Select Poetry.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

The land of dreams is brighter Than this dark land of ours, Its cloudless skies are lighter And fairer are its flowers, And hearts that earth would sever In union close and sweet, More fond and true than ever, May there together meet.

The forms we most have cherished, That in the cold grave sleep, The beings that have perished Rise from their slumber deep. And iovfully they meet us, With a pleasure beaming eye. And the voice with which they greet us.

Is the voice of days gone by. The beggar with his wallet, Has a mine at his command, And the slave upon his pallet, Holds a scepter in his hand. In sleep the old man loves to dwell, He seems a boy to be, The prisoner laugheth in his cell. For he dreams that he is free.

From realms of cold reality, How starts the unfettered mind, Ranging as lawless through the sky As blows the mountain wind, Its home of clay forsaking, It journeys wide and far, Its boundless voyage taking From distant star to star.

3 Select Story.

THE JUDGE'S VISION.

The Judge was a hale man of three-score years, erect, white-haired, and yet handsome. Much thought and many judicial cares had lined the noble forehead with seams; but both age and care sat gracefully upon him .-Men respected him because he had been sucwomen admired him because he pleased them. toss off a beaker with the best of them.

fared sumptuously every day. His house world-sick, disgraced, ruined, drank to drown was built of marble, its appointments were his grief, and made his home a hell. Ay princely; a retinue of servants gave seeming | turn white, recreant! Thou honest, faithful dignity to his possessions. He had, when in court, a habit of settling his chin comfortably | son stain the dignity that twenty years have in the folds of his cravat, while work was in | built around your fame. Hold up your gray progress, so that sometimes when his eyes | hairs for the crown of glory. Point the finwere cast down, he might have been thought | ger of scorn at this poor street-walker. Husdozing, but for the nervous pressure of his the her off to your jail, and then go home to lips; indicating that mind and body were fully awake, and intent upon the matter in hand. | tapestried carpets. Give her bread and wa-One day there was an unusual press of business. Several cases had been disposed of, and now there remained but an old man and young girl to commit. The one was an ha- | mon men. Leave her to the iron bedstead. bitual drunkard, blear-eyed, haggard, unsha- while you repose upon silk and fine linen ven, trembling, muttering, bearing every vis- and when she dies, throw her into the Potible mark of degradation in face, frame and | ter's field, while the costly marble is being manner. The other-God help all such !- | moulded into a pyramid on which your virwas the pitiable thing, forsaken by her sex, humbled and despised by man—a fallen wo-

When the latter was called up-she was very young-she started and shivered as one in an ague. She had none of that hardened brazen manner, so often assumed by people of her class. Her hollow eyes were scarcely lifted. Plenteous tears had nearly washed the false color from her cheeks sunken by disease; her small, thin hands, so tightly elenched, that they seemed chiseled out of pale stone—spoke of prayer—agonizing, yet still hopeless-faithless.

It chanced to be very still as she stood there. Why it was, the Judge knew not, but it seemed to him there fell an unearthly silence over the entire assembly, like that of a grave. He lifted his head from the position which it had settled. His strong, piercing gray eyes fell full upon the pitiful object before him. Downward drooped the pale face, from shame and weariness. The whole posture betrayed a wretched life, an abject fear, and it seemed at that moment as if some unearthly voice cried out in the midst of the startling quiet-

"Give her bread; she is starving." It also appeared to the Judge as if the lawyer on his right—an angular, long-faced man, who had been examining witnesses all day, seemed unusually exhausted-that he made an effort to speak, as if it were beyond his power; and his honor continued to gaze, first at the girl, who was so wan and shadowy, then at the lawyer, and still he wan-

dered at the strange still silence. that shadow behind the girl? What was that in these high places of the world's honor, misty cloud, that seemed growing out of that dwells iniquity. How many of these lawshadow, at first white and faint, but gradual- yers are pure men? How many are careful ly taking form and feature, until to his horror | of the honor and reputation of women? How a face looked with shining eyes into his own many are there who do not drink to excess ful rattle of the dice, the clink of the shining sent him to school, and thereafter to learn a a face that he knew had lain for twenty years | and but for their sealed houses, their silken in an unhallowed grave. A cold sweat broke curtains, gold and a reputation, would be in out over his brow, and a tremor seizing his the same gutter from which that old man was frame shook him as with an iron hand.

