MINUTES.

We are but minutes-little things : Each one furnished with sixty wings, With which we fly on our unseen track, And not a minute ever comes back. We are but minutes-each one bears Its little burden of joys or cares;

Patiently take the minutes of pain.

The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes,-when we bring Few of the drops from pleasure's apring, Taste their sweetness while yet we stay, It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes,-use us well, For how we are used we must one day tell Who uses minutes has hours to use-Who loses minutes has years to lose.

A Romance in Real Life.

A romance in real life, of deep plot and thrilling denouement, is just now the chief topic of gossip in Taunton, Mass. The facts, as related by the Taunton Republican, are these:

It appears that about twenty-seven years ago a Captain Brown, whose family resided in Mattapoisett, was the overseer of the estate of Mr. Henry E Clifton, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond. Va. From some cause, which still remains secret, a difficulty arose between Captain B and Mr. C, wherein the former considered himself the aggrieved party. To revenge himself of the supposed wrong he stole Mr. Clifton's infant daughter, (then but six weeks old.) on the day she was christened. The child was brought to Mattapoisett, and secretly adopted by Brown and his wife as their own. She was named Julia, and grew to be a woman. When only sixteen years old she married Mr. Isaac O. Pierce, a printer, who learned his trade in Fall River. Several years ago they moved to Taunton, living for a while at East Taunton, but more recently at the Green. Two children have been born S. Wares eng of orlions is now living. During this long period Mrs. Pierce has lived in blissful ignorance of her high parentage, and Mr. Pierce, who took her for better or worse, had never imagined he was the husband of an heiress. He abandoned the printer's

trade shortly after learning it, and for

daily broad by the sweat of his brow

. at Mr. Mason's works in this city .--

This is their history, until within a

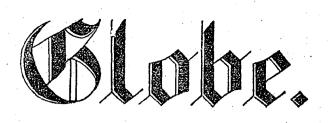
very short time; now comes the de-

Last summer, while Rev. Mr. Talbot of this city, was at Saratoga, he became acquainted with Mr. Clifton and wife, who, it appears, at the breaking out of the robellion, converted their Richmond property into cash and moved to Baltimore. In the course of der weeping willows-past lonely conversation with them Mr T remarked upon the striking resemblance of Mrs Clifton to a lady parishioner of through the gathering twilight and are his in Taunton. Nothing particular gone; for every throb of your iron was thought of it at first; but on his pulse brings one true heart nearer repeating the remark, Mrs Cinquired home! Shot and shell have spared the age of the lady. On being told him for this hour; fever and postilence that she was about twenty seven, Mrs and foul malaria have passed him by: C immediately said to her husband,-"Why, that would just be the age of our daughter that was stolen." The He had heard of such things on lightsubject then received their serious at- ning routes. Suppose he should be tention. Mr Talbot was taken into carried home a dead, mangled corpse. their confidence, and inquiry instituted the words of greeting frozen into eteras to the reputed parents of the young | nal silence on his lips, the glad sight lady. He returned to Taunton; had a sealed forever under the heavy eveconversation with Mrs Pierce in re- lids! Strange that such morbid fancies gard to her parentage; informed her should never have assailed him in the of the Saratoga conversation, which fire and smoke of Gettysburg, yet now led her to ask Mrs Brown, who, she come to him like guests that would not had never doubted, was her own mo- be given when he was within twenty ther, if she really were such, at the minutes of home. Would it break his same time telling her the reason of the | mother's heart; or would she live on? inquiry. Mrs B, who had kept the secret of the child's parentage for twen- Mariam, the blue eyed, shy little fairy ty-seven years, was so overcome by who would never look at him save the question and the development of through her brown lashes, and whose facts that she immediately became ill, coy mouth always made him think of and died of the heart disease. Before scarlet cherries and roses dashed in her death, however, she acknowledged | dew. that Mrs P was not her own daughter. Captain Brown died a number of years | bringing down his bronzed fist on the ago. Within a few weeks the affair window ledge that made the glass rathas developed itself rapidly. Mr and Mrs Clifton and Mrs Pierce have met | heart of the old lady in the bombazine each other; and the old colored woman | bonnet-"to think that I, who would who nursed the abducted infant, has knock down the man who ventured to recognized Mrs P as their real child | tell me I was a coward, should be afraid by a "mole on her shoulder!" The to say frankly to a slender girl that I identity of their long lost daughter having been fully established, Mrs P and her husband have been invited to live with the Cliftons and share in their frighten my selfpossession away, and wealth; and this they are preparing to | make a staring, silent idiot of me !do, having broken up housekeeping and disposed of their furniture. The cream of the affair is that Mrs Pierce it! I shall die an old bachelor, for I ty now-no royal airs, only brown. is an only child, and therefore sole heir- will never marry any woman except disheveled hair, and cheeks like red ess to an estate said to be worth hun- | Kate Miriam, and I never shall dare | clover blossoms in a shower. He was dreds of thousands if not millions of to plead my case with Kate. I wish the strong one now-how natural it

