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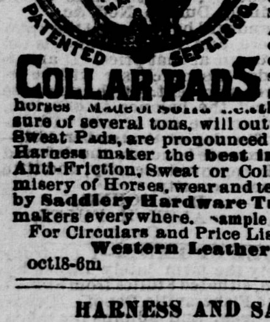

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POETRY.

WHO IS A POET?

Who is a poet? He is one who sees
In all things something fair, the eye to please;
The sea, the sky, the moonbeams, flowers and trees,
And hears soft voices, in the gentle breeze,
He who knows naught of poesy, knows none of these.

Well, what is poesy? 'Tis the spirit fair,
That floats in azure fields, upon the lambent air,
That soothes with gentle, tender touch, the brow of care,
That gives to earth-bound souls of heaven a share;

It is the soft low voice we sometimes hear,
Whisper sweet words into the listening ear;
That tells how twinkling stars come out at even,
How silver moonlight gilds the azure heaven,
That speaks of sunbright beams on crimson sea;
How breezes blow and "wild winds whistle free;"
What lovely things are made for you and me,
And sometimes softly murmers, "I love thee!"

He is a poet—he who has an ear
For all the music of this lower sphere—
Can make e'en sordid things seem pure and fair;
E'en pain and sadness very sweet appear,
Who hears soft voices in the whispering wind
And has an eye to see, where others all are blind,
Who, filling life with creatures of the mind,
Lives in a realm of thought above the common kind.

The poet sees fair Mother Earth, where others see the clod,
And traces on each tiny leaf the finger of a God;
Can lift the soul of man all sensual things above,
And to himself at least this sweet glad thought can prove
That Love is Poetry, and God is Love.

MIZPAH.

SNOW.

Soft in the keen, clear morning
Gleams the untrodden snow,
Its diamond crystals sparkle
Before me as I go;

Like light on far hills it lieth,
In vale and on level lea
It hath flung, a fairy artist,
Frost jewels o'er spray and tree.

The leaves of a silvery foliage
Are thick in the branching pines,
And the bars of the village steeple
Stand out in clear white lines;

And on each little mound in the churchyard,
Where the children gently sleep,
A stainless cushion of ermine
It resteth smooth and deep;

Pure o'er the pure; but yonder,
O'er ruin, and blight, and decay,
It hath fallen a merciful Presence,
And buried them softly away,

O clean, cold snow, thou liest
So chaste o'er the dross and the slime,
We greet thee a tender token
For the sacred Christmas time—

A symbol of heavenly affection,
That yearns, as with loving wings,
To hide the pollutions which sully
The face of all human things.

Far away in yon murky city,
In a maze of street and wall,
The spotless flakes down-dropping,
With a silent cleansing fall;

They fall with a hastening pity
On the foul and filthy lane,
And loathsome court and alley,
Corruption's rot and stain;

And noisome blots of squalor
'Neath their gentle touch grow bright,
And the dens of crime and contagion
Seem to gather a long-lost light.

O snow, in the dark days thou cometh,
Meet sign of the Christ above,
Who shall hide all the world's imperfections
'Neath the white robes of His love.

—*London Society.*

For the SPECTATOR.

NINEVEH.

