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woetry.

TECHISM.

NO. I.—MAN'S CHIEF END TO GLORIFY GOD.

As Molian harp unconscious Of its brightest use remains, Till the breezes of the morning Sweep it into mystic strains; So we, till his quickening Life-wind, God's own Spirit deigns.

Mighty are the tides of ocean, Flashing high from pole to pole; This the orb of night that sways them,
Till sublime the billows roll;
So Jehovah's grand attraction
Highest lifts the soul.

Man's best powers point him Godward;
Deathless Hope that ne'er expires;
Worship that demands an altar;
Faith that dares the flercest fires;
Filial Heart that searches heaven
Yearning for its Sire.

Boundless love is in our being,
Meant to cling to God most fair;
Eloquence, with glowing accents,
His high merits to declare; tion, nobly seeking Heavenly crown to wear.

Reason! grasp thy noblest subject,
God's creative skill and night;
Science! mark great systems wheeling
Round His central throne their flight;
Statesman! See Him guide the nations
Into day, through night.

Fancy, let you sapphire palace
Up to God thy vision raise,
Where his smile of mercy brightens
All its diamonds into blaze; Let thy rapt, outbursting pæans Hymn Jehovah's praise.

Passion, give to God thine ardors: Zeal untiring, strength of will; Guilt, O how thou need st His pardon! Sorrow, cast thee on his skill; Bring to Him the weary longings He alone can fill.

ELAHISTOTEROS

Correspondence.

tlemen," was oft asserted to us juveniles by crease. At every halting place or new camp, our sage old professor, "Little things make the our soldiers, in their various rummagings for land from inroads of humanity, yet were the | yells and screams assail him. "Right about," clocusts, the flies, and the lice, too much for says Bun, and darts to the left, yet only to their weapons of war. Ill humor would often meet accumulated volleys of yells and missiles. its previshness, though by it a whole family | yields with little further effort. Poor Bunnie! circle may be kept uneasy and morose a whole

day long. roads have been made upon us by the rebels, killers. Pheasants and quails, however, havundisturbed have we been by their shells, bull ing wings, and the squirrels claws, the first lets or bayonets nor have we left our quiet when approached by the soldier, flies away, encampment in this old field, in order to disturb the latter hops up the nearest tree, and thus any of Gen. Lee's arrangements beyond the generally escapes, as our soldiers are forbidden Rapid Ann. Yet has your correspondent not under heavy penalties from using their guns been free from serious annoyance. His man- against any game, save rebels. sion has been invaded and his goods destroyed he been able with the willing assistance of well life. armed and trained friends fully to expel the plundering marauders. "Why, what new rebellion do you ask, is this which has sprung

Good farming no doubt tends much to lessen the number of these pests to husbandry. The likely to be heard with attention. Do they rugged ploughshare of Burns was a stern, des- hear the word of God attentively who gaze tructive reality to little mousie with her snugly from pew to pew, to see what new fur or new built nest and well laid schemes of which the dress has come into the sanctuary? I have poet sung in such pathetic and exquisite strains. Unfortunately for my interests, no ploughshare these three years has disturbed the surface of ing his nails. It is not many Sabbath's since I these old Virginia fields. Mousie thus undisturbed for so long in her domestic arrangements | the singing ceased, commence a tele a tele with has multiplied to an astonishing degree. Grandames rejoicing in their descendents perhaps to the tenth generation. Were they all turned into golden mice, such as those sent back with the ark by the Philistines, Secretary Chase God? Judge ye. might at once resume specie payments, nor issue greenbacks more.

