THE WEEKLY ERA.

WM. M. BROWN, - - MANAGER.

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THE WEEKLY ERA.

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THE WEEKLY ERA.

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" " " Second Floor, 2.00
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4—6m

POETRY.

"This I Did for Thee—What Doest Thou for Me?"

[Motto placed under the print of Christ, in the study of a German divine. It is said that Count Zinderdorf, the Patriarch of the Moravian brethren, was first taught to come to the Savior by reading this motto.]

THIS I DID FOR THEE—WHAT DOEST THOU FOR ME?

I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be
And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou given for me?

I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know;
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent *one* for me?

My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left *aught* for me?

I suffered much for thee—
More than tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee;
What have you suffered for me?

And I have brought to thee,
Down from my house above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou *brought* to me?

O, let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
Give thou *thyself* to me,
And I will welcome thee!

Hidden in Light.

When first the sun dispels the cloud
Of night,
The glad hills catch the radiance from
afar,
And smile for joy. We say, "How
fair they are,
Tree, rock, and heather-blossom so clear
and bright!"
But when the sun draws near in wavering
mist,
Enfolding all in one transcendent
blaze
Of sunset glow, we trace them not,
but gaze
And wonder at the glorious holy light.
Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness that
we,
Whose swift short hours of day so
swiftly run,
So overflowed with love and light may
be,
Lost in the glory of the nearing Sun,
That not our light but Thine, may
brightly shine,
New praise to Thee through our poor
lives be won!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

Bible Cause in North Carolina.

The following extract from the fifty-seventh annual report of the American Bible Society, setting forth the progress of the Bible work in North Carolina, will no doubt be of interest to many of our readers:—

"NORTH CAROLINA.—The work in this State has been conducted during the past year with peculiar efficiency and industry by Rev. E. A. Strobel, of Raleigh, whose report is as follows:—

"There are ninety-five counties embraced in this district. In these counties are 121 auxiliaries, nine branch societies, and seven Bible committees. The Superintendent has visited ninety-eight auxiliaries and sixteen branch societies and committees. Thirteen new auxiliaries have been organized, twenty-five have been revived, and seven branch societies and several Bible committees have been formed. Number of miles travelled, 6000; sermons and Bible addresses delivered, 225; official letters written, 468; documents issued, 975; money forwarded to the Bible House, $3,321.79.

"The work of the past year has been one mainly of reorganization. Many of the auxiliaries were virtually dead; many were without books; and, with a few exceptions, none of them had done anything in canvassing and supplying their respective territories. Besides this, a spirit of apathy and indifference seemed to prevail almost universally, and the Bible cause generally was in a languishing condition. As a consequence of this state of things, the destitution was found to be alarmingly great. From the best information that could be gathered, not less than 30,000 families are believed to have been destitute of the Word of God at the commencement of the year.

In some counties there were found two, and in a few as many as three auxiliaries; but there had been no conference among the officers of these societies; the boundaries of their respective territories had not been defined; there had been no division of labor, no co-operation, no system, and no intelligent and earnest prosecution of the work of distributing the Scriptures. These evils the Superintendent has endeavored to correct, and although he has not thus far achieved all that he desired, he thinks the field is full of promise of future good results. The auxiliaries which have been reorganized and supplied with books have hardly had time to do much in the way of exploring and supplying their territory.

Only two are reported as having completed the canvass and supply of their respective territories. These are the Salem Bible Association and the Cabarrus County Bible Society. To these may perhaps be added the Mebanesville and Caldwell County Bible Society. Mecklenburg, Gates, Union, Carteret, McDowell, Craven, Lumberton, Franklin and Wayne county (freedmen's) Societies report a partial canvass. Many others are believed to have taken some steps to supply their territory, but have sent in no reports. The following statistics are all that have been gathered: Auxiliaries reporting as engaged in exploring and supplying their territory, eighteen; families visited, 916; found destitute, 330; destitute families supplied, 357; individuals supplied, 543; freedmen supplied, 550; furnished for railroad cars, thirty; Sabbath schools supplied, forty-two.

