TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 insertion. 2 do. 3 do.
Four lines or less, \$25 \$37½ \$50
One square, (12 lines,) 50 75 100
Two squares, 100 150 200
Three squares, 150 225 300
Over three week and less than three months, 25 cents
per square for each insertion.

3 months. 6 months. 12 months.
Six lines or less, \$150 \$300 \$500
One square, 300 500 700
Two squares, 500 80 1000
Three squares, 700 1000 15 00
Four squares, 900 13 00 20 00
Halfa column, 12 00 16 00 24 00
One column, 20 00 30 00 50 00
Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines, one year, \$300
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, \$175
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

HERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa. to me directed, I will expose to public sale, on the premises, in Mt. Union on SATURDAY the 29th day of October, the following real estate, to wit: 29th day of October, the following real estate, to wit:

1. A lot of Ground in said town, fronting

1. A lot of Ground in said town, fronting on Water street, and running back on Division street 120 feet, more or less, to an alley, and has thereon erected a two story brick store and dwelling house, fronting 60 feet on Water street and 40 feet on Division street, and is now in the occupancy of Benjamin R. Foust & Co., and has other buildings thereon, and adjoins a lot of Eby & Morrison on the West.

2. Also, a lot of Ground in said town, fronting on Water street about 50 feet, more or less, and runs back to an alley 120 feet, more or less, and adjoins lots of Eby & Morrison on the east, and James J. Robenson on the west, and has thereon erected one and a half story frame dwelling house 28 by 18 feet, with kitchen and other outbuildings attached.

3. Also, two vacant Lots of Ground in said town, fronting on Railroad Avenue 50 feet each, and running back to an alley 110 feet, adjoining lots of John Thompson on the east, Samuel Shaver on the west, fenced, with a frame stable thereon erected.

4. Also, Let of Ground in said town, fronting 60 feet

east, Samuel Shaver on the west, fenced, with a frame stable thereon erected.

4. Also, Lot of Ground in said town, fronting 60 feet, more or less, on Water street, and extending back 100 feet, more or less, to an alley on Division street, adjoining lot of John Bare on the east, having a two story frame house, fronting 34 feet on Water street and 30 feet on Division street, and other outbildings thereon erected.

5. Also, a Lot of Ground in plan of said town, fronting 60 feet on Water street, and extending back to the Pennsylvania Canal, adjoining. John Bare, on the cast, and Ehv

sylvania Canal, adjoining John Bare on the cast, and Eby & Morrison on the west, having a frame sumac mill thereon creeted. on erected.

6. Also, a Lot of Ground in plan of said town, fronting 50 feet, more or less, on Water street, adjoins lot of Samuel Eby on the east, and lot of Eby & Morrison on the west, having thereon erected a large warehouse which extends to the Pennsylvania Canal, with a lot of vacant

tends to the Pennsylvania Canal, with a lot of vacant ground used as a wharf adjoining the same.

7. Also, a Lot of Ground in plan of said town, fronting 50 feet, more or less, on Water street, and extending back 100 feet, more or less, to the Pennsylvania Canal, adjoining lot of Eby & Morrison on the west, having thereon erected two one and a half story houses, one of which is stone and the other frame, now in the occupancy of—Harincane and John Baker.

8. Also, two vacant Lots of Ground in plan of said town, fronting 50 feet each on Water street, and extending back 100 feet, more or less, to the Pennsylvania Canal, adjoining lots of Eby & Morrison on the east, and Abraham Lewis on the west. Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Samuel Eby.

GRAFFUS MILLER, Sheriff.

Huntingdon, October 4, 1859.

DEAL ESTATE FOR SALE.— The undersigned, Assignee of Jonathan Leslie, will offer at public sale, at the Court House, in the borough of

On Wednesday, the 16th of November next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., A FARM, situate in Wayne township, Mifflin county, containing ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE ACRES, more or less, adjoining the Juniata River and lands of Elijah McVey, David Jenkins, Samuel Wharton, and others. having a large frame house (unfinished) and a frame back building erected thereon, together with a frame bank barn about 40 by 66 feet, with a wagon-shed and corn-crib attached thereto. Also, a stone spring house. There are two never failing springs of good water upon the premises, one of them near the house and barn. Also, an apple orchard containing from 50 to 75 trees.

