

The West Jersey Pioneer.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Education, Science, Arts, Amusements, Mechanics, Agriculture, Temperance, Domestic and Foreign News, &c.—Independent of Party or Sect.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE!

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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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Office—Brick Building, Corner of Commerce and Pearl Streets.

Choice Poetry.



For the West Jersey Pioneer.

MARY'S OFFERING.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOUWELL.

O weeping Mary, lovely was thy faith,
Thy thro' and sinful heart was filled with fears,
When bowing low before the Son of God,
His feet were bathed in thy fast flowing tears.
And precious was the offering thou didst bring,
Diffusing fragrant odors through the room,
But far more precious was thy penitence
And thy deep love than costliest perfume.
Methinks I see the O'er-coming one,
With thy frail drooping form and floating hair,
Thy meek, soft eyes full of beseeching love,
Thy tearful face so mournful, yet so fair.
But raise thy head and dry thy weeping eyes,
A clear, calm voice tells thee thou art forgiven,
Ah! not in vain hath been thy sacrifice,
For he hath made thee now a child of heaven.
Shiloh, 1856.

MONMOUTH.

Why, at the Jersey homestead gate
From the Sunday morning, bright and still,
Through the glowing noon, till the day grows late,
Do the women stand, and watch and wait,
And gaze across the piney hill?
Around it leads the dusty way,
But lone and silent all it lies—
No church bells call to list and pray,
No hitting children walk to day,
Beneath the torrid summer skies,
Hark! in the distance, dull and low,
The cannon's palpitating roar!
Too well the anxious listeners know
Fathers and brothers face the foe—
They march at daybreak from the door.
Our father oft and oft again
Told how that famous day was passed—
The charge across the sandy plain—
The rally and success at last!
Then, while the bright light of the gloom,
We claimed our mother's tale as well—
How, in her open windowed room,
She sat and heard each sullen boom—
And thought at each her husband fell!
Brave, simple hearts! ah, long ago
The hands that fought, the lips that told,
Were laid in Western churchyards low;
And we, whose childish cheeks would glow
To hear their words, are gray and old.
—Criterion.

A "KILLING" WIDOW.

Mrs. B. was a pretty widow of twenty eight, left rich by her husband, a respectable and wealthy farmer of S. in the county of Oakland, who judiciously died about the age of fifty. B., a sighing swain of twenty, fell in love with this charming widow during a school vacation, and was thereby distracted from study and nearly frantic. His father, who "designed him for the ministry," had a peculiar horror of the sweet widow, whom he regarded as little better than one of the wicked. Her black eyes, her heaving bosom, and her elastic tread, were to him only the symbols of Old Nick.

He was in despair, and in his despair he visited the widow, and besought of her, if she had a particle of mercy, not to ruin his son. In vain the widow protested that she had used no arts—had only seen the youth a few times, and was entirely indifferent to him; the father still insisted, and the pretty widow promised that if the boy came again to see her, it should be his last visit.

Not many days passed; when the enmeshed youth made his arrangements for a visit, of which the widow had notice. The few circumstances peculiarly favorable to romance and sentiment, upon moonlit walks, or in a parlor *à la mode*. This time the timid youth was told that Mrs. B. was at the barn, whither he went, and found his *belle idéal* with skirts knee high, dressed in a man's boots, and covered with a man's hat, a pipe in her mouth, a mug of cider in her hand, superintending her men—*killing hogs*. He never came again—it was too killing!

The Force of Beauty.—The force of beauty is universal and the homage as general, but it is not always that one hears in the street as pretty a compliment as we did the other day. Walking along one of the streets up town, an ordinary looking man arrested the progress of a very beautiful young matron with a young child in her arms, by the exclamation—"A word with you madam if you please!" She stopped and turning opposite to him said, "what do you wish, sir?" "Nothing, madame, only to see if the babe is as beautiful as the mother!" We thought for a moment that she seemed a little rough, but her countenance softened quickly, and smiling, she kissed the infant nestling in her arms, and passed on.—N. Y. News.

