

The Farmer's Wooing.

The daises nodded in the grass, the buttercups were sleeping,
And just across the river sang the farmers
at their reaping;
Upon the hills, so blue and far, the maple
leaves were showing
Their soft white beauties in the breeze
that from the sea was blowing.
A little maid came through the land with
song and rippled laughter;
The buttercups made way for her, the
daises nodded after.
A strong young farmer saw her pause be-
side the parting river;
She drew a lily from its depth with golden
heart a quiver.
"Thou art more fair than lilies are," said
he, with head uplifted,
And threw a poppy as the stream toward
the maiden drifted.
She set the flowers in her hair—the red
and white together;
A cloud grew black before the sun, and
rainy was the weather.
He came across the river then, this farmer
from his mowing;
He minded not the water's depth, he cared
not for its flowing.
"O love," said he, "if gleaming sun and
cloudless skies o'erleant us,
The river's barring with may roll un-
passed, untried, between us;
But when loud thunder fills the air, and
clouds and rain come over,
I'd cross the ocean to your side—I am no
fair-day lover!"
And so one noon the village bells rang out
across the river;
Their music set the buttercups and daises
all-a-quiver,
While some one drew a lily from the
stream so blithely flowing,
And plucked a blood-red poppy that amid
the wheat was growing;
The maiden set them in her hair—the red
and white together—
With many a smile, a tear or two, and
glances at the weather.
They passed beneath the chapel's shade—
the farmer and the maiden—
Where arches crossed above their heads,
with snowy blossoms laden.
And in that place of holy calm the bind-
ing words were spoken;
He in his heart bore out the truth, she on
her hand the token.
The years went by, and some were bright
and some were clouded over,
But ever stood he at her side—he was no
fair-day lover.
—Virginia Chronicle.

'Tis Sweet to Live.

'Tis sweet to live! e'en though we bear
the scars
Of frequent combat with besetting sin;
The victor's wounds are crowns! and he
that wars
And yields not, surely slays the foe
within.
'Tis sweet to live! e'en though our hearts
must grieve
Over crushed hopes. The cross sheds
healing light
To those who will its blessed rays receive;
The depths of life spur the soul to heavenly
flight.
'Tis sweet to live! To learn, to know, to
be!
To bravely toil, and gain the mastery
On every strife. To aim at no mean height
Of intellectual strength, or moral right.
To rise above earth's level—grandly
mount!
Make life's successes golden, and each
count
One step heavenward; each deed an angel's
round.
A stair for feet celestial, earthward
bound
With sweet supplies for souls, from God's
own fount.
—Congregationalist.

The Hills of the Lord.

And lo, I have caught their secret,
The beauty deeper than all;
This faith—that life's hard moments,
When jarring sorrows befall,
Are but God plowing His mountains;
And those mountains yet shall be
The source of His grace and freshness
And His peace everlasting to me.
—G. W. GANNETT.

CREAM CANDY.—We give our
readers three receipts for cream candy.
Put two pounds of granulated sugar
in a saucepan with sufficient cold water
to barely cover it; add a piece of
butter twice the size of an egg, two
tablespoons of vinegar. Boil this
without stirring, about twenty min-
utes. Just before removing from the
fire, flavor with one teaspoon of van-
illa. Pour into well greased pans.
When cool enough, pull for a few
minutes.

A similar way is to take two cups
of white sugar, one cup of water, half
a cup of vinegar, one tablespoon of
vanilla. This recipe does not quit all
tastes, as vanilla is very strong, and
this quantity flavors pretty highly.

One and one-half pounds of white
sugar, two cups of water, one teaspoon
of butter, and teaspoon cream-of-tar-
tar; when nearly done, add one tea-
spoon of vanilla. Boil without stir-
ring until it hardens as soon as drop-
ped into cold water.

Holger Danske.

In Denmark is a very old castle,
called Kronburg. It lies near the
Sound, where large ships sail daily
past by hundreds: English, and Rus-
sian, and Prussian ships. And they
salute the old castle with their can-
non—"Boom!" and the castle an-
swers with its cannon—"Boom!" for
this is the way the cannons say,
"Good morning," and "Much obliged
to you."

