TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Ber annum in advance...... Six months\$1`50 75 50 ment.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less. One square, (12 lines,)... Two squares,.....

One square,... Two squares,. Three squares, Four squares,..... Half a column,..... One-column,.....

cording to these terms.

Select Poetry.

"ONLY WAITING."

[A very aged man in an Almshouse, was asked what he was doing now? If replied, "Only Waiting."]

Only waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grown. Only waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown ; Till the night of earth is faded From the heart once full of day; Till the stars of heaven are breaking Through the twilight soft and grey.

Only waiting till the reapers Have their last sheaf gathered home, For the summer time is faded. And the autumn winds have come, Quickly, reapers! gather quickly The last ripe hours of my heart, For the blossom of life is withered, And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels Open wide the mystic gate, At whose feet I long have lingered, Weary, poor and desolate. BEven now I hear the footsteps. And their voices far away; If they call me I am waiting, Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grown, Only waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown. Then from out the gathering darkness, Holy, deathless stars shall rise. By whose light my soul shall gladly Tread its pathway to the skies.



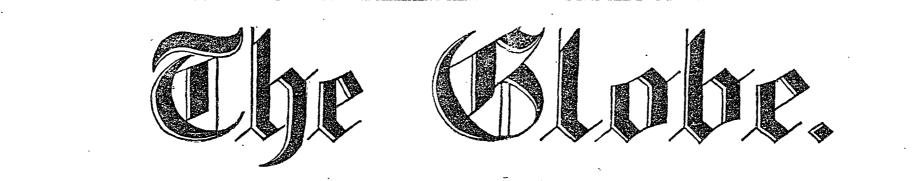
TOM'S WIFE;

-OR-MARRYING THE GIRL OF HIS CHOICE.

BY ANNIE RAYMOND.

"Tom, what are you thinking about, standing there and drumming on the window pane, and gazing up at the stars-are you moon struck or love sick ?" said Thomas Hubert. Sr., to his only son; but Thomas, Jr., did not reply, and added; "I say, Tom, it is high time you were thinking about marrying .--Why don't you answer me-do you see Clara Carleton peeping out from among the stars ?"

"Were you speaking to me, father ?" said Tom in a pleasant voice, for he had been thinking of Clara, and her name aroused him from his reverie,



HUNTINGDON, PA., APRIL 18, 1860.

----PERSEVERE.--

would her friends say? but Tom was inexor- pleted, it was to be the most beautiful and able, suggesting that she should send for Tim- romantic residence in town. Furniture was othy Tubbs, who doubtless would be happy sent on from New York, and an upholsterer to be with them. The guests arrived, and a came up to see to its arrangement, but he week later, Lucy received a letter from Tom, | evaded the questions of the gossips, who were

WILLIAM LEWIS.

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the mother said :

tremulous voice, exclaimed :

not live without you !"

post-marked Boston, in which he stated that in a fever of excitement to know all of the it would be many weeks before he returned, particulars, how long the owner had been but he hoped his friends were happy, assur-ing them he thought often of them. Mary's Lucy and her friends had observed it, and regrets were uttered by the disappointed la- the former had written to Tom; saying that

dies, and meantime Tom was spending the the cottage was finished giving a glowing detime happily in a quiet New England vil- scription of its external beauty, and it was lage. But let us turn back four years. rumored the family would soon take posses-It was a calm starlight evening, and Tom sion.

Hubert was walking listlessly along a quiet It was a pleasant morning in September, street upon the outskirts of the town, when when Tom Hubert entered his father's dwelhe heard a sweetly modulated voice caroling ling, and was warmly welcomed by father a touching melody, and pausing before a vine and sister, while Bell Griffin told him how embowered cottage, he saw a woman, pale much he had been missed, and after replying and emaciated, reclining in an easy chair, politely, he said :

"How about the cottage that was being while upon a low ottoman at her feet, sat a young girl of not more than sixteen years .-- | fitted up when I left home-has the family The thin transparent hands of the invalid arrived? "The cottage was brilliantly illuminated

clasped the fair hand of the girl, while the last evening, and as we drove by a carriage large lustrous eyes, in which crystal teardrops were trembling, were resting lovingly drew up before the gate, so I presume they upon the beautiful features of the girl, whose have come," said Lucy. have come," said Lucy. "The fact is, Lucy, I have bought that cot-

varying expressions told the emotions of the tage, and my wife will be happy to see my pure heart as the lips uttered the beautiful sentiment of the poet. Tom Hubert felt sister and her friends this evering," said guilty of rudeness in remaining so long, but Tom.