Pierce expresses it, "a trifte less than ardice through me!"







WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.

--PERSEVERE.--

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SURPRISED.

ing first one pocket and then the oth-

er. 'Oh, here it is! I say, conductor,

'Twenty minutes or so will bring us

ty good time.' And the sharp faced

Captain Silver dragged himself into a

sitting posture, putting his two hands

yawn, and smiled to remember the fan-

tastic dreams that had chased one an

other through his brain during the half

hour of cramped, uneasy slumber from

which the conductor's challenge had

roused him-dreams in which bloody

battle fields and lonely night marches

had blended only with sweet home

the flying train shot remorselessly.

of other things.

And then Carl Silver began to thin!

'Conductor!' whispered the fat old

'Yes'm,' said the man of tickets,

'That young man with the military

cap, conductor-I hope he ain't an es-

cape! lunatic dressed up in soldier's

clothes. I we beerd of sich things, and

I don't a bit like the way he keeps

day, and I'm trav'lin alone, conductor.

dignity. Bless her anxious heart!-

And now, Oh. speed on your way,

express train, through quiet villages

where daffodils sprinkle all the gardens

where springing grass sends up a faint

delicious smell, and brooks babble un-

churchyards where the white hands

of innumerable grave stones beckon

Suppose there should be an accident!

"To think! ejaculated Carl Silver,

tle ominously and struck a chill to the

love her! To think that the very

touch of her glove, the sound of her

footstep, the rustle of her ribbons, can

After all, what is a man's courage

Yet Captain Silver's men had told a

and now--

stopping in his transit through the

lady opposite, in the bombazine bon

net and snuff colored shawl.

cars, and inclining his car.

'Ticket, sir, if you please?'

durate conductor.

are we near New York?'

the bridge in that dreadful charge at | tened; I would die to save you one Antietam. Cowardice! There are moment's terror. Only tell me that Between dusk and daylight-the several interpretations to that word. warm gold of the sunset sky just fad-'Carriage !' 'Carriage !' 'No, I ing into crimson, and the train thun

wont have any carriage! Get away leaving the eyes like drenched violets dered over the iron track like some from me, you follows! You are worse and the cheeks flushed brightly, Carl strong, furious demon. Carl Silver than the locusts of Egypt, and twenty | Silver had license to keep one little became dimly conscious of these things times as noisy, cried Captain Silver, fluttering hand in his, and he knew as he started from a brief, restless energetically elbowing his way thro' that he was an accepted lover. slumber, wherein his knapsack had the swarm of eager backmen, who served as a pillow, and stared vaguely were making night hideous at the foot | ter?" he asked at length. "And what into the sharp, Yankee face of the ob-I am going to spoil my precious sur-'Ticket! I suppose I've such a thing

prise with a carriage?' about me,' he muttered drowsily, feel-Broadway by gaslight! How strange yet how familiar it seems to the returning exile, with its stately facade of freestone and marble, seeming literally to rest on foundations of into Jersey city-we are making pretliving fire, and its throngs of people, coming and going in everlasting sucofficial passed on to harass the next unfortunate man who had neglected to ing sea. Carl Silver's heart leaped up put his ticket in his hat band; while in his breast with a quick, joyous throb at the old accustomed sights and sounds. It was good to hear his footback of his head with a portentous step ringing on Manhattaness ground No light in the house! His heart

stood still a moment. This was strange-ominous. But then he remembered that his mother was fond of sitting in the twilight, and dismissed the lingering doubts from his mind .-How lucky? the door was on the latch, and swung noiselessly open.

