The Fireside.

ONLY AN HOUR.

One of the most sorrowful phases of human character for thoughtful people to contemplate is the fact that so many fashionable women are living in our cities to-day whose only object in life seems to be to indulge their passion for dress, society, entertainment and frivolity.

This, in the face of the fact that life is a stern reality, an opportunity for usefulness; that the world needs the helping hand of every one able to help to raise it out of its misery and sin; and that the manner in which life is spent fixes destiny—all this constitutes a condition of human existence painful to contemplate.

With a hope that the eyes of some of the listless, idle butterflies of fashion may catch it, we reproduce below an article from that excellent publication, the *Common People*. It is not a manufactured story. It is a narration of a terrible occurrence. Read it.

ONLY AN HOUR.

About 1860 a gentleman from New York, who was traveling in the South, met a young girl of great beauty and wealth, and married her. They returned to New York, and plunged into a mad whirl of gayety. The young wife had been a gentle, thoughtful girl, anxious to help all suffering and want, and to serve her God faithfully; but, as Mrs. L——, she had troops of flatterers. Her beauty and dress were described in the society journals; her *bon mots* flew from mouth to mouth; her equipage was one of the most attractive in the park. In a few months she was intoxicated with admiration. She and her husband flitted from New York to Newport, from London to Paris, with no object but enjoyment. There were other men and women of their class who had some other worthier pursuit—literature or art, or the elevation of the poor classes—but L—— and his wife lived solely for amusements. They dressed, danced, flirted, hurried from ball to reception and from opera to dinner. Young girls looked at Mrs. L—— with fervent admiration, perhaps with envy, as the foremost leader of society. About twenty years later she was returning alone from California, when an accident occurred on the railroad train in which she was a passenger, and she received a fatal internal injury. She was carried into a wayside station, and there, attended only by a physician from a neighboring village, she died.

The doctor who attended her has said that it was one of the most painful experiences of his life.

'I had to tell her she had but one hour to live. She was not suffering any pain; her only consciousness of hurt was that she was unable to move, so that it was no wonder she could not believe me.

"'I must go home,' she said, imperatively, 'to New York.'

"'Madame, it is impossible. If you are moved it will shorten the time you have to live.'

"She was lying on the floor. The brakemen had rolled up their coats to make her a pillow. She looked about her at the little dingy station with the stove, stained with tobacco, in the midst.

"'I have but an hour, you tell me?'

"'Not more.'

"'And this is all that is left me of the world! It is not much, doctor,' with a half smile.

"The men left the room, and I locked the door that she might not be disturbed. She threw her arms over her face, and lay quiet a long time; then she turned on me in a frenzy:

"'To think all that I might have done with my money and my time! God wanted me to help the poor and the sick; it's too late now. I've only an hour!' She struggled up wildly. 'Why, doctor, I did nothing—nothing but lead the fashion! Great God! The fashion! No; I've only an hour! An hour!'

"But she had not even that, for the exertion proved fatal, and in a moment she lay dead at my feet.

"No sermon that I ever heard was like that woman's despairing cry, 'It's too late!'"—*Rel. Telescope.*

TWO VISITS,

The brave old face was serene and calm as Mrs. Burton looked out from behind the muslin curtains, although the cruel pain that was slowly eating her life out was worse than usual that day, and her hands had trembled so all the afternoon that she had to lay aside her embroidery.

The door opened, and Mrs. Burns stood on the threshold.

"May I come in, Mrs. Burton?" she asked. "I thought you would be all alone, so I came to cheer you up a bit. Mother sent this little glass of jelly," laying it on the table as she spoke.

"Thank you very much, Myra," Mrs. Burton said, with her bright smile. "You and your mother are very kind to remember me."

"Well, I do think people should be kind to any one who is old," Myra said, seriously. "Old people have so many pains and aches, and so many weary hours that we young people know nothing about. I brought you a book, too, Mrs. Burton. I haven't read it, but I think from what I've heard of it that you will like it. We are all going out to the park to-night, so I must hurry home and dress. Good-bye! No, don't trouble to rise. I will come again soon."

