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Select Poetry.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There is beauty in the forest, Where the trees are green and fair; There is beauty in the meadow, Where the wild flowers scent the air; There is beauty in the sun-light, And a soft, blue beam above, Oh! the world is full of beauty,

When the heart is full of love. There is beauty in the fountain, Singing gayly at its play, While the rainbow hues are glittering On its silver shining spray; There is beauty in the streamlet, Murmuring softly through the grove, Oh! the world is full of beauty, When the heart is full of love.

There is beauty in the moonlight, When it falls upon the sea, While the blue-foam crested billows Dance and frolic joyously; There is beauty in the lightning gleams, That o'er the dark waves roll. Oh! the world is full of beauty. When the heart is full of love.

There is beauty in the brightness Beaming from a loving eye; In the warm blush of affection, In the tear of sympathy; In the sweet, low voice, whose accents The spirit's gladness prove; Oh! the world is full of beauty, When the heart is full of love.

Select Story.

[From the Waverley Magazine.] THE BRIDE'S APPEAL.

BY ANNIE E. LERAND.

Brightly burned the blazing fire, and merrily ticked the exquisite little mantle clock, within the comfortable and neatly arranged sitting-room of Mrs. Small, whose genial face

lit up with a smile as she thought how comfortably she was situated. It was indeed a pleasant home picture .-Mrs. Small sat with her knitting needles gliding noiselessly through her fingers; Emma, her oldest daughter, held a closed book carelessly within her hand; while mischiev-

ous Bell, the younger of the group, was pat-ting a milk-white kitten, which lay like a small parcel of the softest silk floss upon the folds of her dress. They were all drawn up close around the blazing fire, and presented a beautiful pic-

ture of an affectionate mother and daughters. There was a striking resemblance in the form and features of the whole group. They were all of very fair complexion, with the lightest shade of Brown hair, small in stature, but fat and rosy.

There was one other occupant of that room -Ada Ford, the orphan neice of Mrs. Small. She was widely different, in face or form, from her aunt and pretty cousins. She was tall, with a graceful and slight, almost etherial figure; her hair was a rich, glossy black, and fell in heavy curls around her fair neck and shoulders; her face was fair, with only a slight rose-tint upon either cheek, and her voice was clear and sweet as the chimes of the joy bells. If her cousins were termed pretty, then might she be called beau-

On the evening of which we have spoken, she did not join in the spirited conversation which her aunt and cousins were carrying on, but she sat apart from the rest, seemingly lost in thought. At length Mrs. Small turned to her, and said-

'Why are you so pensive this evening, "I am thinking of the future, aunt," she

replied, sadly. "And what is there in your anticipations

of the future to make you gloomy?" questioned her aunt, in a solicitous tone. "Oh," said Emma Small, in a gay voice,

"she is grieving for the many hearts she will break when she marries Dr. Ward." "Ah?" chimed in Bell, "I wish I had the

assurance of as good, handsome and intelligent a husband as Dr. Ward. I would never trouble myself about anybody's heart being broken."
"Or even the hope of getting as good an offer as Dr. Ward," answered Mrs. Small.

"Butseriously, Ada," she continued, speaking in a kind, motherly tone, to her niece, what is it that troubles you? I have noticed the shadow that has rested upon your usually calm brow all day, and am at a loss how

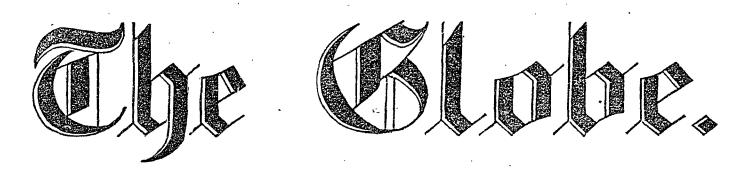
to account for it." "Well, really, aunt," she replied, "I can hardly tell; perhaps it is wrong of me; but I cannot feel otherwise than troubled about the contents of that letter which I received concerning the habits of Dr. Ward."

"Well, Ada, although I think your fears are groundless, but, feeling as you do, I should advise you to mention the matter to Dr.