From these returns it is manifest that a very small portion of the State has yet been explored and supplied, and that it will require much greater earnestness and industry upon the part of Christians throught the State before the thousands of destitute families have been reached and supplied with God's precious Word.

Nearly all the auxiliaries during the past year have replenished their depositories. There are fully 120 localities in the State where the Society's publications can now be obtained. In this particular there has been a great improvement in the condition of the work. One Society (Wake County) which at the commencement of the year had only one Bible in its depository, has purchased over $600 worth of books. This same county gave us nothing last year in the way of collections and donations; [illegible] in the case of a single individual, this year the collections and donations amount to over $250.

Special attention has been paid to the wants of the freedmen, and a number of branch societies and committees have been organized to facilitate the distribution of the Scriptures among their families and Sabbath schools. The freedmen, in many sections of the State, are rapidly becoming educated, and they gratefully avail themselves of every opportunity to possess the Bible. Perhaps one-third of all the destitution among them has been supplied.

In this connection it affords the Superintendent great pleasure to bear testimony to the noble work which the Rev. H. B. Blake and his son are doing the freedmen in Wilmington and the vicinity, not only in educating the freedmen, but in distributing the Scriptures among them.

The Superintendent has presented the Bible cause to the various ecclesiastical bodies in the State, and he is happy to say that in all cases they have courteously received him, and have adopted resolutions earnestly commending the Bible cause to the churches, and pledging the cordial co-operation of all the pastors. To many of the pastors of these denominations, and to very many laymen, the District Superintendent is indebted for numerous acts of personal kindness. The Christian courtesies extended to him, and the words of sympathy and encouragement which have greeted him in almost every community, have tended greatly to cheer and strengthen him in the prosecution of his arduous work.

The work of supplying the destitution in this district has been very greatly facilitated by the liberality of the Parent Society, in making such ample grants for gratuitous distribution. These grants, forty in number, embrace about 10,000 copies of the Scriptures. Two thousand three hundred dollars worth of books have also been put at the disposal of the surviving members of the North Carolina Bible Society, in discharge of a sum formerly deposited with the Parent Society by that auxilliary, and from this source many books have been drawn for gratuitous distribution. On the whole, the State of North Carolina is believed to be better supplied with books than at any period since 1861. This is certainly a source of encouragement.

In reviewing the labors of the past year, the Superintendent for North Carolina would gratefully recognize the hand of a gracious and merciful God, in the preservation of his life amidst many perils, and in the large measure of health with which he has been blessed. The field which he was called to occupy is extensive, and demands no small measure of patience, zeal, perseverance and faith. Whatever success has attended his labors, he humbly ascribes to the blessing of God and the co-operation of Christian pastors and laymen. He is conscious of having endeavored faithfully to discharge his duty. He has sought, by faithful appeals to the people whom he has addressed, to stimulate an increased zeal and earnestness in the work of distributing the Scriptures. He regrets that his efforts in this direction have not been more successful, and that a greater interest has not been awakened among Christians, on behalf of the thousands of families who are "sitting in darkness," and famishing for the lack of "the bread of life." May the Great Head of the Church quicken his people, by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, to a deeper sympathy with the benighted and the perishing, and to more prompt and earnest efforts for their salvation!

Receipts from North Carolina, $5,072.72. Books sent thither, 35,589 volumes."

Rev. Lovick Pierce, D. D.

The *Illustrated Record and Repository*, a monthly family newspaper published in the city of New York, presents in its issue of June 15th, a portrait of Dr. Pierce, and the following brief sketch of that venerable divine. The sketch, though exceedingly meager, condenses a dool deal of information, and will be read with interest:—

"The subject of this sketch was born in Halifax county, North Carolina, on the 24th of March, 1785. He was licensed to preach in 1804. He joined the South Carolina Conference in December of the same year. The Conference at that time embraced a large portion of North Carolina, all of South Carolina and Georgia. Dr. Pierce has been an active laborious preacher for 68 years. He filled two appointments in South Carolina; first, the Pedee circuit; second, Columbia, and while yet a very young man laid the foundation of Methodism in the capital of the old Palmetto State. He married in Georgia, and there became a resident citizen. In Georgia he has lived for more than 60 years. The impress of his mind and character, is upon the civilization, education and religion of the people. The State owes him more than she will ever pay, albeit no man in her borders commands more of public confidence and respect.

