

THE BELLS.

The morning bells of life are ringing
All around the smiling earth,
And gentle music they are flinging
On glad hearts that love its mirth.

They tell the tale of childhood, dreaming
Of its youthful, merry plays,
While flexible fancy's ever teeming
Full of happy, bright hey days.

The noon-day bells of life are pealing
Round the globe a busy song:
Their stirring, giant notes are stealing
O'er a care worn, dusty throng.

They tell of sturdy manhood, tolling
On the bustling stage of life,
With thousand fears for ever foiling
Him in all his toil and strife.

The evening bells of life are rolling
Round the world their sad refrain,
With slow and solemn measure tolling
Human life's departing train.

They sadly tell us all are going
To the narrow, silent grave,
That common home of death's bestowing,
All the same, on prince or slave.

Providence Prospers Honesty.

A poor boy, about ten years of age, entered the warehouse of the rich merchant, Samuel Richter, in Dantzic, and asked the book-keeper for alms.

"You will get nothing here," grumbled the man without raising his head from his book, "be off!"

Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, at the moment that Herr Richter entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked, turning to the book-keeper.

"A worthless beggar boy," was the man's answer, and he scarcely looked up from his work.

In the meanwhile, Herr Richter glanced towards the boy, and remarked that, when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground. "Ha! my little lad, what is that you picked up?" he cried. The weeping boy, turned, and showed him a needle.

"And what will you do with it?" asked the other.

"My jacket has holes in it," was the answer, "I will sew up the big ones."

Herr Richter was pleased with this reply, and still more with the boy's innocent, handsome face. "But are you not ashamed," he said, in a kind, though serious tone, "you so young and hearty, to beg? Can you not work?"

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the boy, "I do not know how, and I am too little yet to thresh or fell wood. My father died three weeks ago, and my poor mother and little brothers have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish and begged for alms. But alas! a single peasant only gave me yesterday a piece of bread; since then I have not eaten a morsel."

It is quite customary for beggars by trade to contrive tales like this; and this hardens many a heart against the claims of genuine want. But this time, the merchant trusted the boy's honest face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money, and said—

"There is half a dollar; go to the baker's, and with half the money buy bread for yourself, your mother, and your brothers, but bring back the other half to me."

The boy took the money, and ran joyfully away.

"Well," said the surly book-keeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again."

"Who knows?" replied Herr Richter. And, as he spoke, he beheld the boy returning, running quickly, with a large loaf of black bread in one hand, and some money in the other.

"There, good sir!" he cried almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money." Then, being very hungry, he begged at once for a knife, to cut off a piece of the bread. The book-keeper reached him in silence his pocket-knife.

The lad cut off a slice in great haste, and was about to bite upon it. But suddenly he bethought himself, laid the bread aside, and folding his hands, rehearsed a silent prayer. Then he fell to his meal with a hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He inquired after his family and home, and learned from his simple narra-

tive that his father had lived in a village, about four miles distant from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm. But his house had been burned to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm. He had then hired himself out to a rich neighbor, but, before three weeks were at an end, he died, broken down by grief and excessive toil. And now, his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was, with her four young children, suffering the bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had resolved to seek for assistance, and had gone at first from village to village, then had struck into the high road, and at last, having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

The merchant's heart was touched. He had but one child, and the boy appeared to him as a draft at sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as a test of his gratitude. "Listen, my son!" he began, "have you then really a wish to learn?"

"Oh, yes; I have, indeed!" cried the boy; "I have read the catechism already, and I should know a good deal more, but at home, I had always my little brother to carry, for mother was sick in bed."

Herr Richter suddenly formed his resolution. "Well, then," he said, "if you are good, and honest, and industrious, I will take care of you. You shall learn, have meat and drink and clothing, and in time earn something besides. Then you can support your mother and brothers also."

The boy's eyes flashed with joy. But in a moment he cast them to the ground again, and said sadly, "My mother all the while has nothing to eat."