Ward," said s. Small.
"That I have already done, dear aunt," replied Ada; "that is, I did not tell him about the letter, nor speak directly about his own conduct; but I spoke to him of the evils arising from intemperance, and he said that, in many respects, he concurred in my opinions; but he thought a man might drink intoxicating liquors, and drink frequently, without being in any danger of becoming a drunkard, if he was possessed of any reason or judgment. And then, when I warned him to beware, he laughed at my fears, and told me that I should have more confidence in him than to think he would ever so far forget himself as to become a common drunk-

"And did not this assurance satisfy you,

Ada?" asked her aunt." "On the contrary, it has only excited my fears in a greater degree, for he made light of my anxiety, and spoke rather in favor of intoxicating liquors, while I have such a horror of all such;" and a perceptable shudder passed through the young girl's frame as she spoke.



WILLIAM LEWIS, ---PERSEVERE.---Editor and Proprietor.

HUNTINGDON, PA., MAY 11, 1859. VOL. XIV.

NO. 46.

"Feeling as you do, Ada, I think it would be better for you to speak plainly and directly to Dr. Ward upon the subject which troubles you so very much, although I think your fears and anxiety are without any just cause," said Mrs. Small.
"I think I shall do as you advise, aunt,"

replied Ada.

Here their conversation was interrupted by a servant, who informed Ada that Dr. Ward was awaiting her in the parlor. After pausing a few moments before a mirror, to arrange her somewhat dishevelled curls, she hastened to meet Dr. Ward, her betroth-

ed assband.
And Ford told him, that evening of the anonymous letter she had received from Sdenouncing him as a wine bibber, also her fears and anxiety on his account; and now, when the subject was laid plainly before him, he made every effort, and used every argument in his power to quiet the fears of the beautiful and fondly loved girl. And he the beautiful and fondly loved girl. And he succeeded; for his eloquent pleadings, added to those of her own heart, were sufficient to allay her fears, and cause her to feel that she away, a shadow upon her hitherto calm brow, had wronged him by even indulging the thought that he, in whom she saw so many noble qualities, could be guilty of indulging in that vice, the very thought of which filled

her with horror and disgust.

When Gilbert Ward went out from the presence of Ada Ford, he left her happy happier than she had been for many days; and he, too, happy; happy in the assurance that, in two short months, he was to come and claim the beautiful Ada, the idol of his heart, as his bride.

As he wended his way from the residence of Mrs. Small, he resolved in his heart that, for the sake of his beautiful betrothed, he would taste no more of the sparkling bowl. But, alas! temptation lay in his path; he was not strong to resist, and his good resolutions were broken.

The few weeks that intervened before the marriage of Dr. Ward and Ada, passed rapidly by. If a fear of evil, or a dread of the future, caused the fair brow of our heroine she considered so terrible a fate. It was a to be clouded for a few moments, these fears moment of intense suffering to poor Ada, as were quickly dispelled by the gay raillery of her bloodless cheeks and trembling limbs her cousins, and the motherly counsel and encouragement of her kind aunt.

At length the important day arrived .-They were married very quietly, in the little brown stone church in G——, the town where Ada resided; and all who wished to go were present to witness the solemn ceremony performed. The church was crowded to overflowing; the fair bride looked very beautiful and very happy in her plain travelling dress and flowing mantle. And Dr. Ward, the new-made husband, looked very proud and

very happy, too.

Ada took leave of her numerous friends at the door of the church; and then went forth from G— with the man of her choice, to whom she was devotedly attached, whither she had come seventeen years before, a lone let to his lips; and then poor Ada, forgetful orphan—a prattling and innocent child of of everything but her own intense anxiety three summers—to reside with her maternal and suffering, in an agonized voice, exclaimaunt, Mrs. Small, who had ever treated her, edin every respect, as she did her own daugh-

Ada had been a favorite with the kindhearted villagers ever since her first appearance among them. They loved her in her childhood for her innocence and artlessness, and they loved her no less in her womanhood for her noble, generous qualities of mind and heart. And many were the sincere blessings and prayers that were breathed for her as she went out from their midst, on the bright morning of her bridal.

