

A NOVEMBER CHILD.

BY R. W. GILDER.

November winds blow mild
On this new-born child!
Spirit of the autumn wood
Make her gentle, make her good;
Still attend her
And befriend her;
Fill her days with warmth and color;
Keep her safe from winter's dolor!
On thy bosom
Hide this blossom,
Safe from summer's rain and thunder.
When those eyes of light and wonder
Tire at last of earthly places,
Full of years and full of graces,
Then, O then,
Take her back to heaven again!

Government bonds were fairly firm and $\frac{1}{8}$ per cent higher for 4s and unchanged for extended 5s and $4\frac{1}{2}$ s. The variations at the close may be seen by comparing the following, which are the latest *bidding* prices for the week:—

	Jan.—12.	13.	14.	15.	17.	18.
U.S. 6s, 75.....	127	125	125	125	12	128
U.S. 45s, coupon.....	107	107	107	107	107	107
1881 extended.....	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	100 $\frac{3}{4}$	100 $\frac{3}{4}$	100 $\frac{3}{4}$	101	10
W 5s, extended.....	102 $\frac{1}{4}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{3}{4}$	102 $\frac{3}{4}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102
W 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, regist'd.....	114 $\frac{1}{2}$	114 $\frac{3}{4}$	114 $\frac{3}{4}$	114 $\frac{3}{4}$	114 $\frac{3}{4}$	114
do coupon.....	114 $\frac{1}{2}$	114 $\frac{3}{4}$	114 $\frac{3}{4}$	114 $\frac{3}{4}$	114 $\frac{3}{4}$	114
W 4s, registered.....	118	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	118 $\frac{1}{2}$	118 $\frac{1}{2}$	118 $\frac{1}{2}$	118
do coupon.....	118	117 $\frac{3}{4}$	118 $\frac{3}{4}$	118 $\frac{3}{4}$	118 $\frac{3}{4}$	118

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

The stock market today was moderately active, but presented few features of special interest.

The Gospel Echo.

Found in a pew in a church in Scotland
written in a female hand, and supposed to be
suggested by observing an echo.

TRUE faith producing love to God in man,
Say, Echo, is not this the gospel plan ?

Echo—The gospel plan!

Must I my faith in Jesus constant show,
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?

Echo—Both friend and foe!

When men conspire to hate and treat me ill,
Must I return them good, and love them still?

Echo—Love them still!

If they my failings causelessly reveal,
Must I their faults as carefully conceal?

Echo—As carefully conceal !

But if my name and character they tear,
And cruel malice, too, too plain appear;
And when I sorrow and affliction know,
They smile, and add unto my cup of woe;

Say, Echo, say, in such peculiar case,
Must I continue still to love and bless?

Echo—Still love and bless !

Why, Echo, how is this? Thou'rt sure a dove;
Thy voice will leave me nothing else but love!

Echo—Nothing else but love!

Amen, with all my heart, then be it so;
And now to practice I 'll directly go.

Echo—Directly go !

This path be mine, and let who will reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect!

Echo—Surely will protect !

Henceforth on him I 'll cast my every care,
And friends and foes embrace them all in prayer!

Echo—Embrace them all in prayer !

teau or deeply imprinting the truths already in some degree familiar. You must not, however, forcibly restrain your mind to a subject which no longer seems to afford any nourishment; I would advise only that you should not abandon it so long as it still ministers food.

As to your affections, retain all which the view of your subject naturally and quietly induces; but do not attempt to stir yourself up to great efforts, for they will exhaust and agitate you, and even cause aridities; they will occupy you too much with your own exertions, and implant a dangerous confidence in your own power; in short, they will attach you too firmly to sensible pleasures, and will thus prepare you great trouble in a time of dryness. Be content, then, to follow with simplicity, and without too many reflections, the motions which God shall excite in view of

tunity, upon all the mysteries of Jesus Christ, and upon all the gospel truths which you have for so long a time ignored and rejected. When God shall have entirely effaced from your mind the impression of all your worldly maxims, and the Spirit shall have left there no trace of your old prejudices, then it will be necessary to ascertain the direction in which you are attracted by grace, and to follow step by step without anticipating.

In the mean time, dwell in peace in the bosom of God, like a little child on the breast of its mother; be satisfied with thinking on your chosen subject simply and

ER KNEW.

DAVID E. BARR.

I.

If mother only knew how I regret
The anxious hours, the worry and the fret
I gave her long ago. If she could see
The tears I shed all unavailing
To my sad wish, I should not call in vain:
"Mother, come back! Forgive me once again!"

II.

If mother only knew that at the last
I had, with prayer and toil, redeemed the past;
If in my pleasant home she could but be
Unto my boys all that she was to me;
If she could come again from yon far shore—
I would not wrong her loving patience more.

III.

If she could know how tenderly I prize
Only the memory of her dear eyes—
How all her words seem holy as a prayer,
And how with tears and sad, repentant care
I've tried to be like her, both brave and true—
Ah, if she knew! Ah, if she only knew!

IV.

Too late! Too late! The heart I might have
 bless'd
Now beats no longer in an anxious breast;
The eyes I might have filled with happy light
Are sealed forever in a dreamless night;
The love I slighted so from day to day,
Now pleads no more—it has gone far away.

V.

Oh, hopeless are the tears we shed for wrong
Beyond redress! Oh, bitter, sad and strong
The memories of remorse, through which we
 crave
The sweet forgiving kiss beyond the grave,
And wise and happy they who do not wait
To prize a mother's love until *too late*!

...just as the boat
fell under a wagon, a
gained his feet the ferryboat had got near
rods from the wharf. "Well," said he, with
drunken solemnity, "*what a leap I did take!*"

WHEN he returned to his seat in the theatre and said he had just stepped out to see some one, she gravely responded, "It must have been the Evil One;" and when the young man asked "if she saw the cloven foot," she turned up her pretty nose and said, "No, but I smell the cloven breath."

GAVE IT UP.—A young lady whose family were very much in the habit of making conundrums, was one evening asked by her husband, in an excited tone: "Why are these doors always left open?" "I give it up," instantly replied the wife.

A YORKSHIREMAN took the train from London to Liverpool. On arriving in town, he remarked that "if he had known he could have made the journey in so short a time he would have walked it afoot and saved his money."

THE Nerristown *Herald* says that the man who is a dead-head on the trunk line from New York to Chicago considers the cut rates a great swindle. He used to save twenty dollars on a trip; now he saves only seven.

RUBBING IT IN.—"Oh, you are too self-conscious," said Fogg to a young man. "I self-conscious!" exclaimed Adolescence; "I am conscious of nothing." "That's what I said," replied Fogg.

VALUE OF MONEY.—We saw a young man going zig-zag up the street the other day, singing "Money is a hard thing to borrow." A wag exclaimed: "Yes, and a tight thing to pay back."

THE young man who stood on his own merit was very much fatigued with the perform-

Of which of the apostles are we the successors?

We do not know what we shall do, until tried.

We are strong only in God.

The weapons of our warfare are not carnal; not Peter's sword, but the sword of the Spirit.

No wickedness so black that fit tools cannot be found.

Judas's resolution in wickedness ought to shame us, if we lack purpose in good.

None can so harm Christ as "one of the twelve."

He who in Gethsemane twice said "I am He," will say it a third time in the Judgment Day. Will it give us joy, or cause us to "fall to the ground?"

Sometimes, Christ, in these days, gets the Judas kiss.

"Lord, is it I?"

TERMS:

In advance, including postage.....\$3.15
When payment is delayed..... 3.50

REMITTANCES.—We believe that small sums may be sent through the mails, in the ordinary way, with a reasonable degree of security. Still there is always a liability of loss through accidents or robbery; and when subscribers are unwilling to incur this risk, it is best to remit by P. O. Money Orders, or Bank Checks. Where these are not accessible, letters may be registered. The registry fee has lately been reduced to eight cents, and postmasters are under obligation to register letters, when requested to do so.

Advertising Rates.

Ordinary Advertisements.—Per line (solid agate) each insertion..... 20 cents.

Under Head of Business Notices.—Per line (solid agate) each insertion..... 20 cents.

In both of above, 8 words make a line, and 14 lines an inch.


Reading Matter.—Per line (headed), net 60 cents.

In above, 8 words to a line, 10 lines to an inch.

Advertisers desiring to use cuts or electrotypes double columns, or to retain any particular position in paper, will be invariably charged 5 cents per line extra for space so occupied.

No advertisement published for less than \$1.


Discounts on above rates, except on Reading matter, will be made on bills amounting in a year to \$50, 10 per cent.; \$75, 15 per cent.; \$100, 20 per cent.; \$200, 25 per cent.; \$500, 30 per cent.

 An additional discount of 5 per cent. on advertisements running three months or more if paid in advance.

Marriages and Deaths, not exceeding the usual length 25 cents.

Religious and ecclesiastical notices, appeals, circulars, obituaries, change of P. O. address, etc., per line, net.....10 cts

No such notice published for less than 50 cts.

 All letters relating to the editorial or business department should be

SABBATH DAYS.

Types of eternal rest, fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week—
The next world's gladness imaged forth in this—
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak.

Eternity in time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Edenlike, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers;
Periods appointed to renew our trust—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers.

A Milky Way marked out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—
A clue which he who follows knows no fear,
Though briars and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flight and fiction's story—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory.

—Vaughan.

of performance, and security against accident. Many most ingenious and novel contrivances are introduced to effect the desired results with the most simple and effective means. All the stops run through the entire compass of the key-board, so as to allow the most complete combinations. The quality and variety of tone, the number of combinations, and the depth of sound and facility of use of the pedal base, give this instrument a clear superiority over every organ of the kind yet introduced among us. We know that its perfection is the fruit of many years' earnest study and devotedness of purpose, and we hope that the veteran author of so valuable an improvement will realize from the public an honorable and worthy reward.

The instruments are on sale in this city, by Mr. J. M. Pelton, Musical Instrument Dealer, No. 841 Broadway.

We have seen the testimonials of many of the leading organists in this city, in favor of these instruments, and have obtained permission from Mr. Pelton to copy the following as a specimen:

From Professor King.

I find it much pleasure to endorse the very many favorable opinions of my brother professors, expressed in regard to the Harmoniums made by Mr. C. Pelonbet; they are certainly excellent in all respects, and in many points are superior to any others I have tried. The Pedals I consider to be unapproachable in their beautiful smooth action, and I most fully and highly recommend them.

SEPTEMBER.

The brown leaves rustle in the wind,
And golden is the oak-tree's crown;
The red beech drops her ripen'd mast,
And chestnut husks come showering down.

September's kiss is on the woods,
And garner'd is Pomona's wealth;
The squirrel thinks of Winter rest,
Begins to store his nuts by stealth.

Gone are the roses, crimson flowers
That crown'd the virgin brow of June;
And where the nightengale hath sung,
The robin pipe's his mellow tune.

One touch of frost is on the blades
Of grass beneath the forest-tree;
Close in his lair the dormouse lies,
And nestled in her cell the bee.

The last geraniums still shed
On manor-lawn a scarlet glow;
The queen chrysanthemum hath donn'd
Her robes of Winter—rose and snow.

The latest breath of Summer stirs
Upon the leaves and in the air;
It shakes the cones amid the firs,
And straight is gone we know not where.

So oft a gleam of sunshine past
Reshines again in man's last days;
Summer and Winter, smiles and tears—
Wiser than ours are Heaven's ways.
—[Belgravia.]

that you need, or even wish for; but you cannot get that is profitable, as to ordinary permanence, or in demands and obligations, and are you going to do about it?

ABOUT CATTLE SHOWS.

Every amusing expedient was resorted to in Massachusetts the other day, on the occasion of a County Agricultural Show, when the managers determined to do anything of the kind the whole season. The stock display was meagre, but the "industrials" were nude almost, yet the show was such a success that the Boston newspapers went into loud praise. They declared that no such gathering had been witnessed at a show in that city in twenty years. But it seems that this is all because of a new feature in such shows, and one that henceforth will offer a new field for noble base-ball; for we learn that the managers had offered a purse of \$100 for a base-ball match, and the Magnificent Mutuals of New York, and the

mortgage here-carefully others where

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Poetry.

[Written for the Chronicle.]

True Living.

BY S. E. L.

Watching, closely watching,
Let us ever be,
For the souls around us
Struggling on life's sea;
Day is swiftly hast'ning,
Fast the night comes on,
When life's precious moments
Will for us be gone.

Working, ever working
For the Lord above,
Let us cheer the sorrowing
With a word of love;
Let us lead the erring
Into purer ways;
Strive to turn their scoffing
Into prayer and praise.

Praying, ever praying—
Morning, noon and night—
Tho' the lips be silent
God can hear aright;
And each aspiration
Wafted to the skies,
*Will in His rich future
Bring us sweet replies.*

Trusting, wholly trusting
All in Jesus' hand,
He will surely guide us
To our Fatherland;
Watching, working, praying,
Trusting day by day,
We can never, never
Lose the Heavenly way.

Boston, Oct. 24, 1874.

...ges in Franklin county met by delegates
th the North Farmington Grange' Wednes-
ay, Oct. 28th, for the purpose of organizing
County Council of Patrons of Husbandry.
ach delegation reported full.

The meeting was called to order by E. S.
ragg, Secretary of Farmington Grange; J.
Kyes of Jay, was called to the chair, and
S. Bragg was chosen Secretary *pro tem*.

On motion of P. E. Norton, a committee of
ur was raised to draft a constitution and by-
ws, consisting of P E Norton, J W Lothrop,
D Stevens and O G Kyes.

After various speeches from J O Kyes, C V
ukham, P E Norton, and others, adjourned
1 o'clock p. m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Meeting called to order by the President.
mmittee on constitution and by-laws re-
rted; report accepted. Called for a second
ding, then adopted.

On motion, C P Lothrop, Benj Stanley,
hn Green and C D Waite were chosen a
mmittee to present a list of names for of-
ers.

On motion of A H Thompson of Farming-
a, a committee of three was raised to receive,
rt and count votes, consisting of A H
ompson, E Eustis and H W Richardson.—
he following officers were then elected:

J O Kyes, Master; P E Norton, Overseer;
W Lothrop, Secretary; John Standish,
eward; A H Thompson, Ass't Steward; B
anley, Treasurer; J F Niles, Lecturer; C D

A VISIT.

Starry night with her dusky battalions had gone,
When a stranger stole into my chamber at dawn,
And roused me with kindest greeting:
I had longed for his coming, but slept when he
came;
Yet I welcomed him gladly, and called him by
name—
Rejoiced at so happy a meeting.

He had come as my guest, and he brought me a
store
Of enjoyment I never had dreamed of before—
And gladdened my heart by bestowing.
Brighter hopes were his gift—purer motives in
life,
Warmer friends, richer love from a beautiful
wife;—
Glad harvests from early-life sowing.

O, the balm he distilled o'er those swift-footed
hours!
They abide with me yet like the odor of flowers:
My guest had become entertainer.
And though all unrequited by effort of mine,
He continued imparting; with purest design
To make me, in all things, the gainer.

So he blessed me till shadows grew long in the
sun;
And at length, quite unhonored by aught I had
done,
Far off in the twilight he hasted.
I shall never behold his dear presence again—
And my poor heart laments that I slighted him
then:
My guest was a day—*which I wasted.*

R. B. H.

— A death-blow to Spare Chamber horrors—that rubber bottle of hot water mentioned on our first page.