ing form of the sinful girl who dared not face fall upon my fellow men? Never againthe wild but austere countenance of the Judge. never again! I have given my last verdict.

he cried, in a husky whisper, his gaze still bled woman, who has never known a mother's rivited upon the mysterious presence. "Who love. Dream of vision, whatever it washas called upon the sepulchre to yield up its | that strange revelation has changed the cursheeted dead-who?"

that with raised hand seemed ready to speak. ker to his face." describe? Who can catch the moan of the signed. The papers were full of regrets.wailing wind among the pines? who shadow | That gray-white look came over his face forth the sound of the breeze that sings the again as he read this and that comment upon thy work, and judge her if thou canst! Look all, how upright."

---PERSEVERE.---

WILLIAM LEWIS,

Editor and Proprietor.

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innocent as she was within a few short the time! God is never deceived." months. Though you look pure and saintly, dare you condemn this poor man and that weak woman, when you are guilty of the very vices that bring them here? In the name of all that is sacred, I ask you-how dare you-thrice perjured and accursed?"

The words fell on he heart of the Judge like drops of melted lead. The figure of the shade grew yet more erect and terrible, and the deep eyes burned like never-dying fires. The Judge was conscious of but one feeling -remorse! It seemed to him that every ear had heard, that every heart was passing the verdict of guilty upon him, and that ver-

dict, in awful voice, as the voice of many waters pouring into his ear, while the people shouted-"Thou unjust Judge! Thou hypocrite!" Still the covering figure of the poor streetwalker, with its clasped hands and streaming eyes, wavered before him. Did she hear the accusation? Was her soul stung to madness because of the injustice, the hypocracy

of man? It might be, for the tears came faster now, and the cheeks grew more ghastly. The Judge essayed twice, thrice to speak -but the words would not come, and his lips were ice-cold.

"In this poor, sinful creature," cried the shade, with that same indescribable tone, "behold your wretched child. In this old man—this miserable wreck, ruined by in-temperance and the anguish of blighted hopes, behold my father-now broken-hearted —he whose humble door you entered to break faith, prove recreant to manhood, curse a fair name, and bring desolation to a loving household. From that roof you went-a more cessful in winning both fame and wealth- | than murderer-from that roof I was carried in one short year to the village graveyard, be paying but a trifle for a good supper; only There was a rumor that as a young man he had been wild—and bonvivants winked as they declared that the old gentleman could roof went out a child, cursed from the birth -the victim of coldness, neglect and brutal-The Judge gave splendid suppers now and | ity. For that old man, once the honest, upthen. His clothing was of the finest, and he right husband and father-disappointed, -incorruptible Judge. Let no flush of crimter, while you, oh peerless Judge, sit at a princely table. Consign her to infamy, while Honor writes your name above that of comtues shall be inscribed in letters of gold .-Oh, most peerless Judge!"

White and cold sat the Judge, feeling that God's hand was upon him. He strove to speak—in vain. His voice was bound as in a prison of iron. Gradually the figure lost its unearthly height; the gray midst floated round the miserable young creature drooping there; there was a murmur and humming, as of confused voices; the numbness left his limbs; the court seemed in motion; a sharp voice sounded near him, and with a start the Judge sat upright, though with eyes that seemed changed to stone at the poor young its lid carved in flowers, its hinges of silver, quence was, that as time wore on, she fell inthing before him, who seemed that moment

to be speaking.
"Oh, sir, it is the first time," she sobbed. "I—was hungry—starving—oh! that I might die—die here. Oh! I am so poor! so helpless! so motherless!"-her voice was drowned in grief, and she seemed falling to the ground. "Sentenced to four months in the house of correction," said the lawyer on the right. "Stop!" cried the Judge, with a thrilling

emphasis; "I did not say it." "We understand your honor," replied the the clerk, hesitating, "that-after the evidence--

The court was astonished. The Judge left his seat, and entering an adjoining room! paced the floor; his face haggard, his soul in arms.

