Bedford Inquirer.

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apr1, 1864—tf.

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Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [dec8:1yr

DR. B. F. HARRY,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hofius.
April 1, 1864—tf.

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S. G. STATLER,
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H. VIRGIL PORTER,
Dentist.
Bloody Run, Penn'a., March 28, 1867.-1y.

Poetry.

TWO SONGS FROM THE PERSIAN.

I.

O, cease, sweet music, let us rest:
Too soon the hateful light is born!
Henceforth let day be counted night,
And midnight called the morn.

O, cease, sweet music, let us rest:
A tearful, languid spirit lies
(Like the dim scent in violets,)
In Zela's gentle eyes.

There is a sadness in sweet sound
That quickens tears. O music, lest
We weep with thy strange sorrow, cease!
Be still, and let us rest.

II.

Ah! sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
The silvers coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love,
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

O, not for them shall angels pray!
They stand in everlasting light,
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in his heart by night.

Miscellaneous.

GAMBLING FOR THE GLORY OF GOD.

The time was when gambling was esteemed a very vulgar and wicked thing. None but the meanest and most abandoned were willing to be known as gamblers. But the world moves, and notions of morality move with it! It would seem that gambling has not only become *genteel*, but even *religious!* Its aid is now invoked on all sides, to build asylums, hospitals, public halls, and to relieve suffering humanity in many forms! It needs only one more forward step, and we shall have lottery schemes to aid missionary societies, to build churches, print Bibles and tracts, support Sunday Schools, and all other Christian efforts! Why not? If it is right to resort to such means to aid human and public charities, why not to support ministers and to send the Gospel to the heathen? The principle involved is the same in either case, and the moral effect upon the community is much the same, no matter what the object to be promoted. The principal difference is, that in a vulgar lottery, no person making any pretension to religion, and few even that have any regard to morality and to the welfare of society, could be induced to countenance it in any way. But where the thing comes out in the garb of *humanity*, to relieve suffering soldiers, or to build an asylum for some needy and suffering class, thousands and tens of thousands are induced to patronize it, partly, it may be, to aid the cause, but still not without hope that a prize may be drawn, and thus advantage accrue to *self* as well as to the public or the suffering poor. Thus the conscience is defiled, a taste for gambling is cultivated, and thousands are started on the highway to ruin, all in the name of charity!

The more philanthropic and charitable the object for which such means are employed, the more general and disastrous will be the result. Many thoughtful persons foresaw this when *raffles* (which is only a political name for lottery) were resorted to in aid of our Sanitary Fairs. The religious and the better portion of the secular press then lifted up a warning voice against the employment of a means so damaging to the public morals; but this voice was unheeded. It was argued that a cause so holy, one appealing so loudly and earnestly to all Christian and patriotic hearts, would sanctify almost any means that would most effectually aid that cause. The raffle was found to be most efficient in many localities. And hence, despite the earnest remonstrances of the more thoughtful and intelligent, it was allowed and encouraged in nearly all parts of the land. The result is just what many anticipated. The barrier which the law and public sentiment had erected against this species of gambling, in almost every State of the Union, is broken down. The floodgate is hoisted, and the evil sweeps over us like a crevasse in the Mississippi! One can hardly take up a secular paper now, but some grand lottery schemes meets the eye, conspiciously paraded in glaring capitals. And these not merely in aid of public charities, but for individual and private speculations. We have "gift stores," and "gift sales," &c., &c., not in the cities only, but in many of smaller towns all over the land. And what are these but lotteries in disguise, or less offensive names? And is it any wonder that many of them are used as lures to attract the uninitiated, and swindle them out of all the money they can be induced to invest? If these were the only lotteries allowed, the evil could be more patiently endured. Few, besides simpletons, would ever be caught, and *these but once.* It is the genteel and quasi religious lottery that is most to be dreaded. These attract the young and unsuspecting of both sexes. They are drawn in by the influence of respectable names and by the magic of numbers. And when once initiated in this species of genteel gambling, the progress to other and less respectable forms is both natural and easy. It is like the letting out of water, easily stopped in the beginning, but let it run awhile, and it will soon defy all resistance.