This farm is good limestone land, about fifty acres woodland, some oft-which is choice land for cultivation. It lies on the south side of the Juniata river, about one mile from the Newton Hamilton Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Newton Hamilton Dam of the Pennsylvania Canal, is in part upon the premises. A portion of the land lies upon Sugar Ridge, in the vicinity of large deposits of iron ore, and is considered a good site for manufacturing establishments.

This farm will be sold as the property of Jonathan Leslie, for the benefit of his creditors.

TERMS:—One-half of the purchase money to be paid on the first day of April next, when possession will be delivered, and the other half in one year, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage.

THIEO. II. CREMER, Assignee, dc.

Huntingdon, Oct. 4, 1859-4t. On Wednesday, the 16th of November next,

GOOD NEWS!

WASHING CLOTHES BY PRESSURE!! After fifty years experimenting, the proper article has at last been invented for women, in their hard labors on

"IT IS EVEN SO!" Come and be convinced that we are ahead of every machine in use. Half the time, half the hard labor, and half in wear and lear, is saved. Little boys and girls can do the work for their mothers. The undersigned have purchased the exclusive right of Huntingdon and Mifflin counties, to make and sell J. T. Mudge's

EMANCIPATOR WASHING MACHINES. We desire the public to call and examine this truly LA-DOR-SAVING MACHINE. It can be seen at our shop on Wash-BALL & PEIGHTAL.

We, the undersigned, having thoroughly tested the above machine, take pleasure in recommending the same to the public, assured that they will find it all that is above claimed:

Claimed:
Poter Swoope,
Dr. J. II. Dorsey,
J. S. Morris,
Christian Long,
Chas. II. Miller,
John M. Cunningham,
John S. Miller,
D. H. Foster,
Mrs. C. J. Cunningham,
"Julia M. Miles,
"C. A. Lewis,
Huntingdon, August 3, 1859.

Mrs. Lydia R. Orbison,

"Annie E. Scott,

"Elizabeth Williamson, E. B. Saxton, Wm. Brewster,
Wrs. M. C. Given,
"Mary B. Simpson,
"Mary C. Marks,
"Lizzie L. Dorris,

" Mary B. Simpson,
" Mary C. Marks,
" Lizzie L. Dorris,
" Ann E. Campbell,
" Jennie C. Murray.

18591859. FALL & WINTER CLOTHING. The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of our friends and customers, as well as the citizens of the town and country generally, to our new and exten

of the town and country generally, to our new and extensive assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING, consisting of every article of gentlemens' furnishing goods. We deem it unnecessary to make a newspaper flourish; being confident that a call and an examination of our goods, will satisfy all, that our goods are just what we recommend them to be, well made, of good material, and as cheap as the same quality of goods can be bought in the county of Huntingdon. It is not our desire, as it is not the policy of honest men, to deceive, but this much we will say, that we will guarantee to all who may favor us with their patronage, entire satisfaction as to quality, fit and price. Should gentlemen desire any particular kind or cut of clothing, not found in our stock, by leaving their measure, they can be accommodated at short notice. Call at the corner of the diamond, Long's new house.

M. GUTMAN & CO.

BELL, GARRETTSON & CO., BANKERS,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

A general Banking business done. Drafts on Philadelphia, Pittsburg, &c., constantly for sale. Money received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

August 17, 1859.\*



Sept. 21, 1859.

VIOLINS.

GUITARS,

SYMPHONIANS AND ACCORDEONS,

For sale cheap at LEWIS BOOK, STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE.

DLANK BOOKS,

OF VARIOUS SIZES, for sale at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE. HAMS, SHOULDERS AND SIDES for sale at T. P. LOVE'S.

ONTHLY TIME BOOKS,

For sale at

LEWIS BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

The best in the country, and cheaper than ever, BROWN'S HARDWARE STORE.

WRAPPING PAPER!

A good article for sale at LEWIS' BOOK STORE.



Select Poetry.

"SUMMER IS DEAD."

Hush! tell not to the flowers and trees,

Whisper it not to the birds and the breeze;

Let not the blossoms of crimson and blue

Hear the sad tale, though its burden be true,

Hush! for the sea hath suspended its breath,

Fearing to catch the first summons of death,

And the bright clouds that are passing away

Aye! though her mantle of glory be still

Aye! it is ended!. From forest and glen,

From cities alive with the conflict of men,

So much of our glory and gladness is left,

We sigh not as those of her presence bereft;

Her crown and her garlands unfaded are hung

A Select Story.

DOWN HILL.

