for such storms as that to come."

"Lor', Massah, dat dar storm was nuffin' to what we hab sometimes. If you could see one ob dose cyclon's cum along you might talk."

"What then do you call the tempest that has just past over?"

"Nuffin' more'n a zefer."

"If that is a zephyr in California, save us from your gales."

"I tell you, sah, dat was nuffin' more'n a zefer. When dem dar cyclones come along dey take up de trees an' grass by de roots, an' scatter de houses to de four winds, an' carry ebery movable thing into de air. Dey go rantin' ober de kentry pourin' out water, fire, an' brimstone. Dat was quite a storm for suah, sah, but it couldn't hold a candle to dem cyclones, no how." And the negro walked out with the air of a man who had seen a great deal more than he thought best to tell all at once.

Soon after old Pompey had gone out an old negress came in and wanted to know if the ladies and gentlemen would like some dinner. They thanked her, and told her that they had already dined at a country hotel a few miles back.

And here let me explain who these visitors were. They were none other than our friends from New York, Mr. Lane, Mrs. Gray, and Rosa, who had been in San Francisco about a week, searching for Mr. Allen and his family. They had used every available means at that time to find them; had enquired of police and civil authorities; had advertised, and

had even gone to a great number of business places in the city, hoping that he might have been engaged in some counting-room; but all to no purpose. And on this day they had hired a carriage and a driver to take them out to one of the mining villages a dozen miles or more north of the city, where they thought they had gained a clue to his whereabouts, and were returning disappointed and somewhat discouraged when they found they had been hunting up the wrong man, when they were overtaken by the storm, and, consequently, were forced to seek shelter while they were still five or six miles from the city.

The negress, after inviting them to have some dinner, went out and returned in a few minutes with some apples on a plate, which she set down on the table, and told them to help themselves, and she said to Rosa, "Hyar's some nice pictur books, ef you like to see picturs." Rosa told her that she did, and to gratify the old woman, who seemed so anxious to make them comfortable, she began turning over the leaves of the books that lay on the table.

She had been engaged in this manner for several minutes, really interested, as there were some very fine books among them. She took up a small one and began slowly turning the leaves over, when she caught sight of a name on the fly leaf which filled her with surprise. "Can it be?" said Rosa, looking at it more closely. "Surely it must be the same, for here is my name, also."

"What is it you have found, Rosa?" asked her uncle. "One would imagine from your look of surprise that you had found a gold mine in that book."

"I have not found a gold mine, but I have found an old friend, I believe; or, at least, it looks like one to me. See here, Nurse Gray; come and tell me if this is not the identical little book that I gave to Roy Moss before he went to California. You remember Mrs. Moss, do you not, who was sick in New York, and afterwards started with her three children for California, just before that terrible trouble came to Uncle William?"

"Oh, yes, I do, Rosa; but I do not remember your giving him any book."

"Well, perhaps I never told you, for everything went wrong about that time, and I had forgotten it myself until I found this upon the little table."

"What is it? Let me see."

"See here; you will know the book, for you have often seen me have

it. And here are the very lines written by my dear mother before she gave it to me. Do you not remember my showing them to you?"

Mrs. Gray took the book, and read these words: "Follow the Star of Bethlehem, for it will guide you to peace and rest."

"I think you are right, Rosa, for this is your name in your own handwriting; and if my memory serves me right, that is your mother's handwriting and here is her name."

"Well," said Mr. Lane, "as you have settled in your mind that it is the book that Rosa gave to the young gentleman in question, the next leading question is, how do you suppose the book found its way to this table?"

"That is what perplexes me," answered Mrs. Gray; "of course the Moss family came to California, or at least they started to go to California, but we have never heard from them afterward. I think though they must have written, and the letter coming as it did perhaps, when Mr. Allen lay so very sick, was mislaid and forgotten, for I heard Mike, the coachman, speak of some letter that was misplaced and could not be found after Mr. Allen had recovered. But what perplexes me most is how it came in this house, where everything gives evidence that the occupants are wealthy, when I remember how very poor this widow and her three children were when they left New York."

"Perhaps Roy is a servant in the family," interposed Rosa.

"That may be," said Mrs. Gray, "but I hardly think, in that case, that this book would be placed here among other valuable works."

"And why not," said Rosa, taking the little book in her hand and pressing it tenderly to her heart, "I am sure it deserves an honorable place in any house."

"Well, for many reasons, my dear, and the greatest is that people do not generally place their servant's books upon the center table."

While they were thus discussing the probability of how the book came to be there, a carriage drove up containing a family, who, like our friends, had been caught in the storm on their way from the city, but being only two miles from home, had started as soon as the first part of the tempest had ceased a little.

"Well, if dar ain't Massa and Missus cum back all frue dis hyar rain," said Pompey, who had just stepped upon the piazza.

"Oh, yes, Uncle Pomp, we have had lots of fun coming through the rain," said a curly-headed boy running up to the darkey. "Take the um-

brella out to me, quick," then passing the old man he ran into the sitting room, but stopped in the center of the room on seeing the strangers.

This sudden appearance surprised them, for they were so busy over the conundrum about the book, that they had not heard the carriage drive up. But in a few minutes a tall gentleman entered who had been duly apprised of their presence before reaching the outer gate. He politely bowed to the strangers, and hoped that they had made themselves comfortable while waiting, asking them where they hailed from.

"From New York, sir; if you mean our home, but at present from San Francisco, where we have been for a short time," said Mr. Lane.

"Anybody from New York is welcome here," said the gentleman warmly. "I owe New York, or at least a few of its citizens, a debt of gratitude which I have never been able to repay, because it could not be canceled with money, and I have never had an opportunity to return it otherwise. But perhaps some day I may be able to show my gratitude."

While he was thus speaking a young man came in who resembled the gentleman very much. He had a stately air, quite tall, with black glossy ringlets falling over his high forehead, his skin was fair, tinged with the rosy hue of health. He bowed to Mr. Lane, then looking across the room to where Rosa and Mrs. Gray were seated, he bowed again. He was about leaving the room when he turned once more and looked sharply at the ladies, looking at them closely for a moment, and then with one bound he had crossed the room and reached out his hands to Rosa and Mrs. Gray.

"Can I be mistaken," he said, "or is this surely Mrs. Gray and the young lady to whom I owe so much gratitude for their kindness to me when we needed a friend so much?"

Neither Rosa nor Mrs. Gray could think it anything but a case of mistaken identity. They looked at the young man before them, but failed to trace a likeness of any one that they had ever helped. By this time they had forgotten all about finding the book, though Rosa still held it in her hand as though determined to keep it, now that she had found it again. They did not speak, but continued to look up in that earnest smiling face before them as though it was a treat to be permitted to gaze at it. Mrs. Gray, finding her voice, said that she surely was Mrs. Gray, but had no recollection of ever meeting him, much less befriending him.

"What," said he, turning to Rosa. "Miss Rosa, have you so soon forgotten the forlorn boy to whom you gave that little volume that you are now holding in your hands."

Rosa looked at the book as he pointed to it and then at the young man, and then, as though her memory had cleared all at once, she exclaimed :

"Why, it is Roy Moss, sure enough. I can see it all plain enough now, that is why we found this book here ; but I should never have known you had you not pointed to this book. Somehow, when you did that, you looked like the Roy that we once met in New York, but now the look is gone again."

"Your eyes are clearer than mine, Rosa, for I am sure that I could never detect in this tall, healthy-looking young man the least resemblance to that pale sorrowful lad to whom you refer," said Mrs. Gray.

"But it is the same, Mrs. Gray, and I owe a great portion, if not the whole change, to you and Miss Rosa and your friends in New York," said Roy.

Then he turned to the gentleman who stood in the middle of the floor, and said : "Father, allow me to introduce you to some of my friends from New York, whom we have all been talking about so much. And here comes my mother, too. Mother, who do you think we have here?" said he, as a lady elegantly attired entered the room. "I may as well tell you," he continued, "for you never can guess."

But our friends could recognize Mrs. Moss better than they could Roy, though she was changed too, inasmuch as she had regained perfect health, and was dressed so differently from what she was when they had seen her in New York. She was delighted to meet them, and insisted that they should at once lay off their wraps and remain over night with them. She suggested that they send the carriage and driver back to the city, and when they were ready to return that they would see that they had plenty of horses and servants to take them.

The whole family joined in the invitation, and finally succeeded in persuading them to accept. Mr. Lane had never had the opportunity of examining closely a silver or gold mine, and now he could do so, as they were in sight of a large one that was being worked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Moss, "my husband here can show you all through the mine, for you must know that he owns the largest share of any one man in the company."

"How long have you been married, Mrs. Moss—or I believe we have no yet learned the new name, and so have been calling you by the old."

"Married! Why, for over twenty years, and I do not understand what you mean by the new name."

“Why, I thought your first husband was killed on the plains, and very naturally supposed that this husband had a different name.”

“Is it possible you never received my letter that I wrote to you after we arrived in California?”

“I think there were some came to us, but at the time they came we were passing through a deep affliction, and they got misplaced, so that we never had a chance to see their contents.”

“Well, then, let me first tell you that this is my dear husband who we thought was killed by the Indians; but it pleased God to spare his life, so that we have been permitted to meet again. You remember, perhaps, that I told you that when Mr. Clark, the gentlemen who brought me the dreadful news of my husband’s death, left the campfire it was almost in the beginning of the battle that he did so, and of course he did not go back to see whether any one escaped or not. He drew his conclusions from the fact that none had overtaken him on his homeward journey, and from the knowledge he had of the superior numbers and advantage the savages had over the whites in attacking them while they were asleep. It seemed such a miracle to him that he had been enabled to escape that he could not realize that it was possible that those who were in a far more exposed position, with the disadvantage of being asleep when the attack was made, could escape. And as he made his escape just as soon as the attack was commenced, he had to draw the conclusion from his imagination, and as nothing occurred afterward to change his opinion, he felt no hesitation in declaring that they were all massacred.”

“But he was mistaken,” said Mr. Moss, “for two of the men, one of whom was myself, escaped. We awoke just as the savages arrived at the camp. We were lying opposite to where the first of the dusky tribe approached, and, though there were savages all around us, we were not so near them as some of the others were, and consequently had more time to prepare. We gave the alarm and aroused our fellows, and fought hard and long; we believed that we would have routed the Indians with but little loss had it not been for the white men who were among them. They rallied them time and again when they were about to flee, and seemed determined not to leave until they had massacred us all. One of the white men I recognized as a man who used to be in my employ, and this man seemed to be the leader of the gang. He urged them on to the last, his particular aim being at myself, and he seemed to feel a desire to have the honor of despatching me himself. We engaged in a hand to hand combat, and in the tussel we rolled down a steep bank. As we did

so the white renegade gave me what he believed to be a fatal wound, and getting on his feet he left me, believing that I was dead. As the place where he had fallen was some distance from the camp (and when the white renegade reached the camp he found the savages had made clean work of it, and were now disputing about the horses), and being pretty well used up in the tussel, and seeing he must settle the dispute (before he was unable to do so, for he had received a great many slight wounds, and one that was not very slight, but threatened to be too much for him,) he felt himself growing weak — so, believing that he had dispatched his antagonist, he concluded to leave at once.

“Another man, by the name of Tom Hill, made his escape in the beginning of the fray by rolling over and over through the grass into the shadow. When he had gotten out of the range of the firelight and the circle of the combatants, he raised to his feet and made as fast as possible for a thicket not far off. He probably passed as he ran near where Mr. Clark was riding in his haste to leave, and thinking that he was one of the savages trying to overtake him, he dropped down again in the grass until the sound of the horse’s hoofs died away in the distance. After the savages had left, supposing that they had done for all of the poor fellows who were encamped there, Tom came out from cover to where they had but a short time before laid quietly sleeping. The fire was still burning, and he could see the bodies of the slain laying about. Side by side lay the Indians and the whites; everything of value had been taken, except a few loose arrows that lay scattered about and a tomahawk that was in the belt of one of the Indians, and a rifle that they, in their haste to get away, probably overlooked. He was looking about for some means to bury his dead companions, when he was startled by the faint sounds of steps coming toward the fire. They were faint indeed, but he had been too familiar with the dangers of the wild prairies not to notice the smallest sounds that told of anything approaching, and as he had gone beyond the glare of the fire, out in the shadow, to see if he could find a good place where he might dig a grave for his comrades, he concluded to drop down and lay low until he could see what it meant.

“He had not long to wait, for in a few minutes the form of a tall savage loomed up between him and the fire. The savage walked around until he seemed to find what he sought, which was nothing else but the body of an Indian which, when he came to it, he looked at long and wistfully. Then he walked to a little knoll near by and began to dig with his tomahawk until he had made quite a cavity; then he returned, lifted the

dead Indian on his shoulder, carried him to where he had dug the grave, and laid him down. He then returned for the other Indians who had been slain, and buried them side by side, wrapped in their blankets. The grave that he made was too shallow to make it convenient to cover them with earth, but he cut grass and weeds that were very abundant in the fall of the year and covered them over until it looked not unlike a broad grave. Tom could have shot him easy enough had he chosen to do so, but he could not bring himself to take a life when it could have done no possible good, and, especially the life of a savage who was performing so humane an act. After he had completed his task, he stood and looked at it for a few moments, then uttering a few doleful howls, he turned and walked rapidly away in the direction his companions had taken.

“After he had disappeared in the darkness, Tom got up and began to look about for a convenient place to bury his dead also; as he was doing so, he stepped to the top of the bank, over which I and the white renegade had fallen in our fight, and looked down to see what chance there would be in that direction. The moon had arisen but a short time before, and now it shone brightly over the whole landscape. As he stood looking down, he thought he saw a dark figure lying at the foot of the hill, but he could not tell what it was because of the distance. He stood watching the object, fearing that it might be some of the savages lying in ambush, waiting to bounce upon him when he returned.

“Presently, he thought he heard a faint groan. He listened, still fearing to move forward or backward; for, brave as he was and accustomed as he had been to frontier life with all sorts of dangers, yet the scene that he witnessed that night had completely unstrung his nerves and he was almost ready to flee at the approach of his own shadow. He had been entirely unwarned when he rolled out of camp at the beginning of the fight, or he would then have tried to help the rest by shooting at their enemies. As it was he could do nothing but watch the deadly fight go on, which seemed to him far more hurried than if he had been engaged himself, for the excitement of action would have made him take less notice of proceedings, and would have so filled his mind that he would have no time to take note of what was passing outside of his immediate range. But the groans were repeated, and by this time he began to think that he should go and see what it meant, for though he knew well that it might be a ruse to catch him, for such tricks were often played by the wily savage, yet he was not the man to skulk to save his own life, until he had investigated to see if there was not some poor creature who needed his assistance.

“He listened a few minutes, and as he still heard the groans repeated at short intervals, he concluded to go down and see what it meant; so accordingly he crawled on his hands and feet until he was quite close to the prostrate form; then he struck a match on a stone lying near, and discovered that it was I, lying wounded and partly unconscious. He managed to partly drag and partly carry me up the bank, until he got just outside the glare of the fire; then he found some tin vessels that we had used for washing and drinking purposes, and got some water from the small stream that flowed at the foot of the hill, and washed the blood from my wounded face; afterward, he bandaged up my wounds with whatever he could get hold of in the way of pocket handkerchiefs, etc. By this time, I had recovered sufficiently to be able to sit up a little, though I was in great pain. All night he watched me, gave me water, kept up the fire and bathed my aching head, as only a frontiersman (who has to be sometimes nurse, doctor, and, in fact, everything else) knows how. In the morning I felt a great deal better, and as my wounds were all of a kind that would heal readily, (for the worst one that I received was from a fall from the top of the bank, which had stunned me, for I fell head foremost, and my head, I suppose, must have struck a large stone that lay near,) I felt no apprehension, but was anxious to start on. We talked the matter over, and finally concluded to follow in the trail of the villains, who had tried to destroy us. So after burying our poor companions, we started on. Our rations that we had brought along were taken, and we had now to depend on whatever game or wild fruit we might find. Our progress was naturally slow, as my wounds naturally impeded my progress, but we kept steadily on, and as the enemy supposed that they had massacred all of us, they took no pains to cover up their trail, and we had no trouble in keeping in the right direction. On we went, only taking short rests for food and to dress my wounds, until night came on. We concluded that it would not be safe to build a fire, except to cook a supper, which we had the fortune to procure by shooting a deer. So after the repast was over, we cut out some nice steaks which we rolled up in large leaves and tied by winding dry grass around it to keep the leaves together, and putting out the fire, we went on about three miles further in the darkness, fearing that some Indians lurking about might have seen the fire, but we concluded to camp in a little grove that we found on the bank of a small stream. We also concluded to ascend the branches of a large tree, whose branches seemed to encircle the smaller ones, and form quite a platform at the top. By bracing our feet against the trunk of the tree, and, fastening some of the wiry branches of

the smaller one about us, we formed quite a comfortable bed. We had not been in our perch long before Tom thought that he saw something up the bank of the stream that looked like a fire. I looked also, but I thought it might be a bright star, it seemed so small through the leaves of the trees. We looked for some time, but finally concluded that we had better get down and find out what it meant, for it seemed to grow larger. Accordingly we got down and went stealthily up the stream in the direction of the light.