"The early advantages of this venerable man were scanty. Six months would cover the entire term of his scholastic education. What he is as a divine, is due to native genius, judicious reading, intelligent observation and a life consecrated to one work. The Church and the country with one consent, assign him the front rank among preachers. He is now an old man, far beyond his fourscore. His wonderful physical powers begin to decline, but his mind abides in all its freshness and force without the decay of a single attribute.

"Although not able to preach as long nor so often as in the days of his strength, he still preaches by day or by night as opportunity offers. Pulpit labor is a necessary [illegible] to his system. Unless too feeble to stand, nothing comes him up like preaching. It is his life and his joy.

A protest is made against the snubbing of children who ask questions:—

"The tendency of this habit of observation, together with its consequent habits of comparison and reflection, nature implants in every human mind, and it is this that gives birth to the perplexing questionings of all children. When it is allowed to develop itself, it becomes the best and surest of all educators. * * * Your child wants to know the facts about everything he sees, and the reasons for them. * * If you do not know the thing concerning which he asks, and cannot find it out, or if it be something which you cannot make him understand, you have only to tell him so, leaving him free to ask about the next thing that interests or puzzles him. If you repel him by a mocking saw, or forbid his further questioning, you injure him for life."

A Workingman's Romance.

I am the foreman in a shirt and drawers factory. I am forty years old, and never was particularly handsome to look at. I don't suppose my manners are particularly fascinating either, for the girls mostly call me "Old Crusty," and "Bear." Not that I mean to be cross, but some people haven't the agreeable ways of others.

I have sat behind the tall desk in Tape & Buttonbell's nineteen years. I've seen a good many curious phases of life within that time, but the most curious of all happened to myself personally, and that is precisely what I am going to tell you about.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for five dollars," said Dennison.

Dennison had charge of the out door department, and he came in that wet, drizzly, February evening, to stand by the grate fire in my room. We had not lighted the gas yet; the press and the hurry of work were over for the day, and it was quiet and pleasant in the red shine of the coals. I was sitting on my tall stool, biting the feather end of a quill pen, and thinking—thinking of I scarce know what.

"What's happened now?" I said.

"It's Lame Hetty," said Dennison. "Two rolls of work missing, and Hetty declares she brought 'em here."

I laid down the goose quill. Lame Hetty had been in my thoughts, somehow, all that rainy twilight, just as people and things will take possession of your brain at times, and you can't help yourself. A soft eyed, low-voiced girl who walked with a crutch, and always wore delicate grays and dove colors. I knew her from the throng because of the "tap, tap" of her crutches, and used always to speak to her when I saw her standing in the long line of girls who waited, on Saturday night, to deliver their work and receive their pay.

"That's bad," said I.

"Ten dollars worth of shirts," said Dennison—"order shirts, too, and that makes it worse. I am sorry for the girl—she has a pretty face of her own, and I always liked her; but of course it's necessary to stand by rules. Loses her deposit and no more work."

"But suppose she pays for the missing work?"

"It ain't likely she'll do that," said Dennison. "This sort of girl has seldom ten dollars ahead."

"I don't believe its her fault, Dennison," insisted I.

"She is responsible, isn't she?"

"Yes, but—"

Just then Mr. Buttonhole came in with a great order in his hand from a New Orleans house. I looked at it.

"We shall have a tight pull of it, sir, to fill this," said I, dubiously.

"But it must be filled," said he. "Put on all your hands; turn on a full head of steam; it won't do to let Peck & Pattison go to any other place." And he bustled away.

"Very unfortunate," said Dennison; "lame Hetty was one of our very best hands."

Hetty Dorrance came the next morning as usual to receive work, and she had a ten dollar bill in her hand.

