The Huntingdon Journal.

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e Huntingdon Journal.

DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

: on the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

E HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every ıesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, r the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $2,50 if not paid six months from date of subscription, and not paid within the year.

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C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law Office, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, [ap.19,'71.

ILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney- at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention to collections, and all other legal business ed to with care and promptness. Office, No. ill street. [ap19,'71.

R. G. D. ARNOLD, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, offers his pro- al services to the people of Huntingdon and y.
ERENCE:—Dr. B. P. Hook, of Loysville, Pa., hom he formerly practiced; Drs. Stille and of Philadelphia.
e on Washington street, West Huntingdon, [ap.19,'71.

DENGATE, Surveyor, Warriors- mark, Pa. [ap12,'71.

CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d street. Office formerly occupied ssrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71.

L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., ngdon, Pa. [ap12,'71.

R. R. WIESTLING, respectfully offers his professional services citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. e removed to No. 618½ Hill street, (SMITH'S NG.) [apr.5,'71-1y.

ISON MILLER. H. BUCHANAN.
ILLER & BUCHANAN,
DENTISTS,
228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.
1 5, '71-1y.

R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at- Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular n given to the settlement of estates of dece- e in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Hun- n, Pa. [jan.12'71.

LES ZENTMYER, Attorney-at- Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend promp'ly gal business. Office in Cunningham's new g. [jan.4,'71.

ALLEN LOVELL, Attorney-at- Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention o COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settle- f Estates, &c.; and all other legal Business ted with fidelity and dispatch. Office in room lately occupied by R. Milton Esq. [jan.4,'71.

W. MYTON, Attorney-at-Law, Hun- tingdon, Pa. Office with J. Sewell Stewart, [jan.4,'71.

HALL MUSSER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, second floor of 's new building, Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

M. & M. S. LYTLE, Attorneys- at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to ds of legal business entrusted to their care. on the south side of Hill street, fourth door Smith. [jan.4,'71.

SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at- Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, oors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

A. POLLOCK, Surveyor and Real Estate Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend veying in all its branches. Will also buy, rent Farms, Houses, and Real Estate of ev- d, in any part of the United States. Send ircular. [jan.4'71.

. J. A. DEAVER, having located at Franklinville, offers his professional ser- the community. [jan.4,'71.

W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., s' claims against the Government for back ounty, widows' and invalid pensions attend- vith great care and promptness. e on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

SCOTT. S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY.
OTT, BROWN & BAILEY, At- orneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pensions, claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against vernment will be promptly prosecuted. e on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

. D. P. MILLER, Office on Hill street, in the room formerly occupied by hn M'Culloch, Huntingdon, Pa., would res- ly offer his professional services to the citi- Huntingdon and vicinity. [jan.4,'71.

R. PATTON, Druggist and Apoth- ecary, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Hun- n, Pa. Prescriptions accurately compounded. Liquors for Medicinal purposes. [nov.23,'70.

. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. e on Washington street, one door east of the ic Parsonage. [jan.4,'71.

J. GREENE, Dentist. Office re- moved to Leister's new building, Hill street ngdon. [jan.4,'71.

Miscellaneous.

BT. KING, Merchant Taylor, 412 Washington street, Huntingdon, Pa., a lib- are of patronage respectfully solicited. 1 12, 1871.

AR THE RAILROAD DEPOT,
R. WAYNE and JUNIATA STREETT
UNITED STATES HOTEL,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
IN & CO., PROPRIETORS. Mch15-tf

CHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Pa. JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. ary 4, 1871.

NRAD MEYER,
Inventor and Manufacturer of the EBRATED IRON FRAME PIANOS, arerooms, No. 722 Arch St., Phila. eived the Prize Medal of the World's Great tion, London, England. The highest Prizes d when and wherever exhibited. [Estab- n 1823.] March 29—3mos.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.

Office corner of Washington and Bath Sts.,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

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LETTER HEADS,
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ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed,

J. R. DURBORROW & CO

The Muses' Bower.

Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.

