

The Piper.

The dews were on the hedges, The mist was on the mead, When down among the sedges I wrought my pipe of reed.

The scythe was in the barley, The sickle in the wheat, The pipe I made so early Had lost its tones so sweet.

The men had left the mowing, The maids to bind the sheaves; I took me for my blowing A wheat-straw stripped of leaves.

Money.

We live and we love, for money! We sing and we dance for gold— And what is more dismally funny— For money our natures are sold.

We give up all manhood for office— We cheat our best friend, for a place; We care not how dirty a rough is Our way to get help—or how base!

A maiden to Long-Branch goes sporting, And hunts an old rich man to marry; Her 'pa' and 'mamma' did their courting On foot—but she courts for a carriage!

The Value of a Good Trade.

We had a man mowing our door yard yesterday. I watched him pretty closely, for fear he would snip off my rose-bushes. I put my shawl on and sat on the grass, and pretended I was keeping him company.

"Heh!" he sniffed, "I am jack of all trades and master of none. I can do most anything that I take hold of;" and he leaned over and shaved the grass neatly from about a snarl of rose-bushes, a beautiful tangle that I could not prune for very tenderness of heart.

"Oh, thank you!" I said; "you did that as kindly as a mother dressed her babe. Any other man would have said; 'Here's a dead branch, Miss Potts; or 'You is a useless shoot; or, 'That bush yonder is a sufferin' for the knife.'"

"Well, I calculate that it would be the better of a little triumph, but as you say, it's well enough to let natur' have her own way, just to see what all she can do when she takes a notion—If I was a reglar gardner, I s'pose I would have attacked that bush whether or no. I often wish father had apprenticed me to that trade—poor man he's been dead an' gone this many a long year; he was a good father, and I don't find it in my heart to bring up a word o' blame agin' him;" and here he leaned on the handle of the scythe in a comfortable sort of a way.

"But Miss Potts I think it's every man's duty to give his boys trades. When father died he left a farm of one hundred and sixty acres. There was mother, and we three grown up boys, and the two little girls, and Johnny, and grand-mother. Well, we couldn't all have the farm, and we couldn't any more than make a good living and pay the preacher and the taxes and school the children, and meet an occasional doctor's bill; and so Jack and I talked it over one night, and

thought it did seem a little hard, we resolved, 'fore God an' ourselves,

that we'd give up all right and claim to the old farm to Tom, our oldest brother, if he'd care for mother and the children, and do the part of a dutiful son and brother. It did seem kind o' hard, strikin' out to do for ourselves, two green boys who'd always been cared for. Jacked always wanted more learnin', he never was satisfied, and so he went away to school to shift for himself as he best could.—Well, he worried along somehow, until now he is qualified to teach—he teaches in the winter and goes to school in the summer. I'd taken a shine to Milly Brown—she was a modest little hard workin' creature—and so we concluded to marry and help each other along— We never regretted it; and though I don't own a foot o' land, and have no trade, we have always managed so that we never had to endure much privation. Be sure I've had to wear patch upon patch an' Milly's had to turn her dresses bottom end up, an' t'other side out; we've got along grandly.

"But, Miss Potts, it's just as much as I can do to stand up an' feel myself a man among men— I ain't an independent man; I've no trade. 'To day I mow your yard, to-morrow I help Farmer Hutchins move his smokehouse, the next day I plough corn for Jack Williams, maybe the next I'll make a chimney in Ephraim's kitchen or elevate grain in Taylor's warehouse, or haul coal for Caster, or make a pavement on Milk Street, or weed somebody's garden. That's no way o' doin', haekin' round for 'Tom, Dick an' Harry, so ne-times only paid, in worthless promises. Why; very often I work half a day for a man he'll say, 'I'll do you a good turn sometime, Wilson; or, 'It's a mighty nice thing to be as handy a man as you are George.'"

