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OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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Poetry of the Heart.
Love one Another.

Oh! why should petty differences tend
To break the bond of love between us?
Then bring that little pride to bend,
And let men see as men have seen us.
Should aught on earth give cause for hate
Between earth's sons, a few years' dwelling
On this bright world, in mortal state—
Each object round to love impelling!

View Nature in her wildest mood—
The storm once past, then see her smiling—
Hill, mead, and stream, and gray green wood,
To love, and peace, and kindness willing.
See! struggling for the upper part,
Sweet Nature yearnings for thy brother,
Oh, may those feelings of thy heart
Reign absolute o'er all the other!

Alas! that hate should find a home
Mid all man's nobler God-like graces—
That spleen or malice e'er should come
To darken sweet affection's traces.
One common foe do we hold
Of earth and life—then love each other!
Let one united bond enfold
Each human heart, each man and brother.

Stories for the Home Circle.

The Dreamer of the Danube.
A STORY WITH A MORAL.

THERE is a moral in the following tale—
translated from the German—which it be-
hooves all who confide in fortune-tellers and
supernaturalists of all kinds, well to heed:
In the hamlet of Diva, on the banks of the
Danube, there lived once an old man called
Sunbeig, who kept himself alive by the pre-
tended exercise of prophetic power by means
of visions and dreams. He would often be
seen sitting for hours together on a bench at
the door of his hut, with his back to the
wall, with his face looking steadily towards
the east, and the village children, when they
saw him assuming this position, would skulk
away from their games, and whisper in fear-
ful accents, to each other, "Sunbeig is going
dream!" He was in all the secrets of the vil-
lage, from the lowest inhabitant, to the high-
est, but all regarded him, with a distant eye,
as if they doubted his means of prophetic
information.

It happened that in the village lived a
young man named Dessein. His fathers were
villagers before him, and his wishes and
and heart went not beyond its narrow limits.
He had followed, with considerable success,
for some time, the occupation of a carpenter,
and he was now in search of that consum-
mation of happiness which his prosperity al-
lowed him to anticipate. The innocent,
young Paulina bloomed forth in his eyes
lovely, affectionate and virtuous. Brief
tho' glad, was simplicity of the village court-
ship, and already had her parents consented to
their union. Paulina's beheld Dessein, ap-
proaching, and Dessein's was less delighted
when in the company of Paulina; in short
nothing now delayed their marriage, but an
unaccountable wish which Paulina's mother
expressed, that it might take place on her
birth-day. "Well it is but a month," said
Dessein, and Paulina looked as if she could
have chid him for the word but.

The villagers were making merry one evening,
on the green, when a party of soldiers
were seen approaching. They proved to be
a recruiting, or, rather, balloting party, for
there was war at this time. How startled
were the poor villagers, at their unwelcome
visitors. Every heart in an instant thought
with boding on its near relatives. Paulina
shuddered, and turning to Dessein, "Fly, fly!"
said she; while you have yet time—they are
coming on fast—escape my Dessein to the
wood! Before Dessein had time to answer,
the troops arrived at the green, where they
halted, and sounded the trumpet to assemble
the males of the village. It was now too
late, the lots were drawn, and Dessein was
made a soldier.

Months on months passed away, after his
departure, but no tidings of Dessein. Poor
Paulina's sorrow was too deep to find expres-
sion of relief in tears, but she sunk gradual-
ly away without apparent malady. It occurred
to her mother that old Sunbeig should be
consulted as to the fate of Dessein. Paulina's
eyes brightened up at the hope of learning
the fate of her betrothed, and she walked
tremblingly to the hut of the visionary,
her heart beating high with the new excite-
ment she had received. "Sunbeig," said the
old man, "I have seen your betrothed Dessein.
Hast thou seen him in thy visions?"

Tell me, does he still live—shall I see him
again? Where is he? Tell me, good Sun-
beig." "Paulina," answered the old man rais-
ing his grey eye with an enquiring look on
the maid, "no, my child I have not yet, be-
held thy beloved; but come to me to-mor-
row, and I will perchance give thee tidings
of the youth." "Tis a long time till to-mor-
row," said Paulina, "but father I will come at
the time thou namest."