— Bishop Haven says—and he ought to know—that in Chicago, as in Boston, there is but little alliance between Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy.

— The *Congregationalist* was pleased to receive a visit on Saturday from Gen. C. H. Howard, now the editor and proprietor of the *Chicago Advance*.

— Those who have hoped that the indiscretions of Mr. Beecher and his friends would cease when the scandal reached the courts, have been somewhat disappointed.

— What New England church can it be which is about to build a \$60,000 meeting-house, and has raised its minister's salary to \$1,500?

— Sextons cannot keep too close a watch of their furnaces and stoves in severe weather. We have reports of fires in some half a dozen churches the past week, several of which were destroyed.

— That was a very mistaken young lady of White Valley, Pa., who, last week, under the influence of religious fanaticism, built an altar, and then laid herself thereon and burned herself to death.

— We take it for granted our readers corrected for themselves the proof-reader's error in our article last week on 'Old Books'.

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

[These exquisite verses are from one of "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters" in *Scribner's* for December.]

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat,—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung,
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes
For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We always will,
We shall reach what we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!

...adequated by but few in the country.
...of its publishers will be to maintain the position
...now, by the most liberal expenditure of money,
...employment of the best talent in all its departments,
...the introduction of such new features as the ex-
...ence of the past or the developments of the future
...suggest.
...e year 1872 is to witness

Another Presidential Campaign,

...is to be preceded by a VERY IMPORTANT AND
...ING SESSION OF CONGRESS, in which questions of
...most importance to the commercial, civil and po-
...interests of the country are to be discussed and
...l, and which will render an enterprising
...per a necessity to every man who
...be informed in regard to the live
...ons of the day. By means of the JOURNAL Bureau
...hington, under the direction of BEN: PEELEY
..., it will be enabled to give its readers the earliest
...tion of all important measures affecting the
...interest, with an occasional glimpse of the move-
...behind the scenes.

...all its several departments we mean that the
...AL for 1872 shall be better and more acceptable
...readers than ever before—that it shall cover the
...field at home and abroad—and that those who
...d upon it for a daily epitome of the world's pro-
...shall find their expectations realized.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

...etofore, special attention will be paid to New
...d news. With experienced Reporters and Cor-
...sents at the Capitals of each of the New England
...nd in all the large cities and towns we shall be
...give THE JOURNAL readers the earliest news
...parts of New England.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED MORNING AND EVENING.

...the fullest and latest news from

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The Raindrop's Lesson.

BY S. E. L.

"Little raindrop,
Pure and sweet,
Falling softly

On the street,—
Tell me, raindrop,
If thou wilt,

What thy home is—
Where 'tis built?

In what fountains
Cool and bright?

On what mountain's
Airy height?

From what streamlet's
Laughing wave?

In what fairy's
Crystal cave?"

—Spoke the raindrop's
Silvery cry:

"Home I have none;
Pilgrim, I!

Coming earthward,
Joy I sow:

Soaring heavenward,
Pure I grow.

Thus I journey
Up and down,

Gladdening field or
Dusty town.

Whether sprinkling
Shriveled leaves;

Whether moistening
Thirsty eaves;

Whether filling
Cisterns dry;

Whether answering
Prayer's cry:

Whether blessing
Good or bad,
Just or unjust

Making glad;
Whether traveling
East or west,

God, who sends me,
Knoweth best.

So I go from
Earth to sky,

Never idle,
Happy, I!"

—Fell the raindrop
At my feet,

Smiling, sparkling.
On the street,

—Little raindrop,
Thanks to thee!

Precious lesson
Taught thou me.

Let me ever
Do my part,

Murmuring never
In my heart;

Working always,
Helping all.

Friends or foemen,
Hut or hall;

Never tempted
Work to stop,

Though my cup hold
But a drop.

RISE HEAVENWARD,
PURE TO GROW,

COMING EARTHWARD,
JOY TO SOW!

See can be 1882

with the purpose of seeking the enactment of a "local option" law. This is asking the Legislature that "the people of any city, town or village in this State be required to determine by vote whether or not bar-rooms shall be licensed to retail intoxicating liquors within their limits, and also that licenses to retail liquors in the country shall not issue except upon petition of a majority of the legal voters living in three miles of a place where a bar-room is sought to be established." We are most heartily in favor of such a law, or of anything else that will banish the abominable curse of strong drink. We urge all citizens, of all races, to sign the petition now in circulation. A recent, forcible address published by the Alliance mentions the following striking facts, which speak loudly for prohibition :

1. Out of fourteen (14) consecutive homicides in this county, twelve (12) are to be traced to intoxicating liquors.

2. Out of six hundred and seventy-three (673) consecutive cases before our municipal court, six hundred and three

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

[The following verses are reproduced here for the accommodation of those attending Mr. Hammond's daily meetings.—Ed.]

"The master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng him,
By a touch of his finger, they say.
And now I shall carry the children—
Little Rachel, and Samuel and John,—
I shall carry the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked on her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled;
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying with fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel"—

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If he lay his hands on the children,
My heart shall be lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Jordan,
Along by the river's green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;
'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or wanted His touch or His word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not, how from morning till evening
He toucheth and healeth disease?"
Then Christ said: "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me."
And 'e took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He took on His knee:—

The heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid His hands on the brothers
And blest them with tenderest love;
As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of 'ch is the Kingdom of Heav'n";
And strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her spirit was given.

KANSAS, THUR

FROM THE CAPTIA.

[Special Correspondent of the Times.]

TOPEKA, February 7, 18

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Yesterday I telegraphed to you of the
tumacious King, of Atchison, who
to answer a question before the Wood
tigating Committee. In the court
testimony King mentioned conversat
Wood last winter, in which the post
Special Mail Agent was talked of.
offered to get the appointment of Mail
ior Wood if the latter would vote for
Clarke for U. S. Senator. The witness
not state what induced him to make
offer, or why he believed Wood's vote
be influenced by such consideration.
thing is certain. King so much ob
impression that Wood was pliable,
would not have offered the bribe. I
equally certain that Wood either inte
accept the consideration, or desired
out whether or not Clarke's friends w
ing to bribe Senators. He declined
offer of Mail Agent, backed by Dan.
check for \$3,000 as a bond that the p
should be fulfilled, and therefore the
presumption is the strongest in the l
the present evidence. But Wood did
intensely virtuous and rich being ou
as Peckham, or some other Democrat
ber would have done, but as the mat
stands, Sidney Clarke is in the toils
King is of the sworn opinion that
knew he was authorized to negotia
Wood. Altogether, the entire trans
as revealed by the present report, is

A BATTLE HYMN.

SUNG AT A UNION TEMPERANCE MEETING AT
OAK PARK, ILL., SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 5.

Mine ears have caught the footfalls of the
coming of the Lord,
He is marshaling his squadrons, he has girded
on his sword,
The timid and the silent, they are mustering
at his word.

Our God is marching on,
Glory, glory hallelujah,
Glory, glory hallelujah,
Glory, glory hallelujah,
Our God is marching on.

There were faint and distant steppings that
our strained ears scarce could hear,
There were nearer sounds of tramping, there
were signs of boding fear,
There's a mighty, rushing onset; the Lord
himself is here.

His day is marching on,
Glory, glory, &c.

From the closet and the prayer-room, tones
of hallowed wrestling swell
Up from "sample room" and cellar, ring the
maddened cries of hell,
Where shall wave the victor's banner, grandest
words of promise tell,

'Tis God that's marching on,
Glory, glory, &c.

Sisters, up! for he is passing. Rise, to-day he
calls for thee,

Yours has been the heavy anguish, you shall
share the victory;

Lo, the might of God is in you, ye shall tri-
umph gloriously!

For he is marching on,
Glory, glory, &c.

*This is the hymn
I have chosen*
R.B.H.

additional banking circulation, and to accomplish it the East must give up some of its circulation, or the amount must be enlarged. The compromise agreed on—of an increase of forty-six millions—is not under these circumstances a bad settlement of a vexed question. It will probably take some time yet to arrive at a final conclusion in both branches of Congress, but it is evident that the final compromise cannot be far from what I have stated, namely, a circulation of legal-tenders amounting to 400,000,000, and a bank-note circulation of an equal amount. In the House two fine speeches were made in one day—by Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, nephew of Wm. E. Dodge, the Christian philanthropist, and Gov. Hawley of Connecticut. Both speeches were against inflation (though Mr. Phelps was willing to allow of more bank-circulation under restrictions) and they were characterized by unusual ability. Mr. Phelps though a young man, is already a man of influence in the House.

The Ways and Means Committee expect to close their investigation into the "Sanborn contracts," and the House will take up the subject for debate and final decision. There is no doubt that

THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the old Hebrew myth the lion's frame,
So terrible alive,
Bleached by the desert's sun and wind, be-
came

The wandering wild bees' hive;
And he who, lone and naked-handed, tore
Those jaws of death apart,
In after time drew forth their honeyed store
To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend: but it only slept
To wake beneath our sky;
Just on the spot whence ravening Treason
crept

Back to its lair to die,
Bleeding and torn from Freedom's mountain
bounds,

A stained and shattered drum
Is now the hive, where, on their flowery
rounds,

The wild bees go and come.

Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,
They wander wide and far,
Along green hillsides, sown with shot and
shell,

Through vales once choked with war.
The low reveille of their battle-drum
Disturbs no morning prayer;
With deeper peace in summer noons their
hum

Fills all the drowsy air.

And Samson's riddle is our own to-day,
Of sweetness from the strong,
Of union, peace, and freedom plucked away
From the rent jaws of wrong.

From Treason's death we draw a purer life,
As, from the beast he slew,
A sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife
The old-time athlete drew!

We find in English papers the following account of the Roman Catholic missions in China:

"Nearly three-fourths of these missions are French. The Lazarists are at Peking, in Southern Petchely, in Honan, in Kiang-si, and in Tche-Kiang; the Jesuits in Eastern Petchely and Kiang-nan; and the Congregation of Foreign Missions in Kuang-tong, Kuang-si, Hainan, Yu-nan, Ise-Thuen, Kong-tcheou, and Mandtchouria. Each mission forms a vicariate, which is divided into districts, and in each district there is a residence for a missionary. The Italians have five vicariates—Chang-tong, Chang-si, Cheng-si, Hou-pe, and Hounan. All their missionaries are Franciscan monks. There is also a Spanish vicariate, served by Dominicans—that of Fo-kien. The vicariate of Mongolia is occupied by Dutch missionaries. Besides the missionaries, there are fifty French Sœurs de Charité in China, with two establishments in the north—Peking and Tien-tsin—and four in the south—Shanghai, Ningpo, Chusan, and another in course of construction. The other nuns belong to the orders of St. Paul de Chartres and St. Joseph de Cluny, chiefly resident at Hong Kong and Canton. There are convents of Carmelite nuns at Shanghai, and some Italian sisters at Hong Kong. The French and Belgian missions are supported by the Société pour la Propagation de la Foi. The Italian missions also obtain subsidies from that society, but are chiefly maintained by the Society of the Propaganda at Rome. The Spanish missions obtain their funds from Spain and Manilla.

....The *Macedonian* presents to its readers the news that

"in the central part of the Republic of Mexico several small congregations, holding essentially the principles of Baptists, have already organized themselves, and are worshipping our Lord Jesus Christ 'in the way that Rome calls heresy.' The students of a Pe-dobaptist seminary 'have all turned Baptists—gone over with a whirl'; we use the words in which the information was given to us. This seems to be a movement similar to that which occurred years ago in Germany under Oncken, and later in Sweden under Wiberg."

The same paper also adds a fact which seems to explain this sudden movement. bat

[For the Advertiser.]

THE RAIN!

Dusty, all the streets are getting, nearly all the cisterns,
dry!

While the clouds, poor earth's plea scorning, sweep
like wealthy misers by,
And the housewives, inly sighing, as the linen, they
survey,

Fast collecting, rain awaiting, wring impatient hands,
and say—

"Who hath ever known an April, so devoid of cleansing
rain!"

And the house-maids, like strange echoes, take the burden
of the strain;

What a fluttering! what a muttering!

What a cry there is for rain!

Dangling view, from many clothes lines, laden carpets
softly raise,

Dust enough to fill the nostrils, which no friendly rain
allays!

Pouring in, at open windows, from the cellar, to the
eaves!

Settling down, in many places, which the careless
housemaid leaves.

How it helps to swell the legion! petty trials though
they be!

Which, the daily toil doth measure, of the matron's
ministry!

What refraining from complaining!

Could we hear the joyous rain!

Badly needed, now, if ever—mildly, I, the fact assume,—

Unappalled by eldest sages, waiting for the changing
moon!

All the inner horse doth suffer—and the outward, dust
doth fill;

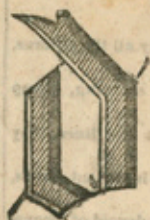
And you, sneezing, close the windows, while, with dust
your nostrils, thrill;

Oh! disdain the dust king's power, raining goddess of
the air!

And our eyes, with joy shall glisten, while thy praises
we declare,

While, with laughing, earth is quaffing

Brim-full draughts of welcome rain!



(ME.) TUESDAY

[For the Advertiser.]

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, April 15

No subject should be of more interest to an enlightened community than that which relates to its seminaries of learning; for here literally, is the fountain whence flow out the streams which fertilize the fields of patriotism, progress and stability. The mechanic, the merchant, the husbandman, the representatives of every department of manual labor, may faithfully and honorably discharge the duties of their stations; and without them there must be an essential void, but there are other and higher services which the social and political compacts demand. These services require men whose minds have been developed and sharpened by discipline, men whose perceptions have been quickened by study, whose sentiments and characters have been educated to this very duty. This being so, it seems strange that our literary institutions enter no more into the serious consideration and fostering care of the great mass of the people. I cannot forbear—in this connection—calling attention to the interests of Bowdoin College, an institution which has long honored this State by its numerous and distinguished graduates. Since 1806 there have gone out from it more than eleven hundred young men, men

[From Putnam's Magazine for April.]

THE RAIN.

BY JAMES OLCOTT BROWN.

I.

Dusty lies the village turnpike, and the upland fields are
dry,
While the river, inly sighing, creeps in stealthy marches
by;
And the clouds, like spectral Druids, in their garments
old and gray,
Sweeping through the saddened silence, fold their saint-
ed palms and pray.
As their tears of tender piety, soft and chrismal, trance
the plain,
All the birds, like sweet-mouthed minstrels, blend their
tuneful notes again,
With the tinkling and the sprinkling,
Of the gentle summer rain.

II.

Tangled in the dreamy meshes of the soft and slumber-
ous haze,
How the rain-drops thrill the spirit in the mild Sep-
tember days;
Pouring on the golden-tinted autumn splendor of the
leaves,
Rustling through the yellow grain-fields and the reap-
ers' standing sheaves—
Aow they swell the silver streamlets, how they brim
the land with glee!
So our lives shall brim with pleasure, pulsing like a
living sea,
At the clattering and the pattering
Of the joyous autumn rain.

III.

