VOL．III．SULLTVAN，ILL．，THURSDAY，APRIL 12， 1860.

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## ANGME SUSiII．

by many ames athins．
＂And a titioc ctilic shall lead them＂ soind of suppressed grof fille vith a deep senise of sadnees，a lifte room，whose sides，either way，one
folth by reaching out their arms，they felt，by reaching out their arms，they ed if their fingers would really go hrough the narrow，solitary window if they should judge the dimensions in hat simple and easy manner． A diminuire cot in one corner see med to take by far too large a share of for one to move in outside．The quilt
vas very white that lay． vas very white that lay apon the un－ pretending cot，but not whiter than
the litpe arms that tossed painfully upon it．
＂Is my darling better？＂，asked a watcher，noticing a momentary
the paroxysmis of the little onie． ＂Mamma！＂was ntered feebly eply，while a pair of soft，baby eyes npon the poor womed yeprochfully upon the poor woinan，whose eager
gaze through blinding tears told a tale of despairing hope and culminating
＂Oh！Father，＂ehe cried，clasping
hands，and raising her streming
es to hearen，＂give her peace！＂ ＂Yoa doun＇t love me，mamma！＂in errupted the sufferer．
I do！I do！＂and a gentle hand ike threads of sunshine on the pillow， ＂God knows I would hinher it，if I ould：She blames me when I would give my life to bring her peace and
health！＂ ＂Do you love your litte Susie，still？＂ Do T？So mneh，my precious child， And the mother，in her agony，dar－ ed question a higher right than hers to that little being，whose sprititwings eternal shon unfuring to bear it o the her．She seemed to see it all as she g．zecd apalled linto the pieture． ＂Don＇t，mamma，look that way，it mamma！Smooth ny hair，just zs you did a momeut ago
＂I will． 1 will，darling＂，and the
sore－hearted mother turned her from the gloomy future upon her little one，and，with a smile that moeked her hidaden feelings，played with the golden threads again，and even tred had always claimed at night．But all efforts，at the last，died away in the So of tens．
elot ，in the drama of life，do elody give place to wailing！
＂What makes yoi＂ ＂What makes your cry so？Do y
feel worse beause Susie does？＂ ＂Yes，darling＂
＂Then do take all this pain aray．＂ ＂It 1 conld，＂thought the mother， than ever before，how weak she was：－ how weak，when snck a mighty wilto
do etruggled withint＂If I conld＂ o erruggled wilhim 1 I could，＂ And，in deep trouble，when wave after wave of despuir rashes over the
sonl，who does not feel weak？Who does not feel the need of a saving
power wo oannot behold，yet know exists？
And then，if but peifect trust is
born，how narrow and esaily
 ＂Yon don＇t make me well 1 Nobody
makes me well 1＂moaned Susi，angin
going into paroxy ums of sinch intense
＂Wiil nothing help her？＂，sobbed
the wretched mother． ＂Yes，＂seemed to answer an inward ＂I know what you mean，but I can ot bear it，＂she cried in reply，as if naudible and human tongue had spo en to her．＂I cannot bear jity＂and cowered within hersel
The door opened to admit a neigh
bor，whose coarse hair，mean dress， and horny hande，showed her to be an nch or two lower in the social acale than the poor mourner at the bedside． But how sweet voice，as she asks， ＂How is the little one？＂
Tears，audible and endless，answer d the speaker，who approached the daide with steps slent as thought and，laying her hand upon the bowed ead，murmared，
＂There it One who wounds to heal．＂
＂But his is my all，＂came throug
eavy sobs．
＂Think of the glorious rest in wait g for suffering Susie！＂
＂I shall be alone－all alone！＂
And the grief－racked mother turned grily from her comforter．
Alone？Not so，not so！My child ho left me wrenty－five years ago， er earthly presence filled my house And the
And He horny hand，in its tender troking of those damp locks，felt soft ＂Can grief vell
＂Can grief be thus tempered ？＂ask－ d the young monther，iifting here eves
o those of her friend，wherein the oighose of har friend，wherein the
＂He holds the mourner＇s heart in the ollow of his hand，＂was the reply．
＂But my own eve lamb＂．pleaded
e mother，who，the next moment bending frantically over the little suf． erer，cried，＂MIy child！would God I ould die for thee！＂
The kind neighbor thought of the hard lot of the orphan．But she did not speak，for she knew how far be－ yond oontrol were the feeling of the but that her one ewe lamb was soon ol lie down sleeping in the told of the rnal．
＂Mamma，＂said Susie，suddenly be oming still，and free from pain， mamma，tell papa I love him．Give im my cornelian heart，and ask him， Then he feels like doing wicked things o look at it，and think if Susie could ee him then，she＇d ery about it．Tell im he nust try to be good all the much l＂$^{\prime \prime}$ And Susie pansed，exlausted． ＂Oh！child！chilat＂eried her moth： er，as if she would fain ward off the approach so near and dreadful．
＂Take oft my heart now，mamma and let me put it in the litule box papa made for it when he gave it to me，
resumed Susie；with greater effort， resumed Snsie，with greater effort，
＂and oh！be sure to tell him all I said． ＂and oh ！be sure to tell him all said．
Mamma don＇t cry so！I am better now！And，ifI can，I will be－kis and your litule angel therel And I will ome back to you sometine；I will； hough you may not see me，mamma．
will come！I will come！Kiss me

