Vermont Watchman & State Journal.

BY J. & J. M. POLAND. MONTPELIER, VT., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1870. Vol. 65.—3332. No. 44.

Special Notices.

HALL'S
VEGETABLE SICILIAN
HAIR RENEWER.

Is the best article ever known to
RESTORE GAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL YOUTHFUL COLOR.
It will prevent the Hair from falling out.
Makes the Hair smooth and glossy, and does not stain the skin as others.
OUR TREATISE ON THE HAIR
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For sale by all druggists. 30.33

SINKING SLOWLY.

Diseases that progress rapidly to a crisis are not the only ones to be dreaded. Canker or dry rot does not blast a tree as suddenly as a stroke of lightning, but unless arrested, it destroys it as certainly; and in like manner chronic debility, although it does not kill with the swiftness of yellow fever, is as sure to sap the springs of life eventually as any acute disease, if not checked by invigorating medication. There is something inexpressibly touching in the spectacle of premature decay. Languor, pallor, emaciation, depression of spirits, and a taste for exertion, are its ordinary symptoms, and they should be promptly met by tonic treatment. The best invigorant and cordial that can be administered in a case of this kind is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The stimulating principle of the preparation rouses the dormant energies of the system, and the strengthening and regulating properties give a permanent and healthful impulse to the vital forces thus brought into play. The failing appetite is renewed, the process of digestion and assimilation are quickened, the quality of the blood is improved, the secretions become more natural, and every organ that contributes to the nourishment of the body undergoes salutary change. By these means the repair of the physical structure is effected and its health and vigor restored. In no class of diseases has the benificent operation of the Bitters been more marked and striking than in those characterized by general debility and nervous prostration. Ladies affected with these ailments find in this most wholesome of all tonics and correctives the safest and surest means of relief. It is strong to restore and powerless to injure. Such is the uniform testimony of "cloads of witnesses." 30.33

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This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world. Harmless, reliable, instantaneous, does not contain lead, nor any other poison to produce paralysis or death. Avoid the vaunted and delusive preparations boasting virtues they do not possess. The genuine W. A. Batchelor's Hair Dye has had thirty years unimpaired reputation to uphold its integrity as the only perfect Hair Dye—Black or Brown. Sold by all Druggists. Applied at 16 Bond St., New York. 34.45

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In the Treatment of Diseases incident to females, has placed DR. DOW at the head of all physicians making such practice a specialty, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements, from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain $1. Office, No. 5 Kneeland Street, Boston.

N. B.—Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment.

Boston, July, 1870. 33.36

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A&S

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Watchman & Journal.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1870.

New Books and Magazines.

"THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, ITS CAUSES, CHARACTER, CONDUCT AND RESULTS." By Hon. A. H. Stephens. National Publishing Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The National Publishing Company, of Boston, Massachusetts, have just issued the second and concluding volume of this great work. This book must from its very nature, take precedence of all Southern histories of the war. The high position held by Mr. Stephens in the government of the Confederacy, his great abilities as the first statesman of the South, and his acknowledged integrity of character, make him perhaps the person best qualified to tell the story of his cause and its failure. His position as second officer of the Confederacy enabled him to gain much information which was inaccessible to the ordinary historian; the *secret history* of his government is as familiar to him as an open book; and his constant and intimate association with the leaders of the South, prepares him to speak with accuracy of their motives, and to judge their acts from a more intelligent standpoint than any other writer.

In the first volume of his work Mr. Stephens confined himself entirely to a discussion of the causes which led to the secession of the South. In the volume now before us, he narrates the story of the war, giving especial emphasis to the action of the government of the Confederacy, or to what may be called its confidential history. His account of the important conference at Hampton Roads between President Lincoln and the Confederate Commissioners, is one of the most valuable additions to the literature of the war, and is in itself worth the price of the entire work. The vexed question of the non-exchange of prisoners of war has much new light shed upon it, and the peace movements in the South are thoroughly explained. The book is sold by subscription only, and agents are wanted in every county.

Harper & Brothers have issued a pamphlet containing the new *Internal Revenue and Tariff Law*, and all other existing acts pertaining to the Internal Revenue as are now in force. All taxpayers should have it.