But now, leaving Dr. Ward and his lovely bride to pursue their way to the town of Swhich is to be their future residence, we will

turn our attention to Dr. Ward alone. A few years previous to the opening of our story, he had gone to S- from a neighboring State, and commenced the practice of medicine. At first his practice was limited; but gradually he gained the confidence of a large portion of the people in S- and the vicinity, and soon began to be very pros-

It was during a short sojourn in the city of B—— that he first met Ada Ford. He was fascinated with her exquisite beauty; and when he found an opportunity to converse with her, he found the charms of her mind no less than those of her person; and thus did he bow at the shrine of the beautiful Ada, and at length became her husband. He was truly a man of many noble qualities, but addicted to the vice of drinking intoxicating liquors—that vice which the fair Ada so abhorred. Notwitstanding this, he had many friends in G---, and many who deplored

his sad fault. When he carried his bride to G-, she was kindly and warmly received; for with her beautiful face, and gentle, winning way, she could not fail to please wherever she

The winter of 185— was one of unusual gayety in G---, and there was scarcely an entertainment given to which Dr. Ward and Ada were not invited. And they generally attended, for Dr. Ward was exceedingly fond of social entertainments, and Ada enjoyed society greatly; she liked also to mingle with the friends of her husband, it appeared to give both him and his friends so much pleasure for her to do so. But Ada had a dread of wine parties, because she feared for her husband. She had noted with watchful eye that his glass never remained undrained.

There was to be a grand entertainment given by Captain Warner, who had lately returned from a long and successful voyage.— Expectation and anticipation was on tiptoe, for Captain Warner's entertainments were always given in magnificent style, and the guests never failed to enjoy themselves.— But somehow Ada Ward felt a dread of going, and a presentiment of evil to come; but it would never do to decline the invitation, for he was one of Dr. Ward's most intimate friends, and so, with a heavy heart, she prepared herself to go. Her spirits, however, revived when she stood before her husband arrayed for the ball, and saw the proud light that gleamed from his eyes as he surveyed her queenly form, and listened to the fond praises that he bestowed upon her.

And well might he be proud of his lovely wife; for, although in that vast assembly there were many faces fair to look upon, and many forms of exquisite grace and elegance.

As Gilbert Ward watched beside his sufyet Ada Ward-the gentle, and the beautiful -stood pre-eminently the queen of them all.

For a while all went merry as a marriage bell. The soft light emitted from the highly polished chandaliers, lent a kind of bewildering charm to those rooms, through which the delicate aroma of choice flowers floated, as though wafted from the orange groves of sunny Italy; while here and there fairy forms flitted, and sweet strains of music mingled with happy voices, and gay laughter burst forth, lending a kind of witchery to the scene.

During the first part of the evening our heroine was very happy. She had seemingly forgotten all her former fears and anxieties; and often, as she glided through the mazy dance, or joined in the gay sallies of wit that flowed from rosy lips and guileless hearts, for she marked a change in the bearing of her husband; perhaps one less accustomed to his manner would not have noticed it; but she noted that the tones of his voice were louder, and more hurried and abrupt, than was his wont, and that his manner was more familiar; not that he was rude, but he had lost his dignity which always characterized

him. Ada knew but too well how to account for this change, for she was well aware that wine had passed freely and frequently among the guests, and that to this might be attributed the change in her husband's manner. It was, therefore, with deep anxiety that she saw the red liquid again being passed among the guests, for she felt convinced that one draught added to what he had already drank, would place her husband on a level with, what he termed a common drunkard. She watched him narrowly and resolved that she would make an effort to save him from what testified.