It is not our intention to prepare a long, dry, and prosy account of this subject. We may delve in classic lore and quote ancient authorities, but they will be brief and so abridged as to give a complete but not tedious delineation of the most interesting and remarkable events concerning the greatly renowned and eminently historical city of Nineveh. "Nineveh, the capital of the ancient Assyrian Empire, was situated on the eastern bank of the river Tigris, about 280 miles north of Babylon and 400 miles northeast of Damascus. It was one of the most ancient cities upon earth; being founded by Ashur or by Nimrod, both grandsons of Noah. According to Diodorus Siculus, this city was an oblong parallelogram, extending 150 furlongs in length, 90 furlongs in breadth, and 480 in compass. This agrees with the account given by the prophet, that it was 'an exceeding great city of three days' journey' in circuit; reckoning 20 miles a day as the common computation for a traveler on foot. This vast city was surrounded with prodigious walls, 100 feet high; and so broad that three chariots could drive abreast on them: the whole extent was defended by 1500 towers, 200 feet high, or double the height of the walls. The population of Nineveh is supposed to have been at least 600,000 souls in the time of the prophet Jonah."—*Robert Sears' Bible Biography, 19th ed.* Very little is really known of the actual history of Nineveh, as nearly all distinguished historians agree upon the same thing, thus no division is created to engage contemporaneous comment; but, however, one notable feature is certainly known, that after it "had risen to its splendor and magnificence on the ruins of the surrounding states, and success having attended their various military enterprises, both rulers and their people became intoxicated with pride, and, under the influence of superstition and idolatry, cruelty marked their progress in every country, and oppression characterized their government over the vanquished nations."—*R. S. B. B.* Having met with such great and flattering success and victory, they became so revengefully arrogant and extremely independent, that they scorned and scoffed at the entreating admonitions of the prophets and utterly refused to obey the laws of God; hence, as He has always done and will ever do, He pronounced a curse upon them for their gross wickedness and willful disobedience. Although their endless and seethless tide of iniquity, in all its black hideousness, had rolled out before Him, yet in infinite mercy He determined that before the consuming wrath of His righteous indignation should be poured out upon them to send a messenger to warn them to turn from their evil ways, and thereby escape the impending ruin, and, having formed that resolution, He proceeded to execute it with Divine firmness, therefore He commissioned Jonah—the son of Amittai, the *fifth* of the small prophets, whom some suppose to have been the widow's son of Sarepta, restored to life by Elijah—to go to Nineveh and cry against it, that in forty days it would be destroyed. All that is positively known of Jonah is that God, having commanded him to go to Nineveh, he, instead of obeying God, and seemingly unmindful that God is everywhere, resolved to flee to Tarsus, in Cilicia, for he apparently considered that God was peculiarly resident in Judea, and if he got out of that land, the Lord would most probably appoint another prophet to carry the message; Jonah evidently appears to have looked upon the enterprise as difficult and dangerous, and sincerely wished to avoid it, hence he went down to Joppa, and, having paid his fare, embarked for Tarsus, but God, who knew his motive and had watched his course, did not intend to have His purpose thus foiled, therefore He caused a great storm to rise; now, while the storm was raging in all its heaven-born fury, Jonah was calmly sleeping in the hold of the ship, unconscious of the pending danger, but the foaming, bubbling, angry billows rising like huge mountains and rocking the vessel to and fro, the mariners became frantically alarmed, and as they were all heathens who had each a different object of worship, so they supposed that Jonah likewise had his God, and that as the peril was imminent, every man should use the influence he had, as they were all alike equally involved. The shipmaster, acting under the impulse of fright, awoke Jonah, and told him of their surroundings. After considering what they would do that the sea might be calm, so they could safely pursue their journey, they decided to cast lots ("a very ancient mode of endeavoring to find out the mind of Divine Providence."—*Dr. Clarke*) to ascertain, if possible, by whom the storm was caused. They did so, and God so directed it that the lot fell upon Jonah, and after being thus convinced that he alone was the cause, and conscience so lashed him for his disobedience and reproved him for his desertion, that he confessed all, and told them that he was a Hebrew and worshiped the God of Heaven; was one of His prophets, and that he had been commissioned by God to go to Nineveh and proclaim its downfall, but had refused to obey Him, and was now, as he supposed, fleeing from His presence. "Then were the men exceeding afraid and said unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us? And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you." But the men did not desire to do so, and they "rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not; for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous against them." Then cried they unto the Lord for succor, but the tempest did not abate, but continued her mutterings of wrath and roarings for vengeance. Then "they took up Jonah and cast him forth into the sea and the sea ceased from her raging." Now, at this juncture of the miracle, the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah, and Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights. The fish here referred to was evidently a whale, and in accordance with the 40th verse of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew, we are justifiable in supposing and concluding that such was the true case; "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