Peterson's Magazine for September is already on our table. It is a wonder to us how so excellent a periodical can be published at so low a price, and especially how it can go on improving, as it does; but the explanation, we suppose, is in its vast circulation, which is the largest we believe in the United States. Every family ought to take this magazine. Terms $2 a year, with liberal deductions to clubs. Published by Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

We are in receipt of a sample copy of Colton's European War Map. It is evidently the most reliable one yet out, and gives a correct idea of the entire territory now occupied or likely to be overrun by the contending armies. One can gain but little knowledge of the position of the forces or of the progress of the war without such map before them. It is sold for fifty cents, sent by mail, postpaid, by A. W. & C. C. Colton & Co., New York.

For the Journal.

Human Happiness.

This life is a fevered, unsatisfying state of existence, and man a restless creature. Be his rank, station or circumstances what they may, it matters not, there remains ever an object to attain, and for which his heart yearns. So long as that object is unpossessed he is an unhappy being; yet, when gained, how often thrown aside as the useless toy of a child! Splendor and affluence may sprinkle his pathway with rose-leaves, gratified ambition may fling its golden halo around his brow; pleasure may envelope him in her elysium of seductions; every department of nature and art may be searched for the elements of happiness, and from them all he may turn fainting, weary and sick at soul with unsatisfied aspirations!

Who has not in the beautiful day-dreams of excited fancy, when he has cast loose the reins of imagination, and for a brief season permitted his thoughts and feelings unrestrained to wander in the fairy realms of the ideal world? who, at such an hour, has not traced out upon his mind's tablet the outline of a scheme of happiness which he may never enjoy, and in conception summoned up a paradise of bliss of which this earth knows not? Who in fancy has not spread out to his vision greener fields than ever even in childhood's hour he has frolicked on; bathed his lips in fresher fountains than ever gushed from the rocks, and traced above him bluer skies and richer sunlight than ever canopied the earth?

Ah! could we scan the thoughts of the hearts of the varied multitude, which, in the bustling scenes of every day life throng around us, could we trace out the untold emotions which agitate the unseen secrecies of their hearts, how many a wild and bitter thing should we find there, rambling, which the beaming eye, flushed cheek and sunny life had never revealed! What unspeakable longings! what intense solicitude! what feverish aspirations, what melancholy retrospections, what fearful forebodings and remorseful meditations, what wild hopes and yet wilder wishes, should we there behold!

Thus it is, and as the features of the human face are similar in every countenance, so are the workings of the human heart in every breast. Thus has it ever been, nor, in the nature of moral, mental or spiritual existence, can it ever be otherwise. There is a flame burning within us, which the many waters of this life cannot assuage. There is an aspiration of the spirit for which the things of earth seem too small, a longing for immortality which this life can never gratify, and the desire of an existence beyonds the limits of the present, which, if we would, we cannot away with.

And must it ever be thus? Are the agitated bellows of disquieted feeling never to be calmed? Are the wild aspirations of the heart never to be hushed? Are the feverish desires never to be satisfied?

We can dwell upon the beautiful passage from the German of Jean Paul Richter with satisfaction. This brings to us a peace which will enable us to bear up better under the trials which this life brings. It gives us hope for our future: the thought, "There is a reality, which shall embody and exceed and satisfy all that is here ideal." T. V. M.

—The Republicans of the fifth Illinois district have decided not to hold a convention to nominate a representative to Congress, but will, instead, vote by ballot, September 8th, for candidates for the nomination, the man who receives a plurality vote to be considered the nominee.

—The *Woman's Journal*, the organ of the American Woman Suffrage Association, now published at Boston and Chicago, and edited by Mrs. Livermore, has been consolidated with the *Woman's Advocate*, of Dayton, O. The *Journal* retains its name and its New England office, but its Western office is likely to be transferred to St. Louis.

Moral & Religious.

COMPENSATION.

I.

After the night, the morning's dawn,
Paling and blushing with pearl and rose;
The greenest, sunniest hills are born,
Fruit of the high-piled winter snows.
After the storm, the rainbow gleams,
Filling with beauty the heavenly dome;
'Neath lowering clouds the sunlight streams;
After the voyage is rest at home.

II.

There is no sorrow, no pain of life,
But bears from its anguish something sweet;
Past the long hours of weary strife
Comes Victory with her snowy feet.
Through death is life; each pain and loss,
Each grief we bear, is a heavenly prize;
By His long anguish on the Cross,
Christ won our rest in Paradise.

III.

Then, count not lost the hopes that fall
Like leaves in autumn, one by one,
Nor deem the light is vanished all,
As the dark, dreary night wears on.
You shall know at last that loss was gain,
That through your weary, toilsome way,
As you saw the stars in your illusory wane,
The night was leading to heavenly day.