MORAL.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

TWILIGHT REVERIE.

Silence pervaded the earth, beauty crowned the landscape, and all nature was clothed in her fairest garb. The sea was calm, and scarce a breeze was heard to murmur among the lofty trees of the gigantic forest. The earth was perfumed with the sweet fragrance of flowers, which shed their lustre in rich profusion over the same, and aided much in cultivating and beautifying the rugged pathway of earth.

The tumults of the day had subsided, and as the glorious orb of day was sinking below the Western horizon, I wandered forth to enjoy in contemplation undisturbed—the twilight hour. My mind was filled with transports almost divine, as I directed my steps to a rippling stream that wended its way through the romantic scenery of the surrounding hills. A majestic oak, whose branches were crowned with green foliage, afforded me a shelter from the evening dew, and I seated myself on the mossy bank and leaned against its trunk. As the stars came out one by one, they were reflected from the dancing rivulet like sparkling diamonds. But the waters stayed not in their course, ever gliding on till they were swallowed up in the billows of the ocean.

Twilight had darkened into night, and the loveliness of the scene awakened emotions of calm pleasure. Surrounded thus by the quiet repose of nature, I was lulled unconsciously into a peaceful slumber. For a while my mind wandered among the beautiful things that earth presents for man's delight, when suddenly "a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams." Soft music, like the mellow tones of an Eolian harp, fell upon my ear, and methought 'twas a strain wafted from the celestial choir. An ecstasy of delight thrilled my soul, and I longed to join the angelic band whence such music issued.

I turned to see, and lo! what forms greeted my vision. Their countenances beamed with inexpressible joy and delight; no furrows of care marked their brows, but they wore calm and heavenly aspects. I gazed with rapture, and listened entranced to the melody of their voices, and with joy accepted their invitation to join their company.

I had not been with them long, before we were surrounded with another band of these heavenly forms that appeared more lovely than the former; they spoke to me in gentle accents, and after we had reached a lofty summit, whence I could view the celestial regions, took their onward flight toward the gates of the city. I saw, as they ascended higher and still higher, that their numbers were increased, until suddenly they stopped before the golden gate of the heavenly city, which was guarded by forms of dazzling glory. They were immediately admitted and greeted by an innumerable company of angels who wore golden crowns, and who bore harps of praise in their hands, upon which they were playing songs of praise to the Lamb of God, that is seated on the throne of the New Jerusalem.

I assayed to enter and join the song, when suddenly I found myself reclining against the huge oak, and the chilly night air sent a shiver through my frame. Disappointed I arose and bent my footsteps homeward. Trusting that my reverie might not be altogether unprofitable, I fell on my knees and uttered a sincere prayer that I might, when my earthly course was finished, be permitted to rest in that blissful clime. ANNA MAY.

Bridgeton, June, 1856.

MISCELLANEOUS

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

Albany, June 10, 1856.

MR. EDITOR.—I am yet, you see by my heading, at Albany. I have found so many friends in this *Capital* city and so much to do that it has not been convenient to get away. Conference does not commence its session until the 18th inst., consequently I have time to spare to accommodate myself and them. I have promised to spend next Sabbath at Troy whence I shall (D.V.) pass on to Burlington, the place where the Conference meets. We have had much excitement in this neighborhood about our present affairs, and an overwhelming indignation meeting in the Capitol had been held to express condemnation at the outrage perpetrated upon Senator Sumner by Mr. Brooks. The large and beautiful building was crowded with gentlemen of the highest standing and respectability, without regard to party. There was a splendid portrait of the great and good Washington, suspended against the wall over the head of the chairman, of course its eye was upon everyone, as is the case with portraits, and to me the picture of our paternal Patriot seemed to smile approvingly upon the doings and sayings of his free-born sons. I heard a fine specimen of American eloquence and was highly gratified, and thought of the motto of the States—"Excelsior." I most not omit saying that the leading article in the *Pioneer* of the 31st ult., greatly pleased our Albanians, and one gentleman said, "well done West Jersey—we will echo the No, Never! of its journal, the North shall never be enslaved by the