"Some kind friend has sent this to pay for the lost rolls of work, sir," said she to me.

"You're in luck, Hetty," said I frowning over a long column of figures, and trying not to blush under the earnest look of her soft, brown eyes.

"And I'm much, oh, so much obliged to him, whoever he is," she added, in a low tone, "but I can't use it unless—unless you think I am innocent."

"Of course I do," said I, looking up at the quiver of her voice. "I don't believe you would take a pin, Hetty; I've known you for four years, and I believe you're a good girl. It's an awkward mistake somewhere, but there's not many a mistake, my girl, but that God clears up in His own good time. Now take your place in the line; there's no time to be lost this morning."

So the matter was settled; but somehow a cloud rested on Lame Hetty. Those who had been fast friends before avoided her now; the coarser minded whispered and giggled when the "tap, tap" of her crutch sounded on the floor.

Oh, Mr Harvey," said poor Hetty one day, when Jennie Warren, the proudest and prettiest of our girls, refused to acknowledge her modest bow, "it's very hard, very hard to bear."

"Wait, Hetty; only wait," said I, cheerfully.

"But it's breaking my heart," said she. "They all think I am a thief."

"I don't, Hetty."

"I know that, sir. I should drown myself if at least one person in the world did not believe me innocent."

The winter wore itself away. The busy season was succeeded by one of comparative dullness, and among the hands struck off the list was Hetty Dorrance.

"Once a thief, always a thief," said old Jones, the cutter. "I'd just as soon that girl wouldn't work for us."

"I would stake my honor that she is no thief, Mr. Jones," said I, hotly.

"Well," retorted the old man cautiously, "it's necessary to curtail the list a little, and it may as well be lame Hetty as any one."

But Hetty Dorrance never came to learn her doom. Day after day went by, and the familiar tap of her crutch sounded no more on the floor. I grew uneasy.

"Perhaps she is sick—alone, in want!" I thought. And the more I pondered on the matter the more uneasy I felt.

"Perhaps she is dead!" And with that last, overwhelming thought came the full revelation of my own heart.

I had grown to love lame Hetty Dorrance. Well, and why not? I could afford a wife as well as most men. Hetty was only a sewing girl, and lame at that, but she had a face like [illegible] a heart as white as a lily. Of that I felt certain. I loved her. Why should I not marry her?

So I sat down and wrote her a little note, saying simply that I loved her, and asking her to consent to become my wife; and I concluded by saying that I would call on the morrow to receive her answer.

Just after I had sent my letter off there came a knock at the door.

"Mr. Harvey, are you alone, can I speak to you a moment?"

"Is that you, Helena Arden? Why, I thought you were married and gone to California?"

"I am married to a spendthrift and a villain," said she with a little hoarse laugh, "and I am going to California to-morrow; but I wanted to see you first. I wanted to pay you something."

"For what?"

"The roll of work the people accused Hetty Dorrance the lame girl of taking."

"Helena, did you take it?"

"Yes," she cried recklessly, "I took it; I wanted money sorely just then; the land-lady worried me; let me have my trunks to be married until I paid her what I owed her. I was standing by lame Hetty that night. I saw her lay the piles of work on the desk; I saw them slip and fall off the heap. I was just going away, and it was an easy thing for me to stoop, as if for my own handkerchief, and pick them up. I pawned them, thinking I could easily redeem them, but I never did. Here is the money to pay for them. I hope Hetty was not blamed."

"She was, though," said I slowly.

"I can't help it," said Helena, flightily. "I've done my best. Will you see that she is righted?"

"As far as I can."

And Helena went away, muttering to herself about all her accounts being closed at last. I paid but little attention to it at the time, but remembered it afterward.

I went next evening to Hetty's simple lodgings, over a baker shop.

"Miss Dorrance?" said the baker's wife, meeting me at the foot of the stairs with a baby in her arms. "Why didn't you know? She has moved away."

"Moved away! And my letter?"

"We got a letter here for her yesterday, sir, and we forwarded it to her, No. 36 Avenel square, sir."