Sadly as when harp-strings quiver, wildly as a wall of
doom,
Unappeased the night wind surges through the elemen-
tal gloom.
All the inner light is winsome, though the outer dark
be chill,
And my passing thoughts are fancies of a balm-en-
tranced will—
I will charm the fleet-winged hours, they shall fold
their pliuons fair,
While I sit and weirdly listen, reading legends old
rare,
To the roaring and the pouring
Of the noisy winter rain.

ease and comfort.

CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM, ARM AND LEG PERISHED—NO HOPES OF HIS RECOVERY—TIMELY USE OF R. R. R.—A WONDERFUL CURE.

[Letter from ISAAC HUDDLESTONE.]

Rapids Parish, La., June 10th, 1855.

Messrs. Radway & Co.—Radway's Ready Relief has cured Peter May of Rheumatism, when there was no hope of his ever recovering. I heard of his situation and I sent for him. His right arm and leg was all perished. He had no use of them at all; but by the use of your medicine, in two months he was carrying the mail from Cherryville to Burr's Ferry. I objected. He said he must do something for a living. It has been fourteen months since he was cured. He is now well and is working on his farm, and the whole cost of his cure for your medicine was five dollars.

ISAAC HUDDLESTONE.

RADWAY'S REGULATORS.

We here direct the attention of the public to our newly discovered remedy—RADWAY'S REGULATORS, they possess the great curative properties of a Purgative, cathartic, aperient, sudorific, anti-dyspeptic, corrector and regulator of the system. They are in fact the only perfect purgative or cathartic remedy that has ever been discovered or given to the world.

Radway's Regulators will answer a better purpose than Calomel or Mercury, without entailing on the system the terrible injuries of these baneful drugs.

They are in the form of Pills, elegantly coated with gum, perfectly tasteless, and can be taken without sickening or nauseating the patient. They are to be used in all cases when the system is OUT OF ORDER, or under the influence of disease. One or two doses of Radway's Regulators has frequently checked the progress of the most terrible diseases, and restored the system to health and regularity.

They establish new and improved principles in medicine, and secure the great and important power of regulating to a healthy, natural and harmonious action, each and every organ in the body. This great controlling power has never formed any part of the properties of the popular Cathartic, Vegetable or Indian Purgative Pills, that have ever been in use.

Radway's Regulators rid the system from disease and restore the human body to health, on an entirely different principle to the weakening, sickening and griping method of the common cathartic and purgative pills.

One or two of Radway's Regulators will remove the cause that occasions pain or sickness, or an irregular o

INCONSTANCY.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

Against the curtained pane, beloved,
The snow beats thick and fast,
The wild wind's sorrowful retrain
Is telling of the past;
And in the old familiar chair,
Beside the hearth fire's glow,
I sit and sing the tender air
You loved so long ago.

Ah, often since the springs, beloved,
Have bloomed above your rest,
I breathe the sweet old song that sings
Itself within my breast,
As children, in the cheerless days
When winter darkly lowers,
Retrace the garden's sodden ways,
And talk of last year's flowers.

It never seemed to you, beloved,
When we walked hand in hand,
Amid the sunshine and the dew
Of youth's enchanted land,—
It never seemed to you or me
That I could sing or smile
If you were lying silently
Within your grave the while.

We thought we could not live, beloved,
If we were torn apart—
That earth would have no more to give,
To either stricken heart;
Alas, the change that time has wrought!
Your grave has held you long,
And in a home where you are not,
I sing the dear old song!

Do you look back to me, beloved,
From out your happy sphere,
And deem me false, that I can be
Alive, and you not here?
Death does not always bring its balm
To every aching ill;
Life may outlast its dearest charm,
And heart-break does not kill.

It would have been the same, beloved,
Had I been first to die—
Another love had worn your name,
More dear, perchance, than I;
Ah, after all these weary years,
Would you more constant be?
And would you drop these bitter tears,
And sing the song for me?

—*The Aldine.*

Insurance.

Statement of the

Alps Insurance Co

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA.

JANUARY 1, 1873.

73 CASH CAPITAL AND ASSETS,.....\$378,551.24

Statement of Assets.

Cash on hand and in bank,	\$ 44,307.75
Cash in hands of Agent and in course of transmission, (\$27,516.83 since remitted)	56,206.17
Bonds and Mortgages,	106,000.00
National Bank Stocks,	64,500.00
Erie City Bonds,	79,500.00
Interest due 1st January, 1873,	15,100.00
Bills receivable—Marine,	3,016.72
Salvages, Office Furniture, &c.,	2,770.92
Secured Claims,	7,210.68
	<hr/>
	\$378,551.24

Outstanding Claims for Losses, \$29,267.41
Boston Losses, 25,000.00

The Alps having paid since its organization upwards of Four Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$400,000) in losses, has a record that entitles it to the confidence of the insuring public.

Having passed safely through Chicago and Boston, it invites attention to its Cash Assets, and asks a continuance of the very liberal patronage already bestowed.

O. NOBLE, President

J. P. VINCENT, Vice President

THOS. F. GOODRICH, Secretary.

W. D. LITTLE & CO.

Agents, Office 49 1-2 Exchange St.

I know not what it is to doubt;
My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for come what will
Thou always hast Thy way!

I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly
Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take
The road that Thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's Will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will.

FABER.

our Father's house was wild and rough, our hands
unk, our feet failed many a time ; yet it was "our
own way," and we stumbled on wilfully, choos-
ing death rather than life. But one who lived in
our own glory, unshaded by sorrow, saw us afar off
our low estate, when we had turned our backs
on Him, when we even hated Him, and He chose
to love us, yea, He loved us unto death, and He came
to seek and to save that which was lost.

In the Father's house above, the home-come
children sing "unto Him that hath loved us,
who washed us from our sins in His own blood,
who hath made us kings and priests unto God and
Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever-
more. Amen." "They shall hunger no more,
neither thirst any more ; neither shall the
bright sun smite them, nor any heat. For the Lamb
which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them,
and shall lead them unto living fountains of water,
and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.
And they shall go no more out."

A GOOD TEST.

A FEW years ago, as a minister was holding
a series of meetings in the city of Edinburgh, many
persons called upon him for personal conversation
and prayer.

One day a gentleman appeared in great dis-

Decorating the Soldiers' Graves.

A silent bivouac of the dead, we say,

While on the low green tents we lay our flowers,

And, with soft tread, we take our reverent way

Past where each seems to sleep away the hours.

A silent bivouac? Nay, they sleep not here.

They have passed on; and, gleaming bright
ahead,

Their camp-fires on yon heights of truth appear,

Lighting the way that coming feet shall tread.

Their shot-torn flags still wave upon the air,

There show some new heroic deed is done;

And, echoing loud, their shout still ringeth there,

Some new field waits by brave hearts to be won.

The brave die never, though they sleep in dust;

Their courage nerves a thousand living men,

Who seize and carry on the sacred trust

And win their noble victories o'er again.

Their graves are cradles of the purpose high

That led them on the weary march, and through

Those battles where the dying do not die,

But live forever in the deeds they do.

And from these cradles rise the coming years—

The dead souls resurrected—still to keep

The memory of those times of blood and tears,

And carry on the work of those who sleep.

And thus the silent bivouac of the dead

Finds voice, and thrills with throbbing life
today;

And we, who softly by their green tents tread,

Will hear and heed the noble words they say.

M. J. SAYAGE.

as follows: Seamen. Education, and Church Build-

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest

On this Field of the Grounded Arms,

Where foes no more molest,

Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Your silent tents of green

We deck with fragrant flowers.

Yours has the suffering been,

The memory shall be ours.

OVER.)

Communion Seasons.

The First Sabbath in January, March, May, July, September, and November.

Preparatory Meeting.

The Friday Evening next preceding the Communion.

Prayer Meeting.

Every Friday Evening.

The Sabbath School,

TO WHICH ALL PERSONS ARE WELCOME,

Every Sabbath, at 10.30 A. M. The Pastor is uniformly present, and makes a closing address on the Lesson of the day.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.

THE ANGELS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Are the angels never impatient
That we are so weak and slow,
So dull to their guiding touches,
So deaf to the whispers low
With which, entreating and urging,
They follow us as we go?

Ah no! the pitiful angels
Are clearer of sight than we,
And they note not only the thing that we are
But the thing that we fain would be,—
The hint of gold in the cumbering dross;
Of fruit on the bare, cold tree.

And I think that at times the angels
Must smile as mothers smile
At the peevish babies on their knees,
Loving them all the while,
And cheating the little ones of their pain
With sweet and motherly wile.

And if they are so patient, the angels,
How tenderer far than they
Must the mighty Lord of the angels be,
Whom the heavenly hosts obey,
Who speeds them forth on their errands,
And cares for us more than they!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES

served and perpetuated the writings of the Greek fathers. Its library was large and noted. Here were said to have been preserved certain writings of Dionysius of Alexandria, and of Hippolytus, not known to exist elsewhere.

In the hope of finding some trace of these writings in the neighborhood, though the convent had long ceased to exist, two German scholars, both well known as biblical critics, paid a visit to Rossano in 1879. These scholars were Oscar von Gebhardt of Göttingen, and Adolph Harnack, of Giessen, then on a literary and antiquarian errand to Sicily, under the auspices of the imperial Prussian Cultus-ministerium and the Albrecht foundation connected with the University of Leipsic. On the way from Taranto to Reggio they stopped at Rossano to inquire as best they could whether any relics of the ancient convent yet lingered in any public or private library thereabouts. But no one knew of any; not scarcely even that any such convent had ever existed. But they were informed by several persons that a very old book was preserved at the residence of the archbishop. Thither they went; expecting, however, to find no more at best than possibly some hitherto unknown copy of the Old Latin, the pre-Hieronymic, version of the Bible. The archbishop readily granted their request to see the book, but "what actually met their eyes, as the book was opened in formal audience with the archbishop, was more than the boldest fancy would have allowed it to

Bowdoin College

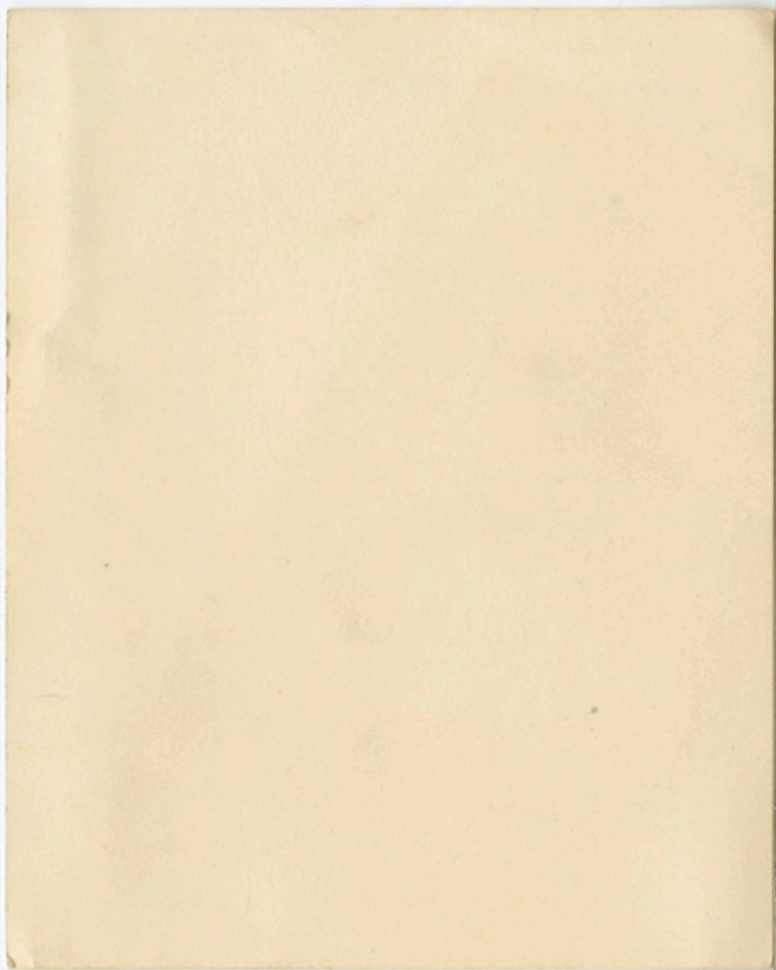
CLASS OF 1861

Commencement 1911; Fiftieth Anniversary

"We're half-way through." So sang our odist when
The years gone by, like those to come, were twain,
And chose the happy phrase as fit refrain
To tell of years that ne'er should come again.
Since then we've more than halved the century;
But what of that? There's still no dearth of time,
Nor will be while the patient aeons climb
Toward the top-round of eternity.
Nay, what of that or this? A hundred years,
It will be all the same to you and me,
Whether we pledge the passing century
In *agua pura* or the cup that cheers;
For years will go, and lives will multiply,
With earth below and overhead the sky.

We've reached the goal where all ambitions cease;
And now mid shadows lengthening like our days,
A paean to this year of Jubilee we raise,
And sit us down in idleness and ease.
Life's duties done, henceforth perennial peace
Is ours; and though not all our brows with bays
Are crowned, we fear not on the west to gaze,
Nor apples pluck of the Hesperides.
Since sad allusions hath our scribe forbade,
All sadness to the shades we'll relegate,
And laugh amain, like him of old, whose mad
Guffaw, for all life's ills was anodyne,
Whilst this long looked-for day we consecrate,
With oft oblations of a classmate's wine.

FABRIS M. RAY.



WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

OUR father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unvailing all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

O! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, and justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

Methodist.

of Christ."—JOHN WESLEY. *

, 1876.

[WHOLE No. 828.]

ated laymen. His words were plain, candid, clear, vote business-like; and there need be no surprise that such a speech commanded the profound respect of the General Conference.

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The Letter of Dr. Lovick Pierce we publish elsewhere. This Methodist preacher 92 years old, in the seventy-second year of his ministry, who was sixty years old when separation began, would have been greeted with boundless enthusiasm. He started to travel to Baltimore, but had not strength to make the journey. He recounts the history of the separation from his point of view, and shows an unfaltering attachment to the essential unity of American Methodism. The concluding statements, that the future will prove that "our division into two General Conferences was a

THE SINGING-LESSON.

BY JEAN INGELow.

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune:
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon,
And wrung her claws, poor thing!
But was far too proud to speak:
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm in arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place:
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they had heard her song:
She felt them nicker and sneer:
She thought this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"O nightingale!" cooed a dove,
"O nightingale! what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight
Like a common, contemptible fowl:
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?"

"Only think of all you have done;
Only think of all you can do:
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you.
Lift up your proud little crest;
Open your musical beak:
Other birds have to do their best;
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass:
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm!

The nightingale did not care:
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about.
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

Selec

...a coward, a sluggard, a glutton, or an envious, jealous wretch, if you indeed find yourself to be in any wise either of these. Take steady measure of yourself in whatever fault you have ascertained, and justly accused yourself of; and, as soon as you are in an active way of mending, you will be no doubt, more inclined to mourn over an unrepented corruption. An immense quantity of modern confession of sin, even when honest, is merely egotism, which will rather gloat over its own progress than lose the centralization of its interest in itself.

Ruskin.

THE AVE MARIA. — Our readers may be interested to see the famous Roman Catholic prayer to the Virgin Mary in full. It is as follows: —

Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee!