South!" A little incident occurred here last Sabbath, which rather took our Methodist people by surprise. In the evening, after all the services of the day were over, the Rev. Mr. Jobson, who accompanied Dr. Hannah in his deputation from the British Methodists to our General Conference, presented himself at the house of one of our friends, after having been all the day *in* dropping into the different churches to hear whosoever he liked, when he made himself known it was too late to make him pay tribute, for he had to start to New York by 4 o'clock the next morning, this was very provoking. But, as our people say, he wanted to play off a Yankee trick, as he had just come from Boston. The weather here has been very cool for the season of the year, but I gather from what the *Albany Times* says, that it has been warm with you, for it states that you have a fine prospect of an abundant supply of those elegant little teasers called in vulgar parlance—mosquitoes. The editor coolly supposes that it is in retribution for your tolerating the Camden and Amboy Railway! I thought this rather far-fetched, but enjoyed the joke, the more so as I have not seen any of the "flying troop" hereabouts, nor heard their buzz, nor felt their stings. This evening I am going to the State House to see the medical students take their diplomas, I expect to be greatly interested. But really I must say something about Canada, I beg Victoria's pardon, but I have been so full of "Yankee Notions" of late that I have allowed her American dominions to escape my attention. It appears that our Canadian friends begin to feel their importance. They not only wish to elect their own Governor, but to be represented by an Ambassador at Washington. The Toronto *Board of Trade*, in speaking of this matter says—"It cannot be denied that great necessity exists for some active, intelligent and influential representative of the commercial interests of Canada near the controlling power of the United States—and that, under the rapid growth and daily increasing importance of our commercial relations with that country, this necessity is every day becoming more keenly felt, we see and point out the want, leaving to the governments of this country and Great Britain, the task of supplying the remedy—Should neither government deem fit to take action, such as the commercial men of Canada deem necessary, it will then be a matter of consideration for the different Boards of Trade throughout the Province whether a simply commercial delegate should be appointed."

Is not this talking out? One of this city's daily journals this morning, thus comments upon the above article. "Every year the necessity for the independence of Canada becomes more and more apparent, and why should she not assume the importance of a nation. Canada is larger than all Germany, with France thrown in for a make weight.—She has a glorious soil, first-class rivers, and an active go-ahead people. Her population is over three millions. She is capable of self government, and what she is capable of she should insist upon having. To import her governors from London, is as absurd as to import her fire-wood from Australia."

What a wonderful age is the one in which we live! Ossia somewhere represents Finland as saying—"Thanks to our fathers," I think this should be used as our motto, we should indeed be grateful that our ancestors were neither Egyptian, Chinese nor Indians, but Anglo Saxon, and that in a new country, the old stock was not degenerated, but become, if possible, more vigorous and flourishing.—To be sure, we have had many nations engrafted into this stock, but the true old sap gives identity to every branch. The institutions, language and literature of America are and must remain in spirit—however modified—Anglo Saxon—to the end of time. Why, Mr. Editor, is not the energy we now have working around us in every direction the same in character, though not in its *modus operandi* as that which served the barons of old—the fathers of magna charter to manage this king and secure the rights and privileges of a free constitution? I am led into this train of thought unwittingly (but you must pardon the digression) in consideration of the fact that thousands of miles may be travelled over from the point where I now write without any further trouble on the part of the traveler than getting from car to car—or if he prefers it, from vessel to vessel, or rather, from "saloon to saloon," what would the sturdy old-judeo Dr. Samuel Johnson think—who deemed it the greatest pleasure in the world to roll along at some 5 or 6 miles per hour upon the top of a stage coach driven by sweaty horses—if he were to be brought out of his grave with his faculties to witness what we now see with perfect *sans froid*, we should perhaps have some exclamation worthy the name and more expressive than "go-ahead-iveness" or any phrase of modern ingenuity, and doubtless more lexicographical. Thanks to our fathers, then I say (or, if it should be preferred, to Young America, who have the pluck of their great, great grandfathers) for the moments of different sorts which conveyed me hence to the nobility of Detroit in less than twenty hours! Every morning, except Sunday, there is a vessel waiting at Detroit to convey passengers and cargo across the little

