

## WE SHALL MEET IN THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

BY M. VICTOR STALY.

Ere long we shall meet in that beautiful land  
All those who have passed o'er the tide,  
Shall meet and shall know them, to part never more.  
Safe anchored at last by their side,  
O, the thought of that meeting in bright realms above,  
So grand it seems almost a dream!  
There we shall be free from life's sorrows and cares,  
And love shall reign ever supreme.

### CHORUS.

They are waiting for us on that ever green shore,  
Are waiting to welcome us home;  
Soon o'er the cold tide we shall reach their loved side,  
No more through life's darkness to roam.  
Our bark is now plowing the rough sea of life,  
While fiercely the mad breakers roar;  
The rocks of temptation, the whirlpool of sin,  
Are raging 'twixt us and the shore.  
Yet we will not despair, for now breaks on our sight  
A light from that beautiful land,  
A beacon to guide us safe over the tide—  
Heaven's port is now almost at hand.  
Soon the dark waves of life will dash o'er us no more;  
Soon the waters be peaceful and still;  
Soon we shall behold that fair land of bright flowers.  
And quaff from its clear, sparkling rills.  
Soon into the "Harbor of Refuge" we'll glide,  
And our dangerous journey be o'er,  
And our dearest ones greet us with kindness and love.  
As we land on that beautiful shore.

## THE TRAMP'S SACRIFICE.

BY J. F. F.

Near sunset of an evening of the last July, Wellington Seymour stood by his front gate, resting himself after a hard day's labor in the harvest-field, by watching the people who passed on the road. They all bowed or spoke to him; no man in the town was more highly respected or better known. He was its supervisor, and a deacon of the church over the hill; he owned an hundred acres of valuable land, which he worked himself, and the pretty frame house just behind him. His wife was at this time sitting on the piazza, and their only child, Winnie, was racing up and down it, somewhat boisterous with the high spirits of childhood. The family and the help had eaten supper, and all were enjoying in their own way the beautiful summer hour between sunset and darkness.

Wellington Seymour was forty-six years old. His hands were hard with toil; for, though rich and prosperous, he was one of those who deem manual labor a divinely imposed duty. He was bronzed and sunburned with exposure; and the trials and duties of life, as well as its sorrows, had given a grave and thoughtful aspect to his face. An observer would have added ten years to his real age. The few people in such a rural neighborhood as this who were accustomed to study character by the features had seen that there was something more than gravity in Mr. Seymour's face. There was a restlessness about his eye. Sometimes he started upon hearing an unfamiliar voice. While the fact had not become a subject of remark, it had certainly been noticed by these few that Mr. Seymour did not often appear to be at ease.

As he continued to stand at his gate, a man passed by on foot who neither bowed nor spoke to him. He was a stranger, clothed in tattered and dusty garments. He walked slowly past, using a long staff, and appearing very much fatigued. His hair and beard were long and unkempt; his face bore the unmistakable marks of dissipation and excess. He was, in short, a tramp; one of a class which Mr. Seymour hated—or would have hated had his Christian principles allowed such a feeling. He looked coldly at the man as he went by, merely observing that he was a tramp, without taking particular note of his face. He did not see that the man stared hard at him, after he had turned his eyes from the unpleasant object. The man walked a rod past the gate, and then suddenly wheeled and came back. He stood right in front of the farmer and leaned heavily on his staff. "Sir," he said, "I am very tired and very hungry. Will you feed me, and lodge me to-night?"

"You look like a tramp," the farmer replied. "You know the penalties you are liable to suffer."

"Yes, I know," the wayfarer cried. His dark eyes snapped viciously, and there was a ring to his voice that startled Mr. Seymour. "I am an outcast, an Ishmaelite—not because I am vicious, but because I am vicious and poor. The law makes it an offense to be poor, if you are bad. Perhaps it is right; but I'm too much exhausted now even to talk about such things. I appeal to you as a man to help a fellow-man in distress. Twenty-five miles have I walked to-day; nothing have I eaten since noon. I have been refused relief at half a dozen farm-houses, and whipped off from wagons where I tried to get a rest for my poor bruised feet. Well—are you heartless, too?"

Those piercing black eyes were fixed on the farmer's face, with an expression that haunts him to this day. A very brief struggle in his breast ended by his throwing open the gate.

"Come in, poor fellow," he said. "I'll take care of you till to-morrow."