Restlessly did Paulina's head lie on her
pillow that night. Her weakened form was
agitated by alternate dreams of hope and
despair. Next day she went to Sunbeig at
the hour appointed—but he had sought in
vain for a vision of the youth—another day
was she to wait. Again the vision of Sun-
beig fled before him. On the third she came
him. He had a sight of the youth, stretch-
ed on the battle-field, pale in death; he had
heard his last words—they were of Paulina—
he saw him carried in a cart with other
dead for interment—and the vision closed.
It was enough; the only hope which had
sustained the heart of Paulina was now van-
ished—the last spark which was her "life of
life" was now extinguished. She screamed
not, neither spake—but she went forth from
the hut of Sunbeig, a broken hearted maniac.
Two long years passed over the miserable
head of the deranged Paulina. The village
children, when she passed, would stand still
with one hand on their backs, and the fore
finger of the other on their half-open mouths
and gaze with uncomprehending pity on the
manic maid. There was an air of dullness
in all the village—hearts beat not now so
merry as once, for the merriest and slightest
amongst them was laid waste.

One evening in the twilight, a rap was
heard at the door of Paulina's parent. The
mother arose, and Dessein entered. Ah,
how altered; a weary, worn out wounded
soldier. No wonder that the eyes of affec-
tion did not recognise him. He had to in-
troduce himself by name. Paulina at the
sound looked up, and smiled a smile of in-
sanity. "You, Dessein," she exclaimed, "Oh,
tis I! I only knew one of that name, and
he has been dead and gone these twenty
years. Poor soul he went to the wars, and
I have been in mourning for him ever since.
It's a long time but I should know him—I
should know him if I saw him again." Des-
sein started back—his eyes were riveted on
her face—"Oh, my Paulina!" uttered the
mourner, "is it thou?" and his lips quivered
in agony, and his face turned pale to death.
A ray of consciousness glimmered through the
bewildered brain of the poor maniac; she
uttered faint scream, and sank lifeless in the
arms of her lover.

The whole village went forth to pay the
last tribute to the memory of the dead, Des-
sein leading the procession as chief mourner.
It was indeed a happy release for the depart-
ed; but what said the heart of Dessein? He
looked down into the grave of his beloved—he
saw the coffin covered out of his sight—he
would have uttered a blessing over her
virgin tomb—his lips moved, but expression
was denied them. His spirit groaned in
agony, and he departed. He flung his knap-
sack over his shoulders, went forth from his
native village to the wars—and he was
heard of no more.

Cecile Grey.
A SKETCH OF EVERY DAY.
Alas for love, is this be all,—and naught beyond,
O earth! love!
"Tis a girl, sir; my lady has a daugh-
ter."
"Heaven be praised!" said the discon-
tent father of six unruly boys. "Now I
shall have something gentle to love. Small
comfort to me, those boys; house topsy-turvy
from morning till night, with their guns,
fishing-tackle, pointers, setters, hound, span-
iels, and what not. Tom's college bills per-
fectly ruinous—horses, wine, and segars all
lumped under the general head of *de cateris*;
I understand it all—or my purse does! But
this little gentle girl,—climbing upon my
knee, making music and sunshine in the
house with her innocent face and silvery
laugh—this little human blossom by life's
rough thorny wayside, she'll make amends.
I'm not the happiest husband in the
world; my heart shall find a resting place
here. She must be highly educated and ac-
complished; I shall spare no pains to effect
that. Ah, I see, after all, I shall have a happy
old age."

Very lovely was the little Cecile. She had
her mother's soft hazel eye and waving au-
burn hair, and her father's Grecian profile.
There was a winning-sweetness in her smile,
and grace and poetry in every motion. It
was a pretty sight, her golden tresses ming-
ling with those silver locks, as she rested her
bright head against the old man's cheek.
Even "the boys" could harbor no anger at
her quiet reign. She wound herself quite as
closely around their hearts. Then it was a
new tie to bind the sundered husband and
wife together. Something of the old bygone
tenderness crept unconsciously in their man-
ner into each other. It was their idol; and
they pressed her rapturously to the parental
heart, forgetting she was but clay.

Tutors and governesses without limit went
and came before the important selection was
made. There, so many injunctions! She

"must not study so much as to spoil her fine
eyes!" she "must draw only a few minutes
at a time, lest it should cause a stoop in her
shoulders;" she "must not go out in the
sun, for fear of injuring her complexion." She
was told every hour in the day of some
rare perfection; now her attitude—then her
eyes—then her shape! she "danced like a
fairy"—"sang like a seraph"—in short, need-
ed wings only to make her an angel!

