

The Lancaster Ledger.

DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOLUME I.

LANCASTER, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1852.

NUMBER 1.

THE LANCASTER LEDGER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

H. S. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Two Dollars per year, if paid in advance. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in six months; or Three Dollars, if payment is delayed until the end of the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

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THE FORRESTER'S GRAVE.

"My heart is sour, Fred, and I am angry with myself that it is so."
"The state of the heart, they say, is often beyond the dominion of the will," Heinrich replied his friend.
"Aye, aye," retorted Heinrich, "but a man may relinquish his rational mastery in this affair; he may pamper himself with dreams of coming happiness, while each day warns him of the peril of the proceeding; he may cast a kind of stromium sunshine round his life, and willfully shut his eyes to the fact that is mere stromium. I have done so; and now that the glare is gone I find myself, as it were, upon the stage of a theatre as the day dawns, inspecting by the grey twilight the pictures which enchanted me last night, and finding them all daub and deformity."

It is a room in the Watergasse, Carburg, at two students who carried on the foregoing dialogue. It was winter, but the windows of the room were rendered genial by the radiation from a black stove which reared itself in one corner to a height of six or seven feet. Both students were smoking, and upon the pipe of each—a pipe, by the way, the supplying of which in England would lie heavier upon a man than the window tax—was a portrait of the other.

"Only think of my attempting to make poetry," Fred pursued Heinrich.
"The thing would seem ridiculous, perhaps, were it not so very common," answered Fred. "But people in your state have a kind of music awake within them which rejects the common law of utterance. The lover has as good a right to sing as the lark—high feelings demand high expression."

"His music of life would be very delightful," returned Heinrich, "did it not require two to produce it, the will or caprice of either being able to convert it for the other into a most dreary wail. Six months ago I had other melodies to cheer me. I had my work first of all, and, retiring from this with the consciousness that I had done it, I was receptive of many delightful influences. Sun, moon, and stars were sources of pleasure to me. Alone in the forest I did not feel lonely; the woods leaves spoke and sung to me. I felt at a common life penetrated me and nature; and I rejoiced in the relationship. But I have forsaken these pleasures to pursue an ignis fatuus; I have abandoned the changeless and true, and based my happiness upon a mass of tinted vapors which is now melted and gone. I have been a fool, but a certain profit may be derived even from my folly—the experience shall be laid to heart, and turned to some account."

"The last sentence was uttered by Heinrich with a bitter energy, as if the individual had become dual, and one half was acting the part of an exasperated schoolmaster towards the other. Heinrich No. 1—of the sun and the stars and the forest and the work, flourished his meretricious over Heinrich No. 2—him of the poetry, ball-room, and bright eyes.

The lady—for a lady was the origin of it all—who caused Heinrich so much trouble, was not one calculated to subdue a man at a glance. Her beauty was not of that triumphant cast which suddenly fascinates the beholder. When Heinrich first saw her she appeared to him to be a gentle, timid being—a weak snowdrop, which shook its pale petals in the slightest breeze. He saw her again, and imagined that the timidity had subsided a little. There was, indeed, an honesty and earnestness about Heinrich himself which was calculated to effect this. He soon discovered, however, that behind the physical timidity reposed a courage which nobody would have calculated on, and of which the possessor seemed perfectly unconscious.

Heinrich was somewhat of a psychologist, and this discovery interested him. He watched her—her actions were the natural outflow of her spirits, unmeasured by the slightest affectation. Heinrich had a notion that he could distinguish mere animal beauty from that which, permeating the countenance from within fuses the features into thought and music; and he observed at times a depth of radiance in her eyes which led him to speculate on the purity and brightness of the soul from which that radiance emanated. She was

the only girl whom Heinrich in the course of his life had thought that he could have dared to marry. He felt that she was worthy of his love, and he took no pains to check the growth of the seedling planted by this conviction. The utmost, however, he could gather from his intercourse with her was, that she did not hate him. This was the verdict of his calmer and truer hours; but, naturally enough, he permitted the illusion to creep in, that she evinced a partiality towards him.—This he dreaded to forfeit. Alexander, with a world to gain, was braver than Alexander with a world to lose. This thought destroyed the spontaneity of Heinrich's action; he was anxious to please, fearful lest he should displease; and, thus fettered, he lost his power and independence which would have most effectively charmed the girl he loved.