When she saw him stretch forth his hand to take the proffered glass, she seemed suddenly to regain her strength, and flew like lightening speed toward him. She reached his side just as he was raising the clear, crystal-like goblet to his lips, to drain it of its contents; and, placing her hand gently but firmly upon his uplifted arm, she exclaimed, in clear, thrilling tones-"Gilbert, my husband, forbear! drain not

the poisonous draught!" Slowly the upraised hand descended, and he looked searchingly in her face, as if to

"Oh, Gilbert, for my sake drink not the maddening potion! Oh, beware! beware!'
Again did Gilbert Ward's hand descend, and he allowed Ada to take the goblet from him. Stepping back a few paces, she seized a glass of water that stood upon a richly carved table; she gazed with burning eyes upon its contents, then raised the goblet containing the sparkling wine, and gazed wildly upon it; while her cheeks blanched to a deathly palor, and her bosom heaved with intense emotion, she exclaimed, in clear ringing

"Behold what I see within this flowing liquid! I see for you, Gilbert, sorrow, shame, dishonor, misery, despair—yea, death! I see that face, now bearing the impress of health and peace, burning and scorched with the great heat of poison, and seared and disfigured by the traces of debauchery and con-tracted disease? I see that lithe and active frame growing bent and emaciated! I see your firm step becoming weak and tottering! hear your rich voice growing hollow and unnatural—your flashing eye becoming dim and lustreless—your intellect becoming impaired, and your mind enfeebled and weak! I see your home growing desolate and neg-lected; your friends all forsaking you, and you travelling down to a pauper's grave, uncared for and unwept! I see for myself, suffering, want, misery and despair! I see my brightest hopes all crushed—my fondest wishes blighted, and my poor heart torn and lacerated and all this is the work of my husband!

"On the other hand," said she, raising the vessel containing the clear, cold water, "I see peace, prosperity, honor, renown, joy, hope, friends and long life, and all for you if you so will it! And will you, oh, Gilbert, thus ruthlessly cast them all from you-thus heedlessly rush on to ruin, and relentlessly torture your loving, suffering wife, until she

sinks into a premature grave?
"Choose!" she exclaimed, wildly, extending her hands toward him, "choose this moment, oh, my husband, between wine and water-choose between happiness and misery, both here and hereafter! Oh, choose between life and death; extinguish the last spark of joy and life within my bosom, or bid me live

and be happy!" With bloodless lips and heaving bosom, Gilbert Ward, fully sobered by the events of the last few moments, stretched forth his trembling hand, and, taking the goblet containing the clear, cooling water, raised it to his lips, and drained the grateful draught.— Then, as his hand descended, he exclaimed,

in solemn tones— "God help me to keep this resolve!"

"Amen," was responded from every lip in that vast assembly, in tones of reverence, though many checks were wet with tears, and many voices husky with emotion.

"Saved, saved, thank God, saved!" murmured Ada, as she staggered forward, and fell fainting into the arms of her husband. Ay, he was saved; and not him alone, but many others who stood within sound of Ada

Ward's voice on that memorable night. They bore the fair young bride to her home, and laid her upon a downy couch; from which the s she rose not for long, weary days and nights, dle."

fering and adored wife, again did he renew his vow of total abstinance. Ay, and angels may have recorded those vows in the courts of the most High King.
When Ada recovered her reason and health,

her husband went forth into the busy tumult of the world and became one of the most zealous workers in the great cause of Temper

Wives, have you intemperate husbands !-Then seek, by every means in your power, to rescue them from a drunkard's grave .-Mothers, have you intemperate sons? Cease not to warn and entreat. Sisters, have you intemperate brothers? Seek to save them from the sorrow and woe that attends the wine bibber!

The Great Strasburg Clock.

Henry C. Wright, in a letter to the Boston Liberator, thus describes the great clock in Strasburg Cathedral:—I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock, from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, and about 30 feet wide, and 15 deep. Around me are many strangers, waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. The clock is struck in this way The dial is some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub, or a little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell. The cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, and that on the right the second quarter. Fifty feet over the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left and a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter, on the hand of Time, and turns and glides, with a slow step, round behind Time. Then comes out an old man, with a mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet. and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, and is heard all around the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on ready to perform his part, as the time comes around again. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some twenty feet higher still. It is thus: There is a high cross with the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve has struck, one of the Apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing the cross, bows, and walks on around to his place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows, and passes on. As the last appears, an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly

Then all is silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1571, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about

fifty years, when it stood out of repair. There is no Such Word as Fail.