Having no chest, vault, cupboard, shelf or table drawer, in or on which to store our simple another passage, as "the blind people, that stock of eatables, they are of needs laid upon the have eyes, and the deaf, that have ears "? The ground under the little canvass. The first night of our encampment on this old field now covered with withered grass and running briefs, a whole tribe of these insignificant plunderers burrowed hearing it. The power of fixing the attention along the surface of the ground into thy tent. While sleeping, they ate into my little sugar one can fix it so as to retain some; and the sack and devoured its contents; found their way into the haverack and rummaged it; Nearly all, in an ordinary congregation, by culgnawed through the leather of the saddle bags tivating this precious intellectual faculty, might and stole the hard tack; went through the soon be able to retain the principal part of any canvass of Jesse's oats-sack and made a nest sermon. If this is a fact, then we see how therein; carried off my ration of meat, and much commiseration those persons deserve only leaving untouched, a little sait, pepper who are incessantly complaining of their bad and ground coffee as not to their liking. So memories. They cannot remember a sermon emboldened did they become at the success as others can. But oh! they wish they could. of their invasion, that when bestirring myself The simple fact is, they think they cannot renext morning, various squads of them seemed | member, and they have never cultivated memunwilling to leave the tent. Such impudence ory by fixing their attention. Instead of this, was not to be home. A small stick was siezed they have settled down upon the conviction and vigorous use of said instrument commenced; that they cannot remember, and the old maxim But one half-grown chisp was however put of the Romans is verified in them, namely, hors du combat by the operation, all the others | that "what a man says he cannot do, he never magically disappearing into their various bur- can." The mind of one who exercises no discirowing places. Remaining quiet for a few pline in this respect, flies from object to object moments, half a dozen little whiskered noses, as "the eyes of the fool to the ends of the each backed by a pair of small, black, round, earth," so that the probability is, if he could mischievous looking eyes, made their appear- remember all the different things that have ance from the entrance of as many holes be- passed through his mind, he would find that a second of his sured File of his ones will of

neath the canvass. Comical, as well as quizical was their appearance. Each one seemed to ask, "Who are you?" "What great giant ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SHORTER CA. is this who is trying in such a summary manner to disturb our independence and take away our liberties?" The rogues must have had previous practice in the dodge. A sudden and violent plunge was made at the nearest quiz, the stroke fell where had been the two eves, but

mousie was'nt there. Next night before sleeping time all the replaced estables were suspended by pieces of rope from the cross pole of the little tent, causing the crowded enclosure to look like a miniature smoke house or ogre's den. After the candle was blown out, myself rolled in a blanket on the ground floor, the former invasion with large apparent additions entered. No feast this time could be found or reached, whereat an evident and boisterous indignation meeting was held. After its adjournment various companies of the little indignants scrambled on top of me and ran races my whole length. Then would they run across and angling over me, and when wearied with this interesting operation, would collect in squads, still on top of me, in order to plan some new mischief. Little things make up life in camp as well as at home.

The Lord would not cast out all the inhabitants of Canaan at once; seeing the Tribes at

their invasion were not numerous enough to occupy all the land. A reason given for said policy was, lest wild beasts multiply and desolate the land. The hunters of Virginia seem long since to have destroyed the various races of wild beasts, which in the Indian day were so numerous—buffaloes, deer; bears, panthers, catamounts; so that during these years of desolation through the Old Dominion there are none of those animals left, so as to multiply and once more possess the land. Rabbits not being so easily exterminated, are an exception. Although they multiply exceedingly when unmolested, yet in years past, the slaves were wont successfully to adopt various and cunning measures for their capture and appropriation. Now, however, master and slave have alike disappeared from many a section. As a consequence, these curious, long-eared, hopping, stupid-looking creatures have for two years CHAPLAIN STEWART ON LITTLE THINGS. had almost uninterrupted occupancy of these Brandy Station, Va., Nov. 23, 1863. old fields and open woods. In the meantime DEAR EDITOR: Little things, young gen- there has been evidently a most prolifice in-

scholar as well as the gentleman." Equivalent wood, water &c., start out a rabbit from almost this to Ben Franklin, "Take care of the pence every little biding nook," No sooner does Bun and the pounds will take care of themselves;" become alarmed, and bound out from his hiding to Solomon's, "Little foxes spoiling the vines." | place, than he becomes a doomed rabbit; escape Yes, and little things make up life—occasion next to impossible; presently is he to boil and its ill, fretfulness, uneasiness, estrangements | blubber in the camp-kettle of some rangious make up its comforts, joys, and friendships. soldier. Away however he scuds, followed by Big things we can manage; sieze hold of and this and that bellowing pursuer, yet ere aware, make behave themselves. Little ones elude squads of shouting men meet him in frontthe search and the grasp yet may still exist to away he shoots to the right, where suddenly torture. The Egyptians could defend their volleys of clubs and stones, commingled with

be ashamed to tell the insignificant occasion for Panting, bewildered, paralyzed, he generally Umbellate grouse, (pheasants,) quails and

fox, squirrels have also greatly increased in Since my last from Brandy Station, no in- numbers through this region of late for lack of

But enough. You have thus a long letter by a numerous and cunning enemy; nor has about Little Things, as little things make up A. M. STEWART:

ON HEARING THE WORD.

