

THE ATLANTIC DEMOCRAT AND CARIBBEAN COUNTY REGISTER.

SABBATH READING.

WHAT IS DEATH?

"We're free from earthly care,
No mate to waste earth's pale air,
No more to lead life's weary bright,
To sleep in death's soft, quiet night;
'Tis but a sleep of rest repose,
Beneath the sod from weary woes,
And great the number
That lie beneath the load.

That lie beneath the load,
That lie beneath the load,

Is but the cold dark grave.

"There lies a brother, and a friend,
Within the tomb where earth's pale sleep:
There lies a mother, and a wife,
Things ended by the damp and cold,
The weary wakings that abide there,
Never to wake again, the bairns' sire;
Never to stir, the bairns' bairns' sire;

Never to stir, the bairns' bairns' sire;

In the couch they fill,
Wayside green, the green, the green.

The dead sleep well.

"I bring a breath

When it is living dead.
Death is a long, a drearly sleep,
Death is a long, a drearly sleep,
In waiting's bright and cozy house.

The perfume from the dewy flowers,
Dust in the air, the light of day,
Death holds his reign.

Death holds his reign.

Within the chambered tomb and still,
What is death?
But a living breath.

Beyond the memento and the rill?

One Step More.

Had I better get in or row across, I went
to the bridge, and I was about to go along
about it, and then I saw how low it lay in the water,
and the river, and there were two stars in the bottom.
It's only a mile down to the bridge, and I could row down there and land
in half a mile; it would be such a
handy landing.

Of course, nothing could happen to me,
for grandpa said to grandpa, the other evening,
when we went down to the mill,

"Why, Peter, Harry's a natural athlete;
He can manage the boat as well as I."

"Oh, dear! I wish he never seen that
boat," said ma'am. "I expect it will be
the death of him."

"Well, he didn't inherit my natural taste
from you, that's certain," laughed grandpa;
but women are always nervous about the
water."

And that's all. It's just natural nervousness,
and I know nothing worse happens
to me, getting in there, and having a little sail;
and it would be so nice this afternoon,
and the river looks up, away up the
creek, like a ribbon among the oaks
and poplars.

Nobody would know anything about it;
either, for, of course, I should get back
safe, and I don't believe there's any harm in it.

But, then, there's my promise to mother;
there's no getting around that, as it was,
the last thing she said to me before she left
home on Thursday.

She called me to the sponge, and bent
over me, and combed my hair as she
always does when she talks to me.

"Now, Harry, my boy," she said, "I
want you to promise that you won't get
inside that boat until I'm back and I get
home again."

"Yes, mamma, I won't certainly," I
answered, though I hated to lead enough
that's a fact."

And I think it's too bad that such a
big boy as I can have his own way in
such things. O'er! dear! the longer I
look, the more I want to go. It seems as if I
must.

One more step and I shall be in the boat;
but then my step to mamma!

I had a good laugh, and looked at her
and looks in my face, and called me her
boy, and puts her arms around my neck
and kisses me over and over again?

She said, "I've been in
the boat, I've promised her I wouldn't;
and I told her my brother is in the life;
and I mustn't do it."

Mamma came home last night. Such a
hug as I had—

"I thought you'd be good boy," she said,
"and not do a single thing that might
worry your mamma."

"No, I guess not, mamma," I said; but
I was thinking about the boat, and didn't
speak very positively.

Mamma held me away, and looked in my
eyes.

"You know? Are you quite certain,
Harry?" she asked.

"Yes, I know. I haven't done anything,
but I've thought about it."

She threw her arms around me and held
me close to her.

"I'll be off to Harry," she said;
and then I did. I took her hand going
to the river Saturday afternoon, and near I came to getting into the boat,
and rowing down to the bridge, and what a ter-
rible temptation it was, and how I was,
and how I wanted to have a swim, and how I
had to, but the memory of my promise to her
was strong, and I had to give in.

We thought that now we, too, had to
swim, because there was only one step between
us and the water.

And then I did. I found mamma's
tears falling like rain-drops on my hair.

"Oh, my child! I thank God, I thank
God!" she said.

And I, too, thanked God from my heart;
that was the fact that one step—

Church Monthly.

Have courage enough to make your
conduct; to condemn it when you detect
your faults; to mend to the best of your
ability; to make good results for your
future guidance, and to keep them.

Years are the sum of hours. Van is it at
wide intervals to say? "I'll save this year;
I'll do no say at each narrow interval,
"I'll save this hour."

Every life has its catastrophes, and religion
should be its rainbow.

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