But in winter no ships sail by; for
the water is then all covered with
ice as far as Sweden. It is quite like
a highway. Danish and Swedish
flags are waving there; and Danes
and Swedes say to each other,—
"Good morning!" and "Much obliged
to you!" yet not with cannons, but
with friendly shakes of the hand;
and the one people go over to fetch
wheaten bread and cracknel biscuits
from the other; for we always like
what we get abroad better than home-
fare. But the most magnificent of
the whole is, after all, the old Castle
of Kronburg; and here it is that
Holger Danske sleeps in the deep
dark cellar, where no one even enters.
He is clad in steel and iron, and rests
his head on his stalwart arm; his
long beard falls over the marble table
to which it has grown fast; he sleeps
and dreams, but in his dream he sees
all that is going on in Denmark.
Every Christmas-eve an angel comes
and tells him that what he has
dreamed is true, and that he may go
to sleep again; for that Denmark is
as yet in no real danger. But should
it be so, old Holger Danske will arise,
and the table will split in twain when
he draws his beard towards him.
He then advances and strikes a blow
that is heard in all the countries of
the world.

All this about Holger Danske was
told by an old grandpapa to his little
grandson; and the child knew that
what grandpapa said was true. And
while the old man told his story, he
worked at a large figure of wood re-
presenting Holger Danske, which was
intended for the figure-head of a ship;
for the old grandpapa was a carver,
and made figures to be placed at the
prows of vessels, according to their
names: and here he had cut out
Holger Danske, with his long beard
and his slender figure, standing so
proudly with his broad battle-sword
in one hand, and the other resting on
the arms of Denmark.

And the old grandfather told so
many things about remarkable Danish
men and women, that at last his little
grandchild thought he knew quite as
much as Holger Danske could know,
who, after all, only dreamed about the
matter; and when the little fellow
was in bed, he thought so much about
it, that he quite pressed his chin upon
the counterpane, and it seemed to him
as if he had a long beard, and that
the two were grown together.

The old grandfather remained sit-
ting at his work, and was carving the
last bit he had to do: it was the Dan-
ish arms. Now he had finished; and
he looked at the whole, and thought
of all he had read and heard, and of
what he had told the little boy that
evening; and he nodded and wiped
his spectacles, put them on his nose
again, and said,—"Yes, Holger Danske
will hardly appear in my time. But
the boy there in bed may get a sight
of him, and be present when the great
day comes." And then the old grand-
father nodded; and the more he
looked at his Holger Danske, the
more clearly he saw that the figure
he had made was a good one; it al-
most seemed to him as if it had a
color, and as though the armor grew
bright like real steel and iron. The
hearts of the Danish arms grew redder
and redder, and the lions leaped up
with crowns of gold upon their heads.

"That's the very finest coat-of-arms
in the world," said the old man. "The
lions denote strength, and the hearts
love and clemency." And he looked

at the upper-most lion, and thought
of King Canute, who bound mighty
England to the throne of Denmark;
and he gazed at the second lion, and
thought of Waldemar who collected
the scattered states of Denmark and
conquered the countries of the Van-
dals; he looked at the third lion, and
thought of Margaret, who united Den-
mark, and Sweden, and Norway;
but when he looked at the red hearts,
they seemed more ruddy than before,
—they grew into flames that moved,
and he followed each one in thought.

The first flame led him to a nar-
row dark prison: there sat a captive
—a noble woman, Eleonora Ulfeld,
Christian the Fourth's daughter; and
the flame settled like a rose upon her
bosom, and there it bloomed with her
heart—with the heart of her, the best
and noblest of all Danish women.

"Yes, that is one heart in the army
of Denmark!" said the old grand-
father.

And his thoughts followed the other
flame, that led him upon the sea
where the cannons thundered, and the
ships lay enwrapped in smoke; and
the flame fixed itself, like the ribbon
of an order of knighthood, on the
breast of Hvitfeldt, as, for the preser-
vation of the fleet, he blew up him-
self and his ship.

And the third flame led him to
Greenland's needy huts, where stood
the pastor Hans Egede with love in
his words and deeds. The flame was
a star on his breast, a heart for the
arms of Denmark; and the thoughts
of the old grandfather preceded the
buoyant flame, for he well knew
where it would go. In the humble
room of the peasant woman stood
Frederick the Sixth, and wrote his
name with chalk on the rafters. The
flame trembled on his breast, trembled
in his heart; in the room of the peas-
ant his heart became a heart for Den-
mark's arms. And the old grandfath-
er dried his eyes; for he had lived for
King Frederick, with his silver hair
and honest blue eyes; he had known
him too—and he folded his hands and
gazed silently before him. Then the
old man's daughter-in-law came in,
and said it was late: that it was time
to leave off work, and that supper
was ready.