When she was gone Mrs. Burton sighed, and sat in silence for a few moments.

A knock sounded at the door, and Grace Heath, in her quick, impulsive way, came in.

"Oh, Mrs. Burton," she cried, "what would I do without you to help me in time of need? Will you show me how to hemstitch? I want to do a pair of towels for Aunt Nellie. Won't she be surprised? She thinks that I don't know a needle from a clothespin, and I didn't, either, until you took pity on me and showed me how to do things."

When the hemstitching lesson was over, Grace took Mrs. Burton's thin hand and laid it lovingly against her cheek.

"Mrs. Burton," she said, "I want to tell you something. I was cross with Ellen this morning. She scorched my muslin dress, and I scolded her; but when I passed by your window on my way to school I thought of you sitting in here alone, so sweet, so brave, so patient, bearing all your pain without a murmur, and something rose up in me that shamed my ugly, black temper, and I went back and told Ellen how ashamed I was of the way I had spoken. I asked her to forgive me, and I asked God to forgive me, too," she added.

Mrs. Burton took the bright young face between her trembling hands.

"God bless you, Grace, my child, for the happiness you bring to me every time you come!" she said.

One brought gifts, the other brought understanding love.—*East and West.*

WHY HE DID NOT DRINK.

"I read the other day of four young men riding in a Pullman car chatting merrily together. At last one of them said: 'Boys, I think it's time for drinks.' Two of them consented; the other shook his head, and said, 'No, I thank you.' 'What?' exclaimed his companion, 'have you become a pious? Are you going to preach? Do you think you will become a missionary?' 'No, fellows,' he replied, 'I am not specially pious, and I may not become a missionary; but I have determined not to drink another drop, and I will tell you why: I had some business in Chicago with an old pawnbroker, and as I stood before his counter talking about it, there came in a young man about my age, and threw down upon the counter a little bundle. When the pawnbroker opened it, he found it was a pair of baby's shoes, with the buttons a trifle worn. The old pawnbroker seemed to have some heart left in him, and he said: 'Look here, you ought not to sell your baby's shoes for drink.' 'Never mind, Cohen; baby is at home dead, and does not need the shoes. Give me 10 cents for a drink.' Now fellows, I have a wife and baby at home myself, and when I saw what liquor could do in degrading that husband and father, I made up my mind that, God helping me, not a drop of that infernal stuff should ever pass my lips again."

A WEAK BROTHER.

"A weak man," says Josh Billings, "wants just about az mutch watching as a bad one, and has dun just about az mutch damage in the world. He iz everyboddy's friend, and therefore he is no one's; and what he iz agoing tew do next iz az unknown tew him az to others. He hain't got enny more backbone than an angle-worm haz, and wiggles in and wiggles out ov everything. He will talk to-day like a wise man, and to-morrow like a phool, on the same subject. He alwuss sez 'yes,' when he should say 'no,' and staggers thru life like a drunken man. Heaven save us from the weak man, whoze deseptions hav no fraud in them, and whoze friendships are the wust desighns he can hav on us."

BE A CHRISTIAN WHERE YOU ARE.

A man is saying: "Certainly I could be a Christian, if I could get out of this position; if I could get out of this business, this particular situation in which I am engaged, where there are ungodly men round about me. If I only lived in your home, instead of mine, I could be a Christian. My surroundings are against me." If you cannot be a Christian where you are, you cannot be a Christian anywhere. God is no more in my home than in thine.

"It is easy to be Christians while we are in the sanctuary, and the very breath of eternity is upon us, and God is at hand. To-morrow, in the city, in the workshop, in the office, on the mart, it is very hard."

God is no more in the sanctuary than he is in your shop, or your office, on the mart; and it is no more difficult to pray when ungodly men are thronging around you than it is to pray here. So long as you are longing for freedom from your present surroundings to be a Christian, you will never find the deliverance you seek.—*Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.*

Biliousness Burdens Life.—The bilious man is never a companionable man because his ailments render him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.