BY W. M. CORNELL, LL. D. The word should be heard attentively. If it be heard with reverence and prayer, it will be seen a man during a considerable part of the sermon fumbling about his hymn-book, or picksaw among the choir a young lady, as soon as

the gentleman who sat next to her, which continued with laughing and searching of tunebooks nearly through the whole sermon. Is such conduct to be tolerated in the house of

Are there not many hearers who are pietured in Scripture as those a who have eyes, and see not; and ears, and hear not"? Or, in principal reason why some retain so much more of a sermon than others, is to be ascribed to the better attention which they give to differs greatly in different persons; but every more it is practised, the more it will increase.

ten-fold more has passed through it, than has does not fix it upon the word preached.

or store, and hear anecdotes told by scores. and emember and relate them for a long time after. These remarks apply, also, to those who go tears falling upon your face. o the sanctuary to sleep. I say go to sleep, pecause they almost invariably do sleep. I much upon sleeping during the sermon, in the house of God as they do in their beds during would conclude he meant to sleep; and, naturally enough: and, what ought you to conclude, when you see him in the house of God. when the minister rises to name the text, just raise his eyes, perhaps to see whether he has notes or not, then loll into the corner of his have room, place himself in an almost horizonal position upon the seat; or, stretch back his head and gape open his mouth, like Chesterfield's "Rustic," who had been sleeping in a hay-loft, and thus continue till some one shakes, or kicks, or pinches him, or his nap is broken

When young, we knew a very fat man who ery much, and that he knew of but one fault or to condole under defeat. There is but one n him—that was, "his sermons were always object to fill your vision and absorb your reflectoo short." The fact was, the old man was tions. It is that you are about to die and apdisturbed by having his nap broken too soon.

by the ending of the sermon.

I have heard persons say they would esteem during the sermon; and I hesitate not to reply, in every case where there is not disease. it is a mercy which they can create at any time they please. Who sleeps at a town meeting? the mouths of such sleepy hearers as are somenacles. O Lord of hosts!" &c.

If an Apostle could rebuke those who abused the Lord's Supper by asking: "What! we not ask of those who come to the sanctuary to sleep: What! have ye not beds to sleep in

Dr. Young, the celebrated author of the Night Thoughts." is said on one occasion. when he found it impossible to gain the attenany thing on earth could make ministers weep, We quote part of the story: (and angels too,) it would be that of seeing a people asleep when the glad tidings of salvasoul come not thou into their secret."

"Did Christ o'er sinners weep

"Take heed," oh ve inattentive, listless, whispering, book-fumbling, sleepy persons

his very courteous, kind, but erroneous re-

Soldier's Scrap Book. SECOND SCRAP.—HAPPILY DIVERSE

Scenes borrow impressiveness from their contrasts. That recorded in my last article gave me a higher relish for the occurrence which I have now to relate.

pital in Hagerstown, directly after Lee's invaing him was sent to the hospital. Help was others I have known to commit suicide. at once despatched to bring him in. He came with little of life left in him. His wound was have been easily managed; but neglect and exposure had done their work, and the powers of nature for any permanent rally, were cone.

of nature, for any permanent rally, were gone. I sat by his bed to take from his lips notes | Virginia—wives sorrowing for their husbands | tered straw hat, made the ruddy face look all for a letter to his parents. "First of all," said husbands mourning for their vives, and parents the handsomer. Then the man's coat that he he, "tell them I bless God that I was found; weeping for their children, and would not be wore, with its tails cut off, and its sleeves that I was brought to die here-among Christian friends; that they can know what has betian friends; that they can know what has be for all this, but I did not expect it to fall on us patches—to say nothing of the places where come of their son, and that he died happy in the way of war between the North and South. Jesus. This was the only wish I had left! I began to fear some heavy curse when the great when I lay there in that field, through those gangs of chalued slaves were 4rst sent from Virlong, hot days and dark nights. Sometimes ginia, and that the day would soon come when I was so hungry, and sometimes too sick to be the cup of our iniquities would be full. hungry. I expected to die there all alone; have been ruined, and many of them are wan- if a king's heart were beating in his bosom." and yet I was not alone, for Jesus was every dering beggars. I was a few days since walking minute at my side. He knew that I had loved in my garden, looking down on the country, and him long. I had loved him in the Sabbath- the change of a few months deeply affected me. him long. I had loved him in the Sabbath-school; I had loved him at the Communion-ell. I remember the doctor, her husband, a table at home; and, in the army, I loved him very smart man, and her five sons, the most pop- was agreed that early on the following morning all the better, when wicked, cursing, and swear- ular young men in the country, and also her beau- Joe (for that was the young gentleman's ing soldiers despised him. I knew it was no fiful daughters. Her house was the resort of name,) should appear in the artist's studio