Lake St. Clair, up the river that bears the same name to "Port Sarria" on the Canadian side, and Port Huron on the American side, touching at Newport, Sombra, and many other flourishing villages and towns upon its wooded banks. I am now called away, and perhaps it is well that I am, for this morning I am more in a philosophical than a descriptive mood—with a promise however, that Canada shall yet have a share of our attention at some future time, when perhaps I shall commence at the falls of Niagara and, the suspension bridge, and go right on through London to Lake Huron. Your Correspondent,

W. H. B.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

A HOT WEATHER ARTICLE.

When the thermometer, in January and February, last, used to get extraordinary capers, and, by way of getting "high" used to travel far below zero, a breath of the summer air we are now suffering under would have been delicious. Nay, even on Saturday morning last, when we had a frost, and when overcasts were not out of the question, many of us would have rejoiced to see the mercury approaching its present point. Now the dog days seem to have been anticipated and precipitated upon us, as if to coincide with the dog law, which comes into effect on the first of June. Accordingly, we are treated to-day to eighty or ninety degrees of mercury, and are suffering consequently to a degree.

If the summer goes on as it has begun, what is to become of the community? Will we all get rabid, and will Mayor Vaux have to order us all to be muzzled—preps, pulpit, and politicians? Will there be a general hydrophobia, that shall make Esom's a superfluous, unnecessary and revolting institution? Or shall we have a sovereign attitude that shall save the people in the pay of the extreme "canicular heat," and prevent them from being chained or shot by their friends? Who will provide a security for puppies of high and low degree, in the days of the canine madness? And who will guarantee the safety of the town from the hands of the ruthless dog-catchers, who may step up at any moment, and throwing a rope around his neck demand of a harmless citizen of hydrophobic aspect, "Your money or your life!"

In such weather as this, how is "a bold, fearless and independent editor" going to pitch into the South, the North, the East or the West? How is he going to pitch into that grand humber, the Great Lunar Railroad Company? How is he going to pitch into the Democrats, the Americans, the Republicans or the Whigs? How is he going to pitch into anything, unless it be the Delaware or the Schuylkill, or that tremendous and wide-spreading monopoly, the Atlantic ocean? If the duty of saving the country could be delegated to politicians, or to ingenious machinists, or to astute contractors, who would do it as a piece of job-work, who should like to have the newspaper fraternity treated to a little summer relaxation. We should have Brooks expelled and chastised by machinery; the Kansas troubles quelled by contract; the Presidential election managed by a patent apparatus warranted not to fail; Great Britain brought to terms on the Central American question by a wonderful new diplomatic screw; and Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon apposed on the Eminent question by a sopping gyron or an emollient salve.

One evening, I sat alone in the store. It was Saturday evening, and the day had been a busy one. We had sold a great quantity of goods, and the money drawer was well filled. Slowly a demon arose before me, and began to advise me: "He pointed to the money drawer, and whispered: 'there are the means for paying your debt!' I knew that Mr. Evers had no knowledge of the amount of money there, for he knew not how much I had sold. I could take fifty dollars even, and he might never miss it, for I had sold a great quantity of stuff which he had no account of." I had promised the tailor that he should have the money that very night, and I planned to get Mr. Evers to advance me the necessary sum. I had not been spending money foolishly, but from my poor pitance I supported my mother, and that ate it all up.

For a long while I sat and looked upon the drawer, and all the while the tempter was persuading me. I knew that young clerks often did such things, and necessity compelled me to it—at least so I then thought. How could I meet my creditor again without the account? I could not; and at length I resolved and re-resolved that I would not. I arose and went to the drawer. I opened it and saw the bank notes which had been fairly jammed in there. I counted out twenty dollars.—My hand trembled, and my heart beat quickly. I thrust the notes into my pocket, and then basted back to my seat, and ere long afterwards my employer entered.