"No, Miss Potts, I'm not a free man—I am a bondman, I wear shackles, an' here I've a family comin' on promisin' boys and girls, an' I'm afraid I'll not be able to do my whole duty by em. God helpin' me I mean to give every boy o' mine a good trade, anyhow; maybe my girls, too. When Bowzer broke up and had to sell his farm and move to town, I just spoke right up before I thought I said 'Bowzer,' said I, 'now you can't do a better thing than to apprentice Ned and Timothy to trades. You don't want to live in town and have two big idle boys trifling away their time.—Don't do as my father did, don't let 'em ever feel as though you had not done all a father's duty. You can have Ned learn the tinner's trade and let Tim be a mason, or a plasterer or cooper,' an' what does neighbor Bowzer do but go and git mad, an' tell me to mind my own business an' that he was capable of looking after his own family.

"Well, to-day those 'Bowzer boys are like me; going jobbin' round wherever they can get a hand's turn to do. I think it is a blasted shame for a man to bring poor children into this world and not do a father's duty by them just leave them to shift for themselves, crippled, shackled, hobbled, wings clipped and not feeling that they belong to the class of men who are free and brave and bold and who can stand up and look the world in the face and feel themselves no mans inferior.

"That was a nice thing, sensible, too that Esquire Hamilton did last week. His youngest son, Ralph, don't like to go to school—is dull about learning—it is drudgery to him, and so, with his own consent, his father bound him to the blacksmith's trade. My! what a growth that boy'll get. He is pretty hearty now, but what muscle will be developed, and what a ruddy face, and strong arm and how happy he'll be.

Oh, I think it's a God's blessing

for a man to have a trade, even if he don't fall back upon it in making a living! So—so—well—I'll try and do my duty by my boys," and my neighbor drew his sleeve across his moist face and went on with his mowing.

My heart ached for the poor man, and I shut my teeth a little viciously in memory of the indifferent old father in the grave on the hillside.— In my heart I sanctioned every word I had heard, and thought what a pity it is that young men so run into-crowded professional ranks, preferring to be a fourth-rate lawyer, an ungodly minister, or an illiterate quack-doctor, to that of a first-rate blacksmith, wagon-maker or brick-layer.

I'd rather see a young man know how to make a good basket, than a poor plagiarized plea at the bar; rather see him toil, horny-handed in a sweat check shirt than to sneak round public places in seedy black, trying to eke out a miserable, sham existence by pettifogging dirty cases and manufacturing falsehoods, and then esteeming himself better than the honest toiler, just because he has the little tag of Esq. dangling to his name.—Arthur's Magazine.

The Sublimity of Faith.

We were standing on the shore of Lake George, talking to an old settler of the historic associations which cluster around the locality, when a young man at our side, turning to him, said:

"Uncle, are you afraid to die?" A look of astonishment overspread the aged face as, lifting his eyes to the questioner, he replied:

"Not a bit; I have been waiting, expecting to be called every day for these many years. I am ready to go whenever I am called."

"But you do not know where you are going, do you?" continued the inquirer. "Don't know where I am going?" repeated the old gentleman; "don't know where I am going?" he again repeated. "When you get aboard the lake steamer, with a good pilot at the helm, don't you know where you are going? Well, just so; I have a good Captain at the helm of my ship, and there ain't no danger of sinking, as there is here, and I am going safe into port to see my friends on the shore."

And with these words ringing in the ears of his listeners the old gentleman departed, his countenance all aglow with enthusiasm, apparently lit up with the glory of the world he beheld with the eye of faith. The incident itself is beautiful; but the lesson it teaches is one that every Christian should try to appropriate. The days of martyrdom are gone, but the faith of those early days may be the possession of the Christian in this age, and may shine out with as much light in the words and deeds of the humblest follower of the Master as it ever did from the prison, rack, or stake in those times of moral darkness. Such is the hope that is worthy of an high calling, and such an eye of faith alone will enable us at life's close, when we stand upon the shores of death's dark stream, to see beyond the thick clouds to the brightness of that glory which awaits us beyond.—Christian at Work.

