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When William knew that Mr. Howe was

going to send him away, he felt very unhappy, for he supposed he should be sent back to the

poor house. But he finally consoled himself with the reflection that he could run away.

make a good man of him. But when he

came to think of the work he must do, he had

not the courage to try it. He knew he could not work. He had no will for it. It was a

double labor for him, for it was a severe task

Little Annie Howe cried all night long,

and in the morning she threw her arms about William's neck, and begged him to stay.—

She was just of his own age, and a loving,

gentle, pretty girl. But her father came, and called her a little fool, and sent her away.

That was the hardest struggle for the boy.

He had not thought of Anna at first. He

had forgotten that he would be as a stranger

in the household. However it could not be

helped, and he blessed her and told her he

would come and see her when he was a man.

made his appearance at the lawyer's office, with his bundle on his back. He sat down,

and Mr. Warren began to converse with him.

He asked him about his work at the place he

had left, and about his health. The lad said

the work was hard, but he did not know that

"Must I go back to the poor-house?" he

finally asked, with a shuddering tone.

"Well—I don't know," returned the lawyer, eyeing him thoughtfully. "How would

you like to come into my office, and help me?"

The boy started up from his seat, and clasped his hands quickly together. But in a moment he sank back, murmuring as he

"Only to be a servant, you meant, sir!"

"Let me see you write a few words."
William went to the table at which the lawyer sat, and taking a pen and paper, he

Mr. Warren took the paper, and was sur-

prised at the full, round, easy hand he found

there. And the words written were as wor-

thy of the note as the chirography. The boy had set down as follows: "No man ever ex-

celled in a pursuit for which he was not suit-

"If I take you into my office I shall intend

The boy caught Mr. Warren's hand, and

A few days after this Mr. Howe came down

"Ah, 'Squire-what's become of the boy?"

"What! taken him to keep? Taken him

"Well-I wish you much joy of your bar-

"But my work is different from yours, Mr.

"Ah, but work is work. When he was

with me he wouldn't stick to any kind of

work. No, no-you needn't flatter yourself

up with the idea that you are going to get work out of that boy. Now mind, I tell you.

Six months after this Mr. Warren had a

A cork thrown into the water will rise to

the surface. You may hold it down as long

brain, over mental philosophy till his back

grows round, but you cannot force his mind

to grasp it. And so you may take a finely

organized brain, nervous, full and active,

and bend it over coarse, physical labor, but

you cannot keep it there. The brain which

himself over his old master's shovel and hoe.

His mind would not stay there. It was

deeds, and legal instruments of various

And with this the manual labor he had to

perform was mere pastime. He needed some

bodily exercise for his own good, and hence

At the end of the first year Gilbert War-

ren came to the conclusion that he had found

a treasure in his amlshouse boy. And on the other hand, the boy felt that he had

he performed the work he had to do with

speed and precision.

fine opportunity to take an office in the adja-

The lawyer smiled and passed on.

gain. I guess you'll find your work come

"I've taken him into my office."

out scarce—that part that's done."

burst into tears. However, the business was

"Can you write?"

wrote a short sentence.

"Yes, sir."

soon settled.

"Yes."

fluences.

it was harder than it would be on any farm.

At the appointed time William Alberton

to make up his mind to work.

make!"

A Select Story. THE ALMSHOUSE BOY.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

There, sir,—now you have seen him in all his glory. There he is, as usual. Just yet, he was sorry to leave his master and fallock at him. Take a good look, so as not to

lose the effect. Half an hour ago I left him sidering the circumstances; and he knew in the garden, and told him I wanted the that Mr. Howe would like to keep him and weeds pulled out of that bed as soon as possible. Only half an hour, sir; and look at