"God have mercy on me!" he exclaimed, ever and anon, "I-a guilty, unrepenting Suddenly the Judge started. What was man, to condemn those whom I ruin! Yes, dragged? And I-Heaven help me! am a More and more distinct grew that ghostly rile, accursed thing, I am a whited sepul-figure in the awful silence, behind the droop-chre. Out of my black soul shall judgment ed!" "What-what can have broughther here?" I will rescue this poor child-this poor, hum-There was no answer; still that dreadful stand before my Maker as I am—before men

"Man," it said—and the tones who can | The public wondered why the Judge re-

in thine own heart, and then dare to condemn | "Rotten at the core!" he muttered, clash- aside the costly rosewood box (alas! she lit- After having made inquiry for a length of harshly, but orderly and distinctly.

you, you ruined me. Though you stand erect | the old Judge. He was no longer convivial. | bids her enter. among men, exalted above your fellows, bowdidown to, eulogize and followed, you, you more at public festivals—nor was his name.

Poor brother! he is prostrate on the bed. one whom he had known in his boyhood.—
He gave no more great suppers, was seen no
His face is hidden, but the throes of guilt, of He went forward and inquired his name. destroyed this sacred temple—you made it a paraded in capital letters on great occasions. den of thieves—you planted deadly flowers in There was a stranger in his house—a pale its walks. Ay, and you, and those who stand | consumptive girl, who seldom went out, whose in high places like you, know your own cor- life had been a continual regret. But the ruption, yet you dare to pass judgment on old Judge was repenting before God. Hours the erring. Oh that I could brand you now, of anguish did the review of his long life the erring. Oh that I could brand you now, of anguish did the review of his long life as God will brand you in the future! How give him. His head was bowed—his step was slow-his words were few and penitent. Men said, "the old man is changed," with a sigh. Angels said, also—"the old man is changed!" but the words gave joy to their

> counsels. One day there were two funerals. The Judge and the gray haired drunkard were hot locks from the burning brow-vainly; the 13th or 14th of September last year. gone to their long home. One monrnerwhose tears were of deepest grief—followed One more crime has he added to his catalogue in the long train, and is "only waiting" to of sins—he has perished by his own hand.

follow father and grandsire. With God, who alone judgeth in perfect righteousness, we leave them all.

Only a Raffle. "Pshaw! harm—what a squeamish fellow you are, Stanton? Why it's nothing but a raffle, and merely designed to give a little zest to an agreeable party. Didn't you know there's not the least possible risk in it? I can tell you that they act on the same principte in church fairs, and the good church members buy tickets for pictures, and quilts, and piano-fortes, and all that sort of thing. If initiating Miles into this pleasant way of they can do it, I am sure we can, who don't pretend to any special picty.

Thus reasoned Harry Brooks, a young man of twenty, while endeavoring to persuade his friend, Miles Stanton, to take part in a raffle. Miles had been carefully educated, and had always looked with suspicion upon all games of chance as not only hazardous, but immoral and pernicious in their tendency; but the cunning and special argument of Brooks somewhat unsettled his convictions. "True enough," he said to himself, (and pity it is he had cause to say it,) "they do encourage such practices at fairs, and after all, it would a shilling." And alas! he yielded—as Harry knew he would—and yet, there was a voice, and it sounded wondrously like the gentle voice of his angel mother. saying, "Go not in the way of the ungodly."

