# Original Poetry.

## ON BORROWED WINGS

I asked the nine to grace my humble lay, The subject named, this done,—they fled away! And now no light gleams from each truant line, To make them all, like Robert's,—so divine! He left the muse's haunts to deal in ham, And while with brow serene, and heart as calm He deals in lowly life, why may not I Rob him of wings, and like him-try to fly. The balmy breezes fan me as I soar To dizzy heights which Robert trod before, Each lofty mole-hill with success is gained As I admire a Pegasus so trained! Immortal Bob! how oft celestial fire Has flew from off your chariot's blazing tire, As with the lightning's speed, you seemed to play With space,—and picked up pebbles by the way! But ah! we're higher now than e'er before, And fearful lest this view we have no more, We'll eye the plain spread out before our feet, And see the tumblers at their loathesome treat. With fear and care each sinking heart opprest With double gloom each lowly brow is drest, And wild commotion fires the doubling mass As Whittaker lets out the pent up gas. The combat deepens, On, he cries, ye brave, Who kindly run the gauntlet to the grave! With fired eye, he bravely takes the van, And calls on each to show himself a man; With lunges fearful bursts upon the foe, And madly kicks and bites and squeals, each blow With feet and hands,-with frenzied head and heart, Makes legions fly beneath the galling smart! One more-my hero-this may be the last, "Tis done-and now at "blud" he stands aghast ! With clutching fingers rends his matted hair And damns himself in frenzy of despair! The Doctor now in sweet simplicity Commends the act that made his paper free, And with a swelling heart in joy he cries, "The man that nobly lives, right nobly dies!" How noble in simplicity his end! He stabs himself to help along a friend! The world with hollow-heartedness is led Here's one so tender both in heart and head A pity 'tis his value is not known! And must be die without a tear-alone? The dread decree is passed-with pitcous sigh Drawn brokenly, he lays him down to die. His partner smoothes the pillow for his head, And sings the solemn requiem for the dead, With one short howl, he quickly dares mankind And with the film of Death is likewise blind. "The world recedes-it disappears"-all's o'er, The "Journal" now is but a thing of yore! Levi, dispirited, is seen to turn And shed a tear beside the mouldering urn-"My friend is gono, too nobly gone," he sobs, "And ever while my aching bosom throbs"-But here, the sun had melted Robert's wings (They were at best nought but indifferent things) And I was forced to leave the hill before, Compassionate, I saw the matter o'er. Now Robert, here, I bring your wings all back, With them I flew just like another jack.

# Interesting Miscellung.

For I have learned some things I never knew.

Obliged, however, Rob, I am to you,

## A SUDDEN CONVERSION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The simple story I am about to relate possesses much interest for those who were acquainted with the parties concerned, and to others its interest will not only be in its truth, but also in the peculiar soul-touch it developes.

In one of the northern towns of Vermont lived a young man whom I shall call Daniel Bryan. He was a lawyer by profession, and one of the most intellectual men in that seche came in contact. Business poured in upon him, and he failed not to give the utmost satisfaction.

At the age of twenty-seven Bryan took to himself a wife from among the most favored ones of the country. Mary Felton experienced a strange pride when she gave her Go, sir, and watch the post!" hand to the young lawyer, and if none envied her, many at least prayed that they might be as fortunate.

these peculiar temperaments which at length away, the stage was waiting.

gave the whole body and soul up to the demons of appetite. For three years he follow- the brink of the grave, but he did not die. ed the social custom of the times without when at the age of five-and-thirty, he had become a confirmed drunkard. He now neglected his clients altogether, for he could not surely take a gill and not take more." collecting of some few small debts.

On the evening of his thirty-fifth birth day he joined the Washingtonians, and once shall eat his words!"

I won't die! I'll live—live till Moses Felton or their vanity will experience from losing it; he joined the Washingtonians, and once shall eat his words!" panions, he went back to his cups, and down without help. But he had help-joyful, he sank as rapidly as he had risen. In one short year from that time he was a miserable, degraded thing. People who had left notes and accounts for him to collect, called at his house at Burlington; Daniel Bryan was upon

One day a Mr. Vinson called to see him.-Vinson had left notes and accounts to the court room, and he met Moses Felton. amount of several thousand dollars with Brvan! to collect, and he was anxious about them. His poor wife answered him as usual; that her bus band had gone away.