"Well, Charles," said he, "I guess we'll shut up now."

I arose and went out and put up the shutters, and when I came back I found him engaged in counting out the money. As I approached him, he eyed me with a sharp, searching look, and I trembled like an aspen.

"What ails you?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir!" I answered, trying to compose myself.

"But there must be something the matter," he resumed, "for you look as pale as a ghost."

"I am tired," I said.

"Well, you have worked hard to-day, and you may go. I will attend to the rest."

With a desperate endeavor to compose myself, I thanked him for his kindness, and then seized my hat and left the store. The fresh air revived me somewhat, and I hurried on to the tailor's. I paid my bill, and for a moment my heart was lighter, but it was only for a moment. When I reached home I professed to be sick, and retired at once. But my mother, sick and weak herself, came up and wanted to fix me some medicine. She gave me a simple preparation, drew up the clothes snugly about me, and having kissed me, she said:

"Be careful, Charles, for it would be painful indeed, to have you sick. God keep and bless you. Good night."

O, how these last words rang in my ears. What would my mother say—how would she feel if she knew that her son was a thief? It was a long while before I could get the words shape or form. I could not keep it back.—*Thief! Thief!* rang in my soul till an agony was upon me so intense that all other conception of pain was as nothing. The night passed away in sleepless, phantom-making restlessness; and when the morning came, I arose and walked out before my mother or sister was up. I did not return until breakfast was ready, and then I had so overcome all outward signs to my sister that little remark was made upon it. But the worn was gnawing at my heart.

That afternoon I went with my sister to meeting; as I entered the church I met the gaze of Mr. Evers. He watched me sharp-

ly, and I saw marks of pain upon his face.—After the services were over, I saw him in conversation with the tailor. I noticed how earnestly he spoke—and once I noticed the tailor point his finger towards me. I felt sure then, that all was discovered!

"For mercy's sake, Charles what is the matter?" cried Lucy, as she caught my arm.

"He's faint! he's faint!" I heard a low tremulous voice; and, on turning, I saw Julia Evers. She was frightened—and that moment came the conviction that she loved me. But that other thought came with it; and then I knew that ere long she would despise me!

Sick and faint I hurried away, and to tell the anxious enquiries of Lucy, I only replied that I was not well. O, how miserable I felt, for I knew that my employer had detected the theft. His gaze at me in church was proof enough; but his conversation with the tailor made it sure. That afternoon I dared not go to church, and my mother worried over me. If she had only let me alone, I might have been less miserable; but she clung close to me, and I had to lie to her—the first falsehood I had ever spoken to that noble woman!

Another night of restless agony, and then I came to the severest part of all. I must meet my employer! It was late when I descended to the kitchen; and I found my mother as pale and deathly as death itself. For the moment I forgot my own pain, and hastened to her side. She gazed up into my face and such a look as I hope I may never see again.

"Don't stop to ask me any questions, Charles," she said, "but get at once to the store. Mr. Evers wants you immediately."

I could not ask a question—I could not say a word. Without breakfast, without waiting to see Lucy, I started from the house.—People whom I met gazed at me sharply, and once I heard the word *thief*, pronounced! O, Evers had told the story of my crime!—How could he? No, no, 'twas the tailor who had told it, for my employer never would have done it. Yet it was known. I stopped, and suddenly the thought of flight occurred to me. Why had I not thought of it before? Why should I stay longer where shame only could be mine? I turned to fly, and just then my sister came rushing after me, with her hair floating wildly in the morning air, and her face as pale as death.

"O, Charles," she uttered, come with me at once! Come, come, our mother is dying!"

My sister seized my hand, and by force dragged me away. I reached my home, I knew not how, for my reason almost left me. Into the little bed-room Lucy dragged me, and there lay my mother stark and cold.

"O, Charles, you have killed her!" sobbed my sister as she threw herself upon the bed. "She could not stand your disgrace!"

One moment I gazed upon that cold, pale form, and then a wild unearthly cry broke from my lips. I plunged wadly forward upon the bed.