However, it has given rise to various opinions, and in order to afford the reader a wider field from which to glean, we quote a few. In commenting upon this part of the subject, Dr. Clarke says: "A fish of the *shark* kind, and not a whale, is here meant. This could not have been a whale, for the throat of that animal can scarcely admit a man's leg; but it might have been a shark, which abounds in the Mediterranean sea, and whose mouth and stomach are exceedingly capacious. In several cases they have been known to swallow a man when thrown overboard. It is well known that the throat of a *whale* is capable of admitting little more than the *arm* of an ordinary man; but many of the shark species can swallow a man whole, and men have been found whole in the stomach of several. Besides, the shark is a native of the *Mediterranean sea*, in which Jonah was sailing when swallowed." These facts are given in substance and in full by the learned Bochart.—*See Leyd, edit. 1692, vol. iii, col. 742.* Upon the other hand, a number of eminent historians have decided and discussed at considerable length in their respective works that it was a *whale* and not a shark which is here meant. Says the Rev. George Burder, in his Complete History of the Bible, edit. 1808, vol. i, p. 541: "Infidels, in all ages, have made this passage of Scripture the subject of their ridicule, and have treated it either as a wild romance, or at most a parabolical representation of something else. They have pretended that the throat of a whale, as this fish is generally supposed to have been, is insufficient to receive the body of a man, and that, if received, human life could not have been supported for any length of time. But with all due deference to these learned men, it is, after all, not only possible, but probable also, that the fish by which Jonah was swallowed was literally a whale; for though it be true that the greater part of whales, of which the Greenland kind is the most usual, have a swallow not more than four inches broad, yet it is ascertained beyond a doubt, that there is another specimen of the whale, called the *Cashelot Catodon, or Pott fish*, whose throat is so very large that he could swallow a whole ox. The establishment, therefore, of this fact, that the *Cashelot* is a whale capable of swallowing a man whole will, we hope, forever silence the objections of future infidels." (For a more extended description, see Crantz's History of Greenland, vol. i, p. 112.) Many persons seem to think and strongly contend that it would be an impossibility for a man to live for two or three days in the stomach of a fish. This difficulty is easily explained and removed by reference to J. Ferguson's Philosophical Transactions, vol. liii, p. 170; do., lxii, p. 449; Derham's Physico Theology, book 4, cap. 7, note, p. 158, 159; Dr. Platt's History of Staffordshire, p. 246, 292; also Ray on the Creation, p. 230; Parkhurst, Cowper, the anatomist, and others. "There appears, therefore, nothing unphilosophical or absurd in supposing that Jonah might be cast into the sea and be swallowed up whole by a great fish, and yet be neither drowned, nor corrupted, nor digested, nor killed. There must have been a miraculous divine interposition in causing all the circumstances of the presence of the fish, of the formation of Jonah, to concur rightly to effect his deliverance."—*Burder's History, vol. 1, p. 545.* For a complete history of this remarkable adventure, see "King's Morsels of Criticism." Dr. Clarke, after carefully reviewing the entire subject at length, concludes that as "some can not work a miracle, can hardly be persuaded that God can," and divides it into various propositions: "1. There was such a person as Jonah; 2. He was swallowed by a sea-monster, in whose belly he was miraculously preservod three days and three nights; 3. This same prophet preached to the Ninevites, and they repented and turned from their sins under his ministry. This testimony puts an end to all mythological, allegorical, and hypothetical interpretations of those great facts." The next noticeable period in connection with this history, and one, too, which is so much discussed and speculated in, is the exact length of time Jonah really was in the fish's stomach, even though it is very readily admitted to have been only thirty six hours. Dr. Clarke says: "Our Lord rose from the grave on the day but *one* after his crucifixion, so that in the computation in this verse, the part of the day on which he was crucified, and the part of that on which he rose again, are severally estimated as an *entire day*; and this, no doubt, exactly corresponded to the time in which Jonah was in the belly of the fish. The very same quantity of time which is here termed three days and three nights, and which in reality was only *one whole day*, a *part of two others*, and *two whole nights*, in the book of Esther: *Go; neither eat nor drink* THREE DAYS, NIGHT *or* DAY. * * * *On the* THIRD *day, Esther stood in the inner court of the King's house.*" In his second paragraph on this subject, Lightfoot says: "If you number the hours that passed from our Savior's giving up the ghost upon the cross to his resurrection, you shall find almost the same number of hours the sun and moon stood still, which Kimchi says was six and thirty hours, and yet that space is called by God *three days and three nights*, whereas two nights only came between, and only one complete day. Thus then, three days and three nights, according to this Jewish method of reckoning, included any part of the first day, the whole of the following night, the next day and night, and any part of the succeeding or third day." Many examples might be adduced from both sacred and profane writers in vindication and substantiation of the propriety of the expression in the text, but we deem these versions and extracts fully sufficient and conclusive, and they will be found to be entirely and more minutely proven by research of the valuable volumes by Whitby and Wakefield in particular. Beyond a doubt, this whole miracle, though wrought 858 years B C., was intended by God as a type to directly refer to the death and resurrection of Christ, for He says, As Jonah was, so shall the Son of man be, and as decade after decade of foretold events have been recorded, how plainly and emphatically has this prediction been exemplified. After Jonah had been swallowed by the fish, he became humble and submissive, and was willing to do whatever it pleased God to command. He prayed out of the fish's belly one of the most poetic prayers on record, and the Lord, as He has always done when they were sincere, heard his prayer and "spake unto the fish and it vomited out Jonah upon dry land." Let the reader keep this constantly in view, that ALL, from the beginning to the end, is miracle. Though Jonah had passed through many different scenes since his embarkation at Joppa, yet none of his actions strictly pertained to the accomplishment of the great purpose for which God designed him; hence, "The word of the Lord came unto Jonah the second time, saying, Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching I bid thee." That is the shortest sermon ever delivered—only eight short words—yet how productive of good, by the preaching of which more souls were converted than by any other of which we have any account. What a forcible illustration and example to combine brevity with earnestness. We see Jonah, as he stands upon the shore, as it is generally conceded, at the foot of a mountain which projects a great way into the sea, between Berytus and Tripoli, ready, anxious, and eager to perform the work assigned by God; and having been again commissioned, he starts for the city. We behold him as he enters Nineveh; every one within the condemned city is earnestly pursuing his own peculiar avocation of life; no commotion is heard, save the hum and bustle incidental to a vast commercial thoroughfare; but mark the wild excitement into which it is thrown when out upon the air floats this cry: "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed!"