"Moses," said he, "do you remember the

hus band had gone away.

"My dear madam," returned Mr. Vinson,
"I know your misfortune, and I appreciate your feelings; but I must see your husband.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

---PERSEVERE.---

Editor and Proprietor.

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If I can see him for even one minute I can learn all I wish to know." Mary Bryan spoke not a word, but with a

tearful eye she turned away, and Mr. Vinson followed her. He found Bryan in a back room, stretched at full length upon the floor, with a jug of Medford rum at his side. With much effort Vinson aroused the poor man to a state of semi-consciousness, and asked him if he had done anything about the notes and accounts he had left with him.

"Yes," returned the lawyer, in a weak, husky, hiccoughing voice. "I've had the money for you over a month. I've deducted my per centage, and you'll find the rest in that trunk. Mary's got the key."

Mrs. Bryan was called in, the key was pro-

duced, and Mr. Vinson found his money, four thousand and some odd hundreds of dollars, all right and safe.

In his worst moments Bryan never used for himself a single penny he had in trust.— Hundreds there were who labored hard to reclaim the wanderer, but without effect. Year after year went by, and he sank lower-yet ters whom I have used, and will at once rechis wife left him not. Her brother, a young lawyer, named Moses Felton, often urged her to forsake her husband, at the same time offering her a comfortable home beneath his own roof, but she would not listen.

At length all hope was given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was ever known. He was now too low for conviviality, for those with whom he would find that the storm of desolation can be stayhave associated would not drink with him.— All alone, in his own office and chamber, he moment to sweep over them, that they lift up drank accursed poison, and even his very

life scemed the offspring of the jug.
In early spring, Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother.
"You are all faded away, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush, Moses. Speak not so," answered the wife, keeping back the tears. "I will not leave him now. But he will soon leave me. "He cannot live much longer." At that moment Daniel Bryan entered the

apartment. Even Moses Felton was startled by his appearance. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on and his jug was in his hand. "Ah-Moses, how are you?" he gasped,

for he could not speak plainly. in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cautions for their own security on the other, intrude upon good manners, nor say anything what I believe to be the blasphemies he has cold, stern expression, he said, in a calm but left them little time, and less inclination, to strongly emphasized tone-

you were noble generous and kind; but I hate you, for you are a perfect devil incarnate.-Look at that woman. She is my sister—the live with me, but she will not while you live; yet when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely pray the first intelligence which reaches me from my native place, after I shall have reached my new home, may be, that-youare—dead.

Bryan gazed upon the speaker some moments without speaking. "Moses," he at length said, "you are not

in earnest?" "As true as heaven, Daniel, I am. When I know that you are dead I shall be happy, and not until then; so go on. Fill your jug, and-

"Stop, stop, Moses. I can reform." "You cannot. It is beyond your power .-You have had inducements enough-enough tion of the country. No one possessed the confidence of his friends more than he did, —and yet you are now lower than ever beconfidence of his friends more than he did, and yet you are now lower than ever beand no one was better calculated to secure forc. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, the good will and friendship of all with whom | for the moment that sees you thus shall set | it will teach to think moderately of their

mourners free!" Bryan's eye flashed, and he drew himself

proudly up. "Go," he said, with a tinge of that old, powerful sarcasm that had often electrified a

With these words Daniel Bryan hurled his jug into the fire place, and while yet its thousand pieces were flying over the floor, he But ere long a cloud came over the scene. strode from the house. Mary sank fainting Conviviality ran high among the members of | to the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and | ing the inattentive world around them from the bar, and young Bryan possessed one of then having called in a neighbor, he hurried