“We soon found that it really was a fire. On we went, but very cautiously, until we were within a quarter of a mile of the fire. We could not yet see who was encamped, as the fire seemed to be just below a slight elevation, so that we could see the light, but not the fire itself. Tom said he thought, as I was still quite weak, I had better remain where I was until he went forward to reconnoitre. He was gone probably an hour, and I was beginning to fear that he had been captured, when I heard steps near me, and two forms, instead of one, approaching. I was about to flee, when a well-known voice called out cheerily :

“‘Where are you, Moss?’

“It was Tom, who had returned from his expedition, bringing a prisoner. On approaching the fire carefully and quietly, he found it was the camp-fire of the very Indian who had returned to bury his dead companions the night before.

“He seemed to be alone; he lay stretched out, wrapped in his blanket, fast asleep, never dreaming of danger, as he, like the rest of the party, fully believed that all who had been encamped upon that fatal ground were dead. So he had not counted on being followed, and went to sleep believing that he was perfectly safe, and slept soundly, until he was awakened by Tom, who he found kneeling upon his breast, with his pistol pointed at him. He started, as though it was a spirit that he saw, instead of a man. He was so surprised and frightened at the apparition that he made no attempt at resistance, seemingly awaiting his doom. Then Tom arose to his feet, and commanded the savage to do likewise, still holding the pistol pointed toward him. He obeyed, and then Tom ordered him to go forward, Tom walking behind him with his weapon still covering him. In this way they came toward me, walking in single file or Indian fashion.

“‘I have caught one of the pesky villains,’ said Tom, as he came up to where I stood.

“‘What have you caught?’ I asked, not yet quite understanding the situation.

“‘I have caught one of the scamps who tried to murder us all, but who failed so far as we were concerned.’

“‘What are you going to do with him, Tom?’ said I.

“‘I do not know yet whether I shall burn or hang or shoot him. I would do all three if I could,’ answered he.

“‘Softly, Tom,’ I said, ‘remember we are civilized and he is a savage.’

“‘I remember my poor companions lying dead, and their poor families and friends who are anxiously expecting them.’

“‘But, Tom,’ said I, ‘still remember that he is a savage, and that no matter how cruel we might treat him, it would not bring them back to life.’

“‘But I need not have reminded him that we as Christians should be more merciful than the untutored savage; for though he had every reason for all this outburst of passion, and could not be blamed for feeling that there was no punishment too bad for him, yet when it came to the point Tom would have been as merciful as a woman; for he could have shot this same savage down the night that he came back to bury his companions, but his tender compassion would not allow him to do so inhuman a deed. But I am afraid that if he had met the white renegade he could not have kept his fingers from pulling the trigger.

“‘Moss,’ said Tom, ‘we had better, I think, go back to the fire that this pesky dog has built, for I think it is more comfortable there than skulking out in the dark; and beside I am afraid that the cold will not do you much good. After all you have suffered, it will be worse for you if you take cold in those wounds.’

“‘So accordingly we started back to the fire, I keeping a little ahead of the Indian, and Tom walking behind him with his pistol ready to cripple him if he attempted to make his escape. All the time the fellow kept up a sullen silence, except an occasional grunt, and we concluded that he could neither understand nor speak English; but on arriving at the fire, seeing that I was wounded and very tired, he pulled off his blanket, and laying it down on the ground near the fire, he said, pointing to me, in broken English:

“‘Pale face much sick; lay down there.’

“‘This was too much for Tom and me, and one-half of our resentment rolled off at once.

“‘Wal, that’s clever,’ said Tom, and he also insisted that I should lay down, which I did, feeling that I could not sit up any longer. There I slept until daylight. When I awoke Tom and the Indian were busy preparing breakfast, apparently on the best of terms. After I had laid

down to sleep Tom and the Indian had conversed, and from him he had learned that he was not one of the party who had attacked our camp, but was friendly to the whites; but he admitted that his brother had joined them through the persuasions of the whites who were with the party, and that he had tried to keep him back, but had not succeeded, and that he had followed at a distance, as he and his brother were on their way to Salt Lake when they met the murderous gang. Coming up after the battle, and finding that his brother had been killed, he buried him, and also the other Indians who had met the same fate. After hearing this, Tom set him at liberty; he refused to go, however, but said that he would go with us to Salt Lake City, and help us find out who the real murderers were. He felt as bitter toward them as we did, for he knew that they were the cause of his brother's death. So after we had partaken of our breakfast of venison and some dried berries that the Indian had with him, we started again on the trail. My night's rest had done wonders toward my recovery of strength, and Tom and the Indian dressed my wounds before starting, so that I felt quite comfortable. I was unable to travel fast, and could only jog along in an easy gait, resting every few hours; but we at length reached the vicinity of Salt Lake City in the evening. We decided to camp out in a grove behind a bluff about two miles from the city. The Indian knew of a small cave in the bluff that was quite comfortable, and where we could make a fire without attracting attention outside of the grove. We did not wish to go right into the city or to let any one recognize us, for it was our design to find out what the villains intended to do. We had our suspicions, but it would best serve us to allow them to follow up their designs. In that way, if successful in our endeavor to keep on their trail, we would have no trouble in bringing them to justice. And besides, we knew very well that it would be of no use to go into the city and try to have them arrested, for the Mormon element was not friendly toward us as Gentiles, and would be glad to find any excuse to give us up into the hands of our enemies, especially if the white renegades were, as we suspected, Mormons themselves.

“So we decided to let Fleetfoot, as the Indian was called, go into the city in the morning and see what he could learn, and also get any mail that was there for me. I gave him a note to the postmaster, and explained to him that I could not be there, but that if my wife should arrive before I could reach there, that he was to provide her with a home in his family (for he was an intimate friend of mine) until he should hear from me again.” I told him briefly of my adventure, and that I could lose no time

in heading off the villains before they should rob me of all I possessed in San Francisco, for I believed that to be their design, for the ringleader had been in my employ and knew all about my business. When he and I had the tussel the night he left me for dead, he had taken care to rifle my pockets, taking with him my watch and all my papers, and indeed I should not have had the paper and pencil that I was writing to the postmaster on had it not have been for Tom's escape from the camp in time to save what he had with him.

“When Fleetfoot returned from the city he brought a letter in answer to mine from the postmaster, stating that a man had called at the office the evening before, and presented an order purporting to have come from me for all letters and papers that was then in the office. He represented himself to be my agent, sent by me to escort my wife out to California when she should arrive. The postmaster further stated that he had given him a package of letters, as the note requested, for he supposed the note to be genuine, as it looked just like my handwriting.

“When I heard this I thought that I would be obliged to go myself into the city, for I found that the villains were plotting a deeper scheme than I had thought them capable of; so accordingly I explained the situation to Tom and the Indian, who thought it would be best for me to see the postmaster myself and make everything sure, for perhaps my wife's life or honor, or both, depended upon the management of my friend, who could act better if he would know all the points in the case. Tom thought that I had better disguise myself as an Indian, and wait until dark, so as to be sure that no one should recognize me. So we began preparations to that end, and in the meantime Fleetwood, after exchanging clothes with me, set himself to the work of finding out where our enemies were, or if they had already left the city. He had not returned when I left our little camp, and Tom was left sole proprietor of the establishment. I had no trouble in reaching my friend's house, and as he was at home at supper, I was admitted, though he supposed that he was admitting an Indian. But I soon made myself known to him, and then I sat down to a comfortable meal, such as I had not seen for many days. After supper we talked the whole business over, and made arrangements for the safety of my wife and children. They were to be notified on their arrival at Omaha to go to a brother of the postmaster, who resided in that city, and remain there until I should come after them. The postmaster would send his brother word to meet them when they should arrive and take charge of them.

“I remained at my friend's house until ten o'clock, when I took my

leave, and started to return to where Tom was awaiting me. I had only walked a short distance when I heard steps behind me, which seemed to be very stealthy. I placed my hand on my revolver and turned around to see who was following me, and as I did so the light from a house near by fell upon the face of Fleetwood, our Indian friend. He had come back to camp, and finding me gone, concluded to come to the city and see me safe back to camp. On our way back he told me that he had found the party who had attacked our camp, and that they were camped on the other side of the city. That Phil Carter, the ringleader of the gang, was a Mormon, and lived in the city. That his name was not Phil Carter when at home, but Elder Jones, and that he had been to San Francisco to make proselytes, if possible, to his faith. The other white men and Indians were simply tools that he had hired. From this I understood that he had only entered my employ as a means of raising money to pay his expenses while in San Francisco, and that finding an opportunity to make a big raise, he had kept with me until he had found out all my business, and had plotted my ruin, believing, I suppose, as many of them do, that it is doing the Mormon Church a service to despoil the Gentiles.

“The Indian further stated that Carter had been pretty well used up, and had been confined to his bed, but thought he should be able to start for San Francisco in a couple of days. He did not see him, as he was at his home in the city, but these facts he learned from the Indians, who were camping with the other white renegades outside of the city. They had urged him to accompany them as scout for Carter, and said that Carter would give him much money and whiskey and tobacco if he should, for he expected to get much money in San Francisco, as I was dead, and they felt now all the more certain of that fact as they saw the Indian wearing my clothes. He told them that he got them by returning to bury his brother, which was true in one sense, at least. He did not promise to go with them, but did not exactly refuse; he excused himself on the ground of having some business to attend to for his chief.

“Having gained this information, Tom and I and Fleetfoot set ourselves to work to get some horses. Fleetfoot said he could get horses for us if we would go on foot about ten miles west, as there was a tribe of Indians there with whose chief he was connected, and he could get the horses without any trouble; and as Tom had considerable money with him, we purchased, through the aid of our Indian friend, what things were needed for our journey. Arriving at the Indian camp, we had no trouble in purchasing three good horses for a very small sum of money and tobacco

together, which we took with us for the purpose. Thus equipped, we started again through the vast expanse of prairie and mountainous lands that intervened between Salt Lake City and San Francisco. We were well armed, and set out with a determination to outride and outwit the villains who had murdered our companions, and who were expecting to take possession of all that we possessed. (For he had all my books and papers, and as was shown by the postmaster in Salt Lake City, he could imitate my handwriting to perfection.)

“I need not describe the journey, suffice it to say that it was made without adventure.”

[TO BE CONTINUED IN NUMBER ELEVEN.]

HAVE STATE GOVERNMENTS THE RIGHT TO INTERFERE WITH LIQUOR DRINKING OR SELLING ?

This has been a very interesting question for some years past, and one that has demanded especial attention during the last year or two.

Now, the question is, has a State the right to interfere with what a man shall drink ? And I would say, in answer, that it certainly does interfere with some kinds of drink, as, for instance, no one would be allowed to drink as a beverage laudanum, nor vitriol, nor carbolic acid, etc., and I suppose that I could mention over a large number of liquids that would not be allowed a man to drink, and a druggist or any one else selling such things to any one he knew would use them as a beverage would be severely dealt with. And why has not the State the same right to interfere with alcoholic drinks ?

But, you answer, the other things you speak of are poisons. Well, and so is alcohol. And I reiterate, that if the laws ought not to regulate what a man drinks, then it should not interfere with a man when he takes any of the poisons he chooses, for he buys it with his own money, and his life is his own ; and, according to the argument that a man should eat and drink what he pleases, regardless of consequences, he has a right to take opium, laudanum, or anything else he chooses, and no one should hinder him.

Now, if a man should take a pistol to blow his brains out, who would not forthwith snatch the pistol from his hand, if it was possible to do so ?

And what law would condemn the man who thus interfered with another's right to take his own life ?

But you say that is altogether different. Alcohol does not kill, and therefore it is not stating the case fairly. But I say, again, that alcohol *does* kill; and if it does not kill at once, it is so much the worse, for it wounds from the beginning, and its victims suffer far more times their lingering misery than they would if a bullet had taken their lives at once.

Besides, the law must interfere in a great many things that a man might take it into his head to do with his own money, or person, or property. No man could burn his own house down, nor take his own money and risk it at the gambling-table, no matter how well satisfied either of the gamblers were to risk what they had. The law would feel it a duty to interfere. No man, according to law, has a right to fight a duel, no matter how willing either party might be to die for the maintenance of their honor. There are many other things that men are prescribed in. For instance, no man is allowed to keep a hog-pen on his lot inside of the corporation, or any kind of a stench, no matter if the lot is his own, for it would be injurious to health. But you will say that is very different; that is injuring some one else, and a man's drinking injures no one but himself. But I have yet to hear tell of the man who could get drunk and injure no one but himself by doing it. He must have a little brown jug on some lonely island if he can perform such a feat; for a drunken man is always a nuisance in any community.

Now, it seems to me to be the height of folly to prate about a man's liberty being prescribed if he is deprived of doing what will not only injure him, but others. Liberty, through wholesome laws, that will only restrain the bad and promote the best interest of all, is true liberty, for the maintenance of which a noble, intelligent man will lay down even his life. But the idea that a man must be allowed to follow a practice that will destroy himself and family, and often injure whole communities, for the sake of liberty, is the weakest kind of folly, and those who advocate such doctrine either have a poor idea of the principles of liberty or else they are actuated by selfish motives — they have an interest to serve.

Just as well advocate any other kind of personal liberty that would injure society or family, or even the person himself. Drunkenness is not the only crime that we could range under the head of "personal liberty," and yet it is the only one that men dare openly defend. Even polygamy might be called by its advocates "personal liberty," and yet no man is brazen enough to defend it as such, except the Mormons.

Wholesome laws, made by the people, regardless of party, for the good of the people, to maintain their health, the purity of their morals, and to protect life and property, cannot be regarded by a sane mind as an infringement of their liberties. It is for the good of every one concerned that an insane person is restricted to an asylum. Then why not restrict the liberties of the drunkard, for he is insane also? No matter how sane he is in his sober moments, he certainly is insane when he is drunk, and is liable to commit any crime he takes a fancy to. He is not kept from such acts by good sound judgment or common sense. His inclination or drunken frenzy does not happen to run that way; but like every other lunatic, you are never sure of him, and therefore are not justified in trusting him. The law also directs man in the matter of where he shall buy what he eats, drinks, and wears; and if he would prefer to go to some foreign country for what he wants, he must pay the penalty in duty, and if he refuses to do so, he must be imprisoned; and yet, that is not considered an infringement upon "personal liberty;" though this is often done, not merely to protect home industry, but to foster and enrich corporations and monopolies.

But the wife of the drunkard can have no such protection for herself and children, to shield her from abuse and keep him from spending her maintenance for the destroying fluid, for fear his "personal liberty" should be tampered with. In this one-sided and selfish advocacy of personal liberty the weak must be sacrificed for the strong. She must bow meekly to the decree that makes her lord and master a free man, to ruin himself and crush her and his children in his fall. It is the merest folly to prate about the personal liberty of a man who can not go to the nearest town for a few groceries without being overpowered by his appetite for drink, and returning in a drunken, and often a penniless condition.

The letter of a law can amount to nothing unless it contains a vital principle. There must be a meaning underlying the words. And if the principle of the law is good, and can show a good meaning, then it can not be justly considered a restriction, but a benefit. But if it is a law to arbitrarily restrict the liberty of any man or set of men while it gives others especial privileges, then repeal it at all cost or hazard. Liberty is too generous to be partial, too great to be confined in a corner, too bright and glorious to be seen only by a few; too strong to be held by a golden fetter. Yet she is too pure to cover crime and guilt with her celestial wings. She hovers with loving pride over the grand and glorious manhood who receives at her hand freedom! pure, untainted freedom. But the

sniveling cur who cries and whines for liberty to fall down and become and abject slave to his appetite, that he may drag to destruction himself and innocent family, she disdains even to honor with a frown.