A LIFE PICTURE.

of our courts, and while conversing with a legal friend, I heard the name of John An-

derson called.

Not long since I had occasion to visit one

"That's a hard case," remarked my friend.

I looked upon the man in the prisoner's dock.

and infirm, though not old. His garb was

torn, sparse and filthy; his face was bloated and blood-shot; his nair matted with dirt,

and his bowed form quivering with delirium.

Certainly I never saw a more pitable object.

his face. He saw my movement and turned

his head. He gazed upon me a single mo-

ment, and then, covering his face with

his hands, he sunk powerless into his seat.

"Good God!" I involuntarily ejaculated,

starting forward, "Wil--"
I had half spoken his name, when he quick-

see that man tried. Tears came in my eves

as I gazed upon him, and it was not until I

had gained the street and walked some dis-

to be known as his mother's son. That was

not his real name; but you shall know him

by no other. I will call him by that name

that now stands upon the records of the

was not many years ago-not over twenty-

that we left our academy together; he to re-

turn to the home of wealthy parents-I, to

sit down for a few years in the dingy sanctum

of a newspaper office, and then wander off

across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and when I returned I found John a

married man. His father was dead, and had

left his only son a princely fortune.

"And C——," he said to me, as he met me at the railway station, "you shall see what a bird I have caged. My Ellen is a

lark, a robin, a very princess of all birds that

He was enthusiastic but not mistaken, for

I found his wife all he had said, simply omit-

ing the poetry. She was one of the most

beautiful women I ever saw. And so good,

too-so loving and kind. Aye, she so loved

John, that she really loved all his friends.-

What a lucky fellow to find such a wife, and

what a lucky woman to find such a husband,

for John Anderson was as handsome as she;

tall, straight, manly, high-browed, with rich,

chestnut curls, and a face as faultlessly no-

ble and beautiful as an artist ever copied .-

And he was good, too; and kind and gener-

I did not see John again for four years .-

In the evening I reached his house. He was

not in, but his wife and mother were there to

receive me, and curly-headed boys were at

play about Ellen's chair. I knew at once

they were my friend's children, Everything

seemed pleasant until the little ones were

abed and asleep, and then I could see that

Ellen was troubled. She tried to hide it,

but a face so used to the sunshine of smiles

At length he came. His face was flushed and his eyes looked inflamed. He grasped

my hand with a happy laugh, and called me "old fellow," and "old dog," said I must

come and live with him, and many other ex-

travagant things. His wife tried to hide her

tears, while his mother shook her head and

"He'll sow these wild oats soon. My dar-

ling never can be a bad man."
"God grant it," I thought to myself, and

I knew the same prayer was trembling on

It was late when we retired, and we might

On the following morning I walked out

"Oh!" said he, with a laugh, "oh, that

At first I thought I could say no more, but

was nothing. Only a little wine party. We

had a glorious time. I wish you had been

was it not my duty? I knew his nature better than he knew it himself. His appetites

and pleasures bounded his own visions. I

with my friend. I told him I was sorry to

not have done so even then, had not John

could not conceal a cloud.

fallen asleep in his chair.

see him the night before.

ous and true.

said-

there.

Ellen's lins.

ever looked beautifully or sang sweetly."

John Anderson was my schoolmate, and it

John Anderson! Alas! he was ashamed.

tance that I could breathe freely.

Where they dropped when aside they were carelessly

Spread over garden and meadow and hill-

Though the rich bloom hath no touch of decay,

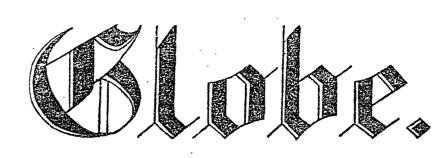
And the bee toils through the long sunny day,

From the grass at our feet, for the now silent bird

From earth, sea and sky, in our spirits is heard,

Fain must drop tears could they hear what you say,

Summer is dead!



WILLIAM LEWIS, -PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 26, 1859. VOL. XV.

too kind, too generous. "John, could you have seen Ellen's face

last evening, you would have trembled. Can you make her unhappy?"

He stopped me with—
"Don't be a fool. Why should she be un-"Because she fears you are going down

"Did she say so?" he asked, with a flushed

"No; I read it in her looks," I said. "Perhaps a reflection of your own thoughts,"

he suggested. "Surely I thought so when you came home," I replied.

Never can I forget the look he gave me then—so full of reproof, of surprise and pain.

