

THE SEVEN AGES.

At Two, she is a tiny lass,
And joy she scarcely knows from sorrow;

BARBARA'S UNCLE.

Barbara sat in her little room, busy
with her sewing-machine. Around her
were great piles of vests, which she had
just finished.

The young girl paused in her work
to listen to the song of a robin under her
window; then she began to sing to her-

"Ay, ay," said Barbara, with whom
the love of kindred was very strong.

The longer she gazed into his face,
the more she saw the look of her moth-

"Indeed he shall not go," said Bar-
bara, with spirit; "our mother loved
him too well for that."

"That night the brothers came home
more drunk than usual—to pick up their
things and start for the West, they said."

"No, indeed, I will not leave him,"
said Barbara. But when she saw them
going down stairs with their satchels on
their arms, the love of kindred which

When they were gone, Barbara went
back to her room and cried as if her
heart would break. In the midst of her
weeping, there was a well-known foot-

rooms above, with sunny windows, in
which, he said, her lilies and roses
could but grow.

"No," said Barbara; "something might
happen—let us wait. You'd have to
borrow the money, and I could not sleep
with an unpaid debt."

The next day, Uncle Jacob requested
his little valise to be brought to him,
and spent the afternoon in examining
its contents. Then he called Barbara

"Do look here, said the amazed girl;
'what can this mean?'"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the
young man, equally surprised.

"It means," said the uncle, with a low,
chuckling laugh, "that I'm most done
with the money, and I want to give it to
some one who deserves it. Eh, eh,
child, I've been foolin' you. Conrad
and Joe wanted to cart these old bones
to the poor-house; would they do it
now, think you?"

"And do you mean to give so much
money to me?" said Barbara.

"Not so, my child, for I shall soon be
gone. But did you notice, my dear, at
what part of the Bible you found the
drafts?"

"No," said Barbara, "I did not."

"It was right by the thirty-fourth
psalm. Read it carefully, and you will
find that every verse is a treasure. It is
full of advice and promise of help."

All night Fred and Barbara watched
by Uncle Jacob, whose life, though flick-
ering brightly for the moment, was fast
going out. At daybreak, just when the
birds had begun their morning song, the
aged uncle, like Jacob of old, gathered
up his feet in the bed, and gave up the
ghost.

In 1825 the most Western military
post was Fort Osage, in Jackson county,
Mo., and the wilderness stretched from
there westward. The Indians in those
days were armed with stone hatchets
and lances, and their arrows flint-

"Yes," said Fred, "there's a risk. But
it was such a good stand, and my heart
ran away with me. I said to myself
that I would make good bread, and
give honest weight, and perhaps have a
penny for the poor and needy."

The tears came to Barbara's eyes, and
she fondly stroked his hair in testimony
of her heartfelt gratitude. When even-
ing came she opened the book. Care-
fully looking it along, her eye fell upon
a small bundle of papers. To her sur-
prise, they were drafts to a large amount,
and in her name. Just at that moment
Fred came in.

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dream not long ago that made a deep
impression on her, and that was that the
Lord was sparing her for some wise pur-
pose, which she interpreted, without the
doubts and incredulity that beset Sarah
of old, and these led her to accept one
of several offers of matrimony. Hav-

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house made. It was in vain. Every
door was closed and locked. Every
window and shutter was fastened.

"I thought to make a quick trip to Yonkers,
Middletown, Terre Haute, Evansville, Vin-
cent, Lafayette, and all public North-
western and Indiana cities."

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