The night previous to his conversation with Fred, Heinrich attended the periodical meeting of the Sonntagsgesellschaft. Three or four of the highest families of Carburg, a few of the professors of the university, and a number of the older students, formed the core of this society, each member of which could invite as many guests as he pleased. On Sunday evenings, once a fortnight, the society came together. Plays, choruses, and dancing filled up the time until twelve o'clock, at which hour the meeting usually separated. On the night in question, the lady above described, whom we shall hereafter call Helen, was also present. Heinrich did not pay her his usual attention on this occasion, for a doubt had insinuated itself into his mind as to whether it was agreeable to her. Before supper, however, he summoned resolution to ask her if she would permit him to lead her to the table. She replied that she was engaged, and he retired accordingly. There was nothing new in the fact of a lady's being engaged, the circumstance had occurred to him a hundred times before, but he accepted it as an evil omen in his present state of mind. He saw Helen led to the table by Herr Crick, a gentleman whom Tennyson might have had in his eye when he penned the "Character." Heinrich was one of the few who had pierced the enamel which surrounded this person, and found an intriguing within; and, though he had strong faith in the capacity of the maiden to distinguish true from false, he nevertheless would have rather seen her in any other company than that of Herr Crick.

Dancing was resumed after supper. At a certain period of the evening, a full of little knots or rubens, having various devices, was placed in the middle of the room. The ladies were led in turn to the basket; each chose a knot and presented it to some one of the gentlemen standing round, who took the giver's hand and danced with her round the room. These little knots were often messengers of pleasure and of hope—sometimes the contrary. Helen was led to the basket, she chose a knot, and approaching the portion of the ring where Heinrich stood, gave it to Herr Crick who stood at his side.

Up to this moment the image of the maiden had lain like a bright dagger-point upon his brain. A canker now attacked it, and the bliss of contemplating it was no more. He had sense enough to know that this was a subjective phenomenon, that the maiden had not changed, but had merely revealed to him the peril of the dream in which he had indulged. There was a steadiness and decision about her action which banished the thought that it was the result of levity. "She is right," he thought. "I have been a fool and a coxcomb, and now the penalty has come." A stroke of calamity is often accompanied by psychological results the reverse of those which might be anticipated. It was so in the present case. Heinrich mingled with his companions, none knew the nature of the change that had suddenly come upon him, and it surprised even himself. He did not quiver; he was as rigid as a rock. His brain became clear and his glance concentrated. He felt a sudden accession of intellectual power, enabling him as it were to crush in an instant problems which under ordinary circumstances, he might have nibbled at for months. Nor was it in the energy of despair which thus took possession of him; he never once contemplated the thought of suicide. He confronted the fact of his position valiantly, and the swelling of his heart seemed only to exalt him into clearer day.

On the evening of the next day, Heinrich and his friend Fred sat together in the room of the former, and carried on the dialogue with which we have introduced our narrative.
"I do not blame her," continued Heinrich, "and when I use the term ignis fatuus I don't mean to apply it to her. The thing was my own creation solely. I collected her words and looks and tinged them with my own hopes. Like a fellow who sets out with a theory, and then hunts for facts to support it, instead of first waiting humbly for the fact, and placing it at the foundation. I have had my theory—bright and beautiful enough, but now in ruins. She, however, may banish unreason from her mind; I shall see her again, and show her that her hints have been accepted. Heim Himmell, she has no spaniel at her feet. Fred, my dear fellow, I bless the gods that I am a worker; this fact is my solace at present; my work is my medicine; on this falterum I know that I can poison myself, and after a little time, look out once upon the world unacquainted and self-possessed."