See the workmen on the housetops, standing as if awe-stricken, and looking over the city to learn from whence this warning came, away down the street they see a poor, despised Hebrew, (the Ninevites were Gentiles and bitterly hated the Hebrews, and possibly this may have been the principal reason why Jonah refused to go, for fear of being killed or tortured), slowly entering their secure abode and proclaiming God's curse and their ruin. See the yard-stick fall from the merchant's hand as in the act of measuring goods for his customers, that voice is heard, and he stands as if riveted to the spot. See the doctors close their encyclopedias and rush to the street when that cry of pending wrath is fanned through their office casements. See the deathly pallor overspreading the lawyer's face, while intently examining the voluminous statutes of law to gain some information by which to defend his client, when that ominous declaration is heard. Picture the scene of that surging, distracted mass of raging and doomed sinners! But, ah, of all see King Sardanapalus, as overcome with fear he lays his royal robe aside and tremblingly descends from his exalted throne, and with palsied hands, darkly dyed with gilded corruption and innocent blood, writes this decree to be proclaimed and published throughout all Nineveh:—"Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste anything; let them not feed nor drink water. But let man and beast be covered with sackcloth and cry mightily unto God: yea, let them turn every one from his evil way, and the violence that *is* in their hands. Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away his fierce anger, that we perish not?" Never before was a repentance so general, so complete, and for the time being so effectual, for even from the haughty, self exalted, independent king, to the lowest, most meagre, and dependent subject, this warning was alike directed and by them strictly observed. Thus in sackcloth and ashes did every inhabitant repent—a repentance so deep and thorough that God had compassion upon them, and "repented of the evil, that he had said he would do unto them, and he did it not." Though the threat was not made conditional, and there was no provision at all in the warning, yet it seems that the Ninevites were conscious of their utter demoralization, and profane trangressions of the law, and understood why the judgment was pronounced upon them, and also if they would repent of their sins God would withhold His wrath—hence the issuing of the edict to "turn every man from his evil way." When Jonah had delivered the message and completed his mission, he returned to the east side of the city to await the expiration of the forty days and the fulfillment of God's warning,—or to see what would become of the city. But after they humbly repented, and became contrite in spirit, God said that he would not do unto them the evil that He had threatened them with, "and he did it not," but this very much displeased Jonah, and he was exceedingly angry, and he prayed unto the Lord, and said, "I pray thee, O Lord, was not this my saying, when I was yet in my country? Therefore, I fled before unto Tarsus: for I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil. Therefore, now, O Lord, take I beseech thee, my life from me, for it is better for me to die than to live." Jonah seemed to have had more respect for his word than for the lives of the 120,000 Ninevites, for he said, "Take I beseech thee, my life from me, for it is be ter for me to die than to live," since as my prophecy has not been fulfilled by the total destruction of the Ninevites, for you commanded me to go, and even forced me after I fled to Tarsus, and to proclaim upon your authority, "yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed!" but now both you and Nineveh have repented and Nineveh is still standing as of old. I went there, and made an absolute denunciation of judgment, and have passed through many marvelous scenes, and yet they have not effected the downfall of that sinful empire, and now I would rather die than to be called a deceiver, or one that denounced a falsity. In his fretful declarations it is evident that Jonah was more conscientious than religious, or even either lenient or forbearing. He seeks to excuse his utter disregard for God's command for him to go to Nineveh, by his repeated assertions that he foresaw that God would not fulfill the prediction even if he did go, for He is slow to anger, of great kindness, and very merciful. How forceably does this represent the disposition and condition of a great many professed dispensators of the gospel, and even zealous christians of the present day—always attributing their own open dereliction of duty to some attribute of God, and evade the real issue of the case by continually complaining of some supposed special act of Providence, and soliciting Him to take no notice of them as they are too unworthy to be called His children. In such instances as these God very rightly pities them more because of their manifested ignorance of His ways, than censures them for their carelessness and disobedience, but at last He justly punishes them for neglect of their personal, individual, and imperative responsibility. Upon this point Dr. Clarke argues that "God has left this example on record, to show that an inconsiderate man is not fit to be employed in His work, and He chose this one example, that it might serve as an endless warning to His church to employ no man in the work of the ministry that is not scripturally acquainted with God's justice and mercy."