"What's to be raffled for?" asked Jonas Childs, who, with two other young men, had just joined them. "Oh, a magnificent work-box; just the

thing to give to a pretty sister," said Harry, who knew that Miles was very fond of his sister Alice, and that the two being poor, and orphans, rarely had gifts bestowed upon them. "Come, it's nearly time, we shall have fun there. I tell you; Elliston always gets up prime raffles-any way we shall only be a shilling out of pocket; we might spend that

for cigars, you know." The four gay young men-two of them clerks in mercantile establishments, two of them bank clerks-wended their way to an- ful glee. They had arrived at a large playother part of the city, and soon stopped on ground or green, and he had "tigged" and the threshold of what might be called a fashionable restaurant, kept by a man of little on the face, when she gave him a push with principle, who seemed to understand how, by her hand, whereby he was overbalanced, and

in the little company who did not at first en- | For some days a strict search in all directer into the spirit of the entertainment. He tions was instituted for the boy, but without thought of his mother, who had been in avail. Advertisements in the newspapers heaven but a year; he thought of his blue were also resorted to without effect, and the eyed sister, waiting for him in their humble girl, bewildered, doubting and still hoping into the inclement air, at the risk of my life, home, and wondering why he came not. But the merry conversation of the convivial party, ance, or be discovered in some way, and, on the clinking of the delicate glasses, the an- the other hand, afraid that he might have nouncement that he was the fortunate win- perished in the well, refrained from explainner of the splendid rosewood work-box, with ing to her relatives the truth. The conseits gold enameled compartments, and glowing to a state of despondency, but her friends lining, soon gave him new spirits, and when he was challenged to look "upon the wine," he drank and forgot.

And again the tempter assailed him. "It was no harm-a game of cards!-only a fashionable amusement to while away the give no explanation, and it may be added, as lief. time-and what was a quarter? So small a

think you are a green hand. Sit down here, have described, into the well, and sunk in the and I'll initiate you, besides you are one of water, rose again to the surface; and laying the lucky ones; only think now, of that beau- hold of some projecting bricks or stones at tiful box, that cost fifteen dollars—yours for the side of the well, called loudly for help.— "Let the case lay over," cried the Judge, wiping his forehead, "God have merey on something."

something."
And he did stake something, though he knew it not, for there are fearful pleasures that cost men their souls! Oh, the peril, the

peril of first yielding to sin! That beautiful work-box! How the innocent eyes of Alice Stanton flashed with pleasure, and filled with tears over it! Little she stroke of fortune" had poisoned the fountain of a heart dear to her as life.

Yes; for now, alas! the blush of crimson wine, the sharp shuffle of the cards, the fearsilver as it came rattling towards him in glittrade, but he was a little wild in his dispo- mirth, nor at the table; nor of melancholy tering heaps, or receded, to fill the purse of sition, and did not settle well te his employ- things, as death or wounds, and if others some fortunate gamester, had become as sweet music to him.

"To-morrow! to-morrow! I shall be ruin-

Thrilling was that cry, awful beyond porby anguish.

People wondered, also, at the change in the door, and there is a smothered sound that passing, and while witnessing the cortege,

outraged honor, are past.
"Dear Miles, you are ill, you are in trouble!"

you do when I am gone?"

ror-stricken. "O Alice! burn that box—never touch it again; for that I sold myself!"

She thinks he wanders. Some sudden fefor with a gasp, a cry for pardon, he is gone.

Harry Brooks sat in the club room with two chosen friends—one of their number was

"Well, boys, what has become of Stanton?" asked Harry, shrilly, as he whiffed his cigar.

"Oh, he'll be here with plenty of money, as usual," said another, "wonder where he gets it? He's lost enough lately."

"Where we get ours, perhaps," muttered another, in an undertone—then he said, "bythe-by, was it not you who had the honor of

earning money without work?" "He never would have known one card from another if it hadn't been for me," said Brooks complacently.

In came an officer. More than one cheek paled when the guilty party knew that he sought for Stanton, and that Miles was a defaulter.

An hour later, and the city rang with the oitiful news.

Little he thought, when that first step was aken, helped forward as it was by the conduct of church members-little he saw then, the possibility of the result that followed himself a thief and a self-murderer, his broken-hearted sister weeping and moaning over his dishonored memory and early death.

Can I add to this sketch, founded in the main, upon facts recently developed in a dis- | prope tant city, one word of comment? Let me open my Bible, and in the spirit of the great apostle, exhort the followers of Christ to take heed "that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall, in his brother's way.