A fortnight's struggle set Heinrich again in equilibrium. At the end of a fortnight he stood once more in the Sonntagsgesellschaft, and trod the floor of the ball-room with the assurance of a man who feels that he has subdued a stubborn foe. Helen was there, and so was Herr Crick, and so was Fred. There is a mystic transmission of intelligence between minds, and this without a word indicated to Helen that a change had come over Heinrich. He neither sought her nor avoided her; he spoke to her kindly, almost affectionately; in fact, in this respect he went further than he would have ventured in his days of thralldom. He did it without second thought, without ulterior object, and, therefore, with dignity and freedom. Herr Crick joined them once while they conversed together; after a little time Heinrich walked away and left Helen and him to continue the conversation.
The maiden was not prepared for this exhibition of character on the part of Heinrich. It was a new quality to her, but one between which and her own moral constitution there was the strongest affinity. A kind of spiritual gravitation operated between both, which threatened more and more the orbit in which her life had hitherto revolved, and finally changed that orbit. As the earth folds the moon in its everlasting embrace, and bends her from her forward course without an effort, so this strong man laid hold with silent force upon the maiden's feelings, and held them by an irresistible attraction.
Heinrich had long speculated upon going to America, and the time drew near when the speculation was to be converted into fact. The summer had dawned, periodical land parties were formed, and excursions made through the forest. Heinrich and Helen often met on such occasions. The maiden grew paler as the time of his leaving drew near. Fred remarked this, but Heinrich did not. About a week before his departure a party was projected to the Glasscock. It was Whit-sunday, and the sun beamed radiant all day. The party met in Fred's garden, and walked thence to the rim of the forest. Here, under the primeval beeches, the table-cloths were spread, fowls were dissected, sausages were sliced, and maitrak poured out bounteously. After the past little coteries dived into the forest. Heinrich and Fred strolled off alone, and remained away until the sound of a distant horn at sunset warned them that the party was collecting for home. They turned in the direction of the sound. A long summer's day had just ended, and the sun teemed his last beaker of golden light from the crown of the Fraumburg. The souls of both were interpenetrated with the beauty and repose of the scene around them. In this mood they opened the wicket of a little burial ground which lay a short way from their path, and when they saw one green grave. At the head of the grave rose a pillar with rough rock fragments clumped around its base; at the foot sprang three tall pines which spread their sombre branches, like hoarse plumes, over the dead. The grave was that of an ancient forrester who had taken up his final lodging amid the scenes which he delighted in. As the friends entered, a lady, who appeared to have been reading the epitaph, retreated towards a gate at the opposite side of the enclosure—both knew that it was Helen.
"Frau!n!" exclaimed Fred, impulsively, "you are surely not afraid of us."
The maiden stopped and turned; the friends advanced towards her; to Heinrich she appeared the same trampling snowdrop as when he first beheld her.
"It is a fitting place to say good-bye," said Fred. "You will hardly have an opportunity of seeing each other again—would that I could have witnessed your union, instead of a separation!"
"Fred!" exclaimed Heinrich, "don't talk so; old memories, though subdued, are not killed!"
"What are the memories?" demanded Fred.
"Shall I tell him?" asked Heinrich, turning laughing to Helen.
"A low 'yes'" was the maiden's reply.
"Well, Helen," said he, taking her hand, what he wants me to confess is this: that I once loved you; that for your sake I have struggled against that love and subdued it, and that I now stand before you with the heart of a brother, and pray God to bless you."

"No, sir, all the places were full, and nobody knew me."
"Well, my boy, you may go now, and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning—your teacher will tell you where I live."
Johnny went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the street or anything else as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did.—His superintendent procured a good place for him, and they were made comfortable and happy.
Surely this story carries its own moral.

Timid People.

When the King of Tahiti, Pomare the Second, first began to doubt the power of his wooden gods, he made a very bold experiment. It was the custom, when the Tahitians caught a turtle, to send it to the king, to be dressed with sacred fire for his table—it was accounted a sacred animal. On the occasion to which we allude a turtle was sent, and when the servants were taking it to the idol's temple, the king called them back, and commanded them to cook it in his own oven; they were astonished, but obeyed. When the food was presented to his savage majesty, they expected every moment that he would fall into convulsions or drop down dead. He invited his attendants to taste the food, but they all refused. They were looking for judgment on the king's person, and as it did not come that day, they looked for it on the morrow; but, as no judgment came, this one act of majesty became the crisis of a nation and a national religion. The gods were soon after treated as mere logs of wood.

Now, was this a courageous act or was it not? Very courageous, some will say. It seems courageous, like many other actions, when you look at one side of it only; but if you look on another side, it assumes a timid character, like many other bold and daring deeds. The missionaries had succeeded in frightening Pomare with Hades, and its atmosphere of liquid fire—"black fire and horror," as Milton calls it—and had poured into his mind all the popular doctrine respecting that future place of fearful retribution. They had caused him to suspect that there was a greater spirit than his god Oro, and that it would be for his interest to curvy favor with the greater power. In a state of nervous mental doubt and anxiety he made the above experiment.