But to revert to the main part of our subject. "So Jonah went out of the city, and sat on the east side of the city, and there made him a booth, and sat under it in the shadow, till he might see what would become of the city. And the Lord God prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceedingly glad of the gourd. But God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered. And it came to pass when the sun did arise, that God prepared a vehement east wind, and the sun beat upon the head of Jonah, that he fainted, and wished in himself to die, and said, It is better for me to die than to live. And God said unto Jonah, Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd? And he said I do well to be angry *even* unto death." One of the grandest answers we have ever read, and doubtless tradition will never furnish an equal, was when that irritable man was expostulating with God, He, in all the calm majesty of His mighty power, said: "Doest thou well to be angry?" "Then said the Lord, Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not labored, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night and perished in a night. And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" These unanswerable arguments seem to have fully met the objections of Jonah and entirely silenced his outbursts of human folly, after which, in all probability, he returned from Nineveh to Judea. The great number of catttle to which reference was previously made, were for the support of that vast population.

No doubt Nineveh was like antique Babylon, of which Quintius Curtius says: The buildings were close to the walls, there being the space of an acre left between them; and in several parts there were within the walls portions of cultivated land, that if besieged, they might have provision to sustain the inhabitants." Though the Nineveites were truly sincere in their profession, yet they did not continue long under the influence of good resolutions, but relapsed into their former state of perfidy and violence, and about one hundred and fifty years afterwards they were totally destroyed by Cyaxares and his allies; an event which occurred about 606 years B. C. Many useful lessons may be learned from this short reproduction of prophecy. It is the incorrigibly wicked against whom God's judgments are threatened, and upon whom they will fall. That unto those who are of a contrite spirit and broken heart He will grant mercy and pardon. It shows how prevalent repentance is to turn aside any threatened stroke of divine wrath or displeasure. Even persons on the very verge of destruction, if they will but stop and repent they will be reprieved, but are, nevertheless, subject to God's consuming anger it afterwards they apostatize and revert to their former base and sinful corruptions. If we have met with unsolvable mysteries and seeming impossible accomplishments in this concise description of one of the most singular, entertaining and surprising narrations in the Bible, let us keep constantly in mind that it was God who instigated and wrought them, and that His ways are not our ways and are past finding out, and that He determined to destroy or cause the repentance of the vile and depraved Ninevites; He selected and commissioned Jonah; He witnessed his attempts to escape; He raised the storm; He directed the lot; He influenced the mariners to thrust Jonah into the sea; He created the colossal marine monster which swallowed the disobedient prophet, and by His unlimited power preserved his life for thirty-six hours in the fish's stomach; He caused it to cast him ashore; He carried the then faithful servant over the intervening distance between the sea coast and his destination; He gave him a second commission; He directed him to forewarn the Ninevites that in forty days, they would be destroyed; He saw the effect of his utterances, and heard them bewailing their offences and supplicating for mercy; He had compassion upon them and pardoned their manifold sins and trangressions; He produced the sheltering gourd which came to perfection in a night and perished in the morning; He answered all the complaints and expostulations of the prophet, and illustrated and convinced him that His acts were divine, merciful, and right. After linking all these marvelous and unparelleled incidents into one grand, glorious and sparkling chain, evincing and proving the holiness, love, purity, omnipotence, compassion, forbearance, and justice of God in His hourly dealings with, poor, weak, depraved human nature, who continually and often purposely misconstrue and pervert their true import, we conclude this brilliant and thrilling chapter of sacred history.