We are not called upon to show that the lottery, in all its forms, is *actual gambling.* The laws of nearly every State in the Union, and of almost every civilized country in Europe, have decided this in the affirmative. They have been declared a public nuisance; as most injurious to public morals, and prohibited, under severe penalties, in almost every country claiming to be Christian and civilized. Strange, indeed, that any man, in his sense, should yet advocate such an agency in the cause of humanity and benevolence! You might as well substitute *racing, cock fighting* or *bull-baiting!* provided only they would pay as well. The injury to morals would at least be less general, and scarcely more fatal to the few who were weak enough and base enough to be attracted by them.—*Presbyterian.*

YOUNG LADIES should beware if they would have a fresh, healthy and youthful appearance: "Late hours, large crinoline, tight corsets, confectionary, hot bread, cold draughts, pastry, decollette dress, modern novels, furnace registers, easy carriages, late suppers, thin shoes, fear of knowledge, nibbling between meals, ill temper, haste to marry, dread of growing old."

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher thus presents the Evidences of Christianity in one of his recent sermons:

There is no apology for Christianity that can have any avail. If a man is not a a Christian, no apology can make it seem as if he were one; and if a man is a Christian, he needs no apology. A man that is true, upright, loving, honorable, just, cheerful, hopeful, courageous, heavenly, and that like the orange branch that you pluck from the tree and carry with you, gives evidence of his presence wherever he is, does not need any argument to show that he is a Christian.

I see that Dr. Barnes is going to preach ten sermons on the Evidences of Christianity in our days, in the Mercer street Church. Now I will tell you where those evidences are to be found. In city missionaries, that work among the poor; in those men who study the happiness of other people more than their own; in those men who are sweet and patient when they are sick at home, or when their children trouble them. When your neighbors speak unkindly of you, and you speak kindly of them; when men revile you and despitefully use you, and you are genial and gentle in your bearing toward them, then your apology is in your conduct. Oh, give me Christians that prove Christianity. I do not mean to say that arguments are of no benefit; but all the arguments in the world never could carry Christianity far along. It is the contagion of life that does that. You must have the spirit of Christ, and above all you must live by faith and hope and love, if you would impress men with the conviction that you are a Christian. Everybody loves these things. Everybody is won by these things. And the best of it all is, you do not know how handsome you are. I hear persons say of another, "She is beautiful; and what is more, she knows it." It takes away from the moral effect of beauty. But it is not so in Christian life. A person may be very lovely and beautiful and not know it, while others may know it. Where one in a true Christian life does good, and passes on, it is like the summer shower that never comes back to see what it has done, but sweeps on through latitude after latitude. But the flowers and harvests wave behind to tell the story of its bounty.

There are not a great many true men; but I think there are a great many things in almost all Christians that, when they come uppermost, lead people to say, "I like that." They may say, "I wish the rest was so." It is with religion as it is with faces. There are very few persons who have not some features that are beautiful; and people say, "The upper part of that face is beautiful; but oh! the rest of it!" So it is in the beginning of Christian life. The brow and the eyes are glorious as angels', but alas! for the mouth, that consumes all things and feeds all appetites. And yet, although there may not be perfect symmetry, this is the ideal. It is no small thing to have the impression deep in the heart of every Christian man, "I am bound to be true and conscientious and beautiful." A man that is only conscientious is like a tree in winter that has no leaves on it, but is stout in the trunk; but a man that is both conscientious and lovely is not only strong in the trunk but beautiful in the branches. Christ is the vine; you are the branches. Christ is the vine that bears fruit in you. And see to it that the clusters that hang from these branches of which Christ is the vine and trunk, are ripe, and beautiful to the eye, and agreeable to every sense. See to it that they are good for wine, and for the wine of eternal life.

And may God grant that your darkness may be dispelled, and that your despondency may be cleansed away. The night is far spent; the day is at hand. Children of light, be children of hope and beauty. God loves you, and he will not forsake you in all your burdens and trials. He that bore them is not far from you all, to open up the way; to secure you the victory; to crown you with immortality and glory.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

"There's a noble creature," whispered a friend to us, pointing to a handsome woman in the prime of life, who stood conversing with an aged man.

"There is something majestic about her," was our reply.