"But what you have made is really
quite beautiful, grandfather," said she.
Holger Danske and our old arms
complete! It seems to me that I have
seen the face before!"

"No, that cannot be," said the old
grandfather. "But I have seen it and
have tried to carve it in wood from
memory. It was when the English
were lying in the roadstead, on the
second of April, when we showed
that we were true old Danes. On
the 'Denmark,' when I was in the
squadron under Steen Billes, a man
stood beside me: it was as if the
balls were afraid of him! Merrily did
he sing the old songs, and fired and
fought as though he were more than
human! I still remember his counte-
nance; but whence he came, or whither
he went, I know not. No one
knows! I have often thought that it
was old Holger Danske himself, who
had swam down from Kronburg, and
had aided in the hour of danger.
That was my fancy, and there stands
his likeness."

And the figure threw its large shad-
ow quite high upon the wall, even
on the ceiling; and it looked as if it
were really Holger Danske himself
that was standing there, for the shad-
ow moved; but that might be be-
cause the flame of the lamp did not
burn steadily. And the daughter-in-
law kissed the old grandfather, and
drew him towards the great arm-chair
before the table; and she and her hus-
band, who was, of course, the son of
the old man, and the father of the lit-
tle boy lying in bed, ate their even-
ing meal; and the old grandfather
told about the Danish lion and the
Danish hearts; told them about
strength and gentleness. And he ex-
plained, quite distinctly, that there is

another strength besides that which
lies in the sword; and he pointed to
the shelf where old books were lying,
where the collected comedies of Hol-
berg were; books which had been
read and re-read, so amusing were
they; you fancied that all the persons
in them were known to you since many a
day.

"Look you! he could use his chisel
too," said the grandfather. "What was
false and cross-grained in people, he chis-
eled away as well as he could!" And the
old man gave a nod of his head in the di-
rection of the looking-glass, in which was
struck the calendar, with "the Round
Tower" on the cover; and he said, "Ty-
cho Brahe, too, was one of those who used
the sword—not to hew into flesh and blood,
but to clear a more distinct path between
all the stars of heaven! And then he
whose father was of my craft, the old
sculptor's son; he with the white hair and
strong shoulders, whom we ourselves have
read about; he, in short, who is talked of
in all the countries of the world—ah, he
could work in stone; I can only carve in
wood! Yes, yes, Holger Danske can come
in many ways, in order that one may hear
of Denmark's power in all parts of the
world!"

But the little boy in bed saw distinctly
the old castle of Kronburg and the Sound,
and the real Holger Danske, who sat deep
under the earth, with his beard grown
fast to the marble table, dreaming of all
that is going on above. Holger Danske
dreamed, too, of the little humble room
where the carver sat; he heard all that
was spoken, nodded in his dream, and
said:

"Yes, remember me, ye Danish people!
Give thought unto me. I will come in the
hour of need!"

And the bright day shone in brilliancy
outside the castle of Kronburg, and the
wind bore the sounds of the hunter's horn
across from the neighboring land; the
ships sailed by, and saluted, "Boom,
Boom!"

And from Kronburg came the answer,
"Boom, Boom!"
But Holger Danske did not wake, let
them fire as loud as they may; for you
know, it was only "Good day," and "Very
much obliged," they said. There must
be a different sort of firing before he will
awake; but awake he is sure to do, for
strength and power dwell in Holger
Danske.—Hans Andersen.

"I Have no Written Report."

It was an exceedingly warm after-
noon. Every pew in the church was
occupied, not alone by the delegates
to the Sunday-school Convention, but
also by many more or less interested
in advancing the cause of Christ
among children.

Two hours had we been listening to
the report of the Sunday schools
throughout the country, as given by
the town secretaries. They each re-
ported the number of schools in their
town; the number of teachers and
scholars in attendance; the number of
library books; the amount of money
contributed for various objects; num-
ber of conversions, &c.

Looking around I saw several per-
sons half asleep; and I will admit
that I, too, was fast becoming a listless
listener, when I heard the President
of the convention say, in a loud tone:
"If a delegate from the town of
H—, is present, we would be glad
to hear from him."