"C—, I forgive you, for I know you to be my friend; but never speak to me like that. I, going down hill? You know better. That never can be. I know my own power, and I know my wants. My mother knows me better than Ellen does.

Ah-had that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that the "wild oats" which her son was sowing would grow up and ripen to furnish only seed for re-sowing! But she loved him—loved him almost too blindly.

But I could say no more, I only prayed that God would guard him, and then we conversed on other subjects. I could spend but a day with him, but we promised to correspond often.

Three more years passed, during which John Anderson wrote to me at least once a month, and oftener sometimes; but at the end of that time his letters ceased coming. and I received no more for two years, when I again found myself in his native town. It was early in the afternoon when I arrived, and I took dinner at the hotel.

I had finished my meal, and was lounging He was standing up, and plead guilty of the crime of theft. He was a tall man, but bent in front of the hotel when I saw a funeral procession winding into a distant churchyard. asked the landlord whose funeral it was.
"Mrs. Anderson," he said, and as he spoke

noticed a slight drooping of the head, as if it cut him to say so.
"What! John Anderson's wife?" I ven-Surely that man was not born a villain. I moved my place to obtain a better view of

"No," he said, "it is his mother," and as he told me this, he turned away. But a gen-tleman near by, who had overheard our conversation at once took up the theme.

"Our host don't seem inclined to converse upon that subject," he remarked with a shrug, inquiring, "Did you know John Anderson?".
"He was my schoolmate in boyhood, and
my bosom friend in youth," I told him.

ly raised his head, and casting upon me a look of such imploring agony that my tongue was tied at once. Then he covered his face He then led me to one side, and spoke as follows: again. I asked my legal companion if the prisoner had counsel. He said no. I then "Poor John! He said he was the pride

many of them—the gayest of the gay, and her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowthe most generous of the party. In fact he paid for nearly all of them. Then he began to go down hill ever since. At times true friends have prevailed on him to stop, but his stops were of short duration. A short season of sunshine would gleam upon his home, and then the night came, more dark and dreary than before.

He said he never would get drunk again; but still he would take a glass of wine with a friend! That glass of wine was but the gate that let in the flood. Six years ago he was worth sixty thousand dollars. Yesterday he borrowed the sum of fifty dollars, to pay his mother's funeral expenses! That poor mother bore up as long as she could. saw her son-her "darling boy," as she always called him, brought home drunken manytimes. And—she even bore blows from him! But now she is at rest. Her "darling" wore her life away, and brought her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! Oh! I hope this may reform him!"

But his wife !" I asked. "Her heavenly love has held her up thus far, but she is only a shadow of the wife she was six years ago," he returned.

My informant was deeply affected, and so

was I; consequently I asked no more. During the remainder of the afternoon, I debated with myself whether to call upon John at all. But finally I resolved to go, though I waited till after tea: I found John and his wife alone. They had both been weeping, though I could see at a glance that Ellen's face was beaming with hope and love. But, oh! she was changed—sadly, painfully so. They were glad to see me, and my hand was shaken warmly.

"Dear C-, don't say a word of the past," John urged, shaking my hand a second time. 'I know you spoke the truth five years ago. I was going down hill. But I have gone as far as I can—here I stop at the foot. Everything is gone but my wife. I have swornand my oath shall be kept-Ellen and I are

going to be happy now." The poor fellow burst into tears; Ellen followed suit, and I kept them company. I could not help crying like a child. My God what a sight! The once noble, true man, so fallen-become a mere broken glass-the last fragment, only reflecting the image it once bore; a poor suppliant at the foot of hope, begging a grain of warmth for the hearts of himself and wife. And how I had honored and loved that man, and how I loved him still! Oh!-how I hoped-aye, more than hoped-I believed that he would be saved. And, as I gazed upon that wife—so trusting, so loving, so true and so hopoful, even in the midst of living death—I pray more fervently than I ever prayed before, that God would hold him up-lead him back to the top of the hill.

In the morning I saw the children-grown to two intelligent boys; and though they looked pale and wan, yet they smiled and seemed happy when their father kissed them. When I went away, John took me by the hand, and the last words he said were:

"Trust me, believe me now, I will be man henceforth while life lasts!" A little over two more years had passed when I read in a newspaper the death of El-

knew how kind and generous he was-alas! they had lived as soon as possible, thinking I might help—some one! A presentiment possessed my mind. "Where is John Anderson?" I asked.

