

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

Vol. 2. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, July 18, 1867. No. 41.

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Persons getting up clubs of ten subscribers will be entitled to the Journal for one year.
Mr. THOMAS GORDON, of Newcastle, N.B. is our Agent for that place.

ADVERTISEMENTS
inserted at moderate rates and in good style.
SPECIAL AGREEMENTS may be made on reasonable terms for a whole, a half, or quarter column, or by the year.
JOB PRINTING
of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the Journal Office.

Summerside Markets.
SUMMERSIDE, July 18, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 9d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	2s a 2s 3d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	4d a 7d
Eggs per doz	60s a 70s
Beef per lb	4d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4d
Geese each	none
Flour per bbl	60s a 65s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.
BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. DANIEL BRENNAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CENDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
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UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
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Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
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SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—HON. JOHN R. GARDINER.
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Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
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S. W. DODD, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
RESIDENCE:
JAMES M. PIDGEON'S, Esq.,
MARGATE, P. E. I.
June 13, 1867. 3m

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE,
next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

JOHN HOMER, M. D. F. M. S.
can be consulted at his office in
Tryon;
and on Tuesdays and Wednesdays in Summerside, at the CLIFTON HOUSE.
July 11, 1867.

DR. McNEILL,
Physician & Surgeon,
RESIDENCE—At George Garret's, Esquire,
Stanley Bridge.
New London, P. E. I.
Jan 24, 1867. ly

KITSON CASEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office in Summerside, after the 20th of June, 1867.
June 13, 1867. tf

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

North American Hotel,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation.
Good Stables in connection with the HOTEL, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
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Summerside, P. E. Island.
PLAIN, ORNAMENTAL, HOUSE & SIGN PAINTING, GRADING, PAPER HANGING, &c., &c., &c.
Done in the latest and most improved manner.
All orders, both in Town and Country promptly attended to.
March 21st, 1867.

Business Cards.
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Attorney-at-Law
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
ST. ELEANOR'S, P. E. ISLAND.
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BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. ly

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866 ly

GEORGE ALLEY,
BARRISTER AND
Attorney-at-Law,
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Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island.

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Colin McLennan's Store.
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867. ly

DANIEL D. CREW,
Clock & Watch Repairer,
HEAD OF CENTER STREET,
SUMMERSIDE, - - - P. E. I.
All orders punctually attended to.
June 6, 1867. 3m

DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
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Agent at Charlottetown.
Terms of Association can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, Journal Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—ly

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
HAVING A LARGE PAID UP CAPITAL,
Accepts All Classes of Risks,
At Reasonable Rates of Premium.
Reference can be made to Mr. Joseph BERTRAM for Summerside, Saint Eleanors, &c. &c.
CHARLES YOUNG, Agent.
Charlottetown, November 21, 1865.

R. M. GIBSON,
PAINTER AND GILDER.
HAVING worked several Seasons under the instructions of some of the most popular Painters in the United States and British Provinces, wishes to announce to the public that he has opened a PAINT SHOP, and commenced in that line of trade, at SUMMERSIDE, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of Plain and Ornamental House and Sign PAINTING.
Ceilings and Walls painted and decorated in Oil and Fresco, Graining, Paper hanging and Glazing done to please the employer, Ceilings whitened with neatness and despatch.
All orders left at the Commercial Hotel, Central St., next door to Bertram's Book Store, will receive prompt attention, and be done at moderate rates.
Summerside, April 11, 1867. 6m

CRAWFORDS' HOTEL,
No. 9 King square, St. John, N. B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.
In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
First Class Grocery Store
where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
May 30, 1867.—ly

Business Cards.
J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in Provisions, &c.,
MARKET STREET,
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Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
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Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - BOSTON.

THOMAS HANFORD,
AUCTIONEER
AND
Commission Merchant,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Nov 1, 1865

JOHN S. O'NEILL,
Commission Agent,
FOR
Prince Edward Island.
No. 13. North Side King Square.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Orders executed without delay, and all Consignments promptly attended to.
Choice Wines and Liquors always on hand.
July 4, 1867.