The tramp entered. A few words from the farmer to his wife explained the matter to her, and she went to the kitchen to provide something for the poor waif to eat. The man went to the pump, washed himself, brushed off the dust, and then went into the kitchen and sat down to the table. The meal that he ate may have its parallel among these of his kind; the Seymour homestead had certainly never witnessed such a consumption of provisions by one person. While he was eating, little Winnie came into the kitchen, and, with the confidence that is natural to some children, went up to him and laid her hand on his arm. He looked at her kindly.

"What is your name, little one?" he asked.

"Winifred. They call me Winnie, for short."

He wiped his mouth—and, most unromantic in this connection, but certainly true, there was a tear in his eye, which he dashed away with the back of his hand. Of what could he be thinking? Perhaps, of his own youthful days of innocence; perhaps, of words read long ago, but lately forgotten—for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Would you kiss me, Winnie?"

She looked up into his fierce, bearded face, and found a very tender expression in his eyes, and she kissed him without hesitation.

The mother's heart was also softened by this little episode; so, when the man had finished his meal, she said to him:

"I will make you up a bed on the floor, in the room above this."

"You are very kind, ma'am," he replied, "but, really, I don't think I could sleep in a made-up bed. So many years as I've slept in a hammock at sea, and on the ground under the trees in foreign lands, and in the fence-corners and in hay-lofts in my own country, have just about unfitted me for sleeping like a Christian, in a clean bed. Your husband can show me the way to the barn, and I'll warrant that I get a night's rest there."

Mrs. Seymour left him sitting there when she had removed the dishes and gone into the sitting-room. The servant girl and the two hired men looked into the kitchen, and, seeing who was its occupant, withdrew. The brief evening passed; Mr. Seymour, according to his usual custom, had offered up his evening family prayer, and he then sang a hymn, while his wife accompanied him on the organ.

"What is that?" he asked, when he had finished. Both listened, and heard the tramp in the kitchen singing a verse of the same hymn.

"He is a queer fellow," said the wife. "He refused my offer of a bed over the kitchen, and wants you to show him the hay-mow. He said he had been a sailor, and couldn't sleep in a bed. And to hear him singing that hymn after you!"

Mr. Seymour started at her words, and walked the floor. Then, remarking that he would go and show him his bed in the barn, he left the room. His wife was wearied with the household labors of the long summer day, and retired to bed. Before her husband returned she was sleeping soundly.

There was no sleep for Wellington Seymour on that long-remembered night. The face and the voice of the tramp effectually drove slumber from his pillow, wearied as he was. When he showed him to his nest in the barn he had asked his name, but the man shook his head.

"Name!" he cried, "what should I want of a name? Names are for people who can honor them. I suppose I had one, once; but I have pretty near forgotten it."

The farmer walked the floor of the sitting-room for an hour, trying to compose himself, and to drive that face and that voice from his mind. The effort was useless, but it had so added to his exhaustion that he hoped he might sleep, and so he lay down on the lounge. In vain; he could not sleep. The clock struck twelve, and, after that, one; but Mr. Seymour still lay awake.

Exhausted in body and mind, he rose and went out into the open air. There was a brilliant harvest-moon in the heavens, and he saw from the side piazza a dark figure moving slowly down the hillside back of the house, and across the fields. He watched the movements of this figure, and was surprised to see it advancing straight toward his outbuildings. When the man was hidden from sight behind the barn, Mr. Seymour cautiously started out to reconnoiter. He placed his hand on the man's arm just as he was entering the barn-door. It was the tramp.

"But, Winnie—"

"My last request, brother?"

"Yes, Winnie—I will."

"Kiss me, Winnie."

The strong man stooped his head; the tramp fell from his eyes; the arm of the poor tramp was thrown about his neck; and thus, even as in the years long gone he had fallen to sleep in the embrace of his brother, did Winfield Seymour enter into his final rest.

"He is my brother," said Mr. Seymour.

"The crowd fell back as he advanced, and in a moment he and the doctor were alone with the dying tramp. A sheet had been thrown over his mangled limbs. His fading eyes lighted as he saw Mr. Seymour by his side, and he held out his hand to him.

"You didn't know me last night, Wellington?" he said.

"No, Winfield—not surely; but I suspected. Why didn't you tell me—why not speak out?"

"And make you miserable?—you, and your wife, and that dear child, whose face is so like our mother's! Is she not like her, Wellington?"