But to return to the regulation of what a man drinks by law. We would say that if the law has a right to regulate what he drinks, (which I believe it has just as much as it has a right to regulate the laws for his education, or any other things that concern his interest,) they should be impartial laws, made by the majority of the people, not by a clique or party; and they should deal with all justly and alike. They should give no especial privileges either in buying or selling, eating or drinking. If it is lawful for one man to sell, buy, or drink liquor, then why should it not be right for all to do the same? If it is a legitimate business, (which it must be so long as the law sanctions it,) why should not any man be allowed to engage in it? I believe that it is the only lawful business that is restricted. And why should it be restricted, pray, when it is backed by both State and United States? Under a free and righteous government, no man should be hindered from following a lawful business. But every man should have the same rights and privileges; and it strikes me very forcibly that if the law can justly interfere in the quantity drunk, and say who shall or shall not sell it, then it can interfere to prohibit its sale entirely, if it has the will. But, as I have said before, this can never be done by any party; neither ought it to be done in a party spirit, but by the people as a people, advocating the right, and putting evil out of their midst. The Republican party has many advocates for temperance, but it has too many wine-bibbers and beer-drinkers to ever be able to stem the tide alone to establish temperance. It has had ample opportunities to show its hand, but what has it done? Simply nothing; but drunkenness is every year on the increase. The Democratic party, whilst containing many true temperance men, yet makes no pretensions, as a party, to strict temperance principles. And the Prohibition party, though right on the temperance question, must draw its advocates from both of the other parties, as it has no well defined politics of its own, and so lacks strength to live; for there are really but two parties when it comes to the test, and neither side is willing to sacrifice its political principles for temperance, and thus cry out like one of old, "go thy way for this time until a more convenient season." And now, to my mind, the only way is for the people to take this matter in hand, as a people, who will defend the weak against the strong, and put down an evil that is darkening with its gigantic shadow the whole moral sky — that is sapping away the strength of the

nation by corrupting with its poisonous influence the young men, who are to be the bulwark of our government in the future; for in all the history of the world it has been found that no government or nation could stand where dissipation had sway. And every year has shown us that intemperance is on the increase.

“Life is real, life is earnest,” therefore we cannot afford to spend our time in dissipation. If we do, we must do it at our peril. Every one should do his or her part; and, I ask, can they perform their obligations toward their fellows while in a state of intoxication? Can they transact business for the government if so? And if we need sober officers, then surely we need sober people to choose our officers, and to see that they perform their duty.

Lastly, if the fathers are drunkards, who shall instruct the children, and teach them the things which shall make them good citizens and wise statesmen? But you say all men do not get drunk. Of course they do not, or have not so far; but we have no proof under the present state of affairs that there will not come a time when the majority of men may be more or less intemperate. We have no reason to think that this would be impossible, for children are very apt to imitate the faults of their parents, or to inherit the weaknesses and evil of their nature. For this reason the whisky and tobacco business are growing to be two of the largest and most profitable callings in the country. But I hear some one remark that there is such an increase in population that it requires more to furnish them. But if you will examine the census, and then examine the tables which give the amount of liquor sold as in comparison with ten years ago, I think you will find that it has more than doubled itself in proportion to the increase of population. Why, it is impossible that we should be so blind that we cannot see that its use is increasing in a degree that is, and ought to be, really alarming. Find one man, if you can, out of twenty who can say with truth, “I never drink beer or ardent spirits.” Think of this, and what the effects are upon the coming generation. And look at the little boys upon every street corner, smoking their cigars and calling for their beer. Suppose it should increase (which is a reasonable supposition) at the same ratio, and what will be the consequence? In a few years we will be a nation of drunkards. “Well,” says a beer drinker, “I spend my own money for it, and it is nobody’s business.” But I am not so sure of that, sir. If you are a married man, I am sure you do not spend your own money for it. Part of the money, at least, that you spend belongs to your wife and children. We are not now living in an age where the wife is

considered the husband's vassal, and when he does not have to give an account to her for anything that he does. She is in this enlightened day considered his partner, and has a perfect right to bring him to account for what he does with his money; else where is our boasted liberty, or what is its value, if it should only make one-half of the human family free? She works as hard according to her strength, if she is a good true woman, as he does. If he is rich, and can have house-servants, it requires as much nerve and brain to oversee, direct them, and manage a house properly, and see that all goes well, as it does in him to direct his business and oversee his workmen or his clerks. If he is a poor laboring man, her labor is equal to his; if not more arduous it certainly is more constant. It requires more self-sacrifice. Her part is usually more various, and so requires a constant watchfulness, which is wearing upon the mind; her anxious fears, and watchful nights, when she has, after the toil of the day, to add the night also in nursing and caring for the sick of her family. Look over her catalogue of duties, and every candid mind will say that her labor is equal to if not greater than her husband's. Then why should she not have a right to say how the money which he makes should be used. She devotes herself to his family, that he may make it, depriving herself, for his sake, of society in a great degree; giving up the time that she could use toward making an independent living for herself, to his comfort and the care and instruction of his children. Now, she is either a slave without the right to demand any compensation for her services, or she is his partner, with a right to demand, to know how the proceeds of the firm are spent and for what use it is put, and object to its being used to debase her husband, instead of building up the interest of the family. Take this right from her and she is nothing but a vassal. She marries him, as she supposes, a sober man. When she takes the vows to love him and cleave unto him, she is taking those vows to love and cleave unto a sober man. She has made no provision in her vows for a debased drunkard, and he has no more right to turn himself into one, than he has to shave off his hair, paint himself as a negro or Indian, or otherwise deform himself. And why should not the law protect her in her rights as well as him? Are men still so selfish that they claim all law for themselves, simply because they alone have the power to make the laws? I had hoped that those days had passed with ignorance.

When freedom has sway in its purity there will no laws passed that will favor the strong against the weak, but all laws will harmonize to secure the happiness of the people. There is no law, be it ever so right-

eous, but what will interfere with somebody's desires. And to the man who loveth righteousness and justice, a law protecting the wife and innocent children from the abuses of a drunken husband and father will be acceptable, though it should prevent his taking an occasional glass of beer or whisky.

RECEIPTS.

TO KEEP THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT.

Keep the scalp clean, and when you wet your hair do so in hard water, and put salt in it, not enough, however, to show on the hair when it is dry, or, at least, see that it is well dissolved in the water. This will not only keep the hair from falling out, but it will cause it to grow in again where it has fallen out.

FOR DIPHTHERIA.

Bind a cloth saturated in coal oil around the throat. A few drops can be taken inwardly with perfect safety. Salt is also good for affections of the throat.

FOR THE KIDNEYS.

Use spirits of nitre in small quantities, with water added. This is an excellent remedy for inflammation of the kidneys.

FOR THE TEETH.

Wash them with pure, clean water, adding occasionally a little clean soap. Ashes from coal is good, also pulverized charcoal. Use tincture of myrrh to cure diseases of the gum.

PEBBLES

GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

No. 11.

A MONTHLY VISITOR

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, TRUTH, AND VIRTUE.

—BY—

MRS. MARY WOOD.

PREFACE.

These little Pebbles were gathered personally by the writer, and so far she has quoted nothing from any other writers; but if she should deem it proper to quote extracts from other works, she will not credit them to herself, but give the works and names of the writers from whom she will think proper to borrow.

To those whose term of subscription will soon expire I would say, I should be glad to retain you on my list, but many thanks for your past favors. If this little work should prove a success, remember that you were the foundation upon which it stood.

Those who wish to preserve the copies and have them bound, can have an opportunity to get them done very cheaply at the end of the year, as I will call, personally, and take their orders.

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ROSA LANE, OR THE GUIDING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from page 250.)

"I will not enter into the details of our journey to California, for, as I said before," continued Mr. Moss, "we had no adventure worthy of mention on the way. We were all disguised as Indians, so that our most intimate friends did not recognize us on our arrival. We, of course, kept out of their way as much as possible, remaining in or near our tent, which we struck out in the valley (a very usual thing for Indians to do, especially in the winter time, when they were not on a hunt or on the war-path), and allowed our Indian to transact nearly all our business for us. He would go into the city every day, purchase what we needed, find out whether our enemies had put in appearance or not, and see if there was any mail for us, etc. We had not long to wait, however, for in a few days our enemies arrived in the city. We did not make ourselves known to anyone, except one person, whom I employed as a detective to see after the case as it developed. Our reasons for keeping ourselves disguised was that we might have a better opportunity to discover who were mixed up in the plot to put us out of the way that they might get possession of our property, for there was a good haul for whoever it was, as it will be remembered there were several men in the party, and they nearly all had good investments.

"As soon as we heard that the party had arrived, we went up to the city to reconnoitre, and were not at all surprised to find that the rascals had put in their claim to our property. They filed a claim in the Clerk's office for our mining interest, and also what money we had in bank, producing the papers that I left in their care when I went away, together with a will with my name attached, assigning all my property over to them. The will was a genuine one, which the ringleader of the murderers stole from my pocket the night he left me for dead on the prairie. It was drawn in favor of my wife and children, in case anything should happen to me on my way to Salt Lake City. They had it doctored up by some expert in Utah, to suit their own interests, erasing the proper names and substitut-

ing their own; and also the letter that they found in my pocket explained many points to them which they could never have found out in any other way. Their cause seemed to all a righteous one, for they produced false notes pretending* to have been signed in payment for value received by me and others, in moneys from them to support our business, and the will was made in their name simply to secure them, should I die. So, of course, under the circumstances, there was no reason to believe that they were acting in an underhanded way; and of course, judge and jury considered their cause an honest one.

"The trial went on successfully. And why not? There were no witnesses against them, but plenty of testimony in their favor. Only one man pretended to dispute their right, and that was the detective whom I had employed to watch the trial as it progressed, and find out, if possible, who were really guilty, and who might be drawn into the net by accident, not knowing the facts of the case. He combatted them at every turn; he brought notes to which he said we had signed our names in his favor, and pretended that I owed him large sums of money, and that he must be sure that my wife and children were really dead, before he would make any kind of a settlement. This was only a blind to draw them on, hoping in that way to catch some of the rascals who, he thought, might still be in the background. In this way he succeeded in catching two who were not even suspected before. One of these gentlemen swore that he was a passenger with my wife and children from New York, and that he had seen them leave Salt Lake City in company with me and my companions, and that he had heard of the massacre before he left Salt Lake for Sacramento, and had been told by an Indian scout who happened to be an unwilling witness to the whole affair, that there was no one left to tell the tale except the one man of whom mention has already been made. He also stated that he had been told by my wife that she had all her children with her. He seemed to be an educated man, well dressed, and claimed to be a man of means looking around for a good chance to invest some loose capital which he said that he had. The other man was a lawyer, who swore that he had written out the will for me, and I had told him that I had no relations except a wife and three children, and that I had said to him that I had made the will simply to save my creditors any trouble, in case of the death of myself and family, in recovering what really belonged to them, or at least the bulk of it; and also that I had told him that I had no other debts anywhere, and that there was no one who could have any possible claim upon my property.

"My friend who was acting for me in the capacity of detective, said that the whole scheme seemed to be perfect, the officers to whom they applied could find no flaw, and the jury could do nothing less than grant a verdict in their favor, as the detective could produce no evidence except his word and the notes that his claim was not a forged one. While all this was going on, you may be sure that I was undergoing the severest agony of suspense concerning my wife and children. I could get no tidings of them, though I had written, for at that time of the year the mails were very uncertain, and many times letters were from three to four months in reaching us from Massachusetts. I was very anxious to have this trial over, and felt very impatient at the foolish delay, as I considered it, for I was anxious to start East, by steamship to New York, and from there go in search of my family. But the detective told me that I must be patient, if I wished to see all who were mixed up in this villainous affair punished, that it was not only my privilege to do so, but my duty to try to put a stop to such rascality by every means in my power, that others might be saved from the same treacherous pitfalls.

"Soon after this, I was, one morning, starting for the city, when, whom should I meet a short distance from our camp, but Mr. White, the gentleman who met my wife at New York. You may be sure I was rejoiced to see my old friend, whom I had left for dead on the prairie. He told me of his meeting with my wife, and that his state of health from fatigue and excitement, together with his half-famishing condition from privation and hunger, rendered him incapable of thinking or acting as he would have done under any other circumstances, and that he hurried on, leaving her at New York; that she seemed to bear the blow with fortitude, and that he supposed she would follow him on the next train. He called at her mother's before leaving for the West, and found that she had not yet returned, but her mother did not seem to feel any uneasiness concerning her, knowing that she had plenty of money with her for her present wants, and knowing her to be plucky and proud, she simply supposed that she had stopped with a cousin of her's in Boston, on her return, and would, in all probability, try to get into employment of some kind, and that they would hear from her in a very short time. He concluded that she had done so and paid no further attention to it, but hurried back to California as soon as possible, to try to rescue their property as well as his own, from the murderous thieves whom he believed meant to claim it, intending to write to her just as soon as he had any prospect of success.

“Mr. White and I now laid our plans to entrap the villains who had brought so much trouble upon us, and who had left our companions dead upon the plains. I immediately wrote three letters, one to my wife’s cousin in Boston, another to her mother, and the third to the gentleman in Omaha, who had undertaken to see that my wife should be taken care of in that city, should she arrive before me, until I could either meet her myself or send a proper escort to bring her to California. This done, I could then only wait, as patiently as possible, until such time as I might hope to receive an answer; and, I can assure you, this was no easy task, for I have always found it much easier to act than to wait in uncertainty. It seemed, at times, as though I could not possibly bear it, but must go in search of my family. Then again my reason came to my aid, and I knew that it would be folly for me to start back at that season of the year, unless I wished to commit suicide, for I would very likely be caught in a snow storm and perish, and as I should be obliged to travel alone, (for no one would undertake such a journey at that season of the year who was in his right mind,) I could not hope to defend myself against the savages, whom I was likely to meet, going back and forth on their hunting expeditions. There were also many other dangers to encounter too numerous to mention. Then again, I should run the risk of missing my wife, should she take a notion to come by sea, as Mr. White had done, should she get my letter direct, for I had advised her to do so; or, if letters of importance should arrive concerning her, it was evident to my mind that I should be here to receive them. There was only one more month of bad weather, and then I could start if I thought it needful, and so there was nothing for me to do but wait and hope for the best. It was well for me that I had something to divert my mind from my troubles, or I fear I should have been a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. Our detective put forth one excuse and then another to prolong the trial. In the meantime, advertisements were sent to the Boston papers, for any heirs that might have a claim to come forward. While waiting for an answer to these, our detective claimed another hearing, which was granted by the Court. Accordingly they met, and when he still seemed to be destitute of sufficient testimony, they ridiculed him, and pronounced him a lunatic for attempting to claim anything on such flimsy evidence. This seemed to annoy him greatly, and they were enjoying his confusion, when suddenly, as though the thought had just occurred to him, he exclaimed, ‘Gentlemen, I am no lunatic; but I am a spiritualist, and to prove my claims just, I can call upon the spirits of some of those dead men, and they will sub-

stantiate my claims. Would you take their word as evidence?' At this the spectators all burst into a loud laugh, but the defendants, or some of them at least, were seen to wince and turn pale, but soon they all seemed to regain their wonted composure. When the detective turned to the Judge and asked if he might call up these spirits, again the villains turned pale, but the Judge said that it was of course out of order, but he could see no special reason why he should object, as it would afford some amusement to the spectators, and could do no one any harm. (Of course this was all previously arranged.) At that, the detective gave three raps with a small cane that he carried, and the audience waited in breathless expectation. If three men had come through the floor and stood there as representatives from the spirit world, I doubt if it would have had the effect upon the wretches they confronted, that the appearance of myself and two companions had upon them. The door, which was left ajar on purpose, was silently opened while all were busy watching the silly movements of the detective, and in we walked in slippers, treading as softly as spirits are supposed to do. We halted just in front of our would-be murderers, and stood silently watching them. Abject terror seized them, and they made no attempt to escape.

"'Is the Court satisfied?' asked the detective, 'with my evidence?' 'The Court is satisfied,' said the Judge. 'And we will secure the prisoners,' exclaimed the Sheriff, who was prepared with two aids to take them into custody; and they made no pretence to deny the accusation that we brought against them of murder and robbery, and were tried and punished accordingly."