J. F. HILL & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Potatoes, Apples, Onions,
Foreign & Domestic Fruits,
Cranberries, Beans, Green & Dried Apples
Stalls 107 and 109.
and Cellar No. 19, Faneuil Hall Market
SOUTH SIDE BOSTON.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1865. ly

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
Flour, Produce, Leather,
AND GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
MONTREAL, - - - - C. E.
The most careful attention given to the execution of orders for Flour, Grain, Seeds, Provisions, Leather, Hides, Coal Oil, and general Merchandise. Freights secured and insurances effected at lowest current rates. Merchants in the Lower Provinces will find it to their interest to forward their orders for Flour to us for execution, as an extensive acquaintance with Western Millers, and as Agents for some of the most popular Brands in Canada, we can with safety assure them of every satisfaction. Remittances against orders when not otherwise provided for, may be made with Sterling Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York. Drafts on New York being worth usually and to a 4 per cent more than on Boston. Every information as to the state of the market, present and prospective, given when required. Consignments of Fish, Cod Oil, &c., carefully realized, and returns made with the utmost promptitude, or applied according to the wish of consignors. Charges only made for actual disbursements and commissions not over those of reputable Houses in the line. Unquestionable references given when required.
KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
503 St. Paul Street,
Montreal, C. E.
February 7, 1867.

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
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June 27, 1867.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. Island.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. Island.

JOHN ANDREW MACDONALD,
Importer of Dry Goods,
Hardware, Crockeryware, Groceries,
stoves, Furniture, &c. &c.
Summerside, - - - - P. E. Island.

Job Printing of every description done with neatness and despatch at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

POETRY.

MASONIC EMBLEMS.
[From the National Freemason]
You wear the SQUARE, but do you know
That thing the Square denotes?
Is there within your inmost soul
That principle which should control
All words, and deeds, and thoughts?
The Square of virtue—is it there,
O you that wear the Mason's Square?

You wear the COMPASS; do you keep
Within that circle due,
That's circumsized by law divine,
Excluded hatred, envy, sin,
Including all that's true?
The Compass—does it trace that curve
Inside of which no passions swerve?

You wear the TYPE OF DUTY;
Ah! brother have a care;
He whose all-seeing eye surveys
Your inmost thoughts with open gaze,
He knows what thoughts are there!
Oh, send no light, irreverent word,
From sinful man to sinless God.

You wear the TROWEL; do you have
That martyr old and pure
Made on the recipe of God,
Recorded in His ancient word,
Indissoluble, sure?
And do you spread, with Master's care
The precious mixture here and there?

You wear the CROSS; it signifies
The burden Jesus bore—
Who staggering fell, and bleeding rose,
And bore up Calvary the woes
Of all who'd gone before;
The Cross! oh let it say "forgive,
"Father, forgive, to all that live!"

My brothers if you will display
These emblems of our Art,
Let the great moral that they teach
Be deep engraven, each for each,
Upon your honest heart!
So they will tell to God and man
Our ancient, holy, perfect plan.

Select Literature.

Two Cheap Opportunities.
SILVER AND COPPER.
BY JEAN INGELW
Some weeks ago we gave the history of a golden opportunity for doing good which was thrown away by a heedless child. It will be remembered that she still retained a shilling and a penny, and our young readers may be glad to learn how she acquitted herself of those humble trusts.

Mr. Birch-day had been gone by a week, and still the shilling and the penny lay folded in their silken shrines. I had quite recovered my spirits, and was beginning to think how I should spend them, particularly the shilling, for I scarcely thought any good could be done with such a small sum as a penny. Now there was a poor Irish boy in our neighborhood, who had been left behind with a hurt in his leg. My mother had often been to see him; while he was confined to his bed she went regularly to read with him, and sometimes she sent me with our nursemaid to take him a dinner. He was now much better and could get about a little. To my mother's surprise she found that he could read perfectly well. One day, when she met him he thanked her honor for all favors, and said he should soon be well enough to return to old Ireland.

As we walked home one day my mother said to me—"Orris, if you like I will tell you a good way to spend your shilling. You may buy poor Tim a Testament."