This sentence should be deeply impressed upon the hearts of the young. He who will not strike boldly in the battle of life, and conquer the opposing foe, must sink sooner or later into the slough of despond, and be forgotten by the onmarching army, whose lips are singing the pean of victory. It were better for that one that he had never been born .-Life is not a rose-laden path for carpet knights to tread. No; its ways are rugged and it is the brave in heart only that, fearlessly accepting its challenges doing battle as they move along, wins the goal. He who sets out with fear and trembling, dreading to meet foes seen and unseen, succombs ere he has commenced the journey; but he who boldly adventures the path whether it leads to gloomy abysses or up giddy ascents, over morasses, through night-like forests, or into regions of perpetual snow, holding aloft his banner inscribed with the daring motto "There is no such word as Fail!" is victory in every fight. His heart beats quick, his eye brightens and his strong arm is nerved for battle when danger approaches. No thought has he of retreat—onward, onward he marches, driving his enemies before him! What cares he for these-was he not made to do or die? He will be victorious. Nothing shall deter him. He knows no such word as fail. Whatever he resolves on must be accomplished. He cannot succomb, though the world should press upon him. Death, rather, and he conquers! The hero of the field, he wears the aurel crown! It is only when Age overtakes him, palsying his arm, and stealing his strength of purpose, that he "wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." Even then he is but subdued, not conquered. His task has been faithfully accomplished. His end is blessed! Young man and young woman, if you would our store. "You young scamp!" said he, as succeed in life, strike from your vocabulary the he entered, "what did you mean by sending stumbling block to success—the word fail!

A RICH EDITOR.—The editor of the Prairie News, published at Okalaona, Miss., feels rich, and thus lets himself off on somebody

who called him poor:
WE Poor?—A few days since some one had the hardihood to call us "Poor Editors!" We poor? No, sir-ee, sorrel tail; not by a jug full, we ain't. Why, we have a good library, made for the most part of patent office reports and Kansas speeches; a a double barreled pistol, but 'twont stand reared back; a game rooster; a gold watch; six suits of clothes; fourteen shirts; a cat; a bull pup; seventy-five cents in clean cash; and no poor kin, and are going to have a pretty wife, and, soon as possible, a town lot! Talk about being poor!

A popular author gives the following

advice to wives:— "Should you find it necessary, as you undoubtedly will, many of you, to chastise your

husbands, you should perform this duty with the soft end of the broom, not with the han-

A Hatter in Search of Russia Fur.

On one occasion a hatter named Walter Dibble, called to buy some furs of us. For certain reasons, I was anxious to play a joke upon him. I sold him several kinds of fur, including "beaver" and "coney." He wanted some "Russia." I told him we had none, but Mrs. Wheeler, where I boarded, had several hundred pounds.

"What on earth is a woman doing with

Russia?" he said. I could not answer, but assured him that there were 130 pounds of old Rushia and 150 pounds of young Rushia in Mrs. Wheeler's house, and under her charge, but whether it

was for sale I could not say. Off he started with a view to make the ourchase. He knocked at the door. Mrs. Wheeler the elder, made her appearance.
"I want to get your Russia," said the hat-

Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, of course, supposed he had come after her daughter "Rushia."

"What do you want of Rushia?" asked the old lady. "To make hats," was the reply.
"To trim hats, I suppose you mean," res-

oonded Mrs. Wheeler. "No-for the outside of hats," replied the

"Well, I don't know much about hats, but will call my daughter," said the old lady. Passing into another room where "Rushia," the younger, was at work, she informed her that a man wanted her to make hats.

"O, he means sister Mary, probably. suppose he wants some ladies hats," replied Rushia, as she passed into the parlor.

"I suppose you wish to see my sister Mary; she is our milliner," said the younger Rushia.

"I wish to see whoever owns the property," aid the hatter. Sister Mary was sent for and soon made her appearance. As soon as she was intro-

duced, the hatter informed her that he wished to buy "Rushia."
"Buy Rushia!" exclaimed Mary, in sur-

prise. "I don't understand you. .
"Your name is Miss Wheeler, I believe," said the hatter, who was annoyed at the difficulty he met with in being understood. "It is, sir." "Ah! very well. Is there old and young

Russia in the house. "I believe there is," said Mary, surprised at the familiar manner in which he spoke of her mother and sister, both of whom were

"What is the price of old Rushia per pound?" asked the hatter. "I believe, sir, that old Rushia is not for

sale," replied Mary indignantly.
"Well, what do you ask for young Rus-

"Ladies!" exclaimed the hatter, in aston-

sale. Now, if I can buy the young Russia, I want to do so-but if that can't be done, please say so, and I will trouble you no fur-

ther." "Mother open the door, and let the gentleman pass out; he is undoubtedly crazy," said Miss Mary.