So I went to 36 Avenel square, a little gem of a brown stone house, all bay windows and balconies, standing in its own grounds, and there was Hetty at the casement watching for me.

"Hetty," said I, "did you get my letter?"

"Yes Mr. Harvey."

"And what is your answer?"

"That I will be your wife, Mr. Harvey, and that I am, oh, so thankful, to have gained a good man's love."

I stooped and and kissed her daisy face.

"I suppose you are sewing here, Hetty?" said I. "It is a handsome house."

"No," said Hetty, half laughing and half crying; "I live here."

"You!"

"My granduncle died," said Hetty. "He was an old bachelor, and hated us all, but he couldn't take his money with him. I have inherited it all."

"It cannot be possible," said I rubbing my forehead.

"But it is possible," said Hetty. "And it is true. I was just going to send to you to pay that ten dollar bill when I got your letter."

"I have been paid, my girl," said I, and I told her about Helena Arden.

The next day we saw a little paragraph in the papers, how an unknown woman, with the words "Helena Arden," written on her handkerchief, had drowned herself at the foot of one of the East River piers.

That is my story. It is simple enough; and I think it has the elements of romance in it.

Woman's Dress.

An exceedingly able and interesting report upon this subject comes to us from the New England Woman's Club. It is so just, comprehensive and moderate in its views as to challenge the respectful attention of all who have not become thoroughly corrupted and reckless by indulgence in the supremest and most ridiculous follies of modern fashion. The report does not propose any positive mode of dress. It seeks rather to arouse attention to the great abuses of the present system and invites conference among women. It is principally occupied with a powerful exposure of the unhealthfulness, wastefulness, inconveniences, and immorality of the present system. Evidently the Bloomer costume is not the coming dress, for it is generally rejected. What it shall be, women of taste and sense should decide.

At present the shopkeepers make the fashions. The great aim is, in every change, to put out of use all garments particularly worn. The change must be so radical that the dress or hat of three months ago will be made ridiculous now. If the change were a slight one, old garments might be altered by skillful hands. This would not suit the people who live by making dresses and selling goods. So the most outre and ridiculous forms of dress are introduced. Thus we have at one time perchance a modest and appropriate style of dress, quite sure to be succeeded by something fantastic and extravagant in a few months after its introduction. These oscillations of the dress pendulum resemble the stock market in Wall street. The bulls and bears of fashion operate in the same way and are controlled by the same motives. Every new fashion is a trick of the trade, designed to fleece the vain and the improvident.

The New England club is composed of earnest, sensible, and practical women, who seek to elevate and ennoble their sex everywhere.

They call attention now to this reform as one of the first steps to progress, and they are very right. Every man who has to support a family in society feels intensely the burden of dressing them. Where there are several of them in one family the demands upon a moderate purse are extensive. Add to this the waste of time, and the complete absorption of all woman's activities, and the total loss is very great. The influence of drink or the ruinous fascination of gambling is scarcely more debasing to man than the love of dress in its extreme development is among women.

Exclusive devotion to personal adornment produces a most unlovely character. Upon man, too, the influence is wholly bad. Thousands of our best young men are kept from marrying because they dare not assume the burden of supporting a wife according to the popular style.

For a young man not to marry is a very sad thing, and there is always a mate who is also compelled to be single, which is quite as bad. This is the fruitful source of immorality, and society suffers irreparably in the diminution of its families. Thousands of young men become dissipated and lost, who would make good husbands and fathers, and whose celibacy may be directly traced to this cause. This report ought to have a powerful influence upon the country, and aid in reforming the present unhealthy, immoral and expensive style of dress among women.—*Exchange.*

Two jurors in Omaha, as soon as the jury retired, proposed, instead of bothering themselves about the case committed to them, to while away the time by playing poker, and had actually taken the pack of cards in hand for that purpose. The other jurors, however, protesting, the players desisted. We need not say that the jury did not agree; but the fact of the cards coming to the knowledge of Judge Lake, he had the pretty pair of jurors before him and gave them a moral lecture which they will long remember.