This was spoken by Mr. John Howe, a stout farmer, who owned one of the most valuable tracts of land in the neighborhood.—
He spoke to 'Squire Warren, who was a worthy lawyer of the place; and he spoke of a boy who stood in a distant garden leaning up against a peach tree. The little fellow did not realize that any one was gazing at him, and he seemed to be taking it quite comfort-

william Alberton—such was the boy's name-had been left an orphan at an early age. His father, who had once been an intelligent, active man, had become an inebriate, and died when his son was only a year old. He left nothing for his widow to live upon, and she found a home in the almshouse, where she lived two years, and then died .-Thus at the age of three years, William was left an orphan, and an inmate of the village Almshouse, without any known relatives, and without friends save such as common humanity gave him. When he was twelve years old, Mr. Hewe agreed to take him and bring him up. He had no sons of his own: and he made up his mind that if the boy proved to be faithful and industrious, he would adopt him as his own.

But the farmer had been disappointed .-William proved to be kind and generous to a fault; but he was not industrious. He would not work. He would never accomplish anything when left alone. He seemed to hate the very sight of work, and would neglect it

upon every possible opportunity.

Gilbert Warren, Esq., was one of the overseers of the poor, and he had called to see the boy, touching the complaints which had been made.

"It's no use," said Mr. Howe. "He's been with me two years, and I've had a chance to read him thoroughly. There's no work in him. I'd as lief have a block of

wood for a boy, exactly."

"Then you don't wish to keep him any longer?" said the lawyer.

"I can't, 'Squire. It's no use, I tell ye .-He ain't a bit of good to me any way. He to let you do just that work which you can don't earn his salt. But that ain't the worst. | do best," the lawyer said, after he had exam-The worst of the whole is, it keeps me in a | ined the piece of paper, and what was on it. perfect fever all the time. Why, I've fairly "Of course you will have to keep the office had my head ache just seeing how lazy he was—just in worrying over him. Why, I you will write for me; and if you wish to bewouldn't keep him for five hundred dollars a come a lawyer, I will offer you every facility year. 'Taint the loss I care so much about; in my power. You shall have every help I but it's as I tell ye,—it makes me suffer to | can give."

see him." "Have you tried to correct him?" "Tried!" echoed Howe, with an elevation of the brow, and an accompanying "Umph!" "I guess you'd think so if you'd been here on to the village, and met Mr. Warren in the certain occasions. I used to flog him; but I street. found that did no good, and I stopped it. In fact, I never did flog him but I suffered more'n the farmer asked. he did. He is so good natured, and so honest; and then he would beg so, and promise to reform, that it used to pain me to whip | in to work for you?" him. Lately, I've argued with him; I've pointed out to him what a wretched, good-fornothing life he'd lead if he did not pluck up and learn to work. As long as I had the least hope of there being work in him I bore with him, and tried to overcome his fault; | Howe."

I must give it up."
"Let's see; he's fourteen now, isn't he?" "Yes, fourteen last March." For fifteen minutes the two men stood and

but I've found now that it ain't in him, and

looked at the boy, and during all that time he | I know him; and you'll know him before didn't work two minutes. He was called up, long. and he came with a tremulous step and down-"William," spoke the lawyer, "why don't

you work better? When you are left with cent city. He conferred with his friends and work to do why don't you do it?" "I don't know, sir," the boy answered

timidly.
"Don't know? Yes, you do know. Now tell me: Why is it?"

The lad looked up into the interlocutor's face. He had a clear, warm, gray eye, and as you please, but the moment the extraneous a face of more than ordinary beauty. His | force is removed up it comes. And so it is brow was high and full, and his brain large with the human mind. It must find its level. and active. Mr. Warren was deeply moved It will find its position where circumstances by his appearance, and a new set of feelings are the most congenial. You may bend a took possession of him.

