

Literary Department.

Mrs. M. E. WHITAKER, Edith.

SEWING GOOD SEED.

One lovely afternoon, early in the month of May, a little girl, not more than eight years old, sat at the window overlooking a beautiful lawn and fishpond. She had been reading, but the book had fallen from her hands.—There was a sad and pensive expression on her countenance; for she was thinking how she used to love to run about in the green fields, and play with her hoop or skipping-ropes; but these she had to exchange for a crutch—she was a cripple. Just then some little sparrows came to pick up the crumbs which the child had thrown from the window. She watched them with the deepest interest, as they hopped about in their happy freedom, till at length, having satisfied their hunger, with a chirrup, they flew away to join their companions.

The little girl turned away sorrowfully from the window, and stooped to reach her crutch which had fallen to the floor. In vain did she try to drive back her tears—they would come; and, covering her face with her hands, she wept bitterly. Whilst thus troubled, she felt a hand laid softly upon her head, and looking up, she saw her mother bending over her with a mingled look of anxiety and love in her face.

"What is the matter with my Nellie?" she asked, in a gentle voice.

"O, mamma," exclaimed the child, as she threw her arms around her mother's neck, "it is of no use for me to live, now that I am lame. I can never be of any use!"

The mother, breathing a silent prayer to God for a blessing on her instruction, seated herself on a low chair, and drawing Nellie on her lap, whispered words of comfort to the troubled little one. She told her also of the lame and the blind, the deaf and the dumb, who were brought to the loving Saviour, and were healed; and then, with a mother's tenderness, she pressed the child to her heart, and tried to show her in how many ways even a cripple might be useful. She told her of the glowworm, whose tiny light cheers the traveller on his way in the dark night.

"But, mamma," said Nellie, "I am not a glowworm."

"No, my dear," said her mother, "but you may do what the glowworm does—you may let your light shine. Have you forgotten those lines which your papa taught you, not long ago?"

"Do what you can—being what you are; Shine like a glowworm, if you can't be a star."

"You cannot do much, I know; and yet, by your example, you may be made a blessing to others. You may sow the seeds of kindness and love, and mercy and truth; which, by-and-by, will with the Divine blessing, grow up bright and beautiful flowers, that shall bloom throughout eternity."

"But, mamma, how can I do this?"

"Well, my dear," replied her mother, "by giving up your own will for another's pleasure, you sow the seeds of love and kindness, by immediately confessing when you have done wrong, you sow the seeds of truth; and you were sowing the seed of mercy when you gave your sixpence to the poor blind man at the door this morning."

With a bright smile of hope the child looked up into her mother's face, and pressing a warm kiss on her cheek, she said: "Thank you, dear mamma; I will try to be more happy and useful!"

In an intended wedding in Providence, just as the ceremonies were to begin the bride suddenly called upon the groom to abjure tobacco on pain of forfeiture of wedding bliss, etc., which he refused to do—and then and there taking a fresh quid from his tobacco box, to show his independence. Whereupon the young lady took out a dainty box, took a chew amid the applause of the guests, and ordered the clergyman to go ahead; this was too much for the groom, who fled the scene, leaving the girl triumphant with a piece of licorice in her mouth.

Of all the books in the Old Testament Daniel Webster preferred Habakkuk.

What length ought a lady's crinoline to be? A little above two feet.

THE LAST DOLLAR.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

He gave it to his wife with a sigh, yet with a look of resignation.

"It is our last dollar," he said.—"But the Lord will provide."

The Rev. James Spring was minister in the little mountain village of Thornville. He was poor, and his congregation was poor. Often before he had been very near his last dollar, but he had never actually got to it until today.

"So you've been always saying," sobbed his wife; "but what is to become of us when this is gone? They won't trust any more at the store; and your salary won't be due these three weeks, even if you get it then. Why do you stay here James, where the people are so poor?"

"I have no other place to go to; nor money to travel to it, if the Lord opened a way. My work, for the present, is here. He feedeth the young ravens; He will surely feed us."