I was delighted, and gave my immediate assent. "Well, then," said my mother, "that is settled. I should have given one myself to Tim, if you had wished to spend your shilling in something else. And now, remember, you must not change your mind; papa is going to the town to-morrow, you may go with him and get one then."

To-morrow came, and with it a note to me from my two cousins, saying that they were coming over to spend the afternoon with me, and see my Indian corn, and my tobacco plants, which I planted myself. I was very proud of my corn, and still more proud to think that my cousins should think it worth while to come and see it, for they were three or four years older than myself, and did not often take part in my amusements. By dint of great industry I finished my lessons an hour earlier than usual, and ran into the garden to see how the corn looked. Old gardener himself admitted that it was beautiful; the glossy green leaves fell back like silken streamers, and displayed the grain with its many shades of green, gold and brown.

I thought how delightful it would be if I could build a kind of bower over against it, in which my cousins could sit and admire it at their leisure. There were some hop plants growing just in the right place; I had only to untwist them; and there was a clematis that could easily be pressed into the service. I set to work, and with a little help from him, soon made two or three low arches, over which I carefully trained the flowering hops, and mingled them with festoons of clematis. The bower seemed to be worthy of a queen at the least; and no doubt it was really pretty.

I was just carrying some pots of balsams in flower to set at the entrance when my father came up. "Well, Orris," he said, "mamma tells me you want to go to the town. Be quick, if you do, for I am just ready to start."

"Just ready to start! O papa, surely it is not one o'clock? If I go this bower will never be finished by three."

"bower, I think you must stay at home and finish it; you can go with me some other day."
Now my father knew nothing about the Testament, or he would doubtless have given me different advice. While I hesitated, anxious to stay, and yet afraid not to go, my mother drew near, and I thought I would leave it to her to decide.

"The child wants to finish her bower, my dear," said my father; "therefore, as it is not particularly convenient to me to have her to-day, she may stay at home if she likes, for, I presume, her errand is of no great consequence."
"My mother made no answer, in another moment she was gone, and I was left with a long hop tangle in my hand and a face flushed with heat and agitation. I thought my mother would speak and advise me to run after my father, but she did not; and I went on with my work, conscious that her eyes were upon me.

Presently, to my great relief, gardener came up, and asked her some questions about the flower bed. She went away with him, and I breathed more freely, comforting myself with the thought that I could easily buy the Testament another day. I worked faster than ever, partly to drive away my reproachful thoughts. The little bower was lovely, it was scarcely high enough to stand upright in, but it would be delightful to know for us to sit under. Gardener had been mowing, and when I had brought a quantity of sun dried grass, and spread it thickly over the floor, I thought my bower an eighth wonder of the world. My cousins came shortly, and confirmed me in this opinion; they spent a very happy afternoon, seated under it, and but for remembering the Irish boy, I might have been happy too. We were very quiet till after tea, and then I am sorry to say that our high spirits quite carried us away; we got into mischief, and my share of it was throwing an apple into the greenhouse, and breaking two panes of glass. This was on Saturday. On Sunday no one mentioned either this or the Irish boy; but on Monday, just as I had finished my lessons, I saw my father pass the window, and ventured to ask whether he was going to the town, and whether I might walk with him.

"Why do you wish to go, Orris?" she inquired.
"To buy a new Testament for poor Tim."
"He is gone," said my mother; "he went away early this morning."
I put on my garden bonnet, and went out, with a curious sensation, as it, when I did wrong, all circumstances conspired to punish me. I turned the corner of the greenhouse, and there stood my father looking at the broken panes.

"Orris," he said, "did you do this mischief?"
"Yes, papa."
"This is the third time it has happened. I have repeatedly forbidden you to play in this part of the garden."
"I am very sorry, papa."
"Your sorrow will not mend the glass, and I am afraid it will not make you more obedient another time."
He spoke so gravely that I knew he really was displeased. After a pause he said:
"Have you got any money?"
"I have one shilling and a penny, papa."
"It will cost more than that to repair this damage; I shall be obliged to claim four of the shilling."
I wiped away two or three tears and produced my little silk bag; he turned it over and bit his lips; perhaps his elaborate workmanship was much more for me to give up than for him to receive.

