

### Decreed.

"Into all lives some rain must fall,"  
Into all eyes some teardrops start,  
Whether they fall as a gentle shower  
Or drop like fire, from an aching heart,  
Into all hearts some sorrow must creep,  
Into all souls some doubts come,  
Lashing the waves of Life's great deep  
From dimpling waters to seething foam.  
Over all pathways some clouds must lower,  
Under all feet some sharp thorns spring,  
Tearing the flesh to bleeding wounds,  
Or entering the heart with their bitter stings.  
Upon all brows rough winds must blow,  
Over all shoulders a cross must be laid,  
Bowling the form in its lofty height,  
Down to the dust in bitter pain.  
Into all hands in some duty thrust,  
Into all arms some burden given,  
Crushing the heart with its dreary weight,  
Or lifting the soul from earth to heaven,  
Into all hearts and homes and lives  
God's dear sunshine comes streaming down,  
Gilding the ruins of Life's great plain—  
Weaving for all a golden crown.

### Beadly Duelists.

A dispatch from Crisfield, Md., to the Baltimore *Gazette* says:

A shooting affray took place between Maj. Sidney Pitts and A. P. Thom at Eastville, Accomac county, Va., on Thursday last, which resulted in the almost instant killing of Pitts and the fatal wounding of his antagonist. It seems that Pitts indulged in gambling occasionally, and on one occasion he had borrowed \$20 from A. Brittingham, who has since died, and A. P. Thom, a young lawyer just admitted to the bar, became collector for the deceased's estate. Finding an account against Pitts, he presented the claim, which he (Pitts) acknowledged, but said he would pay it when he pleased, declaring his intention to go West. He started by the steamer Maggie from that point to Baltimore. Thom, the lawyer, procured a warrant to arrest Pitts, directed to the sheriff of the county; but Pitts escaped arrest by defying the officer and posse, and went to Baltimore on the steamer Maggie for the West. He subsequently determined to return and avenge the insult, and did return and asked Thom for an explanation, to which Thom exclaimed, "I want nothing more to do with you!" Pitts insisted on an explanation, when Thom drew a revolver. Pitts then said: "That is just what I want you to do," and drew his revolver. They then fired without serious effect. Both knelt at the same time to fix their pistols, that had failed to revolve, and both rose at the same time, firing simultaneously. The charge of Thom's weapon took effect in the heart of Pitts, while that of Pitts took effect in the head of Thom. Pitts died on the spot, and Thom lies in a dying condition. Both of them are young men and of respectable families. Alfred P. Thom is a son of Judge W. A. Thom, of Virginia, and a nephew of Dr. J. Pembroke Thom, of Baltimore, a member of the city council. He is unmarried. Sidney Pitts was a nephew of Senators George R. Dennis, of the United States Senate, and James U. Dennis, of the Maryland State legislature. He was also unmarried, and both his parents are dead. Both of these were under 25 years of age.

### ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The Norfolk *Virginian* gives the following account of the affair: The steamer N. P. Banks, Capt. P. McCarrick, arrived at her wharf yesterday evening from Cherry-stone, Va., having on board the remains of Maj. Sidney Pitts, second son of the late Judge E. P. Pitts, of this city. It appears that about three weeks ago young Pitts borrowed from Mr. Elijah Brittingham, the postmaster at Eastville, the sum of \$20. In the meantime Mr. Brittingham was taken sick and died. His securities sought to collect the same from Mr. Pitts, whom they understood was on the point of leaving for the West. Mr. Pitts acknowledged the indebtedness, but consulted his brother, Mr. E. P. Pitts, a practicing attorney in Eastville, to know if he should pay the amount to them. His brother advised him, as an attorney, as well as a relative, not to pay until a curator should be appointed by the court, otherwise he might be called upon to pay the amount a second time. Mr. A. P. Thom was appointed curator. A capias was issued, and the services of the jailer, W. E. Collona, were called into requisition, who, in company with Mr. Thom, proceeded to Hunger's wharf, on the morning of the 15th, where it was expected Mr. Pitts would take the steamer Helen for Baltimore.

