

## Riding Down.

O did you see him riding down,  
And riding down, while all the town  
Came out to see, came out to see,  
And all the bells were mad with glee?

O did you hear those bells ring out,  
The bells ring out, the people shout,  
And did you hear that cheer on cheer  
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,  
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,  
Red, white and blue, shot through and  
through,  
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,  
The drums' gay beat, the bugles' sweet,  
The cymbals' clash, the cannon's crash,  
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,  
Just waiting there and watching there,  
One little lass, amid the mass  
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,  
And smiling down, as riding down  
With slowest pace, with stately grace,  
He caught the vision of a face—

My face uplifted, red and white,  
Turned red and white with sheer delight,  
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,  
Outflashing in their swift surprise.

O, did you see how swift it came,  
How swift it came like sudden flame,  
That smile to me, to only me,  
That little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,  
O, all along, a lovely throng  
Of faces fair, beyond compare,  
Beamed out upon him riding there!

Each face was like a radiant gem,  
A sparkling gem, and yet for them  
No swift smile came, like sudden flame,  
No arrowy glance took certain aim:

He turned away from all the grace,  
From all that grace of perfect face,  
He turned to me, to only me,  
The little lass who blushed to see!

—NORA PERCY.

## Maximus.

I hold him great who, for love's sake,  
Can give with generous, earnest will;  
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake  
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind  
That freely some great wrong forgives;  
Yet nobler is the one forgiven  
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain and still  
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart:  
Yet he who loses has to fill  
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious is it to wear the crown  
Of a deserved and pure success;  
He who knows how to fail has won  
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command  
And rules with just and tender sway;  
Yet is diviner wisdom taught  
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God  
And earn the martyr's crown of light;  
Yet he who lives for God may be  
A greater conqueror in His sight.

—N. Y. Tribune.

## Ministering Angels.

They do not come in the silent night,  
When the moonbeams sweetly sleep  
Upon the fields and forests old,  
And the misty ocean deep;  
No, not in the hush of the holy night  
Do they their virgils keep.

But in the glare and rush of day  
They come with toil and care,  
Just as I think life's heavy load  
Is more than I can bear;  
And, stranger still, these angels, too,  
Plain human faces wear.

They do not speak of the angel land  
In voices sweet and low,  
And tell of the holy world of light  
Where life's fair rivers flow.  
Oh, no, they speak in human words,  
And bid me onward go.

One angel, with a human face,  
Is dearer far to me,  
Than all the shining hosts that dwell  
Beside the jasper sea;  
And cheering words are sweeter far  
Than angel's song, can be.

Thank God that earth has angels, too,  
Who go with willing feet  
To smile upon the happy one,  
And with the mourner weep;  
Who help to bear the burden, too,  
Up life's wild rocky steep.

—Mrs. M. A. Holt.

There are in the valley of Mexico  
twenty "churches of Jesus," composed  
of persons who have renounced Romanism. The converts at the various  
Protestant mission stations in Mexico  
now number more than 12,000.

## Sentenced to Be Shot.

Farmer Owen's son had been found  
asleep when doing sentinel duty, and  
he was sentenced to be shot. A tele-  
gram had been received by his father  
saying that the sentence would be  
carried out in twenty-four hours. Mr.  
Allan, the minister, called to do what  
he could to comfort the sorrowing  
family. During his visit a letter ar-  
rived: Blossom, the farmer's daughter,  
opened the door, and received it. "It  
is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the  
dead. Mr. Owen took the letter, but  
could not break the envelope, on ac-  
count of his trembling fingers, and  
held it towards Mr. Allan with the  
helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as  
follows:

"DEAR FATHER,—When this reaches  
you—I shall be in eternity. At first  
it seemed awful to me, but I have  
thought so much about it now, that  
it has no terror. They say they will  
not bind me nor blind me, but that  
I may meet my death like a man. I  
thought, father, that it might have  
been on the battle-field for my coun-  
try, and that when I fell it would be  
fighting gloriously; but to be shot  
down like a dog for nearly betraying  
it—to die for neglect of duty—O father,  
I wonder the very thought does  
not kill me! But I shall not disgrace  
you. I am going to tell you all about  
it, and when I am gone you may tell  
my comrades. You know I promised  
Jimmie Carr's mother I would look  
after her boy; and when he fell sick  
I did all I could for him. He was  
not strong when ordered back into  
the ranks; and the day before that  
night I carried all his luggage, besides  
my own, on our march. Toward  
night we went in on double quick,  
and though the luggage began to feel  
very heavy, everybody else was tired  
too. And as for Jimmie, if I had not  
lent him an arm now and then, he  
would have fallen by the way. I was  
all tired out when we went into  
camp, and then it was Jimmie's turn  
to be sentry, and I would take  
his place; but I was too tired, father.  
I could not have kept awake though  
a gun had been pointed at my head;  
but I did not know it until—well—  
until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" said Mr. Owen.  
"I knew Bennie was not the boy to  
sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me, to-day, that I have  
a short reprieve—time to write to  
you, our good colonel says. Forgive  
him father; he only does his duty;  
he would gladly save me if he could,  
and do not lay my life against Jimmie.  
The poor boy is broken-hearted,  
and does nothing but beg and entreat  
them to let him die in my  
stead."

"I can't bear to think of mother  
and Blossom. Comfort them, father.  
Tell them I die as a brave boy should,  
and that when the war is over, they  
will not be ashamed of me, as they  
must be now. God help me; it is  
very hard to bear. Good-bye, father.  
God seems near and dear to me, as if  
he felt sorry for his poor broken-  
hearted child, and would take me to  
be with Him—in a better, better,  
life."

"To-night I shall see the cows  
coming home from pasture, and pre-  
cious little Blossom standing on the  
stoop waiting for me; but—I shall  
never—never—come. God bless  
you all. Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night a little figure glid-  
ed down the foot-path towards the  
railway station. The guard, as he  
reached down to lift her into the car-  
riage wondered at the tear stained  
face that was upturned toward the  
dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers  
told him all, and no father could have  
cared more tenderly for his only  
child than he for our little Blossom.  
She was on her way to Washington,  
to ask President Lincoln for her brother's  
life. She had brought Bennie's

letter with her; no good, kind heart  
like the President, could refuse to be  
melted by it.

The next morning they reached  
New York, and the guard hurried her  
on to Washington. Every minute  
now might be the means of saving  
her brother's life.

The President had just seated him-  
self to his evening's task, when the  
door softly opened, and Blossom, with  
downcast eyes and folded hands, stood  
before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his  
pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you  
want?"

"Bennie's life, please sir," faltered  
Blossom.

"Bennie! who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going  
to shoot him for sleeping at his  
post."

"Ah, yes; I remember. It was a  
fatal sleep. You see child, it was a  
time of special danger. Thousands of  
lives might have been lost by his negli-  
gence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom  
gravely. "But poor Bennie was so  
tired, sir, and Jimmie so weak. He  
did the work for two sir, and it was  
Jimmie's night, not his; but Jimmie  
was too tired, and Bennie never  
thought about himself that he was  
tired, too."

"What is this you say, child?  
Come here, I do not understand."  
And the kind man, as ever caught  
eagerly at what seemed to be a justifi-  
cation of an offence.

Blossom went to him. He put his  
hand tenderly on his shoulder, and  
turned up the pale, anxious face to-  
wards his. How tall he seemed! And  
he was President of the United States  
too. A dim thought of this kind  
passed for a moment through little  
Blossom's mind; but she told her  
simple, straight-forward story, and  
handed Bennie's letter to Mr. Lincoln  
to read.

He read it carefully; then taking  
up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines  
and rang his bell. Blossom heard  
this order given: "Send this dispatch  
at once."