"Is this all you have got?" he inquired.
"Excepting the penny, papa," I replied, and, child as I was, I perfectly understood his vexation at having to take it from me. He remained so long looking at it as it lay in his palm that I even hoped he would return it and say he would excuse me that once. But no, he was too wise; he put it at last into his waistcoat pocket, and walked away, saying:
"I hope this will make you more careful another time."

He went toward the house, and I watched him till he entered. Then I ran to my bower, sat down upon the dried grass and began to cry as if my heart would break. Repentance and regret, though they may be keenly felt by a child, are not reasoned on very distinctly. I had often been very sorry before, but whether from the fault as distinct from my disobedience, and because my father had forfeited the shilling, but because I saw it had vexed and hurt him to do it—not only because I had preferred pleasure to duty, neglected the opportunity for doing good and lost it—but because the feeling, if not the words, pressed heavily upon my heart. "When I would do good, evil is present with me."
I was still crying when on a sudden, looking up, I saw my father standing before me, and watching me with evident regret. My first impulse was to say, "O papa, I was not crying about the shilling."

He beckoned to me to rise out of my bower, and said, "Then what were you crying about, my little darling?"
I tried not to sob; he led me to the garden seat, and took me on his knee. Then, with a great many tears, I told him all that I have now, dear reader, been telling you, and ended with a passion of crying.

"O, papa, teach me to be different, and to wish the same thing when I am tempted that I do when no pleasure tempts me. Pray teach me to do good."
"My dear child, God is teaching you now."
"What, papa! when my golden opportunity is gone, and my silver opportunity is come to nothing?"
"Quite true; but then you are doubly sure now—you know by ample experience, do you not? that of yourself you can do nothing."
I was so convinced of it that I was verging on an opposite fault to self-confidence. I was almost doubting whether any assistance that I could hope to have would make me proof against temptation. But now was my father's "golden opportunity," and he availed himself of it. Although I cannot remember his words, their influence remains to this day. Certain sensations and impressions connected with that wise and fatherly conversation return upon me often, now. It conveyed to my mind the idea that this weakness itself was to be my strength, if it made me depend upon a stronger than myself—that this changeable disposition would make more precious to me the knowledge that "with God is no variableness, neither shadow of changing."

"When he ceased to speak I said, with a sorrowful sigh, 'And now, papa, there is only one penny left of all my opportunities.'"
"Well, my darling, he replied, 'it is possible that you may do acceptable good even with that. Remember what our Saviour said about the cup of cold water.'"
"Yes," I said, "but the person who gave the cold water had nothing better to give; he had not a cup of milk or a cup of wine, which he first wasted and threw away."
"My dear, you need not inquire into that; you might have done better; but as there is still something to be done, 'Do it with thy might.'"
When I was quite calm again, and almost happy, he sent me into the house to play. As I passed the kitchen door, a poor old woman whom my mother used to help, turned from it, and I heard the housemaid say, "Mistress has just walked out, and I cannot say when she will be at home." She was hobbling away when I thought of me of my penny; took it out of its bag, and pulling her by the cloak, offered it to her.

At first she did not seem to understand me, but when she saw my copper opportunity, which was as bright as sand-paper could render it, she gave me just the shadow of a smile, and taking it in her skinny hand, "I thank you kindly my pretty."
"Poor old creature," said the housemaid, "that will buy her a trifle, mayhap; she and her husband are going into the workhouse to-morrow."
I passed into the house penniless, but in a subdued and humble state of mind. The lessons I had had were not without good effect; but it cannot be expected that I can remember much of the working of my mind. I only know that time did pass, that I went to bed, got up, said my lessons, and had my play for a long time, perhaps a fortnight. At the end of about that time my little sister Sophy and I went out one day for a long walk, with Matilda, our nurse, and took a little basket with us to put flowers in, and blackberries if we should be so fortunate as to find any. We walked a long way, till Sophy was tired and became clamorous to sit down; so Matilda led us to the entrance of a little wood, and there we sat and rested on the steps of a stile. There was a cottage near at hand; presently an old woman came out of it with a kettle in her hand, and I recognized her as the woman to whom I had given my penny. She hobbled to the edge of a little stream, which flowed close to our seat, and dipped her kettle in, but did not notice us till Matilda called to her.