" Married, eh ? and without even asking he seemed chained to the spot and gazed through the open shrubbery like one en- me; I'll cut you off; you'll not have another tranced. The face of the invalid reminded cent !" exclaimed his father. "But father, I hope you will forgive me him of the fond mother whose loss he yet

mourned, and there was something so winwhen you know my wife, who is as good as ning, so angelic in the expression of the girl's | she is beautiful. Go with me now; she is countenance that she made a deep impression anxious to see you," said Tom, and in a few upon his heart. The low window opened to moments he persuaded his father to accompany him. the ground, and when the song had ceased,

Tom had married Clara Carleton; and Lucy "Clara, I cannot hide the truth from you found that Clara was not only highly accomany longer, and therefore will now speak plished, but her education was superior to plainly. I shall not be with you long-a her own, and most of those with whom she few more weeks, a few more months at the associated. And the following winter, when farthest, and I shall have passed away-shall Tom's wife entered fashionable society in New York City, her "awkward manners" did not be a dweller in that clime where pain, sorrow and death enter not. I could look forward cause Lucy to blush, but she was proud of her lovely and accomplished sister-in-law .--to that day with calmness as the day of a peaceful rest, were it not for leaving you alone and unprotected," and she pressed her Mr. Hubert soon learned to love Tom's wife, and never was so happy as when with "our pale lips to the upturned brow. Clara," as he familiarly called her, and has often been heard to say : For a moment the young girl did not ap-

" Tom married the girl of his choice, and pear to hear the mother's meaning-then as the truth flashed upon her mind, she wound she is a jewel." her arms around her mother's neck and in a

Three Fighting Deacons.

The Cleveland Plaindealer is responsible

can I live without you-life will be so dark' for the following: and gloomy-no mother-no friend-I can- In a small neighborhood in Geauga county live three deacons. The first is a Methodist, the second a Presbyterian and the third a "God never forsakes the orphan; some times it may appear very dark; but then the | Baptist. All live quite a distance from their sun of happiness, when it does shine, is all respective meeting houses, and as the travelthe more brilliant for having been obscured ing is excessively bad at this time of year, "Been talking this half hour, but nothing in dense clouds, and friendless orphans are they concluded to hold meetings in the little could bring you to your senses, till I said Chara—so you remember that girl yet?" them from evil. Yes my dear child I feel question then arose which denomination Chara—so you remember that girl yet?" them from evil. Yes, my dear child, I feel question then arose which denomination assured that you will be protected when I should hold the first meeting. The Methodist claimed the privilege of opening the ball. The Presbyterian demanded it. The Baptist insisted upon it. Here was "a fix."

BY ARTREMESIUS WARD. I pitcht my tent in a small town in Iniianny one day last season, & while I was standin it the dore takin munny, a deppytashun of lies came up and sed they was members of the Runcumville Female Moral Reform & Wimin's Rites Associashun, and they axed

me if they cood go in without payin. "Not exactly," ses I, " but you can pay without goin in." "Do you know who we air ?" said one of

the wimmin, a tall & feroshus looking critter, with a blew cotton umbreller under her arm -"do you know who we air, sur ?"

Wimin's Rites.

sere view, that you are females."

-"we belong to a Society which bleeves wimin has rites-which bleeves in raisin her to her proper speer-which bleeves she is indowed with as mutch intellect as man iswhich bleeves she is trampild on & aboosed

The monument of Egypt, the buried pal-aces of Babylon and Nineveh, and the Persian ruins, in connection with those of Phœnicia, have enabled Christian scholars to re-

her umbreller widely over my hed.

a wife to hum." "Yes," cried the female, "& she's a slave!

things ?" "Not being a natral born fool," said I, by this time a little riled, "I kin safely say that

"Oh, whot-whot !" screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air, "Oh, whot is the price that wooman pays for her experiense !"