"Can't you answer me?" the lawyer added, as the boy gazed up into his face, without speaking.
"I—I don't want to be a farmer, sir," the

little fellow finally answered. "That's it!" cried Howe, indignantly. He den't want to do anything that's got work to it. He'll play all day, if you'll let him; and mope all night over a book. I tell ye, he's So William Alberton could not content

got to be made to work." The boy trembled and shrank back.

away hunting after strange things in the world of thought. But in the lawyer's office But Mr. Warren was beginning to see a new light breaking in upon the subject. His long term of service in various courts had that mind had found its level. In copying rendered him capable of reading character very readily, and he saw very plainly that kinds, and in filling up blanks, and search-William Alberton had an immense force of ing out authorities for the lawyer's use, he character somewhere, and he believed it could found plenty of food for his active mind .be brought out. "What were you doing while leaning up

against that tree?" he asked of the boy.
"I wasn't doing anything, only thinking, "And what were you thinking about?"

"I-I don't know as I could tell, sir." "But you can tell me some of it. Tell me

as nearly as you can." "Well, sir, I was-I know it was very fool- found a priceless blessing in his kind, generish, sir, but I could not help it—a—making ous master. a speech, sir."

At the end of the second year William Al-Making a speech !" repeated the farmer. berton saw another boy enter the office, and sarcastically. That's what he's always do- he accompanied his master to court to take of search and study. But I know a young different climates and soils; and so different ing. Making a speech! A fine speech you'd notes and assist in various ways.

At the end of the third year William commenced to study law practically and in ear-

At this point the boy began to cry, and Mr. Warren turned to the farmer, and bade him send the lad to his office the following At At the end of the fourth year the eminent lawyer and attorney, Gilbert Warren, Esq., found a valuable counsellor in his own office. When he came upon a subject which bothered him, William Alberton could help him over it. For depth of penetration; for clearness of understanding, for quickness of perness of understanding; for quickness of perception; and for power of reasoning, few men excelled the youth who had been four years engaged in striving after knowledge within the lawyer's office. He was known by all the best lawyers of the city, and all respected him.

Mr. Howe was growing old, and trouble had come upon him. He was now a widower, and all his daughters were married off save the youngest-Anna. She was now three and twenty, and though repeated offers had been made for her hand, yet she remained a maiden. She said she would not leave her father. He would be all alone if she were gone, and she could not forsake him. She was a lovely young woman, and many an anxious waiting swain was watching for the

old man to die. But trouble had come upon John Howe.-A large part of his farm had been sold off for building lots, and quite a village sprung up around him. The land which remained -nearly a hundred acres-was by far the most valuable portion, and the most pleasantly situated. All that he had received for land already sold he had laid out in beautifying and arranging what was left; and by this means the eyes of those hunting for pleasant suburban residences were turned towards his lots. His place could have been sold for a large fortune. He was offered a hundred and ten thousand dollars for it just as it was, after he had cleared off the rocks, and built an acqueduct; but he conferred with his friends, and they advised him to keep it—to sell of good lots to those only who would put up handsome dwellings, and keep a home for himself.

But a thunderbolt came crashing upon the old farmer's head. A man came and claimed the whole place as his own. He brought forward his deed, made by a former owner of the place, in favor of his (the claimant's) father. Mr. Howe hurried away to his lawyer, who was a candid, honest old man, and into the matter it appeared that the place there remained for so long a time, that he brother only giving him a stated amount of was supposed to have died. Under these cirtue purchase money as a legacy. cumstances the uncle and guardian sold the was good, and took no trouble about it furthhe was the proper owner.

Thus all this appeared at the present time. the middle age—over fifty somewhat—and claim, and he could see no way of avoiding ant. it. After this the old attorney called upon

his client to report progress.
"It's a hard case," he said. "I don't see how you can help losing your land." "Losing?" repeated Howe, vacantly.

"Do you mean the whole? Must I give up all?"
"Yes."

"All. Mr. Luton? Must all be snacthed from me?"