At this instant, as if sent by Providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Herr Richter's house. This man confirmed the lad's story, and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son Gottlieb, and food, and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time, Herr Richter directed his book-keeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum enclosed for the poor family, and promising further assistance.

As soon as this was done, Herr Richter at once furnished the boy with decent clothes, and at noon led him to his wife, whom he accurately informed of little Gottlieb's story, and of the plans which he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the latter, and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years, Gottlieb attended the schools of the great commercial city; then his faithful foster-father took him into his counting-room, in order to educate him for business. Here, as well as there, at the writing desk, as on the school bench, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it. With all this his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance, he sent the half regularly to his mother until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life, not in wealth it is true, but by the aid of the noble Richter, and of her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottlieb in the world except his benefactor. Out of love to him he became an active, zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg quills. When by care and prudence he had gained about a hundred and twenty dollars, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable quantity of hemp and flax, which was very good and still to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster-father to advance him two hundred dollars, which the latter did with great readiness. And the business prospered so well that, in the third year of his clerkship, Gottlieb had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars. Without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked in linen goods, and the two combined made him, in a couple of years, about a thousand dollars richer.

This happened during the customary five years of clerkship. At the end of this period, Gottlieb continued to serve his benefactor five years more, with industry, skill and fidelity; then he took the place of the book-keeper, who died about this time, and three years afterwards he was taken by Herr Richter as a

partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not God's will that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Herr Richter upon a bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his couch. All that love or gratitude could suggest, Gottlieb now did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his life, Herr Richter closed his eyes in death.

Before his decease, he placed the hand of his only daughter, a sweet girl of only two-and-twenty years, in that of his beloved foster-son. He had long looked upon them both as his children. They understood him; they loved each other; and in silence, yet affectionately and earnestly, they solemnized their betrothal at the bedside of their dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Richter's death, the house of Gottlieb Bern, late Samuel Richter, was one of the most respectable in all Dantzic. It owned three large ships, employed in navigating the Baltic and North Seas, and the care of Providence seemed especially to watch over the interests of their worth owner; for worthy he remained in his prosperity. He honored his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affection, until, in her two-and-seventieth year, she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless, he took the eldest son of each of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers, into his house, and destined them to be his heirs. But in order to confirm them in their humility, he often showed them the needle, which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it as a perpetual legacy to the eldest son in the family.

It is but a few years since this child of poverty, of honest industry, and of misfortune, passed in peace from this world.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—Ps. xxxvii. 37.—Translated from the German, for the N. Y. Organ.

A Happy Home.

The first year of married life is a most important era in the history of man and wife. Generally, as it is spent, so is almost all subsequent existence. The wife and the husband then assimilate their views and their desires, or else, conjuring up their dislikes, they add fuel to their prejudices and animosity forever afterwards.

"I have somewhere read," says Rev. Mr. Wise, in his Bridal Greetings, "of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities. He requested his bride to accompany him into the garden, a day or two after their wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and exclaimed—

"Pull the line."

She pulled it at his request, as far as she could. He cried,

"Pull it over."

"I can't," she replied.

"But pull with all your might," shouted the whimsical husband.

But vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as her husband held to the opposite end. But when he came round and they both pulled at the end, it came over with great ease.

"There!" as the line fell from the roof, "you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it was when we both pulled together!" If we oppose each other, it will be hard work; if we act together, it will be pleasant to live. Let us always pull together."

In this illustration, homely as it may be, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must naturally bear and concede, if they wish to make home a retreat of joy and bliss. One alone cannot make home happy. There needs unison of action, sweetness of spirit and great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle.—*Ladies' Repository.*

A Mother's Tears.