"I don't know, marm," sez I, "the price to my show is I5 cents pur individuoul." "And can' our Sosiety go in free ?" asked

the female.

"Won't you let my darter in?" said anuth-

itly by the hand. "Oh, pleas let my darter in! Shees

"Let her gush !" roared I, as mad as I

wush." there been no female wimin in the world, I

Half an Hour in Bad Company,

A youth was once unintentionally thrown into the company of some half dozen young men of very immoral character. . Their language, their jests, were of the lowest order. Indecent expressions, vulgar anecdotes, heartdefiling oaths, characterized their conversation. It was evident there was no thought of God in all their hearts.

He left them and went to his room. It was time for retiring to rest. He opened his Bible and attempted to read its sacred pages; but he could not confine his thoughts. The low, vulgar anecdotes of that godless party were continually flitting across his mind .--Their hollow mockery of God still rung in his ear; the thought that perhaps there was no God, no heaven, no hell, disturbed his hitherto pleasant evening meditations; but that kind, friendly voice within, the lives and death-beds of parents whom he had loved only to lose, told him too plainly there was a God above, of tender and forgiving mercy, the tourist, and no candid man in traversing there was a heaven of bliss and joy, there was that portion of the East with the Bible in his a lake whose waves of fire and brimstone hand, can escape the conviction that its wri- were never quiet. He knelt down to pray, ters lived among and were perfectly familiar and the profane jests of that God-rejecting company intruded themselves upon his thoughts; he retired to rest, they haunted and presents itself to the eye of the modern his slumbers; he awoke in the morningtraveler, precisely as they were described by they lingered in his mind. Year after year has passed away, but that half an hour in exceptions of the cities and towns, one knows the company of the profane, the wicked, still he is looking upon the very scenes which exerts its injurious influence upon the heart their eyes beheld, and which they described of that young man. It will never leave him. so faithfully, that they are recognized at once, after so many centuries have passed away.— remain in his mind to the last day of his The land of the Prophets and the wonderous life. It may be forgotten for a time, but like the serpent concealed in a bed of violets, it will again and again come up to polute his best and purest thoughts, to poison his sweet-

Impressions equally strong in regard to the est affections. truth of the Scriptures are derived from the My dear yo My dear young friends, particularly boys, write this as your motto upon the fly-leaves of your books-write it on the walls of your rooms-write it in your copy books-write it on your hearts-KEEP OUT OF BAD COMPANY,

Hilling Corn, etc.

BARRETT.

produce the history, and even the aspect-the Until within a few years, farmers of the North have hilled their corn and potatoes, and believed it necessary ; more recently they have found that roots may be induced from the epidermis of the corn stalk and the earth terwoven, that the truthfulness of sacred his- hilled about it, but that this earth and the roots it contains, cannot contribute in sustaining the corn-stalk, while it materially deducts from the growth of the tap root and other deep permeating roots which can do best service in the sub-soil in the bringing of inorpire false. Of course, men in the enjoyment ganic matter to give strength and health to of right reason must not be expected to make the plant. That with flat cultivation corn-this moustrous assumption, and, therefore, as stalks will stand higher gales than when we have said, the truth of the Bible is far | hilled up. With the potato a different rationmore firmly established than ever. Nor must ale, but tending to the same result, has proved we forget that the proof of the historical accuracy of these writers in the circumstances and instead of the potato being a tuberous in which they wrote, carries with it the truth rooted plant, (as most of our books in error -fullness of their doctrines, unless we are precall it,) it is a tuberous stem plant, for no popared to believe that a perfect historical actato ever grew upon a potato root, they all curacy is connected with hypocricy and disgrow upon stem; and therefore the original seed, when it furnishos the first set of tubers, does all that nature intended.