"How are you, Mrs. Grattan, and how's the old gentleman?"
"Thank you kindly, girl, we be pretty moderate," was the reply. "He"—and she pointed with a stick to a field opposite, where several men were at work—"he be among them, picking up stones—ha! ha! he be as blithe as a boy."
"We were all very glad, up at the Grange, to hear of your good luck," said Matilda, in the loudest tones of her cheerful voice, for the old woman was rather deaf. "Our mistress was main glad, I'll assure you."
"Ah, very kind on you all. How be the old gentleman?"
"Quite hearty."
"By this time she had reached us, set down her kettle, and taken her place beside Matilda. I was busily plaiting straw, but I listened carelessly to their conversation.

"And so you got your rent paid and all," said Matilda, turning her eager black eyes on the old woman. "What a good son Joe is to you."
"Ah, that he be, dear," was the reply; "that he be; wrote he did, so pretty. 'My dear mother,' he says, 'don't you go for to think I shall ever forget how good you was to me always—for I shall not, he says—'
Matilda's eyes flashed and glistened; she took a particular interest in this young man, though I did not know that till long afterward.
"Tell us how it all was," she said quickly.
"Why you see dear, he was not my own; but I did as well as I could by him; and he be as fond of me like, ay fonder than he be of his father."
"Yes, I know," said Matilda.
"Well, dear—'I went to Mr. T's house' (my father's)—and I was very down at heart—very, I was; for Mr. Ball, he'd been that morning, and says he, 'I signifies nothing that you have lived here so long,' he says—if you can't pay the rent,' I says, 'Mr. Ball, will you please to consider these weeks and weeks that my poor old man has been laid up w' rheumatiz?' 'But,' he says, 'I can put in you again and stronger than him; and besides that,' he says, 'I know you owe money too at the shop, over all you owe to my employer.'"
"He was always a hard man," said Matilda.
"Well, dear," he says, "it ain't no use of my deceiving you, Mrs. Grattan, but I must sell you up, for," says he, "the money I must have, and you must go into the workhouse; it's the best place for half for such as you; and, dear, it seemed hard, for, I'll assure you, we hadn't a half ounce of tea, nor a lump of coal in the house, for we was willing my old man and me, to strive to the last to pay our owings, and we was living very hard."
"How much did you owe?" asked Matilda.
"Over three pounds, dear; and then the rent was four. I hadn't one half-penny in the house; I paid the baker, Thursday was a week, Friday was for the doctor, and we was hungry and cold, and we was; but, the Lord be praised, we ain't now."
"Ah! Joe's a good son."
"As good as ever breathed, dear; but we hadn't heard from him for a long while, by reason his regiment was up the country, but you'll understand I didn't know that

influence remains to this day. Certain sensations and impressions connected with that wise and fatherly conversation return upon me often, now. It conveyed to my mind the idea that this weakness itself was to be my strength, if it made me depend upon a stronger than myself—that this changeable disposition would make more precious to me the knowledge that "with God is no variableness, neither shadow of changing."

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I passed into the house penniless, but in a subdued and humble state of mind. The lessons I had had were not without good effect; but it cannot be expected that I can remember much of the working of my mind. I only know that time did pass, that I went to bed, got up, said my lessons, and had my play for a long time, perhaps a fortnight. At the end of about that time my little sister Sophy and I went out one day for a long walk, with Matilda, our nurse, and took a little basket with us to put flowers in, and blackberries if we should be so fortunate as to find any. We walked a long way, till Sophy was tired and became clamorous to sit down; so Matilda led us to the entrance of a little wood, and there we sat and rested on the steps of a stile. There was a cottage near at hand; presently an old woman came out of it with a kettle in her hand, and I recognized her as the woman to whom I had given my penny. She hobbled to the edge of a little stream, which flowed close to our seat, and dipped her kettle in, but did not notice us till Matilda called to her.

