Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 3. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, March 19, 1868. No. 24.

THE
Summerside Journal,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY EVENING,
BY
JOSEPH BERTRAM,
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:

1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
" " half advance, 7s. 6d.
" " at the end of year 9s.

Persons getting up CLUBS of TEN Subscribers will be entitled to the JOURNAL for one year.

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.

Almanac for March, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 2nd day, 12h.36m., morn., N.
Full Moon, 8th day, 4h.9m., A'noon, below h.
Last Qtr. 15th day. 11h.14m., A'noon, below h.
New Moon, 24th day, 2h.46m., mor., below h
First Qtr., 31st day, 8h.13m., more., below h.

D M	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	sun slow clock	sun's dec. south	moon sets	day's length
		h m	h m	m s		h m	
1	Sun	6 43	5 43	2 28	7 21	0 8	10 59
2	Mo	41	45	12 15	6 58	1 15	11 2
3	Tue	39	46	12 2	6 35	2 19	5
4	Wed	37	48	11 49	6 12	3 18	9
5	Thu	36	49	11 35	5 49	4 9	12
6	Frid	34	50	11 21	5 26	4 59	15
7	Sat	32	51	11 6	5 2	5 48	18
8	Sun	6 31	5 52	10 51	4 39	rises	11 21
9	Mo	30	53	10 36	4 15	7 11	23
10	Tue	28	54	10 20	3 52	8 20	26
11	Wed	26	55	10 4	3 28	9 20	29
12	Thu	23	57	9 47	3 5	10 33	34
13	Fri	19	58	9 30	2 41	11 36	39
14	Sat	17	59	9 14	2 18	morn	11 42
15	Sun	6 15	6 1	8 56	1 54	0 30	46
16	Mo	14	2	8 39	1 30	1 24	48
17	Tue	13	3	8 22	1 6	2 17	50
18	Wed	11	4	8 4	0 43	2 59	53
19	Thu	9	5	7 46	0 19	3 42	56
20	Fri	7	6	7 28	nth.	4 17	59
21	Sat	5	7	7 10	0 27	4 50	12 2
22	Sun	6 3	6 8	6 52	0 51	5 20	12 5
23	Mo	6 1	9	6 33	1 15	5 49	8
24	Tue	5 59	11	6 15	1 38	sets.	11
25	Wed	58	12	5 57	2 2	7 55	14
26	Thu	56	13	5 38	2 25	9 2	17
27	Fri	54	15	5 20	2 49	10 6	21
28	Sat	52	16	5 2	3 12	11 9	24
29	Sun	5 50	6 17	4 43	3 36	morn	12 27
30	Mo	48	19	4 25	3 59	0 9	31
31	Tue	45	21	4 7	4 22	1 9	35

Summerside Markets.

March 12, 1868.

Oats per bush	2s 9d
Barley per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 9d a 2s
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Pork per lb by carcass	3½d a 5d
Geese each	1s 6d a 2s
Flour per bbl	60s a 65s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	70s a 80s
Straw per cwt.	1s 9d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

March 12, 1868.

Beef (small)	4d a 6d
Do. by quarter	3d a 4d
Mutton	4d a 6d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 5d
Butter	13d a 15d
Do. by tub	1s a 1s6
Cheese	4d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	20s a 22s
Eggs	15d a 16d
Potatoes	2s a 2s 3d
Turnips	1s6d
Barley	3s a 9s
Oats	2s 9d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 6d
Hay	70s a 80s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
Homespun	5s 6d a 6s
Sheepskins	2s a 3s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4½d

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m to 1 p m., from 2 p.m to 4 p m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
Hours of Business—10 a. m., to 1 p. m., from 2 p. m., to 4 p. m.

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

Business Cards.

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

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
☞ Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
ST. ELEANOR'S.....P. E. ISLAND

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE,—O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING,
GREAT GEORGE STREET.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867. oct 24.

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 consulted at his office, over the Store of Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

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

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

CARD
WILLIAM BEARSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, - - - - - - - - P. E. Island

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in Provisions, &c.
MARKET STREET,
St. John, N. B.
☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1867.

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - BOSTON.

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants
And General Agents,
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Chas. U. Hanford . . . . . Fred.S.Hanford.
Jan. 21, 1868.

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

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Green & Scharman's Store.
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867. 1y

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON, - - - - - - P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1866. 1y

Important to Shipbuilders
Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!
IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE
Price of Vessels
in England, order a set of those SPLENDID BLOCKS, which everybody is praising, from
YOUNG'S.
Terms Liberal.
Water-st., Summerside, Sept. 26, 1867.

Business Cards.

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.