P. A. ROSS.

Staunton, Va., Feb. 2nd, 1882.

One time there was an old man who had ten children and lots of grandchildren, and one of his boys was a shoemaker, and the old man said that all the other children should buy their shoes from Bob at two dollars a pair just to encourage him to keep the money in the family. Every day there was some outsider come knocking at the outside gate with just as good shoes at a dollar a pair, but still they all had to buy from Bob, and Bob got rich off his own kinfolks, and that's the way with the tariff. It is a good thing for Bob, but mighty hard on the rest of the family.—*Bill Arp.*

We need not be physicians to know when we have and how to cure a Cold. We can have a special physician always near by keeping convenient a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

George Washington never told a lie, and he got to be President of the Republic. Times have changed. George couldn't be elected to the Legislature if he lived in these times.—*Boston Post.*

Love or Gold?

"Which shall it be?"

Violet Vane stood at her window as she asked herself this question, while her dark eyes roamed over the scene which lay before her.

A dreary scene, surely. Broad fields, from which the harvest had long since been gathered, even the aftermath; nothing now remained save the bristling stubble, upon which the autumn rain was falling—drip, drip, drip. Overhead, a dull, gray sky, with the sun slowly dying in the west; under foot, sodden gray earth. The whole world seemed robed in that one, somber color.

And to that young girl who stood there, her eyes sweeping impatiently over it all, it seemed the dreariest picture in the world.

She was young and had beauty; the heart within her breast throbbed with ambitious desires and longings; she wanted to rise up above all these sordid, common surroundings, and get within her proper sphere. She longed for wealth and luxury; her beauty craved a costly setting, yet she was but a poor farmer's daughter, and lived in an ancient red farm house, in the midst of gray, old corn fields, from whence the green had fled.

It seemed to her, standing there wearily, as though the green would never come back again, the azure to the skies or the song to the bird.

Yet she was deciding a momentous question that day, and one which was destined to affect all her future. It was this:

Arnold Lee, a millionaire, had asked her to become his wife. But he was old and gray and wrinkled, and her heart belonged to another—Richard Lyle.—But Richard was as poor as she was, and—and—and the glittering bait which the old man held out was very tempting.

Violet was tired of poverty, and the constant battle against the ills of this life. She wanted to get away from it all; she longed to live in a palace, and wear silks and jewels, and have all the money she desired. And all this could be gained by merely saying *yes* to Arnold Lee!

But how could she? How could she wrench from her heart the love which occupied it, and glorified her life with all the glories of a pure and innocent affection, and bind herself to this grim old man for the sake of his gold? Yet Richard was so dreadfully poor! Violet's heart sank as she remembered it all. And she must decide quickly, for in two hours time Arnold Lee would come for an answer.

"Violet!"

The girl turned to see her mother standing beside her—a fretful, complaining woman, who spent her daily life in bewailing their poverty.

"Well, Violet," she went on, "have you made up your mind? To think that you should ask for time to decide such a matter! Why, girl, I should think you would be so gratified at Mr. Lee's proposal that you would tell him yes without a moment's delay."

"Mother, do you really advise me to marry that old man just for his money, when you know that Richard and I are—"

"You are not really engaged," interrupted her mother, hastily. "No, thank heaven! and the understanding between you, such as it is can be easily settled. Violet, I want you to marry Mr. Lee; you cannot afford to refuse him! Why, it will save you and us all from the depths of misery. Tell him yes, Violet."

She left the room and Violet to her own meditations. A defiant looked flashed into the girl's clear eyes.

"I will not!" she cried, setting her white teeth hard together, and clenching her little hand fiercely, "I will not marry that old man! I have decided at last? Poverty with Richard Lyle is preferable to a life of gilded misery!"