On arriving at the wharf it was found that Mr. Pitts was on board the steamer; Collona approached him and handed him the paper, remarking, "I arrest you." Pitts, not recognizing his authority, took the paper and deliberately tore it in pieces. Some harsh words then passed between Mr. Pitts and Mr. Thom, and a posse comitatus was summoned to effect the arrest, but without success, the steamer Helen, when her time came for departure, moving off with Mr. Pitts on board. On Monday morning Mr. Pitts returned to Eastville, from Baltimore. On arriving he spent part of the day at Eastville and afterward went out to the residence of his brother, Mr. E. P. Pitts, about three miles from town, where he remained until Wednesday morning, when he returned to Eastville. On Thursday morning Pitts, with a number of other gentlemen were seated on the steps of the store of R. V. Nottingham, when Mr. Thom was seen approaching, in company with a negro boy, whom he employed to attend at his office, which was located between the store of Mr. Nottingham and the court house. After passing the store he was hailed by Mr. Pitts, who stated that he wished to see him in order to get an explanation for his action in seeking his arrest. The two men were by this time within six or eight feet of each other. Mr. Thom replied, "that he had no explanation to make." It is then stated that Pitts used abusive language, remarking, "You are a d—d coundrel and a d—d rascal, whereupon pistols were drawn and the two commenced firing, each discharging two shots, and both falling at the same time, Pitts, it is thought, shot through the heart, expiring immediately; Thom received Pitts' shot just under the nose, slightly to the right, breaking the upper jawbone and several teeth, lacerating the roof of the mouth, and burying itself in the neck, near the vertebrae. The physicians, Dr. George Ker, Dr. G. W. Smith, Dr. W. S. Stokley, and Dr. John T. Wilkins, had not, up to the latest reports, been able to find

the ball. He bled profusely, having hemorrhages up to a late hour Thursday evening, and it is feared that there is not much hope for his recovery.

The pistol used by Thom was a seven-inch barrel Colt's fluted navy revolver. That used by Pitts was of the Hopkins & Allens make, five-shooter. Both when picked up had two chambers empty. A report states that the evening previous to the shooting Pitts went to the undertaker in Eastville and told him to take his measure for a burial case, as he expected it would be required the next day. It is also stated that on the first shot Pitts was wounded in the right wrist, which disabled him from cocking his pistol and that he went to the corner of a house and pried the trigger up, during which time Thom coolly waited until his adversary was ready, when the two fired simultaneously, each falling at the same moment, and with such heaviness that the fall was heard a hundred feet off. The affair occurred within the interval of two minutes. After the shooting the remains of Mr. Pitts were taken to the Powell house, and Mr. Thom was removed to the Taylor house. The father of Mr. Thom, Dr. W. A. Thom, was immediately notified of the affray, and Mr. E. P. Pitts, of the death of his brother. Both gentlemen shortly after reached Eastville, grief-stricken at the terrible tragedy that had befallen one of a brother, and possibly the other of his son. At 12 o'clock Tuesday, coroner Jas. C. White held an inquest on the remains of Mr. Pitts. The jury returned a verdict, "that Major Sidney Pitts came to his death by a bullet fired from a pistol in the hands of Alfred P. Thom."

### Fight for a Child.

[Chicago Tribune, 6th.]

The people living on Paulina street, near Lake, were surprised yesterday afternoon by a sight which is unusual on that quiet thoroughfare. They saw a man rushing along the street carrying in his arms, head downward, a little child about two years old, and a woman and another man in hot pursuit. The chase lasted but a few moments. Pursuer and pursued came together; the woman grasped the child; revolvers were drawn by both the men, and there was every indication of a lively contest. But the combatants were disarmed; the lady and the man who accompanied her got into a hack with the child and drove off, while the man from whom the child had been wrested jumped up behind the carriage, and was also whirled away by the same conveyance.

The explanation of these occurrences, which thus agitated this peaceful neighborhood, is very brief. Mr. Frank L. Rockwell has for some years been an artist in this city. He painted several portraits, which have been on an exhibition here, and was also one of the parties who, during the last fire, helped to save Armitage's "Chicago," which was then on exhibition in the Academy of Design. He has been living at the corner of Walnut and Paulina streets. He married a half-sister of the late wife of Mr. H. C. Ballard, who was the Republican candidate for assessor of South Chicago. The women were daughters of Mr. John Mitchell, an old resident of this city, whose death was noticed a few weeks ago. Mr. Mitchell and his wife were living with Mrs. Rockwell at the place above mentioned. There boarded with them the only child of Mr. Ballard, a boy of about 10, his mother having been dead for some years. It is alleged that for some time back the relations between Mr. Rockwell and his wife have not been of a pleasant character. The causes which led to this estrangement it is unnecessary to state. It is enough to say that it is claimed that the wife is not at fault. For some time prior to Mr. Mitchell's death, it is alleged, Rockwell had done little or nothing for the support of the household, and that whatever money went to meet current expenses was contributed by Mr. Ballard. After the death of Mr. Mitchell, the alienation between Rockwell and his wife grew greater, and she finally decided, for reasons which seemed satisfactory to her and to her relatives, to leave him, he having, it is alleged, done nothing for her maintenance. So a few days ago she took her child, a boy 2½ years old, and left the house. Mr. Ballard had hired rooms for her in the Adams block on Wabash avenue. She, however, fearing that the husband would take active measures to recover the child, told her brother-in-law that she was going to take the boy to some house on Twelfth street, the number of which she would not state to him, and she did go there.