"Well, your experience has been truly wonderful," exclaimed Mr. Lane. "I hope such trials do not come to many of the settlers of this glorious State, with the many inducements she offers to those who would wish to make a home within her bounds?"

"I suppose not to very many, taking into consideration the immense population we have; but there are a great many adventurers who find it too hot in other States for their rascality to prosper, where there is a more advanced system of police, and they come out here, where it is comparatively new, to try to make a fortune without honest labor. The plains and other portions of the sparsely inhabited sections between California and the Eastern States, afford them excellent opportunities to rob and commit other crimes upon the emigrants, who have no chance to secure themselves against these desperados except in strength of arms or numbers. And from the very nature of things the Mormon city and surroundings

give shelter to a great many unprincipled men, who consider that they are aiding their Church and society by despoiling the Gentiles; and many make that plea only for an excuse to give free range to their evil passions."

"Well, I should think it high time that such a hot-bed of iniquity was put a stop to by the proper authorities, and I, for one, will use all my influence toward that end," said Mr. Lane, warmly.

"But, Mr. Moss, we are impatient to hear how you and Mrs. Moss happened to find each other," said Mrs. Gray.

"Oh, yes; I believe that I have not told you that part yet. I had written, as I said before, to her mother, but did not receive an answer until about the middle of May; and then you may believe I became alarmed to find that they knew nothing about her, and had heard nothing about her since she left for New York. I did not know what was best to do. I had also received a letter from Omaha to the effect that they had heard nothing, nor seen any one who would answer to the description I had given of my family. Then came the letter back that I had sent to Boston, returned by the postmaster, whom I had requested to return it if it should not be called for in fifteen days. I supposed that I had misdirected it some way, as I was not sure that I had the name of my wife's cousin right, as I was not very well acquainted with her. I also sent an advertisement to be inserted in some of the principal Boston journals, and now was only waiting for the result of this last effort, preparatory to starting East to make a thorough search for them, in case it failed to bring tidings. In this way, the spring passed, and it was the first week in June, when, one morning, as I was sitting in my office, (for you see we had formed ourselves into a company and opened an office in Sacramento City to dispose of stock), my errand boy came in with a note, which he said my lawyer had given him to bring me. The note stated that he wished to see me at his office as soon as possible, on particular business. Thinking that something had gone wrong at the mine which he wished to communicate to me in person, I took my hat and hastened to comply with his request. Imagine my surprise and pleasure, if you can, to find, when I entered the office, my wife and son sitting, waiting for my coming. I need not enter into any details of that meeting, only to say that we never either of us expect to be happier this side of Heaven than we were to be united again after all that we had suffered, both in mind and body, since we had parted in our old home in Massachusetts. My wife, you understand, followed the advice that Mr. Allen had given her, and went straight to where she could find out just where my property was, and into whose

hands it had fallen. This, of course, brought her just where she could learn where I was, and she was directed to my lawyer, who prepared her for the meeting with me by telling her that I was alive and well."

Our little party had enjoyed the narration very much, and the time passed so rapidly that they scarcely took any note of it more than to notice that the lamps had taken the place of daylight. But supper had been waiting an hour, for Mrs. Moss would not have the recital of the story interrupted until it was finished; but now they were invited out to a supper that, for comfort and luxury, could scarcely be surpassed. And our friends did it ample justice, for it was a long time since they had eaten their dinner.

"But," said Mr. Lane, after they had again adjourned to the sitting room, "how comes it that we find you living here, so near San Francisco, when your business and office is in or near Sacramento?"

"The reason is very easily given. My wife, after her arrival, seemed dissatisfied with our location, but I think it was a feeling of dread and dislike to the place where I had met with so many unprincipled men. And so I concluded to sell out entirely my whole business, which I did, and then we came over here and bought stock in this mine, which we are now working. We lived in the city for some time, but last fall we bought this place, and we find it a very pleasant, comfortable situation."

"Well, I should think it was," said Mr. Gray. "And now, Mrs. Moss, I think you are willing to admit that God has been very gracious to you, after all, and that He knows just what is best for us."

"Truly, I can now say that He doeth all things well. Our suffering has been the means of the conversion of my precious boy, and I hope that I can say with truth that it has brought us all nearer to the foot of the Cross," answered Mrs. Moss. "I have often thought of you since we came to California, and of the comforting words that you said to me when I lay on a sick bed, desolate and alone, seemingly without a friend in the world, and I did hope for a long time to get a letter from you in answer to the one I wrote you after I was so fortunate as to find my husband. I thought that you would be glad to hear of our good fortune, and waited longingly for your answer. But it did not come, and I concluded that, perhaps, Mr. Allen had received the letter, and would not let you see it. Then I wrote again, and yet no answer came; so I concluded to give it up. At the time that you were talking to me, I could not see how my trouble could ever turn out to be a blessing to me, but since then I have seen it all clear enough. We now know how to appreciate our

blessings, and it has taught us that we only hold our possessions in trust to put them to use for the Master, who will bring us to account for all that He has given us. And I pray daily that He will give us wisdom to use all that we have to His honor, instead of for selfish purposes."

"Well, Mrs. Moss, I felt sure when you lay sick in New York, and so friendless, that your Heavenly Father had seen fit to allow you to suffer for some good purpose, though I could not see it all clearly then. I felt sure that it would all be clear enough some day; but I never dreamed that it would be so happily revealed, or that you would recover all you had lost so soon, and, indeed, have so much more added in wealth. And I am truly glad that it has taught you to know yourself," answered Mrs. Gray.

While this conversation was going on, Rosa, Roy, and Bessie were enjoying themselves in another part of the room, telling each other of their experiences since they had parted, and relating their journey, telling of the wonders they had seen in their travels, etc. The next day, after taking Mr. Lane through the mine they were working near his residence, Mr. Moss proposed to Mr. Lane that he and his companions should make his house their home while they remained in California, "for," said he, "you can search for your friend just as well from here as from any where, and you can leave the ladies here, at times when you wish to go where it would not be pleasant for them to accompany you."

To this proposal they all finally agreed, but not until Mr. Moss had promised to go with Mr. Lane and help him search for Mr. Allen's family. They were to take their first trip the next day, and as soon as breakfast was over, a couple of horses were saddled and bridled, and ready at the door for them to start on their journey, to a small village about ten miles south of where Mr. Moss lived. At that village there was a new mine being worked. In the meantime, while they were gone, Roy took his mother, Mrs. Gray and the children through the mines, and they found it a great enjoyment. It was all new to Mrs. Gray and Rosa, and they enjoyed the sight of the miners digging and separating the gold from the dross. It seemed to them very strange that gold and silver, and often copper, should be found in one lump of ore.

"Of course this is not always the case," said Roy, "but the quantity and quality of ore is various. They would sometimes strike a vein of almost pure gold ore with a simple clay mixture; then again, it was sparsely scattered and very much mixed up with other metals."

"Well," said Rosa, after Roy had been explaining to them the nature of the composition of a large lump of ore, and telling them of how many different processes the gold must go through before it was ready to convert into money, to be used in any solid capacity, or for plating purposes, "it is entirely different from anything that I have ever imagined. I always supposed that it was found in solid chunks of metal."

For a week our friends enjoyed seeing the wonders of nature and examining the mines in the neighborhood, and also making inquiry of every one they met, concerning the friends for whom they were searching. Mr. Lane and Mr. Moss had visited every ranch or village for miles around, but could get no tidings or information of them. At the end of the week it was agreed that Mr. Lane and Mr. Moss should visit Sacramento and its neighborhood—Mr. Moss going with him for company, and because he was so well acquainted with the country. Rosa would like to have gone along to see the city, but she concluded that she would enjoy herself better with her friends, especially as they had so many ways of spending the time pleasantly. They would take long drives through the country, and sometimes go to the city and visit some of the wonders that it contained. San Francisco contains many wonders in art, and its situation on the coast gives it many natural advantages which make it interesting to the traveler. There you have an opportunity of seeing representatives from all parts of the globe. Of course, our young friends enjoyed seeing all these sights together, and comparing all they saw with New York and its surroundings. Rosa began to grow cheerful, her cheeks took on a rosy tint, and showed distinctly that she was picking up in flesh. Mrs. Gray felt that, so far as she was concerned, the journey had not been in vain.

One day, as they were returning from the city, they concluded to take a different route, as it would lead them past the residence of a very wealthy gentleman, who had come to this country many years before, and who had amassed a fortune through mining and speculating. They were very wealthy, but very friendly people, and had called on the Moss family soon after they had bought and settled in their new home. From that quite an intimacy sprung up, and Mrs. Moss was anxious to present her New York friends to those kind people. She wished to show them how wealthy people of the Far West could enjoy their wealth in a comfortable way, and yet put on no airs or attempt to place themselves above other people. To be sure, the Moss family was wealthy too, and Miss Rosa Lane was an heiress, and they would have no reasonable excuse for acting

supercilious with them; yet, any one can detect at once the pomposity of the vain, or see the difference between true, gentle deportment and the cold formality of the haughty aristocrat.

It was a very beautiful afternoon, one of those lovely days that we often see returning to give us a smile and a loving adieu, before they take their final departure to make way for winter to take full control. Such bright days are usual on the Pacific Coast even in mid-winter. It was warm enough for the doors to be left open, and children could be out playing without being hampered with wrappings.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings showed our friends all over their large estate, taking them in the family carriage while their own horses were permitted to rest. At the southern extremity of their farm was a lovely little cottage, nestling among trees and shrubbery. "This," said Mr. Hastings, "is where my secretary lives. He is also a New Yorker, and a very fine man too—a Mr. Bruce. He goes to the city every morning and takes charge of my office, and he has proven himself so efficient, that I have a great deal of leisure time since I employed him."

As he said this they were passing the house. They drove slowly along a short distance further, taking note of everything, when presently they came opposite to a small grove of cedar and pine, and as they did so a sweet childish voice was heard to sing in clear distinct tones the following verses:

"Oh beauteous star of silvery sheen,
That o'er the shepherd's humble head
From out the darkness could be seen,
And to the Saviour's manger led—
Oh gentle star, I pray thee, lead the way,
That I may at His feet my offering lay.

"I find the way is long and drear
Without some friendly hand to guide;
Beset with doubts, distressed with fear,
To find my Saviour, I long have tried;
I see thy glorious radiance, from afar,
Oh faith, I pray thee, be my guiding star."

The occupants of the carriage listened attentively as the little singer went on with her song. "Surely," said Rosa, "that voice sounds familiar, and the words, too, I have heard many a time at home in New York. Indeed, Mrs. Gray, you know that it was one of our nursery hymns."

"I was struck with the familiar sound of the voice also," said Mrs. Gray; "but I suppose it was because I was so well acquainted with the song."

As this was said the carriage had passed quite a little distance beyond the grove. "Would you mind," said Rosa to Mrs. Gray, "if Bessie and I would get out of the carriage and walk across to the house? It is not far, and I am sure I should enjoy a walk for a change."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Gray, "if you wish, and Mrs. Moss has no objection to letting Bessie accompany you."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Moss, "Bessie can go with her, and she knows the way very well as she has been down here before, haven't you Bessie?"

"Yes, ma'am; I have been down to the cottage several times to get wild plums and play with Eda Bruce."

"And I will get out and walk with them, too," said Roy, "for I am tired of riding."

"Well, do not be too long," answered his mother, "for you know that we must start for home in a short time."

"I should like to pass that grove and pretty cottage again," said Rosa, for she somehow had a great desire to see the little singer, and indeed that was the motive she had for getting out to walk. She hoped that by some chance she should get a glimpse of her. But in this she was disappointed, for as they passed the grove they found it vacant. However, just as they came within a few steps of the house a little girl passed indoors.

"There goes Eda Bruce now," said Bessie. "She could not have seen us, or I think that she would have stopped to speak to me, for she knows that I am very fond of her."

As she said this the little girl came to the door again, looked out, and then disappeared again without seeing their approach.

"Would you like to call at the cottage, Miss Rosa? If you would I think we might take that liberty, although I am a stranger to them as well as yourself; but little sister here is acquainted with them, and could introduce us I suppose."

"If it would not be considered rudeness to do so," said Rosa, "I should like to see that little girl. Of course I have only had a very slight glimpse of her, but what I did see of her reminded me very much of my little cousin, Eda Allen; though she might look altogether different if I could see her plainly."

"Well, come to think of it, she does look like Eda Allen," answered Bessie, "though I never saw Eda but once, and then it is so long ago

that I cannot remember her very well. But come in. Mrs. Bruce is a very pleasant lady. She was very sick the first time I saw her."

They were by this time at the door, and Bessie led the way in, for the door was open. Rosa followed her, and as they entered a lady got up from her seat at the window, and spoke to Bessie. She was then about to offer her hand to Rosa, when she suddenly paused and looked at her earnestly for a second, and exclaimed, "Can it be Rosa Lane?"

"Why, Aunty Allen!" cried Rosa, recognizing in the lady her dear aunt, for whom all this search was being made.

Roy and Bessie could not understand it all. They could not see how Mrs. Bruce could possibly be Rosa's aunt, Mrs. Allen, and for a short time imagined that Rosa must be mistaken, or that there was some mystery connected with it that they could not comprehend. And sure enough there was, for Mrs. Allen, after explaining some other things, told them that they had passed by the name of Bruce ever since they come to California, for Mr. Allen was so mortified at the disgrace that was cast upon him from the rascality of some one else, through the bank robbery, that he determined for the sake of his children to never be known again by the name of Allen until it could be freed from the stain of robbery. So, instead of introducing himself as Mr. Allen to his new friends in California, he had given his name as William Bruce—Bruce being his middle name. Roy was immediately dispatched to tell Mrs. Gray and her friends the glad news that the lost had been found.

Mrs. Moss, Roy, and Bessie had to return home alone that night, for Rosa and Mrs. Gray could not be persuaded to leave Mrs. Allen, and they anticipated much pleasure in taking Mr. Allen by surprise when he returned from the city.

A very happy family gathered around the tea table that night in the humble though comfortable cottage, and very thankful hearts bowed in acknowledgment before the throne of grace to pour out their gratitude to the Heavenly Father, for his protecting care and his goodness in permitting them to have the pleasure of being again united after the long separation and many difficulties they had been called upon to endure. You may be sure that Mr. Allen was astonished to find who were his guests; and oh, how glad Rosa was to meet her dear, kind uncle once more, for whom she had mourned so long. And what pen could describe the joy of Mr. and Mrs. Allen when Mrs. Gray and Rosa told them the glad news that the stain had been removed from his once honorable name. He had borne up manfully all through the trouble, excepting when he lay

so sick with brain fever from overtaxing his nerves; and surely it was enough to lay him low as it did. The only wonder is that he survived the terrible calamity. But now that the news had come to him of his vindication so suddenly, and without warning, the strong man bowed his head and wept.

That was a night long to be remembered by that little group. Very little sleep came to them, for they sat up a long time conversing, and telling over and over all they knew concerning Mr. Green and the men who were connected with him, and even after they had laid down to rest they could not sleep for thinking of all the exciting circumstances that had come to them.

Mr. Moss and Mr. Lane had gone as usual to some village where they had heard that there was a probability of finding the Allens, for nearly every one they met could tell of some one who answered exactly to the description given them by those gentlemen. Mr. Lane had begun to feel that it was folly to run after every "Will-o'-the-Wisp" that allured him, and was thinking seriously of leaving that part of California and going farther South, and then of returning home and leaving a lawyer whom he had employed to carry on the search, and to answer any information he might get through the papers. Advertisements had been sent to all the leading journals of the State, and he thought he had done all that could be done at present, and must now wait patiently the result. He was harrassed with many fears. Sometimes he feared that Mr. Allen's family had all sickened and died on their passage out, but that fear was dissolved by searching the record of all the deaths on board the ship since they left New York. Then he searched to see if the vessel that Mr. Allen sailed in had been lost, but found that she was still making trips between New York and San Francisco, and was on a trip at that time.

