

Sadly the days went by, each one bringing nearer the time towards which the unhappy woman now looked forward with a feeling of dread. That the landlord would keep his promise, she did not for an instant doubt.—Without their cow, how could she, with all her exertions, feed her children? No wonder that her heart was troubled.

At last the day before the opening year came.

"Papa will be home to-morrow," said Emma. "I wonder what he will bring me for a New Year's gift?"

"I wish he would bring me a book," said George.

"I'd like a pair of new shoes," remarked the little girl, more soberly, looking down at her feet, upon which were tied, with coarse strings, what were called shoes, but hardly retained their semblance. "And mamma wants shoes, too," added the child. "Oh! I wish papa would bring her, for a New Year's gift, a nice new pair of shoes."

The mother heard her children talking, and sighed to think how vain were all their expectations.

"I wish we had a turkey for father's New Year's dinner," said Emma.

"And some mince pies," spoke up little Hetty, the youngest, clapping her hands. "Why don't we have mince pies, mamma?" she said, taking hold of her mother's apron and looking up at her. "Papa likes mince pies, I know; and so do I. Don't you like mince pies, George?"

George, who was old enough to understand better than the rest of them, the true cause of the privations they suffered, saw that Hetty's questions had brought tears to his mother's eyes, sought to turn the conversation into another channel.

But the words of the children had brought to the mind of Mrs. Foster, a memory of other times. Of the many happy New Years she had enjoyed with her husband, their board crowned with the blessings of the year. Her dim eyes turned from her neglected little ones, and fell upon a small ornament that stood upon the mantle. It was the New Year's gift of her husband in better days. It reminded her too strongly of the contrast between that time and the gloomy present. She went quickly from the room to weep, unheard and alone.

New Year's morning at length broke clear and cold. Mrs. Foster was up betimes. It was no holiday to her. Early in the day her husband was to come home, and although she could not help looking and wishing for him to come, yet the thought of him produced a pressure in her bosom. She felt that his presence would only bring for her heart a deeper shadow.

The children had grown eager for him to come. The younger ones talked of the presents he would bring them, while George thought of a book, yet dared hardly hope to receive one. At last, Emma descried her father far down the road, and announced, in a loud voice, his coming. The heart of the mother throbbed quicker at the word. She went to the window, where the children crowded, feeling troubled, and yet with something of the old gladness about her heart.—She strained her eyes to see him, and yet dreaded to fix them upon him too intently, lest more should be seen than she wished to see. He came nearer and nearer, and she was yet at the window, her heart beating audibly. Could her eyes deceive her, or was it indeed so? His look was erect and his step firm, and though his clothes were the same, they did not look so untidy.

"Thank God!" she ejaculated silently, yet fervently, as he came nearer still—"he is sober."

Yes, he was sober.

"Henry!" she could not say another

word, as she took his hand when he came in. Her eyes were full of tears. He pressed her thin, small, labor worn hand, tightly, and then turned and sat down. He, too, was moved as well as she. But the children gathered around him and seemed gladder to see him than when he was last home. There was a reason for this. Seeing the hand of George in a sling, he inquired the cause, and when told of the accident, appeared deeply grieved, and said he should not go back to the mill any more. The heart of his wife fluttered. Was there a meaning deeper than a momentary impulse? At last little Hetty, who had climbed upon his knee, said, "Where's my New Year's gift, papa?"

The father put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a small picture book, and gave it to the child, who was wild with joy in a moment. He had a larger book for Emma, and Robinson Crusoe for George.

"And what for mother?" asked Emma, looking earnestly at her father. "Hav'n't you brought dear mother a New Year's gift, too?"

"Oh yes," replied the father, "I've got something for her also." His voice was a little unsteady as he said this. Then he put his hand into his pocket again, and after keeping it there for a moment or two, drew out a large folded piece of paper that looked like a title deed, and handed it to his wife, who took it with a trembling hand. She opened it, read a few words, and bursting into tears, turned and went quickly from the room. Her's were tears of joy, unutterable joy.

Was it then, a title deed of property that her husband had given her, filling her heart with gladness at the thought of relief from toil and privation and suffering? Nothing was better than that, and brought a full and more perfect joy. It was a *New Year's gift* such as she had never dared hope to receive—the dearest gift in the power of her husband to bestow. Already blotted with tears, it was tightly pressed to her heaving bosom.

What was it? What could it be but the blessed temperance pledge, signed in a firm hand, with her husband's name.

That was, indeed, a happy New Year's day to the wife and mother, who, when the morning dawned, felt that she was entering upon the darkest days of her troubled existence.—But a brighter day, unknown, was breaking. It broke, and no gloomy clouds have since arisen to obscure its smiling skies.

How many sorrowing wives received on this happy New Year's day, a gift like that which came so unexpectedly into the hands of Mrs. Foster! A gift above all price. Hundreds! Thousands! Could a word fix the number, it would be tens of thousands.

One of the most singular things in the world, is how men came to chew tobacco. It is not only dirty and disagreeable, and spoils your breath, mouth and shirt bosom, but it contains a "pizen," as deadly as that reared by a rattlesnake; and yet, in spite of all this, there are people who prefer it not only to guano, but to nectar, and actually roll it under their tongues as a sweet morsel. Some men have no idea of any bliss more exquisite. An old sailor, while on his death bed, was asked what he supposed heaven was fenced in with. With an eye full of hope and expectancy, he exclaimed—"Pig-tail tobacco!"