"I don't see how you can help it, returned Luton. "I have examined into the business and it is just as Mr. Grumley has said. He went to sea when he was twelve years oldforty years ago—and sometimes afterwards he received a letter stating that his father was dead, and that his uncle had been appointed guardian over him, and had charge of his property. This place was his, and is finally concluded to take it. He moved his family into the city, and William was thus now. It was only placed in his uncle's hands in trust for him. His father left it to him by will, and his uncle could not sell

Still Mr. Howe could not believe it. He had known the man of whom he bought, and

he could not believe him a villain. He thought there must be some mistake or some villainy elsewhere. At all events, he resolved to seek other counsel. He remembered his old friend Warren. He was in the

city. He might know something about it.
On the very next morning the old man went into the city and hunted the lawyer up. Mr. Warren was glad to see him, and asked him to sit down. Howe did so, and then told his story. The lawyer listened very attentively, and seemed to be deeply interested. And when his visitor concluded he

"When you bought the place did not Aaron Grumley assure you that he owned it

clear of all incumbrances?" "Yes, sir. He said it was his." "Did he say how he came by it?" "No, sir. He only said he had it from his

brother, who died some years before." "Did he at that time make any mention of his nephew, the son of-his dead broth-

"Yes—he said something. He said Ben. Grumley was probably dead, and that his father's old partners had quite a sum of money for him if he should ever return.— But I want you to take hold of this sir, and help me out. If I lose the case I shall have nothing to pay you with; but if I gain it I

can reward you handsomely. "Well-I'll be frank with you," replied Warren. "I have neither the time nor the power to go into the subject, for I see very plainly that there has got to be a good deal

"Who is he?" "It is Mr. Alberton."

"O-I've heard of him. He's the one who gained the great corporation case?" "Yes," said Warren. "He took up a poor man's case against one of the wealthiest corporations, and against three of our smartest lawyers, and gained his case, too. He will take hold for you, I'm sure, and if he does, you may feel very safe."

"O—I hope you can get him. Tell him if he can gain my case, I'll pay him anything.

Mr. Warren promised to send him out the very next day, and the old man went home relieved. If he could get Mr. Alberton to take hold he would feel secure, for such a man would not touch a case in which he did not feel quite confident—and yet Mr. Howe never once dreamed that the young lawyer of whom he heard so much was once his lazy, good-for-nothing alms-house boy. In fact, he had never dwelt upon the name of Alberton much. He had always called him "Bill," and even when thinking of him he had never gone farther than plain 'William.' It was 'my boy William,'—or 'Poor-house Bill'—or, perhaps 'Bill Albert.' The poor boy had never, while in his native town, to his recollection been called by his whole true name. So it was not very surprising that the old man should have failed to think of his quondam almshouse boy when think-

ing of "Squire Alberton." At the appointed time the young lawyer came out and Mr. Howe was much pleased with his looks. They sat down together and the old man brought out his papers—all he could raise, which had the least bearing upon the subject in hand. Mr. Alberton examined them, and in the end he told Howe he would go on with the case. The old farmer was beside himself with joy. He had not only obtained the services of the best lawyer in that section-best as a hard working, inindustrious, indefatigable researcher, and as a cool, clear-headed reasoner-but said lawyer had consented to risk his reputation upon the case.

The trial finally came on. Benjamin Grum-

ly was there, with two lawyers, and he was sure of success. His lawvers had assured him there was no mistake.

The plaintiff's leading counsel stated his case with great assurance; but when Alberlaid the case before him. Upon searching ton came to open his budget of facts and deductions the other side looked blank. He had been actually sold, as stated, and that had worked hard and had been very fortusaid purchaser had never given any deed to nate. He was able to prove that Aaron any one else. It also appeared that the man Grumly really owned the estate when he of whom Howe had bought, twenty five years sold it, though the business between him before, had no legal claim upon the land .- and his brother had been done in a bunprotherly way They had traded very his death, in care of a brother, for his son, much like they would for a horse; yet it was this brother having been appointed a guar- made perfectly plain that Aaron had bought dian of said son. This son was at sea, and and that he had paid a fair price for it, his

The jury had the case in their hands but estate in his own name, and pocketed the a few minutes. They saw that the old farmmoney and left. Howe supposed the title er really and honestly owned the farm, and that other parties had put the plaintiff up to er than to have it recorded. The man of claiming it, for the purpose of shielding whom he bought had lived upon the place themselves-parties who had used money many years, and he supposed, of course, that | belonging to him. These parties knew that the business between the two brothers had been very loosely done, and they hoped there The man who claimed the estate was past might be found some flaw large enough to draw the estate through. But the jury his name was Benjamin Grumley. Mr. thought differently. In a very short time Howe's lawyer saw him, and examined his they returned with a verdict for the defend-

> Mr. Howe sat in his parlor, and he was very happy. He was secure in his house, and the fearful storm had passed harmlessly over. Mr. Alberton was announced. The old man grasped him by the hand, and blessed him over and over again.