Every servant in the house knew that his
or her fortune was made if Miss Cecile was
pleased; and they shaped their course ac-
cordingly. If "the boys" were doubtful of
the success of a request, Cecile was employ-
ed secretly to negotiate. The reins of house-
hold government were in those little fairy
fingers.

No wonder the little Cecile thought her-
self omnipotent. No wonder she stood be-
fore her "Psyche," arranging, with a maid-
en's pride, those glossy ringlets. Small mar-
vel that she saw with exultation those round,
polished limbs, pearly teeth, and starry eyes,
and tossed her bright curls in triumph, at the
hearts that were already laid at her feet.
Her mirror but silently repeated the voice
of flattery that met her at every step. Ce-
cile was beautiful! The temple was passing
fair; but, ah! there rose from its altar no
holy incense to Heaven. Those bright eyes
opened and closed like the flowers, old like
them drank in the dew and sunlight, regard-
less of the Giver.

It was Cecile's eighteenth birthday. The
most expensive preparations had been made
to celebrate it. She was to electrify the
beau monde with her debut. A gossamer,
robe, fit for a Peri, silvery and light, floated
soft as a fleecy cloud around those matchless
limbs. Gems and jewels would have been
out of place beside those starry eyes. Na-
ture's simplest offering, the drooping lily,
blended with her tresses. The flash of youth
and hope was on her cheek; her step was
already on the threshold of that brilliant,
untried world, which her beauty was to dazzle
and conquer. Other sylph-like forms there
were, and bright faces that made sunlight in
happy homes; but the peerless Cecile quenched
their beams on that happy birth-night.

The proud father looked up exultingly.
"Beautiful as a dream!" echoed from one
end of the saloon to the other. His eyes fol-
lowed her, noted every glance of admiration,
and then he said to himself, "The idol is
mine." Say you so, fond father! See, her
head drops heavily—her limbs relax—she
has fainted! They gather round her,—they
bathe her pale face and powerless hands;
then they bear her to her dressing-room,
and she lies on that silken couch, like some
rare piece of sculpture. The revellers dis-
perse; the garlands droop; darkness and si-
lence reign were merry feet tripped lightly.
The physician sits by the bedside of his fair
patient, and, with mistaken kindness, he says
to the frantic parents, "She will be easier
soon,—she will be free from pain to-morrow;
and then he leaves her with the anxious
watchers.

Morning dawned. Yes, Cecile was "bet-
ter,"—so her father said; and she sat up,
and put her fair arms about his neck, and
called him "her own dear father!" and he
smiled through his tears, and parted the
bright damp locks from her brow, and said
"she should have another ball, gayer than
the last, and look lovelier than ever;" and
then her mother laid a bandeau of pearls
across her pale forehead, and said, "they be-
come her passing well." Cecile smiled faintly
when she replaced them in their case,
and then her mother came back again to the
bedside. Ah! what a fearful shadow in that
momentary interval had crept over that
sweet face! "Cecile! Cecile!" said the be-
wildered woman, shivering with an indefin-
able terror; "speak to me, Cecile! what is it?"
"Am I dying, mother?—O mother! you
never taught me how to die!"

In the still grey dawn, at sultry noon, in
the hushed and starry night, long after that
bright young head was covered with the vio-
lets, rang that plaintive reproachful voice in
the parental ear, "You never taught me how
to die!"
FANNY FERN.

A TURTLE DOVE died last week of a broken
heart, and aged twenty-three years. The
bird, it appears, was twice mated. His first
love died about ten years ago; and, like
many of his own and the opposite sex of the
human species, he bethought him of another
partner. Like doves from the days of Solo-
mon, the two preserved the reputed charac-
teristics of the tribe—emblems of innocence
—till a few weeks ago, when the hen was
unfortunately killed by accident. The second
bereavement preyed heavily on the bird.
Lonely and desolate he pined away, refused
to take his food, and, from the day of his
loss, never lifted his head. Gentle reader,
Cecile reader, "his heart was broken."—*Ayr
Observer.*

Love is as natural to a woman as fra-
grance is to a rose. You may lock a girl
up in a convent—you may confine her in a
cell—you may cause her to change her reli-
gion, or forewear her parents—these things
are possible, but never hope to make the sex
forget their heart worship, or give up their
passion for cassimers—for such a hope will
be as bootless as the Greek Slave and as
vain as bamboo.

Miscellaneous Reading.

The Tale of Sweet Waters.
THE TURKISH LADIES OUT OF DOORS.