"By thunder! I believe I shall be if I remain here long," exclaimed the hatter, considerably excited. "I wonder if folks never do business in these parts, that you think a man is crazy if he attempts such a thing?" "Business! poor man," said Mary, sooth-

ingly, approaching the door.
"I am not a poor man, Madam." replied the hatter. "My name is Walter Dibble; I carry on hatting extensively in Danbury; I came to Grassy Plains to buy fur, and have ed the attention of a scented civilian in the purchased some 'beaver' and 'coney,' and now opposite box, who, relying upon his superiit seems I am to be called 'crazy' and a 'poor man,' because I want to buy a little 'Russia' to make up an assortment.'

The ladies began to open their eyes a little. They saw that Mr. Dibble was quite in earnest, and his explanation threw considerable ight on the subject.

"Who sent you here?" asked sister Mary. "The clerk at the opposite store," was the

"He is a wicked young fellow for making this trouble," said the old lady. "He has been doing this for a joke," she continued. "A joke!" exclaimed Dibble, in surprise. Have you not got any Russia then?"

"My name is Jerusha, and so is my daughter's," said Mrs. Wheeler, "and that I suppose is what he meant by telling you about old and young Rushia."

Mr. Dibble bolted through the door without a word of explanation, and made directly for me over there to buy Russia?"

"I did not send you to buy Rushia. I supposed you were either a bachelor or a widower, and wanted to marry Rushia," I replied with a serious countenance.

You lie, you dog, and you know it," he replied; "but never mind, I'll pay you off for that some day." And taking his furs he departed, less ill-humored than could have been expected under the circumstances.

Poor But Proud.—A highwayman undertook to rob Maj. Jones. He met Jones in a wood over in Jersey. He asked Jones for his pocket-book. Jones refused to yield .-Highwayman took Jones by the neck and undertook to choke him. Jones made fight and kept it for half an hour. At the expiration of that time Jones caved, and the before a court of justice. But, as it happenhighwayman commenced rifling his pockets. The contents amounted to eighteen cents.

"Is that all you've got?" "Every cent."

"What made you fight so long?"
"Didn't want to be exposed. Bad enough

to have only eighteen cents: a great deal worse to have the whole world know it."

The Pursuit of Happiness.

Every human being is in the pursuit of happiness. And every human being pursues happiness not only in every purpose but in every event of his life, as far as they can control it. And how many fail in the pursuit? How many break down in the passage or make shipwreck of all they adventured in the experiment? If the question were asked, Why, after so much expenditure of means and labors, do so many fail? The answer may be readily given. They do not properly estimate the process by which the great disideratum is to be attained. They adventure all upon the chance without providing for the contingencies they may meet with on the way. So the merchant that insures his goods, the premium he considers as a mere nothing, when compared with the loss he may sustain by accident. How then can he expect success who seeks his happiness in every thing and insures nothing? Voyager upon the sea of life, estimate at its proper value the property you hazard in the adventure! Meditate every act; examine well every purpose, and look to the result of each .-Be sure your bark is a safe one and well insured, on the proper consideration of forthcoming events and the preparation to meet them. To a practical mind the preconception of what may happen is not impossible and in its study of the probable contingencies of the future and provision to meet them, there may be a reason of safety that cannot be secured to any other way.

The Incorruptible Inheritance.

No poverty there? Millions of good men have left the earth poor; but has one entered heaven poor. Lazarus, the moment before he died, was a beggar at the gate, but a moment after his death his estate had grown so fast that the haughty worldling, still surviving in all his influence, in comparison with him, was a penniless pauper. Oh, poor believers! rejoice in prospect of your grand inheritance. It is really immense, inestimable, unspeakable, undefiled, and fadeth not away. Has it not been your endeavor to lay up for your-selves treasures in heaven? Why not often-er think of results there? Fear not. There is good news from that far country. Unsuccessful as you may have seemed on earth. your heavenly schemes have all prospered.