It appears, however, that the husband had put a detective upon her track, who has ascertained her whereabouts. About three o'clock in the morning, three days ago, a brother of Rockwell's, it is said, went to the house where she was staying, aroused her from sleep, and told her that her husband was in hot pursuit with officers to take away her child; that he had discovered her place of refuge; and that the only thing for her to do was to get up immediately, to take the child and go with him to a hotel, where she would be in safety. She took his advice and left the house. She had gone but a little distance when her husband and a couple of men came up to her and took the child away and carried him over to the house on the corner of Putman and Walnut streets.

Efforts made to induce Rockwell to give up the child voluntarily proved unavailing, and yesterday Mrs. Rockwell determined to get him back any way. At the same time she wished to get her clothes, which he had refused to send her, and which she needed, since she had to wear but the calico dress which she had on when she left the house. So she got out a replevin writ, which was handed over to Constable A. K. Hall. That was sufficient for the clothes. As for the boy, she made a somewhat different arrangement. She persuaded Mr. Ballard to take a hack and to wait for her near the house; she to go into it, take the child, and bring him to the carriage, and then drive off. The programme was carried out in part. She did go in and snatch up the child and rush out, but the father saw her hurried out after her, and tore the child from her before she was able to reach the carriage. Mr. Ballard got out, and was about to interfere, when, it is alleged, Rockwell drew a revolver. Mr. Ballard had gone at that time. Then Constable Hall came out. He had hunted through the house and found the clothes, which were in another place from that in which the wife had left them. Ballard asked Hall to lend him his revolver, which he did, and Mr. B. stuck it into his pocket.

In the meanwhile Rockwell had rushed off down Paulina street, carrying the child in his arms, the mother in pursuit. Ballard got into the hack and drove after them. They all met a little below Lake street on Paulina. Here Rockwell again drew his pistol. Ballard asked him if he was going to use it. He is said to have replied that he was. Then Ballard drew his, at the same time catching hold of the child and trying to wrench it from the father's arms. Other people came up at this time, and Rockwell's revolver was taken from him, and Ballard, who had no intention of using his, and who kept cool throughout the entire affair, handed his over to Dr. Earle, who happened to be present. The child was extricated from Rockwell's arms, Mr. Ballard, the mother, and boy got into the hack and drove off. Rockwell, who had lost his hat, jumped up behind, thus accompanying them. They drove to the armory, where Mr. B. wanted Rockwell arrested, but it was not done. Then they went to Mr. Ballard's boarding house on Harrison street, and there got out. Rockwell renewed his demands for his child, and was so violent in his manner that a doctor who happened to be present expressed the belief that he was insane. Quite an excitement was caused in this neighborhood too by the loud conversation on the street, which was finally ended, however, by Rockwell going away and the others going into the house.

It is doubtful whether any further proceedings will be taken in the case unless some fault can be found with the mother, which is not charged. A child of such tender years would be intrusted to her care in preference to that of the father. If any further attempts at removal of the child without the aid of the law should be made, it is believed the precautions which had been taken will be sufficient to prevent their success.

### Dramatic Gossip.

[Dramatic News, March 30.]

Reports from the smaller towns through the country show generally that business has perceptibly declined since last set in.

Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, having failed to sell the lyceum for \$90,000, about one half of its cost, has definitely determined to tear it down in June, and build thereon French flats.

W. F. Howe, the lawyer, has been appointed guardian of Mable Leonard. She will in future be permitted to play, and her salary will be put in bank, to be hers when she attains her majority.