happiest hours of my whole life. She knows what religion is; she knows me, too, and she week that Ellsworth was killed, one of her what religion is; she knows me, too, and she will believe me. My Testament was lost in the fight, but I knew a great deal in it by heart. Week that the daughters was married, and the house was filled with gayety and mirth; now the grounds are in ruins, her turniture broken, and all the beautiful "Look here, mister," rejoined Joe fiercely, again and receive you unto myself.' And I is the place of Colonel Hunter, his fields open, his barns burnt for fuel, and his house consumed to the ground; and likewise the place of General Lee, one of the finest in Virginia, now used by troops. His grain-fields and meadows were thrown open, and beaten as the high roads.

I wait for nothing now but to die."

I remembered wnen Jesus said. 'I will come again and receive you unto myself.' And I is the place of Colonel Hunter, his fields open, his barns burnt for fuel, and his house consumed to the ground; and likewise the place of General Lee, one of the finest in Virginia, now used by troops. His grain-fields and meadows were thrown open, and beaten as the high roads.

I wait for nothing now but to die."

And now, bless the Lord! that is accomplished. I wait for nothing now but to die."

At these painful sights my soul was moved I remembered when Jesus said. I will come things she gathered are scattered. There, too, at the same time laying his papers on a

through the mind of him who has heard the template your exposure to suffer and die on on Virginia? And it appeared to me as plain sermon attentively, and remembers all its prin- some unknown spot—alone. I often think as I ever heard human speech, a voice spoke t cipal parts. Thus, it clearly appears, not that what must be the feelings of one in that situal most highly favored of heaven, and where, be he has not mind enough, but simply that he tion. For the sufferer, sympathy is always cause God was good, men became desperately a support to those dving at home on wicked, and inflicted the greatest wrongs?" And These same persons can go into their field, the bosom of those whom they love. It is sweet on the battle-field, with the arms of some stout comrade underneath, and his big, honest

But who can tell the thoughts of one dying alone? Is home in his thoughts then? Yes, have seen some who appear to calculate as and the power of home is measureless then. "To die here, and be lost from the knowledge of home and loved ones, who will only believe the night. They make all the necessary pre- me dead after a long and long deferred hope of paration for sleeping quietly they possibly tidings from me, has settled into despair. O can: If you were to see a person go to his my God! must it be?" Is religion in his bed-chamber, lay aside his dress, adjust his thoughts, and does he ask of himself whether pillow, and throw himself upon his couch, you he is ready to appear before his Judge? He must think of this, for there, separate from all outward subjects for attention, what has he

but to think? My dear militant friend, it would be no wild stretch of fancy in you to imagine yourself on some such field; alone with God and death. I pew, lay his head upon his elbow; or, if he can think of no circumstances within the possibility of conception itself where the approach of death is so solemn, and where the soul, face to face with the pale tyrant, is so dependent upon a well-assured, Gospel hope for the least ray of comfort, or even mitigation of anguish. The noise of battle is hushed, and the wild thrills of the strife are calmed down. No one is near of whom he may inquire for the fortunes sed to say he liked to hear a young minister of the day—none to congratulate on victory pear before God.

You know what you are now. Bear with t a great mercy if they could keep awake the Christian friendship which implores you to consider whether in view of your present religious state, you could expect that to be the happiest hour of your life—happiest in review and happiest in expectation. Have you now How would the language of David sound in the Christian faith which assures you that, in such a walk through the valley of the shadow times seen? "How amiable are thy taber- of death, Jesus will be with you, and the Shepherd's rod, and staff will comfort you,

The content of the co THE DOOM OF VIRGINIA.

In Dr. Marks' thrilling book on the "Peninsula Campaign," we have an account of a conat home that ye turn the house of God into a versation between himself, in company with his friend Dr. Crawford, and an aged and exceedingly intelligent freedman named Hanson. Hanson's story goes back to the origin of the domestic slave trade in Virginia, and very dration of his audience, to have sat back in the matically and truthfully links the desolations of pulpit, and burst into a flood of tears; and if the present, with the inhumenity of the past

Just about this time the live trade; commenced in Virginia. In my early remembrtion were being announced to them. "Oh my ances there was no trade in slaves. If there were generation, and as a painter, his name ranks any bought and sold, it was in the settlement of estates; and it was made a point of family honor to purchase all the slaves within the circle of the relatives, end not permit families to be separated. when they sleep in the sanctuary of the Lord? In those days people did not speak of negroes as cattle, and as without affection for their children.