It is a bold one, now? Was it courage or timidity that induced Pomare to cook the turtle in his own oven, and eat it, without sending the first morsel, or even a morsel at all, to the idol?
It was just as much the one as the other. It was a judicious action—it was the simple act of a thinker and a reasoner. Pomare was studying a subject, and he took what seemed to him the most direct and conclusive mode of coming to a solution; but he would not, probably, have found the courage to test the power of the idol if he had not previously been impressed with a great fear of a higher power. It was fear, then, that gave him courage! Fear give a man courage! Yes, fear is actually the source of courage; and where no fear is, courage is wanting.

This seems like a paradox, but it is not one. We do not say that the fear that gives courage is excessive; far from it, for then courage is overwhelmed; we merely say that a little fear or sense of danger is necessary to stimulate the courage.—When we encounter danger without any sense of fear, our conduct is called recklessness; this is lower in rank than courage, merely because it wants that little portion of fear which is the immediate source of prudence in all adventurous actions.

Timidity is one of the constituents of prudence. Every wise man is timid; nay, he has a large amount of timidity in his character. Every good man must fear evil; he must fear public opinion; he must fear conscience. These are all aspects of that holy fear, which is the beginning of wisdom. It is, therefore, but an evil principle of action, though generally understood in an evil sense.
The reason why it is understood in an evil sense is, that it is merely one extreme of character without the other—the other extreme is quite as bad. That other extreme, however, is not courage; for, as we have already seen, courage has a mixture of fear within it. But the other extreme is mere recklessness; which is far more foolish than timidity, and holds as low a place in the scales of character. The best principles are not simple but compound principles, made up of two or more extremes or opposites.

Timidity, as we have already seen, may prompt a man to do a bold action. A timid man will run into a wolf's den to escape the jaws of a crocodile—a brooding hen will attack even a dog—and a mother will leap into the deep water to save a drowning child. The fear of a greater evil supplies the resolution to encounter a less. These bold actions, however, are not considered courageous. Courage resists the greater evil; it attacks the crocodile with so much fear and caution as are indispensable to render the attack judicious and successful. In the case of the brooding hen and the mother there is only one evil to encounter—that is, the dog in the one case, and the water in the other; but there are two fears, the fear of loss of offspring, and the fear of self-danger. The excess of one fear destroys the other, and a seeming courage is the result. But it wants the coolness, the caution of courage. The mother is violently excited, and losing entirely her presence of mind, regardless and thoughtless of all judicious means of accomplishing her end, she leaps directly into the water, and perishes, per-

Looking for a place.
"Well, Johnny, have you succeeded to-day, my son?"
"Nothing good to-day, mother. I have been all over town almost, and no one would take me. The book stores and dry goods stores and groceries have plenty of boys already—but I think if you had been with me, I should have stood a better chance."

"Oh, you look so thin and pale, mother, somebody would have felt sorry, and so taken me—but nobody knew me, and nobody saw you."
A tear stole down the cheek of the little boy, as he spoke, for he was almost discouraged, and when his mother saw the tear, not a few run down his face also.
It was a cold bleak night, and Johnny had been out all day looking for "a place." He had persevered, although constantly teased, until it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking that his mother must be tired, waiting for him.
His mother was a widow, and a very poor one. She had maintained herself by needle work till a severe spell of sickness had confined her to her bed, and she was unable to do more.

She told her little son to sit down by the fire while she prepared his supper.—The fire and the supper were very scanty, but Johnny knew they were the best she could give, and he felt that he would rather share such a fire and such a supper with such a mother, than sit at the best table with any body else, who did not love him as she did, and whom he did not love as he did her.

After a few moments of silence, the boy, looking up into his mother's face with more than usual seriousness, said,
"Mother," said he, "do you think it would be wrong to ask my new Sunday school teacher about it on a Sabbath?"
"No, my son, not if you have no other opportunity—and I think he would be a very sensible person, too; at least I think he would be interested in getting you a good place."