Thus matters stood when Mr. Moss again returned with Mr. Lane after a fruitless search. He was somewhat surprised that he did not meet Rosa on the porch as usual, with her anxious inquiry of "Oh, Uncle; have you found them," and to tell the truth he felt somewhat relieved that she was not there, for she, too, had begun to feel discouraged, and the task that she supposed would be so easy was becoming very monotonous, as it invariably brought the same result, and she was wont to turn away with a sad, disappointed expression when he would tell her that he had as yet found no reliable clue to their whereabouts. But when he had entered the house and found neither Mrs. Gray nor Rosa in the sitting-room, he

supposed they were out riding, or had gone to their room for the night, for it was about eight o'clock when they returned.

"Well, Miss Bessie," said Mr. Lane, when he had seated himself, "where is Rosa? Has she retired so early? It is an unusual thing for her not to meet me in the door or at the porch, to find out whether I have been successful or not."

Bessie looked up and smiled, then looked at her mother, hoping that she would answer. "Well, Mr. Lane, Miss Rosa, I guess, has become a little tired of staying in one place, and concluded to stop for the night with some friends that she met to-day by accident, with whom she was acquainted in New York."

"Why, who could they be, I wonder? Any one that you know, Mrs. Moss?"

"Well, I can not say that I ever met them before to-day, though I have heard them spoken of frequently," responded Mrs. Moss. "But I guess that you know them much better than I do. At any rate they sent a pressing invitation for you to come over to-morrow."

"Where is Mrs. Gray, please?" inquired Mr. Lane.

"Mrs. Gray remained with Rosa."

"Well, I wonder who these friends can be, that could be so interesting to Rosa that they could induce her to wait until to-morrow to hear the result of our journey."

"You do not look as though your journey had proved to be very much of a success, Mr. Lane?"

"No, it has ended as all our former journeys have; it has turned out to be a false report, following after a shadow that vanishes when we get near enough to take hold, and then turns into a man of flesh, but not at all like Mr. Allen."

"You feel discouraged, it would seem, by the looks and tone of voice you use."

"Discouraged? Why it surely is enough to discourage any one to be led all over the country in this way, and then find that we have not even gained one reliable clue to their whereabouts. It would seem as if my brother-in-law had determined that we should never find him, so effectually has he covered up his tracks."

"I would not get discouraged, Mr. Lane. Who knows but what you may find them in this very neighborhood, after all."

"Talking about being discouraged," said Mr. Moss, who had only overheard that part of the conversation as he came into the room at that moment, "it is enough to discourage an Indian, (who, by the way, has more patience by far than the whites,) to follow every trail that we are sent on, and then to find that we have been following a phantom. And besides, my dear, we are not only discouraged, but we are as hungry as Indians who have been on the war path for a week."

"Why, have you had no supper?"

"No, nor any dinner. We could find no place where we could get any thing to eat, or at least where we would like to have accepted it."

"Well, that is too bad, but I will go and have you some supper right away."

After supper the gentlemen returned to the sitting-room in better spirits, for it is wonderful how much a good meal has to do with making a man feel cheerful. "Well," said Mrs. Moss, "I think that we women will have to start out, now that you gentlemen are getting discouraged; and if we do I think that we shall succeed, for you know, Mr. Moss, I was not very long in finding you when I once started upon the search."

The gentlemen laughed at this, but Mr. Moss remarked that it was easy enough to find him, as she had his address, but, he added, "I am afraid you would not be so fortunate in finding Mr. Allen."

"Do not be too sure, Mr. Moss; you might be mistaken. What would you think if I were to tell you that we have already found them?"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Lane, jumping to his feet, as he suddenly remembered what Mrs. Moss had told him about Mrs. Gray and Rosa meeting some friends from New York, "can it be possible that it was Mr. Allen's family that Rosa and Mrs. Gray should have accidentally met on their way from the city to-day?"

"The very same," answered Mrs. Moss. "And now, you will acknowledge that women sometimes make better detectives than men."

"We are ready to acknowledge anything, Mrs. Moss, that your ladyship requires, if you will tell us that you are not joking, and that the Allens are really found," answered Mr. Moss, who could not believe that his wife was in earnest, but that she was trying to tease them a little.

"Well, Mr. Moss, they are really found, and Mrs. Gray and Rosa are spending the night with them."

"We confess to being beaten, and badly beaten, by you ladies," said Mr. Moss.

"But, Pa, Ma has forgotten to mention that I was along when they found Mr. Allen's family, and I think if you will think of it, it was not the ladies altogether who found them. I of course should come in for part of the honor," said Roy, laughing.

"But Roy, my son, after all, it is neither you nor I who deserves the credit, but Rosa. If it had not been for her, I hardly think we should have found them." But Mr. Lane was too much excited over the news that his friends had been found, to pay any attention to who found them, or to what means led to the discovery. His first thought was to go to them at once, but, upon reflection, he knew that it was too late, so he contented himself with asking questions and receiving information concerning them. But it was not yet 9 o'clock when Mr. Moss's carriage and driver were at the door next morning, ready to take Mr. Lane to his friends. He went alone, as Mr. and Mrs. Moss rightly concluded that it would be very much pleasanter for them to meet and talk over their affairs without strangers being present to embarrass them.

It was now the 20th of December, though you would not think it was winter, as compared with the season in New York. The air was a little frosty, it is true, but only enough so to make you step a little more briskly. There was no snow, and the grass was still quite green in many places. Cattle were grazing at pleasure in the valleys, and men could be at their usual work out-doors without feeling uncomfortably cold. The road that Mr. Lane took led through a lovely valley, dotted here and there with pretty houses, and sometimes a large, palatial dwelling would stand where some rich speculator lived. Here and there a large herd of cattle, scattered over the farm of a stock raiser, would meet the eye; then beautiful groves would skirt a tiny lake or border the margin of a sparkling river. It was a charming sight in the bright sunlight of that December morning, and the time seemed to pass very swiftly as the horses pranced over the six miles that lay between Mr. Moss's home and the little cottage that Mr. Allen occupied.

They were anxiously expecting him, for they knew that he would come as soon as possible after he had learned of their whereabouts. Mr. Moss's carriage was sent back, and after dinner Mr. Lane accompanied Mr. Allen into the city, from where they sent dispatches to New York, giving Mr. Johnson, the detective, power to act as his agent to attend to all his business, and also to attend to the residence and see that it had proper care, for Mr. Allen would not go back before spring, partly because it was a bad time of year to travel, and partly because he would not leave

his employer without giving him time to fill his place. "For," said he, "he took me into his service an entire stranger, without one word of recommendation, and when what money I had brought with me was exhausted, and I was so feeble from anxiety and the effects of my sickness and trouble in New York that I was only able to write in his office a couple of hours each day, and, to tell the truth, I was not able to do that. We were living on the upper floor of a very common dwelling, over a doctor's office, and had to pay twenty dollars a month for even that privilege, for rents are higher in San Francisco, correspondingly, than in New York. And when Mr. Hastings found out how uncomfortably we were situated, he let us have this little cottage and the use of a horse and buggy to go back and forth to the office in the city. And that was not all. We had hardly got fixed in our new home before poor Mary, worn out with trouble and, indeed, hard work, for she had all her work to do, as we had to do without help, which was out of the question in our circumstances, was taken down with fever, and for a long time her life was despaired of. At this time Mrs. Hastings sent one of her own servants to take care of her, and would come herself every day, and with her own hands make her gruels and attend to her, until she recovered. And now, though I have no actual need to retain my position, for I have enough that justly belongs to me to last me the rest of my life without doing anything, yet I would not leave Mr. Hastings until he finds some one else that will be able to transact his business properly."

"Well, I should say, Mr. Allen, that you had had your share of trouble. Why did you not let me know your circumstances? Do you think that you have done your friends justice by acting in that manner? Surely you knew that you had many friends who would have aided you if they had known your need."

"I know I had, Mr. Lane, and that was one of my reasons for not letting them know. Mary and I felt that we could not appeal to friends, with a stain on our name."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN NO. 12.)

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN OBEDIENCE.

How often do we hear lamentations concerning the way children and young people do in these days, parents deploring the fact that their children are not like children were when they were young! And why should this be so, and who is to blame? Surely we have a right to expect, in this enlightened age, that children would be far better than they used to be; especially, if the theory be correct that some maintain, that children who are not kept too strict are better than those who are treated with severity. But it seems that that rule does not always bring the desired effect, for children who have their own way are not the best children by any means.

It is very true that some children are easier governed than others, under any circumstances; and no matter how much they are indulged, they would not take advantage of it; but that is not the rule. The general rule is, that children will go as far as they dare. And there is scarcely a man or woman to-day who cannot remember times in their lives when a restraining hand would have saved, or did save them from committing follies they would have blushed to speak of in after life.

It is one of the many evidences that there is an all-wise God who directs all things, that we find the young of every species provided with parents to protect and direct them. Blind chance could never have so directed things. People talk loudly of nature's provisions, but nature and her ample provisions show that there is a Superior Wisdom giving direction, moving the main-spring of all. And if an all-wise God has so directed that children should be provided with parental care and protection, shall we set our wisdom up against our Creator, and foolishly imagine or pretend to think children do not need restraint? If we have ever entertained such an idea, it would vanish if we but give our candid attention to the results of such training. Just look at children who are permitted to run at large all day in the street, and at night time into some alley or garret, or anywhere that they can get into, or those who even have homes to go to, but are permitted to run at large through the day. Certainly such children cannot be overburdened with restraint, and yet I think that you will find that they are the very worst children in the community; and that they grow up to be the lowest class of men. Then again, compare the children of Europe, where the parent's word is law, and there is scarcely such a thing known as disobedience, with the children of the United States, where parental authority is very lax, and, consequently, the children have their own way a great deal; and you will see that the European

child is far ahead of our own children in respect to moral character. They use less profane language; they are more temperate in their habits; are more honest, and their word is more to be depended upon. And, above all, they show a greater love and reverence for their parents, and a greater respect for older people. Besides, they are usually far more industrious than our American children. It was to the strict moral education by European parents that we owe the greater part of the Revolutionary heroes. The men who stood up and faced all Europe in defense of their rights as men; who buckled on the sword and took their lives in their hands to prove to all the nations of the earth that they were worthy of the freedom they demanded, were men who were taught to give unquestioned obedience to their parents. Such parents have the confidence and respect of their children; and if they are not worthy of such respect and confidence, then their children are truly to be pitied.

It is no reasonable excuse that you fear to be too severe with your children. That is only a way of trying to shirk the responsibility that is imposed upon you. God has given these children into your care, and He will require their welfare at your hands, and will not excuse you from doing your duty because your neighbors have not done their's, nor because you feared that people would consider you too strict. The child's welfare should be the main object to be considered. Nothing should keep you from your duty as a parent toward a child.

It is indolent, weak, and cowardly, to allow our children to do as they please, for fear that they may think that we are unjust in prohibiting them from running into excesses, or from doing what we know to be wrong and will prove an injury to them, either morally or physically, or both. It is a mistaken kindness to allow a child to have or do what we know would be an injury to it, and nothing whatever that we can bring forward as an argument in our favor can excuse us for such folly. The bare fact stands forth too plain to be mistaken, that we have neglected our duty toward our children, and allowed them to grow up without the proper parental restriction that would have kept them from committing the many sins that childhood is tempted to do, and would have taught them to obey the moral law, which is beneficial to all. It is the parent's duty to go with the child all the way to maturity; warning, cautioning, and commanding, when it becomes needful; watching and guarding carefully every step, and never laying down the responsibility until the child is fully able to take it up. Thus, when they are called upon to face the temptations of life, they will have strength to resist what is wrong, and mature judgment to judge for themselves what is right.

God did not leave Adam or Eve in childhood or infancy to face the tempter alone, but he placed them there full-grown man and woman, capable of knowing the difference between good and evil. They were in the height of their glory, as regards strength and intelligence, for had they not the care of the garden, which, from accounts, must have been the most beautiful garden the world has ever known. They had it to dress and to keep in perfect order, and, of course, their judgment must have been equal to such a task. But God has placed you over your children to protect and care for them, and you have no right to leave them to wander through the dangers and pitfalls alone. If you neglect to perform this duty, you need not wonder that your children go astray; they can hardly do less. It is more to their credit than yours if they happen to steer clear of danger.

If you see a boy just out of his knee-breeches smoking or swearing, or imitating the vices of older people, you may be sure that he is walking alone. No wholesome parental guidance is vouchsafed to him. If you hear of boy tramps, or runaways from home, or young thieves, either their instruction has been of a demoralizing character, or they have had their own way, and have in that way fallen in with bad companions that have led them into sin. If you see men beginning their business career with a disposition to take advantage of everyone who shows them a chance, then be sure that either their parents have been hypocritical frauds and have set a bad example before their children by enforcing strict laws for keeping rules and days, without teaching them the true spirit of virtue; by precept and practice; enforcing obedience firmly, but still in love and kindness, letting the child see that it is because they believe it is for his good, and that they themselves are governed by right, and that they fear to do wrong. Or they are people who have no respect for the laws of God or the rights of man, and have failed to set a proper example before their children. Or else they are of that class of parents who are not able to govern themselves when they are tempted to do wrong, and, therefore, are not fit to teach and guide their children with a firm hand into the paths of rectitude. They know the wrong, and wish their children would do right; but they have not the strength to lead them aright, but must needs let them float along as best they can, and if they happen to find the shore from some other beacon light, they will be glad, but if they sink for want of the strength to meet the obstacles in their way, they will have to do so; the parents cannot see that they are in the least responsible for it. But they will find, when all things are squared up by the just hand of God,

whose wisdom can never err, that they have failed to do the part that God has given them to do. For if He had not considered it needful that children should be guided and directed, He would not have made such strong commands to children to obey their parents, and so many promises for the blessings of God to rest upon those who obey their commands. It would be an absurdity, for why make such special promises and commands for a thing that is needless? It would look as though God was making a great ado about something that was useless. For it cannot be denied that He has made a great specialty of children's obeying, and of parents using parental authority over their children. But that authority is to be used for the benefit of the children in every way. And it is never to be used to injure the child, morally or physically. To guard the child from physical abuse, He has planted in the hearts of parents love for their children, so that, when parents abuse a child in a brutish manner, it is an evidence that they are not natural parents, but are hardened by immorality.

A Christian parent who really has the love of God in his or her heart, would never treat a stranger's child cruelly, much less his own offspring. There is a great deal done in the name of Christianity that Christianity has nothing whatever to do with. Every court in the country is open to clear the innocent of crime. Every sort of criminal, and those who are innocently accused of crime, are permitted to bring evidence to prove their innocence, if it be possible. But Christianity must stand with head down, and blush for faults that she has never committed. No matter how many proofs she can bring to the contrary, she must stand as the leader of a class of people whom Satan himself would be ashamed of, simply because they claim her as their leader, and her enemies, glad of an opportunity to bring her in disgrace, pretend that they believe she is, no matter how much evidence there is to the contrary. It would be just as well to call a negro a white man because he claimed to be one, notwithstanding the blackness of his skin. For, those hypocrites who claim to be Christians, and at the same time show by their conduct that they have not one particle of the love of God in their hearts, have no more right to claim to be Christians, than the Ethiopian has to claim to have a white skin, and the fact is apparent. So, as I have said, that Christian parents at least will deal with their children in a kind, considerate manner, but at the same time, with firmness, always commanding obedience and respect.

If you teach your child from infancy that you must be obeyed, you will have but little trouble in commanding its obedience. But if a child finds out that you do not mean what you say when you tell it to do or not to do a thing, but can use its own pleasure, it will not fail to take advantage of you and do as it chooses. Then, when you are forced to use blows where words should have been sufficient, it feels that you have in some way wronged it; for it well knows that you have often allowed it to disobey before without administering corporeal punishment; whereas, if you had always used firmness and expected obedience, and enforced it,

the child would naturally expect to obey, and would surely not attempt to set its will against yours, well knowing how useless it would be.

Dear, fond mother, if you would have your daughters grow up to be modest, virtuous women, capable of filling the place designed for them by the Creator of the universe, who, in His wisdom, gave into their hands the care of his choicest plants, (little children,) then by all means see to it that they are kept under your watchful care. See to it that they obey your counsel, so that, through your influence, they may be kept from the many snares that are set for their innocent feet.

Idleness, vanity, and the following of every foolish fashion, are some of the steps to be taken toward their ruin, and if they never go any farther, they will find that that is far enough in the wrong direction to destroy much of their usefulness as a helpmeet for their husbands, or as a good and true mother, or as an influence for good in the world where her influence is so much needed.