The Dead Alive.

The Glasgow (Scotland) Daily Mail tells the following, which, though it smacks of the marvelous is still vouched for as true:

Somewhere about thirty years ago, at a place nearly twenty miles from London, a boy about 11 years of age was returning from themselves on the road by running after and touching each other alternately in their youthtouched his sister, and had given her a slap the most subtle advances, to gain a foothold he fell into a large well behind, and, timid in the hearts of the young men of the city. and amazed at his sudden disappearance, Miles Stanton was, perhaps, the only youth owing to her inadvertant act, off she ran .that her brother might yet make his appearcould never ascertain the cause.

In the course of some years she was married. Her family often kindly inquired, and was weighing on her spirit, but she could it will naturally be surmised, did not intend stake was hardly worth a thought."

"Come, come, Miles, you mustn't let them time, her brother, after having fallen, as we After some time, a carrier who was passing, heard the cries of the boy, and going forward to the mouth of the well, succeeded in rescuing him from his perilous condition .--When he had recovered a little, the carrier asked the boy the name of his friends and where he resided, but he would not tell him, and said he had no friends, but wished and knew-sweet confiding girl-that this first Through persuasion and entreaty, the kind admit reason to govern. hearted carrier, thinking the boy an orphan, took him along with him in his cart or wagon to London, and there gave him employ- questions or subjects among the ignorant, ment to run his messages. He afterwards nor things hard to be believed.

ment. In the course of time the news arrived of course. the discovery of the gold fields in Australia. and the carrier's son determined to proceed there, and as the boy expressed an anxious out occasion. Deride no man's misfortune. trayal, the haggard look in that youthful face. wish to accompany him, that wish was com-The eyes show bloodshot! How corded the plied with, and he went out along with him. veins on the brow, seeming like knotted ser- | He was extremely prosperous, and wealth pents! How the lips were blanched, the showered upon him. He acquired lands and be not pensive when it is time to converse. cheeks sunken, as he stood there, a young engaged servants, and in short, fortune was rent of my life. I have no longer courage to man of twenty-one years ruined irretrievably. lavish to him of her gifts. But in the midst as are civil and orderly, with respect to time There was no answer; still that dreading silence reigned. The Judge grew livid, his teeth chattered; he sank back in his chair; unable to move his eyes from that thin shade his clenched hands raised above his head, his he determined on returning home to gladden for that belongs to parents, masters, and suforehead beaded with great drops wrung forth | them with his presence, relate to them his periors. fortunes, and dissipate their fears concerning "Miss," said the woman to whom the him. Having arrived in this country, he rooms belonged, "there's some trouble up tried every means to ascertain where his those of quality do, and not as the vulgar. dirge of the dead in lonely grave-yards?— his "unstained reputation," how "wise, skill- stairs. I heard your brother groan, and he That voice was not of earth. "Man, behold full, just and sagacious he had been! above walks up and down like mad." And Alice, alarm in her gentle face, pushes | borhood could tell him where they had gone. | imperfectly, nor bring out your words too

this poor child! Twenty years ago I was | ing the paper down, "and God knew it all | the knows what it has cost,) and springs up | time without avail, it so chanced that on one the stairs. Her trembling fingers rap upon occasion he went to England to see the Queen recognized in the features of a person present Poor brother! he is prostrate on the bed. one whom he had known in his boyhood. which he told, and mutual recognition took

place. Then followed questions concerning "Yes, I am ill"—why glare those eyes his family, when it turned out that the friend points used for glass cutting are fragments of with ghastly light upon her? "Yes, I am whom he addressed had been married to his the borts. Great care and skill are necesill, what will become of you Alice, what will own sister—to that sister who had long been | sary in selecting the cutting points, because the subject of his waking dreams, and who the diamond that cuts the glass most success-"Miles, Miles, you frighten me !-dear had in his early years been the means, how- fully has the cutting edges of the crystal Miles." She gazes at him, breathless, ter- ever inadvertantly, of giving a direction to his placed exactly at right angles to each other, course and to his subsequent fortunes. He and passing through a point or intersection was further informed that his sister was at made by the crossing of the edges. A polthe time residing in Stirling, and it need sished diamond, however perfect may be its scarcely be said that he immediately posted edges, when pressed upon the surface of the ver is upon him; but vainly she presses the on to Stirling, where he arrived about the