"One gill of brandy will save you," said neglecting much of his business, but finally the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal he sank into the lowest pit of degradation; of all stimulants from a system that for long

business he had now upon his hands was the never learn that brandy killed me! If the haps, will be better off without it; some will want of it can kill me, then let me dic! But be benefitted by the trial which their pride

more his bright genius shone out upon the world. But it could not last long; amid the messenger death had sent, and Daniel Bryan He did live: an iron will conquered the examples of those who were his constant companions, he went back to his cups, and down without help. But he had help—joyful, pared to resist them. On the other hand,

house, and upon inquiring of his wife where the floor pleading for a young man who had he was, she would tell them he was away.— been indicted for forgery. Felton started break the shell of the tortoise by bearing it Poor woman! they could not bear to dispute with surprise. Never before had Bryan high into the air, and then letting it fall upon her—they would go their way though they looked so noble and commanding, and never knew full well that the remains of Daniel before had such torrents of eloquence poured Bryan were prostrate upon his bed-room from his lips. The case was given to the

jury, and the youth was acquitted.
The successful advocate turned from the They shook hands but they did not speak. and the prompt reward which every species When they reached a spot where none others of intelligent industry commands here, have

words you spoke to me a year ago?" "I do, Daniel."

them now and forever!" "Yes-with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid." "And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses.
"I must die an honest, unperjured man!-

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made in words to that happy scene of one year before, but Moses could read in both the countenances of his sister and her husband the deep gratitude they did not speak. And Daniel Bryan yet lives, one of the most honored in Vermont. Five times has

he sat in the State Legislature; thrice in the Senate, and once in the National Congress, and he is yet a noble man, and an ornament to society; declining all offers of public office, from the fact that his profession is more lu-crative, while plenty of others want the offices which he cares not for.

Many who read this will know the characognize the true individuals beneath the fictitious names I have borrowed.

## The Moral of the Times.

In times of trouble and disaster all our selfish instincts are first awakened to activity. This is apt to be the case with the most disinterested, so long as they see the means of guarding themselves and their own firesides from impending harm. It is not till they ed by no human hand, and is liable at any their eyes and follow the lightning's shaft to the hand that directs it. Then our selfish impulses give way to more generous emotions; we find ourselves involuntarily drawn towards our fellow sufferers by the ties of a common brotherhood, and how reverently to dispensations which prove in the end, to all right thinking men, blessings in disguise.

There is much in the present state of affairs in the financial world to move our sympathy, and there is much to arouse our selfish impulses. So many and such great changes of fortune as have occurred within the last month, have rarely, if ever before been witnessed in this country. While it was supposed that the rage of the storm was circumscribed; so long as the wary and the wealthy believed they could keep beyond its reach, they naturally flattered themselves that they had been more prudent, and perhaps more old passion. descrying than their unfortunate neighbors. concern themselves much about the troubles "Daniel Bryan, I have been your nearest of others. Presently the cloud, which was and best friend but one. My sister is an an- no bigger than a man's hand, covers the gel but mated with a demon. I have loved whole horizon with its darkness. No one you, Daniel, as I never loved man before, for can any longer comfort himself with the assurance that he is beyond the reach of its accumulating terrors. The wise man begins to realize his weakness; he is ashamed of his only sister God ever gave me. I wish her to harsh judgment of others, and of his too flattering judgments of his own wisdom and goodness; his indifference about the troubles of others, which he might have relieved and did not, fill his heart with remorse. The curtain of selfishness which bounded his vision seems to be suddenly drawn aside, and he discovers for the first time how little he has had, himself, to do with the accumulation of property upon which he has presumed so much; how it may have been sent to him for the very purpose of being taken from him again under circumstances like these, and as the best means of revealing to him a sense of his daily dependence upon Providence and upon his fellow-man. Looked at from this point of view, who shall speak of the recent breaking up of the great deep of commercial credit as a calamity? Who knows how many, in consequence of it, will experience for the first time the enduring pleasure of obeying a general impulse, and of sacrificing a selfish one? Who knows how many own achievments, and judge leniently the short comings of the less successful? How many will learn from it what they never experienced before, the acquisition of wealth is neither a test of a man's merits, nor any security for his happiness. Can any one doubt that this crisis will develope in many a higher morality, a more watchful domestic economy, less estentatious habits of life, and a corresponding respect for those whose obscure and humble lives may have been teachinfancy, how little the splendid fortunes which we spend toilsome lives in accumulating, contribute to our goodness or to our

