

Poetry.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

My mother's voice! How often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers;
I might forget her melting prayer
While withering pleasures maddly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air
Her gentle tones come floating by,
And years of sin and manhood flee
And leave me at my mother's knee.

I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlit sky of spring,
When earth was garished like a bride
And night had off her silver wing—
When bursting buds and dewy grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, thronged the night—
When all was beauty, then have I,
With myrrh on winds of Anaby,
Gazed on where evening's lamp was hung:

And when the beauteous spirit there,
Plunged over all its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a benediction,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer,
That our eternity might be,
To rise in heaven, like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

Miscellaneous.

AMY'S TRIUMPH.

[Continued.]

After walking several squares they paused before a brightly lighted establishment; peals of laughter mingled with rude jests were heard within. The children pushed open the door and walked in. What a place for innocent childhood! Here and there about the room were grouped men in every stage of intoxication. A sudden silence fell upon them as Amy and Minnie entered, clinging closely to each other. They walked straight toward the counter, followed by the glances of all present.

"Upon my word," said a rough-looking man, "there's Martin's little ones again. If I had such a family I'd never enter a place like this; it's only for outcasts like me."

"Yes," said another, "that's a sight to touch any one who has any manliness at all left."

The barkeeper left his counter and came toward the children with an angry look upon his countenance.

"See here," said he in a low voice, "I've had about enough of this, and I won't have you coming here ruining my business any more; do you hear what I say?"

Amy raised her eyes to his face, and tremblingly said, "I want my father, sir."

"Where is our papa? We want our papa," pleaded Minnie, with a child's eager look upon her sweet face.

"I don't know anything about your father," returned the man, "and I don't want to know anything more of you, so be off—go, I say."

In his excitement he had raised his voice, and the cruel words caught the ears of the group nearest him.

"For shame!" cried one. "Cowardly to speak so to a child," said another, while a third arose, and coming forward, spoke kindly to the frightened little creatures, who seemed so greatly out of place in a scene like this.

Taking Minnie's hand in his, and bidding Amy follow, he led them to the farther corner of the large room where, beside the stove, they discovered their father asleep. Their united efforts roused him finally, and half sobbed by the touching sight, he quietly arose, and passively giving hand to each, suffered them to lead him quietly from the place. Many a time had they done so; many a night had their childish steps taken him home. Some blamed Mrs. Martin for allowing the little ones to do so, but, with a mother's loving faith, she felt that if any thing could save their father from a drunkard's grave, it would be the dear children who had taken upon themselves this task. Many were the comments passed upon it that night, and there were no more jests or laughter; and soon the place was deserted, and more than one had resolved never to enter it again.

One, indeed, who had been among those who first led Mr. Martin astray, could find no rest through all the long quiet hours of the night, and the next morning, at an early hour, called at Mr. Martin's house. In a trembling voice he spoke of the part he had taken in the down-fall of the husband and father, and expressed his regret and remorse.

"O," said he, "I had such little treasures as those you possess nothing would ever tempt me to wrong them as you are daily doing. Pardon me if I speak plainly, but knowing that a portion of the guilt lies at my door, I am anxious to make what amends I can by repaying in a measure the wrongs I have done. The touching scene of last night has decided me, and I have resolved to 'touch not, taste not, handle not,' and I implore you, for the sake of those dear little ones, to come with me and sign the pledge."

Mr. Martin hesitated but a moment. A sight of the children coming across the street from some neighboring errand decided him at once. Telling them he would return in a short time, he walked with rapid steps toward the office of his friend. In an hour he returned, and, calling wife and children to his side, he told them the story.

"My children," said he, "you will never have to come again to lead home a drunken father; you have saved him. I have signed the pledge, and with God's help will keep it while I live." O, the joy of the hearts that loved him, how deep, how pure and true it was!

Next day Jennie French with much apparent relish, reported through the school how Amy had been obliged to seek for her father in a drinking-saloon, at a late hour of the night.

"There," said she triumphantly, "that's a specimen of their life. What kind of associates are people like that for those of our own class?" and with her usual proud manner she passed the poor girl without taking the slightest notice of her presence.

Any made no comments upon her behaviour, but bore it with patient sweetness. She could do so more easily now, for the happiness which her father's words that morning had brought to her young heart cheered her still in the midst of slights and neglects. Besides, many of the other girls were kinder than ever, and seemed to show a deeper love than usual for the noble girl.

"I am surprised Jennie French, at your cold-heartedness," cried the warm-hearted, impulsive little Patty. "Have you no pity? You are not well informed, I assure you. There is a sequel to the little story which you have just told us. Amy's

father has signed the pledge, so there will be no more such trouble as that you speak of, and it is all owing to her and little Minnie that he has done so."

"Pudge" replied Jennie. "How long will he keep it? I wouldn't trust him out of my sight. In my opinion he will only add additional disgrace to them all by breaking it."

No one appeared to fancy there was the least danger of any such disgrace, and did not heed Jennie's warning to them "to keep away from them all."

Time passed on, and the end of the term drew near. Amy took the prize, and had also won the love and approbation of teacher and scholars too. Jennie, with her selfish, overbearing disposition, had few friends at best, and her position now became rather isolated and embarrassing one. Too vain of personal appearance, attaching too much importance to outward adorning, she neglected both heart and mind. So little attention, indeed, did she give to her lessons, that she was often reprimanded by Miss Smith. She was soon distanced by her companions, and regarded as the most deficient pupil in the school.