- I.) Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus!
- II.) Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners,

V.) Now, and at the hour of death. Amen.

The first part is from Luke i. 28, as it stands in the Roman Bible, being the address of the angel to the second part is from Luke i. 42, the words of Elizabeth.

These combined expressions began to be used in a form of prayer in the thirteenth century.

The third part, which contains the objectionable invocation of the Virgin, was added early in the sixteenth century; and the last clause of it (marked IV.) was added still later. S. S. Times.

NEITHER HOPE NOR FEAR. — Mr. Owen visited Alexander Campbell, at Bethany, to make arrangements for their approaching discussion on the evidences of Christianity. "In one of their excursions about the farm, they came to Mr. Campbell's family burying-ground; when Mr. Owen stopped, and, addressing himself to Mr. Campbell, said, 'There is one advantage I have over the Christians — I am not afraid to die. Most Christians have fear of death; but, if some few items of my business were settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at this moment.' — 'Well,' answered Mr. Campbell, 'I say you have no fear in death: have you any in death?' After a solemn pause, 'No,' said Owen. 'Then,' rejoined Mr. Campbell (pointing to an ox standing

MY LITTLE PLAYMATE.

I am a grandsire, journeying close
On threescore years and ten;
And when my dally tasks are done,
And laid aside my pen,
I call my little playmate in,
Now passing on to three,
For I have need as much of her
As she has need of me.

She draws me from the world of fact,
With all its selfish strife,
She breaks the prosy lines of thought,
That make up common life;
She lures me to her little world,
Where airy creatures dwell,
Where all things dance in joy and light,
Beneath some magic spell.

Her roundelays and jingles make
Such music in my ear,
With all her tricky words and ways,
I cannot choose but hear;
We leave all other verse aside,
For that small classic lore
Which Mother Goose has garnered up
In her undying store:

The naughty ways of Johnny Green,
The virtuous Johnny Stout;
The boy in blue, who lay asleep
When cow and sheep were out;
The robin sitting in the barn,
With head beneath his wing,
Because the snow is on the ground,
And he is cold, poor thing.—

The accident to Jack and Jill,
The hurrying little Jane,
The man who scratched out both his eyes,
And scratched them in again;
The active cow that jumped the moon,
The bull that tolled the bell,
These are a few—but many more,
Too numerous to tell.

And then we play at coop and seek,
The mystery is small,
We hide behind the nearest chair,
Or in the open hall;
And every time that search is made
Within this same small round,
The happy shout of joy goes up,
Because the lost is found.

Oh, let me never grow too old
To join in merry glee
With any bright and laughing child
That climbs upon my knee;
Let me still keep the sportive mind
Until my dying day,
For what is life, in all its length,
Without the children's play?
—Dr. Increase N. Tarbox, in *Companion*.

the joyful pastor in his loneliness, and
parents in their great sorrow, will have the sympathy of a large circle of remembering friends.

They said she died; it seems to me
That after hours of pain and strife,
She slept one morning, peacefully,
And woke to everlasting life.

REV. FRANKLIN G. SHERRILL.

Rev. Franklin G. Sherrill died suddenly at Louisville, Kan., Jan. 14. He had been quite ill for some months, and had been compelled to resign his pastorate there. He was born in Cortland County, New York, Nov. 1, 1826. He graduated at the University of the City of New York in 1846, and at the Union Theological Seminary in 1850. His first pastorate was at Ripon, Wis., where he labored at the beginning of that church. He also aided in the founding of Ripon College. He came to Kansas in 1876, and took charge of the church at Whitewater City, where he remained over three years, leaving it much enlarged. He had been pastor at Louisville but a short time, when failing health compelled him to relinquish the work he loved and in which he had given his life. He was remarkably genial and kindly, of attractive address and of good ability as a preacher. He leaves a wife and children whose home is still at Louisville. His daughter graduated at Washburn College last June.

R. C.

A CARD.

DISABLED MINISTERS.

Will you allow me to call the attention of the churches of Michigan to the fact that the families of two disabled ministers are actually suffering for the necessaries of life, and there is not a dollar in the treasury wherewith to relieve them. A word to the wise is sufficient.

W. B. WILLIAMS,

Charlotte, Mich.

Treasurer.

MARRIED.

In Rockport, Mass., Jan. 28, by Rev. R. B. Howard
Mr. Eben Rowe and Miss Annie F. Cowles, both of
Rockport.

TODD—CUSHMAN.—At the parsonage in Green Bay
Wis., Jan. 29, 1884, by Rev. L. J. White, Rev. Henry
Clay Todd, of Peshtigo, Wis., to Miss Ella May Cushman,
of Pittsfield, Wis.

DIED.

"The Heathen Chinese."

BY BRET HARTE.

Which I wish to remark—

And my language is plain—

That for ways that are dark

And for tricks that are vain

The heathen Chinese is peculiar,

Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;

And I shall not deny

In regard to the same

What the name might imply;

But his stalle it was pensive and child like,

As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third

And quite soft was the skies;

Which it might be inferred

That Ah Sin was likewise;

Yet he played it that day upon William

And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,

And Ah Sin took a hand;

It was Euchre. The same

He did not understand!

But he smiled as he sat at the table

With a smile that was child like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked

In a way that I grieve,

And my feelings were shocked

At the state of Nye's sleeve;

Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,

And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played

By that heathen Chinese,

And the points that he made

Were quite frightful to see—

Till at last he put down a right bower,

Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,

And he gazed upon me;

And he rose with a sigh,

And he said "Can this be?

We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor!"

And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued

I did not take a hand,

But the floor it was strowed

Like the leaves on the strand

With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding

In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,

He had twenty-four packs—

Which was coming it strong,

Yet I state but the facts;

And we found on his nails which were taper,

What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

The Erie railway company has executed a new consolidated mortgage on all its property for \$30,000,000, of which \$24,000,000 will be expended in taking up existing mortgages at maturity.

The province of Ontario has voted \$30,000 to encourage immigration, and \$20,000 to build houses and to clear from three to five acres of land on a number of free-grant lots.

The American schooner White Fawn, captured by the Dominion cutter Water, has been released by the Admiralty Judge who declared the act of the commander of the Water hasty and illegal.

The supreme court of Tennessee has decided, in the case of Painter vs. Pillow, that the latter is liable for \$30,000 worth of slaves bought by him before and during the war.

The clergy of Cincinnati have been unsuccessful in their opposition to the opening of the Mercantile Library on Saturday, and their movement has fallen to the ground.

The locomotive was raised at the New Hamburg bridge on Monday, but no bodies were found. The diver is making another descent. Surveyors sent by the committee of the state senate are at work.

Gov. Hoffman has granted a reprieve three weeks to the negro, John Thomas, sentenced to be hanged at the Tombs, New York city, for the murder of the negro Walter Johnson.

Leonard Chote, known as the Newburyport 'Fire bug,' was sentenced to the state prison for life, on Monday, for committing numerous acts in Newburyport and vicinity.

Not an American took a prize as senior angler at the Cambridge examinations this year, and we shall have to send Wendell Phillips, Susie Anthony, and others of their kind, another year.

Last week, Mr. Steinway, of the piano-making Steinways, of New York, died; and Tuesday, Col. Thomas Chickering, of the piano-making Chickering's, of Boston, died suddenly of apoplexy.

THE OLD MAJOR EXPLAINS.

BY BRET HARTE.

Well, you see, the fact is, Colonel, I don't know as I can come,
For the farm is not half planted, and there's work to do at home;
And my leg is getting troublesome; it laid me up last fall.
And the doctors they have cut and hacked, and never found the ball.
And then, for an old man like me, it's not exactly right.
This kind o' playing soldier with no enemy in sight.
The Union—that was well enough way up to '65;
But this re-union—maybe now, its mixed with politics.
No? Well, you understand it best; but then, you see, my lad,
I'm deacon now, and some might think that the example's bad;
And week from next is conference. You said the 12th of May?
Why that's the day we broke their line at Spottsylvania.
Hot work, eh, Colonel, wasn't it? Ye mind that narrow front?
They called the same Death's Angel. Well, well, my lad, we won't
Fight that old battle over now; I only mean to say
I really can't engage to come upon the 12th of May.
How's Thompson? What! will he be there? No!
The first man in the rebel works—they called him Swearing Joe.
A wild young fellow, sir, I fear the rascal was—but then—
Well, short of Heaven there wan't a place he duran't lead his men.
And Dick, you say, is coming, too—and Billy,—Ah! its true
We buried him at Gettysburg. (I mind the spot; do you?)
A little field below the hill—it must be green this May—
Perhaps that's why the fields about bring him to me to-day.
Well! Well! Excuse me, Colonel, but there's some things that drop
The tailboard out one's feelings, and the only way's to stop—
So they want to see the old man. Ah! The rascals! do they? Eh?
Well, I've business down in Boston about the 12th of May!

The conversation was interspersed with patriotic

Ten Years a Captive Among Indians.

From the Detroit Free Press, May 11.

There arrived in this city, yesterday, by the Southern Road, from the West, a woman named Mary J. Phillips, who has for the last ten years not only an uncaptured captive among the Indians of Colorado, but the slave of a revengeful and cruel tribe whose hatred of the white race was exhibited in maltreating her to a degree which has ended in the death of almost any other woman. The woman has two ears which are, not only both having been cut and slashed until they resemble pieces of flesh attached to her head without purpose. Her fingers are broken and crippled, she is lame from a dislocation of the hip which she received five years ago, and she stated to a reporter that her body bore numerous scars to show the dog's life which she led among the savages. Her story is this: Nine years ago, she being then 22 years of age, her father started from LaSalle, Co., Illinois, to go to California by the overland route. He fitted out in the usual way, his covered wagons, and taking considerable furniture. The family consisted of father, mother, this woman, a boy of 16, and a girl of 11. The party crossed into Kansas at Leavenworth, Mo., and were detained at Leavenworth about three weeks by the sickness and death of the mother, who was buried there. Some days the family debated whether to return to Illinois, but finally concluded to make the journey, and fell in line with a government train which was loaded with provisions and ammunition for the interior.

WELCOME OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY TO BOSTON.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We welcome you, Lords of the Land of the Sun!
The voice of the many sounds feebly through one;
Ah! would 'twere a voice of more musical tone,
But the dog star is here and the song-birds have flown.

And what can I sing that can cheat you of smiles,
Ye heralds of peace from the Orient isles?
If only the Jubilee—Why did you wait?
You are welcome, but oh! you're a little too late!

We have greeted our brothers of Ireland and France,
Round the fiddle of Strauss we have joined in the
dance.

We have lauded Herr Saro, that fine-looking man,
And glorified Godfrey, whose name it is Dan.

What a pity! we've missed it and you've missed it too,
We had a day ready and waiting for you;
We'd have shown you—provided, of course, you had
come—

You'd have heard—no, you wouldn't, because it was
dumb.

And then the great organ! the chorus's shout!
Like the mixture teetotallers call "Cold without!"—
A mingling of elements, strong but not sweet;
And the drum, just referred to, that "couldn't be
beat."

The shrines of our pilgrims are not like your own,
Where white Fujiyama lifts proudly its cone.
(The snow-mantled mountains we see on the fan
That cools our hot cheeks with a breeze from Japan)

But ours the wide temple where worship is free
As the wind of the prairie, the wave of the sea;
You may build your own altar wherever you will,
For the roof of that temple is over you still.

One dome overarches the star-spangled shore;
You may enter the Pope's or the Puritan's door.
Or pass with the Buddhist his gateway of bronze,
For a priest is but Man, be he bishop or bonze.

And the lesson we teach with the sword and the pen
Is to all of God's children, "We also are men!
If you wrong us we smart, if you prick us we bleed,
If you love us, no quarrel with color or creed!"

You'll find us a well-meaning, free-spoken crowd,
Good-natured enough, but a little too loud—
To be sure, there is always a bit of a row
When we choose our Tycoon, and especially now;

For things are so mixed, how's a fellow to know
What party he's of, and what vote he shall throw?
White is getting so blink and black's getting so white,
Republic—rat, Dem—ican—can't get 'em right!

You'll take it all calmly—we want you to see
What a peaceable fight such a contest can be;
And of one thing be certain, however it ends,
You will find that our voters have chosen your friends.

If the horse that stands saddled is first in the race,
You will greet your old friend with the weed in his
face;

And if the white hat and the White House agree,
You'll find H. G. really as loving as he.

But oh, what a pity—once more I must say—
That we could not have joined in a "Japanese day!"
A chorus of thousands, all singing in tune
God bless the Mikado! Long live the Tycoon!

The Lord of the Mountain looks down from his cre.,
As the banner of morning unfurls in the West;
The Eagle was also the friend of the Sun;
You are welcome!—The song of the cage-bird is done.

August 2, 1872.

Presidential campaign that cannot be overestimated.
— *Quincy Herald*.

Just so. The result (Republican gain, 6,000
decs have "an influence which extends beyond,"
etc., and it is a time for honest men to "throw
up their hats and rejoice." It is also a time for
dishonest Greeleyites to "throw up their
hands" (as they say on the Mississippi.) Why
does the *Q. H.* keep up the banner of Greeley
and Brown after such "glorious news?"

POLITICAL NOTES.

Yerger, the murderer of Crane, pumphand-
les his Liberal Republican friends across the bloody
chasm.

The statement in the *New York Tribune*, of
Friday, that the *Free Press* of Burlington, Vermont,
has declared for Greeley and Brown, is false.

Colonel Blanton Duncan, of the "straight-
out" Democratic movement, says the ticket that will
be nominated at Louisville will have 700,000 votes.

Mr. Sumner is to have a great reception on
his return to Boston, but he will miss from the ranks
of those who welcome him nearly all of those who
have heretofore welcomed and honored him.

The Greeley papers of the North are getting
very restive under the eloquence of the Greeley or-
ators of Kentucky. The Greeley orators of Kentucky
say things that they ought not in prudence to say till
after the election.

Most of the Massachusetts papers not only
refuse to follow Sumner, but throw little left-handed
compliments at him, like this, from the *Boston Globe*:
"No representative of the people who was ever sent
to Washington has cost the United States so many
millions of dollars, by bitter and useless discussion
and general opposition, as Charles Sumner."

The *Cincinnati Gazette* says: "We received
yesterday, with the compliments of the National Lib-
eral Republican Committee, a lithographic portrait of
Horace Greeley, which now adorns one of the walls of
our office. We were compelled to nail it up ourselves,
our colored janitor refusing to touch even the Philoso-
pher's counterfeit presentment with the tips of his
fingers."

Ex-Attorney General Akerman, in writing
the *Chattanooga Herald* on Southern lawlessness,
says: "Should Grant be re-elected, the offenders will
use to hope for impunity in crime, and will betake
themselves to better ways or to other countries.
ould Greeley be elected, they will feel that their
has triumphed, and, in the intoxication of vic-
tory, will break out in violence, the fiercer from long
restraint."

John Neal, of Portland, asks the following
— *Portland Press*: "Can it be possible

The Independent.

THEIR THOUGHTS AND OUR THOUGHTS.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Six years have faded since she went away,
Six years for her to live in heavenly
places,

To learn the look of blessed angel faces;
Six years to grow as only angels may.

I wonder oft what she is doing there,
By the still waters that forever flow;
What mighty secrets she has come to
know;
What graces won, divinely sweet and fair.