Immediately in front of me a plain
looking man arose, and plainer still
his dress—the last person I would
have taken as a representative of any
school. He seemed to be somewhat
embarrassed at first, as if doubting
his power or competence to speak.
Brushing away a tear he said; "Breth-
ren, while sitting here this afternoon,
my heart has overflowed with joy and
thankfulness, as I have listened to the
reports from the Sunday-schools
throughout this, our country. The
town of H— has been called for. I
have no written report to present to
you. In fact, I did not know that I
would be asked for one when I came
here. There isn't much to be said.
Just one year ago the county mission-
ary came way up in our mountain
land, where I was getting out lumber,
and told me he would like to organize
a Sunday-school in our district, and
wanted me to be Superintendent of it.
Brethren, I did not know where I
was standing when he said that I was
to be the Superintendent. 'Oh, I said,

'I could not think of such a thing;'
for, brethren, you must all know that
I have no education; besides, feeling
myself entirely too unworthy. I
thought, how could I tell others to go
in the 'right way' when I went so far
astray from it myself. But I can not
tell you the whole story. The school
was organized, and I said I would do
the very best I could. We had seven
scholars the first Sunday. The second
Sunday we had twenty-five; not only
children, but fathers and mothers as
well. In less than three months' time
I had to get boards off the fence
around the school-house to accommo-
date with seats all who came.

"Our school had been in operation
six months, when one day a godly
woman, living three miles and a half
from us, came to our house, and beg-
ged me to open a Sunday school in the
district where she was living. 'Oh, I
can not!' I said. 'I do not think I am
half good enough for the responsible
duties in our own school. How could
I take an ether!' Just then my wife
stepped beside me, and laying her
hands gently on my shoulders, said:
'Husband, God only asks of us to do
the best we can. I think you had bet-
ter go and help her.'

"These few words of hers settled it.
And now, Sunday after Sunday, as
soon as I get through our own school,
I walk three miles and a half to the
other one. We are obliged to take the
boards off the fence there, too, on Sun-
days, for extra seats. Nearly every
week we have one or two new schol-
ars. Sometimes we have visitors. I
can not report any thing about library
books; because we have none. We
have very few Bibles or Testaments. We
have not raised as yet any money for
missionary purposes. We are all poor,
but we hope we will be able to soon. I
do not know the number of conversions,
if any; but this I know: many sin-burden-
ed souls have remained after the closing
of the school, and, with tears running
down their faces have asked me to pray
for them. Our two schools raised two dollars
and fifty cents to pay my fare here on the
railroad, although I had to walk seventeen
miles before reaching the nearest station.
And, now, brethren, to-morrow I expect
to return to my mountain home; and next
Sunday there will be great joy and thank-
fulness in our two schools when I tell them
what wonderful things the Lord has done,
and is still doing, in the Sunday-schools
throughout this, our country.

When he sat down, I looked around. I
saw no eyes closed then, but I did see
tears in many of them. Neither heat nor
time could possibly affect us while listen-
ing to such an unwritten report. I heard sev-
eral sitting near me say, half aloud; "May
God bless the delegate from the mountain
town of H—." Surely, "Not by
might nor by power, but by my Spirit,
saith the Lord of Hosts."

On the morrow when that delegate re-
turned to his home and labor, it was his
happy privilege to take with him a large
number of Bibles, Testaments, library
books, singing books lesson papers, and
tracts. A goodly sum of money was also
placed in his hands, to be expended as he
deemed best, in advancing the cause of
Christ, among both young and old, in his
mountain home.

In just one month from that Sunday-
school Convention, the delegate from the
town of H—, was suddenly summoned
"To dwell in the city—and ours may it be,
The beautiful city—Zion the free."

Truly, "Blessed are the dead which die
in the Lord—that they may rest from their
labors, and their works do follow them."
—The Sower.

Something for the New Year.

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ity for a quarter of a century as a stomach-
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welcome that greets the annual appearance
of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable
medical treatise is published by Hostetter
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months in the year on this work, and the
issue of same for 1879 will not be less
than ten millions, printed in the English,
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as to efficacy of Hostetter's Bitters,
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ical calculations and chronological items,
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obtained free of cost, from druggists and
general country dealers in all parts of the
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