happiness?
What, after all, is the loss about which we make so much ado? The money or the property, for the want of which so many fail, is not lost. The absolute losses—such as occur, for example, by fire and slfip-wreck-have been less for the last six months than usual. remain sober long enough at any one time to carry any case through court. The only and break my oath! Moses Felton shall ing hands. Some of those who had it, per-The wealth of the country is merely changworldly influences were separating, and it may remove unsuspected temptations from there are those in the lower walks of life who require the discipline of prosperity. The lessons of adversity may have been lost upon them. Their hard hearts may require to be broken, as the eagle is said sometimes to the rocks. Shall we murmur at this dispensation till we know better than man possibly can know, how nearly and deeply we may all be interested in the results which are to

come from it? The unexampled prosperity of this country, and the prompt reward which every species made Americans the most conceited and selfreliant people upon the face of the earth. So 000, to France and 8,130,000 to Spain. The far as this self-reliance has emancipated us exports of tobacco amounted to 1,180,345 "Will you now take them back? Unsay gotten habits of independent thinking, it has ed for this country.

served a great, we believe a Divine purpose. But it has long fulfilled that purpose, and for some years past we have been growing as a nation, grasping, arrogant, quarrelsome, in-different to international obligations, and tolerant of private as well as public fraud.— The oath that has bound thus far was made It requires something more than self-confidence to produce an elevated national character. Our conceit may help to rid us of other people's errors, but not of our own.

Being in a measure rid of the faults which, as a nation, we inherited or were taught, it is now time that we make war upon our own, and we can conceive of no lesson more efficacious for that purpose than that we are now receiving. All our past follies are coming to light; the great men of the Exchange, to whom we bowed with a selfish idolatry, are proving to be but wooden images; the powers that we were accustomed to regard as irresistible, crumble up like paper in the fire.-Nothing proves in these times to be strong but the virtues which as a nation we have most neglected to cultivate. Their value is consure, while multitudes spend their whole time in doing what they can to relieve and assist their less fortunate acquaintances.— There are men of wealth among us who go about quietly doing good in this way, like nurses in an hospital, by night and by day, who but for some such crisis would never have revealed their own noble attributes to others, nor would they have learned how much better and truer hearts than they had ever suspected are beating around them.— N. Y. Evening Post.

## Diamond Dust.

As snow is of itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth, so afflictions, though in themselves grievous, yet warm the heart of the Christian and make it fruitful. When a man has the approbation of his

own mind, the frowns of the world, like the pressure of an arch, only serve to strengthen him in his position. Many friends are lost by ill timed jests-

rather lose your best joke than your worst As nothing is so honorable as an ancient

friendship, so nothing is so scandalous as an Prefer solid sense to wit: never study to be The visitor looked at him a few moments | This complacency on the one hand, and pre- diverting without being useful; let no jest his style; I shall say nothing concerning

that may offend modesty.

In love, in friendship, the dream of sentiment is extinguished, the moment we utter a draw your own conclusions. Yesterday, I word which has been necessary to calculate

or consider before it is pronounced. they are as acceptable as the clear brook to towards the rapids; he could not use the the thirsty traveler. When the million applaud you, seriously

ask yourself what harm you have done-when man wring his hands in agony; by and by they censure you, what good! ney consure you, what good! he gave up the attempt to save his life, He who would have friends, must show kneeled down, and cried with desperate carhimself friendly. True, and when a man nestness. 'O God, save my soul! If my

A MASONIC MOVEMENT—Purchase of Mount Vernon .- We find the following an-

friend to any one.—Eliza Cook.