Friday, the Sunday of the Mahomedans,
is also their day of recreation. We are now
in full spring, the season in which the Turks,
frequent the country. This is the time for
their excursions to enjoy the day, either on
the banks of the sweet waters of Asia or of
Europe. The former is, however, more re-
sorted to in the autumn, and the latter
draws greater crowds in the present season.
On Friday last the Sultan repaired there af-
ter mosque, as also the ladies of his harem.
Many thousand caïques might be seen glid-
ing along the Golden Horn, filled with the
families of the pachas, all bound for the
same destination, the Sweet Waters of Eu-
rope, and filled with the veiled beauties of
the harem. It is vain to attempt to give a
description of this scene. It would require
the eye of an artist to deservedly appreciate
its peculiar features, and not the humble
pen of your matter-of-fact correspondent to
describe it. The scene of the Sweet Waters
of Europe last Friday reminded one of the
Arabian Nights, and met the brilliant de-
scription of the East only to be met in the
poems of Moore or Byron. The waters of
Europe were sweet indeed last Friday.—
Many thousand sweet creatures were there,
spread about the green meadows in groups
of four and five, with little children and
young girls in their brilliant Oriental cos-
tumes. In order to place this scene vividly
before you, it is necessary to explain the po-
sition of the little valley in which all this oc-
curred.

The valley of the Sweet Water of Europe
is at the extremity of the Golden Horn,
where two small rivulets enter the sea.—
The Sultan has a kiosk on the border of
these streams. The valley is not more than
half a mile wide, with green hills rising at
each side. It is almost entirely meadow,
interspersed with trees here and there, and
a little wood on the left side. It is not cul-
tivated, neither is much care taken of it. At
any time but spring or autumn it is indeed
barren, and towards the centre swampy, and
during the winter months frequently under
water. At present it is, however, in its full
beauty and verdure. On Friday it was peop-
led by many thousand persons. I never
saw it so full before. The way was blocked
up by carriages full of Turkish ladies, and
the river was literally so full of caïques that
you could not pass. The fair natives of far
Armenia and Georgia were there, spread
about on the grass, whilst black eunuchs on
white Arabians whirled about with jealous
eyes, watching over the property of their
masters. The Turkish veil (the *Yashmak*)
hides the greater part of the face from view,
but these fair Orientals have of late years
charged the texture of this covering, so that
you can well distinguish the finely chisel-
ed nose, and rosy lips beneath it. What
beauty was not there assembled! I had
never seen such an assemblage of Turkish
ladies before, or rather of ladies belonging to
Turks, and had often thought the accounts
and description of Oriental beauty exagger-
ated. They are not. If there was one, there
were a hundred young women there of the
highest class of beauty, with the straight
Grecian nose, and that clear, soft, dark,
almond-shaped eye. What eyes, and also
what looks! They seemed very happy—
seated in little groups, picnicking. They
had all brought their dinners with them,
and sweet-meats, which they were enjoying,
listening to the most discordant humbrum
Turkish music, which was being performed
by parties of four or five men with a species
of guitar, not unfrequently accompanied by
a gular chant, the only excuse the Turks
have for singing. I am not an admirer of
Oriental minstrelsy. They have no ear for
music.

Picture to yourself these thousand damsels
spread about the green, in blue, pink, purple,
orange, scarlet, green, and yellow costumes;
children in scarlet velvet, with gold plaited
through the hair, and intermixed with long
locks falling over their shoulders (there was
one little Turkish boy, the son of some pacha,
dressed in red velvet, prancing about on a
pony in every direction.) Turkish soldiers;
great carts, gilt and decorated, drawn by bul-
lock, and filled with women; negroes on
white horses, galloping about on every side;
Turks sitting cross-legged, smoking narghiles
and chibouks, in silence, enjoying their kief;
Armenians, Persians, in their peaked fur-caps,
the Persian Ambassador in his carriage in
full costume, followed by the most extraor-
dinary looking men on horseback, dressed
up in Cashmere shawls; Circassians, in yellow
pointed caps, (almost all the embassies
were there;) mix with these some British
officers of every uniform, and his Royal
Highness the Duke of Cambridge, with his
staff, all mounted on superb Arabian horses,
the property of the Sultan, with purple vel-
vet saddles richly embroidered in gold, and
you have some idea of the brilliant scene
the Sweet Waters of Europe presented on
Friday last.