Fountain House Hotel.
King Square, (North Side,)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.
Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.
JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—1y

CRAWFORD'S 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.—1y

Commercial Hotel,
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
COACH FARE PAID!
IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travellers from the Railway Station and Steamboat Landings in this City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, who make their stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID by the Proprietor.
FARE AT THE HOTEL:
TRANSIENT.
One Day, - - - - - - - - - $1 00
One Week, - - - - - - - - 5 00
PERMANENT.
Per Week, - - - - - - $3 25 to $4 50
The HOTEL is situated on the best business street in the city, and nearly opposite the WAVERLY. It is handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate some fifty persons very comfortably.
D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 1867 1y

SAWS,
SAWS! SAWS!!
SAWS of the best quality, and at the following Cash prices, always on hand at the manufacture of the subscribers:—
CIRCULARS.

DIAMETER.	DIAMETER.
36 in. $20 each	34 in. $18 each
32 in. $16 each	30 in. $15 each
28 in. $12.50 each	26 in. $11 each
24 in. $9 each	22 in. $8 each
20 in. $7 each	18 in. $5.75 each
16 in. $5 each	14 in. $4 each
12 in. $3 each.	

Mill Saws 5½ feet, $5 each; Buck Saws 28 $7 per dozen, set and sharped.
A. RICHARDSON & Co.
St. John, N.B. April 11, 1867.y

Bring Along Your Horses.
SMITHS FORGE.
THE subscriber having engaged the services of a good HORSE SHOER, and CARRIAGE and SLEIGH OUNTER, he is now prepared to execute all such work, as well as all other work in his line of business, at his Forge (Sutherland's old stand) on Water Street, opposite the store of Colin cLennan, Esq.
NEWTON LEE.
Summerside, Nov 21, 1867. 3m

North British and Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.
Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—1y

Cash. Cash. Cash.
R. T. HOLMAN still pays the HIGHEST PRICE in Cash for OATS.
Summerside, Dec 12, 1867—3m

Wholesale Customers
Will find it to their advantage to call and see samples of
The Assorted Crates of
CROCKERYWARE
still remaining for sale, at a small advance on cost.
ALSO:
CONFECTIONARY,
KEROSENE OIL,
PITCH, TAR, OAKUM,
ANCHORS, IRON,
TOBACCO, PIPES,
CHAINS, NAILS,
SULPHUR, ROPE,
SALTS, SALTPETRE,
DYE-STUFFS,
STARCH,
COPPERAS, MATCHES, CANDLES, BAKING SODA,
WASHING SODA,
PLOUGH MOUNTING,
SHEET IRON,
HOUSE COAL.
R. T. HOLMAN.
Summerside, Dec 12, 1867—3m

POETRY.

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

BY HORACE SMITH.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebe's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
These temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy.
Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like the thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a nobed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green—
Or was it then so old that History's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf;
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prythee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house:
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations,
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless Kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled:
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies might bloom!

Select Literature.

The Wild Duck Shooter.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

THE charity of the rich is much to be commended, but how beautiful is the charity of the poor!

Call to mind the coldest day you ever experienced. Think of the bitter wind and driving snow; think how you shook and shivered—how the sharp, white particles were driven against your face—how, within doors, the carpets were lifted like billows along the floors, the wind howled and moaned in the chimnies, windows creaked, doors rattled, and every now and then heavy lumps of snow came thundering down, with a dull weight, from the roof.

Now, hear my story.

In one of the broad, open plains of Lincolnshire, there is a long, reedy sheet of water, a favorite resort of wild ducks. At its northern extremity stand two mud cottages, old and out of repair.

One bitter, bitter night, when the snow lay three feet on the ground, and a cutting east wind was driving it about, and whistling in the dry, frozen weeds, by the water's edge, and swinging the bare willow trees, till their branches swept the ice, an old woman sat, spinning, in one of these cottages, before a moderately cheerful fire. Her kettle was singing on the coals; she had a reed candle, or home-made rushlight on her table, but the full moon shone in, and was the brighter light of the two. These two cottages were far from the road, or any other habitation; the old woman was therefore surprised, as she sat drawing out her thread, crooning an old northern-country song, to hear a sudden knock at the door.

It was loud and impatient, not like the knock of her neighbors in the other cottages; but the door was bolted, and the old woman rose, and shuffling to the window, looked out, and saw a shivering figure, apparently that of a youth.

"Trampers!" said the old woman, sententiously, "tramping folks be not wanted here;" so saying, she went back to the fire, without deigning to answer the door.

The youth, upon this, tried the door, and called to her to beg admittance. She heard him rap the snow from his shoes, against her lintel, and again knock, as if he thought she was deaf, and he should surely gain admittance if he could only make her hear.