nouncement in the Richmond Dispatch: We understand that one or more of the Masonic Lodges of this city have originated a plan for the purchase of Mount Vernon, which, if taken hold of in earnest by the "brothers of the mystic tie" throughout the Union, cannot fail, of success. The plan proposed is to get the subordinate Lodges to contribute \$1 for each member. The price asked for the Mount Vernon estate is \$200,000 and the Masonic statistics show that the order numbers three hundred thousand; so that if all the Lodges in the Union accede to the proposition—and the probability is that they will—the purchase of Mount Vernon may be looked upon as a fixed fact. But the sugges-

tion, as given out, does not stop here.
When the lands which contains the last is possessed by the Masons, they propose to present it to the State of Virginia, only reserving to their order the right to meet around the tomb of their deceased brother once every year, to celebrate his imperishable deeds and to keep alive his great name. We have strong faith in this patriotic plan for the purchase of Mount Vernon, knowing, as we do, that the order from which it emanates are ever ready for good deeds, and never look back when they put their hands to the cay by his efforts, and but a few short months will roll by ere it will be the property of that State which gave him birth, and to whose keeping alone his ashes should be

entrusted. THE NEW TERRITORY OF DACOTAH.—The last Congress, it will be remembered, formed a new Territory under the name of Dacotah. The Independent, published at Sargeaut's Bluff, says the Territory includes a great part of the valley of the Sioux, the valleys of the James and Vermillion rivers, and large tracts of beautiful bottom lying on the Missouri. In regard to the climate, it becomes milder to the westward, so that the winters in the northwestern parts of Dacotah are said to be not much more severe than in northern Pennsylvania. The prevailing want of this entire region is timber. Its chief attractions are fertile soil, pure air and water, and unusually healthy climate; and it is believed also to possess abundance of mineral

Norming to Smoke.—The whole number of cigars exported from Havana up to the

## The Scoffer Silenced.

BY REV. C. R. SPURGEON, OF LONDON. Let me tell you a story. I have told it in a true light how easily men will be brought, in times of danger, to believe in a God, and a sweet as candy. God of justice too, though they have denied him before.

In the backwoods of Canada there resided good minister, who one evening went out to meditate, as Isaac did, in the fields. He soon found himself on the borders of a forest, which he entered, and walked along a track which had been trodden before him; musing, musing still, until at last the shadow of twilight gathered around him, and began to think how he should spend a night in the forest. He trembled at the idea of remaining there, with the poor shelter of a tree into

which he would be compelled to climb. On a sudden he saw a light in the distance among the trees, and imagining that it might be from the window of some cottage where he would find a hospitable retreat, he hastenbeing proved and vindicated, and we already begin to see the fruits of it. We witness eved, and trees laid down to make a platform, ery day striking instances of forbearance and and upon it a speaker addressing a multiconsideration for each other's troubles among commercial men. They are less disposed to bled on a company who in this dark forest bled on a company who in this dark forest judge hastily, even where there is room for have assembled to worship God, and some minister is preaching to them at this late hour of the evening, concerning the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" but to his surprise and horror, when he came nearer, he found a young man declaiming against God, daring the Almighty to do his work upon him, speaking terrible things in wrath against the justice of the Most High, and venturing most bold and awful assertions concerning his own disbelief in a future state. It was altogether a singular scene; it was lighted up by pine knots, which cast a glare here and there, while the thick darkness in other places still reigned. The people were intent on listening to the orator; and when he sat down, thunders of applause were given to him, each one seeming to emulate the other in his praise.

Thought the minister, "I must not let this pass; I must rise and speak; the honor of my God and his cause demands it." He feared to speak, for he knew not what to say, having come there suddenly; but he would have ventured, had not something else oc-curred. A man of middle age, hale and strong, rose, and leaning on his staff, he said, "My friends" I have a word to speak to you to-night. I am not about to refute any of the arguments of the orator; I shall not criticise uttered; but I shall simply relate to you a fact, and after I have done that, you shall walked by the side of yonder river; I saw on its flood a young man in a boat. The on God's holy day?" When acts of courtesy come gratuitously; boat was unmanageable; it was going fast ears, and I saw he was not capable of bringing the boat to the shore; I saw that young complains of having no friends, he ought to body cannot be saved, save my soul!' I ask himself the question, whether he is a heard him confess that he had been a blasphemer; I heard him vow that, if his life were spared, he would never be such again: I heard him implore the mercy of heaven for Jesus Christ's sake, and earnestly plead that he might be washed in his blood. These arms saved that young man from the flood; I plunged in, brought the boat to shore, and saved his life. That same young man has just now addressed you, and cursed his