"Don't know I'm sure. He's been gone these three months. His wife died in the mad-house last week!"

"And the children?" "Oh they both died before she did!" I staggered back and hurried from the place. I hardly knew which way I went but instinct led me to the church-yard. I found four graves which had been made in three years. The mother, wife and two children

slept in them.
"And what has done this?" I asked myself. And a voice answered from the lowly sleeping places:
"The demon of the wine table."

But this was not all the work. No, no.-The next I saw—oh God !—was far more terrible !- I saw in the city court room. But that was not the last-not the last.

I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turnkey conducted me to his cell—the key turned in the large lock; the ponderous door with a saw a dead body suspended by the neck from a grated window! I looked at the horrible face; I could see nothing of John Anderson there, but the face I had seen in the court room was sufficient to connect the two; and I knew that this was all that remained of him whom I loved so well.

And this was the last of the demon's work; the last act in the terrible drama. Ah, from the first sparkle of the red wine, it had been down, down! until the foot of the hill had been finally reached!

When I turned away from the cell, and once more walked among the flashing saloons and revel halls, I wished that my voice had power to thunder the life-story of which I had been a witness, into the ears of all living men!

### Led, But Not Driven.

A mother, sitting at her work in her parlor, overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining bed-room, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, "No, I don't want to say my prayers."

"How many believers, in good standing," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal, even from themselves, the feeling."

even from themselves, the feeling."
"Mother," said the child, appearing a minute or two after at the parlor door. The tone and look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child."
"I am going out to my breakfast." "Stop a minute; I want you to come here

and see me first." The mother laid her work down in the next told him to do all in his power for the poor fellow's benefit, and I would pay him. He promised, and I left. I could not remain and promised, and I left. I could not remain and promised and I left. I left not the town six years ago. This man opened chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took chair and the boy rank toward her. She took chair as the boy rank toward her. She took chair as the boy rank toward her. She took chair

ly backward and forward. "Are you pretty well, this morning?" said she, in a kind, gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well." "I am very well too, and when I woke up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy, in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after this—conscience was at work. "Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his

mother after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her "No. but I have felt mine,"

"Well, don't you feel mine now? how it goes heating?" "Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating, I should die at "Should you?"

"Yes, and I cannot keep it beating." "Who can ?" A silent pause.

"You have a pulse, too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor to and fro, while here a field of sweet-scented can you. Nobody can, but God. If he clover shed its grateful fragrance on the air. should not take care of you, who could ?" "I don't know, mother," said the child, with a look of anxiety-and another pause ensued.

"So when I woke up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me. I hope He will take care of me, and all the rest of us."

"Did you ask Him to take care of me?" " No.3

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask Him yourself. God likes to have us all ask for

A long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful, and almost anxious expression of countenance, showed that the heart was reached. "Don't you think you had better ask for yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy readily. He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his own simple, broken language, prayer for the protection and blessing of

Suppose another case. Another mother, over-hearing the same words, calls the child "Did I not hear you say you did not want

o say your prayers?" The boy is silent. "Yes, he did," says his sister, behind

"Well, that is very naughty. You ought always to say your prayers. Go right back, now, and say them, like a good boy, and never let me hear of your refusing again." The boy goes back pouting, and utters the words of prayer, while his heart is full of

er's Magazine. Sin is bad in the eye, worse in the tongue, worse still in the heart, but worse of all in the life.

mortified pride, vexation and ill will .- Moth-

Without pleasantry, sarcasm becomes len Anderson. I started for the town where | base insult.

Silas Wright, in one of his excellent agricultural addresses, says the very basis of the prosperity and happiness of a nation lies in this great principle—"make farming fash-ionable at home." Educate, instruct, encour-age, and offer all the incentives you can offer to give interest and dignity to labor at home. Enlist the heart and the intellect of the family in the support of a domestic system that will make labor attractive at the homestead. By means of the powerful influences of early home education, endeavor to invest the practical labor with an interest that will cheer the heart of each member of the family, and thereby you will give to your household the grace, peace, refinement, and attraction which God designed a home should possess.

A Voice From the Dead.

The truth is, we must talk more, think

more, work more, act more, in reference to questions relating to home.

The training and improvement of the physical, intellectual, social, and moral powers and sentiments of the youth of our country require something more than the school house, academy, college and university. The young mind should receive judicious training in the field, in the garden, in the barn, in the parsharp crack swung upon its hinges, and I lor, in the kitchen-in a word, around the hearth-stone at home.