"Well, to-morrow is Sunday, and when the class breaks up, I believe I will ask him."
After reading a portion of God's holy word, the mother and her little boy knelt down together in their loneliness and prayed the Lord most earnestly to take care of them. They were very poor, but they knew that God would do what was best for them, and they were sincerely, "Thy will be done."
"I feel happier now," said John. "I was so first when I came in that I felt quite cross, I know I did—did I look so, mother?"

The mother's heart was full, and she gave her boy one long affectionate kiss, which was sweeter to him than many words.
Next morning was the Sabbath. John's conduct was so respectful that ever, but he said not a word about that for he saw that his mother ate very little of it. But one or two sticks of wood were left outside the door where it was kept—and he knew that both food and the might all be gone before night. They had no money to buy any with for several days.

The Sabbath school bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceedingly cold. The child had no overcoat, and was still wearing a part of his summer clothing. He was in his seat just as his superintendent and his teacher entered.
"Who is that little pale faced boy in your class?" asked the superintendent of the teacher.
"His name is Jones—he lives in Stone street, and I must visit him this very week. He is a well-behaved boy."

"I should like to know more about him, and I will see him after school."
The superintendent did not forget him, and when the class broke up, seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up and took him by the hand kindly.
"You have been here to school several Sabbaths, have you not my boy?"
"Yes, sir, I came just a month ago, to-day."

"Had you ever been to school before that time?"
"Yes, sir, before mother was taken sick. I used to go to—street school, but that was a great way off, and when mother got better and you opened this new school, she advised me to come here as it is so much nearer."
"Well, did I not see you yesterday looking for a place in Water-street?"
"I was down there, sir, looking for a place."

"Why did you not take that place which the gentleman had for you in the large grocery store?"
"Do you mean the store where the great copper worm stool on the sidewalk?"
"Yes."
"Oh, sir, I didn't know they sold rum there when I first went in, and when I saw what kind of a store it was, I was afraid."

"Have you a father?"
"No, sir; father is dead," said the little boy, hanging down his head.
"What did your father do, my son—what was his business?"
"Sir, he once kept a large store like that, and the child shuddered when he answered.
"Why did you not keep the piece of gold money that you found on the floor as you was coming into the store?"
"Because it was not mine, and I thought that the gentleman would find the owner sooner than I should."

"He did my boy—it was my money. Did you not get a place yesterday?"
"No, sir, all the places were full, and nobody knew me."
"Well, my boy, you may go now, and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning—your teacher will tell you where I live."
Johnny went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the street or anything else as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did.—His superintendent procured a good place for him, and they were made comfortable and happy.
Surely this story carries its own moral.

Looking for a place.
"Well, Johnny, have you succeeded to-day, my son?"
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"Oh, you look so thin and pale, mother, somebody would have felt sorry, and so taken me—but nobody knew me, and nobody saw you."
A tear stole down the cheek of the little boy, as he spoke, for he was almost discouraged, and when his mother saw the tear, not a few run down his face also.
It was a cold bleak night, and Johnny had been out all day looking for "a place." He had persevered, although constantly teased, until it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking that his mother must be tired, waiting for him.
His mother was a widow, and a very poor one. She had maintained herself by needle work till a severe spell of sickness had confined her to her bed, and she was unable to do more.

She told her little son to sit down by the fire while she prepared his supper.—The fire and the supper were very scanty, but Johnny knew they were the best she could give, and he felt that he would rather share such a fire and such a supper with such a mother, than sit at the best table with any body else, who did not love him as she did, and whom he did not love as he did her.

After a few moments of silence, the boy, looking up into his mother's face with more than usual seriousness, said,
"Mother," said he, "do you think it would be wrong to ask my new Sunday school teacher about it on a Sabbath?"
"No, my son, not if you have no other opportunity—and I think he would be a very sensible person, too; at least I think he would be interested in getting you a good place."

"Well, to-morrow is Sunday, and when the class breaks up, I believe I will ask him."
After reading a portion of God's holy word, the mother and her little boy knelt down together in their loneliness and prayed the Lord most earnestly to take care of them. They were very poor, but they knew that God would do what was best for them, and they were sincerely, "Thy will be done."
"I feel happier now," said John. "I was so first when I came in that I felt quite cross, I know I did—did I look so, mother?"