His Royal Highness walked and rode
about a good deal, and seemed to enjoy the
scene amazingly. Lord de Rodcliffe, who I
regret to say is indisposed, did not accom-

pany him. Our officers strolled round the
meadows looked at the Turkish beauties;
and they stand fire very well I assure you.
Many a glance was exchanged between them
and the Inglis Askier those smart young fel-
lows in the red jackets; indeed I am told
that one Turkish lady presented her hand-
kerchief to a handsome ensign of the 88th;
but this I cannot vouch for, as I did not see
it. Several got flowers from them, I know
for one young gentleman very navishly ask-
ed, can one take flowers if they give them to
you? I have no doubt many a boquet was
given them. It is to be hoped none of this
will end in a sack and the Bosphorus. The
black guardians of the fair were all eyes, or
rather scowls; they were on the *qui-vive* but
had they seen anything, they dare not touch
an English officer for smiling at a lady. I
saw one of these fellows shake an unfortu-
nate rayah by the collar most unmercifully,
because he did not get out of the way quick
enough. He had better not try the same
trick on an Englishman.

Reformation of William Wirt.
A TRUE INCIDENT IN HIS HISTORY.
The distinguished Wm. Wirt, within six
or seven months after his first marriage, be-
came addicted to intemperance, the effect
of which operated strongly on the mind and
health of his wife, and in a few months
more she was numbered with the dead.—
Her death led him to leave the country in
which he resided, and he moved to Rich-
mond, where he soon rose to distinction.—
But his habits hung about him and occa-
sionally he was found with jolly and frolic-
some spirits in bacchanalian revelry. His
true friends expostulated with him to convince
him of the injury he was doing himself.—
But he still persisted. His practice began to
fall off, and many looked on him as on the
sure road to ruin. He was advised to get
married with a view of correcting his habits.
This he consented to do, if the right person
offered. He accordingly paid his addresses
to Miss Gamble. After some months atten-
tion, he asked her hand in marriage. She
replied:—

"Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your
attentions some time back, and should have
given you to understand that your visits and
attentions were not acceptable, had I not re-
ciprocated the affections you evinced for me.
But I cannot yield assent until you make me
a pledge never to taste, touch, or handle any
intoxicating drink."

This reply to Wirt was as unexpected as
it was novel. His reply was, that he re-
garded the proposition as a bar to all furth-
er consideration on the subject, and he left
her. Her course toward him was the same
—his, resentment and neglect.

In the course of a few weeks he went again
and solicited her hand. He became indig-
nant, and regarded the terms she proposed
as an insult to his honor, and vowed it should
be the last meeting they should ever have.
He took to drinking worse and worse, and
seemed to run headlong to ruin.

One day, while lying in the outskirts of
the city, near a little grocery or grogshop,
dead drunk, a young lady whom it is not
necessary to name, was passing that way to
her home, not far off, and beheld him with
his face turned up to the rays of the scorch-
ing sun. She took her handkerchief, with
her own name marked upon it, and placed it
over his face. After he had remained in
that way for some hours he was awakened,
and his thirst being so great, he went into
the little grocery or grog-shop to get a drink,
when he discovered the handkerchief, at
which he looked, and the name was on it.
After pausing a few minutes he exclaimed;
"Great God! who left this with me?—
Who placed this on my face?"

No one knew. He dropped the glass ex-
claiming—
"Enough! enough!"

He retired instantly from the store, forget-
ting his thirst, but not his debauch, the hand-
kerchief! or the lady, vowing, if God gave
him strength, never to touch, taste, or handle
intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss Gamble was the hardest ef-
fort of his life. If he met her carriage or on
foot he popped round the nearest corner.—
She at last addressed him a note under her
own hand, inviting him to her house, which
he finally gathered courage to accept. He
told her if she still bore affection to him he
would agree to her own terms. Her reply was:

"My conditions are now what they ever
have been."
"Then," said Wirt, I accept them.
They were soon married, and from that
day he kept his word and his affairs bright-
ened, while honors and glory gathered thick
upon his brow. His name has been enrolled
high in the temple of fame; while patriot-
ism and renown live after him with imper-
ishable lustre.

How many noble minds might the young
ladies save, if they would follow the exam-
ple of the heroine-hearted Miss Gamble, the
friend of humanity, of her country, and the
relation of Lafayette!

His Royal Highness walked and rode
about a good deal, and seemed to enjoy the
scene amazingly. Lord de Rodcliffe, who I
regret to say is indisposed, did not accom-

New Things Attempted, and Bad Things
Produced.—A desire to say things which
no one ever said, makes some people say
things which no one ought to say.