a trader came from North Carolina to Alexandria Newsboy." It represents a ruddy, ragged will give his name, I will in due time attend to year. This man had no intention of commen, bundle of newspapers under his arm.

pose, ten or twelve.
"From this commenced a great trouble imongst us—our hearts trembled with fear. To prince among the newsboys. And a portrait e carried away, and sold in those distant, new it really is! States, was to us an occasion of far greater misery than our fathers endured in being stolen from painting this picture, he sauntered slowly Africa. Every autumn the bacon man return along Broadway in the hope of seeing some ed, and others came with him, and there was fine specimen of the newsboy race that would opened as great trade in negroes. passerio danda is

death angel strike three times over the doors. "Oh. what deadful sorrows there were, master, sometimes occurs, he became separated from the whites; but in this we are greatly wronged. his comrades, and undertook to-make his way to love. Our masters and mistresses have idea of a genuine out and out newsboy back, alone. About six miles from Hagers, their carriages, farms, friends, offices, their slaves, town, he gave out exhausted. He was in a their business; but we have none of these: therefield alone. He had a little food which had fore to a negro man all his life and happiness are House on Broadway, when suddenly one of been given him at a farm house. This lasted in his cabin, and when you have taken away the motley group of boys collected near its been given him at a farm house. This lasted him one day. The next day, and the next still, left. Many have I known to die of a broken was his ideal in living, breathing form? In he fasted. On the morning of the fourth day, he heart; others never had any joy again after a was accidentally discovered, and word respect- child or a husband was sold away from them;

trouble. The people here were far richer and picture. The little fellow was ragged and more extravagant, and appeared to me much lessbut trifling, and, with timely attention, might religious, than those I remember in my youth. cheerfulness fairly gleamed through the dirt, went up in the ears of heaved from all parts of everything, straggling from beneath the tat-

"I hnew that a day of vengeance would come

"Now all these great and influential families time for him to desert me, when I was dying many elegant and wealthy people, but now her to have his portrait taken.

"You will certainly be to is a hospital, her beautiful garden trodden down "Tell mother," he added, "those were the her orchards destroyed, and the fences all gone.

"There is the house of Mrs. Lee, where, the

Soldier! while thinking of you, I often con- and I cried, O Lord! why has this curse comthe voice said, 'Virginia.' Again I heard, Knowest thou, O man! the land where human beings were bred as cattle for the market, and where every year thousands of them were sent orth to a fate which they dreaded more that death?" The answer came, Virginia. Again the voice said, Knowest thou the land where, it he midst of the greatest blessings, there had pen the deepest misery; where most faces werd washed with tears, and most hearts torn with an guish; and where the constant wail of distress inflicted by man on his fellow, was going up int the cars of God? And the voice said ! Vir ginia. ... Again the voice said, 'God is just.' she "Then," said the old patriarch, stretching out his arms, and lowering them as if he was relieving his hands of a great weight, "I laid my burden down. And as often as I have been silenced by that

> THE SOLDIER'S WIFE The soldier died last June; the widow is at the oint of death.]

voice, God is just. ?? and and if ??

.It is evening, and the shadows And a shadow, colder, darker,

Presses heavy on my heart. Weary with my long, long, watching, Earth has now no joys for me;

Calm my soul's deep agony: I had hoped to see my soldier Come to bless our home once more; But his work is early finished, And he resteth evermore.

I had hoped to wreath the laurels For his brave and maily brow; But my fondest hopes were blighted When death laid my soldier low,

Had I smoothed his dying pillow, Wiped the death dews from his brow, I might bear this weight of sorrow. Which is crushing me so low.

Yet what matter? Life is passing; Soon I'll reach my heavenly home. In those bright and glorious mansions Where no sorrows ever come.

There I'll meet my soldier husband,
Who has early gone before;
Even now I hear the music,
On the bright and heavenly shore. Mong the white-robed throng of angels

I can see him waiting stand Tothat fairer, brighter land.

Pompey Valley, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1863.

THE ARTIST AND THE NEWSBOY.

Selections.