"The majesty of goodness!" exclaimed our friend. "How low and soft her voice, and what a world of love in those dark eyes. And her lips! mark their fine but firm outline! I tell you she stands there a true woman; and though now splendor surrounds her, and wealth is hers, she renounced fashion, fame and riches, for a man who was glorious in his attributes, but poor in pocket. He had no splendor to offer her—nothing but a priceless heart. She was lively, witty, and very much accomplished. Her parents had bestowed upon her all they had, to give her a liberal education, yet she was never, because of their old fashioned, simple ways, and unpolished conversation, ashamed of them, for in all that makes nature noble they excelled, and in spite of their bad grammar, she loved and was proud of them. I have seen girls—charming girls intellectually and physically—who never cared to know what made the eyes of the poor old mother dim, or what kept her so silent in their company, and I know she was thus brought by the laziness, conceit, and contempt of these charming daughters—alas! but her old mother was no slave to her darling and beautiful child; for she sat down smiling in the cheerful sitting room, while the sweet voice of her daughter carolled forth from the neat, homely kitchen.

They married, and very soon came pressing want. Sickness blighted the strength of her husband; but she loved him, and loving, what will not a true woman do? With her own hands she toiled, with her hopeful words encouraged, until the clouds parted, and the sun shone again.

Slander now joined hands with envy to aid in trampling out the brave heart, but in the end they made it much stronger. Like the little flower that sends forth rarest perfume when crushed, so that gentle heart loved and trusted more exceedingly. And when that malignant sisterhood hedged up the path of her husband, she had only to smile, and they burst out; she had only to speak, and the thorns bowed themselves, turning outward the down that shrouded their stalk.

And they saw that with such a wife, that man could not be conquered, or even for a moment cast down. So they ceased their machination, and fortune smiled; and friends came with better times, and the true woman stood before the world a model wife and mother."

I gazed toward the subject of M.'s eulogy, and as I gazed I venerated. "How many such," thought I, "can our land boast of in this day and generation?"

TALKATIVE MEN seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear the more strange the more we reflect upon them. For what is reading but silent conversation?

WHAT IS GOLD THREAD?

Gold in the minutest particles is used for ornamental purposes in the form of plating, leaf, wash, etc., but one of its most delicate applications is that of a fine thread either woven into a fabric of silk, used for embroideries, twisted into fringe or netted into lace. In none of these forms, however is the thread a filament or wire of solid gold; the thread is gilded and consists of two metals and a core of silk. Wire for gold thread is of silver with a coating of gold so infinitesimally thin as to be beyond our comprehension. A rod of silver is coated with gold to a thickness of about one hundredth part of that of the silver, and then this silver gilt wire is drawn down to a wire much finer than the finest human hair, and yet it will be then perfectly coated with the gold, still maintaining its relative thickness of one hundredth part, one tenth the thickness of fine gold leaf.

This gilded wire is then passed between highly polished and hardened steel rollers and flattened, preparatory to being spun upon the silk thread. In this form of a film like ribbon it is so light that a handful of it tossed into the air will float in the atmosphere of a room like gossamer. This flattened wire (if its diminutivenes deserves the name) is spun around a thread of silk, covering it in a spiral coil, so closely laid that it appears like a solid gold thread while in fact the gold is as nothing compared to the other material. This thread is so delicate, although of triple composition, that it can be easily threaded in a fine needle and used for embroidering purposes. It can be woven into silk or into gold lace, or spun and twisted into cord, bullion, and fringe. The lace that decorates the uniforms of our soldiers, the bullion fringe of their epaulettes, which has such a massively rich appearance, is but this fine hair like thread of silk, silver and gold.

But the larger part of our gold lace and other ornamental gilt material is base, having not a particle of gold in its composition. That which represents gold is merely one of the compositions having copper for a base, ductile and tenacious, and worked in the same manner as in the true gold thread. This wire, however, has no silver core, nor is it usually spun upon silk but on orange colored cotton. This is largely manufactured in this country, and when just from the workman's hand is very rich in appearance, but soon tarnishes, and, if exposed to moisture, turns green from oxidation, which quickly rots the cotton core.

Gold thread and its manufactures are costly, not so much for the material employed as for the skill and care necessary in its production. It is wonderfully strong when properly made, and if protected from moisture the lace and embroidery will retain their luster for years.

AN AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE WINS THE PRIZE AT PARIS.