"How are you, Mrs. Grattan, and how's the old gentleman?"
"Thank you kindly, girl, we be pretty moderate," was the reply. "He"—and she pointed with a stick to a field opposite, where several men were at work—"he be among them, picking up stones—ha! ha! he be as blithe as a boy."
"We were all very glad, up at the Grange, to hear of your good luck," said Matilda, in the loudest tones of her cheerful voice, for the old woman was rather deaf. "Our mistress was main glad, I'll assure you."
"Ah, very kind on you all. How be the old gentleman?"
"Quite hearty."
"By this time she had reached us, set down her kettle, and taken her place beside Matilda. I was busily plaiting straw, but I listened carelessly to their conversation.

"And so you got your rent paid and all," said Matilda, turning her eager black eyes on the old woman. "What a good son Joe is to you."
"Ah, that he be, dear," was the reply; "that he be; wrote he did, so pretty. 'My dear mother,' he says, 'don't you go for to think I shall ever forget how good you was to me always—for I shall not, he says—'
Matilda's eyes flashed and glistened; she took a particular interest in this young man, though I did not know that till long afterward.
"Tell us how it all was," she said quickly.
"Why you see dear, he was not my own; but I did as well as I could by him; and he be as fond of me like, ay fonder than he be of his father."
"Yes, I know," said Matilda.
"Well, dear—'I went to Mr. T's house' (my father's)—and I was very down at heart—very, I was; for Mr. Ball, he'd been that morning, and says he, 'I signifies nothing that you have lived here so long,' he says—if you can't pay the rent,' I says, 'Mr. Ball, will you please to consider these weeks and weeks that my poor old man has been laid up w' rheumatiz?' 'But,' he says, 'I can put in you again and stronger than him; and besides that,' he says, 'I know you owe money too at the shop, over all you owe to my employer.'"
"He was always a hard man," said Matilda.
"Well, dear," he says, "it ain't no use of my deceiving you, Mrs. Grattan, but I must sell you up, for," says he, "the money I must have, and you must go into the workhouse; it's the best place for half for such as you; and, dear, it seemed hard, for, I'll assure you, we hadn't a half ounce of tea, nor a lump of coal in the house, for we was willing my old man and me, to strive to the last to pay our owings, and we was living very hard."
"How much did you owe?" asked Matilda.
"Over three pounds, dear; and then the rent was four. I hadn't one half-penny in the house; I paid the baker, Thursday was a week, Friday was for the doctor, and we was hungry and cold, and we was; but, the Lord be praised, we ain't now."
"Ah! Joe's a good son."
"As good as ever breathed, dear; but we hadn't heard from him for a long while, by reason his regiment was up the country, but you'll understand I didn't know that

influence remains to this day. Certain sensations and impressions connected with that wise and fatherly conversation return upon me often, now. It conveyed to my mind the idea that this weakness itself was to be my strength, if it made me depend upon a stronger than myself—that this changeable disposition would make more precious to me the knowledge that "with God is no variableness, neither shadow of changing."

"When he ceased to speak I said, with a sorrowful sigh, 'And now, papa, there is only one penny left of all my opportunities.'"
"Well, my darling, he replied, 'it is possible that you may do acceptable good even with that. Remember what our Saviour said about the cup of cold water.'"
"Yes," I said, "but the person who gave the cold water had nothing better to give; he had not a cup of milk or a cup of wine, which he first wasted and threw away."
"My dear, you need not inquire into that; you might have done better; but as there is still something to be done, 'Do it with thy might.'"
When I was quite calm again, and almost happy, he sent me into the house to play. As I passed the kitchen door, a poor old woman whom my mother used to help, turned from it, and I heard the housemaid say, "Mistress has just walked out, and I cannot say when she will be at home." She was hobbling away when I thought of me of my penny; took it out of its bag, and pulling her by the cloak, offered it to her.

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