"I wish I had your faith, but I haven't; and it won't come to me.—Oh! what shall we do?" And she wrung her hands despairingly. "My poor children!"

"Once I was young, and now I am old," solemnly said her husband, speaking in the words of the Psalmist, "yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

As if in answer to this pious ejaculation, there came a sudden knock at the door. All the while the minister and his wife had been talking, a storm had been raging outside. On opening the door, a traveler quite wet through, entered.

"I was coming through the forest from Maryville," he said, "and venture to stop at the first house I see. My horse is in the shed. Do I take too great a liberty?"

"Not at all," answered the master of the house. "We have but a poor shelter, as you see; but, such as it is, you are welcome to it; there is a good fire, at any rate."

For it was in the kitchen where this conversation took place. Indeed, this humble home boasted no parlor, and the kitchen was dining room, drawing room, living room and all.

The stranger proved to be a man of education and intelligence, and, in conversation with him, the minister forgot his trouble, and he was reminded of earlier and brighter days, when intellectual companionship had not been the rare thing it is now, up among these hills.

At last the storm abated, and the stranger rose to go. His host accompanied him to the gate, and watched him till he disappeared behind a turn of the road.

"See here, James," cried the wife eagerly, when he returned to the house, "I found this on the table, near which the gentleman sat."

It was a fifty dollar greenback, wrapped hastily in a bit of paper, that looked as if it had been torn from a pocket book, and on the inside of the paper was written the verse of the Psalmist, which it was now apparent the traveler had overheard.

"I thought he was writing the direction he asked for," said the minister. Thanks be to the Lord! Did I not say, my dear, He would provide?"

His wife burst into tears.

"God forgive me!" she said, "I will never doubt again. The Lord surely sent this stranger to our aid."

And He will still provide," replied her husband. "Whatever my lot be, here or elsewhere, in Him I trust."

A month afterward, a letter, a rare event, came to the "Rev. James Spring." It was as follows: "Rev. and Dear Sir.—The church at Maryville has unanimously called you to its pastorate. The salary is fifteen hundred dollars, and a good parsonage house." The letter concluded by saying: "The writer of this first came to know you by your hospitalities to him during a storm, a few weeks ago. He overheard you, in a moment of great distress, speak with such full faith, that he feels you are just the person for this charge, and on his recommendation this call has been made."

Maryville was the county town, a rich and thriving place, in a broad and fertile valley, at the foot of the hills.—It was a far fitter sphere of labor for a man of the minister's abilities than

the wild village in the mountains.

So a young man, as yet without a family, took the missionary church among the hills, and the Rev. James Spring accepted the call.

But he does not forget the past, and often, when people show want of faith tells the story of the Last Dollar.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

THE FLOATING CITY.

Venice, queen city of the Adriatic, has been immortalized in song, and its streets of water alive with gliding gondolas, and gay with revelry, are familiar to all. But though less known, not less worthy of note is the capital city of Siam, of which a traveller thus discourses in the Springfield Union.

One of the most wonderful cities in the world is Bangkok. Did you ever witness such a sight in your life? On either side of the wide, majestic stream, moored in regular streets and alleys, extended as far as the eye can reach, are upward of 70,000 neat little houses, each house floating on a compact raft of bamboos, and the whole intermediate space of the river presents to our astonished gaze one dense mass of ships, junks and boats, of every conceivable shape, color, and size. As we glide among these, we occasionally encounter a stray house broken loose from its moorings, and hurrying down the stream with the tide amid the uproar and shouts of inhabitants and all the spectators.

"We also notice that all the front row of houses are neatly painted shops, in which various tempting commodities are exposed for sale; behind these again, at equal distances, rise the lofty, elegant porcelain towers of the various temples. On our right hand side, as far as we can see, are three stately pillars, erected to the memory of three defunct kings celebrated for the performance of some act of valor and justice; and little beyond these, looming like a line of battle ship, among a lot of cockle-shells, rises the straggling and not very elegant palace of the king, where his Siamese majesty, with ever so many wives, and children, resides.