If we earth up the stem, we cause a new exotic growth from the stem, of new tubers, An eye can threaten like the loaded gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or in its and these take part of the pabulum, namely altered mood, by means of kindness can make | the starch contained in the original tuber, all the heart dance with joy. The eye obeys ex-actly the action of the mind. When a thought the first tubers. For this reason, we find postrikes up, the vision is fixed, and remains tatoes when hilled giving unripe results in looking at a distance; in enumerating names part, and potatoes of all sizes; whereas, when of persons or 'countries-as France, Spain, cultivated flatly, so as to form no new tubers, the crop is alike or nearly so in size, all those Britain or Germany-the eyes wink at each new name. There is an honesty in the eye originally set perfect, and both in pounds and which the mouth does not participate in .-measure, the crop is greater and less liable wall. The feemale wooman is 1 of the great-est institooshuns of which this land kin poste. It's onpossible to git along without her. Had there been no female wimin in the model of the greater and ress frable of the statust, as michael Angelo said, "must to disease. Now all the truths that are to be as lions—bold, running, leaping. They speak is applicable in degree, as we apprehend, all languages; they need no encyclopedia to to the growth of cotton. should scarcely be here with my unparaled they respect neither rank nor fortune, virtue beds, unless it be to furnish a larger amount show on this very auspichus occashun. She nor sex, but they go through and through of surface for the sun's influence. And if you in a moment of time. You can read in this be the true rationale, we should recomthe eyes the companion, while you talk with mend such a treatment of the soil as would him, whether your argument hits, though his | change its color, rather than the adoption of

with the scenes which they describe. Every great feature of the scene remains

Moses and David the Prophets, and with the so faithfully, that they are recognized at once,

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kurpeople, the land of signs and wonders, re-

mains as the writers of the Bible saw and de-"We air, sur," said the feroshus woman scribed it-the inhabitants only are gone .exhumed remains of the great empires of the East with which the Jewish nation stood connected.

-& which will resist hens 4th & 4ever & 4ever the encroachments of proud & domineering man."

Durin her descourse, the xcentric female grabid me by the coat-kollar & was wingin

manners and customs of the past which "I hope, marm," sez I, startin back, " that reaches almost to the Deluge; and with the your intenshuns is honorable? Ime a lone history of those ages, that of the Jewish neoman, hear in a stranger place. Besides, I've ple and their records has been found so in-

tory must be admitted, or all ancient history Doth she never dream of freedom-doth she must be abandoned at once as false. To deny never think of throwing off the yoke of tyranthe credibility of the Old Testament writers ny, & thinking & speaking & voting for heris not to reject the Bible only, but it is to deself? Doth she never think of these here clare the state records of every ancient em-

she doth nut."

"Not if I know it," sed I. "Crooil, crooil man !" she cried, & burst

put into téars.

er of the xcentric wimin, takin me afeckshun

sweet gushin child of natur !"

god stick at their tarnal noncents, "let her Whereupon they all sprung back with the simultaneous observation that I was a Beest. "My feemale friends," sed I, "be4 you

that it forms the best possible hand-book for

Editor and Proprietor.

NO-43.

brow.

"It is not so easy forgotten, such a lovely face, and such a sweet expressive countenance," was the reply.

"Oh, fie! you are no longer a boy, Tom; but instead of appearing manly, you have be-come as sentimental as a girl. Why don't come as sentimental as a girl. you get married? There is Bell Griffin. handsome and rich, she will make you a splendid wife," said his father.

"She is a selfish creature, and there is nothing lovely about her," said Tom.

"Mary Ray, my dearest friend, will be here next week, and I wish you would marry her. Will you think of it ?---that's a dear her hand carelessly on his arm.

"Mary Ray has no mind of her own, and that is the reason why you like her so well. I want a wife who can think for herself," said Tom.

"And who will suit you?" asked Lucy petulently.

"No one, but Clara Carleton," was there

ply. "And what has become of her? I haven't heard nothing of her for the past two years," said Lucy.

"How should I know? Didn't you and father try to manœuvre her out of my way, and if you succeeded, of course you know where she is," said Tom, and without waiting for a reply, left the room.