Maker. What say you to this, sirs?" The speaker sat down. You may guess what a shudder ran through the young man himself, and how the audience in one moment changed their notes, and saw that after all, while it was a fine thing to brag and brayado against Almighty God on dry land, and when danger was distant, it was not quite so grand to think ill of him when near the verge of the grave. We believe there is enough conscience in every man to convince him that God must punish him for his sin, and that in mortal remains of the immortal Washington an echo, "If he turn not, he will whet his

A shocking instance of human depravity is related in the Cincinnati Gazette. A brutal-looking fellow, while walking along the bank of the Miami canal, saw a noblelooking spaniel lying in the sun, and most wantonly threw a stick with a heavy piece of lead attached, which he held in his hand. at the poor brute, but missed him, and the missile flew into the water. The dog, who, it seems, had been taught to go into the water plough. Let every true Mason feel the tomb seems, had been taught to go into the water a good recipe which will give saddles and of Washington can only be preserved from deand dive, plunged into the canal, brought out bridles a good polish, and be entirely free and dive, plunged into the canal, brought out bridles a good polish, and be entirely free and dive, plunged into the canal, brought out bridles a good polish, and be entirely free and dive, plunged into the canal, brought out bridles a good polish, and be entirely free and dive, plunged into the canal, brought out bridles a good polish, and be entirely free and dive, plunged into the canal, brought out bridles a good polish. the weapon, and carried it in his mouth to from all stickiness:-The whites of three the man, and laid it at his feet; and that man eggs evaporated till the substance left resempicked up the stick, and struck the generous bles the common gum, dissolved into a pint creature dead! From this incident our cotemporary very naturally doubts whether all men | and filled up with water.—Scientific Ameri-

How to Eat Grapes .- Dr. Underhill has reduced eating grapes to a science. Here are his directions: "When in health, swallow only the pulp. When the bowels are costive and you wish to relax them, swallow the seeds with the pulp, ejecting the skin.— When you wish to check a too relaxing state of the bowels swallow the pulp with the skin. ejecting the seeds. Thus may the grape be used as a medicine, whilst at the same time it serves as a luxury unsurpassed by any other cultivated fruit. An adult may eat from three to four pounds a day with benefit. It is well to take them with or immediately after your regular meals,

A WARNING-COWS POISONED BY WILD CHERRY,—The Ohio Farmer reports that a man having occasion to cut down a small 15th of August, the present year, was 84,- wild cherry tree, threw the branches over the 985,000, of which 29,681,000, were cleared fence into the road or common, and that two wild cherry tree, threw the branches over the for this country, 16,300,000 to Great Britain, cows, after eating the leaves, died within 17,733,000 to Hamburg and Bremen, 9,628, twenty minutes, and within fifty feet of the place. That Prussic acid is contained in the leaves, &c., of this tree, we were aware, but from the tyranny of traditions, and has be- pounds, of which 528,636 pounds were clear- did not suppose it existed in sufficient quantity to produce such effects.

### "Don't tell Father."

There is many a good mother who plans the ruin of the child she dearly loves-teaches it the first lesson in wrong doing, by simply saying, "Now don't tell Father." Surely mothers do it thoughtlessly, ignorantly, not considering that it is a first lesson in decep-

Not at all strange that gamblers and liars and thieves and hypocrites, and distrustful, evil minded people so abound, when weak, loving mothers, with honeyed words, and caresses, sweeten the little teachings that so soon ripen into all kinds of meanness and

unprincipled rascality.
I heard a kind, well meaning mother say to the puny baby in her arms, "well, birdie shall have its good candy every day; bad pappa shan't know it; see how it loves it!" and the little thing whose reach of life had not a whole winter in it yet, snatched at the bright red and blue colored poison, and made as many glad motions, as though it took its whole body to suck it with. The poor little thing had been fed on candy, almost, and fretted for more whenever its mouth wasn't before; but it is a striking one, and sets out filled. Even the nourishment nature provided didn't wholly satisfy it, for it wasn't as

I thought it was no wonger, if children were taught even in babyhood that papa was bad and ugly and unkind, that in youth they should call him a "snob" and "the old man," and the mother, whom they had learned by experience had no stability of character, and was capable of deception, not strange they should so little respect her as to call her the "Old woman."