"She is indeed; but—"

"Wait; hear me. These are my last moments, brother; let me talk. Do you remember those old days, when father and mother and you and I were so happy there at the old homestead? Of course you do. You were ten years younger than I, and a little wild, because you were a boy; and father made his will, leaving everything to me, but charging me to be kind to you. And how things have changed! I became the wanderer, the sea-farer, and at last the tramp; you stayed at home, and when father died—when did he die, Wellington?"

"Three months after you went away. He died suddenly, and never altered the will."

"Yes, yes; I remember. All this I learned at Lenox, yesterday; I saw the record of the will, and learned that you had all the property, because I was held to be dead, and you were my sole heir. Last evening I came to you with my heart full of bitterness. I meant to turn you out, and take possession of my property. You softened me, Wellington, by the way that you received me; you, and your wife, and that blessed child. Still, I was irresolute. Unable to sleep, I went out in the moonlight, and visited all the dear old familiar places on the farm; and I saw the graves of your dead. Then I was decided; my heart was not hard enough to disturb you. I meant to go in peace, and leave you un molested."

Wellington Seymour was completely unmoved. The tears flowed freely down his face as he held his brother's hands.

"You might have come back and lived with us," he said.

"You don't know me, brother," said the dying man. "I ran away from you this morning because I did not wish to injure you. I am a vicious being, dissolute past all hope of reformation; and do you think I could come and cloud the happiness of such a home as yours? God will be merciful to me, brother. He is calling me to a better home."

For a moment he lay silent, with his eyes closed. Wellington still held his hands, and sat by him, too full for words.

"You know the chestnut tree, Welly?" said the tramp, opening his eyes. "Yes, of course; we've clung it many a time. Last night I saw it, and I thought that some time I should like to rest under it. The time has come sooner than I expected. I'm not fit to sleep beside your dead. Bury me under the chestnut tree—will you, Welly?"

"But, Winnie—"

"My last request, brother?"

"Yes, Winnie—I will."

"Kiss me, Welly."

The strong man stooped his head; the tramp fell from his eyes; the arm of the poor tramp was thrown about his neck; and thus, even as in the years long gone he had fallen to sleep in the embrace of his brother, did Winfield Seymour enter into his final rest.

THE SOLDIER AND THE STATESMAN.

BY REV. H. W. THOMAS.

The last Sabbath of 1886 will long be remembered as the day upon which Senator John A. Logan died. The old year in passing away could hardly have found and taken with it any other of our more than fifty millions of people whose going hence would have been more deeply felt and sincerely mourned than that of this distinguished civil and military leader. The expressions of grief throughout the country have been universal and sincere. Death is a beneficent angel; and in its presence the differences that divide men in the battle and the strife of the living are soon forgotten, and the good that was in those who stood opposed to us in debate or in politics is gladly confessed. And thus it is that the press of the entire land is a unit in praising the many noble and manly qualities of the departed statesman and General.

But such was the life of General Logan that it needed not the presence of this benevolent angel to reveal its great worth. To

distinguished both as a soldier and a civilian—as a General in the army and a Senator in the National Congress—is in itself a greatness to which but few can hope to attain. General Logan had filled both these positions with credit and honor to himself and to the country, and hence he was respected and honored by those against whom he fought, and loved by the soldiers and politicians on whose side he stood. As a soldier, General Logan filled every position from a private up to that of a General with the same fidelity and ability, and he seemed to command a brigade or a division with as much ease as a company or a regiment. Indeed, it is entirely probable that, had circumstances required or called him to it, he could have taken the place of a Grant or a Sherman. While he had prudence, he had not fear; and he had the power of infusing into others his own courage and hope, and hence his success in the day of battle. And he was as gentle to a fallen foe as he was brave in meeting an enemy. Such qualities always command admiration.

It cannot be said that Senator Logan was in the highest sense a statesman; that is,

that he was deeply learned in the philosophy and principles of government and in

international law. To be such requires not only great mental power but a special education and training and experience. Senator Logan had the mind to have mastered all these, but his time and energies were not directed to this special field. He was, however, a generally well-informed, able, practical, and, above all, an honest statesman. It is safe to say that he never knowingly did a little or mean thing. He seemed to be the very embodiment of manliness, of honor, and of honesty. He made no pretensions to great scholastic attainments; but, with a clear, strong mind, and an honest and fearless heart, he sought to do his duty, and for such noble qualities he was honored in life, and his memory will be sacred.

General Logan was the soldier's friend

and leader in war and in peace; and he was

the people's candidate and leader in politics.

The explanation is in this, that he was

a man of the people; lived near them;

loved them, and labored for their welfare;

and hence was trusted and loved in return.