If any of The Independent boys and girls have never heard of Henry Inman, the artist I am very sure that their parents can tell them something of him. As a man he was revered and beloved by many of the present among the greatest in our land; He has passed from our world into a better and brighter one, but his works are treasured in many a household both in Europe and America. Among his more celebrated pictures and one of which many of my readers have no When I had been married four or five years, doubt seen an engraving is one called "The

in a little schooner, loaded with bacon. For but honest looking little fellow leaning against Mr. Editor, if your correspondent B. B. H. this there happened to be a great demand that the side of the Astor House steps, with a cing a trade in slaves; but some of the planters to No one can look upon that bright, intellioffered him a young boy or girl for bacon, and gent face with its glowing cheeks and sparkling

in this way he began to buy, and collected, I sup | eyes, lit, with energy and sturdy purpose without feeling that the picture is no fancy sketch, but a veritable portrait of some rare When Mr. Inman first conceived the idea of

do for a "subject." Many passed bim, or "I never can ferget the wretchedness of those meeting his attentive eye, pressed eagerly toyears. We all felt as if a sword was hanging over ward him through the crowd with "Sun. A wounded soldier was brought into a hos- our heads, and as bad as if we had heard the Herald and New-Ery! want New Era, sir?" but the right face was not among them. Some had a squint; some looked vicious; some had sion of Pennsylvania. He had received his in those years! You have heard it said that straight red hair sticking out dike bristles; wound in the fight at the Falling Waters. As slaves feel but little, that we do not grieve as some were badly formed, and some showed a deformed spirit within. One and all either We love more deeply, because we have but little offended his artistic eye or fell short of his Almost in despair of finding what he sought, our artists was about turning into the Astor

the stalwart, roguish, noble-looking youngster before him and now, indeed, rushing toward him with an eager "Morninpaper, sir!" he felt. For years I have been looking for some great sure that he beheld the original of his fature dirty enough, but what of that? Health and shortened by a great roll at the wrist, was a natches ought to be filled the artist's heart

with delight. Yes! he would paint him, rags, dirt, and all. The grand boy-nature would be there still. How fortunate!" thought the happy artist; begrimmed though he be, the fellow looks as So Mr. Inman bought a paper of the boy. and asked him whether he would be willing to be his model; in other words, to stand for a picture. The boy looked astonished, but gave a ready assent. After a few moments talk it

"You will certainly be there," said Mr. Inman, looking searchingly into the boy's face. "Sir," exclaimed Joe, growing very red, and straightening himself up to his full hight. "You won't disappoint me?" reiterated the

in sublime disregard of artists in general, and Mr. Inman in particular.

Early on the following morning, while the artist was in his studio preparing for the day's reached. Watery blisters are rising fast on his work, he was startled by a "double-quick" on hands, and a pebble in his shoe is pressing he bare stairway. In another instant, strangely in contrast

"Come in !" shouted the artist, well-pleased at the punctuality of his sitter. The door creaked, and looking up, what a sight presentd itself to his astonished gaze! There stood its 'sitter,' indeed; but, alas, it was no longer the newsboy, no longer the Joe upon whom the artist's soul had been feasting in dreams no 'wee-tipped' daisies to beguile him; not a the long night through. The boy had actually mouse is stirring; only a pestilent mosquito is been washed; his pantaloons had been neatly twanging somewhere behind his left ear, and a brushed, and mended his cost exchanged for the artist's soul had been feasting in dreams prushed and mended, his coat exchanged for a fine aromatic powder rises from the dusty stub-

"You young rascal, you," gasped the disappointed artist, "what in mischiefs name have you been doing to yourself?" "Doin', sir ?" was the meek reply, "I haint bin (doin' nothin'-yer didn't tell me ter come fore nine, o'clock, and I, had ter sell all me mornin' papers, sir, afore I went home ter slick "To dress!" echoed Mr. Inman savagely

his head, leaving only a dingy stubble in their

and who told you you little scoundrel, to rig yourself up in that style?" "Couldn't help it, sir," apologized Joe; "me shoes an' jacket is new, sir, or was a month ago—everythin' on me's decint but me breeches

and fur that matter, sir, I could have a new pair next week, if you'd wait." This was too mugh for the poor artista He sprang from his chair, and would have flown nto a violent passion had he not burst into a

bearty fit of laughter. The boy looked puzzled for an instant, and then, after casting an almost tearful look upon at noon, he turns out his team, and if he means the breeches, which he believed to be the sole

do not understand each other. I wanted to ing which, with those puffy fingers, is no way paint you as you looked yesterday, and now you have spoiled yourself for my picture by putting on your best clothes and cutting your Thereupon Pat, the Irish lad, sits upon the pair. Do you understand?" "He ! he'!" grinned Joe, "that's the go, is trising. Well, I'm blowed if I ever'd a-thought aims at something better; it is wearily done;

of gettin' any picture took in them air old but at least the show shall be made. The candle clothes; but I'll step around an' put 'em on is lighted, and a book pulled down—possibly ag'in in a jiffy sir, if you say the word."