This folly of letting children follow their own inclinations is threatening to undermine our domestic as well as our political institutions. For are not the young people of this generation to be the future pillars upon which our free institutions must rest—the grand structure of our future greatness? And I would ask you, what is to be the result of our failure to inculcate healthy moral principles, or of commanding obedience of proper physical laws? We are the descendants of a race of stalwart men, who, by dint of their industry, economy, and adherence to good moral laws, made out of a trackless wilderness a rich and glorious country, the like of which cannot be found upon the globe for beauty of landscape, richness in minerals, and, indeed, all things that are needful for comfort or happiness. Our ancestors were taught the law of obedience, and this discipline aided them to practice self denial. (Self denial strengthens us to face danger courageously, to stop short of nothing but the end for which we are striving, and that end should always be—duty.) They faced danger, suffered privations, and pressed on and upward, until now they have left us, their children, at the summit of the mountain, and shall we sit down and, by our carelessness, destroy or undo their great work? We are to-day reaping the benefits of their labor without understanding what it cost them. The very qualities that we ridicule in them have been the means of bringing about all this good, for, if weakness and effeminacy had governed them, we would to-day be the vassals of a kingly power. And how will it be with our children? How are they to maintain their integrity, or keep bright the escutcheon of Liberty, if we do not teach them its true value? Economy, industry, and morality, are the three great pillars upon which prosperity must rest. Undermine these, and the whole fabric falls. True religion hangs over all like a glorious canopy of light. Without it, you have only a temple of darkness. And now, I would entreat you to return to the God of your fathers, and, like them, teach your children obedience. Place over your fire-place the great command, "Children, honor thy father and thy mother, that your days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

PEBBLES

GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE.

No. 12.

A MONTHLY VISITOR

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

—BY—

MRS. MARY WOOD.

PREFACE.

These little Pebbles were gathered personally by the writer, and so far she has quoted nothing from any other writers; but if she should deem it proper to quote extracts from other works, she will not credit them to herself, but give the works and names of the writers from whom she will think proper to borrow.

To those whose term of subscription will soon expire, I would say, I should be glad to retain you on my list, but many thanks for your past favors. If this little work should prove a success, remember that you were the foundation upon which it stood.

Those who wish to preserve the copies and have them bound, can have an opportunity to get them done very cheaply at the end of the year, as I will call, personally, and take their orders.

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COMPLETION OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

This number completes the first volume of this little publication. I thank all who have helped it with their patronage, and will be glad to have them continue for the next volume, which will be furnished to old subscribers at a reduction.

A Musical Album, containing six pieces of first-class music, will be given away to those who subscribe for the 24 numbers.

ROSA LANE, OR THE GUIDING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from page 275.)

We will pass over the time which elapsed from the reunion of the long separated friends until Christmas eve, with simply stating that they all agreed to remain in California until spring. Mrs. Gray and Rosa were to take up their abode in the neat little cottage with the Allens, while Mr. Lane would travel over California at his pleasure, to see the country, and learn more about its inhabitants and its resources, returning occasionally to his friends.

In the meantime Mr. Johnson, the detective, was to take care of Rosa's home in New York, the former home of the Allens. Mr. Lane, as her guardian, sent him the necessary instructions, and authorized him to act for her in the capacity of agent.

In the meantime Green and his confederates laid in jail, awaiting their trial. The banking company, of which Mr. Allen had been president, sent an urgent invitation to him to return and resume his position in the bank, and also to be there to appear against Green. But he firmly, though respectfully, declined to do either; for, as he said, he had enough money to keep him comfortable the rest of his life, and if he should desire to make more, he would invest in a California mine. Besides he had already an interest in the silver mine that the bank bought stock in at the Christmas time that his trouble came to him, for of course he was one of the company who bought these shares, and had to supply part of the money. This investment he would still retain, and if they would appoint him he would act as trustee for the company while he remained in California. And as to his appearing against Green and his confederates, he declined to do that either; for, as he said, he had suffered sufficiently through them, and he did not wish to be brought into any more annoyance thereby, as he should feel very bad to meet the man (to whom he had never shown anything but kindness) after he had brought ruin upon himself and family. He preferred not to see him, and he certainly did not

want to appear as his accuser. It was a State affair, and he would leave it to the State, strongly recommending that they would show him as much mercy as possible consistent with law and justice. And Johnson, who had the whole charge of the affair, could still see it through and hold any correspondence with him that would be necessary.

Christmas eve had now come, and our friends, in the excitement of the past weeks, had not thought to make any preparations for it, and they were sitting together at breakfast, talking over the matter, and wondering what they should do to make it a memorial day, when a carriage was driven up to the door, and Roy Moss alighted from it. After being admitted, and passing the ordinary compliments of the day, he made known the reason of his early visit.

"Miss Rosa," said he, "Mother and I have been making arrangements to go down to the city to-morrow, and give a public dinner."

"To give a public dinner!" said Mr. Lane, greatly surprised that they would attempt to give a public dinner in a city like San Francisco, when they had such a beautiful home in which they could entertain their friends, or at least as many of them as they could entertain comfortably anywhere.

"Yes," said Roy, somewhat embarrassed for a moment; "you see Miss Rosa and Mrs. Gray taught us that style of spending our Christmas while we were in New York, and we have endeavored to keep it up ever since, and Mother thinks such investments pay a good interest."

"I am still farther at sea," said Mr. Lane, laughing; "you Californians get ahead of me."

But Mr. Allen remembered the poor-house dinner, and he looked at Rosa and said smilingly, "I guess Rosa has some idea of what is coming, and brother Lane, you forget that you have not given the young gentleman time to explain."

"That is so," said Mr. Lane; "I beg pardon, sir."

"It is certainly granted," said Roy, gracefully. Then he proceeded to explain to them the plan, which was that his mother wished to give a public dinner to one hundred poor people, and to enable her the better to carry out her plan, the Mining Company to which her husband belonged had given her the use of the Commercial Hall, and she had appointed a committee of four ladies who lived in the city to search out the poorest families, and to distribute tickets to them, so that when they presented their tickets at the door they could at once gain admittance, and

obtain a good substantial dinner. Extreme poverty was the only recommendation required of them, and they must present themselves with hair smoothly combed, cleanly persons, and in a perfectly sober condition.

The dinner was to be given entirely by Mr. and Mrs. Moss, at their personal expense; but any one who wished might send any articles of clothing or of food, etc. These would be divided among the poor people in as judicious a manner as possible.

"And now," said Roy in conclusion, "Mother said she knew that Miss Rosa would like to take part, and so we concluded to appoint her a committee to receive any presents that her friends here may please to commission her to give to the poor unfortunates who will dine at the hall to-morrow."

"Well, I must say, young man, that is a very neat way of asking us to contribute," said Mr. Lane; "but if we are to give our money are we not to be permitted to witness the performance?"

"Certainly, Mr. Lane. Father and Mother bade me say to you that they would be glad to have you all attend, and also, if you could make it convenient, to join us in a Christmas dinner at our home in the afternoon."

"Well, really," said Mr. Allen, "we are amply provided for, you see; and I promise myself great pleasure in attending both places. What say you, Mary?"

"I am sure we ought to accept both invitations, and feel grateful that our friends have been more thoughtful of us than we have been of ourselves," said his wife.

"And, Mrs. Gray, you have not said anything," said Roy. "Surely you approve, and will come?"

"With all my heart," answered Mrs. Gray.

"And now I have another request to make, and that is that Mrs. Gray and Miss Rosa will accompany me to the city, and help me purchase the presents, and also assist Mother in arranging the hall. I came this way for them, and Father and Mother will go to the city by the other road."

In a very short time they were on their way, enjoying a pleasant ride along a picturesque road. The air was just frosty enough to exhilarate the blood and make one feel the good of warm wrappings, and the sun shone bright and clear over the brown landscape, gilding the faded tree-tops and adding a sparkling brilliancy to the rivers and small lake as they passed.

"Well, Mary, I prophecy that that boy will make his mark in the world some day," said Mr. Allen to his wife when the others were gone.

“I would not be surprised,” she answered; “and I am sure he is a perfect little gentleman now.”

The next day found the Allens, Mr. Lane, Rosa and Mrs. Gray at the hall in San Francisco at an early hour, all ready and willing to lend a hand in arranging the tables, and helping Mr. and Mrs. Moss in their good work. They were all in full sympathy with the project, and entered into the spirit of it with all their hearts. Mrs. Allen said that she really enjoyed helping and waiting upon these poor creatures better than she had ever enjoyed entertaining her fashionable friends in New York, for she felt that they really appreciated her desire to serve them, and truly enjoyed what was set before them. Such is the influence that the religion of Jesus Christ has upon the human heart, that what it once despised or hated becomes pleasant, and what it once liked it looks upon with aversion. The chief enjoyment of the Christian is in doing good to others—to bless and bestow upon others all the good that is possible; and in so doing they receive their greatest pleasure. And if Christians show not this spirit, they are only Christians in name; for to be a disciple of Christ it is needful that His spirit should dwell in them and manifest itself in their works.

It was two o'clock before the last guest left the hall, with loaded arms and lightened heart, to return to the poor scantily furnished home; and our friends, with a consciousness that they had been making others happy, started for Mr. Moss' residence, where they were to enjoy a sumptuous dinner, but very different from the dinners given in fashionable society. For while all the palatable dishes were served that were needful to make it enjoyable, yet there was no formality used nor criticisms indulged in. There was no variety of guests with different tastes and different dispositions to be cultivated and catered to. But those who gathered around that board were loving Christian friends, whose appetites were sharpened by labor performed for the good of the poor and helpless, and by the ride in the cool bracing air after their labor of love was over—who had been chastened and purified through suffering—who had passed through the fire, but had come out unscathed. Thus they could enjoy the bounty set before them with thankful hearts, and could find in each other's society a pleasure that is never found except where intelligence and religion hold sway. Everything was real and true. No backbiting, no flattery or society small talk or affectation was indulged in. All was harmony, peace, and love, such as should commemorate the birth of the loving Saviour. And when they sought their pillows that night there were no regrets, no feeling that they had been slighted or misrepresented by any one; but a peaceful hap-

py, restful feeling pervaded their hearts. This will always be so when people strive to perform their duty toward God and their fellow beings.

And now, kind reader, we will leave them to enjoy their rest, and pass over that winter, which they spent in California, without note, as there was nothing worth recording until spring, when Mrs. Gray and Rosa were obliged to return home with Mr. Lane, and without their friends, as Mr. and Mrs. Allen had become so attached to California that after considering the matter over more fully, and finding that he could invest to great advantage in a mine, they concluded to make California their home. Rosa would have liked to remain with them, but she also loved Mrs. Gray too well to allow her to return home alone, and Mrs. Gray was obliged to return on account of friends and other reasons, including the fact that Rosa's home needed care and attention; so the matter was compromised by an arrangement that they were to spend their summers in or near New York, and their winters in California.

Detective Johnson, who had lost his wife some years before, was empowered by Mr. Lane to take care of the residence while they were absent, installing his own housekeeper into the servants' department to superintend things, and relieve Mrs. Gray from so much responsibility and confinement. He was to have entire charge of Rosa's and Mr. Lane's business, acting for them in the capacity of agent. He had shown himself such a valuable friend to the family that it seemed as though they could never show him sufficient honor. He was consulted upon all occasions when a wise counsellor was needed, and was listened to with respect. Indeed he was made one of the family, and treated more like a companion or elderly brother by Mr. Lane, who took up his abode also in the establishment when he was in the city, preferring it to hotel life, which had been his manner of living since leaving college, for it will be remembered that he was a young man, without parents or brother or sister living, except one sister who lived in Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh, her husband being interested in coal mining.

In this way Mrs. Gray and Mr. Johnson were thrown into each other's society a great deal, and the consequence was that a mutual attachment began which ended in very much surprising (though it was a pleasant surprise) all their friends by their quietly appearing before the altar in church one Sunday, after the regular service, to be made man and wife by the minister, who seemed to be the only person who was not taken completely by surprise. Rosa and Mr. Lane had gone to church with them in the

same carriage, and though Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Gray were very neatly and tastefully dressed for the occasion, they had never thought of it as meaning anything more than a desire on their part to use their ample means to make themselves look as well as possible, never dreaming that it meant a wedding, and the uniting of the interests and destinies of the two people of all the household that could render them the best service by their union.

Mr. Lane and Rosa congratulated them heartily on their return, and did their best to make the occasion a happy one. Mr. Lane insisted upon their starting immediately on a trip to San Francisco, to visit the Allens, as he knew that Mr. Allen and his family would be glad to see them, and would take great pleasure in making their visit a pleasant one. As the education and Christian character of both ought to be sufficient recommendation to any good society, and as Mr. and Mrs. Allen felt indebted to both for valuable services rendered, and had long considered Mrs. Gray as an intimate friend as well as one of the family, he knew that it would be a pleasant surprise for them, as well as an agreeable trip for the newly married couple. He also concluded to send Rosa with them, so that she might remain with her Uncle Allen, who had employed an excellent teacher to instruct Willie and Edith, and wanted Rosa to come out and remain with the children until they should all finish their education. The only reason why she had not availed herself of this opportunity sooner was that she as well as her friends did not like to take her away from the woman who had been almost a mother to her so long, and who loved her nearly or quite as much as if she had been her own child. But now that Mrs. Gray had become Mrs. Johnson, they felt that though she would miss Rosa very much, and would grieve for her, yet it would not be quite so hard to give her up, as she would not now be so lonely, and would have some one else to love and care for.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen were very glad to see Mr. Johnson and his wife, and very agreeably surprised at the change that had come to their lives, and gave them a warm welcome to their home. They spent a very pleasant time in visiting and sight seeing, and when they again turned toward New York, the best wishes of all their California friends followed them. And although Rosa deeply regretted to bid good-bye to her old nurse, yet she was comforted with the knowledge that she would always be at her home in New York to receive her if she lived, and that she would have somebody who would in a measure fill her place. Besides she would herself have the constant companionship of her cousins, and would see a

great deal of Bessie Moss, whom she had grown to like very much; and she had learned to look upon Mr. Allen as a father, and to love her aunt much better than she did in the old days, when she was living a fashionable, worldly life.

Roy was now in college, receiving an education, and as Bessie and her little brother missed him very much, they were permitted to spend a good deal of time in the company of Rosa and her little cousins when not at school.

We will now take our readers over a period of eight years, for there was little to note in the history of our friends during that time that would interest them; and as the life of a school girl is generally monotonous, so Rosa's was not an exception. She was interested in her studies, and grew strong and vigorous from her agreeable companionship, and healthful outdoor exercise, which she enjoyed very much in the pure air of the open country; for although Mr. Allen had given up the cottage for a larger and more commodious dwelling, yet he still remained in the country, and his new home was but two miles from the residence of Mr. Moss.

Rosa and her friends still did what they could to make the lives of the unfortunate ones whom they met from time to time happier and better, and they did not wait for these opportunities to come to them, but sought out those who needed a helping hand. They did not simply hand over to societies what they wished to give, thus relieving themselves of any further embarrassment or trouble, as many do, and place all their charities in the hands of a few individuals who could do as they liked with it, and only give it where they had time to investigate, or where often they refused because they could not feel sure that it would be used to advantage. Sometimes those who would do the best with it would be refused because these trustees of the public charity were not capable of judging of the character or ability of the applicants, and in thus refusing to assist them they placed it beyond their power to be self-sustaining, while to the vicious, who would only ask for a portion to eat, and would always be hungry for want of ambition or a desire to be independent, they would deal out supplies willingly, seeming to take delight in snubbing those who could not thus degrade themselves, but would only desire to receive in their last extremity, and then with mortification, and would almost rather starve than be made a public talk of. But this was not the kind of charity that our friends indulged in. They would seek out those who were the least likely to be benefited by public charities, and bestow upon them in person, not

alone what they could not themselves use, but such things as were needed. If money, that was given; if medicine, or clothes, or books, or anything else was needed, it was given according to the need of the person and the ability of the donor. Religious instruction, good counsel, and information were also given freely and with cheerfulness. They believed in individual charities. They considered that they were themselves agents of their Heavenly Father, commissioned by Him to bestow of their own fullness unto those of His children less favored, and who were ready to perish for the things of which they were abundantly supplied. Their consciences would not permit them to thrust this duty upon others—giving into other hands what they were forced to give, simply because society expected them to give, and they wished to give it in a way that would give them the least trouble and the most notoriety. They felt that the simple and humble gratitude of the receiver, and the happiness vouchsafed to those who make others happy, were worth all the trouble taken to perform this duty, and far more valuable to them than seeing themselves advertised to the world as the donors of large sums to institutions that paid their officers large salaries to deal out small charities with grasping, ungracious hands, which is nearly always the case where charity comes second-handed to the poor who are dependent upon it.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson also continued as they had always done to "let their light so shine that others, seeing their good works, might be constrained to glorify the Master in Heaven." And who shall say how many were brought into the Kingdom through the influence of these faithful workers? "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for how knowest thou which shall prosper, the earlier or the later grain?"