Harry Palmer sails for Europe on Saturday. The firm take over two Uncle Tom's Cabin companies to London, and will open at two theatres in that city simultaneously, during the first week in May. Palmer returns early, and then Jarrett goes.

Madame Rossini, wife of the great Italian composer, died in Paris on Saturday last at an advanced age. She left the principal portion of a very large fortune to an institution for the maintenance of old and broken-down lyric artists. She was an Italian by birth, though naturalized French.

Buffalo Bill plays until the latter part of April, closing his season at the Arch street theatre, Philadelphia, and he then goes to his Ranch on the North Platte, where he now has stocked some 8,000 head of cattle. He has had an offer from a London manager for the summer, but has not decided.

It is not improbable, as things now look, that M. Cohen, formerly the manager of Lucca here and a well known merchant will have Gilmore's Garden this summer, for the purpose of turning it into a opera house, the price of admission to be fifty cents. Mr. Palmer returns early, and then Jarrett goes.

Little Lotta is laying off again. Her health does not permit her now to play many weeks consecutively. Physicians are constantly advising her to go to some of the European waters, but the fascination of the stage seems to keep her here. There is some talk of her appearing at the Park theatre shortly.

It is on the tapis for Jarrett and Palmer and John McCullough to take Booth's theatre, for the months of September, October, November and December. The idea is to procure Coriolanus spectacularly for two months, and then either Genevieve Ward or Henry Irving, the English actor. McCullough would be a partner in the enterprise.

One Brown paid \$600 cash for the privilege of speculation in tickets at the door of Booth's theatre for the three weeks of opera. He is allowed 100 tickets a night, on which he is supposed to make a profit of \$1 each. The profit on the first Mignon night was much larger, \$5, \$6 and \$7 being paid for single tickets, the net price of which was \$2. In one instance he was \$40 offered for four seats. Yet these are hard times.

Gilbert's last play, the Ne'er Do-Well, though a failure in London, is still on the list at Wallack's. The manager points to many plays which have been failures in England, and become successes here and vice versa. Besides Mr. Wallack has paid for it, and thinks it worth a test anyhow. As far as can be decided Boucicault's Battle of Dorking play will be the opening of next season here. Scenery has already been painted for it.

Max Strakosch has made a proposition to George Fawcett Rowe to make a drama of the opera of Aida, with the idea of having Miss Neilson play the title role, during her next visit to this country. The same manager has ordered an opera from an American composer named Golberg, on the subject of the Two Orphans in which Kellogg will sing Louise; Henriette will be the contralto role; Sister Genevieve, a dramatic prima donna; De Vaudrey, the tenor; Pierre, Baritone, and the Prefect, bass.

Another proprietary right suit is on the tapis. It is believed that Our Aldermen, which is shortly to be played at the Park theatre by Crane and Robson, is a free translation or adaptation of a German play called Hypocander; by Moser. Mr. Imre Kiralfy has bought from the author the exclusive right to this play in America. If, as is believed, Our Aldermen is the play, Mr. Kiralfy will immediately apply for injunction, on the ground of being the owner. Kiralfy has also bought the American right to Die Stutzen der Gesellschaft (Pillars of Society), by Heinrich Ibsen, a Swede. This play has had an enormous success in Germany, where it is being played now, at fifty-five theatres. In Berlin alone, it occupies the boards of three theatres. Mr. Archibald D. Gordon is making the American adaptation.

[From Other Sources.]

Louise Pomeroy has taken a new husband. What with Pomeroy, Claxton, and Oates a man doesn't stand much of a show to escape. A damaging charge was made against Kate Claxton, the actress a few days ago when the creditors met to prove their claims and elect

an assignee. Mr. C. D. Rust, the attorney for the creditors; objected to the claim of Spencer H. Cone for \$2,900, on the alleged ground that the claim was wholly fictitious and was concocted between Miss Claxton and Mr. Cone, in view of her intended commencement of proceedings in bankruptcy. Owing to the lady's professional engagements, she was not present to defend her good name, and the argument in the case will be deferred until she can be examined.

### Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Tilton.

[New York Sun April 1.]

In the mountain of gossip and rumor about Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Tilton's possible reconciliation and re-union, there is the smallest possible grain of truth. The course pursued in public by Mr. Tilton since the failure of his suit for \$100,000 is known. He has lectured, with various degrees of popularity and success. In private, as far as his wife has been concerned, he has been anxious for a reconciliation, and has repeatedly sought opportunity to see his wife for the purpose of persuading her.