The mother's heart was full, and she gave her boy one long affectionate kiss, which was sweeter to him than many words.
Next morning was the Sabbath. John's conduct was so respectful that ever, but he said not a word about that for he saw that his mother ate very little of it. But one or two sticks of wood were left outside the door where it was kept—and he knew that both food and the might all be gone before night. They had no money to buy any with for several days.

The Sabbath school bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceedingly cold. The child had no overcoat, and was still wearing a part of his summer clothing. He was in his seat just as his superintendent and his teacher entered.
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"I should like to know more about him, and I will see him after school."
The superintendent did not forget him, and when the class broke up, seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up and took him by the hand kindly.
"You have been here to school several Sabbaths, have you not my boy?"
"Yes, sir, I came just a month ago, to-day."

"Had you ever been to school before that time?"
"Yes, sir, before mother was taken sick. I used to go to—street school, but that was a great way off, and when mother got better and you opened this new school, she advised me to come here as it is so much nearer."
"Well, did I not see you yesterday looking for a place in Water-street?"
"I was down there, sir, looking for a place."

"Why did you not take that place which the gentleman had for you in the large grocery store?"
"Do you mean the store where the great copper worm stool on the sidewalk?"
"Yes."
"Oh, sir, I didn't know they sold rum there when I first went in, and when I saw what kind of a store it was, I was afraid."

"Have you a father?"
"No, sir; father is dead," said the little boy, hanging down his head.
"What did your father do, my son—what was his business?"
"Sir, he once kept a large store like that, and the child shuddered when he answered.
"Why did you not keep the piece of gold money that you found on the floor as you was coming into the store?"
"Because it was not mine, and I thought that the gentleman would find the owner sooner than I should."

"He did my boy—it was my money. Did you not get a place yesterday?"
"No, sir, all the places were full, and nobody knew me."
"Well, my boy, you may go now, and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning—your teacher will tell you where I live."
Johnny went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the street or anything else as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did.—His superintendent procured a good place for him, and they were made comfortable and happy.
Surely this story carries its own moral.

Looking for a place.
"Well, Johnny, have you succeeded to-day, my son?"
"Nothing good to-day, mother. I have been all over town almost, and no one would take me. The book stores and dry goods stores and groceries have plenty of boys already—but I think if you had been with me, I should have stood a better chance."

"Oh, you look so thin and pale, mother, somebody would have felt sorry, and so taken me—but nobody knew me, and nobody saw you."
A tear stole down the cheek of the little boy, as he spoke, for he was almost discouraged, and when his mother saw the tear, not a few run down his face also.
It was a cold bleak night, and Johnny had been out all day looking for "a place." He had persevered, although constantly teased, until it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking that his mother must be tired, waiting for him.
His mother was a widow, and a very poor one. She had maintained herself by needle work till a severe spell of sickness had confined her to her bed, and she was unable to do more.

She told her little son to sit down by the fire while she prepared his supper.—The fire and the supper were very scanty, but Johnny knew they were the best she could give, and he felt that he would rather share such a fire and such a supper with such a mother, than sit at the best table with any body else, who did not love him as she did, and whom he did not love as he did her.

After a few moments of silence, the boy, looking up into his mother's face with more than usual seriousness, said,
"Mother," said he, "do you think it would be wrong to ask my new Sunday school teacher about it on a Sabbath?"
"No, my son, not if you have no other opportunity—and I think he would be a very sensible person, too; at least I think he would be interested in getting you a good place."

"Well, to-morrow is Sunday, and when the class breaks up, I believe I will ask him."
After reading a portion of God's holy word, the mother and her little boy knelt down together in their loneliness and prayed the Lord most earnestly to take care of them. They were very poor, but they knew that God would do what was best for them, and they were sincerely, "Thy will be done."
"I feel happier now," said John. "I was so first when I came in that I felt quite cross, I know I did—did I look so, mother?"

The mother's heart was full, and she gave her boy one long affectionate kiss, which was sweeter to him than many words.
Next morning was the Sabbath. John's conduct was so respectful that ever, but he said not a word about that for he saw that his mother ate very little of it. But one or two sticks of wood were left outside the door where it was kept—and he knew that both food and the might all be gone before night. They had no money to buy any with for several days.

The Sabbath school bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceedingly cold. The child had no overcoat, and was still wearing a part of his summer clothing. He was in his seat just as his superintendent and his teacher entered.
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