voices, and the sulphurous breath of Hush ! not a creaking chirp or clan artillery had mingled with violet scents king stirrup must betray him; through from the twilight woods around, and the old familiar hall he passed, and ingusts of sweetness from the tossing to his mother's room lighted only by clouds of peach.blooms through which

> 'Where the mischief are they all?' ejaculated Captain Silver, under his breath. 'No matter, they'll be along soon; meantime I'll wheel up this big chair and take a bask, for the air is chilly, if it is the first week in May .-Wont they be astonished though when they come in? Upon my word, things couldn't have happened nicer! Faugh! what a smell of paint-whitewash, too, women folks aren't cleaning house!

grinning to himself and rubbing his hands together. He's acted queer all The conductor laughed and passed on. The old lady brindled in offended several years afterwards earned his how was she to know that Cap Silver was only rejoicing in the glorious 'surand dimpled faced sistor that night !-absence from home. Heigh ho! I be-Was it not a year, twelve long months, lieve I'll light a cigar.' Which he did, since he had looked upon their faces? and began to smoke, and meditate.

held the cigar and listened.

with gold. Speed over sloping hills 'That's Minnie,' said he to himselfthat. He rose and leaned against the door casing as the dancing feet came he had caught the slight form in his arms, and was showering kisses on cheeks, brow and lips.

'Caught for once, Miss Minnie!' he exclaimed. 'That's to pay you for presuming to clean house without my permission! No, you're not going to escane l'

Such a piercing scream as she rewarded his fraternal demonstrations with! Carl Silver let go her waist and retreated against the wall with a faint idea of breaking through the lath and plaster, and hiding himself in the general ruin. For as truly as he stood there, quaking in his regimentals, the voice was not that of his sister Minnie, but-Kate Mariam!

'How dare you!' she ejaculated, with erimson check and quivering lips,."I'll

And would Kate Mariam care?-Kate "Upon my word, I'm neither a burglar or an assassin," pleaded Carl, recovering his self-possession, in a measure, as he saw Kate's breathless terror. "It was so dark I couldn't see your face, and I thought it was my sister Minny. Don't you know me, Miss

Mariam-Captain Silver!" "You are an imposter," said Kate with spirit. "Captain Silver is in the army of the Potomac."

"No, he's not; he's here," urged Carl. "How shall I prove that I'm. myself? Kate! Miss Mariam-" For she had sunk in the chair and

began to cry. He knelt beside her with a rough attempt to comfort. "No" she sobbed, "only-only I was

so frightened." The little trembling blue eyed thing! Carl Silver had nover soon her in tears worth? There is no use thinking of before. No silly assumption of digni-

strong hand. "Kate, dearest, I love you with my als for dinner delicacies.

different tale when he led them over whole heart. Nay, do not be so frighted bridge in that dreadful charge at tened; I would die to save you one DENT LINCOLN.

your heart is mine." And when the tears were dried,

"But where is my mother and sisof Cortland street. Do you suppose is the solution of this strange riddle?" "Don't you know," laughed Kate, they do not live here any more?" "Not live here!"

"No; have you forgotten that yesterday was the first of May? We occupy this house now-papa, aunt Millicent and I."

"Oh!" quoth Captain Silver. "So they've moved. And I never heard cession, like the waves of a never rest. of it. Upon my word they treat me very coelly.'

"Ah, but you would have heard of it," said Kate, "if you had staid quietly in camp to get your letter, instead of roving over the country without a word of warning to your friends."

"Give me one more kiss Kate, and I'm off to see them. One more, my betrothed wife. Does it not seem like a dream?"

And you are my soldier now, whispered Kate, playing with the gold buttons on his coat with trembling fingers. "Mine to send out into the battle field to dream and pray for .-Carl, I have always repined that I had the ruddy glimmer of a bright coal no gift for my country, now I can give my best and dearest to aid her cause."

"Spoken like a soldier's wife, Kate," said Silver with kindling eyes. you but knew how much better we rough men fight for knowing that woman's love and woman's prayers enshrine us with a golden, unseen armor -nonsense! I'm getting sentimental. Good night."