There is a touching sweetness in a mother's tears, when they fall upon the face of her dying babe, which no eye can behold without imbibing its influence. Upon such hallowed ground the foot of profanity dares not ap-

proach. Infidelity itself is silent, and forbears its scornings. And here woman displays not her weakness, but her strength; it is that strength of attachment which can never in its full intensity be realized. It is perennial, dependent upon no climate, no changes; but alike in storm and sunshine, it knows no shadow of turning. A father, when he sees his child going down to the dark valley, will weep when the shadow of death has fully come over him; and, as the last parting knell falls on his ear, he may say, "I go down to the grave of my son, mourning." But the hurry of business draws him away; the tear is wiped from his eye; and if, when he turns from his fireside, the vacancy in the family circle reminds him of his loss, the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of his grief, until at length it finds no permanent seat in his breast. Not so with her who has borne and nourished the tender blossom. It lives in the heart where it was first entwined in the dreaming hour of night. She sees its playful mirth, or hears its plaintive cries; she seeks it in the morning, and goes to the grave to weep there.

Conjugal Affection.

Hon. Horace Mann, in his eulogy upon Mr. Rantoul, related the following touching instance of conjugal affection, in connection with the last illness of the deceased:—

"Yet Mr. Rantoul, even amid the agonies of his disease, had lucid intervals. There were convictions in his mind so deep-seated, and affections in his heart so strong, as to stand unmoved by any tempest of delirium. On being telegraphed respecting the illness of her husband, his devoted and excellent lady, then in Massachusetts, hastened to his succor. She arrived here at six o'clock on the morning of the day he died. Instantly her voice wooed back consciousness and reason. He seized her hand in his, and held it till he breathed his last. Even when his mind wandered, this grasp of affection was unclenched. Death only relaxed it. The swelling of the disease had closed his eyes, and it was beyond the power of muscular contraction to open them. He desired to have them opened by mechanical means, that he might once more behold the features and the face whence, for more than twenty years, the light of love had shone down into his heart. Thank God, sir, that, amid all the alienations, and strifes, and hostilities which seem sometimes to flow out of the human bosom as though it were its natural fountain, there are also affections sympathies, tenderness and loves which are inseparable for it; allied to it by a more congenial affinity; and which we always may find there, 'close as green to the verdant leaf, or color to the rose.'"

Eating Fruit.

Fresh apples, peaches, and other fruits, are the edibles which nature has provided for the season, and which, if moderately indulged in, are as healthful as they are palatable. An unfounded prejudice exists, in the minds of many persons, against eating fruits in summer.—But the fact that, in France and other European countries, fruit is the almost sole article of food at this season, and that, instead of any deleterious consequences resulting, the highest state of health is maintained on such a regimen, ought to be sufficient to explode so senseless a notion. We have the testimony of numerous American physicians, that the eating of fruit at breakfast, as is done in France, is very conducive to health at this season. Indeed, fruit appears to be peculiarly fitted for the digestive organs during the hot, summer months, when other edibles, that may be enjoyed with impunity in winter, frequently bring on disease. Of course it is not every person to whom this recommendation will apply. Many articles of food agree, to use a popular phrase, with some individuals, yet disagree with others. No one but a quack, or a fool, will maintain that every person finds the same edible easy of digestion, or the reverse. Ham is poison to many individuals, yet others eat it with impunity. Fish agrees with most people, but to the few it is as indigestible as lead.

In eating fruit, however, care should be taken to have that which is ripe. Many persons maintain that fruit is unhealthy, when, if the truth was known, it would be found that unripe fruit was the cause of their sickness. The quantities of green fruit sold in our markets is immense. Not less great is the quantity of decaying fruit exposed there, especially of whortleberries and blackberries which many persons purchase because offered a cent or two cheaper per quart than perfectly ripe fruit of the same description. In all such kinds of fruit the seeds of disease exist. Whoever eats green or decaying fruit, poisons himself or herself, so far forth; and if no ill effects result, it is in consequence of the iron constitution, not of the prudence of the transgressor. Children are sufferers to an unimagined extent, from eating unripe fruits. Without capacity to distinguish right from