I wonder who of those that went before,
And those that followed on her shining
way,
She has met there in Heaven's auroral
day,
And if they talk their earth-life o'er and o'er.

I think this very morning they are met,
She and one other only three years gone,
In some dear place in Heaven secure and
lone,
To talk of things they never can forget.

For I am sure that naught of their new life,
No grace or glory that is there revealed,
The fountains of past love has ever
sealed,
That these will ever be with sweetness rife.

I cannot think of them as they are now,
Of the new light that shines upon their
faces;
I cannot image forth their angel graces;
And I am glad, so glad, that it is so.

We shall get used to such things by and by;
The angels will not miss the look they
wore;
For us they wear the look they wore
before;

No other look with that, for us, can vie.

So we will think of them just as they were,
Their voices sweet and all their pleasant
ways;
And thoughts like these shall help us
through the days,
Until we go to meet them where they are.

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No. 3 Park Place, New Y.

regard to the rights of black men. insists that the negro question is settled and all "the old-time controversy" about it "swept out of sight." Democrats have accepted the amendments; and who should doubt their sincerity? In his speech Cleveland, Mr. Greeley said:

"There is no longer occasion for attention concerning the rights of black men. They are secured by the Constitution. They are bolted, riveted, fastened and doubly fastened by the Constitution."

Comforting himself with this assurance millennium for "black men," Mr. Greeley, being a humanitarian on the broad scale, has, especially since his nomination at Baltimore, been devoting his zeal and energy to the relief and enfranchisement of white men. The latter, and not the former, are the persons now in power. The negroes are safe enough. The bars and bars of the Constitution will take care of their civil and political rights. We then, discuss the obsolete question. Why lug it into this Presidential campaign? Frank P. Blair, the author of the Brodhead letter, and his Democratic associates answer their presidential candidate by telling him that the present political status of the negro is too "unnatural" and "abnormal" to last. The future, and too, at no distant day, will reverse either by violence or by a return of public opinion to "its old condition." If gentlemen are right in their philosophy

H Y M N

*Composed for Mrs.
Harrison's Funeral by
her Husband.*

No more we hear her voice in
prayer;

'Tis woven in the heavenly song
Which floats upon a purer air,
And rises from a holier throng.

Oh! hearts which yearn to see
her face,

And eyes which ache with
burning tears—

See! She has won the heaven-
ly race!

And triumphs o'er all ills and
fears.

She's with her beauteous Jesus
now,

The One she saw across the
river—

A starry crown is on her brow,
And she is happy, aye forever.

Sweet are thy memories here
below,

Oh! blessed one; but in our
pain

We say farewell, because we
know

That yonder, we shall meet
again.

Earlville, Jan. 29th 1872.

THE
SHE'S WITH HER BEAUTIFUL JEWEL
THE ONE SHE SAW ACROSS THE
A STARRY CROWN IS ON HER BROW
AND SHE IS HAPPY AND FROV
SWEET ARE thy memories here
OLD HUSBAND ONE BUT IN ONE
WE SAY FAREWELL BECAUSE WE
THAT YONDER WE SHALL MEET

TO VIRGIL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Written at the request of the Mantuans for the
nineteenth century of Virgil's death.

Roman Virgil, thou that singest Ilion's lofty
temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars, and filial
faith, and Dido's pyre;

Landscape-lover, lord of language more than he
that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from
many a golden phrase;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and
and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses often flowering
in a lonely word;

Poet of the happy Tityrus piping underneath his
beechen bowers;

Poet of the poet-satyr whom the laughing shep-
herd bound with flowers;

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying in the blissful
years again to be,

Summers of the snakeless meadow, unlaborious
earth and careless sea:

Thou that seest Universal Nature moved by Uni-
versal Mind;

Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful
doom of human kind;

Light among the vanish'd ages; star that gildest
yet this phantom shore;

Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and
realms that pass to rise no more;

Now thy Forum roars no longer; fallen every
purple Caesar's dome—

Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm sound forever
of Imperial Rome—

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd, and the
Rome of freemen holds her place;

I, from out the Northern Island sunder'd once
from all the human race,

I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved thee since
my day began,

Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded
by the lips of man.

—Nineteenth Century.

END NOTES.

The Latest Sunday School
Song Book.

OUR GLAD HOSANNA:

This collection has been pronounced by the highest authorities and ablest critics, to be a marked improvement on the many books heretofore offered.

It contains 192 pages, handsomely printed.

It combines 339 hymns with music, among which will be found some of the choicest standards. The tunes are fresh, attractive, and impressive, and the words purely devotional and appropriate. This work can be used to advantage in prayer and praise meetings. A thorough examination of this book is solicited before adopting any other.

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To Bryant at Four-Score.

BORN NOVEMBER 3, 1794.

Psalm xc., 10.

Poet, Whose voice is of the winds and woods,
Whose calm verse flows as does the mountain
rill,
Rippling and murmuring through the shade and
sheen

And o'er the cool, clean stone;
Poet, whose voice is of the ocean floods
When thou dost hear, along the wooded hill, 
The footsteps of the Lord, and thou may'st lean
To listen, stilled, alone,—
Nature's Interpreter,—the wind, the stream, the
tree,
The human soul, all find a friend in thee.

Thine is the music of the fountain's flow,
Or Autumn's wind, fresh in the fading tree;
Men quicken at thy word; they feel thee nigh,—
One dear to childhood's day,

Thou art a stream born of the mountain
snow,
Which sought, unsoiled, the city by the sea,
Winding where fair things fail and pure things
die;
And springing white with spray,
A fountain, where, despite the multitudinous
tread,
Faith is refreshed and faint hearts comforted.

Bryant! thy word is best when thou dost
write
Of life, of hopes, of human destiny,—
Of the grave joy which keeps the heart content—
Of Nature's constant calm!

Comforter, thou dost show the Infinite!
Thou dost unseal the fount when eyes are dry
And hearts are breaking! Thy wise words are
blent

With weeping; and as Psalm
Of life goes up, and not unheard; while thou
dost sing,
Hearts grateful, though unseen, still listen lin-
gering.

So shall men listen when all these are gone!
Still shalt thou sing when the invisible veil
Hath wrapped thee from man's vision. Lightly
lie

On thee thy years four-score!
In thine eternal youth thou shalt sing on;
Thy strain, a voice of Nature, shall not fail;
And thee labor and sorrow come not nigh!

But when the silent oar
Of Charon stirs, not too late or soon, that voice-
less sea,
Wake to thy two-fold immortality!

—Boston Advertiser

and their Mordants, including Leamon's Liquid Aniline Dyes, warranted to color perfectly, Fuchine, Dye-Woods, &c., &c.

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Hair Renewers

and

Hair Dressings

of the day.

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TOILET POWDERS,

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filled and replenished.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

given to the
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[For the REGISTER.

Hard Times.

They say the times are mighty hard,
And may be they are right, John;
But somehow I cannot regard
My times in just that light, John.
'Tis true we lost the farm, and lost
The crops and all the cattle too;
The house that years of labor cost—
All wasted from our hands like dew.

And sometimes, too, our daily bread
Has been so dry and plain, John,
You once had asked me if I spread
The butter 'crost the grain, John.
It went across the grain, I own,
To spread for you the butter thin,
But many a richer feast we've known
With less of real peace within.

They say the times are growing worse—
They're good enough for me, John;
If money ever was a curse,
We're rid of it you see, John.
And now there's nothing comes between
Our lives that we need fret about;
No dread of robbers breaking in,
Or fear of cattle breaking out.

And you seem younger, half a score,
Than you were years ago, John;
Your hair, may be, has whitened more,
But you look better so, John.
And there is that about your face
That proves your heart is lighter now,
So why should I regret a place
That ploughed a furrow on your brow!

And I am younger; don't you know
The careworn look I had, John?
And trifles—how they vexed me so—
I thought the world was bad, John.
And now I'm singing half the day
Of "pastures rich" and "happy home,"
And working harder too, you say,
Than you'd allow till hard times come.

And somehow, now we never say
The vexing things we used, John,—
I can but wonder at the way
Hard times are so abused, John:
For surely times are good enough,
When old folks can grow younger
By riddance of the trashy stuff
That pinches hearts with hunger.

R. W. B.

lelf and ith as he Stae wed anonther
nly, naw, and havf no, hous plase lat
e kno and trai, yur bast.

Yur Truly.

We desire to say a good word in
favor of Representative Murrell, of
Madison parish, who has this week
introduced a resolution requiring
the committee on Public Buildings to
examine the lease of the St. Louis
Hotel, as a State House, and report
their action to the House. Mr. Mur-
rell has manifested an energy to have
that swindle ventilated, that is not
only a credit to himself, but to the
citizens of Madison parish who elected
him, and we shall wait with much
interest the report of the committee
called for by the resolution. In
the meantime we extend our thanks
to Mr. Murrell for the plucky fight
he is making against the men who
have not only robbed the State, but
degraded the party. We are sorry
that there are so few men of his de-
termined honesty in the legislature.

It is hardly reasonable to expect
many people of the South to have
any great affection for that Union
they fought four years to destroy.
The war is over, the South was de-
feated, as everybody knows, and we
affirm that the very men who fought
to destroy, are now perfectly satisfied
to live under the government of the
stars and stripes. We deny that any
new rebellion is brewing in the South,
or that any element exists actually
hostile to the federal authority. The
participants of the rebellion have had
every political disability removed
by Congress, and are loyal law abid-
ing citizens of the United States.
The trouble is with our State gov-

The

"Och! Ted, go 'way
Wid yer boyish play!
Ye're rude, an' I ne'er could shtay wid ye:
Put the gift on the shilf
An' be off wid yerself!
Shtop! Yer takin' the gift away wid ye!"

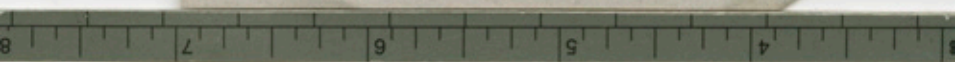
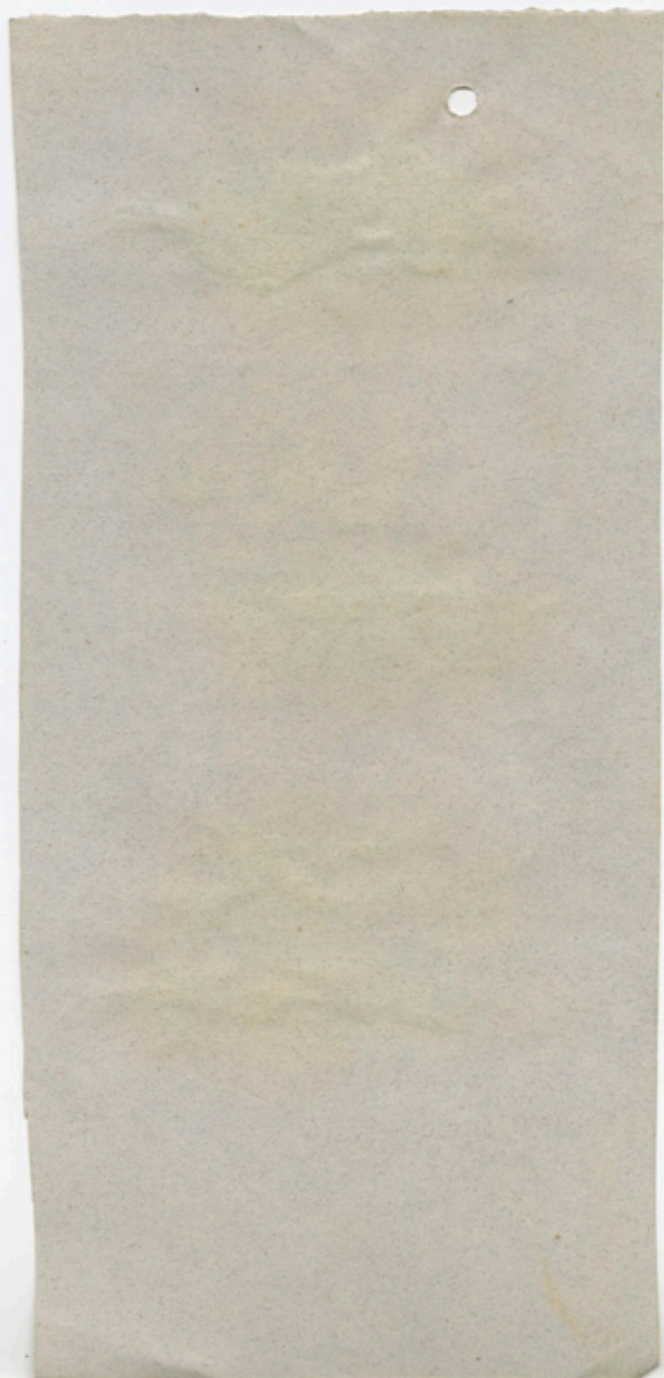
"Och! Teddy, me Ted!
Is it thrue ye're dead?
Ahone! For the life's gone out o' me.
Come back to yer life!
Come back to yer ~~wife~~ wife!
An' ye niver shall have any doubt o' me."

is, Ted, to be sure,
Any lass would indure,
the sake of the gift, yer shweet prisence
foriver."

"Oh! Teddy, me Ted!
Whin ye are dead
I'll weep me eyes out o'er ye, Ted.
An' the grief ahone,
Of livin' alone
Will kill me long before ye, Ted.

"The blue o' the skies!
Is in yer eyes
An' the teardrops shinin' glimmery.
Don't weep, me Ted,
For after I'm dead
I will iver be thrue to yer mimory!"

OMAHA, NEB.



*Memorandum
Given by
Mr. Sarah E. Lowell*

The "Old and New."

The following Poem was written for the Ladies' Anti-
quarian Entertainment held at the Court House Dec. 13,
1872.

We have gathered here with happy hearts,
With mirth and cheerful song,
And eyes beam bright with joy to-night
In this glad some, merry throng.
And friend meets friend with a warmer grasp,
With words of kindlier cheer,
As pastor and people, young and old,
Mingle with pleasure here.
Shepherd and flock! O, sacred tie
That binds these loving hearts
To the great heart of Love divine,
That life nor death can part.
With gratitude our souls arise
For all life's blessings given,
For homes where prayer and praise is heard,
And we learn the way to Heaven!

All praise to Him whose "guiding hand"
Led our forefathers here
To fair New England's vine-clad hills,
And all we hold so dear.
I think as we gather here to-night,
In light and warmth and glee,
Of that brave, unselfish Pilgrim band
That crossed the treacherous sea;
Bidding farewell to home and friends
And th' land they long had trod,
To find, where man could not molest,
"Freedom to worship God."
Ah! cold the welcome they received
From the bleak December blast;
From the sighing of the trees
And the wintry clouds o'ercast!
But in a firm, unshaken faith
Their hymns of praise arose,
Unmindful of the cheerless scene,
Or wily, lurking foes.

In cold, in deprivation sore,
In sickness and in death,
Thro' all their untold sufferings
Shone their unclouded faith.
So Winters passed, and Summers fled,
And many a grave was made,
And still they toiled and suffered on,
And hoped, and watched, and prayed!
On foot for miles they went to church,
Nor looked with envious eye
At some pretentious neighbor who
On horseback ambled by!
No sweet-voiced Sabbath bell was heard
Bidding them gather where
On velvet cushions they could list
To hymn and psalm and prayer.
No silks and satins, jewels rare,
Feathers and laces fine,
Entered those lowly walls where Christ
Was preached with power divine.