So there were three surprises that as I'm a living sinner! Confound it! May evening-one for Kate Mariam. I've kicked over a pail of stuff! If the (wouldn't, you, have been surprised, Mademoisotie, to be caught and kissed The Captain gave an indignant in the dark, and not know who the niff as he surveyed the desolate scene, kisser was?) one for Captain Silver, 'What comfort a female can find in (a very agreeable one, though,) and urning things upside down, and delu- the old original surprise, if we may ging the house with soap and water so term it, for his mother and sister. twice a year, I can't imagine. Carpets | And Carl has not yet left off congratall up-floor damp-curtains torn ulating himself that his "leave of abdown-not one familiar object to greet | senco" occurred in the flowery and mia fellow's eyes after a twelve months' gratory month of May. For if he hadn't blundered into Miss Mariam's when he said that he had never wil- reach. house, and kissed her by mistake, thereby bringing matters precipitate-. There was a rustle and a tripping ly to a focus, the probabilities are that footfall on the stairs. The Captain to this day he never would have mus-

tered courage to tell her of his love. And when the golden armadas of mother doesn't dance up stairs like autum leaves float down the forest or the heart of a living man, is in no brooks, and the blue mist of Indian small degree owing to the fact that the crocodile, when, hanging by one summer wraps the hills in dreamy the vindictive and angry passions form nearer and nearer. The next moment light, Carl Silver is coming back to seal no part of his nature, and that a kind- to these animals, he advances and re-Kate Mariam's destiny with a wedding. | ly and playful spirit mingles its sweet-

A FASHIONABLE PARLOR.-How many people do we call on from year to year, and know no more of their feelings, habits, tastes, family ideas and ways, than if they lived in Kamschatka? And why? Because the room which they call a front parlor is made expressly so you shall not know. They sit in a back room-work, talk, read, perhaps. After the servant has let you in and opened a crack in the shutters, and while you sit waiting for them to change their dress and come in, you speculate as to what they may be doing. From a distant region the laugh of a child, the song of a canary bird, and then a door clasps hastily to. Do they love plants? Do they write letters, sew, embroider, ring the bell and call the servants if crochet? Do they ever romp and frolyou don't leave the house this instant. ic? What books do they read? Do they sketch or paint? Of all these possibilities, a mute and muffled room says nothing.

A sofa, six chairs, two attomans, fresh from the upholster's, a Brussels carpet, a centre table, with four gilt books of beauty on it, a mantle clock from Paris, two bronze vases-all these tell you only in frigid tones. "This is the best room,"-only that and nothing more; and soon she trips in in her best clothes, and apologizes for keeping you waiting, asks you how your mother is, and you remark that it is a pleasant day, and thus the acquaintance progresses from year to year. One hour in the little back room where the plants and and Canary birds and children are, might have made you fast friends for life: but as it is, you care no more for them than the gilt clock on the mantle.-H. B. Slowe.

At the banquet given by the authorities of the city of Boston to Captain Winslow and the officers of the Kearsarge, on the 14th inst., Mr. Everett for ages, there has seldom been a cab- ployment as butcher's meat of horses, being called upon to respond to the toast in honor of the President, made not existed. It does at the present calculated that the adoption of this a speech from which we take the fol- time in the cabinet of Lord Palmers- system would yield daily in Paris lowing striking passages:

"But I would not have it inferred from these remarks, that the President opposed to Mr. Lincoln, at the late meat, after making a large deduction of the United States, in whose honor you have proposed the toast to which you have called me to respond, is en- made up of two wings entertaining the great mercy it would be to the titled to this mark of respect only in diametrically opposite views of the horses to be killed before old age, his official capacity. Now that the policy which ought to be pursued in and consequent ill-treatment, over struggle is past, I am sure that no the present difficult crisis of affairs, took them. There would be no workliberal-minded person, however oppos- and no little strategical skill was re- ing them to death when once the ed to him politically, (and you know, quired to produce even a show of unicooks compete with costermongers sir, that I belong to 'the President's ty sufficient for the purposes of the and cab-drivers. In the course of the opposition,') will be unwilling that, in election. performing the duty you have devolved upon me, I should say that I rec- but its formalities, is decided. It is his military career, made use of horse ognize in him a full measure of the due to both parties to say that they flesh as food for sick soldiers, and that qualities which entitle him to the per- accept the result, the one its defeat in Egypt, especially, he had found it sonal respect of the people, who have given him a proof of their confidence, ation and equanimity. It is in this which had assumed an epidemical not extended to any of his predecessors in this generation. It is no small proof of this, that he has passed The last hope of the hostile leaders is in conformity with the advice of Dr. th ough the flery ordeal of the recent in our divisions. With sure indicacanvass, and stood the storm of detraction from hundreds of vigorous and hostile presses, and had so little said about him (I speak now of personal qualities) which deserves even they have betrayed into this desolat- the use of horse flesh; and it was staan answer. There is no one of his ing war." predecessors, not even Washington, of whom as many and as reproachful things have not been said, unless perhaps it be Mr. Monroe, who had the happiness to fall upon 'the era of good feeling,' and who was, in no one quality, either as a man or a President. superior to Mr. Lincoln. The President of Chantaboun. I continually saw