Whatever intellectual attainment your son has acquired, he is unfit to go forth into society if he has not thrown around him the genial and purifying influences of parents, sisters, brothers, and the man-saving influence will soon learn to look with indifference upon the interests of their common country. We must cultivate the roots—not the tops.

We must make the family government the school, the farm, the church, the shop, the agricultural fairs, the laboratories of our fu-ture greatness. We must educate our sons to be farmers, artisans, architects, engineers, geologists, botanists, chemists-in a word, practical men. Their eyes must be turned from Washington to their States, counties, townships, districts, homes. This is true patriotism, and the only patriotism that will perpetually preserve the nation.

Turn your heads from Washington, from custom-houses, and from all public offices, except those which emanate from the people soliciting your services for the public good. There is a dignity in farm labor that is not found attached to any other employment.— We have seen hundreds ruined by waiting in

## A Thriling Incident.

One beautiful summer afternoon, I, in company with my wife and child—a little prattling fellow of six summers—started out for a walk. A little dog that was much attached to the child persisted in following us. Twice had I driven him back, the last time I thought effectually. The afternoon was fine, and as we followed the serpent-like windings of the railroad, our conversation very naturally turned to the scenes and little incidents of our walk; the gay plumed songsters, the chattering squirrel, and the humming-bee, all conspired to take our attention.

Becoming wearied, at length, we sat ourselves down on a grassy knoll by the side of a railroad, about two hundred yards below where a sharp angle occurs, hiding it from view. Our little boy was higher up a bank, busily plucking the blue bells and dandelions that grew in profusion around, and we soon lost sight of him altogether.

My wife was engaged in perusing a copy of "Baxter's Saints' Rest," while I had cast myself on the grass beside her, enwrapt in the beauty of the landscape spread to view. 'Twas like some enchanted bower—the silence broken only by the tinkling sheep bells, or the lowing of kine as they peacefully grazed on the distant pasture. I was thinking of the infinite wisdom of the Creator, in thus making earth so beautiful for poor sinful man, and how thousands are swept away from its charms and forever forgotten, when I was aroused from my reverie by the shrill whistle of the approaching train. Instinctively I turned to look for little Harry, when a quick exclamation from my wife caused me to turn.

She was as pale as death. "William look at our child," she faintly whispered. I did so; and, my God! who can tell the agony that wrung my heart at that instant! The little recreant had wandered up the track unheeded, and sat himself down on one of the oaken sleepers to cull his flowers, just below the curve, unconscious of the death that hovered near him. I started up the track towards him, beckoning him to come to me as I advanced. Instead of doing so, he, apprehending some playful sport, commenced running directly up the track, and laughing as he went. The smoke from the advancing engine was at this instant distinctly visible; it was not possible that I could overtake him in time to save him from that cruel death .-As it was, I was but hurrying him on to his doom. No, it was evident my efforts could be of no avail. I breathed a prayer to Him on high, and staggered back.

At this moment the sharp bark of a dog broke upon my ear. With one gleeful bound our boy cleared the track, and grasped the wooly intruder in his arms.

The train rushed round the curve with a whizzing sound. The iron monster was cheated of his prey. I am an old man, but I must confess that as I once more held our little truant in my arms, safe, the tear of gratitude started in my eye. The little dog had perse-veringly followed the child unseen, to be the means of saving his life. Blind, blind, indeed, is he who could not see the finger of God in this.—American Presbyterian.

# NO. 18.

been for me.' Here suddenly a horrible suspicion crossed my mind." ""She sent for you, but you were not at home, said Mr. Lee innocently; then he continued: 'I am sorry for Charles, her husband; he thinks her distress much aggravated by your absence, from the fact that she called you name piteously. He would have sought for you, but your servant said she did not know where you had gone. I am sorry. You must have been out longer than usual, for Charles sent a servant over here three

The Fashionable Lie---"Not at Home."

never forgive myself. It was more than three years ago, and when I told my servant that morning to say ' Not at home,' to whomsoever might call, except she knew it was some inti-mate friend, I felt my cheeks tingle, and the girl's look of surprise mortified me exceeding-

ly. But she went about her duties, I about mine, sometimes pleased that I had adopted a convenient fashion by which I could secure time to myself, sometimes painfully smitten with the reproaches of conscience. Thus the day wore away, and when Mr. Lee came home he startled me with the news that a very dear

"'It cannot be,' was the reply, 'for she exacted of me a solemn promise that I would

alone sit by her dying pillow, as she had something of great importance to reveal to me.' You must be misinformed; no one has

and intimate friend was dead.