Fair maidens wore with saintly grace
The homespun frock of gray,
With sunny 'kerchief folded o'er
Their bosom, in a way
That spoke of meekness more than pride;
And Nature had a place
In painting with her matchless skill
The blushes of the face.
The spinning wheel was merrily turned
By th' fair girl at its side;
The shining shuttle swiftly flew,
By nimble fingers plied.
Pianos were a thing unknown,
And operatic screams
Would have shocked and rasped the stoutest
nerves
More than we think or dream!

The "girl of the period" had not made
Her debut on the stage;
That serio-comic lass was left
For this wonderful "Golden Age!"

Young men remained upon the farm,
And toiled in manly pride
Upon the self-same acres where
Their fathers lived and died.
For "Young America" had not learned
That "Pa" could liquidate
For champagne suppers, dashing teams,
And life at "2:40" rate!
I need not name their "bill of fare,"
You have it here to-night,
And I'm quite sure that you will say
" 'Tis tempting to the sight!"

These were the "olden times," and now
Our thoughts come back to you,
Who dwell beneath New England skies
In eighteen seventy-two.

Fair cities' roofs on every hand
Their gleaming spires on high;
From East to West, from North to South,
The "iron horse" speeds by.

And over all this goodly land
Darts the electric breath,
That tells our conflicts, hopes and fears,
Our joys, our life, our death!
The Sabbath bell peals sweetly out
From hill and sunny glade,
And schools and colleges lure the young
Within their classic shades.
But time would fail me to rehearse
The blessings of to-day,
The glorious possibilities
That mark our nation's way.
O, that our country ne'er may prove
Unfaithful to its trust,
But with each added blessing grow
More noble, pure and just!

But while to-night our hearts entwine
The "Old times" and the "New,"
We miss the kindly smile of one
We long had proved so true—
Our aged friend in Israel;
The gospel of whose life
Was better than a thousand creeds
To end the skeptic's strife!
Nor can we pass in silence by
Another pastor true,
Who labored long with tears and prayers
For love of Christ and you.
He reaps to-day in Western fields,
With saddened, widowed heart;
May the dear Lord be with him still,
Rich blessings to impart!

Another shepherd that we love
Has to our hearts been given,
O, may his life and precepts lead
Full many a soul to Heaven.
God bless him in his labors here,
God bless his little flock,
May every soul by grace divine
Be anchored to the Rock!
And when life's little day is done,
And the "new name" is given,
May we all meet in triumph there—
The "Old and New" in Heaven!

S. E. L.

Ch

Davis, Editor and

AY, JANUARY 16, 18

and seventeen or eighteen years old, I began to go around to different places, sometimes many miles from home, to transact business for him. I liked to do this very much, and father always thought I was a good hand for it. Once—I was twenty then—father sent me to a place a great way from home on what was then the frontier and ~~was necessary that I should be away~~ number of months. Such a journey those days was not so easy a matter as it is now, you know. I knew, too, that it would not be wholly without danger; but I was ambitious and hopeful and felt no fear or reluctance in starting off on my journey. That morning, when I set out on my trip, was as happy a one as any of my life. Everything looked fair, and bright, and promising. Our business affairs were flourishing as they had never been before, and wealth was flowing in upon us faster than ever. Our family were all in excellent health and spirits, the only thing that checked their happiness being the thought that I was to leave them for so long a time. And a noble family was ours: my father, noble and generous, my mother, the very best of women, and my little twin sisters, lovely as angels. I bade them all good-bye with little regret, expecting to return to them soon in safety and health. But how little did I think when I went away from them that bright morning of the terrible things that would happen before I returned!

"Well, I reached my destination safely, went to all the places where I had business to do, was very successful, and in three months was ready to commence my return. I had not heard from home all this time, but I felt no uneasiness on that account; for, knowing how difficult it was to send a letter safely from where my home was to the place where I had been that summer, I had not expected any, and had scarcely a doubt that all was well at home. I set out with a light heart on my journey homeward; but on the second day after I started, a little before night, while I was riding—on horseback, of course—over the very roughest and most dangerous part of the route, a thunder shower came up. It burst upon me as I was going along on the side of a mountain, which rose very steep before me, and reached still farther below me. There was a regular precipice there, and the road, if road it could be called, was very narrow and uneven, so that I had to walk my horse every step of the way.

"It was a terrible shower; I never saw rain stream down so, or such flashes of lightning, or heard such thunder. I was two or three miles from the nearest building, and there was not a tree to get under, nothing but stunted bushes. All at once a column of fire darted just before me, and at the same instant there was a tremendous explosion. My horse gave a leap into the air, whirled around, and the next moment he and I were tumbling together down the jagged and almost perpendicular side of the mountain. And then for a long time I knew no more. Wonderful it seems to me that I ever knew any more in this world, and I have sometimes regretted that life ever returned to me. Well, when I did come to myself I was in a small, scantily furnished room, on a low bed, and my mother was bending over me. I had been found, almost at the foot of the mountain, bruised and bloody, and apparently dead, and had been carried to the nearest house, where, when I was found to be alive, I received all the care which those who lived there could bestow. They had learned my name and residence from the papers which I had with me, and had sent to my parents as soon as possible to acquaint them with what had happened to me; and thus it was that, when after weeks of delirium I came to my senses, mother was with me. I will not dwell on the months I was slowly recovering. It was a great while before I was able to go about at all, and when I did I was very different

POETRY.

STONEWALL JACKSON A POET.

[From the Richmond Examiner, Nov. 8]

Doubtless it will surprise many to learn that the inobstrusive and hardy warrior, Stonewall Jackson, is a poet of no little ability, and that among the busy scenes and arduous duties of camp he has found leisure to gratify his taste for the beautiful in literature. The following lines were written while Jackson was an artillery officer in Mexico, during the war between the United States and that country.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

The tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, dearest one,
Whose love my earthly life hath blest—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest,

And hover gently, hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That, while by Thy behest alone,
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern commands
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain—
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast.
No frowning look nor angry tone,
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day—by night—in joy or wo—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
Oh, God! protect my wife and child!

On the Civil War in the United States of America.

In Unity resides a people's strength:
By this the New World broke the Old World's yoke,
And won its freedom. Myriads in a realm
Are made one body by the vital power
Of Union and of Concord. When it gave
The great republic liberty, it struck
With fear the proud old kingdoms of the earth.
Why shouldst thou, then, oh youthful commonwealth
Like the seven headed dragon of the deep,
Suffer thine own dismemberment, that thus
Weakened, thou mayst become an easy spoil?
Thy Union makes the powers of Europe writhe
With envy, and they now are glad at heart
To think the hour of their revenge is come.
Oh brothers of the West! restrain your hands;
Cease to destroy each other; every blow
Threatens your country's heart. Did ever man,
Except in madness, seek to end his life
By his own hand? I will not yet believe
That even that New World of yours has found
A paradise for martyrs such as these.
Oh wise men of that favored country! pause
In pity! think on what you do; reflect,
The basis of your state is Unity.
Pause, and preserve the freedom that is yours.
Enough your discord has rejoiced your foes.
Unite and make them sad. Return beneath
The sway of peace and order, and again
Dwell by each other's side in harmony.
The state is, like the individual man,
One body, one life, do not let him away.

quired a large amount of information,—what he had once known he seemed always to know.—He was the friend and patron of education and took a deep interest in the establishment of the Academy in this town in 1807, subscribed liberally in aid of the enterprise, and did much of the labor in erecting and completing the building with his own hands. He was elected a member of the first board of Trustees, a position which he held from that time to the time of his death.

He early acquired a taste for reading the bible and committed much of the sacred writings to memory, and could repeat very nearly the whole book of psalms as well as the four gospels. The tender expressions of the sacred writers left their musical cadences in his ear, and acted with their sweet influences upon his heart,—after his eyes had become so dim as to be unable to read the book of books, some one was required to set apart a portion of the time to read it to him. Watts hymns and psalms had to him a peculiar charm and he took great delight in repeating them. He was eminently social and lively in conversation, and manifested great delight in imparting from his stores of knowledge to those with whom he was associated, particularly to the young,—an un-failing dignity and courtesy such as characterized the old puritan school of men marked all his intercourse with his fellows,—in all his professions he was most sincere, and in all his friendships most kind.

Mr. W. was a great admirer and friend of Father Sewall, and in early life attended his meetings at Chesterville,—upon the organization of a Congregational Church in this Town, on the 14th of December, 1814. Mr. W. was one of the twelve who constituted the church at that time, and is the last survivor with one exception.

Mr. W. however was not faultless,—he had his weak points,—he was keenly sensitive and hasty in his conclusions, which sometimes caused him to exhibit a demeanor, for which, in his more sober and reflecting moments he would be sincerely repentant;—but when we consider that to err is human, he performed his long and arduous missions here upon earth with great credit,—certainly his example as the friend of civil and religious institutions, his christian piety, his indefatigable perseverance in the pursuits of knowledge, his honesty, industry and temperance in “all things,” are worthy of imitation, and long will it be before we shall look upon his like again.

He had been in his usual good health until within some ten days of his decease, when he began to show some signs of exhaustion, but was able to sit up every day, and converse as usual with his friends, and even upon the day of his death was sitting in his chair until within some two or three minutes of the time when his pulse ceased to vibrate, and his spirit ascended to God who gave it.

His funeral was attended from his late residence on Friday, the 21st instant; a solemn and impressive sermon on the occasion was pronounced by Rev. Jonas Burnham, founded upon Prov. 4th Chap. 18th Verse.—“But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” The Rev. gentleman exhibited a mind rich in stores of wisdom and knowledge, deeply imbued with varied and extensive learning, and must have impressed upon his hearers a lesson that will long be remembered.

On Sabbath afternoon, the 23d instant, a commemorative sermon was preached at the Congregational meeting house by Mr. W's former much revered pastor, Rev. Isaac Rogers, from Job 5th Chap. 26th Verse, “Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.”

Daniel Gray.

[It is believed that J. G. Holland intended to describe his father in this beautiful and touching poem of "Daniel Gray:"]

If I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well, in fact, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
And was not called upon among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday
rhymes:

And I suppose, that, in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now,—his form, and face, and motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devotions
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen
chair.

can remember how the sentence sounded,
"Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering, and-to-conquer"
rounded

The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him;
He never kissed his children,—so they say;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move
him,

Less than a horseshoe picked up in the way.

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told, that, when his Charley died
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win
him

From his fond virgils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury Charley,
They found fresh dew drops sprinkled in his
hair.

And on his breast a rose-bud gathered early,—
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it
there.

My good old friend was very hard on fashion,
And held its votaries in lofty scorn,
And of en burst into a holy passion
While the gay crowds went by on Sunday
morn.

Yet he was vain, old Gray, and did not know it!
He wore his hair unparted, long, and plain,
To hide the handsome brow that swept below it,
For fear the world would think that he was
vain!

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind;
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind,

Yet that sweet tale of gift without repentance
Told of the Master, touched him to the core,
And tearless never could he read the sentence:
"Neither do I condemn thee: ain no more."

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange unlooked for-
way,

His mighty Friend in heaven, the Great Re-
deemer,

Would honor him with wealth some golden
day.

This dream he carried in hopeful spirit
Until in death his hopeful eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

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Prices that will sell them.

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Lands at East Harbor and Five Islands on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

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W. W. MASON, Agent at Bath.

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ARTHUR WRIGHT, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon,

The Well

Came North, came South, came East, came West,
Four sages to a mountain's crest;
Each pledged to search the wide world round
Until the wondrous well be found.
Before a crag they take their seat;
Pure bubbling waters at their feet.
Says one, "The water seems not rare,
Not even bright, but pale as air."
The second says - "So small + dumb,
From earth's deep centre can it come?"
The third, - "This well is small + mean,
Too paltry for a village green."
The fourth, - "Thick crowds I looked to see -
Where the true well is, these must be."
They rose + left the mountain's crest -
One North, one South, one East, one West.
O'er many seas, + deserts wide,
They wandered thirsting, till they died.
The simple shepherds by the mountain dwell,
And dip their pithers in the wondrous well.

Left hand corner of 8th page

The Spring
copied by
E. P. H.

Open

Again the bird sang out, "O silly fool!
 "So soon forgetful of the threefold rule
 "Of wisdom won for thee by my release,
 "And fit to crown thy days with lasting peace,
 "'Attempt not what is not within thy power,'
 "I gave thee counsel. Yet with every hour
 "Thy nets are spread to catch me, as I fly
 "On wing unfettered through the boundless sky.
 "'Lament not what is gone beyond return'
 "I bade thee. Yet what fires within thee burn
 "To win me back to my captivity
 "Though I can never more thy prisoner be.
 "'Believe not what 'tis plain cannot be true',—
 "Was my last word. Yet hidden from thy view,
 "A wondrous pearl within my bosom lies,
 "Bigger than ostrich egg—when mine own size
 "Is not so large by far. O, silly fool.
 "So slow to learn fair wisdom's simplest rule.
 "Return to thy poor hut, and let thy sight
 "Be filled forever with the lustrous light
 "Of that lost jewel; with perpetual moan
 "Lament the gem which thou canst never own;
 "And in the anguish of thy vain regret
 "Spread for me day by day the hidden net,
 "To catch my feet again within thy toils
 "And plunder my poor bosom of its spoils.
 "Foolish thou art, and foolish wilt remain.
 "For were I thine, thou wouldst but choke the
 strain
 "That warns thee of thy folly. Thy desire
 "Would ravage my fair breast with fruitless ire.
 "No pearl is there;—but that sweet fount of song
 "Were quenched forever through thy cruel
 wrong."

So sang the little bird and sped away
 To breathe in other ears her joyous lay.
 While the poor archer with his failure vexed,
 Turned saddened to his home and sore perplexed.
 The nightingale he never saw again,
 Nor caught the music of her rapturous strain;
 But through his dreams her carol sweetly rang,
 As ever of the hidden pearl she sang,
 And waking still he spread the eager snare
 But never found his little captive there.
 Yet, 'mid his vain pursuit, at times he heard
 The secret spell with which the pretty bird
 Longing to spread again her pinions bright
 Won from his greed the freedom of her flight.
 "Strive not to win what never can be thine,"
 "What's lost forever, patiently resign."
 "Believe not, what 'tis plain cannot be true,"
 "This is the threefold charm I leave with you."

He listened, and she seemed again to lie
 Panting within his grasp and doomed to die.
 Again his hand relaxed for her release,
 And all his heart was filled with joy and peace.

The nightingale sings still in leafy bower,
 And still our hearts aspire beyond their power;
 The good that's theirs, too credulous, they miss,
 Reaching out eager hands for unknown bliss,
 And vexed with vain desire for pleasures flown
 They make the present but the burial stone—
 Of a dead past where, wet with many tears,
 Lie hid the hopes and joys of vanished years.
 For us within her lonely woodland shrine
 The little bird pours forth her notes divine,
 And not in vain she fills her trembling breast,
 If in one heart to-night her song shall find a nest

THE ARCHER AND THE BIRD

A Poem Delivered Before the Psi
 Upsilon Convention, at Rochester,
 May 3, 1878, by the Rev. Joseph
 A. Ely.