gave ample proof of his intellectual them throw themselves from the up, and were partaken of by a number capacity when he contested a seat in banks into the water; and it has frethe Senate of the United States with quently happened that careless fishers, Judgo Douglas. When I sat in the or persons who have imprudently fal. proval. Sonate with Judge Douglas, I thought len asleep on the shore, have become him, for business and debate, the equal | their prey, or have afterwards died of of the ablest in that body; but his speeches, in the senatorial canvass. were in no respect superior to Mr. here. It is amusing, however-for Lincoln's. I believe the President to be entirely conscientious in the discharge its of animals all over the world—to of his high trust, and that, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, tures eatch the apes, which sometimes he has administered the government take a fancy to play with them. Close with the deepest sense of responsibilito the bank lies the crocodile, his body ty to his country and his God. Ho is in the water, and only his capacious minently kind-hearted. I am sure he spoke the truth, the other day, seize anything that may come within lingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. He is one of the most labori. ous and indefatigable men in the country, and that he has been able to sustain himself under as great a load of care as was ever laid upon the head

It may seem hardly worth while to notice the descriptions which represent the President as a person of uncouth appearance and manners. But ns Mr. Burke did not think it out of place, in the most magnificent discourse in the English language, to comment on the appearance, manners, and conversation of the exiled French princes, I will take the liberty to say that, on the only social occasion on which I ever had the honor to be in the President's company, viz., the commomoration at Gettysburg, he sat at table at the house of my friend, David Wills, Esq, by the side of several distinguished persons, ladies and gentlemen, foreigners and Americans, among them the French Minister at Washington, since appointed French Ambassador at Madrid, and the Admiral of the French fleet, and that, in gentlemanly appearance, manners, and conversation, he was the peer of any man at the table.

ness with the austere cup of public

The most important objection urged against Mr. Lincoln is, that personally he lacks fixedness of purpose, and that his cabinet and administration have wanted unity of counsel. I think I shall offend no candid opponent (I certainly am no partizan myself) if I remind you that precisely the same charge, on the same grounds, might be brought against Gen. Washington and his administration. Under circumstances vastly less embarrassing, he placed in his cabinet and kent there. as long as they could be induced to stay, the two political leaders (Jefferson and Hamilton) not merely of different wings of the same political connection, but the heads of two radi-A cat factory has been discoverally opposite parties. Mr. Monroe, ered in Paris. Poor puss was found though elected himself by an almost dollars, or as an old lady friend of Mrs I hadn't such an absurd streak of cow. seemed to clasp the tiny palms in his in all conditions; skins drying for unanimous vote, allowed his cabinet gloves, furs for muffs, and the materi- to contain three rival candidates for no massa—nothing but Sam. When gether. After the ceremonics I loaned the succession who differed radically you see Sam, you see all dare is of us. the city ten dollars.

rarely happens in popular government,

NO. 24.

At any rate, our friends of the party election, must exercise some charity for diseased horses. As representative toward him in this respect. It was of a humane society, he insisted upon

can be carried through its great trial

Crocodiles and Monkeys.

From Henry Mershot's travels in ndo-China, we select the following paragraph:

"Crocodiles are more numerous in wounds inflicted by them. This latter has happened twice during my stay one is interested in observing the habsee the manner in which these creamouth above the surface ready to " A troop of areseatch sight of him.

seem to consult together, approaching little by little and commence there frolics, by turns actors and spectators. One of the most active or most imprudent jumps from branch to branch. till within a respectable distance from claw, and with the dexterity peculiar tires, now giving his enemy a blow with his paw, at another time only pretending to do so. The other apes, enjoying the fun, evidently wish to take a part in it; but the other branches being too high, they form a sort of chain by laying hold of each other's paw, while any of them who your son ?" comes within reach of the crocodile. torments him to the best of his ability. "Sometimes the terrible jaws sud-

denly close, but not upon the audacious ape, who just escapes; then there are cries of exultation from the tormentors, who gambol about joyfully. Occasionally, however, the claw is entrapped, and the victim dragged with the rapidity of lightning beneath the water, when the whole troop disperse, groaning and shricking. The nisadventure does not, however, prevent their recommencing the game a few days afterwards."