Substanz Reading.

The Prayer-Meeting.

A DARK cloud of sorrow was overhanging
a happy home, for a beloved one seemed to
be drawing near the gates of death. One
who had wept, and prayed, and labored for
the heathen, seemed about to exchange his
sighs and prayers for joy and peace. With
a heart full of anguish, she who is ever the
stricken one in such scenes at this, sought
the dear orphan, under her charge, to tell
them of her sorrows. Sobs and tears were
the only answer to the few hurried words in
which she acquainted them with her hus-
band's danger. And well might those young
heads be bowed in grief; for one who had
watched over them with a father's tender
solicitude was about to be taken from their
midst. Silently and sadly passed their even-
ing meal, and then, of their own accord, they
gathered to relieve their full hearts by pray-
er. That they were pleading for their be-
loved friend, we knew; and as the earnest
tones of supplication, and the plaintive sub-
dued strains of their hymns of praise fell up-
on the ear, they seemed sweeter far than
Æolian music. And now their season of
prayer was over. They had cast their bur-
den of grief on an Almighty arm, and their
hearts were lighter, and their tones more
cheerful than before. A hope was inspired
that God had heard their prayers, and that
even then the work of healing had com-
menced. Quietly the doors were opened
which communicated with the apartment
where he for whom their petition had just
been ascending was reclining on his couch.
Noiselessly, and, as they thought, unob-
served one by one they stole through the pas-
sage, that they might obtain one glance of his
dear face. When they saw his animated coun-
tenance, and heard the cheerful tones of his
voice, (for he spoke of Jesus and of heaven,
although in a language foreign to them,)
they were satisfied, and left as quietly, as
they came.

The danger seemed for the present to have
passed, but the angel of death was hovering
near, although we knew it not. Another
day was passed in sweet intercourse with a
soul just on the confines of heaven; once
more was he permitted to gather the child-
ren of his love around him and speak to
them of death, and preparation for it, and
then, as if by his desires and prayers could
no longer detain that immortal spirit strugg-
ling to be free, he was taken to his home above.

Who can say that their day was not ad-
ded to his life, in answer to the united sup-
plication of our dear orphan girls!—*Foreign
Missionary.*

An Evening Thought.

Who does not love to watch a sun set or
to linger at the open door, or beside the
window, as the retiring orb bids good night,
to us first, and then to the tree-tops, and
lastly to those blue hills whose summits hold
his purple light as if it were hard to part!

It is a holy hour when day-sounds die,
and night begins. An hour for thought.—
A time to ask ourselves if we, in gaily life,
are filling our allotted sphere as faithfully as
God's insensible creatures fill theirs.

The sunlight comes with a gift for all.—
There is a golden shower for the forest, a
warm glow for the quiet vale, a kiss for the
brooks and rivers, and a bright blaze in
ocean's depths, and in all the world there is
found no spot so utterly desolate as not to
receive a share of his life-giving power.

Not thus selfishly do human hands be-
stow their bounties. Too often we give the
glad smile and warm hands to those who
would be happy without them, while we
withhold them when, if proffered, they might
strike a spring of feeling in the hearts de-
sert.

Do not wait for opportunities to do good?
They are before us. They meet us wherever
we turn. They come, not often in loud calls
that cannot be resisted, but in silent appeals
to which it would be well to teach our hearts
to listen.

Every tear is an appeal to our sympathy.
Every struggling smile that would fain cover
a secret sorrow, speaks still more earnest-
ly. Every look of love asks for a return;
and even the burning words of anger and
reproach should appeal to our Christianity,
and lead us to pity and forgive.

Earth is full of suffering. There are trials
in the life of the young that wither the
spirit's freshness, and leave a blight for after
years. The old have careworn channels
whose hollowness might be filled from the
fountain of love and affection. Are all
around us fed and clothed? It is not
enough. There is another nature whose
wants, unspoken, pour in the ear of Heaven
a tale of agony.

Then let each, and, more especially we
who bear the name of Christians, at eye
consider: Have I this day followed His ex-
ample who said, Ask, and it shall be given
you? If not, then, in the spirit of repen-
tance, let us resolve that if the morrow's sun
comes to us again, we, like him, will unlock
our treasure-house for all, and ask God's
blessing and each bestowment.—*Christian
Intelligencer.*