The reader is already acquainted with the fact that the Patterson Locomotive Works sent a locomotive to Paris, which has attracted a great deal of attention from visitors from all parts of the world. The jury on locomotives have come to a decision on the merits of the different machines. The competition was great. England having a large number, France at least a dozen. Austria and Russia three or four each. The Austrian and French members of the jury took exception to the "America" because it was so light in some of its parts, and also to the amount of Polish to the iron work, which they thought was more for show than utility. They claimed that the lightness of some of the machinery was a sacrifice of strength to beauty. But fortunately the English member of the jury is well informed on locomotive engines, and he explained that the railroads in America are of an entirely different construction from European roads; that the country is new, and the roads cheaply built, and the ties are subject to displacement from frost; that to ride over rough roads there must be elasticity in the machinery; that American engineers had difficulties to contend with wholly unknown to Europeans; that, taking all things into consideration, the American locomotive was superior to any other in the Exhibition. His arguments were so convincing that the other jurors gave way and *awarded the gold medal to the "America."* This is a great triumph and it has been achieved through the intelligence and honesty of the English juror. Unfortunately I have not his name, but he is thoroughly conversant with American railways and American engineering, and though his own country is one of the largest competitors, he has been strenuous for justice and has succeeded in obtaining it for the United States. This is a good beginning, and if the other contributions equally deserving have equal justice, the United States will have a fair share of awards, notwithstanding the meagre contributions and faults of management.

AN UNLUCKY PRINCE.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* writes that for some time it has been observed that the Archduke Budolf, the heir-apparent to the Austrian throne, has lost much of his fresh color and healthy appearance; but the cause of the change in the child's health is only now known to the public. A few days ago, Dr. Loschner, a physician in whom the Emperor and Empress have great confidence, was summoned from Prague; and, after having carefully examined the little patient, recommended temporary change of air, and a total change in the system of education. The Archduke, who is not seven years of age, was not long ago taken out of the hands of his aja, or governess, and entrusted to the care of General Count Gondrecourt, who lost no time in beginning to give the child such an education "as would speedily make a man of him." The little boy was practically taught five languages at one and the same time, by means of attendants of five different nationalities; he was regularly drilled, and every now and then he was awakened in the night in order that he might learn to have his wits about him. The results of such an absurd system of education were soon apparent, and the heir to the Austrian throne is now at Ischl for the benefit of his health. General Count Gondrecourt, who knows how to handle a brigade as well as any man in the service, has got leave of absence, and the chances are, that he will soon cease to be ayo, or tutor, to the Emperor's only son.

ERRORS OF THE WORLD.—The little I have seen of the world teaches me too look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hand it came.—[*Longfellow.*

WHY is it impossible for a person who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies? He takes every Miss for a Myth.

THE MORNING STARS.

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence except by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene mid-summer's night, the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre, but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleaides, just above the horrizon, shed their sweet influence on the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda, her newly discovered glories from the naked eye of the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the north of their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceded, the timid approach of twilight became perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sisters beams of the Pleaides soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily, the wondrous change went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens, the glories of dawn. The blue sky now turned softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the overflowing tides of the morning light which came pouring down from above in one great radiance, till, at length, as we reached the blue hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from the horizon, and turned the dewy tear drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few minutes the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown open, and the lord of the city, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.—*Edward Everett.*

THE MISERIES OF WEALTH.

It is to have a subscription paper handed you every hour in the day, and be called a niggard if you refuse your name. It is to eat turkey, and drink wine, at a dearer rate than your neighbor. It is to have every college, infirmary and asylum make a run upon the bank of your benevolence, and then wonder at the smallness of the dividend. It is to have sectarians contend for the keeping of your conscience, and lawyers struggle for the keeping of your purse. It is to be taxed for more than you are worth, and never be believed when you say so. It is to have addition of dollars, substraction of comforts, and multiplication of anxieties, end in division among spendthrift heirs. It is to have the interest of every one about you exceed their principle. It is to make up to the merchant all the profits he looses by knavery, or frugality. It is never to be allowed to be on easy terms even with a coat or a shoe. It is to be married for your money, or have a wife always casting up the sum total of the dollars she brought. It is to have your son's steps surrounded by "man-traps," and your daughters made a target for the speculating and selfish to aim at. It is to measure friendship by the length of your purse, to buy flattery and sell happiness. It is to have debtors smile upon you, and knaves shake you by the hand. It is to have a dyspeptic wife, and pale children. It is to have sons go to college to buy themes of wiser heads, and daughter's brains turned by the flattery of fools. It is to be invited to drink poor wine, that you may give better in return. It is to have your lady's peace disturbed by a higher feather or a brighter diamond. It is to buy green peas at nine shillings, and relish them not because your neighbor gives two dollars. It is to have relations wish you a short life and a long will. It is to have your widow mourn bitterly, provided her fortune depends on perpetual widowhood. It is to have more temptations in this world than other men; and lastly, to find the entrance into a better, more difficult than the rest of mankind.