The President then turned to the  
girl, and said, "Go home, my child,  
and tell that father of yours, who  
could approve his country's sentence,  
even when it took the life of a child  
like that, that Abraham Lincoln  
think the life far too precious to be  
lost. Go back, or wait until to-mor-  
row; Bennie will need a change after  
he has so bravely faced death; he  
shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom.

Two days after this interview, the  
young soldier came to the White  
House with his little sister. He was  
called into the President's private  
room, and a strap was fastened on his  
shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said:  
"The soldier that could carry a sick  
comrade's baggage, and die for the act  
so uncomplainingly, deserves well of  
his country."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their  
way to their green mountain home.  
A crowd gathered at the railway sta-  
tion to welcome them back; and, as  
Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of  
his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks,  
and he was heard to say, fervently  
"The Lord be praised."—*Ex.*

## The English Skylark.

Another attempt is about to be  
made to introduce the English skylark  
to our fields and skies. Last  
summer Mr. Isaac W. England im-  
ported two hundred birds, a consider-  
able number of which have survived  
the winter and are now in excellent  
condition. They will soon be set free,  
probably in the neighborhood of  
Ridgewood, New Jersey; and it is to  
be hoped that the people of that  
region will make it hazardous for  
small bird hunters to be seen there-  
about during the next four or five  
years.—*Ex.*

## The President's Church.

"Let us go to the President's church  
the church of the coming President,"  
I said to Ida, Thanksgiving morning.

"I thought churches belonged to  
the Lord," said unsophisticated Ida.

"They do, outside of Washington.  
But in Washington you always hear  
of the 'President's church,' 'Secretary  
So-and-so's church.' A few years ago  
there was a great frequenting of the  
'Church of the Epiphany,' by Printing  
Bureau girls, because it was the  
church of McCarter, chief of the  
Printing Bureau.

"But I always did want to see how  
these parexcellence Christians manage  
their services, and it is not like going  
on Sunday, from mixed motives."

"Come on, then," said Ida; "Let us  
see how these 'Christians' manage,  
manage, and how Gen. Garfield look,  
and then offer a few thanks."

We walked along broad and digni-  
fied Vermont Avenue.

"I thought you said it was between  
N and O streets," said Ida, after we  
crossed N.

"So it is, but you cannot see it till  
you get to it."

Just then we passed a large house,  
and there at the top of a series of ter-  
races, rested a small, low, wooden  
temple, with outspread wings like a  
brooding bird.

"This atom of a place!" cried Ida.

"Why I strayed in here one hot  
morning last summer. They were  
very friendly, and the edifice struck  
me as wonderfully clean and peaceful,  
like the inside of a lily. But how  
small for a court chapel!"

The congregation rose and sang.

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,"  
with full melody. There was no  
"choir" and no organ. A little maid  
about seventeen played the melodeon,  
her round, childlike face all serious  
and rapt in the music. She had an  
unconsciousness beautiful in any mu-  
sician; peculiarly beautiful and pecu-  
liarly rare in a church musician. The  
young pastor espied an elder minister  
among the congregation, and with  
brotherly simplicity, he escorted him  
up into the chancel, and invited him  
to offer a prayer. He offered a fer-  
vent prayer. Its burden was, that we  
might show our thankfulness for all  
our joys by conforming our lives ut-  
terly to the spotless life of Christ.  
Then the pastor read to us the first  
fourteen verses of the twenty-eighth  
chapter of Deuteronomy, and next in-  
vited us to rise and read in response  
with him the 158th and 159th Psalms.  
Then Rev. Mr. Power preached a ser-  
mon, dwelling much on the last clause  
of his text, "for the joy of the Lord is  
your strength." There was such  
straightforward devotion to divine  
worship and to the sermon subject, by  
both pastor and people; there was so  
becoming an abstinence from personal  
or political allusions in sermon and  
prayer, that I, accustomed to the ways  
of former court preachers, fancied the  
General could not be present. He  
might have strayed into some larger  
church; or, his present stay is so  
brief, he might be at home in counsel  
with some of his devoted million or  
two of friends." Anyway, glancing  
furtively among the prominent pews  
revealed no Gen. Garfield. But by  
and by, in a side aisle, against the  
wall, partly screened by the lady next  
him, I spied the massive, benign head  
of the President-elect. After the  
benediction was a quiet but eager im-  
pulse of the brethren and sisters to-  
ward their successful comrade. The  
General's large, blonde, clear-eyed,  
profile, glowed with gladness, purity  
and goodwill. As I watched him  
with his friends, together so quietly,  
honestly glad, yet unrelated, these  
lines of Arthur Cœxe recurred to me:

"The Dreamland folk seemed simple ones  
Who knows but these are they  
Described in ancient chronicle,  
As children of the day?  
They seemed no denizens of earth,  
But more a pilgrim band,  
With no abiding city here,  
That seek a better land."

This unique little band of "Chris-

tians," will be much sought after in  
the four coming years. I hope they  
will have no experience like that  
which made an earnest Christian say,  
"Ah! that was a bad day for the  
church, when kings and emperors  
stopped persecuting us and took to pa-  
tronizing us!"—*Golden Rule.*

## Law for the Young.

By a Member of The Bar.

MANAGING AGREEMENTS.

The most important thing for a  
young person to understand about  
agreements, or contracts, is that there  
must always be a "consideration."  
An agreement is very different from a  
promise. A promise is all on one side.  
In an agreement or contract there is  
a promise upon one side and a counter-  
promise, or something by way of pay-  
ment or reward for it, upon the other.  
This is what makes the agreement  
binding in law. If one person says to  
another, "I will give you a hundred  
dollars," or "I will lend you my horse  
next week," or "I will work for you  
next Saturday," and there is not to  
be any pay, but the thing is to be  
done gratuitously, there is no obliga-  
tion in law. Probably the person  
ought to keep his promise, but if he  
refuses the law will not compel him or  
punish him. Many lawsuits and  
much trouble among neighbors would  
be saved if all persons would bear in  
mind that there is no legal obligation  
in a promise unless there is some pay-  
ment made for it, or some counter-  
promise given. Why should one man  
be compelled to give another money,  
or lend his horse, or work all day, for  
nothing? The law says, No.

There are many agreements which  
amount to nothing unless, besides  
having a consideration, they are put  
in writing. There can not be a sale  
of lands without a writing; and there  
are many other cases in which a  
writing is required. These, however,  
are not of the kind which young per-  
sons are often called to make. Most  
of their contracts are allowed to be  
made by word of mouth, if people  
prefer. There is, however, great con-  
venience in having a memorandum,  
even if not very formal. A useful  
method is to carry a little memora-  
ndum book or diary, and a quill.  
When a bargain is concluded, note  
down the terms agreed on in this  
book, and read it over to the other  
person, and ask him if that is correct.  
Afterward, if he forgets what he pro-  
mised, the diary will be a great aid in  
making him remember. More than  
that, it might "carry a lawsuit," as  
they say. If a lad should be sent to  
a livery stable to hire a horse for his  
father to drive to Newtown, with  
leave to go, if he wished, to Fartown,  
twenty miles beyond, and the father  
should drive to Fartown and be sued  
for carrying the horse beyond agree-  
ment, the stableman should deny that  
he ever gave leave to go to Fartown,  
the lawyers could use the lad's  
memorandum book. They would  
cross-examine the stableman: "Did  
not the boy make a memorandum of  
what was said?" "Yes, I believe he  
wrote something down." "Did he  
read it over to you to see if it was  
correct?" "Well, yes, something of  
that sort." Then they would call the  
son to testify, and would let him read  
his memorandum, to "refresh his  
memory." And the jury would be-  
lieve that the witness who kept a  
minute of what was said remembered  
better than the one who did not.—  
*Christian Union.*

## A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat

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