Becoming ashamed at last, yet too indolent to try to repair her early errors, she finally left the school to escape the mortification she was continually obliged to feel while there. This, however, did not end with the mere fact of leaving school. In after years she was often obliged to feel the contrast between herself and the once despised Amy, whose father faithfully kept the pledge he had taken. Nothing could tempt him from the path of right. So faithful and industrious did he become that he not only worked a complete reformation for himself but was instrumental in saving others from the same sad doom to which he had been so rapidly hastening. In a few years he regained his fallen fortunes, and was in the full enjoyment of all the pleasures which wealth, honor, and the esteem of his fellow-men could bestow—all of which he traces under God to the sweet guidance of his little children. Thus did the trials of Amy's youthful days result at last in triumph.

TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.

"Oh, I shall never do it!" And with that, Freddy Smith flung down his tools, and the ship he had made. I was going to say, too, that he had shed a few tears of vexation; but I remember Freddy was ten years old, and thought crying babyish; so we must suppose a sudden cold came on just then, and made his eyes water a little.

"What is it you will never do, my son?" asked his mamma, coming into the room as he spoke.

"Oh, it's this tiresome boat, mamma. The wood won't cut!" said Freddy, despairingly.

Mrs. Smith sat down, and called him to her side. Minnie, his little sister came too.

"How long have you been working at your boat Freddy?"

"Half an hour, mamma," replied Freddy. His mother smiled.

"Have you never heard the old saying, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again'?"

"A story! Oh, what is it, mamma?" said Minnie. Her mother was willing to repeat it, for she wished Freddy to learn the lesson it taught.

"I will tell it to you," she said, "pretty much as I heard it, only leaving out a word here and there. You must fancy a gentleman is talking."

Mrs. Smith then proceeded as follows: "My first desire when I was apprenticed, was to make a workbox for my grandmother. She had been kind to me since my mother's death, which took place when I was quite young. I tried to see as many workboxes as possible, and at last after much consultation with some of my fellow-workmen, I settled the shape and size. I had very little money, and was often working thirteen hours a day—even more in summer—and I had to snatch time for making my box before and after meals. Some repairs had been going on inside Windsor Castle, and a quantity of old oak had been sold for firewood. I thought it would be a fine thing if I could make my box of a piece of wood taken out of the Queen's castle. So, for a shilling, one of my mates sold me a bit. This I split into veneers; that is, very thin slices, no easy thing to do. Then I bought some pieces of copper, tin-plate, and satin-wood, and I had the idea that if, with different colored veneers, I could represent on the lid of the box a shepherd-dog that had often been a favorite companion of mine, I should have done something that would make me famous in my native village. But the dog was a failure; and with much regret, I had to take him out. No one who ever went about to build a house, and found it would cost more money than he possessed, could have been more puzzled than I was over the lid of my box. I was determined to ornament it in some way.

"About that time I heard that a new kind of wood, remarkable for its beauty, had just been brought to this country, and I thought a piece of it would be just the thing to finish my lid with. So I saved up my money, until I had two shillings and threepence half penny of my own; and then, on Whit-Monday, (which was the only holiday I had in the year, except Christmas day,) I started, at day-break, on my way to—, with a light heart and my hard earned penny; although I knew very little either of the place where the wood could be got, or the man who sold it. That day I walked thirty-six miles, spent two shillings in fancy wares, and was at my work by five o'clock next morning.

"Well, I spent my leisure time for three years upon that box; and what with alterations, and so-called improvements, it was very different from what I meant it to be. In some places the veneer was scraped away by constant rubbing, and a fresh ornament was needed. If there had been an 'Exhibition' then, I am sure I would have sent my workbox, so much did I think of it. That piece of wood kept me out of many scrapes; I was too busy about it to get into mischief, as so many lads do."

"There, Fred, what do you think of that? Three years over a workbox, and walking thirty-six miles to—, and back, to get some wood for it, and at his master's shop next morning by five o'clock!"

Fred's made no answer just then, he was thinking over what he heard. His mamma continued:

"That boy is now a gentleman, and is employed by the government to give lectures to workmen to teach them useful things. You see what he thought 'try, try, try again,' meant." And so saying, Mrs. Smith left the room.

Freddy did not say anything, but he quietly went back to his boat; and by obeying the rule he had just heard, he at last completed it very nicely. He has not yet forgotten the story of the workbox—

Observer.

Instances are recorded in the *Horticulturist* of bringing old orchards, that were apparently dying out back to vigorous life and fruitfulness by a liberal use of wood ashes and frequent stirring of the soil.

The moment a man gives up to inordinate desires, disquietude and torment take possession of the heart. The proud and the covetous are never at rest, but the humble and poor in spirit possess their souls in the plenitude of peace.

S. CONDIT & CO.,

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5 and 7 Change Avenue, Boston.

S. CONDIT, A. J. BARNES.

[March 5-15.]

WANTS WANTED AT LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE—1000 Fox, 300 Bear, 500 Fisher, 500 Otter, 800 Cross Fox, 800 Beaver, 200 Silver Grey, 300 Coon, 2000 Minks Sable, 1000 Laid, LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE, Cash and the highest prices paid. Miscellaneous and Overhauls in variety. Frederick, Dec. 9.

LEATHER, HIDES, AND OIL. THE subscriber has on hand, and will sell at lowest market prices by

1. Sides SOLE LEATHER; 500 Sides WAX, GRAIN and BUFF LEATHER; 500 Sides HARKNESS, BELT and HORN; 300 Sides YAK and GRAY CATTLE SKIN; 100 Sides 100 SPLIT; 1000 Heavy City Slaughter Hides; 500 Light, Dry Zangbar do.; 1000 Calf, COW, OIL, CHAS. H. PETERS.

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