Every Day Religion.

HOW TO DO EVERYTHING TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

One of the simplest things in the world, and yet one of the hardest to understand, is the command: "Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God." It seems easy to glorify God in the cathedral, or when the church meets to read and pray; we feel that the martyr, who seals his faith by his death, glorifies God; but the question is how to glorify him in the minutiæ of life, in things far removed from what is considered spiritual, and this question puzzles many. There is nothing more purely physical than eating and drinking; and, if it were not that we had clothed the table with refined and genial associations, nothing would be more repulsive. It seems very hard to glorify God in eating, in drinking; very hard to serve him with our passions and our physical industries. The man who adds up figures in the counting-room don't see how he is to serve God with arithmetic; the engineer sees how he may go away from his business and pray, but he don't see how he is to honor God with his engine. It is as plain as can be. When Gen. Grant was in command during the last year of the war, he had a great burden on his shoulders. Whatever we may think of Grant's ability, we all concede that he was disinterested; all the generals acted from high impulses, and none more so than Grant. Now, it is not likely that he associated his every act with special thoughts of his country; he was so given up heart and soul to her cause that he did not need to think about it. The whole man was devoted to patriotism; and, if the whole, then all the parts. You can't start the great wheel on the outside, and have the little spindles on the inside go the other way. If a man has dedicated his life as a student—I don't care whether he is sleeping or waking, whether he is staying or seeking recreation in jolly company—all that is in him goes to the one end of acquiring knowledge.

Take, for a more familiar illustration, the good, old-fashioned mother, doing her own work (blessed old days, when the simple old house needed less care to keep it in order and we were delivered of "help." I think our paradise lies behind us, that we have gone out of Eden.) Well you can remember the old mother getting breakfast, clearing off, sending the children to school, getting dinner. She had a world of sweeping, a world of dusting, a world of dish-washing; but it was all for the man she loved best in the world, and for the children she loved next best. She would have told you that everything conspired to the family. If you had spoken of money to her, she would have said: "Do you suppose I could do what I do here for anything but love?" Love seasons everything—the things that she don't think about, as well as those that she specially connects with love. I don't think that when the mother sits up after the children are in bed, and sews up a long rip in her big boy's overalls, she is in a rapture of love; but love is at the bottom of it.

And so we come back to where we started, and say it is easy to glorify God if we love him. If we make Christ everything to us, if the whole soul is dedicated to God, if every part of the being is given to him, then all the thoughts and all the work of our life will be his—not always consciously but truly God's.

Now when this victory has been gained, and the man is totally consecrated to love, another thing falls out; he gets over his partialism in experience. Many feel that they are religious only when they are in meeting; but, though thinking of God is then it be business of the hour, yet when the go out into business they are to serve him just the same. Some are called to serve God by the will, some by their thinking powers, some by emotion. First see that you love God, and then see that you are in the sphere of duty, and you needn't fear but that you will glorify God in all you do.

A man goes into his nursery, and sees his children unhappy. In a moment he is on the floor among them, and the whole room is in a rumpus. Some one looks in and says: "Why that man is a judge; what a position for him to be in!" But God sees that the act is not small; for it is the natural outgrowth of the love that is always in the heart of the father; and though he may not once think of the children when he is presiding in his court, he none the less loves them.

We are to consecrate to God every faculty. If God gives a man wit and humor, he is to use it to keep men's bristles down and their claws in. You are just as near the kingdom of God when witty words are on your lips as when you are pronouncing a religious service. A man dies in battle, in school, in the dungeon, in the midst of mirth and gayety; if the aim of his life is in the line with God's will, and God's law, he dies glorifying God. Some Christians feel that they are not serving God in vacation. We ought to serve God by rest as well as by work, by sleep, by laughter, in every mood and in all their tenses. Whatever you do, do all to the glory of God. This will disarm life of half its dangers and burdens, and strengthen the consciences that are weak.

BRO.—Can a person be a Christian who acts from a sense of duty and not from love?

Mr. BEECHER—There must always be a difference kept in mind between the ripe saint and those who are between, or we shall oppress the weak. A full, ripe, rich Christian does everything from love; but the path of the good and of the just grows brighter and brighter to the perfect day. We must make allowance in many ways for beginners. And as to those who are always dwarfed, if I had a plantation in Florida, I wouldn't have it stocked with mandarin orange trees; but, if I saw some of the fruit on those trees, I would not say they were not oranges. They are oranges; and so some people, though dwarf Christians, are Christians, and are recognized by Christ as his children.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

—God warms the earth with snow; can he not also warm the soul with grief?