The meeting which ensued between the long-parted sister and brother can only be surfaces are so highly burnished that, if ruled left to the imagination. The surprise, the conflicting emotions caused by the re-appearance of a brother after such a long absence, under the circumstances related, caused an indisposition, from which we are glad to say she has now recovered.

The World.

The following was one of the late Major

Noah's stories : "Sir, bring me a good plain dinner," said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one of our principal hotels.

"Yes, sir." The dinner was brought and devoured, and the eater called the landlord aside, and thus addressed him:

"Are you the laudlord?"

" Yes." "You do a good business?"

"Yes," (in astonishment.) "You make, probably, ten dollars a day,

clear?" "Yes."

"Then I am safe. I have been out of employment about seven months; but I engaged o work to-morrow. I had been without food twenty-four hours when I entered your estab-

keep a poor house. You should address the en. Have you lived these years, wasting thorities. Leave me something for

"I have nothing."

"I will take your coat." "If I go into the street without that, I will get my death such weather as this."

"You should have thought of that before you came here." "Are you serious? Well, I solemnly aver

that one week from now I will pay you." "I will take the coat."

The coat was left, and a week after was redcemed. Seven years after that, a wealthy man entered the political arena and was presented school with his sister. They were amusing to a caucus as an applicant for congressional nomination. The principal man of the cau-

cus held his peace—he heard the history of the applicant, who was a member of the church, and one of the most respectable citizens. He was the chairman. The vote was a tie, and he cast a negative, thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, and whom he met If they have lost a friend they will murmur an hour afterwards, and to him he said:

"You don't remember me?"

" No." "I once ate dinner at your hotel, and although I told you I was famishing, and pledged my word of honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat, and saw me go out without it."

"Well, sir, what then?" "Not much. You call yourself a Chrisbeen elected to Cougress."

Three years after the Christian hotel keeper became bankrupt. The poor dinnerless wretch that was, is now a high functionary in Albany. I know him well. The ways even pressed her to say whether anything of Providence are indeed wonderful, and the mutations almost beyond conception or be-

Maxims of Washington.

Use no reproachful language against any one—neither curses nor revilings.

Be not too hasty to believe lying reports

to the disparagement of any one. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than to procure

admiration. Associate yourself only with men of good quality, if you esteem your reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is the sign of a tractable and would be glad to go along with him .- commendable spirit; and in cases of passion Use not base and frivolous things against

> grown and learned men; nor very difficult Speak not of doleful things in time of

> mention them, change, if you can, the dis-Break not a jest when none take pleasure in mirth. Laugh not loud, nor at all with-

> though there seems to be some cause. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous -the first to salute; hear an answer—and Keep to the fashions of your equals, such

Go not thither when you know not whether Reprehend not the imperfection of others,

Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and that as

Sublime matters treat seriously. Think before you speak; pronounce not

Usefulness of Diamonds.

Many persons suppose that diamonds are only used in jewelry-for rings and other articles of personal adornment, and that they are really of no essential value whatever in the practical arts. This is a mistaken notion ; they are used for a great number of other purposes in the arts. Thus for cutting the glass of our windows into proper size, no other substance can equal it, and it is exclusively used for this purpose. A natural edge, or point, as it is called, is used for this work, and thousands of such are annually required in our glass factories. Diamond points are also employed for engraving on carnelians, ame-thysts and other brilliants, and for finer cut-

ting on cameos and seals. Being very hard, the diamond is also used in chronometers for the steps of pivots; and as it possesses high retractive with inferior dispersive power, and little longitudinal aberration, it has been successfully employed for the small deep lenses of single microscopes. The magnifying power of the diamond in proportion to that of plate glass, ground to a similar form, is as 8 to 3. For drawing minute lines on hard steel or glass, to make micrometers, there is no substitute for the diamond point.