If a man is rich and powerful, he comes under that law of God by which the higher branches must take the burning of the sun, and shade those that are lower; by which the tall trees must protect the weak plants beneath them.—Beecher.

Greatness, far from impairing goodness, does but contribute to its enlargement, as a public fountain is elevated that it may send forth its streams farther

The Little Miseries of Life.

Life would be miserable if men and women had no grievances. It is highly probable, indeed, that a large number, if they could find nothing to grumble at, would die of simple ennui. It is a positive enjoyment to many people to have a growl; they take intense delight in persuading themselves and those by whom they are surrounded that they are martyrs on a small scale. They do not act thus always with the mere intention of invoking pity on their behalf; perhaps, if the truth were to be made known, they are intensely angry with the being who has the audacity to pity them. They are actuated by a somewhat vague feeling of discontent. They feel that, somehow or other, things are not exactly as they ought to be. They may have plenty to eat and drink, they may have good clothes on their backs, and sufficient money to provide them with all healthful luxuries; they may have friends who love them, and comfortable homes, and yet will they feel dissatisfied, and seize an opportunity of making their dissatisfaction felt. They may be good hearted people in the main, they may give money to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; their eyes may water with compassion at the sight of suffering, and yet, unaccountable as it may appear, they will take a positive pleasure in making those with whom their daily lives are spent temporarily unhappy.

Human nature is made up of such palpable contradictions—there is so much instinctive bad mixed up with so much instinctive good in every one of us—that there is no reason to be surprised at this. Such being the constitution of many men's minds, it will readily be conceived that even when people are exceptionally prosperous they make a point of positively gloating over trivial trials, making out, indeed, that they have as large a share of the bitters of life as any of their fellows. Indeed, we may go a step further, and say that those who have most trials talk least about them. Those whose lives are one continual grind, who have to struggle hard to keep the wolf from the door, have, in fact, little time for grumbling. They have generally to be content with things as they are. It would be found, were inquiry made, that the honest hard-workers are so busily engaged in thanking Providence for such small mercies as are vouchsafed them, that they forget to murmur, except at odd moments, on account of those which are denied.

THE DISPUTER SILENCED.—Two gentlemen were once disputing on the divinity of Christ. One of them who argued against it said, "If it were true, it certainly would have been expressed in more clear and unequivocal terms."—"Well," said the other, "admitting that you believed it, were you authorized to teach it, and allowed to use your own language, how would you express the doctrine to make it indubitable?" "I would say," replied he, "that Jesus Christ is the true God." You are very happy," replied the other, "in the choice of your words, for you have happened to hit upon the words of inspiration. St. John, speaking of the Son, says, 'This is the true God, and eternal life.'"

Mere logic will lend itself to error as well as to truth, and will lead to any depths of falsehood if the premises are wrong. The more closely the man reasons, the further he goes astray. It is like a compass vitiated by the ship in which it is placed; and the more dangerous, the more it is trusted. Logic and compasses need constantly to be rectified by observation outside of themselves.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Be it known that the General Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Connection, at its session in Charlotte, N. C., June, 1872, took into consideration the propriety of establishing schools for the education of our people in the South, and selected for said purpose Fayetteville, N. C., as a proper place to locate a college for said purpose.

The conference also elected the following persons as a Board of Managers to carry out the object contemplated by said conference:

- Bishop J. D. Brooks, President. J. P. Hamer, Vice Pres't. Bishop S. D. Talbert, Treasurer. Dr. J. A. Thompson. Jacob Thomas. George Bosley. P. A. Lee, Corres. Sec'y. J. A. Jones, Rec. Sec'y

We therefore appeal to a generous Christian public to aid us in this praiseworthy object, in educating and christianizing our poor downtrodden and oppressed race, and also to send out missionaries to teach and preach the Gospel of Christ.

The bearer, the Rev. George Bosley, is hereby duly authorized as an agent to collect funds for said object.