But now we must take our readers again to New York, and once more introduce them into the parlors of Rosa Lane, once the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen—the very parlors in which Mrs. Allen gave her grand Christmas dinner to so ungrateful and unworthy a company. The house is brightly illuminated, and the parlors are beautifully decorated with evergreens, for it is again Christmas eve. Nana, the cook, who has been retained all these years, more because of helplessness and faithfulness than for her value as a servant, is dressed in a new chintz, and her head is decorated with a brand new turban. Mike is still the hostler, though he has a wife and home of his own a few squares away from the residence. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are seemingly in a flutter of expectancy. Every room

in the house is thrown open, warmed, and ready for guests — something very unusual in these days, for never since that long to be remembered Christmas dinner given by Mrs. Allen just before the great trouble came to them, had there been such a commotion. To be sure there had been visitors often before from California, and other friends or relatives, but usually few at a time, and in an informal way. But now it would seem that the old times had returned from the amount of work and decoration going on. A full set of servants was employed, and everything was put in first class order. Mr. Lane had been there for a week, ordering and superintending all this preparation. And now all seemed to be in readiness to receive the expected guests.

“It is six o'clock, Mike, and you had better be there in time. You know the train arrives at seven sharp, and of course you do not know what might delay you on the way; so you had better start at once.”

“All right, sir; we'll be off at once.”

“How many carriages do you take, Mike?”

“Three, I think, will be enough, sir.”

“Oh, yes, plenty; and see to it that you have good, competent drivers, for you know the streets down there are very much crowded.”

“I know, sir, and I think I have a good driver for one of the carriages, and Mr. Johnson says he will let no one but himself drive the carriage that is to bring the bride and groom. And by me troth, sir, I think he is right; they well deserve such an honor. It would be no disgrace to a lord or duke to drive the team that carried that pair, sir, indeed it would not thin.”

After they had started for the depot Mr. Lane and Mrs. Johnson went into the dining room to take a look at the table and see that all was in readiness. Everything seemed to be in satisfactory order. A very grand display was made by the long table, loaded down with every delicacy that could be thought of. The beauty of the decorations, the bright illuminations, shedding a soft light over everything, the bouquets of natural flowers, the twittering of the beautiful birds that hung in cages around the room, all lent a charm to the scene.

“I guess it will please Mrs. Allen to find everything so pleasant in the old home,” said Mrs. Johnson.

“I hope so,” answered Mr. Lane. “I should like to have them all feel that we have taken especial pains to make their home-coming pleasant. I suppose the rooms are all in good order?”

“Oh, yes. I have been all over the house, and find every place in order; and now I think they will be here very soon if the train is on time.”

Mr. Lane looked at his watch, and found it was seven o'clock. Just then he was called to receive some invited friends who lived in the city. Some others had already arrived from Philadelphia, and had gone to their rooms to prepare for the reception of the California guests. So the time passed away until eight o'clock, when the signal was given that they had arrived. Then the doors were thrown open, and the inmates of the first carriage were ushered into the hall, where they received a hearty greeting from all.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Willie, now nearly a young man grown, and Edith, a blooming girl of fifteen, had come back to visit once more the old home, and spend their Christmas beneath the roof where they had seen so much of joy and of sorrow — where they had lost all they had of this world's goods, but had found a Saviour, who had with His love given them all things else that they needed.

The second carriage drove up, and from it came up the broad steps into the brilliant hall Mr. and Mrs. Moss, with Bessie and her little brother. Aunt Nana, through dint of a great deal of explanation from Mrs. Johnson, was made to understand that this was the same little Bessie who came to her long years ago, half frozen and famished, to be warmed and fed by the poor old black woman who stood now looking at her in amazement, hardly believing it possible that such a change could ever come to any one as had come to that little waif that she had placed upon the stool before the grate that cold winter night, and whose benumbed little hands she had rubbed with her own kindly palms to bring back the circulation to them. “Why, it is jest like de fairy tales dat Miss Rosa used to read to me when she was a little tot. It jest beats me so I done give it up.” But Bessie had not forgotten the kind old woman, and as she saw her standing in the rear of the hall she ran to her, and clasping her arms around her neck, and drawing her turbaned head down, kissed the old wrinkled forehead.

“Why, chile, you takes my breath away,” panted the old woman, for want of anything else to say, for she was so taken by surprise and so pleased to think that lovely girl would single her out and stoop to kiss her old wrinkled face, that, sure enough, it did for the moment take her breath away; and after Bessie had gone into the parlor, she sat down and cried for very joy.

But now the third carriage arrives, and in a moment more the bride and groom are standing upon the threshold. A band stationed at one side

of the wide hall plays the wedding march as they pass to their room to lay off their traveling suits. In a little while they re-appear and enter the parlors, which by this time are filled with guests. Mr. Lane stands waiting to receive and introduce them to their assembled friends. As Roy Moss and Rosa, his bride, stepped into the full glare of the lighted room, there was a murmur of applause that sounded from one end of the room to the other. No one, it seemed, could restrain their involuntary burst of admiration and surprise. Rosa, though always pretty, with her curly hair, her soft, gentle, dreamy eyes, and winsome smile, was when a child very delicate and frail looking, and, as her friends often remarked, there was a sadness even in her smile. But to those who had known her thus, what a pleasant surprise to see her to-night, dressed in her bridal robes, which, for simplicity of make and pureness and richness of material, could scarcely be surpassed; in the fullness of health, with bright and sparkling eyes, lit up by the joy of love, and yet with the beautiful lashes falling like half-drawn curtains modestly trying to conceal the joy she felt, the sweet smile of peace that parted the finely curved lips, the deep blush upon the radiant, blooming cheeks, the finely poised head with its wealth of luxuriant curly hair, decked only in the bridal wreath, the expression of intelligence that lit up the whole countenance with a beauty that cannot be expressed. Thus she stood in the midst of her many friends once more, in the old home, leaning upon the arm of as noble a specimen of manhood as one is often permitted to see. Full and stately in appearance, full of health and vigor, with his body and mind fully developed, by experience, as well as education. He has been in the school of affliction as well as of prosperity, and, though not yet thirty, he has seen far more of life and its trials than many have at a far more advanced age. But there is no scowl upon his manly brow; dignity sits there like a crown. The lip that once curled scornfully even in his deepest poverty, wears only a smile of peace now. A calmness broods over his intellectual face that speaks of peace within. Firmness of purpose still flashes from the beaming eye, that is lit up to-night with unmistakable joy. But all his being—all his desires, are brought into subjection by the power of religion. It reigns in his heart, directing all his purposes, all his steps in life. This is the secret of the change in Roy Moss. He was when we first introduced him to our readers almost a skeptic. A gloomy sadness brooded over him, like the pall of night. He could see only darkness before, behind, and all around him. Life to him in such a condition was not worth the living, if there was nothing at the end but darkness and the grave. But the Star of Bethle-

hem had dawned in his midnight sky; faith had pointed to where it would lead; he had followed, and had found the new-born King, who had given him a commission to preach the Gospel, and he felt that woe would be unto him if he heeded not the command; and so, like a dutiful subject, he had been preparing himself for the great work set apart for him by his Saviour, and was now ready to go forth with the sword of the Gospel in his hand. And by his side stood one who was in all things a fit companion. Her life had been one long sermon, and it will only be known at the end of time how many her influence had saved from despair or an evil, vicious life—how many would through her labors reach the shore who would otherwise have perished 'mid the mad waves, or been dashed upon the rocks of unbelief, had she not let her light shine like a beacon lamp to enable those who were ready to sink to steer aright. It was a small lamp, but it had shed a steady light. Educated in her infancy to love the Saviour and follow in His steps, that love had deepened through the bereavement of those who taught her to walk in the paths of truth and obedience to God. This love was strengthened day by day as she felt the need of a loving hand to guide her. Feeling that her parents had gone before her, she naturally turned to their home with hope, to their God for help and strength; and though she, like all others, felt her unworthiness, and knew that in and of herself she could do nothing, yet when she strayed or came short, as she often did—as we all indeed do—she knew where to look for help; and thus as her strength grew her love for God became more fervent—not because she was holy, but because He was holy; not that she felt herself one whit less dependent upon Him, but because she had found Him always a very present dependence, faithful to her through all her unfaithfulness.

And now, my dear readers, in thus minutely describing Rosa and Roy I merely wish to show you that to be a Christian, and to serve God, is not only profitable for the life to come, but for the life that now is. Many think that if young people become religious, it is necessary for them to look solemn and wear long faces, never daring to smile; to forsake young company, and go about in a sad, solemn way all the rest of their lives. This is a sad mistake. Here were two young Christians who were enjoying God's love in their hearts, who were living a practical Christian life, and who were consecrating themselves to His service for the rest of their lives, and at the same time were in the full enjoyment of health and beauty; whose smiling faces gave proof of the joy that was in their hearts. They were just as fond of life as other young people, and could just as readily

enter into any sport or enjoyment that was of an innocent nature as other persons of their age. It is only the hypocrites and fanatics who wear long faces, and use cant. The true Christian needs not to make use of either, for when Christ's love rules the heart, His graces will shine through all the being, brightening the life, and prompting the hand to do what it finds to do with cheerfulness, and the feet to walk only in the paths of truth and righteousness, but to walk humbly, and to enjoy with love and gratitude all the blessings found in the way.

But to return to the company assembled to receive and welcome Rosa and her young husband home. Many of Mr. Allen's old friends were there, who had known him in his former life, when he enjoyed the full confidence and respect of all his friends and neighbors—who had known of his disgrace, and then had heard of his innocence, but had never had an opportunity to express to him personally their sympathy, or their sorrow for ever allowing a doubt of his integrity to enter their minds, for he was too proud to ever try to see them or to seek their favor. But now as they had learned, through Mr. Johnson, that he was to come home, they had, by Mr. Lane's permission, made it up to give them all a surprise, and the surprise had been general to all except Mr. Lane and those who had the management of the house. They thought to surprise Mrs. and Mr. Allen by being in their old home on their arrival, but were themselves the most surprised at finding themselves at the wedding supper of their niece. Mr. Lane and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and even the old servants, enjoyed the amazement of the whole party—first, when they met so unexpectedly, then when Rosa and Roy made their appearance, and then at the surprise of all as they entered the dining room and took seats at the table. The whole arrangement was so delightful and pleasing to the eye, and yet so simple and inexpensive, compared with the beauty and taste displayed, that it was a perfect surprise to all. The walls were decorated with holly, and letters formed of red and white berries were made into mottoes, which were encircled by wreaths of natural flowers. Interspersed were beautiful magic lanterns. Canary birds, in small gilded cages, hung suspended from festoons of flowers and evergreens, the lights being so bright that the little warblers imagined it was daylight, and lent their music to enliven the scene. The snow-white linen, the bright silver, and the delicate china, filled with all the delicacies that the market afforded, the lovely bouquets, with their fresh perfume filling the room—made the whole an enchanting scene. But their surprise did not prevent their doing justice to the supper, and when they all returned again to the parlors they felt that it was a happy reunion.

"And now," said Mr. Allen, "I have always wondered how it came that Green, with that rascally detective, found that money in this room. I have been going to ask you, Mr. Johnson, every time we met since then, but it would always slip my memory when you were present. I could account for the money being in my desk at the office, knowing that a key to the desk could be procured; but for the life of me I could never guess how the money found here came to be in my private parlor, unless some of my domestics were hired to betray me, and I could not believe it possible that I had a traitor under my roof. There are only poor old Nana and Mike left of them all, but yet I would like if it were possible to feel that they were all innocent."

"Well, Mr. Allen, you can feel that for a certainty, for they were all entirely innocent. I supposed you had heard long ago that Mr. Green had confessed that he put the money into one of the pyramid marble vases that held those costly bouquets the night of the Christmas party to which they were invited by Mrs. Allen and yourself. He had intended to try to ruin you to screen himself, and so had prepared everything accordingly. He brought the money intending to place it somewhere so that it could be found, and after examining the vases, he saw they had a movable cup in which water was put to keep the flowers moist and fresh, and that beneath that cup was a hollow place where letters, money, or anything else might lie for a long time undiscovered. In this vacuum he placed the roll of money at a time when he was unobserved."

"What a villain!" exclaimed several of the guests, "to return your kindness to him in that way."

"How could he have the heart to betray you in that manner when you were trying to make himself and wife happy by providing them such a feast as you did, for I well remember the entertainment?" said one of the gentlemen who was present at the time.

"But it was I who sent all the invitations," said Mrs. Allen. "William took no part in getting up that supper; indeed he considered it a great bore at the time, and would have been better pleased with a quiet dinner, and no one but our own family, or a few intimate friends present. Those fashionable gatherings always did annoy him. And besides I am obliged to confess that I did not invite some of the guests so much out of kindness as to make a display. To speak truly, I never did like the Greens. I could hardly endure Mrs. Green at all, she was such a gossip; and I only invited her to let her see that I could make a greater display than any of our friends. I knew that she particularly hated me, and I

would take pleasure in seeing her surprise; and besides I knew she would be vexed to see I had got ahead of Mrs. Judge Crosley, her particular friend, for she always thought that what Mrs. Judge Crosley did was all right, and that no one else could do anything to compare with her. But I was well punished for my vanity. I was simply helping my enemies in setting a trap to ensnare my dear, patient, innocent husband. I deserved the punishment, but he did not."


"Do not say that, Mary, for God knows best who is deserving of punishment, and He never sends it unless it is just. Let us be thankful that it has brought to us the peaceful fruits of righteousness. We have gained far more than we lost. We have exchanged false friends for true ones—peace for disquietude—the love of our Saviour for the pretended friendship of a cold, heartless world."

Thus the conversation drifted to themes of the past, and continued until a late hour, when the company broke up, and those who lived in the city went to their homes, and those who were visiting from a distance retired. Those holidays were happy days for all gathered beneath that roof. It was a home gathering, and not a stylish, formal company, who could only talk and act according to the established rules of etiquette. Every one talked out of the fullness of their hearts, and of such things as they were the most interested in, and all acted just as they felt, while as true Christians they could not act otherwise than courteously. Religion tones down and harmonizes the whole character. It sits like a mantle of grace upon the wearer. The heart is regenerated; the voice is softened; the clear light of truth beams in the eye; the step is firm and dignified. A sense of obligation to the Lord of all humbles, whilst love is the main-spring of all—love to God and love to man. Where love actuates the heart and guides the desires there will be no need of copying style or art, which can never improve on nature, where nature has been penciled by the hands of the Creator, or when the rays of the beautiful sunlight rest upon creation; but more especially does it come short when it tries to imitate the graces which He alone has power to bestow. But happiness here can never be perfect or permanent, and so our friends, after spending a few weeks in the old home, started again to their adopted home in California. Nothing now would induce Mr. and Mrs. Allen to return to New York to live. They had become so firmly attached to California, and had found such true friends in their new home, that they felt all was made up to them which they had lost by the change. They returned sooner than the others of the party on account of business engagements, but Mr. and

Mrs. Moss, with Roy and Rosa, concluded to go up into Massachusetts, to visit their relatives, and bring Mrs. Moss's mother back with them. When they again returned to New York they made a short stop at the old home, which was still to remain in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and they were to occupy it as long as they lived, if they so desired, and to use it as their own, except at such times as the family felt inclined to have a reunion in it. They were also to visit Rosa and the rest of their friends in California as often as convenient.