"Now, be careful how you step out of the boat into the balcony of the floating house, for it will recede, to the force of your effort to mount, and if you are not aware of this, you will lose your balance and fall into the river. Now we are safely transhipped, for we cannot as yet say landed; but we now form an item, though a very small one, of the vast population of the city of Bangkok.

"Every house has a canoe attached to it, and no nation detests walking so much as the Siamese; at the same time they are expert swimmers, and both men and women begin to acquire this very necessary art at an early age. Without it, man runs a momentary risk of being drowned, as when a canoe upsets, none of the passers by ever think it necessary to lend any aid, supposing them fully adequate to the task of saving their own lives. Canoes are being hourly upset, owing to the vast concourse of vessels and boats plying to and fro; and owing to this negligence or carelessness in rendering assistance, a Mr. Benham, an American missionary, lost his life some twelve years ago, having upset his canoe when it was just getting dusk, and no one deeming it necessary to stop and pick the poor man up."

THE THREE FRIENDS.—AN ILLUSTRATION.—Trust no friend before thou hast tried, for they abound more at the festive board than at the prison door.

A certain man had three friends; two of them he loved warmly; the other he regarded with indifference, though that one was the truest of his well-wishers. The man was summoned before a tribunal, and though innocent his accusers were bitter against him.

"Who among you," said he, "will go with me and bear witness for me? For my accusers are bitter against me, and the judge is displeased."

The first of his friends at once excused himself from accompanying him on the plea of other business. The second followed him to the door of the tribunal; there he turned back and went his way, through fear of the offended judge. The third, on whom he relied the least, spoke for him, and bore witness to his innocence, so that

the judge dismissed and rewarded him.

Man has three friends in this world; how do they demean themselves towards him, in the hour of death, when God calls him to judgment? His best beloved friend, gold, is the first to leave him, and accompanies him not. His friends and kinsmen accompany him to the portal of the grave, and then turn back to their own houses.—The third, whom he is most neglectful of, is his good works. They alone go with him to the Judge's throne; they stand before him and obtain mercy and grace.

Communications.

For the Friend of Temperance.
BOYS' TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

It may not be known that such an Institution as the Boys' Temperance Society exists in Charlottesville.

To such as are ignorant of the existence of this organization, we state, that Hopewell Council No. 33, Friends of Temperance, has a membership, numbering forty, and holds very interesting meetings, Thursday nights in Temperance Hall, Bank Building.

Many objections are made to this Society: we have heard a great many arguments to prove that such Societies do more harm than good; we have often been pained while listening to professors of religion denouncing our organization.

After mature consideration, we find the only real argument used against us, is that the members are in the habit of behaving badly on the streets after the meeting adjourns; and that it is demoralizing for boys to be out at night.

We reply to this argument, by saying that if boys are rightly taught at home, they will behave when away from home. Nay more; those who have heretofore been guilty of this rude behavior mentioned, are boys who run the streets every night in the week, and are only gentlemanly in their behavior while at the Temperance meeting. It would surprise the parents of such to see them, (as we see them,) every Thursday night, dignified in all their actions, taking part in the debates and giving evidence of thought which we hope will lead them to usefulness when they are called to take part in the great battle of life.

From those who oppose us through ignorance—those who hate our objects, and those who approve our motives but do nothing to aid us, we ask a patient hearing.

The war left all of us demoralized—old and young.

Men who never before tasted intoxicating drinks are now drunkards.—Men who once labored in the great Temperance Reformation, now drink and are seen going in and out of bar-rooms and reeling along the streets, half crazed from the effects of liquor.

Husbands once kind, affectionate and happy, are now worse than brutes.

Fathers once loving, gentle and patient, are now careless, rough and ill-natured.

Sons once the pride of fond parents, are now loafing around bar-rooms, swilling liquor and making themselves disgusting by day and the terror of the community at night.

Can it be that any wife wishes to see her husband a drunken vagabond?

Can it be that any mother wishes to see her son a worthless sot?