"How should Tom know that we tried to get that girl out of his way ?" asked Mr. Hubert.

"I don't know, but he must have heard it recently, as he never mentioned it before," said Lucy.

said his father.

"If he was always to live in the country | Hubert questioned his son as to the truth of people say, if our Tom would marry an awkward country girl ?"

whose father made his money by keeping a her an awkward country girl, but Tom heed-second hand clothing store in Chatham street," ed not father nor sister, but followed the said Tom who had heard the last words of promptings of his own manly heart. his sister; but not wishing to hear more on the subject, he took up the evening paper and retired to his room.

the east bank of the Hudson.

ment of this sketch, the rooms had been plied that Clara was with a friend, and would crowded with the gay and fashionable city eventually return, Tom was apparently as friends of Lucy, young ladies of her own age, some of whom were accompanied by manœuvering mammas; and Tom becoming wearied afterward, his father and sister would have of being flattered by the mammas, and witness- entirely forgotten her, had he not been indifing the coquettish airs of the simporing ferent to the most beautiful and fascinating daughters, resolved that they wouldn't catch belles Meanwhile Clara was residing with him playing the agreeable again. Accord- a relative of Mr. Hartley in a pleasant vilingly he astonished his father and sister by lage not many miles from the city of Boston, announcing his attention of leaving home on and pursuing his studies. the day a number of guests were expected to arrive, among whom was the splendid "Bell Carleton had a new purchaser, and was being Griffin" and sweet "Mary Ray." Lucy in-plored him to remain, saying that they should of the ground received many an artistic touch

am gone-your own pure heart will shield you from danger."

"Say not so, my dear mother! O, how

"Who would be so base as to harm one so lovely? Yet, has it not often been so? but I will protect her," Tom mentally exclaimed, dander of each deacon arose to fever-heat, and and without waiting to hear more he slowly each vowed he would hold a meeting at the walked away, revolving in his mind many plans for the future. Flattering himself that he was actuated by

motives of disinterested benevolence, Tom Hubert sought and obtained an introduction to Mrs. Carleton and her daughter. Almost every evening found him a welcome guest at | catechism. The Baptist at the same time, the cottage, and ere many weeks had passed arose and commenced reading a tract on imhe loved Clara Carleton as he had never loved morsion. The Methodist at the same time. good brother," said his sister Lucy, laying before. Clara Carleton returned his love with struck up an old fashioned hymn, shouting all the ardor of a young and trustful heart, it forth at the top of his lungs. The effect and ere the mother passed from earth she was ludicrous. It apparently struck the sanctioned their betrothment, and as they mixed congregation so, for they all comstood before her, laying her almost pulseless menced laughing. The Baptist was wheezy. hands on their bowed heads, she blessed them He sank exhausted into his seat, while the with her dying breath.

The chill winds of autumn sighed a mournful requiem as that loved mother was laid to rest in the peaceful shades of the country cemetery; and the sorrow stricken daughter was welcomed to the cheerful home of the pastor. It had been Mrs. Carleton's request that Clara should complete her education under the guidance of Mr. Hartley, the pastor, and that kind hearted man and estimable wife took the lonely orphan to their own home, where she soon become contented and happy. The cottage was sold, and when all expenses were paid, there was only enough left to defray the expenses of Clara's education ; but Tom Hubert loved her all the same whether she was rich or poor.

"Well, I shall know more if he ever finds None knew of the engagement except Mr. her, (but I hope he won't,) and he is deter-and Mrs. Hartley, and when it was rumored mined to marry her. I never will consent," | that Tom Hubert was attracted to the parsonage by the pastor's ward, the wealthy Mr.

it might do; but Clara is not accustomed to the report. Tom acknowledged his love for fashionable society," said Lucy. Then after Clara Carleton, but did not speak of his en-a moment's silence, she added: "What would gagement, and his father forbade him to visit her any longer, as by so doing he would incur his displeasure. Lucy Hubert, who had been "Just what they would say if our Lucy educated at a fashionable boarding school in would marry that foolish Timothy Tubbs, the city, had met Clara a few times and called