THE WRITING ON THE ROCK.

Ages upon ages ago the tide was out, and the muddy beach lay smooth as this sheet of paper before me. A cloud passed over the sky, and a shower of big rain or hail came down, and pitted the mud as thick as leaves on the trees. A strong wind drove the drops, so that the impressions were a little one sided. They had written their short history as plain as my pen can write; and even the direction from which the wind blew was recorded. Some great frogs and lizards which used to live there, came hopping over the mud, and left their tracks also deeply printed on the shore. By and by the great waves came softly stealing up, and covered the whole surface with fine sand, and so the tracks were seen no more for ages upon ages. The clay hardened into solid rock, and so did the sand; and after these thousands of years had passed away, some masons came upon the curious inscription. Men of science, who are skilled in reading these stony leaves of God's great book, read, as plainly as if they had been present, the story of that passing shower. It had been written on the softest clay, but it was read on soild rock. So your hearts to-day are like the soft clay. Everything stamps them, but the stamps are not so easy to remove. They will be there when you are grown up to be a man or woman. O, what deep, dark prints the bad words of evil associates make? But how lovely it will be to recall the record which kind and loving actions make upon the soul!

A TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.—An Indianapolis letter writer say:

While passing through the Union Depot a few days ago I was accosted by a one armed man in faded army blue. His apparent familiarity surprised me at first, but I soon recognized him as an old acquaintance. This is not the place for a biograpy, but the history of this man is sufficiently exceptional and interesting to deserve at least a passing notice.

Fourteen years ago I first saw him working at a windlass in the gold diggings of Australia. He and his three partners hoisted by that windlass, from a single "shaft," more than eight hundred thousand dollars. A few months later I bade him good bye, as he sailed from Melbourne for New York, with two hundred thousand in bills of exchange in his pocket. I next saw him a wounded rebel soldier lying on the battle field of Antietam. A little more than a year later, I saw him as a Union soldier, lying in a hospital in Tennessee. To-day he is a helpless wanderer dependent on charity for a dinner.

SOME men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous: like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

The errors which creep into newspapers are sometimes odd and queer enough. It may be the fault of the compositor, but more likely that of the writer, whose manuscript is often entirely illegible. It is said Horace Greeley once wrote an editorial entitled "William H. Seward," and was highly enraged when the proof came to him under the caption of "Richard the Third." Yet, anybody familiar with his chirography, if his inky jerks can be so designated, will readily see not only how such a mistake could be made, but how probable it would be. Again, he wrote about "three men in buckram," and the prosaic type-setter got it "three men in a back room." And this, notwithstanding the fact that two compositors of sagacity and experience are hired at an extra salary, because they can read his copy. But George Ripley has been the victim of the grossest outrages in this line. In one of his book notices he took the liberty of quoting from Shakspeare, "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true," and the wretched bungler got it "'Tis two, 'tis fifty; 'tis fifty—'tis fifty-two!" That is some worse than James F. Babcock's martyrdom, when he wrote "Is there no balm in Gilead?" and read next morning, to his consternation, "Is there no barn in Guilford?" Mr. Crawford, a member of Parliament, recently sent to India the message, "The news from America favors the holders," and it arrived there with the information that "news from America savors of soldiers!"

'I COULD NOT FIND YOU, MOTHER.'

Amid all the abominations and illustrations of the dark side of fallen humanity, seen at the station-houses, says the Boston *Herald*, one occasionally witnesses a scene in which the ludicrous or affecting stands out in the strongest colors. An incident of the latter class came under our observation recently. While in one of the station-houses, our attention was attracted to a little boy of three or four years of age, neatly dressed, playing on the matting with a cat, and apparently utterly indifferent to the fact that he had wandered away from home, got lost on the streets, and had been brought in as a "lost child" by the police. He was talking in his childish way to the persons who noticed him, and no one would have dreamed that the fountain of suppressed grief was bubbling up so near to the smiling surface. Just then a plainly dressed woman rapped at the inner door of the office, and was invited in. She had hardly time to ask, in an agitated tone, if anything had been seen of a "lost darling boy," when the little fellow caught sight of her, and bounding to his feet, ran like a scared deer to her arms; then clasping his little arms around her neck, broke forth in a long pent-up agony of tears, exclaiming—"I could not find you, mother!" The scene was over in less time than we can tell it, but the effect produced on the bystanders, judging by what we saw on the faces of bearded men, will not soon be forgotten. The little fellow was the only child, and had wandered in search of his mother, who had been compelled to leave him a few minutes alone in the house.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