It would be hard to imagine a more desolate life than that led by Mrs. Tilton since the trial. Many of her old friends, many of Mr. Beecher's friends, regard her weakness as the prime cause of all subsequent trial and tribulation. If Tilton's story is true, of course Mr. Beecher's friends would dispense the woman. On the other hand, if Mr. Beecher's story is true, Mrs. Tilton's "confession," or "accusation," or whatever the document given by her to her husband, was the wicked lever by which her husband raised the social tumult.

Worried, weary, desiring to escape further notoriety, Mrs. Tilton and her mother (Mrs. Morse) went to dwell in what may be called the outskirts of Brooklyn. They avoided church and lecture rooms, and even denied themselves the consolation of the Friday evening talk. Mrs. Tilton was penniless. It chanced that Tearful Tommy Shearman, who has a warmer heart than his legal trickeries would at all times indicate, had a spare \$10,000 in hand, which on dit was the recompense forced into his unwilling palm by a grateful and pastoral client. The income of this is said to be applied to the need and necessities of Mrs. Tilton, it being considered hardly the fair thing to allow her to suffer too much. In addition to this Mrs. Tilton has given music lessons here and there, and at one time essayed a private school.

But not being built in the heroic mould, she sickened and broke down. In fact, she was so very ill and was broken down so much, that her friends feared she might break up. About this time reporters made their appearance at the portals of the door guarded by the lady Morse. If, through mental neglect, one of them obtained access to the parlor, he was so chilled by the calm and strong glare of the maternal sentinel, that he gladly beat a retreat. Thus matters slowly retrograded for weeks, and the winds of winter gave place to the sighs of spring, in all which time the son-in-law and husband endeavored ingeniously to rewin the wife of his youth and restore to his health the partner of his previous choice.

But he endeavored in vain. Some few weeks ago, for what reason no one seems to know, Mrs. Morse yielded to Tilton's desire to an extent, and brought about a meeting between her daughter and her son-in-law without the consent, connivance, or knowledge of the former. Of the details of that meeting it would be absurd to pretend to know. The fact of a meeting is all that is known, save that then and there Mrs. Tilton told Mr. Tilton distinctly that she would never live with him again. There were no lawyers, no friends, no children made parties to the consultation, and all the reported going and coming of this, that, and the other child is simple fabrication. When the parties separated it was distinctly understood that the children were—all of them—common property, and subject to a common discipline, free to be called by one or the other as seemed best for them. And such has been the constant habit.

In view of Mr. Tilton's strong desire, the rapid growth of the children, Mrs. Tilton's extreme debility, and Mrs. Morse's recent conversion to the doctrine of reconciliation, judges of human nature in general, and a few observers of the Tilton's in particular, are confident of an ultimate scene of forgave and forget—but it has not come yet, nor has the first step toward it yet been taken.

### The Murdered Earl.

LONDON, April 3.—The following further details of the assassination of the Earl of Leitrim, his clerk and driver, have been telegraphed from Dublin: The Earl of Leitrim left his residence at Milford shortly before eight o'clock yesterday morning, accompanied by his clerk, and was driving on an outside car to Derry, to meet his solicitor. He always carried arms. It is supposed the assassins concealed themselves behind a low embankment between the road and plantation, and that having first shot the Earl of Leitrim, they shot clerk and driver, so there might be no witness. His lordship's valet was driving about a mile behind, and on coming up, found his master and clerk lying dead on the road. Life was still in the driver. The assassins meanwhile escaped in a boat across Mulray bay. The valet drove back to Milford and alarmed the police, who, coming to the place found the driver still alive but unconscious. He died shortly afterward. There is no doubt that the murder was agrarian. The relations between the Earl of Leitrim and his tenants were unfriendly. His lordship was kind and liberal to the poor, but was very particular and exacting, and punished with unsparing severity the slightest infraction of the rules of the estates. The Riband society has a strong hold upon the country, owing in a great measure to his harshness. He had an iron will, which disregarded alike appeals or menaces, and he possessed extraordinary courage and perseverance in the pursuit of his purposes.

The *Times*, in an editorial on the assassination, says it is no exaggeration to say that the news of the murder of the Earl of Leitrim, which caused so profound a sensation in the House of Commons yesterday, when confirmed by the Irish secretary, has struck the country with as much pain and amazement as an unprovoked declaration of war.