A tall figure coming across the sodden fields met her gaze—the color flamed up into her cheeks, her eyes shown with a dewy light.

"Dear Richard?" she whispered to herself, he is coming; I will meet him and tell him all!"

As she spoke the slow rain ceased falling and a single blue streak appeared in the sky. Throwing a waterproof cloak about her, she opened the low window and stepped over the sill. Gathering her skirts about her she darted forward across the wet door-yard, and met her lover at her gate, "Oh, Richard," she cried, stopping short, "I want to tell you!—"

She paused in shy confusion.

"You have decided, my darling?" he whispered; "well, Violet, which shall it be—love or gold?"

She slipped her little hand in his, and the shifting color came and went in her fair cheek.

"Love, Richard!" she murmured, softly. "I shall not marry that old man—they cannot force me to do it!"

For a long time the two conversed together in low tones, and at last they went away together through the gathering twilight down to the village lying prim and silent in the evening shadows. And when they had returned to the old farm-house Violet was Richard Lyle's wife.

Quietly she slipped into the house, and up stairs to her own room.

She had hardly lain aside her cloak and changed her dress when her mother appeared.

"Violet!" she began querulously, "make haste, can't you? Mr. Lee has been waiting for you downstairs for the last half hour. Have you made up your mind?"

Violet's face crimsoned.

"Yes," she answered, softly, her eyes shining with the light of love, "I have made up my mind!"

Mrs. Vane caught her in her arms.

"God bless you, my child!" she cried, for to her heart there was but one decision possible, "now we shall know no more poverty—no more pinching and turning to get along in the world! You have saved us, Violet!"

But Violet had no words to utter.—What would her parents say when they knew what she had done? She went down-stairs and entered the shabby little parlor with its dingy carpet and old-fashioned furniture.

Mrs. Vane, sitting there, was already turning over in her mind a hundred plans for the future. They should have a new house, new, soft carpets and fine furniture, and live and become people of wealth and position.

She glanced up as Violet entered, and her heart misgave her as she observed the girl's pale cheeks and frightened air. She arose as though to leave the room.

Old Farmer Vane, who had come in to entertain their distinguished visitor until Violet should appear, arose also.—But Violet motioned to her parents to remain.

"Do not go," she cried her sweet voice trembling a little; I have nothing to say which I cannot say in the presence of my father and mother. Mr. Lee," she added, abruptly turning to the old millionaire, who had arisen and stood before her deferentially, "you have done me the honor to ask my hand in marriage. Of course with the disparity between us, there could be no question of love; it would, therefore, be but a mere sordid transaction, in which I became your wife for the sake of the wealth and position which I would then enjoy."

"Violet!" cried Mrs. Vane, in unfeigned consternation.

"Listen, mother! Mr. Lee, I have weighed this matter well in mind. I assure you, sir, I have given it long and anxious deliberation; and I have decided."

Mrs Vane caught her breath with a quick gasp of surprise as Violet paused.

"I cannot be your wife, Mr. Lee," the young sweet voice went on. "I do not love you and I cannot barter my liberty for wealth. Besides, I love another; it was *love* against *gold*, you see, and I have chosen love. This evening I became the wife of Richard Lyle. Father—mother—forgive me for the step I have taken indeed I meant not to cause you pain; but I love him and I am his wife!"

But Mrs. Vane refused to be comforted. All the fair visions of the happy future which gold would bring to them vanished now, and the castle of cards tumbled over.

"I will never forgive you, you wicked deceitful girl!" she cried. "You have ruined the happiness of your father and mother."

Arnold Lee turned to the irate woman.

"Do not reproach Violet, Mrs. Vane," hesaid, gently, "she had a right to her own choice, untrammeled by my wishes or desires."

He opened the outer door and beckoned to some one without.