—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clean conscience the best law; honesty the best policy.

—Men who are continually troubling themselves about the effect of what they say or do, are like boys who shout to hear the echo of their own voice.

—An Indian, whenever he got into a bad place in a swamp, used immediately to put up a stake to mark the spot. Thus he not only kept clear of the danger the second time, but kept others from the same danger. We not only should guard against our own false steps, but as we pray, "Lead us not into temptation," be careful to remove all temptation from others.

For Parents.

MY LITTLE BOY.

BY ALFRED SULLY.

I have a little boy at home,
A little soul from heaven come
On this green earth a while to roam—
My little boy.

His little arms my neck embrace,
He turns to me his tiny face,
And kisses me with angel grace—
My little boy.

I know not what his life may be—
Of joy, or peace, or misery;
But all the world he is to me—
My little boy.

I watch him crooning on my arm,
And sigh for power or magic charm
To shield his life from ill and harm—
My little boy.

My very manhood, rough and bold,
Is shadowed with a grace untold
Within this tender, fragile infold—
This little boy.

My soul speaks out a nobler song—
I see more clear the right from wrong—
As on his grace I ponder long—
This little boy.

So like the awe, the nameless dread,
We feel in presence of the dead,
(The soul to Heaven so lately fled)—
Oh, little boy!—

Doth seem the mystery that lies
Beneath the depths of thy blue eyes—
Thy soul so fresh from Paradise!
My little boy.

What to Do With my Children.

BY F. B. PERKINS.

Give your children all the education you can afford. School, academy, college and professional seminary will, altogether, be little enough. Every dollar invested in your child's brain is a treasure only less secure than treasure in heaven. It furnishes him with some thought or some knowledge that will be a use and a pleasure to him all his life long, and which he will never have time to pick up as he races along the path of "responsible" life. The soldier is altogether too late with his drilling when he gets under the enemy's fire.

Dr. Bushnell, I believe, said that "Every great truth is made up of two irreconcilable extremes." An instance of this is found in those two sayings of Christ's; in one place, "He that is not with me is against me," and in another, "He that is not against us is on our part." In a like manner children differ; and yet children are all alike.

The application to school matter is thus: There is a certain number of studies that are indispensible to all. These are what the old fellow called the "Three R's—Readin', Ritin', and 'Rithmetic." They are Instrumental Studies, and might be still better stated as Language and Number. Reading includes all that relates to the language of others; Writing is to make others understand our own recorded language; and Grammar is the set of rules that enable us to correct both. Those are included in language. Number may be called the Alphabet of Things; it is as indispensable for dealing with Time and its patrons, or Space and the objects in it, as the Alphabet of Language is for speech.

The instrumental studies, Language and Number, must be known to all. But in proportion as the children grow up, they will begin to be more and more different. Their peculiarities will show; not all at the same age, for children are like fruits—some ripen early, some late.

The first guiding consideration as to choice of advanced studies is this:—

Most children's minds are respectable average minds.

This is not so useless a truism as might be fancied: the difficulty about it is to get it applied. When the clergyman imputes total depravity, every one says, "Yes; that other person is wicked enough," but seldom confesses his own sinfulness. When you impute fever and ague to a Western town, you will find that there isn't any in this town, but that the next one is rattled to pieces with it.—When I say most children are average young persons, every mother will assent for all the other people's children, but her own cannot be meant; they are the most remarkable children in the place!

When the average children must stop studying and must go to earning a living, it is one comfort that they can do it. They can do one thing about as well as another,—that is, one ordinary thing, one average thing. They will teach school pretty well if there is a chance, or go to work on a farm, or take a clerkship, or learn a trade.

The other sort, those who have a natural vocation, will in due time say so. And they will be uncomfortable if set at anything else; and if the vocation is strong enough,—vocation means calling, you know,—they will rise up and follow the call, and nothing and nobody will stop them. I remember very well two schoolmates of my own. One had a distinct vocation, the other, two or three rather indistinct tendencies. The first was everlastingly drawing and writing. He was the best writer in the school, and his pictures were the object of my hopeless admiration. He went on with this picture business: I don't think he could have been comfortable in any other. He had an excellent intellect, and was in all things a very respectable scholar, but he could not let Form and Color alone. They called him, and he went after them, and got them, too, and they made him famous. He is Frederick E. Church, the best living landscape painter.—*S. S. Teacher.*

Economy in the Use of Time.