"No, no, Joe; not to day. The hair was what I wanted particularly. How long do you think it will be before you can rose of ag'in in a jiffy sir, if you say the word." other headful, my man?" "Not long, sir," replied Joe cheeringly

I've got a reg'lar mon, sir, generally. It 'ud have bin down to me heels afore this if mammy hadn't eropped it off last Sunday-school exhibition. She chipped it extra close this morn- fine young fellow is in a sound snooze. ing, yer see, on account uv having me pictur' took, he i he ! But it 'll be out in less nor a

Whether the artist concluded to wait for the hair or not I do not remember, as it is many years since he told me the incident. Certain it is, however, that Joe, though a man now, (and let us believe an honest and good man,) is living an eternal youth in Imman's picture of The Newsboy. — Independent."

LITTLE KINDNESS.

"Mother." said a little gifl, "I gave a poo beggar child a drink of water and a slice of bread. nd she said thank you' to me so beautifully ind it made me so glad, I shall never forget it. Now children can do a great many things worth and all times needed; for there are always sick nes; poor ones, besides dear ones, to make hapby by kindness; and it goes further towards mang home happy than almost anything else. Kind offices are within everybody's reach, like air and sunshine, and if anybody feels fretful, and wants a medicine to cure it, we would say, do a "thank you's" worth of kind offices every hour you live, and you will be cured. It is wonderful sweetener of life

FLOWN AWAY.

Two little birds had a nest in the bushes in he back part of the garden. Julia found the nest. It had some speckled eggs in it—one, two. three, four. But she did not trouble the nest, or distress the dear little birds. One day; after she had been away some time. down she ran into the garden to take a peep at the our little speckled eggs. Instead of the beautiful eggs, there were only broken, empty shells. "O," she said, picking out the pieces "the beautiful eggs all spoiled and broken !" "No, Julia," replied her brother, "they are not spoiled; the best part of them has taken wings and flown away.

So it is when a child dies: its little body

eft behind, is only an empty shell; while its soul, the better part, has taken wings, and tricts tending to diminish parental authority

THE POETRY OF FARMING. The author of the charming volume, My

Farm of Edgewood, noticed in our columns recently, thus disposes of the poetry of prac-"During the more leisure period of winter,

the practical mind of the farmer will gravitate

more easily toward mechanical employments

than toward those which are intellectual. He

will have his agricultural journal, and others,

may be, to whose reading he will bring a ripe and hardy judgment. But his thought will be ren spending the day in bar-rooms. Woman more among his cattle and his bins than among ooks. He cannot get wisdom that glorieth in the goad, and that driveth oxen. There nay be a spice of exaggeration in the dogma of Ecclesiasticus; but whoever undertakes the profession of working farmer must accept its morally. When they first come to school. stigues and engrossments, and honor them as says one teacher, the children are like savane can. It is a business that will not be halved ges; most of them do not even know how to Vulcan can make no Ganymede strain as he pross themselves." Another adds: ! One of the will. The horny hands, the tired body, the most deplorable habits in the country is that of hay-dust, and the scent of the stables are inevitable. The fine young fellow, flush with care of children without distinction of sexes: Johnson's Elements, and buoyant with Thomson's Seasons, may rebel at this view of the or decency. Thus morality, intellect, and case; but let them take three hours in a hayfield of August behind a revolver, (rake,) with tal ignorance of the laboring masses in the agthe reins over his neck, the land being lumpy, and the colt dipping a foot over the traces at the end of every bout, and I think he will have sweaty confirmation of its general truth. Or let him try a day at the tail of a Michigan of his friends was expressing his idea that it was plough, in a wiry and dusty last-year's stubble: unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating plough enters bravely to its work smoothly discretion and be able to choose for itself, he at first, but presently an ugly stone flings it showed him his garden, telling him it was his clearly from the furrow, and there is a backing botanical garden. "How so?" said he. "It is covered with weeds." "Oh," said Coleridge, all centered in the plough beam, and nervously that is because it has not yet come to its age of

more. There is new backing and straining and the plough is again in place; no more wiping of the forehead until the headlands are fearfully on a bunion; but at the headland he finds temporary relief, and a small can of weak with the daring ascent, a modest knock was barley-water. Refreshed by this, but some what shaky in the legs, he pushes on with zeal possibly thinking of Burns, and how he walked in glory and in joy,