"My daughter must see the man who has saved her "Home," the old man said, as he arose from his seat.

And in a few moments he returned, leading Anna by the hand. She was a beautiful girl,-bright, rosy, healthy, buoyant, with her native goodness shadowed in every lineament. She advanced, and her father introduced her. The young lawyer arose and extended his hand. Anna took it, and as she gazed him fairly in the face, she started, and a quick pallor overspread her fair fea-

"William!" she uttered, in a low whisper.
"Do you remember me Anna?" he asked,

tenderly "Is it William?" "Yes," he replied, drawing her nearer to him and speaking tremulously; "I am the once poor boy to whom you were always so

kind. You remember me now?" "Yes-yes," the maiden murmured, and then sank into the seat. Mr. Howe was astonished. He rubbed his 'eyes, and then gazed into the youth's

caught his hand. "William!" he cried. "My William!-Is it? Are you my William?" "Yes, my good friend," the young man answered, with moistened eyes. "I am the

face; and finally he started forward and

very one—the one you took from the poorhouse, and tried to bring up." "My William! My William, and I didn't

know it!" the old man cried, still holding him by the hand. But you don't feel hard towards me?" You don't blame me for the things long agone?"

"Tut, tut, don't talk so. You know I could not do that. No, no,-I only have remembered you with gratitude. You did the best for me you could. I was no more suited to your wants than an infant would have been. You did not understand me. I was never meant for a farmer. And here let me say one word. You may not need the information, but you may find parents to whom you can communicate it with profit. It is this: Never keep a boy at a business for which he has no taste or capacity. We are all differently constituted. There are minds which can be no more confined to physical labor than a horse can be taught to write or speak. Different plants and trees require lawyer who can clear your claim if any one minds require different occupations and en-

gagements. Bring up a child to habits of industry, truth, and economy, and beyond that be sure that he is placed in a position which is congenial to his tastes and feel-

Editor and Proprietor.

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The old man understood it, and he resolved that he would impart the secret to the first one he should meet who might need it. Anna had turned very pale, and had grown faint. But she soon recovered; and before night she sat by William Alberton's side, with her head upon his bosom, and both his arms about her. He said—"Anna

you will love me and be my wife!" And she wept, and drew more closely to him and said-

For the Farmer.

The following seasonable article, which we find in the Country Gentleman, contains some excellent suggestions, which may be valuable just now, if properly considered and applied. Sometimes a single hint, judiciously embraced, may be of more value to a farmer than the price of a half dozen years' subscription to the Huntingdon Globe.

There is much difference of opinion and practice among farmers in the management of their corn crops. Some always practice cutting the stalks soon after the kernels have become glazed or checked, believing that such a course hastens the ripening of the corn; and the removal of the stalks greatly facilitates the process of harvesting, and that green-cut, well cured cornstalks are much more valuable as winter forage for cattle, than the same would be if left uncut till the corn was fully ripened, as is the practice of some. We presume this is a correct idea .--But experiments made some years since, by the Hon. W. Clark, of Massachusetts, seem to prove that the number of bushels of corn per acre was very much lessened where the stalks were cut, compared with portions of the field where the corn was not topped, but all left till the corn was fully ripened. By this experiment the loss in grain must have been much greater than the increased value of the green-cut stalks over the perfectly ripened fodder. But a difference of ten or twelve days' time in cuting the stalks might make a material difference in the value of the grain. We think it the safest way for those farmers that practice "topping" their corn, to out their stalks quite late, rather than a few days too soon.