Charles! Charles!

I started up. I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder, and again my name was called.

"What is the matter? Come, rouse up, for mercy's sake, what ails you?"

It was Evers who spoke. I was still sitting upon the stool behind the counter, but my head had fallen forward upon a pile of goods that lay heaped up before me. Just instinctively I cast my eyes upon the money drawer, and slowly the truth worked its way to my mind. A cold clammy sweat was upon my brow, a pain in my limbs, and I trembled like an aspen.

"What ails you, Charles?" Mr Evers kindly asked.

"My soul—such a dream!" I involuntarily gasped.

"Well, well—if it's nothing worse than that I am glad. But come, I want to have a few words of conversation with you before you go."

I was fully aroused now. I looked at the money drawer, though, many times ere I could realize that I was safe. The tempter had come, but an angel had rescued me. I hid my money away. The doors and shutters were closed, and then my employer sat down by my side.

"Well, Charles," he commenced, "Julia has been telling me this afternoon that you wholly support your mother."

"Yes, sir," I trembling answered. "My sister thus far has only been able to support herself, and the rest comes on me."

"But how do you get along?—Sir, your salary here is not sufficient. You are in food and fuel. For—your clothing—I have—"

"Run in debt, eh?"

"Yes, sir, but I will never do it again. I will go ragged, if I need be, but I will not run in debt."

"Right, right, my boy! But we will fix that all right now. I have been thinking for some time to increase your pay, and I will do so now—not only so, but I must put it back to you. I first thought of it, and that was three months ago. Let's see:—

"Three dollars a week for thirteen weeks that would be thirty-nine dollars," he said. "Will that square you up?"

"O, yes, sir, and more too!"

"Then you shall have that, and hereafter you shall have that amount over each quarter."

He said something more about making my head clerk at some time, but I did not fully understand him. I received the money, paid the tailor, and when I had reached my home, I had become calm and happy. I told my mother and Lucy of my good fortune, and they wept for joy.

Yet I could not help shuddering fearfully, whenever I thought of that terrible vision which came upon me while the tempter was with me. But—let me say it again—'twas an angel's visit.

Years have passed away since that time. Mr. Evers is an old man—my children are his grandchildren; and the store that was once his; is now half mine. He has retired, and the other half of the extensive business belongs to Lucy's husband. My mother still lives, and thank God, can yet bless her son that has never yet called, one drop of sorrow to her life cup.

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From the Newark Daily Mercury.

THE COUNTRY IN SUMMER.

We love the country,—in summer-time.— We were born there, and we have a mother sleeping amid its flowers. The altars of our childhood were all country altars, and all our youthful experiences were the experiences of country life. Many a sweet day has pillored its head in the bosom of the Past since we left our country home—we have wandered much since then up and down the world—have added many thick-written leaves to the record of our life, but we have never yet forgotten it, nor will we until we are laid to rest under the green branches that shaded our play-ground in the First Day!

The country in Summer-time! What is more beautiful? What else speaks so eloquently of God, of His goodness, of the world to come? Where are men the strongest, women the prettiest, Nature the loveliest, if not in the broad open country? There are great gardens there, filled with all manner of bright and excellent things—there are orchards there, in whose whispering boughs are clusters of golden fruit; there are fields there, crowded with sheaves and vocal with the song of the reapers; there are brooks there, guarded by halcyon and water hawks, and whose glorious in the garb of Summer, solemn in the attire of winter, and homes there over all whose casements the honeysuckle clammers and at all whose doors Health and Contentment look out with rosy faces. The country is God's cathedral, and all who wander in its aisles, are cup-bearers in the feast He is ever spreading.

The country in Summer! What a place for pleasure—for pleasure parties of every sort. Who does not love to dance under the green boughs of the country, to twine coronals in its deep woods, to fish and bathe in its streams maddled with floating blossoms? Who does not love to sit down with the harvester in his "shady place," and talk with him, when his swathe is cut, of the harvest he is grasping from the brown palms of the Summer? Who does not love to linger among its pleasant