In Bertinoro, where the Italian sun
 Floods with its light Romagna's vine-clad hills.
 Such rivalry amid its nobles rose
 To entertain the stranger passing by,
 That in the town no inn might find a place.
 Only in the middle of the town there stood
 A column of stone, hung all about with rings:
 Each ring a noble's house and hospitality,
 An open palace gate and festal cheer.
 The traveler seeking shelter on his way,
 Led to the column, 'mid the eager rings
 That proffered welcome, tied his horse where'er
 His fancy chose, and lo! his host was there
 To yield him entertainment due his rank.
 Each ring a palace, and each host a prince,
 He could not err choose wheresoe'er he might.

We live no longer in the olden time
 When random choice was sure of royal fare.
 Not every ring upon the crowded shaft
 Of poesy notes now a prince's home;
 And wary travelers well may turn aside
 From private hazard to the public inn,
 Where fame throws wide her portals to the world,
 And all are lodged with honors due to all.

The door where chance has brought your steps to-
 night
 Is poorly furnished to supply your need.
 No palace have I, with its lofty roof,
 Where I may lead you up the winding stair
 Of fancy to an outlook toward the stars;
 No windows blushing to the dawning day,
 Or bright with splendors of the sinking sun,
 Where I may show you visions of the morn,
 Or golden dreams of days that are to come,
 The beauty of the mountains or the sea;
 No table spread with fruit of tropic climes;
 No halls resounding with sweet music's voice,
 Or echoing to the shouts of revelry;
 No painted chambers of fair imagery
 Hung round with deeds of heroes, or made sweet
 To tender hearts by stories of true love.
 While all about you, open to your choice,
 Rise stately mansions where you might be lodged,
 What seek you 'neath my roof, where all things
 fall
 But welcome, and the choicest of my store
 Is but a beggar's banquet, meanly spread
 With scraps of stately feasts—now brought so
 low—
 The fragments of kings' tables, or the bits
 Doled out by monkish hands at convent gates;
 Amid whose scant provision should there come
 Sweet strains to lift your hearts above their cares,
 'Twill be but echoes from some princely hall,
 Where through the open windows of their song,
 The charmed musicians of the world pour forth
 Immortal harmonies to fill the air?

Vet if no other ring will serve your turn
 But this poor rusted one that marks my door,
 I bid you enter, while I tell again
 A story told of old in cloistered halls
 To cheer the dull discourse and speed the shaft
 Of some quaint moral to the listener's heart:
 The story of

THE ARCHER AND THE BIRD.

Within the curtain of her leafy shrine,
 Through whose green boughs the stars like tapers
 shine,
 A nightingale sang once her vesper hymn,
 Like some sweet service chanted in the dim
 Seclusion of the convent choir at night,
 Lit only by the altar's flickering light,
 And deepening with its strange and tender grace
 The shadowed mystery of that holy place.
 So sang the bird within her woodland bower,
 Pouring her heart upon the lonely hour,
 Filling the secret chamber of her song
 With notes that to a higher world belong.
 O happy minstrel! nestling 'mid the trees
 To charm the wood with thy clear harmonies;
 What ruthless hand could e'er thy home molest
 Or ruffle the sweet quiet of thy breast?
 What ruthless hand thy throbbing heart could still
 Or quench the joys that through thy bosom thrill?
 Yet sing, thy woodland song while 'tis thine,
 The world is envious of such joy divine;
 Too soon a pining captive thou may'st be,
 Torn from the shelter of thy forest tree;
 Too soon, alas, may come the cruel dart,
 To quench the music of thy throbbing heart.

Such bitter fate befell the dauntless bird.
 In the lone wood, its song no more was heard;
 But caught within the archer's cruel grasp,
 Struggling and faint it lay, with fluttering gasp,
 Till from its trembling throat in anguish broke
 A voice, that thus in human accents spoke:
 "Why should you kill me? What will be my use?
 "I cannot deck your table; let me loose,
 "And I will teach you, ere I gain release,
 "Three golden rules to fill your days with peace."

The archer heard with wondering surprise
 His little captive speak, and turned his eyes
 On every side, to see where might be hid
 The voice, that thus his cruel purpose chid.
 But even as he looked, the pretty throat
 Swelled in his hand with its unwonted note,
 And from the nightingale, there came again,
 In pleading, piteous tones, the sad refrain,
 "Why should you kill me? O release! release!
 "And learn from me the three great rules of
 peace."

Before the archer's thought bright visions rose:
 Some secret charm his captive might disclose
 To turn to gold the sordid things of earth;
 To loose the chain of care; to fill with mirth
 The days that often passed so void of sport;
 To change his hut into a prince's court.
 Such things have been before, and birds may well
 Be still the guardians of the magic spell,
 As, flying through the air on eager wing,
 Above the earth their mystic song they sing
 In tones that tease the heart with ceaseless pain
 To learn the secret of their joyous strain.

Again the little bird, with tender plaint,
 Cried out, "Release! release! my heart grows
 faint,

"I cannot live in this captivity.
 "Soon must my voice be stilled; O set me free!
 "And stifle not within my panting breast,
 "The charm without which you can ne'er be blest.

In trembling tones the failing accents die.
 The archer loosed his grasp. "Fly, songster, fly!
 "But e'er you go, reveal the secret spell,
 "Within whose power such magic virtues dwell."

Pausing a little as she took her flight,
 Darting away like a swift beam of light,
 The nightingale sang out with merry voice,
 Till all the air seemed with her to rejoice,
 These words of counsel to her cruel foe,
 Eager to hear, yet loth to let her go:
 "Strive not to win what never can be thine."
 "What's lost forever, patiently resign."
 "Believe not what 'tis plain cannot be true."
 "This is the threefold charm I leave with you."

Up sprang the bird and soaring in her glee,
 Poured forth in liquid notes her ecstasy.
 So sweet a song had ne'er before been heard,
 It seemed a spirit, not a mortal bird,
 While still re-echoed through the strain divine,
 "What's lost forever patiently resign."
 The archer watched her flight with bitter pain
 So fair a prize might ne'er be his again.
 The threefold charm, the purchase of her flight,
 Seemed a poor ransom for that creature bright,
 And as her notes came floating to his ear,
 Through all their music sounded loud and clear,
 "Oh, foolish archer, thus to set me free,
 "The treasure of thy life is gone from thee;
 "For know, within my body hidden lies
 "A pearl of priceless worth, of wondrous size,
 "Bigger than ostrich egg;—a precious gem
 "To be the light of some king's diadem.
 "Unhappy archer! once this pearl was thine:
 "Once in thine hand was laid this jewel fine.
 "Hadst thou but known,—amid what riches vast
 "Thy days of toil and care henceforth had passed!
 "O blind and senseless one to let me go,
 "To lose the rarest gift of fortune so,

"And all to gain from me a simple rule
 "So easy to be learned in any school.
 "The secret charm to turn all things to gold,
 "Sped from thee when thy hand relaxed its hold,
 "Too late! alas, too late, through me thou'rt wise!
 "Behold thy fortune mounting through the skies."
 Thus sang the nightingale with taunting glee
 Circling above her foe in mockery.
 And as her notes their melody prolong
 The precious pearl seemed melted in her song.
 But every note was like a fiery dart
 To poison with its sting the archer's heart,
 And still his heart re-echoed with the word,
 "O luckless one! to lose so bright a bird."
 Consumed and sick at last with vain regret,
 He strove once more to take her in his net,
 But all his art was now of no avail,
 No snare could lure again the nightingale.
 Till tired of his attempt to win by stealth
 The wary guardian of such boundless wealth,
 By honest words he sought to woo her mind
 Back to the bondage she had left behind.
 "Come pretty bird," he cried, "and make my breast
 "Thy home, no more a prisoner but a guest.
 "In liberty abiding with me still,
 "Fed from my hand, and roving at thy will.
 "Thy merry song shall be thy sole employ,
 "Nor aught shall harm thy life or mar thy joy."

O it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wonderfully,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad:

O there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth
In these our hours of need.

All masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
Their uphill journey takes,
Lose here, what there they gain, and if
We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

John Jayson
Lafayette & Co.
1864

1. OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and thee,
To thank thee for the era done,
And trust thee for the opening one.

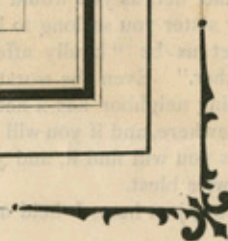
2. Here, where of old, by thy design,
The fathers spake that word of thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

3. Be with us while the new world greets
The old world thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

4. Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will,
And freighted with love's Golden Fleece
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

5. For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

6. Oh make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong:
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!



This was a second nature to this dear little woman. You could not tell her of an "outing" you had in prospect but that she would say, "Now, have n't I anything you could use? Would n't you wear my—?" etc.

To be sure this is always to those in moderate circumstances; but she herself is far from rich, only making everything she has count over and over in the service of others. How many of us make it a matter of conscience that, after we have enjoyed our weekly papers, they shall brighten some less-favored home? How many, if they have lecture or concert tickets and find they cannot use them, will take real trouble to find some friend who could not so well purchase them, that should be remembered, to enjoy them.

I have heard many people wish that they could have a married sister or cousin live close to them. Why do n't they adopt the neighbors they have? Be as careful to share any little nicety with poor little Mrs. D., with her three little children hanging around her, as you would if she were the dear sister you so long to have near you.

Let us be "kindly affectioned one to another." Even the worst and most gossiping neighbor has a heart hidden away somewhere, and if you will but follow these hints you will find it, and you and she will be twice blest.

Now, just here, I held my pen and read

cities and villages of Italy and the adjacent nations in almost every one of which they had their secret adherents. At one time they numbered 6,000 Vaudois Christians in Venice and as many more in Genoa. They had also their schools of the prophets where their young men were trained for the ministry. The scene of all this preparatory work was in the secluded valley of Angrogna, and in the wildest and most inaccessible part of it called the Pra del Tor.

It is impossible for language fully to describe the varied beauties, the majesty, the wild and awful grandeur of the scenes through which one passes to reach this spot. During the first hour of riding, the road is a comfortable carriage-way winding along the side of steep hills, shaded by broad chestnuts, and oaks, and overlooking a narrow valley, with here and there a hamlet or small village, and watered by the wild torrent of Angrogna whose springs are far up amid eternal snows.

Beautiful flowers are peeping out from the rocks and roadside, and the birds are making the forests vocal with their songs. As we pass onward the road becomes more steep and difficult, and narrows to a mere bridle path, winding around the spurs of the mountains, and overhanging deep and awful ravines through which the mountain torrent roars and thunders as it plunges down from one ledge of rocks to another.

Synod of the Waldenses used to meet. Here the barbes or pastors and the elders came to consult together upon the interests of the church of Christ; here the pastors of the valleys, laying their hands upon the heads of their younger brethren, ordained them to the work of the ministry, and giving to them the right hand of fellowship sent them away to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. From this spot went forth the living teachers of the word to prepare the way for the Reformation, and here the youth of the church found a school of the prophets and were educated for the ministry long before Luther and Calvin and Latimer and Knox arose to do their work for the church and the world. In this secluded spot, shut out by rocky barriers from the intrusion of their enemies, the pious youth of the valleys were required to commit to memory the gospels of Matthew and John and a part of the Epistles. They were instructed also in the Latin and Romance language and in Italian. After this they spent some years in retirement, and then were set apart to the work of the ministry, by the imposition of hands and prayer with the administration of the Lord's Supper. Their support was derived from the voluntary contributions of the people, which were divided at the annual meetings of the Synod, one part of which was given to the ministers or pastors, one to the poor, and one to the missionaries.

desert, where once had the prophets, the Pra

He who has become history of this inter-ful people, who recall their earnest devotion truth, and their long a at the hand of their princes and priests of will feel that no place full of precious and th has been so baptized nessed more scenes truth, or nobler victor of the church and its

The Great Invent Chur

BY REV. WM. H.

THE American Tra I believe, more than a churches are support-ventive power of the of this fact, that the chu how it may do its be best men and its best people lying outside t the churches, and f churches cannot in th own means touch. G think of this, that th the real power of the

* From an address at the

Plymouth Church.

BY JAMES OWEN.

"How much is bid for this broad-aisle pew?
Three hundred dollars?—I will never do!
Four hundred—five—did I just hear eight?
The road to Heaven from thence is straight."

Ah, an old Saint nods! he has gained the prize,
And he pays with tears wrung from widow's eyes;
Yet the auctioneer with a smile and nod,
Keeps on—"How much do I hear for God?"

The broad-aisle God is a different thing
From the God for sale in an obscure wing;
Yet I often wonder if He is more
In Plymouth front than at Plymouth door?

2. He there at all with the pampered throng?
Does He like the music and well-paid song?
Do the rustling silks and studied prayer
Keep Him from common worship, there?

And I often muse to myself, alone,
If seats are sold round the heavenly throne?
—Ah, yes, my friend! they are sold above,
But the price is paid on this earth in love.

And earth's down-trodden, need have no fear,
For Christ has risen—He has been here!
From the cruel cross, with spear pierced through,
He went not up from a broad-aisle pew!

To the dying thief with his death-glazed eyes,
He said—"This day in Paradise!"
And the heavens grew dark as earth did moan,
And thunders muttered—"he cross the throne!"

'How much—how much for another seat?
It's given—gone!—ah, religion's sweet!"
Yet an agonizing, fearful thought
That a God of love cannot be bought.

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

OF THE

CHICAGO, DANVILLE & VINCENNES

RAILROAD.

Total amount to be issued.....	\$2,500,000
Capital Stock paid in.....	2,100,000
Estimated Cost of Road (140 miles).....	4,500,000
Estimated Earnings per annum.....	2,629,200
Net Earnings per annum.....	\$79,768
Interest on the Loan per annum.....	175,000
Amount of Bonds per mile of Road..	18,000
Amount of Interest per mile.....	1,260
Amount of Net Earnings per mile...	6,284

The Bonds follow the completion of the Road—have the Union Trust Company of N. Y. as their Official Register and Transfer Agent—and are sold at present at 95 and accrued interest.

They bear examination and comparison, better, it is believed, than any other now before the public, in the fixed unchangeable elements of *Safety, Security, and Profit*—bear good interest—Seven per cent. Gold for forty years—secured by a Sinking Fund and First Mort-

Bidding off Church Seatings

The following lines are of course satirical. The spirit they breathe is not commendable, but we reprint them from our scrap-book, to show how some people regard the selling of the best seats in church to the highest bidder. The practical genius of the Author, a resident of Bath Me., is undeniable.

Now Moses Owen's
"Plymouth Church"
Rev Building

THE SUNDAY MORNING DREAM.

[Although the following very impressive article (originally published as a tract in England) refers to the usages and observances of a particular denomination of Christians, its pungent rebukes are reasonable to all.]