The treasury of God overflows with your wealth. And it is safe—perfectly safe.— Neither "moth nor rust" corrupts it, nor can thieves break through and steal it .-Moreover, it shall increase-forever increase. As long as you live on earth you add to the principal, and its interest will multiply beyond all computation, to all eternity. Crasus was rich, Solomon was rich, Lucullus was rich, but the humblest heir of God, is richer far than all. It may be that the stores you have already accumulated in heaven would buy this town, buy the district, buy the county, buy the world, and still be comparatively untouched. Nay, think not this extravagant: I would not barter the heritage of the most destitute of Christians for the whole globe and all its improvements. Lift up your heart; let it expand and overflow with bliss. At the close of the short journey through time, you will see eternity open before you, all radiant with the variety of your boundless possessions. Be not proud! but be grateful, thankful, hopeful and happy.

A Sermon Upon Man.

Who preached that men were only monkeys, who had rubbed off their tails? I wish I had his bust-I would give it the place of honor in my house. By Jove! I believe we are all Gorillas; and Owen, the naturalist knows it, but is too polite to say so. After perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, and stretches forth its neck and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside of the church to some distance, and crows three times, the church to some distance, and itself the ch so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. will soon call our brother, who is in the gar- Shasters and Korans and Bibles-of kings den, and he will punish you as you deserve." and priests and parliaments and republicsof sermons and books and newspapers-of ishment, "what on earth have I done to offend | marching of intellect and counter-marching you? I came here on a business matter. I of religion—of altars and temples, churches want to buy some Russia. I was told you and chapels—in a word, after six thousands had old and young Russia in the house. In- years of learning how to live, what have we deed, this young lady just stated such to be come to? The whole of the most civilized, the fact, but she says the old Russia is not the most intellectual, the most religious part, of the globe is content to leave it to the decision of one bad man whether half-a-dozen of countries shall be devasted with fire and sword, thousands of their noblest and best shall be slaughtered, and their wives and

mothers sent mourning to their graves.

And Man holds up his head, and talks of his being the image of his Creator. I tell you we are idiotic Gorillas, and shall be dug up by the next race that inhabits this planet, and shown in their museums, with our swords, pens and prayer books in glass casses, illustrating the monkey species.—Shirley Brooks.

How to SILENCE A FOOL .- A Galway gentleman once entered a coffee house in London, and called for tea. His brogue attractor ascent, resolved to have a zest at the expense of the stranger.

The civilian called for tea, also. The Irish gentleman called for mustins, so did the civilian-toast, milk, sugar, &c., were severally called for by the fop, who enjoyed in his corner the supposed embarrassment to which he was subjecting the gentleman from Galway. At last, with the greatest composure, and

if possible, with a richer brogue, the Irishman demanded the waiter to-"Bring up pistols for two!" This was a stretcher in the performance by

no means in the fop's programme, and rather beyond what he had bargained for; so, like a well-bred dog, walked down the stairs for fear of being kicked.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF POVERTY.—Some writer says, "A happy man, surrounded by the blessings of poverty, thus sums up the uses of adversity: You wear out your old clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors .-You are excused from making calls. Bores do not bore you. Spungers cannot haunt your table. Itinerant bands do not play opposite your windows. You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates you by asking, 'Is there any other little article to-day, sir? Begging letter writers leave you alone. Imposters know it is useless to bleed you. tice temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. You are saved many a deception, many a headache. And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time, to learn it."

A neighbor of mine was fairly or othwise accused of sheep stealing, and the day was set when he was to answer the charge ed, before the day of trial he sickened and died. His old mother was overwhelmed with grief, and sat long by the corpse, filling the house with wailing and lamentation. At last a thought seemed to strike her; she

brightened up, and throwing up her hands, she piously ejaculated: "Well, thank God, he is out of the sheep scrape any how!"