Well-cured cornfodder is a valuable winter feed for farm stock, and much care should be or your Saviour? Have you got nearer to exercised in saving it in the best possible condition. Many farmers are quite too negligent in this matter. We have seen the stalks cut quite green and many days too soon, bound in large bundles and put up in large shock, where it remained during all weathers for weeks, or till the corn was harvested; heavy winds blew over many of the shocks, and drenching rains thoroughly wetted them, thus nearly ruining them as fodder. We have seen others cart them directly from the field as soon as bound in bundles, where from want of room and care a large portion of them became mouldy, and nearly rotten and worthless. We know some careful farmers that pursue a different course. They do not top their corn until most of the tops of the spindles are dead, and many of the husks have lost their green color. They cut their stalks in fair weather, bind them in small bundles, cart them to the barns, and place the bundles astride of poles extending from beam to beam across the barn floor. Here they dry without heating or growing mouldy. If they have not room enough over the barn floor, they make use of hovels or sheds, in curing them. Those that practice this method think they are fully compensated for all extra labor, in the enhanced value of the fod-

Many farmers prefer letting the crop stand till the grains are principally glazed, and then cutting all near the surface of the ground, and shocking in the field, letting it remain there till dry enough for husking. Some contend the corn ripens as well as if left upon the separate hills. The fodder, as a whole is thought to be worth much more cured by this method, than by any other process. The crop, when thus cut up and shocked is placed beyond injury from frost—a matter of much consequence some years. There is but little if anything gained by cutting and shocking corn after it has been stricken by frost. In cutting up the corn as soon as fairly glazed, the fields can be cleared in season for sowing winter wheat or rye-sometimes a matter of much consequence.

Some contend the soundest and heaviest corn can only be grown by letting "nature take its course," that is, let the whole plant remain uncut till the corn is "dead ripe."-This course probably may insure the greatest weight of corn per acre, if the autumn is favorable to its perfect maturing. We have more than once pursued this course, but found the labor of harvesting much greater, and thought the fodder less valuable.

Seasons vary so much, and the circumstances of farmers differ so greatly, (to say nothing of their prejudices,) that it would be idle for any one to attempt to point out the one best way-or rather, to say there was but one best way under all circumstances .-From present appearances, and the information within our reach, we think it may be pretty safely predicted, that over a wide range of our country, this is not destined to be a great corn year. A large part of the growing corn is too late to fully mature, unless we have an unusually warm September and October, a circumstance hardly to be expected. Therefore it will probably be the safer course for most farmers to cut up and shock their corn as soon as it will any way answer, that is, if it can be done before receiving much injury from frost; by so donig they may save much in the value of fodder, and much corn would ripen in the shock that would be nearly ruined by frost. We have several times seen corn put up, and tied in moderately sized bundles and slung across and action."

poles over the barn floor, where it has dried perfectly, and the fodder, was much better than it would have been had it been shocked in the field. We have seen various methods of shocking corn in the field. Some put a dozen large bundles into a shock; such large stacks do not dry well. Others cut and stand it around a hill purposely left uncut. We have seen corn very safely stooked by only using five bundles to the stook—one in the centre and one on each of the other sides; a band of rye straw was tightly tied around the whole some four feet from the ground, and the tops of the stocks bent over and tied down. Such stooks stand better than larger ones, and also dry much better.

Corn when harvested before it is perfectly ripened, and dried in the field, as much of it probably will be the coming harvest is sometimes injured when stored in large quantities in the crib, or the slatted corn house. If dry, windy weather follows after the corn has been cribbed or housed, it generally dries well, but if long continued damp or rainy weather succeeds, the corn is very liable to heat and mould, &c., injuring its mealing qualities. To guard against such a loss, we have known farmers to have a tight box stove in their corn houses, and they kept up a brisk fire a portion of the time during the damp weather, thereby drying their corn very fast, and saving it from injury.

