Daily Appeal.

☞The following lines will be regarded as an extraordinary production for a child of ten years:

LINES

BY CHARLES SCOTT OF MEMPHIS, AGED TEN YEARS.

The gracious God, who rules the skies,
Bent down to us relenting love;
He looks upon this poolly earth,
Of all of us, He knows our birth.

God smiles on every little child,
And wants them to be good and mild;
If any one should go mad
It will surely make God sad.

Christ Jesus is the Son of God,
And is our good and holy Lord;
Jesus died upon the cross
That mankind should not be lost.

On the last day the grave shall rise,
And go with Him to Paradise,
There to live with holy ones
Who are his adopted sons.

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

BY F. E. PIFER.

From the Chickasaw and Choctaw Herald.]

"I tell it as 'twas told to me."

A very long time ago, in the western part of England, there lived an aged couple, whose time had passed away since early youth, in the every-day round of their life, and who had never been known to have the least ill-feeling towards each other since the time when good old Parson Herbie had united them in the holy bonds of wedlock, some fifty years before. So well was the fact of their conjugal happiness known, that they were spoken of, far and near, as the happiest pair known. Now the Devil (excuse the abrupt mention of his name,) had been trying for twenty years to create what is so commonly called "a foss in the family," between these old companions. But much to his mortification, he had not been able to induce the old gentleman to grumble about breakfast being late, once, or the old lady to give a single certain lecture. After repeated efforts the Devil became discouraged, and had he not been a person of great determination he would doubtless have given up the work in despair. One day as he walked along, in a very surly mood, after another attempt to get the old lady to quarrel about the pigs getting into the yard, he met an old woman, a near neighbor of the aged couple. As Mr. Devil and the neighbor were very particular friends, they must needs stop to have a little chat. Said he, thus:

"Good morning, sir," said she, "and pray what on earth makes you look so badly this beautiful morning; isn't the controversy between the churches doing good service?"

"Yes, isn't Deacon W. making plenty of bad whiskey?"

"Well, what is the matter, my highly honored master?"

"Everything else is going on well enough," replied the Devil, "but," and here he looked as sour as a pickerel, "there is a crab-apple tree, "old Hoxford and his wife, ever here, are injuring the scene terribly by their bad example, and after trying for years to induce them to do better, I must say I consider them hopeless."

The old hag stood for a moment in deep thought. "Are you sure you have tried every way?"

"Every one I can think of!"

"Are you certain?"

"Yes!"

"Well," replied she, "if you will promise to make me a present of a new pair of shoes, in case I succeed, I will make the attempt myself, and see if I can't raise a quarrel between them."

To this reasonable request the Devil gladly assented. The old hag went her way to neighbor Hoxford's house, and found old Mrs. Hoxford very busily engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from work. After the usual compliments had passed, the following dialogue took place:

"Friend Hoxford, you and Mr. B. have lived a long time together."

"Four and twenty years, come next November," replied Mrs. B.

"And in all the time you have had the least quarrel?"

"Not once!"

"I am really glad to hear it, continued the hag." "I consider it my duty to warn you, that though this is the case, yet you must not expect it to be always so. Have you not observed that of late Mr. B. has grown peevish and sullen at times?"

"A very little so," observed Mrs. Hoxford. "I know of no reason why he should be cross, unless we run in time to be on your guard."

"Mrs. B. did think she had better do so, and asked advice as to how she ought to manage the case."

"Have you noticed," said the hag, "that your husband has a bunch of long, coarse hair growing on the stole under his chin, on the side of his throat?"

"Yes."

"These are the case of the trouble, and as long as they remain you had better look out. Now, as a friend, I would advise you to cut them off the first time you get a chance, and then see what will result."

"If you say do so, I will," replied the credulous old lady.

Soon after this the hag started for home, and made it a point to call on Mr. B. on the very March the same talk in relation to his domestic happiness, passed between them as the day before the old woman.

"But, friend Hoxford," said she, "I think it my duty as a Christian, to warn you to be on your guard, for I tell you, that you will indeed your cross."

Old Mr. B. was very much astonished, yet he could not why he disrobed her words. When he reached home, he threw himself upon a bed in great perplexity, and fell into a sleep, attended over the matter in his own mind. His wife think by this a good opportunity for cutting off the obnoxious hairs, but fearing her husband's rage and great softly to his side. Now the old lady was very much frightened at holding razor so close to her husband's throat, and her hand was not as steady as it might have been, yet, between two, she went to work very awkwardly and pulled the hairs instead of cutting them off. The pain awoke the sleeper, and there stood his wife with a razor at his throat! After what had been told him, and seeing this, he could not doubt that she intended to murder him. He sprang from the bed in fright, and, not waiting for an explanation, ran out of the house, and,