The old woman, surprised at his audacity, went to the casement, and, with all the pride of possession, opened it, and inquired his business.

"Good woman," the stranger began, "I only want a seat at your fire."

"Nay," said the old woman, giving effect to her words, by her uncouth dialogue, "thou'lt get no shelter here; I've naught to give to beggars—a dirty, wet critter," she continued, wrathfully slamming to the window, "it's a wonder where he found any water, too, seeing it freezes so hard, a body can get none for the kettle, saving what's broken up by the hatchet."

On this the beggar turned hastily away

And at this point in his narrative, the person who told it to me stopped, and said, "Do you think the old woman was very much to blame?"

"She might have acted kindly," I replied, "but why do you ask?"

"Because," said he, "I have heard her conduct so much reflected on by some who would have thought nothing of it, if it had not been for the consequences."

"She might have turned him away less roughly," I observed.

"That is true," he continued, "but in any case, I think, though we might give them food for money, we should hardly invite beggars in to sit by the fire."

"Certainly not," I replied; "and this woman could not tell that the beggar was honest."

"No," said he, "but I must go on with my narrative. The stranger turned very hastily from her door, and waded through the deep snow toward the other cottage. The bitter wind helped to drive him toward it.—It looked no less poor than the first; and, when he tried the door, found it bolted, and knocked twice, without attracting attention, his heart sank within him. His hand was so numb with cold, that he had made scarcely any noise; he tried again.

A rush candle was burning within, and a matronly-looking woman sat before the fire. She held an infant in her arms, and had dropped asleep; but his third knock roused her, and wrapping her apron around her child, she opened the door a very little way, and demanded what he wanted.

"Good woman," the youth began, "I have had the misfortune to fall in the water this bitter night, and I am so numbed that I can scarcely walk."

The woman gave him a sudden, earnest look, and then sighed.

"Come in," she said; "thou art so nigh the size of my Jem, I thought at first it was him come home from sea."

The youth stepped across the threshold, trembling with cold and wet; and no wonder, for his clothes were completely incased in wet mud, and the water dripped from them at every step he took on the sanded floor.

"Thou art in a sorry plight," said the woman, "and it be two miles to the nighest houses; come and kneel down before the fire; thy teeth chatter so pitifully, I can scarcely bear to hear them."

She looked at him more attentively, and saw that he was a mere boy, not more than sixteen years of age. Her motherly heart was touched for him.

"Art hungry?" she asked, turning to the table; "thou art wet to the skin. What hast thou been doing?"

"Shooting wild ducks," said the boy.

"Oh!" said his hostess, "thou art one of the keepers boys, then, I reckon?"

He followed the direction of her eyes, and saw two portions of bread sat upon the table, with a small piece of bacon on each.

"My master be very late," she observed, for charity did not make her use elegant language, and by her master she meant her husband; "but thou art welcome to my bit and sup, for I was waiting for him; may be it will put a little warmth in you to eat and drink;" so saying she took up a mug of beer from the earth, and pushed it toward him, with her share of the supper.

"Thank you," said the boy, "but I am so wet, I am making quite a pool before your fire, with the drippings from my clothes."

"Ay, thou art wet indeed," said the woman, and rising again, she went to an old box, in which she began to search, and presently returned to the fire with a perfectly clean shirt in her hand, and a tolerably good suit of clothes.

"There," said she, showing them with no small pride, "these be my master's Sunday clothes, and if thou wilt be very careful of them, I'll let thee wear them till thine be dry." She explained that she was going to put her "bairn" to bed, and proceeded up a ladder into the room above, leaving the boy to array himself in those respectable and desirable garments.

When she came down, her guest had dressed himself in the laborer's clothing; he had time to warm himself, and he was eating and drinking with hungry relish. He had thrown his muddy clothes in a heap on the floor, and as she proceeded to lift them up, she said:

"Ah! lad, lad, I doubt thy head has been under water; thy mother would have been sorely frightened, if she could have seen thee a while ago."

"Yes," said the boy, and, in imagination, the cottage dame saw this said mother a care worn, hard-working creature, like herself, while the youthful guest saw, in imagination, a beautiful and courtly lady; and both saw the same love, the same anxiety, the same terror at sight of a lonely boy struggling in the moonlight, through breaking ice, with no one to help him, snatching at the frozen reeds, and then creeping up, shivering and benumbed, to a cottage door.

But even as she stood forgot her imagination, for she the woman a waistcoat into her hands, such a garment never passed them before; a gold watch case dropped from the pocket, and on the floor, among a heap of mud that covered the outer garments, lay a white shirt sleeve, so white, indeed, and fine, that she thought it could hardly be worn but by a squire.