I'se JIST SAM .- During the last winter a contraband came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy en-

sued: "What's your name?" "My name's Sam."

"Sam what?"

'No, sah; not Sam Watt. I'se jist

"What's your other name?" "I hasn't got no oder name, Sah. l'se Sam—dat's all.' "What's your master's name?"

"Ise got no massa now; massa runned away-yah! yah! I'se a free nigger now." "Well, what is your father's and

mother's name?" "I'se got non, Sah-neber had I'se jist Sam-nobody else." "Have not you any brothers and sis-

ters ?" "No Sah! never had non. No brod-

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Horse Flesh in Paris.—One of the secretaries of the society for the tifethat any other course is practicable in tection of animals, at Paris, has given difficult times. In England, where a lecture at the Garden of Acclimathe theory and practice of parliamen- tion, on the subject of horse-flesh as tary government have been maturing human food. He advocates the eminet in which the same dissidence has free from disease, but past work. He alone between five thousand and six thousand pounds' weight of wholesome lecture, it was mentioned that the cel-But I forbear. The election, in all chrated Larrey, thrice in the course of and the other its victory, with moder. to check the progress of a malady spirit alone that our common country | character. In the Crimea, the lecturer stated, two batteries of artillery, fed. Baudens, on the flesh of cast horses. tions of a cordial union on our part, bad been free from the diseases pre-'down their idle weapons will drop,' vailing in the rest of the army. Refor be wrested from their hands by the erence was made to the efforts of proindignant and weary masses whom tective societies in Germany to extend ted that a prosperous trade is carried on in it by butchers in Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, Altona, and other cities. where it is sought and relished not only by the poor, but by all classes of society. The lecture over, a tureen of horse soup, and a dish of horse flesh the river at Paknam Vem than in that a la daube, prepared by a restaurateur in the Bois de Boulogue, were served of persons, including many ladies, who are related to have expressed high ap-

> A PARIS INCIDENT .- A young boy of sixteen years of ago was brought before the police court, Paris, charged with stealing and begging in the public streets. He was a bright, finelooking boy, but very poorly clad, and when brought before the judge. he fell upon his knees and begged him not to put him to prison; that his mother was sick and starving, and that slone had driven him to steal; that he could not find work; and it ne was imprisoned, the disgrace would kill his poor mother. The judge seemed somewhat moved at the boy's story, but he nevertheless, after hearing the evidence condemned him to six weeks' imprisonment.

As the boy was being led away, a poor woman, pale, covered with rags, and her bair in disorder, forced her way through the crowd, and tottering up to the boy, passed one arm around him; and then turning to the judge, pushing back her long black hair, and exclaimed, "Do you not recognize me? Thirteen years have passed since you deserted me, leaving me alone with my child and my shame; but I have not forgotten you, and this boy, whom you have just condemned, is

You may imagine the effect this and nouncement produced on the by standers. The judge, in a loud voice, ordered the woman to be carried from the court, and then left it himself: but joined the poor creature in the street, and carried her and her boy off in a carriage.

No one having made just observation can deny that the Gospel elevates all who are in anywise obedient to its facts, principles, or spirit. While all other religious debase, Christianity alone has proved itself able to exalt and ennoble its disciples. It has raised entire nations out of the horrible darkness of barbarism. It has aroused the dullest minds to the putting forth of marvellous powers; and it has quickened souls dead in tresspasses and in sins, with the flame of a new life. These are facts incontrovartible. They contain the argument and demonstration of the divine origin and power of our religion, which no soph istry can refute.

A humorous writer in the Chicago Post describes how he got out of a bad scrape in a Police Court: The next morning the Judge of the Police Court sent for me. Went down, and he received me cordially. Said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished at Bryan's Hall, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toas: "Guilty or not guilty?" I responded in a brief but eloquent. speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us to-