My first day of returning health, after many weeks of severe illness, was a bright Sunday in June. I was well enough to sit at an open window in my easy chair, and, as our house stood in a pleasant garden in the suburbs of London, the first roses of the year scented the soft breeze that fanned my cheek and revived my languid frame. The bells of our parish church began their chimes, and the sound awakened in me an intense longing to be with my family once more a worshipper in the house of God. I took up my Bible and Prayer-Book, which had been placed ready on the table beside me, intending to begin to read when the hour of the eleven o'clock service should be announced by the ceasing of the bells, and, in the mean time, closed my eyes, and soothed my impatient wishes by picturing to myself the shady avenues of blossoming lanes that led to our church, and the throngs that would now be entering it for the public worship of the day.

All at once I seemed to be walking in the beautiful churchyard, yet prevented from gratifying my eager wish to enter the church, by some irresistible though unseen hand. One by one the congregation, in their gay Sunday dresses, passed me by, and went in where I vainly strove to follow. The parish children, in two long and orderly trains defiled up the staircases into the galleries, and except a few stragglers hurrying in, as feeling themselves late, I was left alone.

Suddenly I was conscious of some awful presence, and felt myself addressed by a voice of most sweet solemnity in words to this effect:—"Mortal, who by divine mercy hast just been permitted to return from the gates of the grave, pause before thou enterest God's holy house again; reflect how often thou hast profaned his solemn public worship by irreverence, or by inattention, which is in his sight irreverence: consider well the great privilege, the unspeakable benefit and blessing, of united prayer, lest by again abusing it thou tire the patience of thy long-suffering God, and tempt him forever to deprive thee of that which thou hast hitherto so little valued." Seeing me cast down my eyes and blush with conscious guilt, the gracious being continued in a milder tone:—"Enter thou with me, and thou shalt, for thy warning, be able to discern those among the devotions about to be offered which are acceptable to him, and to see how few in number, how weak and unworthy, they are."

As he ceased speaking I found myself by the side of the angel still, but within the church, and so placed that I could distinctly see every part of the building.

"Observe," said the angel, "that those prayers which come from the heart, and which alone ascend on high, will seem to be uttered aloud. They will be more or less audible in proportion to their earnestness: when one thoughts wander the sounds will grow faint, and even cease altogether."

This explained to me why the organist, though apparently playing with all his might, produced no sound, and why, presently after, when the service began, though the lips of many moved, and all appeared attentive, only a few faint murmurings were heard.

How strange and awful it was to note the sort of deathlike silence that prevailed in

These were shocking and striking examples of irreverence. There were happily not many such; the involuntary wanderings of thought were more common.

I was much interested in a young couple near me, whose attention for a considerable part of the service had been remarkable. From the dress of the young man, I judged him to be a clergyman; the lady wore deep mourning. They were evidently betrothed; they read out of one book. Gradually he forgot the awful presence in which he stood; his eyes wandered from the Bible to her gentle face, and, fixing there, called off his thoughts from heaven. "How good she is!" he began to say; "how attentive to her prayers, as to all other duties! What a sweet wife she will make! How happy am I to have won her love!" By this time the countenance of the young girl wore an expression which showed that she felt the earnestness of his gaze: her eyelids trembled, her attention wavered; and, though she looked at the book some moments longer, she too began to murmur of earthly things, and I heard her say, "Oh how he loves me! even here he cannot forget that I am beside him." It was many minutes before either of them returned in spirit to their devotions.

As the service proceeded, the attention of the congregation flagged more and more; the hubbub of worldly talk increased. One man composed a letter he intended to send, and even altered whole passages and rounded elegant periods, without one check or recollection of the holy place where he stood. Another repeated a long dialogue which had passed between himself and a friend the night before, and considered how he might have spoken more to the purpose. Some young girls rehearsed scenes with their lovers; some recalled the incidents of their last ball. Careful housewives planned schemes of economy, gave warning to their servants, arranged the turning of a gown, or decided on the most becoming trimming of a bonnet.

To me, conscious of the recording angel's presence, all this solemn mockery of worship was frightful. I would have given worlds to rouse this congregation to a sense of what they were doing; and, to my comfort, I saw that for the involuntary offenders a gentle warning was provided.

A frown from the angel, or the waving of his impatient wings, as if about to quit a place so desecrated, recalled the wandering thoughts of many a soul, unconscious whence came the breath that revived the dying flame of his devotions. Then self-blame, tears of penitence and bitter remorse, of which those kneeling nearest knew nothing, wrung the heart, shocked at its own careless ingratitude, wondering at and adoring the forbearance of the Almighty, while more concentrated thoughts, and, I trust, more fervent prayer, succeeded to the momentary forgetfulness.

In spite of all these helps, however, the amount of real devotion was small; and when I looked at the angel's tablets, I was shocked to see how little was written there-in.

"Out of three hundred Christians," thought I, "assembled, after a week of mercies, to praise and bless the Giver of all good, are these few words the sum of what they offer?"

"Look to thyself," said the angel, reading my inmost thoughts. "Such as these are, such hast thou long been. Darest thou, after what has been revealed to thee, act such a part again? Oh, could thy mortal ears bear to listen to the songs of the rejoicing angels before the throne of the

whole pews, in which, as was thus evident, no heart was raised in gratitude to heaven! Even in the Te Deum and Jubilate, the voices sometimes sunk into total silence. After the Creed there was a low murmuring of the versicles; and then, distinct and clear above all other sounds, a sweet childish voice softly and reverently repeated the Lord's Prayer. I turned in the direction of the sound, and distinguished among the parish children a very little boy. His hands were clasped together as he knelt, his eyes were closed, his gentle face composed in reverence; and, as the angel wrote on his tablets the words that fell from those infant lips, his smile, like a sunbeam, illuminated the church for a moment, and I remembered the words of holy David, where he says, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Presently I was again reminded of a Scripture passage,—the prayer of the publican. A wretched-looking man, who swept the crossing near the church, lounged into the centre aisle during the reading of the lessons, his occupation being for the hour suspended. The second lesson was the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew. Some verses attracted his attention: he listened with more and more seriousness, until at length he put his hand over his face and exclaimed aloud, "What will become of me at the day of judgment! Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner." That prayer was inserted on the angel's tablets. Oh, may it not stand alone, but be an awakening of better things! May God indeed have mercy on such poor neglected ones as he, and raise up some to teach them and care for their immortal souls!

After this, growing accustomed to the broken murmurs and interrupted sounds, I followed many an humble Christian through large portions of the Litany; though often, while I was listening with hopeful attention, a sudden and total pause showed but too plainly that the thoughts of the kneeling suppliant had wandered far away, and that he who had appeared so earnest in his devotions had become languid and silent like the rest of the congregation.

"Thou art shocked at what thou hast observed," said the angel: "I will show thee greater abominations than these. God is strong and patient: he is provoked every day. Listen now, and thou shalt hear the thoughts of all these people; so shalt thou have some faint idea of the forbearance God continually exercises towards those who draw near to him with their lips, while their hearts are far from him."

As the angel spoke, my ears were deafened with a clamor which would have been shocking in a public meeting, but which here, in God's holy house, was awfully profane. The countenances remained indeed as composed and serious as before, the lips moved with the words of prayer, but the phrases they uttered were of the world and its occupations.

"How shamefully late Mrs. Slack always comes!" said one woman, who, lying over the edge of her Prayer-book, saw her neighbor and a train of daughters bustle into the next pew. "What an example to set to her family! Thank goodness, no one can accuse me of that sin." "New bonnets again already!" exclaimed the last comer, returning the neighborly glance from the other seat, ere she composed herself to the semblance of devotion. "How they can afford it heaven only knows, and their father owing all his last year's bills yet. If my girls look shabby, at least we pay our debts."

"Ah! there's Tom Scott," nodded a young man to his friend in the opposite gallery: "he is growing quite religious and

Suddenly the sweet, solemn voice ceased, the glorious angel disappeared, and so oppressive seemed the silence and loneliness, that I started and awoke. My watch pointed to the hour of eleven. It must have been the stopping of the bells that interrupted my slumbers; and all this solemn scene had passed before my mind in the short space of a few minutes.

Almighty, thou wouldst indeed wonder at the condescending mercy which stoops to accept these few wandering notes of prayer and praise. Yet the sinless angels veil their faces before Him in whose presence man stands boldly up with such mockery of worship as thou hast seen this day. Remember the solemn warning, lest hereafter it be counted to thee as an aggravation of guilt."

May the lesson I learned in these few minutes never be effaced from my heart! And if this account of them should recall one wandering thought in the house of prayer, or teach any to value more highly and cultivate more carefully the privilege of joining in the public worship of our church, it will not have been written in vain.

respectable, I declare. He has been church two Sundays running. How much longer will the devout sit last?"

A Pleasant Affair.

The gathering of the many friends of the Rev. and Mrs. R. B. Howard, at their residence in this village, last Monday evening, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their marriage, was an occasion not soon to be forgotten by those present. The whole house was thrown open, or rather given up, to the company, Mr. and Mrs. H. being taken so by surprise, they had nothing to say. In front, among the trees, were suspended Chinese lanterns, whose mellow light added attraction to the scenes within. The piazza, extending from the front entrance to the south side of the house, was beautifully festooned and decorated with evergreen, while on the wall of the dwelling, between the parlor windows, was arranged in a wreath, plainly seen from the street, these figures: 1860, and 1870. The piazza, brilliantly illuminated, presented a festive appearance, and was a favorite retreat for old and young who wished to escape, for a season, the close air and crowd within. The large grounds south of the dwelling were lighted by lanterns, and several bright torches suspended in a circle some twenty feet from the ground, affording the promenaders and gossipers ample space, and every facility, for enjoyment. The "Reception Room," at the right of the front hall entrance, where the wedded couple stood fully three mortal hours, first and last, that night, to receive the throng of guests which came crowding in with their "happy greetings," and many "words of cheer," was decorated in a manner suited to the occasion. We pitied, while at the same time, we sort of envied the good minister and his wife. The "Gift Room," where were deposited those little mementoes of affection, and choice "keepsakes," together with those convenient things to have, even in a minister's family—the much abused "greenbacks,"—was also wreathed and festooned with marked appropriateness. The "Supper Room," also, into which the committee on refreshments had converted their pastor's study, was arranged with due regard to the wants and comforts of the large number of persons who might be inclined that way.

The grand event of the evening, the marriage ceremony, (it was long ago named the ceremony of the "Tin Wedding.") took place about half past eight o'clock, Rev. Mr. Fiske, of Bath, who tied the Hymenial knot ten years before, officiating. Mr. F. made a few very happy and well-timed remarks, closing with an earnest prayer. Then followed the congratulations, about which, of course, our "special artist, on the spot," was not expected to report, as lips, not pen, can best impart the impressions received. But they will be remembered, when many other happy epochs in the lives of both the giver and receiver shall have been forgotten, evincing, as they did, the fact that the ties which bind a faithful pastor to the hearts of his people and the community in which he walks, are strong, yet tender. Then came a song, with piano accompaniment, by that sweet singer, Miss Rice, followed by other vocal music, after which a tin-kling poem, entitled "Tin-tinnabulations," composed for the occasion by Miss J. H. May, was read by one of the gentlemen. It was a fine production, abounded in pleasant witticisms, and was happily received. It was neatly bound in tin covers. The reader presented it to Mr. Howard, who we have no doubt will many times refer to it in the coming future. By this time, the hour for refreshments had arrived, and the company, under the excellent management of the gentlemen who had the "manner of going" to the bountifully laden tables, in charge, proceeded in groups to the work before them.

The table committee had things admirably arranged, and readily supplied the wants of each detachment as it arrived, so that all went away satisfied. After the "inner wants" were numbered among the things of the past, and a "good look" had been taken of the Gift Room, the company bade "good night," and "God bless you," to the pastor and his wife, and took their departure.

We can hardly close this imperfect sketch of the "happy affair," without giving its solid results:—an elegant silver service, consisting of seven pieces, and some \$300.00 in money, to say nothing of the many smaller, yet beautiful gifts, placed upon the tables.

[For the Daily Evening Times.]

TO JOHN BROWN.

BY DAVID BARKER.

Stand firm, John Brown, till your fate is o'er,
For the world with an anxious eye,
Looks on, as it seldom looked before,
As the hour of your doom draws nigh.
Stand firm, John Brown.

Dread not the blow that a coward deals,
And fear not the tyrant's nod,
Doubt not the end of the work you would shape.

THE BABY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt,
Unwritten history!
Unfathomable mystery!

Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,

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She is the budding of our love,
A gift that God has given us;
We must not love the gift too much,
'Twould be no blessing thus.

PRAISE SERVICE.

SABBATH EVENING, AUGUST 6, 1871.

I—Organ Voluntary.

II—Doxology:

"To God the Father, God the Son."

PRAYER.

III—97th Hymn.

"All people that on earth do dwell."

Second and Fourth verses by the Congregation.

IV—340th Hymn.

"Behold the glories of the Lamb."

By the Choir.

V—120th Hymn.

"O Worship the King, all glorious above!"

By the Congregation.

VI—505th Hymn.

"Come, ye disconsolate."

Choir and Congregation, as indicated in the book.

VII—217th Hymn.

"Come, O my Soul."

By the Congregation.

VIII—50th Chant, on the 433d page.

"Gloria in Excelsis."

By the Choir.

IX—329th Hymn.

"Ye tribes of Adam, join."

By the Congregation.

X—366th Hymn.

"In the cross of Christ I glory."

Third and Fifth verses by the Congregation.

XI—750th Hymn.

"Oh, could I speak the matchless worth."

By the Congregation.

XII—605th Hymn.

"Jesus, lover of my Soul."

Choir and Congregation, as indicated in the book.

XIII—978th Hymn.

"Must Jesus bear the Cross alone."

By the Congregation.

XIV—775th Hymn.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

By the Congregation.

CONCLUDING PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

*It is requested that, in these hymns, the Congregation rise and sing the melody.

A Pleasant Affair.

The gathering of the many friends of the Rev. and Mrs. R. B. Howard, at their residence in this village, last Monday evening, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their marriage, was a

1870

A Praise Service

[For the Daily Evening Times.]

TO JOHN BROWN.

BY DAVID BARKER.

Stand firm, John Brown, till your fate is o'er,
For the world with an anxious eye,
Looks on, as it seldom looked before,
As the hour of your doom draws nigh.
Stand firm, John Brown.

Dread not the blow that a coward deals,
And fear not the tyrant's nod,
Doubt not the end of the work you would shape,
For you're shaping the work of God.
Stand firm, John Brown.

The Outer John Brown they will torture and kill,
And tumble it into a grave,
But the Inner John Brown may trouble them still,
By its whisperings round with the slave.
Stand firm, John Brown.

Death nears you, John Brown, Old Outer John Brown,
And marks you as food for the worm;
But death nor the worm can harm Inner John Brown,
So Inner John Brown, stand firm.
Stand firm, John Brown.
Exeter, November, 1859.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily off the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden furies of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

THE BABY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt,
Unwritten history!
Unfathomable mystery!

Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks,
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years,
And he'll never know
Where the summers go;—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the mannikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?—
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony,—
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast—
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

THE BABY.

No shoes to hide her tiny toes,
No stockings on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snow,
Or early blossoms sweet.
Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin,
Her puckered mouth and balmy lips
With no one tooth between.
Her eyes, so like her mother's eyes,
Two gentle liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has no wings.
She is the budding of our love,
A gift that God has given us;
We must not love the gift too much,
'Twould be no blessing thus.

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