Through the influence of Mr. Hubert, Clara, when she was eighteen, received an advantageous offer to go to a western city as gov-The dwellings occupied by the Huberts as a summer residence was one of the largest heard the plans of his father and sister, and and most aristocratic in a pleasant town upon he had his plans also. A few days later, Clara Carleton had left town, and when Mr. For two summers previous to the commence- and Mrs. Hartley were questioned, they remuch surprised as any one to learn that Clara had left town, and as he never spoke of her

then have no gallant but her father, and what and when in early autumn all was to be com-

They wrangled over the matter until the red school-house the very next evening, which happened to be Friday last, and on that evening at early candle-light the school-house was crowded with Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and several world's people.

The Presbyterian commenced reading a Presbyterian and Methodist continued. All at once the ludicrousness of the scene struck the Baptist, and he indulged in a protracted horse laugh. This displeased the Presbyterian, and forgetting himself, he dealt the Baptist a stunning blow under the right ear .---The Methodist threw his hymn-book down and rushed to the Baptist's rescue. He arrived just in time to receive Presbyterian's iron fist between his eyes. The Baptist and Methodist rallied, and together attacked the Presbyterian, but he was too much for them. The scene that ensued beggars description. Chairs were over-turned, window-glass were broken, women shrieked, men velled. We have no wish to make fun of an affair which has caused profound regret among the religious people of Geauga. We merely relate the facts; the matter is in litigation.

Waste of Wealth.

It is heart-sickening to travel through the country, and note the actual waste of the property that is constantly going on in the form fresh attempts, in order to show, as it would of decaying tools-implements exposed to the weather. During a single hour's ride on is invulnerable. the cars the other day, we counted four plows standing in the furrow in the field where last used; one under the eaves of a building where pletely, because undesignedly, prove the the water dripped upon it, and another by truthfulness of scripture history were enhorse-rake tilted up in the field ; three reapers or mowers without cover-besides a good many we did not see. Now estimate the loss | Bible. The shouts of triumph with which exposure? Calculate the interest on the by the infidel philosophy of Europe, because their use, and their probable endurance with such treatment, and tell us if it is profitable of the Scripture narrative, have scarcely had to purchase labor saving machinery. The verdict of three-fifths of the farmers will be for herself, and beyond all fear of fortunate that it is not. Why? Because the best machine will not last more than three years .--We have heard men in the West gravely enter into an argument to prove that the laborsaving machinery in use here, had cost the farmers much more than it has saved them. We are not prepared to undertake to controvert such argument until we see more care expended in protecting such perishable material from weather exposure. Let the reader calculate what he is losing by such a process -aye, what he is wasting. We ask if he can afford such prodigality.

True modesty is a discorning grace.

is very good in sickness-good in wellnessgood all the time. Oh, wooman !" I cride. my feeling wurked up to a high poetick pitch. " you air an angil when you behave yourself; -when you desert your firesides & with your

heds full of wimmins rites noshuns go round like roaring lyons seekin whom you may devour sumbody-in short-when you play the man, you play the devil, & air an emfatick noosance. My feemale friends, I continude, as they were indignantly departin, "way well what A. Ward has sed."

Historical Evidence of the Truth of the Scriptures.

We presume that all our readers are not aware how rapidly and how remarkably evidence to establish the truth of the scripture records is being brought forth from the monumental and other remains of the buried

Had the foresight and wisdom of man been employed, from the building of Babylon to the fall of the Roman Empire, to collect and preserve from age to age such testimonials as might meet and confute the skepticism of the present day in regard to the truthfulness of the historical portions of the Bible, it would not have produced so deep an impression upon our ages as what God has so wonderfully preserved, and unexpectedly produced, when needed most to confound all skepticism, and confirm the faith of Christendom.