I shudder when I hear the frequent words drop from young lips, "Oh, I must not let father know that."

The father may be a stern man, rigid in his way of bringing up his children, but he has a heart somewhere, and surely truthful, honest, loving words from his own child, will find that warm place. So it is best never to deceive him in anything, but keep his confidence whole and unshaken, and the whiteness of the soul unstained by that loathsome sin, deception.

. "Fathor don't allow me to read novels," said a young lady to me lately, "but mother does, and so we two read all we can get, and he never knows it;" giggled as though they were very cunning and worthy of praise, for so completely deceiving poor, good father.

My soul sickened at the idea of a wife daring to teach her children to disobey their father; of the daughter, vain and unprincipled, with such a mother to teach and guide her. Better for the world she had never been born,—Ohio Cultivator.

What do these things mean? We find the following in a late number of

the New York Evangelist:-"Vermont, one of the most purely agricultural States in the Union, exhibits sad evidence of religious indifference. The annual report of the general convention in that State, discloses the following fact, published in the Congregational (N. II.) Journal:—

"More than 20,000 families in Vermont habitually neglect all public worship; only about one-fifth of the people in the average, attend upon evangelical worship, and fourfifths of the inhabitants on each returning Lord's day are absent from the sanctuary. What do these things mean? Making all due allowance for the necessary absence of those who, in the Providence of God, cannot be present, there ought to be at least three-fifths instead of one fifth of the people at public worship. Where, then, are the 150,000 souls that ought to be in the house of God every Sabbath? What are their thoughts and deeds

The Boston Courier has the following com-

ments on the above:-"The New York Evangelist (a religious paper inclining to anti-slavery) ought not to ask: 'What do these things mean?' as if the reason were not perfectly obvious. That abolitionism would inevitably lead to such a sad result has been preached upon the housetops. The Courier, with other conservative journals, has never ceased to urge entreaties and warnings upon the subject for a year past. Many of the clergy, with a zeal quite surpassing their religious ministrations, have entered into abolitionism in the pulpit, directly or indirectly; and out of the pulpit have too often set examples of partisanship to their people. Abolitionism is not religion; but like all other fanaticism, it is an absorbing delusion. The human mind cannot be full of one engrossing topic and find room for another. The consequence is that abolitionism in Vermont, and elsewhere, has excluded Christianity. The process of operation is-first, lukewarmness, then neglect of religious ordinances, then disbelief. And yet the New York Evangelist, adopting the report of the convention, innocently asks. What do these things mean?"

A HARD STONE.—About the hardest case ever heard of was a murderer named Stone, executed many years since in Exeter, N. H. Just before the rope was put around his neck. he requested the Sheriff to give him a mug of ale. The request being promptly acceded to, he took the mug and commenced blowing the froth from the ale.
"What are you doing that for?" nervously

asked the Sheriff. "Because," returned the stubborn wretch,

"I don't think froth is healthy."

CLEANING SADDLES, &c .- The following is of gin, and put into a common wine-bottle,

MA Lewisburg paper says, a farmer residing somewhere on the North Branch invoked curses upon his head, because he was unfortunate in some of his crops, and an offended God has taken him at his word by causing him to remain in the position he was in when he invoked the curse. He is not able to move a muscle, and can only roll his eyeballs to give signs of life. He has not been able to speak another word since the profane sentence passed through his lips.

A bright child asked his mother where he should go to when he died. "To heaven, I trust," said the mother.

"Shall I have anything to eat there?"
"Yes, love, you will be fed on the bread of

"Well, I hope they'll put lots o' butter on it," concluded the youngster.

You saved my life on one occasion,"

said a beggar to a captain under whom he had served. "In what way?"

"Why, I served under you in battle, and when you run away, I followed."