"I never," says a lady, "sent that message to the door but once, and for that once I shall

"Never in all my life did I experience such loathing of myself, such utter humiliation.— My servant had gone further than I, in adding falsehood to falsehood, and I had placed it out of my power to reprove her by my own quivocation. I felt humbled to the very dust, and the next day I resolved over the cold clay of my friend that I would never again, under any circumstances, say 'not at home.'"

#### For Young Men to Think of. In the latest of his preachings upon "Pop-

ular Proverbs," Dr. Holland closes a thoughtful and suggestive discourse on sensual pleasures with the following earnest remarks to young men, which deserves to be thought of: "Oh! if this world could rise out of this swamp of sensuality, rank with weeds and dark with deadly vapor—full of vipors, thick with pitfalls, and lurid with deceptive lights -and stand upon the secure heights of virtue, where God's sun shines, and the winds of the family government. The nation must look for virture, wisdom and strength, to the education that controls and shapes the home policy of the family circle. There can be no love of country where there is no love of Country where there is no love of the strength of the world love of country where there is no love of the strength home. Patriotism, true and genuine, the only kind worthy of the name, derives its entirely upon the young men of the country. mighty strength from the fountains that gush It lies with them more than any other class, out around the hearth-stone; and those who and more than all other classes, to say whethforget to cherish the household interests er this country shall descend still lower in its paths to brutality, or rise higher than the standard of its loftiest dreams. The devotees of sense, themselves, have greatly lost their power for good, and comparatively few will change their course of life. Woman will be pure if man will be true. Young men! this great result abides with you! If you could but see how beautiful a flower grows upon the thorny stalk of self denial, you would give the plant the honor it deserves. If it seem hard and homely, despise it not; for in it sleeps the beauty of heaven and the breath of angels. If you do not witness the glory of its blossomings during the day of life, its petals will open when the night of death comes, and gladden your closing eyes with their marvelous loveliness, and fill your soul with their grateful perfume."

# Home.

Home; it is a little word; it has its own interests, its own laws, its own difficulties and sorrows, its own blessings and joys, it is the sanctuary of the heart, where the affections are cherished in the tenderest relations; where heart is joined to heart, and love triumphs over all selfish calculations. It is the training place of the tender plants, which in after years are to yield flowers and fruits to parental care. It is the fountain whence come the

streams which beautify and enliven social life: If any man should have a home, it is the: man of business. He is the true working manof the community. The mechanic has fixed hours, and when these have run their course. he may, ere the day closes, dismiss all anxiety as his labors ends, and seek the home circle. Comparatively little has been the tax on his mind, and not much more on his physical system, as he learns to take all easy .-But the men of business are under constant pressure. His is not the ten hour system. with an interval of rest; but he is driving onward and onward, early and late, without the calculation of hours. He must be employed .-In the earnestness of competition—in the complexity of modern modes of business—in fluctuations which occur-in the solicitous dependence on the fidelity and integrity of others-he has no leisure moments during the day. With a mind incessantly under exciting engagements, and body without its appropriate nutriment, he may well pant for nome, and hail the moment when he may escape from his toils to seek its quiet, and its affection and confidence by the fireside.-Isaac Ferris.

## Peace Principles.

A certain regiment was once ordered to march into a small Tylorese town and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed in the Gospel of Christ and proved faith by their works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town.
They quietly answered, "if they will take it.
they must." Soldiers soon came riding in
with colors flying, and pipes fifing shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plow, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies and boys crowded around to hear the music and see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons. Of course, none of these were in a proper position to be shot at.

"Where are your soldiers?" they asked. "We have none," was the reply.

"But we have come to take the town." "Well, friends, it lies before you."

"But is there nobody here to fight." "No; we are all Christians." Here was an emergency altogether unpro-

vided for, in military schools. This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit: a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. "If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said the commanding offi-

cer; it is impossible to take such a town as So he ordered the horses' heads to be ed about, and they carried the hum urnmals out of the village as guiltler an animals out of the vinage as whe they entered, and perhaps somer what wiser,

We would educate the whole man-

the body, the head, the heart—the body to act, the head to think, and the heart to feel.