The Value of a Good Trade.

A man moving [illegible] 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. He is a man of good sense, and he said a great many sensible things. I remarked that mowing must be his trade, he did it so well, and made such nice work.

"Heh!" he sniffed; "I'm 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 couldn't prune for very tenderness of heart.

"Oh thank you!" I said; "you did that as kindly as a mother would dress her babe. Any other man would have said; Here's a dead branch, Miss Potts;' or, 'yon is a useless shoot;' or, 'That bush yander is a sufferin' for the knife.' It's my bush, you see, and I want it to grow as wild, and ranting, and riotous, and and just as extravagantly as it pleases. I don't care if it leaps as high as the top of the house," said I, a good deal excited.

"Well, I carcalate that it would be the better of a little trimmin,' 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 reg'lar gardener, I s'pose I would have attacted 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 boys, and the two little girls, and Johnny, and grandmother. 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 though 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. Jack'd always wanted more larnin,' he never was satisfied, and so he went away to school to a shift for himself as he best could. Well, he worried along somhow, 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' creetur—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, and t'other side out; we've got along grandly.

"But, Miss Potts, it's just as much as I can do to stand up and feel myself a man among men. I aint an independent man; I've no trade. To-day I mow your yard; to-morrow I help Farmer Hutchins to move his smoke house, the next day I plow corn for Jack Williams, maybe the next I'll make a chinney 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', hacking round for Tom, Dick an' Harry, sometimes getting paid, and sometimes only paid in worthless promises. Why, very often I work half a day for a man and he'll say, 'I'll do you a good turn some time, 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 help-in' 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 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 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 a cooper,' an' what does neighbor Bowzer do but up and git mad, an' tell me to mind my owa business, an' that he was capable of lookin after his own family.

"Well, to day those Bowzer boys are like me, going jobbing '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 man's 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 a 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, it is blessing for a man to have a trade, even if he don't fall back upon it to make 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 his grave on the hillside. In my heart I sanctioned every word I had heard, and I thought what a pity it is that young men so rush into the over-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 bricklayer.

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, horney-handed in a sweaty 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 [illegible] he has the little tag of esq. dangling to his name.—*Pipsey Potts in Arthur's Magazine for July.*

True Success in Life.

Human life, my friends, is not one chance but a thousand. The special end you toiled for may not be attained. The steps you took toward that end will prove of far greater consequences. You are a business man, perhaps, and your ventures have miscarried one after the other, and now you look sadly back through a long vista of disappointments and defeat. But meanwhile you are known to be a good man and true—a kind husband and father, a loyal citizen and a faithful friend—and many a man who has passed you in the race for wealth and fame may look with envy upon the love and respect you have gained by your personal character and services. Your want of success in business life may be due to some peculiar lack in yourself, or may result from something adverse in your surroundings, but remember that, while your undertakings may fail over and over again, you yourself may be a glorious success. And here we touch upon the true solution of the whole difficulty. We are miserable and sad over our failures in life, because we mistakenly identify ourselves with the special object we have in view. But that is a great mistake. It is because we cherish this superficial philosophy of life which makes the end supreme and counts for nothing the steps taken toward that end, that we produce such shallow and dishonest types of character at the present day—these shoddy contractors, flash-in-the-pan generals, sensational preachers, and clap-trap politicians. No, friends, we have a right to count effort as well as effect. Not the result of a course of conduct, but the motive and nature of it, are the all-important matter. You cannot command success, whether the means employed be fair or foul, but it makes a great deal of difference to your personal character and to your fellow-men what kind of methods you employ. The consequences of your actions are a great deal more important than the particular end they are intended to subserve. A good end cannot justify bad means, for these have already reacted upon your character, and by force of example demoralized others also. But if you fail in manliness, courage and integrity, then all outward successes amount to nothing. The man himself, that is the true end, and so far as we fall short of that ideal, we fail. Outward plans depend upon a thousand contingencies, but this inner triumph the world can never deprive you of, because the world never gave it to you. Let us hear no more sneers then at any want of temporal success, no depreciation of patient painstaking, or laborious effort. No man fails who does his duty. If you are conscious of a righteous purpose and the use of honest methods, you have succeeded already, whatever may be the result.—[C. W. Wendts.