The rough diamonds are called bort, and the points used for glass cutting are fragments of glass, splinters it with the slightest pressure: but with the natural diamond the most accurate lines are produced on glass, and their close together, they decompose light and afford the most beautiful prismatic appearance -all the colors of the rainbow flash from them as from the silvery interior of a pearl

oyster shell. Diamonds are also employed for drill points to perforate rubies, and bore holes in draw plates for the wire, and also for drilling in hard steel. Some inquiries have been made of us recently in regard to using them for dressing millstones, as a substitute for steel picks. We apprehend that they are altogether too expensive to be used for this purpose at present; but if some of our inventors would make the discovery of manufacturing diamonds as cheaply as we make chargoal, which is of the same composition, we might be able to recommend them to our millers .-The coke obtained from the interior of gas retorts in many cases is found so hard that it will cut glass; but as its point endures but for a short period, it cannot be made available as a substitute for the natural diamond for such purposes.

Count Them.

Count what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path lishment. I will pay you in a week."

"I cannot pay my bills with such promises," blustered the landlord; "and I do not Lights, to tell you of your best friend in heavthrough every period of your history. Down mercies, treading them beneath your feet, and consuming them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came? If you have, heaven pity you.

You have murmured under afflictions, but who has heard you rejoice over blessings ?-Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sun-beam, the rain-drop, the star, or the queen of night. What is life but mercy?-What is health, strength, friendship, social life, the Gospel of Christ, Divine worship? Had they the power of speech, each would say, "I am a mercy." Perhaps you have never regarded them as such. If not, you have been a dull student of nature or revela-

What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers, and eat pleasant fruits?

Yet we have seen enough of men to know that they have a morbid appetite for thorns. at the loss, if God has given them a score of new ones. And somehow everything assumes a value when it is gone, which man would not have acknowledged when he had it in his possession, unless, indeed, some one wished to purchase it.

Happy is he who looks at the bright side of life; of Providence, and of revelation; who avoids thorns, and thickets, and sloughs, until his Christian growth is such that if he "Not much. You call yourself a Christian. To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have here elected to Course?" cannot improve them, he may pass among them without injury. Count mercies before you complain of afflictions.

Live Not For Self Alone.

Live not for self alone, should be the language of every thinking, reflecting mind.-Let us go to the flowers, the streams, the trees, and the birds, and learn wisdom.

Do the little flowers that sparkle so beautifully through the dew and sunshine, live alone for themselves? No, no! Do they not cheer our lonely walks? do we not gaze on them, inhale their fragrance, and pass on better than we came, feeling that they have ministered to our perceptions of the beautiful? and, too, they give to the bees their honey, to the insects their food. And they help to clothe the earth in loveliness and beauty.

Does the wide speading tree under whose grateful shade we recline when the noon-day sun is oppressive, live for itself alone? We answer no; for it gives a happy home to many a tiny insect; there, too, the little bird finds a resting-place when his little wings are tired of soaring up so high, and a secure asylum wherein to build their tiny nests, and to rear their defenceless and unfledged broods. And, too, it gives support to many a tender vine. It also absorbs the poisonous vapors in the atmosphere, that would otherwise scatter disease and death broadcast over our land. And it helps to clothe the earth in majesty

Does the mighty river or the laughing little brook that ripples so merrily along, live alone for themselves? Not so; for on the broad and mighty bosom of you tranquil river are borne the fortunes, the hopes and the fears, of many. And who can tell to how many millions of the finny tribes it gives a happy home.

Lately, a negro in the West Indies, who had been married to a lady of color by one of the missionaries, at the end of three weeks brought his wife back to the clergyman and desired him to take her back. He

asked what was the matter with her. "Why, massa, she no good. The book says she obey me. She no was my clothes. She no do what I want her to do.'

"But the book says you were to take her for better or for worse.' "Yes, massa, but she all worse and no better. She am too much worse and no good."

Creditors and poor relations never call

at the right moment,