"Come in, Richard!" he said, "and let me explain all this. Listen, good friends;" and as Richard entered and stood at Violet's side, silence fell upon the little group and the old man continued:

"I love Violet; indeed, who could help it? But I am very old, and I was well aware that if she chose me it could not be for love, but only for the sake of the wealth which I could bestow on her. I soon found out another thing—that she and Richard Lyle loved each other and that he is worthy of her. So I took him into my confidence. I said that we would put Violet to the test—we would give her a choice between love and gold. If she decided to be my wife I would do all in my power to render her happy. But if, on the other hand, love was triumphant and she became the wife of Richard Lyle I agreed to settle upon the young man $100,000 to be his own when Violet became his wife. This was our own secret: Violet knew nothing of it. She has preferred truth to a life which would have been but a long deception. She is Richard's wife, and I congratulate them both.—And I now announce Violet and Richard Lyle as my heirs. I am alone in the world; I am very old and cannot live long; when God sees fit to take me away I shall leave all my earthly possessions to them jointly."

And the old man kept his word.—While he lived he was the best and truest friend to the youthful pair whom he had so truly befriended; and when he died and was laid away to rest, his will named Violet and Richard Lyle sole heirs to his immense wealth, because they loved each other and were worthy, and her true heart had chosen love instead of gold.

And Mrs. Vane's hopes were realized after all; and the castle of which she had so fondly dreamed was built; but this time it was not made of cards or fancy, but a substantial brown stone front. And they all lived to bless the day when Violet had chosen so wisely.

For, no matter what specious reasoning may be used to combat the truth, gold, which is a very good thing in itself, is nothing if you have not love.

JUDGES.—The present Legislature has a fine sense of humor, although it takes a Mark Tapley to stand it sometimes.—In its selection of Judges the theory is that they should be learned in the law; at least in ordinary business matters people would act upon this principle.—We should suppose a judge of law ought to know something of it, just as we would expect to find in a clergyman some of the ordinary principles of religion. But the Revolutionists are a peculiar people; they have a crab-like tendency to go backwards on all settled views. It doesn't seem to them to make any difference whether a man is or is not a member of the bar; what his standing is with his fellow members who are best able to judge of him; or even how the people regard him, testing public confidence in him by the extent to which they entrust their business in his hands. It is enough for him to be a Readjuster to have him considered as qualified to be a "*judge.*"—*Winchester Times.*

The present Legislature, as in the case of the Corporation Judge of Lynchburg, has elected some as judges who have never studied law at all. Could partisan spirit go farther, or inflict a greater outrage upon the people? Retribution will yet overtake these violators of the rights of the people.

HOME ORNAMENTS.—To have a lovely, beautiful home does not necessarily cost a fortune, nor more than a few dollars, comparatively. Nature has placed at our disposal ornaments that no art can perfectly reproduce, and which would grace a palace.

An armful of dried ferns, gorgeous Autumn leaves and moss, and a basket of cones and acorns, with a little taste and ingenuity in their disposal about walls, pictures, curtains, in wreaths, baskets, etc., will give to the homeliest room an air of refinement and comfort which money does not always procure.

Then do not neglect these gifts which are provided with a lavish hand free alike to all; and which become as well the palace as the cot.

APPLES AS FOOD.—Very few persons understand the value of apples as food. For their wholesome affinity to the human organism they have no equal. They have an excellent effect upon the whole physical system, feeding the brain, as well as adding to the flesh, and keeping the blood pure; also preventing constipation and correcting a tendency to acidity, which produces rheumatism and neuralgia. In feverish conditions of the body they are invaluable for their alterative and cooling properties.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One bushel of good ripe tomatoes, one half gallon of good vinegar, also fresh ground spices, quarter pound of allspice, two ounces of cloves, three table spoonfuls of black pepper, six large onions or two heads of garlic, one pint and a half of salt, four large red peppers; boil for a length of time and strain through a sieve, and add the vinegar last; boil until it is thick enough.

A NICE PLUM CAKE.—Six ounces of butter whipped to a cream; add the same weight of sugur; stir in four whipped eggs then twelve ounces of flour; beat well and add six ounces of currants; and six ounces of sultanas and stoned raisins, two ounces of candied peel, twelve almonds, pounded, a pinch of mace, a teaspoonful of spice and one of baking powder.

LEMON PUDDING.—One lemon grated, rind and pulp, one cup of sugar, one cup of water or sweet milk, four eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour. Line a deep dish with pastry crusts, pour the custard in, bake thirty minutes. Beat the whites of three or four eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten, spread over the top of the pudding and let it brown slightly.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Take twelve ears of corn; split the rows in the center, then scrape the pulp out with the knife; this will leave the hull on the cob; add four eggs, one pint milk, one spoonful butter, sweeten and flavor to taste; bake one-half hour.

Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in similar manner.