"Behind his plough, Upon the mountain side,"

and wondering if he really did !: There are eat-fitting Sabbath jacket, his tattered straw ble and tickles his nostrils. So hescomes to the hat abandoned for a trim gray cap, and the shining, matted curis were cropped off close to copy of Burns in his pocket, it might be pleasant for the line young fellow to lie off under the shade for a while, and "improve his mind."
But he has no Butnett in fact, no pocket in his overalls; besides which, the season is getting late; he must finish, his acre of ploughing. Over and over he eyes the sun-it is very slow of getting to its height, and when noon comes it finds him in a very draggled and wilty state; but he mounts one of the horses, and the mate clattering after, he leads off to the barn and the baiting. He has a sharp appetite for the beef and the greens, but not much, at the nooning, for Burns or Bishop Butler. The return to the field haunts him; but the work is only half done. Rubbing his puffy hands with a raw onion, (by the advice of Pat,) he enters bravely upon a new bout of the ploughing. The sun is even more searching than in the morning; the mosquitoes have come in flocks; the bunion, aggravated by the morning's pebble, angers him sorely, and destroys all his confidence

in the commentators upon Burns. "At night, more draggled and wilted than systematic farm-work, will give the horses a cause of the artist's emotion, turned indignantly thorough rubbing-down; afterward if he chertoward the door.

"Stay!" said his companion, suddenly will have need for a rubbing-down of himself.

This refreshes and gives courage for the milkamusing. Again the appetite is good-even for a cut of salt-beef and dish of cold greens. doorstep and ruminates—with a short, black pipe in his mouth. Our draggled young friend dashes at his forehead, and makes him wakeful for a moment; there is a frog droning in the near pond very drowsily peats peats peats peats; the drift of the professor is lost; Pat ruminates on the step; a big miller flaps out the flame of his candle; it is no matter—our

"So much for the working farmer; and we cannot have armies without privates; and privates are many of them 'fine young fellows.'"

POPULAR EDUCATION IN FRANCE. The French correspondent of the Methodis

The education of the people is now one of he most prominent subjects of discussion in France. The emperor congratulates the country, in his recent speech, and with reason, on the progress that has been made of late years. In popular education France is very far ahead of England. Nevertheless, a vast deal yet remains to be done. Two years ago reports were demanded from the teachers throughout the country by the Minister of Instruction. Six thousand teachers responded. M. Robut, Master of Requests to the Council of State. has summed up the results of these reports, and among them are the following startling statements:

"The rural districts of France are plunged in the deepest ignorance. Three-fourths of the population can neither read nor write. The women do not even know how to mend their husbands' and children's clothes. They have no desire even to better their condition: We can neither read nor write, and yet the fand has always supported us; it will be the same with our children.' Such is the real state of feeling of most of the peasants. In many districts the municipal authorities themselves do not know how to sign their names. 'Between the ignorant, greedy, and egotistical populations of our country, say the teachers of the Basses Alpes, and those whom instruction has reached, there is the same difference as exists between civilized nations and savage tribes.' And all agree on this point; all bewail the fatal influence of this intellectual night on the progress of agriculture. It is this ignorance which still upholds the power of the fortune-teller, the influence of empiric cattle-doctors. It attacks the heart as well as the mind. There is something in the air in our rural disand filial love!', Ominous words. Superstition is everywhere; religion nowhere. The peasant has no longer any faith; he remains a stranger to religious duties. He has no virtues, but many vices, both apparent and secret. The teaching of the Gospel is a dead letter. There is an immense, deficiency in the social life of the people.'

This is extracted from the reports on the Pas-de-Calais, and is true of all the departments in general. 'We talk much and are very proud of our progress and civilization. Listen: "A faithful picture of the life of the peasantry would frighten every one. I have seen mothers accompanied by their little childis in the same state of inferiority as in pagan lands." The immorality is fearful. Parents have long been accustomed to speculate on the future of their children at the expense of their health, of their education, and even of their sending cattle to feed in the fields under the they soon become lost to all sense of morality health, all are imperilled by the sheer and bruricultural districts."

LETT TO ITSELF.—Coleridge says that as one ses are fresh and well-trained, and the any opinions before it should come to years of watching its little pitches and yaws; he lifts a hand cautiously to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, (a great imprudence,) and the plough sheers over gracefully, and is out once and strawberries." विष्ठ चेता क्यांट पालेज भन्ति के एकि लेखके ताल तर लहे हुम हुई हुन्य