The publication of this beautiful piece happened in 1861, immediately after the breaking out of the rebellion; it was seized by the newspapers of the country as something rare. No owner appearing for the fugitive, some discussion arose as to its authorship, and five or six persons in the Northern States laid claim to it. It was originally published under the *nom de plume* of "Florence Percy," and was set to music by eight different composers, and thousands upon thousands were sold. It now turns out that the poetry was written in South Carolina by Mrs. Elizabeth Akers, widow of Paul Akers, the sculpture, who, until recently, has been unable to establish her claims to its authorship. Untold sums have been realized from her "talent," yet this poor widow, whose verses have and will please millions, never received a farthing for its composition. Justice should be done her:

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your arms, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow back ward, oh, tide of the years,
I am so weary of toil and of tears;
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain,
Take them—and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you;
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between.
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence, so long and so deep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother's love ever has shown,
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul and the world weary-brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold
Fall on your shoulders again as of old,
Let it drop over my forehead to night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
For, with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore—
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep!
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long,
Since I first listened to your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem,
Womanhood's years have been only a dream—
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

A Temperance Story.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time, some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my kind parents idolized me, their only child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother gave it to me in the bottom of their morning glass.

One Sunday, at our church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of all alcoholic liquors. He expressed himself ignorant of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious earnestness of a child. The whisper and words which had been dropped in my hearing, clothed the whole affair in great mystery to me, and I was all earnestness to learn the strange thing. My father merely said it was a scheme to unite the Church and State.

The night came, and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and laugh, and saw drunken men come reeling out of the bar room.

I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity he put on his hat and we passed the green to the church. I well remember how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern keeper and around him a number of friends. For an hour the people of the place continued to come in till there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching the door, and apparently wondering what would appear next. The parson stole in and took his seat behind the pillar in the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in the church at all.

Two men finally came in and went forward to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness prevailed throughout the church.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick-set in his build, and the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and a quiet, good-natured, appearances as he leisurely looked around upon the audience.

But my childish interest was in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height looked giant-like, as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply scarred with furrows, and around his handsome mouth were lines of calm and touching sadness. His eyes were black and restless.

His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off near the elbow, and there was a wide scar just above the right eye.

The younger finally rose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to say a prayer. Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short address; at the conclusion calling upon any one to make remarks. The pastor arose under the gallery, and attacked the position of the speaker, using the arguments I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the movement as meddlesome fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks the tavern keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man leaned forward and fixed his dark eyes upon him as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest heaving as he breathed through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me at that time, there was something awe-inspiring in the appearance of the old man as he stood, his full, dark eyes upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for a moment. This scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath his heavy brows his eyes glittered and glowed like a serpent's. The tavern keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then, in a low, tremulous tone he commenced. There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling sweetness and pathos which riveted every heart in the church, before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed upon the eye of the speaker, with an interest I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene was as vivid before me as ever I witnessed.

"My friends, I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you my friends. A new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night that hangs like a pall of gloom over our country."

With a thrilling depth of voice, the speaker continued:

"Oh, God, thou who looked with compassion upon the most erring of earth's frail children, I thank Thee a brazen serpent has been lifted up, upon which a drunkard may look and be healed. That a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall give him back to honor and heaven—the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker's voice was low and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone, and before I knew why, a tear dropped on my hand, followed by others like rain drops. The old man brushed one from his eyes, and continued:

"Men and christians! you have just heard that I am a fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own heart, and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean, and all of life's brightest hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, kindred or home! I was not so once."

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear on the lid of my father's eye, and no longer felt ashamed of my own.

"No, my friends, it was not once so. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is a blessed light of happiness and love. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine no more."

The old man seemed to look away through vacancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart, and his finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic moving.

"I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrow, she went down to the grave. I once had a wife—a fair angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eyes were as mild as a summer's sky, and heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eye grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the loving heart wrung till every fibre was broken. I once had a noble, beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he is yet living. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom, but those hands destroyed it, and it liveth with One who loveth children."

"Do not be startled, friends—I am not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. Yet there is light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles on him who turns back to virtue and honor. The angel child visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowed touch of a tiny palm upon my cheek. My boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which sent him out into the world, and the blow which maimed him for life. God forgave me the ruin which I brought on me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eyes. My father watched him with a strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale, and excited by some strange emotion.

"I was once a lunatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home, to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I wronged so deeply.

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and influence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her cheek grow pale and her step weary. I left her alone amid the wrecks of her home idols and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and her children often went hungry.

"One New Year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was still up, shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears, and told me there was none. I fiercely told her to go and get some. She turned her eyes upon me, the tears fast rolling down her pale face.

"At this moment the child in the cradle awoke and set up a famished wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sting.

"We have no food, James—I have had none for two days. I have nothing for the babe. My once kind husband, must we starve?"