She glanced from the clothes to the owner. He had thrown down his cap, and his fair, curly hair, and broad forehead, convinced her that he was of gentle birth; but while she hesitated to sit down, he sat a chair for her, and said, with a boyish frankness:

"I say, what a lonely place this is; if you had not let me in, the water would have all frozen on me before I reached home. Catch me a duck-shooting again by myself!"

"It's very cold sport that, sir," replied the woman.

The young gentleman assented most readily, and asked if he might stir the fire.

"And welcome, sir," said the woman. She felt a curiosity to know who he was. He partly satisfied her by remarking that he was staying at Deen Hall, a house about five miles off, adding that, in the morning, he had broken a hole in the ice, very near the decoy, but it had iced over so fast, that, in the dusk, he had missed it, and fallen in, for it would not bear him. He had made some landmarks, and taken every precaution, but he supposed that the sport had excited him so much that, in the moonlight, he had passed them by.

He then told her of his attempt to get shelter in the other cottage.

'Sir," said the woman, "if you had said you were a gentleman—"

The boy laughed. "I don't think I knew it myself, good woman," he replied, my senses were so benumbed; for I was some time struggling at the water's edge; among the broken ice, and then I believe I was nearly an hour creeping up to your cottage door. I remember it all rather distinctly, but as soon as I had felt the fire, and drank the warm beer, I was a different creature."

While they still talked, the husband came in, and while he was eating his supper, they agreed that he should walk to Deen Hall, and let its inmates know of the gentleman's safety; and when he was gone, they made up the fire with all the coal that remained in that poor household, and the woman crept up to the bed, and left her guest to lie down and rest before it.

In the grey dawn, the laborer returned, with a servant leading the horse, and bringing a fresh suit of clothes.

The young gentleman took his leave, with many thanks, slipping three half crowns into the woman's hand, probably all the money he had about him. And I must not forget to mention that he kissed the baby, for when she tells the story, the mother always adverts to that circumstance with pride, adding that, her child being as "clean as wax, was quite fit to be kissed by anybody!"

"Missis," said her husband, as he stood in the doorway, looking after their guest, "who dost thou think that be?"

"I don't know," answered the Missis.

"Then, I'll tell thee, that be young Lord W.; so thou may be a proud woman, thou sits and talks with lords, and asks them in to supper,—ha, ha!" So saying, her master shouldered his spade, and went his way, leaving her clinking the three half crowns in her hand, and considering what she should do with them. Her neighbor, from the other cottage, presently stepped in, and when she heard the tale, and saw the money, her heart was ready to break with envy and jealousy.

"Oh! to think that good luck should have come to her door, and she should have been so foolish as to turn it away. Seven shillings and a sixpence for a morsel of food and a night's shelter; why it was nearly a week's wages!"

So there, as they both supposed, the matter ended, and the next week the frost was sharper than ever. Sheep were frozen in the fenny fields, and poultry on their perches; but the good woman had walked to the nearest town and bought a blanket. It was a welcome addition to their bed covering; and it was many a long year since they had been so comfortable.

But it chanced one day at noon, that, looking out at her casement, she spied three young gentlemen, skating along the ice toward her cottage. They sprang on to the bank, took off their skates and made for the door. The young nobleman informed her that he had such a severe cold he could not come to see her before.

"He spoke as free and pleasantly," she observed, in telling the story, "as if I had been a lady, and no less! and then he brought a parcel out of his pocket, 'and I've been over to B.,' he says, 'and bought you a book for a keepsake, and I hope you will accept it.' And then they all talked as pretty as could be, for a matter of ten minutes, and went away. I waited till my master came home, and he opened the parcel, and there was a fine Bible inside, all over gold and red morocco, and my name was written inside; and, bless him! a ten pound note doubled down over the names. I'm sure, when I thought he was a poor, forlorn creature, he was kindly welcome. So my master laid out part of the money in tools, and we rented a garden, and he goes over on market days to sell what we grow; so now, thank God, we want nothing."

This is generally how she concludes the little history, never failing to add that the lord kissed her baby.

"But," said my friend, "I have not told you what I thought the best of the anecdote. When this poor Christian woman was asked what had induced her to take in a perfect stranger, and trust him with the best clothing that her home afforded, she answered, simply,

"Well, I saw him shivering and shaking, so I thought thou shalt come in here, for the sake of Him that had not where to lay His head."

The old woman in the other cottage may open her door every night of her future life, to some forlorn beggar, but it is all but certain that she will never open it to a nobleman in disguise!

Let us do good, not to receive more good in return, but as an evidence of gratitude for what has been already bestowed. In a few words, let it be "all for the love, and nothing for the reward."