Perhaps in no other particular are people so penny wise and pound foolish as in the employment of time. One individual engaged in business gets worn out, dyspeptic and nervous; a mouth's relaxation would restore his health; yet, rather than give himself the needful rest, he takes the risk of years of suffering and inability. Another, in the mistaken idea that he is economical, occupies time in comparatively profitless occupations, when he should be employed in his regular calling. Another makes idleness a profession. True economy in the use of time consists in getting as large a return as possible for its expenditure. The man who ruins his eyes by reading in the train, under the mistaken idea that he is economising time, is not getting the largest return possible for the use of that time. Good vision in advancing age is worth more than all the information thus obtained. The student who spends a couple of hours a day with the skates, oars, cricket or football, is probably earning more in his recreation than in any similar period of time spent in study. The man who, by a hearty frolic with his children in the morning before he starts to his work, gets good humor for the day, earns as much in his play as he does in his work.

Old Spanish Proverbs.

—Repentance always costs very dear.

—A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt.

—That's a wise delay which makes the road safe.

—A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will.

—The foot of the owner is the best manure for his land.

—He is the best scholar who hath learned to live well.

—The creditor always hath a better memory than the debtor.

—A handful of mother-wit is worth a bushel of learning.

—The sorrow men have for others hangs upon one hair.

—The day on which you marry you either mar or make yourself.

—Enjoy what little you have while the fool is hunting for more.

For the Young.

GOD IN THE SHADOW.

"Tell me little Harebell,
Are you lonely here,
Blooming in the shadow,
On this rock so drear,
Clinging to this bit of earth,
As if in mid-air,
With your sweet face turned to me
Looking strangely fair?

"Are you never weary
Of this darksome nook,
Where no sunlight falleth,
Where 'tis bleak and cold?
Why you look so happy,
Sure I can not tell;
I would learn thy secret,
Pretty, bright Harebell."

"Lady," said the wild-flower,
Nodding low its head,
"Though this spot seems dreary,
Though the sunlight's fled,
Know that I'm not lonely,
That I ne'er despair;
God is in the shadow—
God is everywhere!"

—*The Sabbath at Home.*

Mind Mother.

BY UNCLE CHARLIE.

It was a long, weary, and sorrowful ride that Willie and Minnie had that afternoon, penned up in a close, filthy wagon, filled with all kinds of camp rubbish. The woman in whose charge they had been placed kept a strict watch over them, lest they should show their faces outside of the torn wagon cover, and thus be seen and rescued by those whom they met.

It was not until long after nightfall that they came to a halt, and began to make preparations for camping until morning. A fire was kindled and supper cooked by the women, while the men stretched themselves upon the ground watching the operation. The children had most of them gone to sleep in the wagons, all but Willie and Minnie. There was no sleep for their eyes, swollen with crying and tears.

After a little while the man who had decoyed them away came to the wagon where they were, and asked them if they wanted some supper. Glad of an excuse to escape from their cage, they went with him and tried to eat, but they could not.

Such a supper! None of mamma's cool milk and sweet bread and butter, that they loved so much. No cheerful table and snowy cloth, no mamma to help them, no papa to romp with after they were done. No wonder that the tears started afresh when they saw the coarse black bread and fat slices of meat spread out on a board that lay on the ground. And there was a muddy something in the cups that they called coffee.

Yes, it was a rough meal. But the gipsies seemed to enjoy it. They talked and laughed before, and smoked and chatted after it, while some of the little ones, who had crawled out from their nests, were eating what might be left.

Poor Willie and Minnie were not hungry, and if they had been, their appetites could not have relished the rough fare set out before them.

In going back to their bed in the wagon, in company with the woman in whose care they were put, they passed by where the "little horsy" was tied to a stake driven into the ground.

It lifted its mild eyes toward them as they approached, and as they passed held down its head that Minnie might put her hand on its silky mane.

"Pretty little horsy!" said Minnie, for a moment forgetting her tears; when the woman, pleased that the children noticed the pony, said:

"And if you are real good, and don't cry and whimper around like a couple of kittens, you may have that little horse all to yourselves."