The labor of manuring, plowing, planting

and hoeing an acre of corn, is no trifling job in many situations of the country, and it should be the aim of the farmer to make the most of this labor, and not cheat himself out of a portion of his work by suffering his corn or corn-fodder to be injured or wasted through negligence or lack of care on his

Sulphur fed to sheep is pronounced a certain remedy against the ticks which frequently infest, very injuriously, these ani-

The greatest objection to thin seeding of wheat, is that the plants tiller and do not ripen so early. In districts affected by the wheat midge, therefore, sow plenty of seed.

Sabbath-Day Musings.

Is it true that there are in the world 670,-000,000 of our fellow creatures who are still bowing down to stocks and stones; ignorant of the living and true God; and all this in a time emphatically called "The age of missions?"

It is true that in our own land the Sabbath s openly, legally desecrated by liquor and other traffic, open railways and excursion parties, with many other habitual customs? It is true that there are every year at least

8,000,000 of quarters of grain used in making spirituous liquors, the bane and curse of the people?

Is it true that the issues of the infidel and

immoral press are far above the religious; and that while the land is flooded with worthless and immoral publications, and religious papers are comparatively rarely met

And finally, is it true that by far the greater portion of professing christians never effectually aid in the work of evangelization save by an occasional subscription or temporary effort?

Reader, what are you doing for Christ?—You have now entered upon the latter half of the year. Is it not well to call yourself to account for the manner in which you have spent the first? Have you lived for yourself heaven or nearer to hell than you were at the beginning of the year? Answer to God and your own conscience in view of the judgment seat of Christ?

Prepare for Death.

A young man in the vigor of health, was thrown from a vehicle, and conveyed to the nearest house, in a state of alarming danger. A physician was called. The first question of the wounded youth, was, "Sir, must I die? must I die? deceive me not in this thing." He was told that he could not live more than an hour. He waked up, as it were at once, to a full sense of the dreadful reality. "Must I then go into eternity in an hour? must I appear before my God and Judge in an hour? God knows that I have made no preparation for this event. I knew that impenitent youths were sometimes thus cut off suddenly, but it never entered my mind that I was to be one of that number. And now what shall I do to be saved? He was told that he must repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. "But how shall I repent and believe?" There is no time to explain the manner. Death will not wait for explanation. The work must be done. The whole business of an immortal being in this probationary life is now crowded into one short hour—and that is an hour of mental agony and distraction. Friends were around, and running to and fro in the frenzy of grief. The poor sufferer with a bosom heaving with emotion, and an eye gleaming with despera-tion, continued his cry of "What shall I do to be saved?" till, in less than an hour, his voice was hushed in the stillness of death.

Do not Condemn Hastily.

Be patient with your erring brother, for God is very patient with you, and it is your duty to imitate your Father in Heaven as much as possible. For one or two acts that may be proved to be wrong, do not condemn and cast out forever a beloved brother. You may not understand the whole case, and if you were faithfully and prayerfully to visit that brother, as Christ has labored with you. he might be saved. We cannot always see into the heart, and our judgment would perhaps be condemned as often as approved by our Saviour. Instead of casting stones at an individual, we would often, if we knew and felt as Jesus does, sympathizing, say to the orring, "Go and sin no more." We are called upon to exercise not judgment so much as mercy and love.—Jeremy Taylor.

Human Elevation.

"I know" says Channing, "but one eleva-tion of a human being, and that is Elevation of Soul. Without this, it matters nothing where a man stands, or what he possesses; and with it, he towers, he is one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale. There are not different kinds of dignity for different orders of men, but one and the same to all. The only elevation of a human being, consists in the exercise, growth, energy of the higher principles and powers of his soul. A bird may be shot upward by a foreign force, but it raises, in the true sense of the word, only when it spreads its own wings, and soars by its own living power. So a man may be thrust upwards in a conspicuous place by outward accidents, but he rises only so far as he exerts himself, and expands his best faculties, and ascends by a free effort, to a nobler region of thought