The ten mile trotting match at Bay district track, San Francisco, between Controller and Jack Stewart, for one thousand dollars a side, was won by Controller in 27:30.

### German Life.

William Howitt gives the following graphic account of "Life in Germany," which will, perhaps, both amuse and inform our readers.

Each German has his house, orchard, his roadside trees so laden with fruit that if he did not properly prop up and tie together with wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight. He has his corn, his plot for mangle-wurzel, for his potatoes, for hemp, ect. He is his own master, and he therefore, and every branch of his family, have the strongest motives for constant exertion. You see the effect of this in his industry and economy.

In Germany nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and cows are carried to market. Much fruit is dried for winter use. You see wooden trays of plums, cherries and sliced apples lying in the sun to dry. You see strings of them hanging from the chamber windows in the sun. The cows are kept up for the greater part of the year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little nook where the grass grows is carefully cut with the sickle and carried home on the heads of the women and children, in baskets or tied in large cloths. Nothing of any kind that can possibly be made of any use is lost. Weeds, nettles, nay the very good grass which covers waste places is cut and taken for the cows.

You see the children standing in the streets of the villages, in streams which generally run down them, busy washing these weeds before they are given to the cattle. They carefully collect the leaves of the march grass, carefully cut their potato tops for them, and even if other things fall, gather green leaves from the woodlands. One cannot help thinking continually of the enormous waste of such things in England—of the vast quantities of grass on the banks by the road-sides, in openings of plantations, in lanes, in church-yards, where grass from year to year springs and dies, but which, if carefully cut, would maintain many thousand cows for the poor.

To pursue still further this subject of German economy. The cuttings of the vines are dried and preserved for winter fodder. The tops and refuse of the hemp serve as bedding for the cows; nay, even the rough stalks of the poppies, after the heads have been gathered for oil, are saved, and all these are converted into manure for the land. When these are not sufficient, the children are sent into the woods to gather moss; and all our readers familiar with Germany, will remember to have seen them coming homeward with large bundles of this on their heads. In autumn the falling leaves are gathered and stacked for the same purpose. The fir-cones, which with us lie and rot in the woods, are carefully collected and sold for lighting fires.

In short, the economy and care of the German peasant are an example to all Europe. He has for years—nay, ages—been doing that, as regards agricultural management, to which the British government is but just beginning to open its eyes. Time, also, is as carefully economized as everything else. The Germans are early risers, as may well be conceived, when the children, many of whom come from considerable distances, are in school at six in the morning. As they tend their cattle or swine, the knitting never ceases, and hence the quantities of stockings, and other household things which they accumulate, are astonishing.

### A Mother's Death.

There is a sad, solemn sweetness that gathers around a mother's deathbed. The experience of a lifetime is crowded into the solemn moment. A thousand kind acts of the past come tripping home—white winged messengers to departed glory ne'er to return on earth again. Who can fathom that mother's love, that for long, long years has only found utterance to the Throne of God in supplication for our good, and whose every act has been but one more tie that has bound us inseparably together? Now that good mother lies dying, there is a hushed stillness about the house. Every one moves lightly from room to room. Conversation is in whispers, with an occasional sob that is impossible to repress. The eyes of all are dimmed by the unbidden tear. None seem so calm and collected as the dying sufferer herself. Through the eye of faith she is looking far, far into that better land that is soon to be her future home. She thinks of Him who came upon earth, and taking upon Himself the similitude of man, ascended the Cross of Cavalry, and poured out His life's blood, that poor, bruised and crushed humanity might have an avenue of escape.

Why should she not be calm, even within the grasp of the king of terrors? Hope has fastened its anchor in her heart and as she hears the dark river she hears the voice of Angels calling from beyond, and sees their white banners waving her onward to the bright land above.

The eye grows dull, the hands grow cold, and the breath goes out to return no more. The lease of life has been foreclosed, and the suffering of the flesh can no longer be endured. The joys and sorrows of this life are things of the past. Hope and fear, and joy and sadness will no longer hold high carnival in that lump of clay. The purposes for which it was called into existence have ceased, and, "like an old clock, the weights having fallen, the machinery stops."

Who can fathom the depth, or measure the breadth of the sorrow that has fallen upon that household, and of those dead children that turn away from that death-bed, to realize that they are orphans, and to face the cold charities of an unfeeling world?

How true it is that we do not appreciate a mother's worth until she is in her grave!