"We'd rather go home to mamma than have your little horse," exclaimed Willie; whereupon she reached down, lifted him roughly into the wagon, and putting Minnie beside him, bade them crossly to go right to sleep.

All this time, what a terrible suspense at the children's home! They had not been missed until nearly dark, the servant girl's attention being so absorbed in her guest that she had forgotten the charges her mistress had given her, and the father and mother returned together about nightfall to find their children gone.

Search was immediately made, but without any traces of the children. The gipsy camp on the common was visited, but they found the gipsies gone. Then the terrible suspicion broke upon their minds that their children had been stolen. They had often read of such things being done, but now their own darlings had been taken. Can you imagine the terrible sufferings of that father and mother, hunting for their lost children?

A few of the neighbors were soon assembled, and mounted on horses and armed with weapons, they started in pursuit. After a long search they found the route the gipsies had taken, and galloping after, they were soon lost in the darkness, the mother remaining at home in an agony of grief.

Long after midnight, from a hill overlooking a beautiful valley, as it appeared in the moonlight, they discovered a light shining off from the road, in a kind of clear space near to a stream of water.

"There is the gipsies' camp," exclaimed one of the men. "We must approach quietly until we get very near to it, and then rush in upon them and secure the children while they are all asleep."

"No," said the father; "let me go alone into the camp, while you remain a little distance away, and I will ask them kindly to give me my children; and then, if they do not do it, we will use force."

So they rode more slowly until they came closer to the light, when they saw sitting near it on the ground a girl, nearly grown, dressed in half gipsy and half Indian costume. When she heard the horses' feet and saw them stop, she arose and went toward them.

"Are you after the children, gentlemen?" she asked, with a foreign accent.

"Yes," said the father. "Do you know where they are?"

"I will bring them to you, sir," she answered calmly. "I have been looking for you to come after them. They are not the first that I have restored to their friends. I am not one of them, but I am compelled to be with them; why, would be too long a story for you now. But I looked for you to-night, and built this fire to guide you, as the camp has been in darkness these many hours."

She left them, and was lost in the gloom of the forest. The father, in great suspense, waited for her return. Presently she appeared, leading Willie, with his face tear-stained, and Minnie asleep on her arm, sobbing even in her slumbers.

The father clasped them to his breast, murmuring words of endearment to them, and thanks to her who had brought them safely to him. "But what shall I give you for what you have done?" he asked the girl.

"Nothing, sir; this is only part of my business with these people. Good night!" and she sprang away and was lost in the darkness.

The overjoyed father, with his friends, rode home, the little ones clinging to his neck in an ecstacy of delight, Willie murmuring, "We won't disobey mamma and get caught by the gipsies again, Minnie, will we?" "No, Willie," replied Minnie, drowsily; "but—that was a—pretty little horsy!"—*Schoolday Visitor.*

THE BIBLE.—He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find that he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who can find no time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—*H. More.*

Miscellaneous.

NIGHT-FALL.

Slowly, softly upon the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begins to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in clouds.

Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red,
Darker shadows, deeper, rest,
Underneath and overhead.

Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall,
Upward steals the life of man
As the sunshine from the wall.

From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

—*Longfellow.*

The "Frisian Vrow."

Saturday is a notable day in Amsterdam. It was the same a hundred and fifty years ago. Spinning wheels then, like sewing machines now, were put aside for the day, the snood and overskirt were exchanged for the close caul and yellow petticoat, and women, old and young, rose into full activity with mop and broom. Floors and stairs, windows and doors, porches and sidewalks were deluged with water, and husbands and brothers sought refuge in the warehouse or beer shop till the time of the evening meal. "God's meal," they call it, that Saturday night supper, when the weekly thanksgiving of burghers and burgomasters was offered for the losses and gains—Dutch piety counting both to be God's wages—of the six working days since Sunday.