Tom Scott's Punctuality.

Many persons wonder how Col. T. S. Scott, of the Pennsylvania Central Railway, accomplishes so much. The secret of his executive ability lies in his punctuality and method. He never compels any one to wait for him, and he never waits for anybody. He always carries a memorandum book, and in it he sets down all his engagements, not only where and with whom, but the exact time to a minute when he is to see or be seen. His entries will be something like this: Cornelius Vanderbilt, at his private office, New York, May 10, at 10:30 a. m.; Jay Gould, Long Branch, Ocean House, June 15, 3 p. m.; General Beauregard, Battle House, room 216, Mobile, Alabama, 12 m., April 6; Wm. G. Fargo, at his residence, Buffalo, February 35, 9 a. m.; George M. Pullman, Sherman House, Chicago, Sept. 22, 10:00 a. m.

Not infrequently Scott has engagements ahead for more than a year, and it is said has never failed unless detained by illness or accident, to keep all of them at the very minute appointed. Those who fail to be prompt, from whatever cause, lose their chance of an interview, and are sometimes deferred for several days, perhaps weeks or months. I have heard of men who, having been unavoidably delayed, found Scott fifteen minutes after the time, but could not settle the business they had in view until a new appointment was made six or eight weeks later, and were compelled to fulfill it in a different city. Scott has engagements between this and next June, all the way from Bangor to Galveston and from Washington to San Francisco. He works on an average, from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, and is preserved from breaking down by his unquestionable genius for sleeping. The very moment his head touches the pillow he drops into a profound and dreamless sleep, but can wake up the very moment he wishes to. In spite of countless cares, anxieties and responsibilities, he can, like Napoleon Bonaparte, fall into oblivion by a mere effort of the will.

Any man, capable of sleeping soundly, can perform marvels of labor without serious wear of nerve or tear of fibre; while a man unable to sleep, or sleeping feverishly or spasmodically, must take the best care of himself, or sink under any extraordinary burthen—*N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe.*

It is, perhaps, well for us all that we do not count up in early life the number of steps, many of them weary ones, we shall have to take in treading the long road that reaches from the cradle to the grave. It is well for the young housewife that she does not estimate the number of million of dishes she will be required to wash during a period of house-keeping forty years long; in each of which the table must be cleared and the dishes washed over a thousand times. It is well that the poor seamstress does not calculate the number of miles of "seam and gusset and gusset and band, band and gusset and seam" her tired fingers must form, till the lamp of life, like the table-lamp, gives out. It is wise and well that she, who sits from one year to another in the same little room, does not realize that her hand moves, in forming stitches, more miles than a steamship travels in cruising the Atlantic.

A citizen of Waco, Texas, is vouched as the father of fifty children. By his first wife he had thirteen, by his second eighteen, by his third ten, by his fourth six, and by his fifth and surviving wife, three; thirty-five are still alive, eight having been lost in the Confederate army, and seven having died natural deaths.

Domestic Experience.

A Danbury Man and His Wife Have Trouble with the Family Stove and Piping—The Stove Comes off Victorious.

(From the Danbury News.)

Putting up a stove is not so difficult in itself. It is the pipe that raises four-fifths of the mischief and all the dust. You may take down a stove with all the care in the world, and have your wife put away the pipe in a secure place, and yet that pipe won't come together again as it was before. You find this out when you are standing on a chair with your arms full of pipe and your mouth full of soot. Your wife is standing on the floor in a position that enables her to see you, but pipe and the chair, and here she gives utterance to those remarks which are calculated to hasten a man into the extremes of insanity. Her dress is pinned over her waist, and her hands rest on her hips. She has got one of your hats on her head, and your linen coat on her back, and a pair of your rubbers on her feet. There is about five cents' worth of pot black on her nose, and a lot of flour