And now we must bring our narrative to a close, with simply stating that Roy Moss and his gentle, loving, Christian wife, instead of starting on a European tour, or settling down to a life of luxury and ease, as they might have done, started as soon as their visit was over for a quiet village in a new settlement in California, where he was called to preach the Gospel, and began their life work—or I should say rather continued their life work, humbly toiling for the good of souls. Roy had received a liberal education, and possessed no small degree of talent, and could have commanded a high salary in a fashionable church in either New York or San Francisco; but he chose rather to cast his lot among the poor and down-trodden. Instead of settling down in a grand parsonage in a fashionable community, he became a circuit preacher, going where he was sent, and only objecting when he was offered what he thought was too easy a position, as he would often say at such times, "Give that easy place to some poor man, who is more aged or has less means or less strength than I have." That for his part he was strong, and was afraid he would grow careless and lazy if he did not have a little rough work to do. And Rosa, too; she was never so well pleased as when they were given a post where she felt they were badly needed, where she could go from house to house on her mission of love, administering to temporal as well as spiritual wants. It is now several years since the incidents of this story began, but Roy and Rosa are still in their western home. He is still preaching the Gospel, and she is still, like the Star that went before the Wise Men of the East, trying to guide erring feet to the Saviour. And when He comes to make up His jewels, we doubt not that they will be found among the rarest of them all.

THE END.

 A new Story will be commenced in the first number of the Second Volume of *PEBBLES*.

OPPOSITION TO THE BIBLE IS DISLOYALTY TO YOUR
COUNTRY AND TO SOCIETY.

The man who opposes Christianity, and denies the authority or truth of the Bible, is an enemy to his country, his family, and neighbors, or else he is an ignoramus, and does not understand what he does believe or deny. There are so many kinds of religion, so many modes of worship, and so many deities who come in for a share of that worship, that we may find a great deal of fault with religion, without objecting to or denying the Bible. And neither can we with propriety lay all the religious absurdities we find to the Bible.

The term religion can be applied to any kind of worship, whether it is the adoration of the God who made the heavens and the earth, or to the worship of the heavenly bodies or the elements, or the animal, vegetable, or mineral creations, or any phantoms that the mind of man, in his natural tendency to worship, should select as worthy of adoration. It can be termed religion, and yet have no allusion to the religion as taught in the Holy Scriptures, having none of its attributes. And yet the enemies of the Bible would have you believe that it is all taken from that book. They know better, if they are educated, and yet they will not acknowledge it. If I show you a piece of goods, and say that it is a certain man's make, you would (or ought to, if you are a business man,) ask me to show the trade-mark before you would make a purchase; and if I could not show the trade-mark you would have your doubts as to the genuineness of the fabric; but if you found on further investigation that not only the trade-mark of the firm that I was pretending to represent was missing, but that the fabric bore the trade-mark of an inferior manufacture, you would not fall to abusing the maker of the goods that you knew were good, but you would simply condemn me as an imposter. So it would be in all branches of trade. Gold is not of less value because there is an abundance of brass in the market. The false only serves to set off the genuine, and show its superiority.

Base counterfeits are easily detected, but it is the fine counterfeits that deceive. Morality may be easily taken for religion, but open profanity never. People may wear a cloak of righteousness for a long time without detection, but bear in mind the cloak must be righteous to deceive the wise at least. So you see that the cloak at least is good, and must bear a likeness to what it is intended to represent. And so it is not the fault of the article donned, but of the one who puts it on to de-

deceive; and if it was not a good cloak it could not be used for that purpose.

No one pretends that he is an infidel when he is not. That would not be a good recommendation for him for morality; even though it is the vaunted boast of the infidel that his religion is morality. But every intelligent mind knows that if we take away the Bible, we have no morality. Just as well burn the Constitution of the United States, and destroy the statutes that contain our laws, and send home the law-makers of the land, expecting every one to act right, and to do all things that will be for the good of the people and the land, through their love for the country and their honor, as to expect to find purity of morals and righteous dealings through the love of honor natural to humanity. It is a splendid theory, but very impracticable indeed. You may see samples of such honor and morality in every country where the Bible is unknown, or at least not revered. And you need not go as far as that to see its fruits. Our educated infidels, though some of them, it is true, are moral, are not angels of perfection, with all their boasted honor; and many of them are notably immoral. And those who are moral owe their morality principally to early education by parents who revered the Word of God. From them and the Bible itself they have been taught all they know of morality. If they had been born in heathen lands they would in all probability have grown up as heathen; but they have been more favored, and the result has been that they have been educated in a Bible land, and into Bible principles. And as the great principle taught in the Bible is love to God and man, so far as they carry the principle out, they are following the dictates of the Bible, and you can judge them out of it. If they leave out the reverence and love of God, so far they are opposing and disobeying its teachings; but if they obey the command to "Love thy neighbor as thyself," so far they are carrying out its principles; and as these commands were written before they were born, they cannot claim that they originated in their own hearts. And as these principles are perfect, the infidel can not improve on them if he should try, and but very few live up to them.

Every country under the sun has some good mixed in with their low, and also some evil; for as it is told in that book, and as all have seen verified, that none are perfect, and that good and evil must grow together until the end of the world, so we find it everywhere. There are no bounds set to encircle it. It is everywhere where humanity is found. Nor did it begin with mankind, for it would seem from the history of creation that it

was planted in the Garden before even man was created. Nor was mankind the first to commit sin (if I understand the Bible aright), for Beelzebub and the evil angels had been cast out before even our first parents were placed in the garden, or had a chance to choose evil instead of good. And it looks reasonable to me what an eminent divine (I do not remember his name) has said in a treatise on future punishment, that he believed from the reading of the account of the fall of Beelzebub and his evil adherents, that they were only in a state of probation, something similar to the paradise where our first parents lived in peace and happiness before they fell; for the word heaven means a place of perfect happiness, just as paradise was used to show that they were in perfect peace; or even more, it serves to denote everything that would make the place perfection. And that God had given them their choice, just as he did humanity to choose good or evil, and being perhaps a wiser species of being as they were in all probability spirits, and could see and understand God better, and therefore to openly sin against Him, was considered by Him far worse than the disobedience of man, and therefore He had no salvation to offer, no forgiveness to bestow, but consigned them to utter and eternal punishment from His presence. But I believe we are to understand that this, too, was of their own choosing, and that they desired evil rather than good. And even in this justly merited punishment, the great mercy of God was shown toward these rebellious angels in permitting them to receive one more favor at his hands before they were to forever take themselves out of His sight and presence; and as the very sins which caused the Archangel to fall was love of power and vanity, so he was permitted to rule all who wished to enroll themselves under his banner. But remember he has no power or control over those who would prefer Christ as their king. The power given to Satan has contended from the creation for the mastery of the human race, and yet not one soul has ever been given him unless that soul volunteered in his service.

There are human beings that know not that there is a God who sees them, and rules over them, and has created everything for their benefit; but there are none who have come to the years of accountability but who know that it is wrong to injure or defraud another. This intuition is given them, and when they commit a wrong against another, they feel it, and hence the desire to make atonement, which causes them to pay penance and fall down in humility before their dumb idols. They believe that these idols personify some deity or spirit that can see and hear them, and is angry with them for the injury that they have committed toward some

other person. And for the same reason they will mix in good laws with bad—bad because of the evil that is in their heads, and good to try to cover up the evil, and appease the presiding deity. But the good is the fruit of the conscience, and having no Bible to direct intelligently, they go at their work of correcting evil very bunglingly, and often the remedy is worse than the disease. But still the desire to correct is the work of the conscience, or the dawning of the spirit, and God looks more at the desire than the means of putting the desire into practical shape, always allowing for the wisdom and knowledge of the person. And so it is that when there is no Bible, there is very little expected or demanded. But even a desire on the part of the ignorant is accounted for by the all-wise and all-merciful Savior; though it should not be overlooked that much of the ignorance of the heathen was brought upon them through the willful disobedience of their forefathers, who would not accept of the truth, but with their own hands put out the lamp of wisdom, and shut out the sunlight of truth, so that their hearts were filled with darkness, and they could transmit nothing but darkness to their children. It was not sent upon them by the divine hand of the Creator, but they brought it upon themselves and their children, through natural causes. If a man blow out a lamp he will find himself in the dark, and if he neglects to provide himself and children with proper means to renew the light, they will likely remain in darkness. The fathers forsook the way that God ordained that they should go, chose, through their own folly, darkness rather than light, and the children know not the way of wisdom, but must remain in ignorance until taught by those who have the gospel lamp to direct their feet. And the man who would deliberately put that lamp out, would destroy the purest and noblest part of our nature—would put out the light of wisdom, and cause darkness to reign, so that we should be obliged to grope our way, and would soon weary of the effort, and would finally settle down in total darkness and ignorance just as the heathen have done before us. They were all blessed at one time with light and knowledge, for they are the children of Adam, who talked with God, and received his commands direct from his Maker's own word; and the cause of their drifting into ignorance was first their forsaking God, for He never leaves nor forsakes those who call upon Him. And when a man wants to destroy Christianity, and close up the Bible, he desires to shut up every avenue that that blessed book has opened to civilization, education, or, in fact, to all things desirable for this life or the future; and, in so doing, proves himself an enemy to mankind, since it is through God's word that all our blessings have come to you.

WHICH WOULD BE BEST FOR OUR PEOPLE?

It has been urged in condemnation of temperance reform measures, that to prohibit liquor selling or manufacturing would be to throw a vast number of persons out of employment, and also that it would take a large amount from the National Treasury. Now I should like to know why this should be. If men who are engaged in liquor manufacturing and dealing it out by the dram to customers could not possibly do anything else, would it not in the end be more profitable to the people at large and the whole country, to raise a fund that would support those persons whilst they lived, and keep them where they would not ruin our children? And as to the National Treasury, whilst it probably would not receive quite so many dollars into its coffers, still, what it did get would not be the price of blood, or the manhood of its best citizens. You would not be obliged to label it: "This is for the souls of men;" "This is the price of the widow's and orphan's tears; this money would have bought them bread, and if thus used would have saved to them their father and husband in his true manhood; but the National Treasury needed it, and so they must be sacrificed." But then again there would not be so much to be paid out of the Treasury to support criminal lawyers, or to maintain the cost of trials, or to keep up the vast amount of criminal and other institutions that liquor selling is the direct or indirect cause of their being needed. Then instead of using the hard-earned money of the intemperate man to educate the children of the temperate, (for the drunkard's children seldom are benefited by free school education, for it often happens that they have to go out too early in life to earn their bread, or, if not, they have nothing to wear to go to school, or the neglect of the drunken father and the over-burdened mother keeps them out from necessity, or allows them to be their own judge, and therefore they prefer liberty in the streets).

Would it not be more profitable to all concerned to prohibit liquor-selling, and to use the amount that they would spend for it in educating themselves or their children? In so doing we would have less crime, and consequently less expense. We would have an educated and moral community, and it would give employment to many more teachers, (which I think would be a more honorable occupation than saloon-keeping,) and all other trade would be in proportion benefited. Our country would be governed by a better class of voters, our people would be more intelligent, and the prosperity would be in like proportion. There are vast acres of

prairie land waiting to be tilled; we are inviting foreigners to our shores to fill them, whilst our own sons are being made drunkards by the men of this and other nations, who feel that the only calling that they can pursue, is in manufacturing and dealing out this liquid poison! And they call upon the government (which readily responds) to protect them in their unholy calling. Now I would ask in the name of humanity, in the name of all we hold sacred, which would be the most profitable for us as a nation or a people?

Will high license improve matters? If so, let us have it so high that only one in ten thousand can reach it, and then they would be obliged to sell it so high that a man could only afford to buy one drink in a life-time, and that when he came to count the cost he would change his mind and conclude to buy some comfort for his family instead. But merely putting license to a price that only a few wealthy men in each town can afford to pay, is only fostering monopolies, and helping the rich and putting back the poor, for men who desire to drink will not stop because there are only a dozen saloons where there were fifty, but will get it at one of the dozen at the advanced price; and the wife and children must do with less food and clothing. We know enough of the drunkards to know that economy will not begin with them, but will be forced upon their families. If liquor is a good thing, then all should have it as cheap as possible; if an evil, it is the duty of an educated Christian people to put it down as an evil. A little cannot be used with safety, as has been proven, for all the drunkards began with a little; not one ever intended to become a drunkard.

RECEIPTS.

FOR ROUGH SKIN AND CHAPPED HANDS.

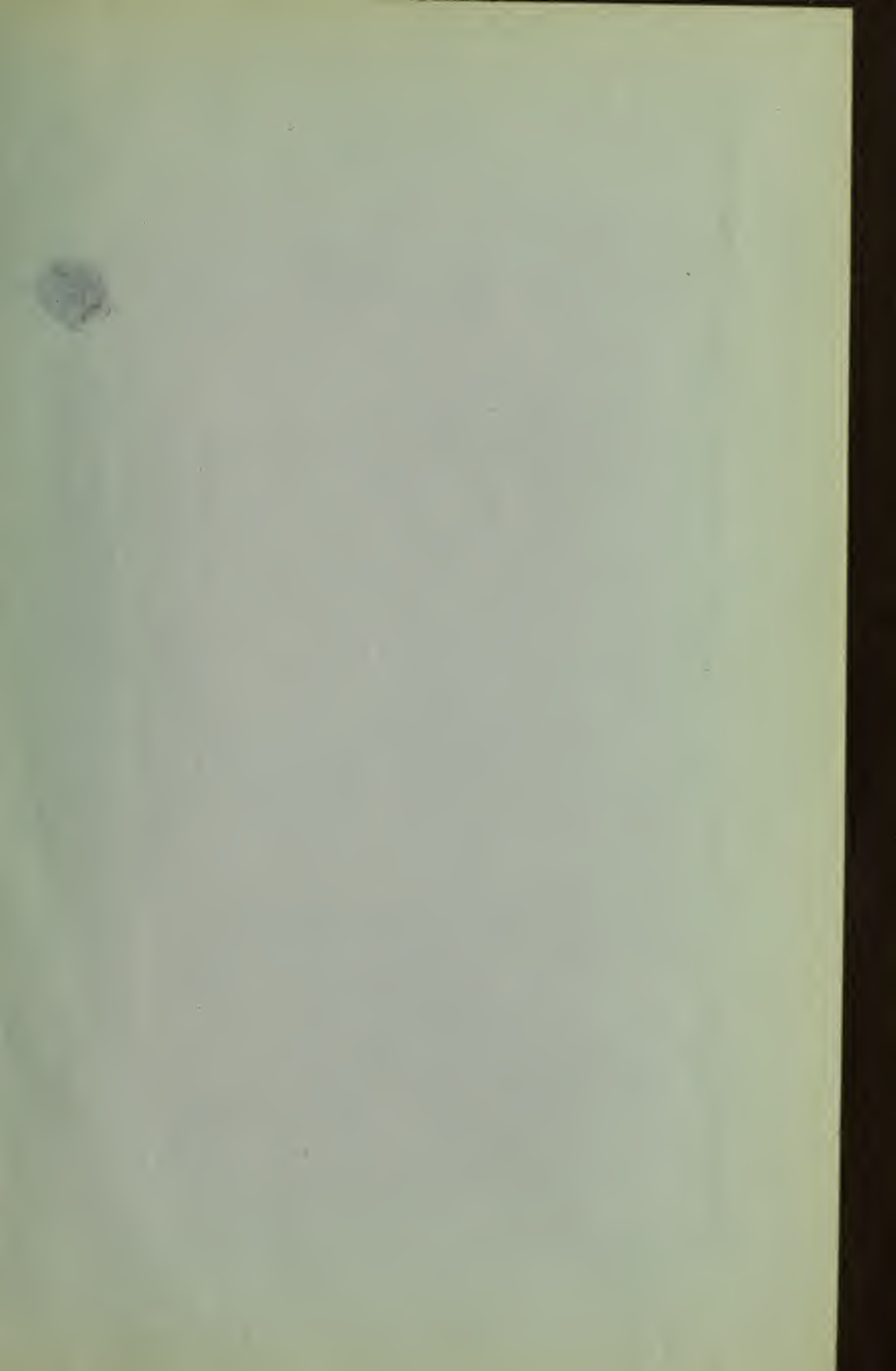
An ounce of bay rum, or half ounce of alcohol; half ounce gum of camphor; one ounce of glycerine; four ounces of rose water. Castor oil is better than glycerine, and can be used in its place.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

Take one tablespoonful of clean wheat bran, and mix it into a cup of hot coffee or tea, or warm milk; take every morning, or, if needful, three times a day, until you overcome the trouble.

EARACHE.

A few drops squeezed out of a well-roasted onion dropped in the ear often gives immediate relief.







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