The year was 1703. The street, Skipper's lane. The house, Antony Van Stralen's.—The day, May 23, at 8 o'clock in the evening. The parlor, with its embossed leather walls, where window sills and wash boards were white as sand could make them, was lighted with a single wax candle, and around the tile stove where a fire of wood had been lighted to kill the damp, sat Antony, his three daughters, Karl Hoofdt, his partner in more prosperous days, and Joan Hoofdt, looking like a fourth and younger sister. An aged aunt was more than half asleep in her chair in the chimney-corner, and standing beside the table, spread with napery of spotless white, preparing the supper of buttered bread, toasted cheese, and beer, was the good mother Vrow Van Stralen, in whom neither gray hairs nor poverty had altered the cheerful look, or damped the hopeful heart. Dame Van Stralen, the "Frisian Vrow," as the neighbors called her, because she had come to Holland an orphan girl from West Friesland, Antony had married without a dowry. He was deemed rich at that day—the misfortunes which broke the firm of Stralen, Hoofdt & Co., coming from the loss of "The Fraulien" at sea long afterward—but his partner always said, had Hoofdt taken Peter Tideman's daughter, whom he might have had for the asking, her fortune would have saved the old house from coming to grief. But Karl's soul was purblind. The money trusting man did not understand the wisdom in which the good Frisian Vrow had brought up Antony's children, nor the sunshine which, in spite of losses and failures, her presence had made in his home for more than thirty years.

The feast waited for Antony's son, Auke Stralen. His vessel had dropped anchor that morning in the Amstel after a six months voyage. Sailors' wives and mothers know what makes a red-letter day in their calendar. Dame Stralen's heart was large enough to care for all her children, but her thoughts were most with the boy who had braved the perils of the deep. She knew, too, that her love was returned, as did his messmates, who used good-naturedly to wager that Auke's first question to the pilot would be 'Is my mother well?' He had been seven years at sea, ever since he was fifteen. His earnings had been the support of the family. He had climbed through every grade of seamanship from reefing the foresail to walking the quarter-deck, and as he now entered the parlor, shaking hands with the seniors, saluting each of his sisters and the grand aunt with a kiss, and bashfully greeting the pretty neighbor, his long and hearty embrace was given to his mother.

"It is God's meal to-night, my boy," said the vrow, her hand in both of his and her blue eyes beautiful in their expression of matronly pride and love. "You have not forgotten?"

"Mitherkin! Dear Mitherkin!" replied the boy, raising her hand to his lips, and bending his head over hers, "I have never forgotten, not once, that God's work pays sure wages."

Auke was still a "boy" to her, whom he addressed by that tenderest name, Mitherkin, a word for which we have no synonym; but his bronze face and sturdy frame gave him almost the look of middle age. As he sat there in his sailor's dress of canvas, with his Danish pipe in full play, he might have passed for one of those old-time seamen from whom "Skipper lane" had been named.

There was a time when Karl Hoofdt had speculated on a match between his partner's son and his own and only daughter, and the young folks did not think that event even impossible yet. But Karl was thinking otherwise. Auke made good wages to be sure.—He was temperate and industrious. If it were not for his father's large family he might lay by something, but as it was he would never be worth a stiver. "Joan must do better than that," was the conclusion to which he was coming, when the news Auke was telling his mother over the beer turned his musings to another channel.

The captain and owner of the "Zuyder Zee," in which craft Auke had always sailed, was Jacob Stevenson, who by carrying cheese and gin to the Baltic towns, and salt fish back to Amsterdam, had realized sufficient gains to open a trade with England. Its late king had been Holland's stadt holder, and London had a market for tea and Chinese silks, of which Amsterdam was the emporium. But the Zuyder Zee would not suit English trade, and he had offered to sell her to Auke, to be paid for in yearly installments, with interest at five per cent.

"Take her!" said Karl, "and I will use all my interest with the Schnoidams and cheese-buyers to get up the first cargo."

"But she is a slow sailer and rough in the rigging," replied Auke, skillfully taking the cautious side.

"She'll go well enough before the wind, wont she? and she lades better than any craft in the river. You had better close the bargain with Jacob, give her a coat of paint, and call her Hammerman Van Harderhold, after our East Indian director. I'll go the first trip with you, Auke."

"That's all very well," replied Auke, "I'll take the Zuyder Zee and paint her, and you, Mynheer Karl, may freight her. But she is my ship, and as long as I sail her she goes only by one name, and that is the 'Frisian Vrow,' from my mother."

For many weeks Auke and Karl, one at the ship and the other at the cargo, were busy getting ready. Everything sped. Neighbors furnished ventures of linen. Country folks brought in their cheese. Schnapps in bottles, Holland in delft, and gin in barrels and hogsheads, were carefully stowed away in the good ship's hold. Her bottom was newly coppered, a new figure-head, presented by Jason Koef for good luck, set gracefully under her bow, and she bore in large letters on her stern, "Frisian Vrow." By the middle of July she was ready to sail.

"Fare thee well, my boy!" said his good mother as she took leave of him at the door in the gray of the summer morning. "Forget us not at home, and in all goings, remember that God's work hath sure wages."