We must come back to our point, which is not to urge all of you to give yourselves up to mission work, but to serve God more and more in connection with your daily calling. I have heard that a woman who has a mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother; this is very possible, and at the same time very lamentable; but the mission I would urge is not of this sort. Dirty rooms, slatternly gowns and children with unwashed faces are swift witnesses against the sincerity of those who keep others' vineyards and neglect their own. I have no faith in that woman who talks of grace and glory abroad and uses no soap and water at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home be as happy as home can be; and then, when the cannon balls, and the marbles, and the shots, and even the grains of sand, are all in the box, even then there will be room for those little deeds of love and faith which in my master's name I seek of you who look for his appearing. Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill these up with holy service. To use the Apostle's words, "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men."—[*Spurgeon.*

WE DO FADE AS A LEAF.

As the trials of life thicken, and the dreams of other days fade, one by one, in the deep vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the struggle and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame; or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs pennies by the wayside, and like him are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says an eloquent modern writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so likewise shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our grave as they are now around our path; the world will have the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while, and all this will have happened! Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the very chamber in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and will glisten with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name.

EVIL COMPANY.—The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his own grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you my child, take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced, her white dress also."

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

WHY is the sun like a good loaf? Because it is not light until it rises.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side. It is the best side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier by wearing a sad gloomy countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, were there nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean.

It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can without and within him, and above all he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night end in the broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than a whole hemisphere of cloud and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial, not the cold and compulsive, the dark and morose. The Iron Duke was right. Don't neglect your duty; look on the bright side; live down prejudice.

GIVING JOY TO A CHILD.—Blessed be the hand that prepared a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind hearted man who showed him a kindness in the dulcet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage. He was a wood cutter by trade, and spent the whole week in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick into his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy and, breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver or the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since whithered, but now it blooms afresh.

STRONG MEN.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now we all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him; before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, he is a week man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive flagrant injury, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? or one bearing a hopeless daily trial, remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive with manly powers of indignation in him can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive, there are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

WHAT DO YOUNG MEN MARRY?—Some young men marry dimples; some ears; some noses: the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and the hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married; the chin not so often. Poor partners, these you will own. But young men do marry all these and many other bits and scraps of a wife, instead of the true thing. Such as the marriage is, such is the after life. He that would have a wife if he can meet with one of equal social position, like education, similar disposition, kindred sympathies, and habits congenial to his own, let him marry. But let him beware of marrying a curl or neck, however swan-like, or a voice, however melodious. Young ladies do also make some queer matches, and unite themselves to whiskers.

A GENTLE WIFE'S EXPLANATION.—In the police court of Chicago, a wife thus ingeniously explained a very serious charge of harsh treatment towards her poor husband:

One day when she was running across the room, with a fork in her hand, he jumped in the way, and struck his wrist against the fork, wrenching it from her grip by the tines, which he ran into his wrist. Then he undertook to strike her, but she held up a pan of hot dishwater between them and he spilt it all over his head. Then he got still more angry at this accident, and started to jump at her, but his head came against her hand and he fell down. She took hold of his hair to raise him up, and the hair was moistened by the hot water so that it came off. Then she saw that it was of no use to reason any longer, and she left the house.

HANDKERCHIEF PREACHING.—I notice in some cases a handkerchief habit in the pulpit, which has led me to inquire if the use of that very necessary article is a part of theological training. I notice that some ministers take it out of their pockets as they do their sermons, and lay it on the pulpit. Some spread it out lengthwise through the middle of the Bible; some roll it up and tuck it under the Bible; some shake it over their heads as if they were going to throw it at the audience; and some keep crowding it into their pockets and pulling it out again, with a nervous movement, as if they did not know what use to make of their hands. I once went to hear a popular young preacher, and as much as half his sermon was made up of pocket handkerchief, and the most of the other half was gold watch and bits of poetry.—*Christian Reflector.*

CITIES WHICH EMBRACE ALL NATIONALITIES.—London is a world in itself. The last English census developes the curious fact that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, more Roman Catholics than in Rome, and more J