No other man had in so large a sense

the love and confidence of the volunteer soldiers of the entire country.

"We have lost our best friend," was the sad exclamation heard from thousands of soldiers all over the land when it was known that General Logan was dead. Strong men, who had faced death on the field of battle without fear, wept tears of love and sorrow when it was said that their old commander had passed from earth.

General Logan was comparatively a young man, and, it would seem, should have had many years yet in which to serve his country and complete his work in this world. And so were Generals Grant and McClellan young, compared with the age of Gladstone, and Emperor William, and Bismarck. Indeed, it is a sad fact that so many of the public men of our country die young, and the same is true of many of our business men. In the countries of the Old World it is not expected that the best work of life shall be done before the age of fifty; but in our New World young men rush into business or professional life, or into the army, before they are thoroughly developed and hardened to stand the great strain that must come upon them, and hence so many die young. And then, the exposures and the hardships of the war are beginning to tell upon those who escaped death upon the battle field or in the hospital. They were young and strong then, but now, after twenty-five years, they find that they have not the reserve force to resist disease that men of their age should have. That reserve force was drawn upon and used up in the long marches through cold and heat, and rain and snow, and in hunger often, and the many terrible strains upon mind and body. The deaths because of the war should number nearly all of the thousands of soldiers who have died since the war closed—died, not from old age, but from the seeds of disease sown then, or the weakness that resulted from its hardships. Such was the cause of General Logan's death.

It is not well to say that poverty is a virtue, nor that it is always a mark of honesty not to be rich. Indeed, it should be said that a proper acquisitiveness and fore-look ing is commendable and to be encouraged; and it may be said, also, that it is praiseworthy for one in the struggle of life to fairly reach a condition of comfort, and even of independence. But it is well to say that it is better to be poor and honest than to be rich and dishonest. Such was the philosophy—the theory and the practice—of the lamented Senator Logan. He served his country long and well and faithfully, in the army and in the National Congress; served because the people and the country needed and demanded his service. He was at no time extravagant, but with his family managed to live upon the little salary that the government pays for such service; and small it is, indeed, when we consider the necessary expenses of such positions as he filled. It was his natural and laudable desire to see his family placed at least in a home free from debt; but in the midst of all these pressing labors and trials, and often dangers to life, he never lost sight of his public obligations, never turned aside to promote personal ends at the expense of public duties. And the thought, or suggestion, even, of using such positions of trust to in any unfair way make money would have been abhorred and spurned by one of his noble nature.

We are told that a number of years ago he invested a few hundred dollars in the "Oakes Ames" speculation, thinking it was a good investment, but, fearing that it might not be strictly honorable, he gave up or returned his little stock. It is not

strange that one so scrupulously honest and honorable, and with so many demands

upon his generous nature and his little income, should die poor; but it is an honor to himself and his country that he died honest.

Poor in money—rich in the impenetrable wealth of manhood, of honesty.

Poor in money—rich in the sweet consciousness of duty well done; rich in the esteem and love of a great nation. Such an example is of incalculable value in our money-loving and money-worshipping age, when not a few place wealth above principle.

And the people and the country that General Logan served will esteem it a privilege to provide for his faithful wife, who in all his great life-work was his counselor and his failing support.

The twenty-five years that have passed since the war closed have brought many changes. The soldiers who were then young men and strong are now growing old. Their number is every year growing less, and there can come no new recruits to fill up the depleted ranks as the veterans are one by one passing away. But their memories will live in the minds and hearts of a grateful people, and the country they saved will live, and the flag for which they fought will wave over a united and a free nation, when the monuments that bear their names shall have crumbled into dust. We can hardly estimate the value to our country of such names as Washington, and Lincoln, and Garfield, and Logan. They have gone up to join the bright host of the great and the good from all lands and ages; and a thousand years from to-day their names will be a benediction upon every child born and every cradle rocked in all our happy land.—*Chicago Ledger.*

## The Thinnest Gold Leaf.

A recent experimenter says that by electroplating a known weight of gold upon one side of a sheet of copper foil of given dimensions, a coating of gold may be obtained upon the copper, whose thickness is readily ascertainable by a simple calculation; then by using a suitable solvent the copper may be removed, when the leaf of gold will remain intact.

After a series of careful experiments he obtained in this way sheets of gold mounted on glass plates, which are not more than the 1-40,000 of a millimetre in thickness, and he had some specimens which he believed were not more than the 1-10,000 of a millimetre.