"I will remember that, and all the good things you have taught me, mother; but keep a brave heart and take no disquiet for me; good bye!" said the young skipper, and within the hour, he, on the deck of the "Frisian Vrow," was sailing down the Amstel.

The newly painted ship was a high-pooped, broad-sided bark of heavy build, but a fair wind carried her down to the Zuyder Zee and over the North sea, and up the sound so surely and steadily, that Karl got the length of remarking that a seaman's life was the easiest he knew. Their destination was the port of Revel, where the Dutch traders had found a market ever since their sails were first seen in the Baltic.

At this time Peter, afterward called the Great, was home from his three years' travels. He had worked as a ship-carpenter at the Zaandam dock yards; had learned rope-making, sail-making and smith-work; had worn the dress of a workman, made his own fire, boiled his pot, swept his lodgings, carried timbers on his shoulders, and conformed in every respect to the customs of the yard; and he was now carrying out results in Russia such as in any other way ten centuries would never have accomplished. He had created a fleet, disciplined an army, established a university, and was now engaged in laying the foundation of a city to be called after his own name. Fixing upon Cronstadt as the location for the fort to protect the mouth of the river upon which the capital of all the Russias was to stand, and preparing the drawings with his own hand, he left its execution to one of his engineer officers while he returned to St. Petersburg to push forward those almost superhuman works, which at the cost of nearly half a million lives, have made it what it is. The eastern coasts of the Baltic, formerly divided between Sweden and Poland, had also fallen into Peter's hands almost to the walls of Revel.

All this the skipper of the 'Frisian Vrow,' knew little of. Dutch cheese found a market at Revel; narrow straits had to be threaded; sand banks and sunken bars made the passage perilous, and Auke understood that the master's eyes must never be closed until sea-room became plenty. The solstice weather, too, grew thick; squally winds knocked the old ship uneasily about. Narrow channels kept the sailor on the lookout. And after several days of shifting gales and darkened skies, Karl began to get impatient. Scrambling one morning to the deck, he found Auke as usual at the helm.

"Are we far from Revel, now?" he inquired of the sturdy skipper.

"If the wind holds fair," replied Auke, "we shall make its harbor before noon. Yonder is the gulf way to leaward."

Karl could see nothing in the direction indicated but a waste of foamy waves, and on the right the distant outline of a high and rocky coast. There was a roaring sound of wind and waters all about them; but through it came the deep boom of an alarm bell.

"There's a ship in distress," said Auke. "Hans, take a glass and try if you can make her."

His mate, a gray-haired, but active and fearless seaman, had scarcely raised the glass when he shouted "Captain, she's a fishing smack ashore on Diver's shoals, and her crew are clinging to her rigging."

"Boys, we'll save them," said Auke; "the case may be our own."

"Ay Captain," replied Hans, "but should we lose this wind, who knows when the "Frisian Vrow" will drop anchor?"

"We shall miss the market, too!" cried Karl. "Don't be a fool, Auke."

"This ship is called after my good mother," said the young skipper, putting about the helm. "Before I left home she told me God's work had sure wages, and I believe it. Boys, we'll save those poor fellows!"

"Well done, Captain!" cried the crew with cheers, and while Karl went below to grumble at Auke's ill luck, the "Frisian Vrow" bore down on the foundering vessel, and Auke Stralen, with four sailors, were gallantly rowing the ship's only boat through the breakers. The little bark was fast in the sands. A heavy surf broke over her. The crew, the master, three seamen, and two boys, all Swedes, clung to the spars and rigging of the hopeless craft. They were all rescued wet, and cold, and nearly famished, and taken on board the "Frisian Vrow," thankful for their preservation, but unable to speak a word of Dutch. The skipper gave them dry clothes and a breakfast, hastened to look after his ship, which was already in trouble.—The wind had veered due west, and there was no getting the right course. The sailors tacked and reefed and hauled up, but the "Vrow" was utterly unmanageable against the gale, and there was nothing but to run before it.

"Yes," grumbled Karl, "I knew how it would be. The market will be lost and we shall all be shipwrecked."

But nobody was in the humor to mind his gloomy prognostications; besides, he was not the only one upon whom fear fell when the vessel went speeding at a rate she had never sailed before, straight up the Finnish gulf.

Geographical knowledge was none of the clearest at that day. Karl had studied the voyages of the Dutch tra