Signed in behalf of the Board. Bishop J. D. Brooks, Pres't. JAMES A. JONES, Sec'y.

STICK IT ON THE MIND.—A boy, in a fit of passion, spoke God's name in vain. As soon as the words were out of his mouth, he was ashamed and sorry, and when he went home he asked his mother to write down all the Bible said about profane swearing. He said "he wanted to study it, and stick it on his mind, and carry it about with him everywhere." So she found and copied the following text:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain." Exodus 20.8.

"Ye shalt not swear by my name falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of thy God; I am the Lord."—Lev. 19:12.

"Because of swearing the land mourneth; the pleasant places of the wilderness are dried up." Jer. 28:10.

"I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the City of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Matt. 5:34—37.

"Above all things, my brethren, swear not; neither by the earth; neither by any other oath; but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation." James 5:12.

He learned these scriptures, and I have written them down for every boy who reads these lines to learn them also.

A DEFINITE AIM.—Do not sow the world broadcast, but as the Scotch would say, "Dibble it in!" Make a hole in the ground with your sharpened stick, and push the seed into the earth with your heel. Let every sentence tell. Shoot with an aim. Take your arrow from your quiver, put it on the bow with your eye on the throne, then let it go home. Do not pull it out. Let it be a distinct and felt impression. Do not talk to human beings who are asleep. I have no faith in somnambulism in the Church. Let every eye be engaged as though he would look you through. Give the children something worth receiving, and send the truth home. Dr. Ormiston.

Household Helps.

To CLEAN MARBLE.—Rub first with soda and soft soap, wash as usual with water.

MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, half cup of butter, half cup of milk or water, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg.

COLD SAUCE.—Four table-spoonsful of sugar, two of bitter. When these have been rubbed until very white and smooth, add the beaten white of an egg. Flavor it and mould in some pretty shape.

CRACKERS.—Take nine cups of flour, one cup of lard, two cups of water, two teaspoonsful of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of saleratus. First rub the lard into the flour and add two teaspoonsful of salt.

LAMB STEW.—Take half a shoulder of a lamb, boil it in two quarts of water for two hours. Then put in onions, potatoes, turnips, cut in quarters, salt and pepper to the taste. Ten minutes before serving put in the dumplings.

To REMOVE BERRY STAINS.—If you should be so unfortunate as to crush a berry on a book or engraving, strike a brimstone match and let the fume come in contact with the stain and it will disappear as if by magic.

BUTTERMILK PUDDING.—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda sifted in two cups of flour, three cups of milk; stir the flour in lightly.—Grease your tin and bake one hour. It can be turned out.

WHITEWASH.—One peck of lime slaked in boiling water, and then strained; one-fourth pound of glue, dissolved previously; and one pint of salt; apply warm. If glue is not convenient, soft soap is a good substitute, using about half as much as of glue.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Four table-spoonsful sugar, two of butter, one of flour beaten to a cream. Add the white of an egg beaten to a froth, and pour into the whole a gill of boiling water, stir it very fast. Flavor with lemon, rose-water and nutmeg.

BATTER PUDDING.—Three eggs, seven table-spoonsful of flour, one quart of milk boiled, preserving to wet the flour together and pour them into the boiling milk. Add a little salt. If berries are used, add one-third flour. Bake, and serve with sauce.

A CURE FOR CORNS.—A French medical journal reports the cure of the most refractory corns by the morning and evening applications, with a brush, of a drop of a solution of the perchloride of iron. It states that after a fortnight's continued application, without pain, a patient who had suffered martyrdom for nearly forty years from a most painful corn on the inner side of each little toe was entirely relieved; pressure was no longer painful, and the cure seemed to be radical. Other and similar cases are reported as equally successful under the treatment.

A YEAR'S TROUBLE.—Sometimes I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of rags, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundles, and gives us first one stick, which we are able to carry to-day, and then another which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—New-ton.

Aged people are blessings to the community as well as the church.