"Mrs. Jenkins," said a little red-headed girl, with a pug nose and bare feet, "mother says you will oblige her by lending her a stick of fire-wood, filling this cruet with vinegar, putting a little soft soap in this pan, and please not let your turkey roost on our fence."

#### Labor of the Sons.

The labor of the Sons is a labor of love. They seek to pour into the wounds of animosity and strife, poverty and starvation and degradation, the healing balm of love and affection, comfort and health and respectability, and to rebind and strengthen the chord that links man to his all-wise Creator. They would impress the mind with the never-ending joys of a more exalted state of existence, and emblazon to his vision the realities of a more glorious realm where purity is embibed from the passing breeze—and where wisdom, health, riches and happiness, spring from an eternal fount!

To make man happy here and hereafter—to inspire his soul with the conscious feeling of an eternal and blissful reception in a different sphere—to cover forever from his eyes the dark forms of drunkenness and poverty, error and disgrace, of the past, by the resplendent light of Divine Truth, that exhibits a glorious future—to whisper into his ear the cheering proclamations of an era in which the voice of angels will be heard above the clamor and confusion of intemperance and crime—an era in which the return of loved ones will calm the mind, and turn the heart of affection into one of gladness—an era in which Death, the foe of all our race, shall loose its fangs—one in which discord, misery and shame, shall give way to kindness, happiness and honor.

This is what the Sons labor to accomplish; and oh! with what joy and gladness do they perform their task, notwithstanding the many hard speeches against them by wicked and ungodly men. Conscious of right and of purity of purpose, amid all the opposition that meets them in their work, they are not wearied. Nor will they cease their labor till their errand is completed—till our race is released from the shackles of intemperance, and stand forth in their own true and immortal dignity and splendor!

#### MAINE LAW BY HORSE POWER.

A good story is told of a trick played in a neighboring town, by some extremely thirsty individuals, for securing a drink. The object of the trick was to get some liquor out of the town agent, and it was highly successful. They procured an old horse, and stood him in a barn. One of the number went to the town agent's premises, and he being absent, "a pint of gin for a sick horse" was procured of his wife. This amount was soon exhausted, and the horse grew worse. Another pint was procured, the horse being "very sick indeed." The horse grew worse again, and a quart was wanted. When this was gone after, the agent had returned. He dealt out the quart, and went to see it administered. The thirsty individuals saw him coming, or learned of his approach, and fell to rubbing the poor horse most powerfully. Finally, it was decided to take the liquor to an apothecary, to have some drugs put into it, as it had not done much good thus far, and the individual conveying the treasure made his way to another barn, to which, one after another, the company followed him, the agent at last being left nearly alone. After that gentleman had been led through various adventures, the consciousness dawned upon him that he had been humbugged, and he made his way home. The horse recovered, and the doctors all had the head-ache the next day.—*Springfield Republican.*

A preacher, who had been a printer, observed in one of his sermons, that "the youth may be compared to a comma, manhood to a semicolon; old age to a colon: to which death puts a period."

**AGE OF ANIMALS.**—A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long-lived—Pompey lived to the age of seventy years; a squirrel or hare seven or eight years; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Phorus, king of India, he took a great elephant which had fought valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found with the inscription 350 years afterwards. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years, the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty or thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one thousand years. Mr. Mallerton has a skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven.

**BARNUM ON RUM.**—The New York Fifth Ward Temperance Alliance held an enthusiastic, if not a *spirited* meeting, at Metropolitan Hall, on Wednesday evening. Among the conspicuous orators was P. T. Barnum, Esquire, of the Museum, who stated that in that city, there are more than 7,000 grogshops, and allowing that the expenditure in each averaged \$10 per day, the aggregate in one year's time would be \$25,550,000, besides the wholesale business. He offered, says the Sunday Atlas, if the city would give him that sum and stop selling liquor for one year, to pay all the city taxes, amounting to four millions; send every child to a good school, present every family with a library of one hundred good books, three barrels of flour, and a silk dress to every female, old or young, a suit of broad-cloth to every male citizen, old or young, and a ticket to the museum for the whole year.

The remains of John Quincy Adams were removed this morning, (says the Boston Herald of the 16th,) from the burial ground in which they had been deposited, in order to consign them to a tomb under one of the churches, with the remains of his widow, who recently deceased at Washington, and which were brought to Quincy this morning. The coffin containing the revered remains was opened, and the features of Mr. Adams were found to be in a perfect state of preservation. Mr. Adams has been dead nearly five years. The body was enclosed in an air-tight case.

"Where's the fire?" asked Mrs. Partington of a fireman, from an upper window, as the bells were waking the night with their clamor. "In ——" was the ungallant response, naming the hottest place of perpetual warmth. "Dear me," said the old lady, not comprehending him; "is it so far off?" "I wish it was nearer, for your sake. But he'll get there soon," she muttered to herself, "if he goes on as he does now; and she went to sleep again, invoking blessings on the guardians of public safety.

There are eight colleges under the supervision of the Methodist Church, with property and funds to the amount of \$494,063. The oldest of them, at Middletown, was founded in 1830. There are 46 academies and seminaries. In 29 of these are 4,938 students, an average of 178 each.