We propose to begin in time. We desire to take boys within the protecting folds of our order and teach them sobriety while young, before evil habits bind them with fetters stronger than life.

We desire to lead them in paths of Temperance, where they may learn to be useful ornaments in Society, and proud objects of affection in the family circle.

We desire to raise up a generation of men, honored at home and abroad, for Virtue, Industry and Sobriety; men who will develop our rich resources, improve our wasted lands and elevate Virginia to that exalted position which should be occupied by the mother of States and Statesmen.

To succeed in these objects we need aid and encouragement from parents.

Our Society has been in existence

more than a year. We have not been encouraged by those from whom we expected encouragement.

At times we felt that our Society must go down; but thank God we persevered—surmounted difficulties which have blasted societies with better prospects and wiser heads, and to-day we come before the public, firmly resolved never to give up the fight—never to yield the battle to the enemy, but armed with that noble weapon, Charity, and with the firm conviction that God will strengthen our weak arms in such a noble cause, fling our flag to the breeze and appeal to Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, and Sisters to enlist with us, and take part in our warfare against the greatest enemy of Peace, Home and Happiness.

For information, we would state that all applicants for membership in the Junior Council must be at least twelve and not over eighteen years of age.—Must believe in the existence of God and reverence the teachings of the Holy Scriptures. Must take a pledge to abstain from the use as a beverage, of all spirituous and malt liquors, wine and cider.

The initiation fee is small and monthly dues only sufficient to pay necessary expenses.

R. S. MORGAN.

For the Friend of Temperance.

SUFFOLK, VA.,
Sept. 15th, 1868.

DEAR BRO. WHITAKER:—Your statement of the lack of support afforded the *Friend of Temperance*, surprises and mortifies me. The paper is cheap, well printed and well edited. It does not contain quite as much news from the Order as could be desired, but this cannot well be obtained by the Editor, perhaps, under the circumstances surrounding him. Permit me to suggest that you make an effort to secure an agent at every point where a Subordinate Council has been constituted. A general dissemination of the paper, will impart new life and energy to the whole brotherhood.

A look into the drawer and a glance at the correspondence of the Secretary of the State Council of Virginia, enables me to say to you, with pleasure, that we have nothing to discourage us in Virginia. The Councils working at the last semi-annual session, are all holding their own, and some of them enjoying much prosperity. Suffolk Council, No. 8, at this place, had a larger meeting on Monday evening last, than it has had in several months. Our members are standing firm. The other Council in this county, Yeates, No. 40, is preparing to have a public meeting soon.

From the Valley of Virginia, the news is cheering. Bro. Geo. A. Bruce, D. V. P., in the Augusta District, writes encouragingly, concerning affairs in his District. Doe Hill Council, No. 17, in Highland county, which had well nigh become extinct, has rallied, and is doing better than ever. At Harrisonburg, quite a number of lady associate members have been admitted, and the noble young men, which make up the Council in that place, are filled with new zeal for the good Cause. Mount Crawford, No. 19, has arranged for a picnic, and Harrisonburg, No. 37, and McGaheysville, No. 35, have been invited to join them. A good time is expected.

Rev. Dr. Finley, writes from Winchester, that the new Council there will open under the most favorable auspices. At Colliertown, No. 5, they are enjoying considerable prosperity. Dr. J. L. Leach has recently been appointed D. V. P., for Rock-bridge District. Bro. J. C. Murrell, of the Nelson District, has not been heard from recently, but a good report is expected soon. At Charlottesville, where President Abell resides, both the Councils are doing well.

Bro. James B. Blanks, so well known in the Order, has recently removed from Petersburg to Norfolk, and is connected with the new Commission House of Wright, Lee, & Co. This will almost surely result in the reviving of Stonewall Council, No. 24, in the latter city.

The revised Ritual is delayed yet another week, but I think that I may say with confidence, that it will be ready for distribution next week.

You shall hear from me as often as I have anything worth communicating.

Yours, in F. T. & C.,
W. B. WELLONS.