## nce more，mamma＂

＂But material sense of loss will be less，＂thonght the poor mother， linging anew to the litile form． aint sigh．Then a sweet smile settled upon the tiny features，instead of the
contortions of phyeical agony． ＂Is niy Surio gone？＂Whippered the
＂I will robe my darling tor the grave＂，said the mother，gathering
with superhuman effort，strength for the office．
＂You cannot stand it！
II must－me other hands must ＂I must－
tonch her！＂
＂How beautiful＂siid Mrs，Find－ laje，the kind neighbor，when all we lone
＂She was always beautiful．If he Should come in now，perhaps－＂ ＂The pray
＂I do not know anything about 1 Mrs．Findlaye！Ionly know that she was not saved to me ！＂interrupted the mourner，rising and pacing the floor． ＂IIlissteps are mysterious，yet thro＇ ＂Itisatepe ar
$11 . \mathrm{moviraty}$
＂Don＇t say merciful！It will drive ne mad to hear you say that mercy nade me childless！＂
Mrs．Findlaye did nol attempt an answer，but had instant resource to prayer，unspoken and deep．Then
she audibly invoked resignation and faith for the bereaved ones．
A heavy step on the entry below；
its uncertain progress gver the creak
ing stairs；a loud oath at the darkness
now disturbed the feeling in the room of death．

The door opened．
＂Charles＂＂With this the mourner threw herself upon the man＇s breast， and burst into fresh lamentations．
＂What＇s the trouble now？＂and attemptea to throw the light burden rom him．
＂Hush＂＂looked，rather than spoke Mrs．Findlaye，pointing toward the si－ ent chitd，no longer sensible of his
affection or reproof．
＂Susie asleep？W ake ${ }^{2}$ ，daughter！ Papa has a paper of bonbons in his pocket tor you；put your hand in and pocket for you；put your hand in and
get it；＂and as he thus spoke，he walk－ get it；＂and as he thy
ed toward the bed．
＂How＇s this？＂he asked quickly，in gentler voice，yet scarce comprehen ding the grief of his wife or the silence of Susie．
＂Oh，my husbard！our poor little－
＂Susie＇s not dead？＂And，with a burst of grief，the hali intoxicated man clasped the beautifut clay to his oreast．
A cold and cheerless day was it， apon which Susie was carried to the
＂How lonely itis now！＂said Charles
＂How lonely itis now！＂said Charles
on the event． He walked to lie window and tooked discontented up and down the street：
She watched him with dismal forebo． dings．His tender kindness the past three days had made her hope for bet－ ter thinge．

he added，in a hesitating tone，as if halfashamed of his wish for a chsnge． ＂Don＇t go Charles．Susio left： message for you．Shall I tell it now？
I could not before． could not before．
＂What is it？
＂What is it？＂
He was all tears and attention，as
his wife had expected．She gave him Suse＇s parting gitt and message．Fe
was deenly affected，and promised to was deeply affected，and promised to
be all that the dear child had wished． He did really do better．
 cloud－stuff：It spoke，and its tone were sweeter than sound of earth．
＂Parents，I promised to come to you，if possible．Dar mother，be trong in faith；God is above yout－ Dear father，strive to do right．Will you promise Susie this？Dear father will you pro
A seraphic smile lighted the comn enance of the vision．It tonched its lips gently to the forehead of cther And from that hour Charles walked in the paths of righteousiess，anid n the paths of rig
ound peace therein．
Who，having a dear one in heiven will say there are not ministerng spir

SAvor Biscuir：－Beat the whit and yelks of four eggs，seperately； then add them gradually together，and beat them fór a long time．By degrees put in half a pound of loaf sugar，beat－ ing it in，very hard，with a litule rose water，or essence of lemony lastly，stir in a pound of fiour very gradually，and keep stirring it very bribkly with a spoon．Make．the dough into oval
cakes，and lay them on a buttered pa． per，butt not too close together；glaté sugar over the to keep them in shape， They must
brisk oven：
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lanuan Coms Counsellors at Law： Having formed a partnership will attend to all professional busimess en－
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