The assault which has been made by the learning and subtlety of the German infidelity upon the credibility of the scripture narrative, and ended as every previous attack on Christianity has done, in establishing its truthfulness more clearly and firmly than before. Unbelief is continually stirred up to seem, that at every point the system of Christ

A few years only have passed since these treasures of the ancient world, which so comthe road-side leaning against the fence; one | tirely unknown, and when first discovered were eagerly seized upon as the very weapons wherewith to destroy the credibility of the to the owners of these implements by such the celebrated Zodiac of Dendora was hailed succeed better. He has spent so much monmoney invested in them, the money saved by | upon its first superficial examination it was thought to sweep away the whole chronology time to die away before Christianity has won reversal of the world's verdict, the whole field of evidence as drawn from authentic records of every great empire in the ancient world. Assyria, Baylon, Persia, Phœnicia have come forth from their tombs, at the bidding of their extravagance, and they are soon redu-Christian science; and testify in the clearest manner to the truthfulness of those records which form the historical basis of the Chris-"I did as the rest did." tian system.

One of the most impressive proofs of the genuineness of the books of the Bible, is derived from the late minute and accurate investigations of travelers in Palestine. Such has no time left now to prepare, and he goes is the minute faithfulness of the Sacred Story, down to destruction, because he was so foolin all things connected with eternal things, | ish as to " do as the rest did."

tongae will not confess it. There is a look these raised beds .- Working Farmer. but when you take off your proper apariel & by which a man tells you he is going to say (mettyforically speakin) git into pantyloons | a good thing, and a look which says when he has said it.

honesty in doctrine.-Cincinnati Gazette.

The Eyes.

Vain and forgotten are all the fine efforts eye. How many inclinations are avowed by often does one come from a company in which to him, and yet, in his sympathy with the company, he seems not to have a sense of this fact, for a stream of light has been flowing into him and out of him through his eyes. As soon as men are off their centers the eves give no more admission into the man than that a man might fall into; there are asking eyes, and asserting eyes, and prowling eyes, and eyes full of faith, and some of good and some of sinister omen. The power of eyes to charm down insanity or beasts is a power behind the eyes, that must be a victory achieved himself would move through men and nature, commanding all things by the eye alone .-see the mud at the bottom of our eyes .-Whoever looked on the hero would consent to his will being served ; he would be obeyed.

"I Did as the Rest Did."

This tame yielding spirit-this doing "as the rest did "-has ruined thousands. A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or gambling room. or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did," A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation in life do so and so; are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers and fops. The father wonders why his children do not ey on their education-has given them great advantages; but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did.'

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteely. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several useful matters. In time they marry, their husbands are unable to support

The sinner followed the example of others, puts off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, till. unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He

LADIES THE BEST COMPANY .- Thackeray says it is better for you to pass an evening

once or twice in a lady's drawing-room, even of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the though the conversation be slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a the eye, though the lips dissemble! How club tavern, or pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are, it may easily happen he has said nothing, not admitted, rely on it, are deletrious to that no important remark has been addressed their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt at what is pure. Your club swaggerers who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to vokel: show it. There are eyes, to be sure, that beauty has no charms for a blind man; music . does not charm the poor beast who does not blue berries. There are liquid and deep wells know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sauce, brown bread and butter, I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated kindly woman, about her girl coming out, her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits to be derived from in the will before it can be suggested to the a woman's society is, that he is bound to be organ; but the man at peace or unity with respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it.----Our education makes us the most eminently The reason men do not obey us, is, that they selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we will not go out; we prefer ourselves, and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is, that he is to think of somebody t) whom he has about to be constantly attentive and respectful,

> THE QUAKER LADIES OF MAINE .-- Quaker young ladies in the Maine Law States, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men, to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young girl approaching you, young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dore with the charge : " Mr. ----, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules; are you willing?" You nod acquiescence. She gently steps close up to you, lays her soft white arm around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylph-like form upon her tiptoes, her round, snowy, heaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as Heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, sweet. sugar, molasses, butter, eggs, strawberry, honeysuckle, sunflower, lily, baby-jumper, rosebud, cream, tart, apple-pie, peach-pudding, apple-dumpling, ginger-bread, nectar lips against yours, and (Oh, Jerusalem, hold us!) busses you, by crackey! Hurrah for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition.—Exchange.

A preacher lately said in his sermon : Let women remember, while putting on their profuse and expansive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

Adversity is the touchstone of merit.