

Earth," whose revivals were now slumbering in the "barrow house appointed for all the living." But whose spirit had escaped away to a blissful region, of whose boundaries that bright star was but the landmark, and of whose glories of which it was but a faint reflection, I immediately joined with the friends of the buried, and in the place of assuagiate, and in extenuation with their number, I learned that the deceased was a member of the Society that had just paid him the last tribute of respect—has been an *Old Fellow*.

He had been a worthy man; had always maintained a good reputation; had been unflinching in his principles; and in the midst of his sufferings, he was;

of commitment; m

[illegible]

was so patient of were the free will offerings of the hearts that rejoiced in the privilege of relieving human distress, and of mitigating suffering. I am sure that the noblest and the little ones should be under the guard and protection of this Order, who would see to their maintenance and education not as a matter of duty, but as a privilege, and who rejoiced by the genius of the institution whose broad, expansive wings of charity were spread for the protection of all who were in need of it. I am sure that when he died in peace, and we have buried him and now we have the further privilege to avail ourselves of, and the additional duty to discharge of, that of attending to his family and educating his children, which shall be faithfully done."

By this time we had reached the home of our sponsoring family. I bade my infant nephew adieu, and then I turned to my

Heaven that there was an axiom where the tears of the orphan and widow would be wiped away, and all their sorrows obliterated. That here, in this cold and sterile world, there was sympathy for the friendless, the forsaken, the lonely among our race.

You Mean's Twenty Minutes Play.
The World.

"Sir, bring me a good, plain dinner," said a melancholy-looking individual to a waiter in one of our principal hotels.

"Yes, sir."

The dinner was brought and devoured, and the waiter called the landlord aside, and thus addressed him:

"You are the landlord?"

"Yes."

"You do a good business here?"

"Yes," (in astonishment).

"You have a hundred dollars here?"

clear?"

"Yes."

"Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have consumed; I have been out of employment seven months; I am engaged to go to work to-morrow. I had been without food for four-and-twenty hours when I found your place. I will pay you in a week."

"I cannot pay my bills with such promises," muttered the landlady, "and I do not like to give my name to a man without proper authority. Leave me something for security."

"I have nothing."

"Wait till your coat,"

"If I go into the street without that I will get my death, such weather as it is."

"You should have thought of that before you came."

"You are not serious?" Well, I solemnly

“I’ve threatened you from now I will pay you,” I will shake the coat.”

Seven years later, and a week afterwards returned.

Seven years after that, a wealthy man entered the political arena and was presented as a political agent for Congressional nomination. The principal of the cause held his peace—he feared the name, and the history of the applicant; who was a man of great wealth, and a man of great respectable citizens. He was chairman of the vote was a tie and he cast a negative—thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, whom he met an hour afterwards, and to his surprise he said:

“You don’t remember me?”

“No.”

“I once ate a dinner at your hotel, and although you I was forgetting an episode of my word and broke to pay you in a week.”

you took my coat and saw me go out into the inclement air, at the risk of my life, without it?"

"Well, sir, what then?"

"Not much. You called yourself a Christian. To-night you were a candidate for condemnation, and for the time you would have been nominated to Congress."

Three years after the Christian hotel-keeper became bankrupt and sought a home at Lakeview. The poor diners who, that was, is now a high functionary in Albany. We know him well. The ways of providence are indeed wonderful, and the world's mutations almost beyond conception as to trials.

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