That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I—yes, I struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward on the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deep intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong; I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down as well as I could in a drunken state and clinched both hands in her hair.

"God of mercy!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance. "you will not kill us, you will not harm Wille," as she sprang to the cradle to grasp him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With a wild "ha! ha!" I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moan ringing with the blast and the sharpening cry of the baby. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my eldest son, and I snatched him from his slumbers and against his half wakened struggles, opened the door and threw him out. In agony of fear he called me by a name I was not fit to bear, and locked his little fingers in my side pocket. I could not wrench the frenzied grasp away and with the coolness of a devil as I was, I shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed the wrist.

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my heart and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his. He continued:

"It was morning when I woke, and the storm had ceased, and the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then I looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wondering mind. I thought I had dreamed a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread

"As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by a fall of something across the threshhold, scattering the cold snow and striking the floor with a hard, sharp sound. My blood shot like red hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to keep out of the sight. It was—it—Oh, God, how horrible! it was my own injured Mary and her babe, frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and had wrapped all her own clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half opened eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I knew not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. In tones of low, heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded:

"I was arrested, and for long months raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no tortures could equal those in my own bosom. Oh, God, no! I am not a fanatic; I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter a path which has been so dark and fearful a one to me. I can see my angel mother, wife and children beyond the vale of tears"

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizzard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father then leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, as he hesitated a moment with his pen in the ink; a tear fell from the old man's eye upon the paper.

"Sign it, I would write my name ten thousand times in blood, if it would bring back my loved ones."

My father wrote his name, "Mortimer Hudson"

The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with red and death-like paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be, yet how strange." muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but this is the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, both reeled and exclaimed:

"My own injured boy!" "My father!"

They fell upon each other, till it seemed their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewilldered upon the streaming eyes around me.

"Let us thank God for this great blessing, which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes as if loth to leave the spot. The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught the grandchild on his knee, as the evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

For the Little Folks.

A Boy's Sermon.

Here are a few words of advice and wisdom from a little fellow, that are worth remembering. They were reported by an editor, who says: "We know a little fellow, not far from five years old, whose father is a clergyman, and the child sometimes amuses himself by playing 'church.' One Sunday he got his chair, and table, and books, and commenced his service, content to have only the partial attention of the other children who were in the room. After singing a hymn, the boy began his sermon, his words apparently being suggested in parts by the pictures in his book, and by what he saw about him in the room. A lady in the family chanced to overhear him and took *verbatim* notes as follows:

"You must be good. You mustn't be naughty or wicked. You must be good. You must go to heaven. You mustn't be afraid in the dark. You mustn't cry. You mustn't kill any udder man. You must be a good boy. You mustn't do any thing to any boy when he does something bad to you. You must come right away from him. You must just kiss him, and not look at him any more. You mustn't go by any naughty boy. You mustn't whip any horse what isn't running away. You must be kind to horses. You must do what your mudder tells you. You mustn't steal raisins. Supposing you are a baby, you mustn't cry. You must laugh. You mustn't hit any body. If you are a boy, you must be elegant. You mustn't steal flowers in any udder body's garden. Supposing you know a lady—Miss Lizzie—you mustn't take any of her flowers without asking. Babies must never cry. Men must never be drunken; and boys must never be wicked; and dogs must never bite a man; and a fish must—don't kick—a fish don't walk—what does it do?

"And here a little break occurred in the discourse, in reflecting upon the duties of a fish; so we will end our notes, which we have given, believing that the little sermon contains more good lessons than many which are listened to every Sunday, and that it will be of some interest to mothers of other small preachers."

Push.

When Cousin Will was at home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazle nuts.

As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged looking man and a discouraged looking cart.

The cart was standing full of apples before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house.

The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. Push, *push!*" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would let it; and, in five minutes, they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you jest wait a minute," and hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!'—it is just the word for a grand clear morning like this; it is just the word for strong arms and young hearts; it is just the word for a world that's full of work as this is."

"If there's anything good doing in any place where you happen to be, *push!*

"If there's work going on in the Sunday school, *push!* Don't drag back, I beg of you. You'll do one or the other.

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether its your own or not, whether it's at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might; *push!*"

At that minute the farmer came out again with a dish of his wife's best dough nuts and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

The Bottle of Oil.

Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy and when things did not go as he wished, he was cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with the story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, "it would be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself!"

"Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago, one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody therefore liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody since."

"Then you think I am like your creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words was found in his house afterward. Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil, for every family is liable to a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault finding spirit. —*Child's Paper.*

The Little Bootblack.

Our little bootblack had no home at all, only the steps of an old house to sleep under at night. Do you wonder that he talked bad grammar, and even swore now and then? Almost the only useful thing he had ever learned was: "Shine your boots, sir? Shine your boots?"

One night as he was about to "go to bed"—not in a nice, clean bed, with a mother's sweet kiss on his lips, but in his queer lodging place—he heard a sweet voice in the old house singing: "I want to be an angel," ect. Some poor little girl had learned it in a mission-school. "Heigho! what's up? Getting pious in this yer house, I reckon," said he, and went to sleep with the sweet song ringing in his ears, and all night it sounded through his ears, and all night it sounded through his dreams, so that he saw shiny wings and beautiful faces; and all sorts of bright things got mixed up with his visions of boots and bread: "That's a real purty song," said he in the morning, and waited for the little girl, and went with her to the school, and become a very bright scholar and good boy, and found a home with a good man, who kept him until he grew up and became a teacher in the school. So you see, dear children, what a little song could do, with God's blessing.—*Young People's Helper.*

Lame Jimmy.

A few day ago, I was passing through a pretty shady street, where some boys were playing at base-ball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game; for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as base-ball.

His companions, good naturedly enough, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one at last, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh! hush," said another—the tallest boy in the—"Never mind, I'll run for him and you can count it for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true little gentleman.—*Child's World.*

A NOBLE BOY.—A little boy was one day suddenly stopped by some of his schoolfellows, and ordered to climb a tree and rob Widow Benson of her pears. The boy immediately and indignantly refused, and was struck a violent blow on the head. He still cried, "No!" Other blows followed, but with no better success. In the midst of his suffering he bravely faced his persecutors, crying out, "Do what you like to me, but you shall never make me steal!"

FAITH which works by fear, only leads to a selfish, dishonest repentance, if to any.

GIVE not ear to tale-bearers or babblers, nor be scurrilous in conversation.

The Home Circle.

All Things Earnest.

Time is earnest
Passing by:
Death is earnest,
Drawing nigh.
Sinner! wilt thou trifling be!
Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest:
When 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest
Nevermore.
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

Heaven is earnest:
Solemnly
Float its voices
Down to thee.
O thou mortal! art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?

Hell is earnest:
Fiercely roll
Burning billows
Near the soul.
Woe for thee if thou abide
Unredeemed, unsanctified!

God is earnest:
Kneel and pray
Ere thy season
Pass away,
Ere be set His judgment throne—
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

Christ is earnest:
Bids thee "Come,"
Paid thy spirit's
Priceless sum.
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love
Pleading with thee from above?

Oh, be earnest!
Loitering
Thou wilt perish;
Lingering
Be no longer. Rise and flee;
Lo, thy Saviour waits for thee!

The Way of Salvation Plain.

The Bible has had innumerable commentators. Some, by their books and sermons remind us of him who lighted a candle to show the sun; and others, like the fog bank through which the sun shines shorn of his beams, "darken counsel by words," and make what is clear, obscure. By their labors, some have diluted, making their sermons or commentaries a vehicle for error, have adulterated the truth of God, the wine of life. But however this may be, more pens have been worn, more breath spent, more printing presses employed, in explaining the Bible than all other books whatever; so that, were all the books collected, which have been written to throw light on the Scriptures, they would, not excepting that of Alexandria, which it took many weeks to reduce to ashes—form the largest library the world ever saw. Are we to infer from this that the way of life is obscure? By no means. All that is necessary to know, in order to be saved, it is easy to know, "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein," says the prophet; and without disparaging the labors of pious and able divines to explore the mysteries and shed light on the obscurities of the sacred volume, the simple Bible, blessed by God, has proved to unlettered thousands a safe and sufficient guide. Whatever genius and arduous study it may require to rise to a place in the temple of fame, many an humble Christian, hardly able to spell his way though the Word of God, has reached one in the temple of heaven. Thousands so deficient to talent or energy as never to have been able to make their way in this world have found their way to a better one; nor are there wanting interesting and well attested cases of imbeciles who, through destitute of capacity for ordinary, have known Him, whom to know is life eternal—so plain the way through child-like faith in christ—so easy as well to the unsteady gait of simpletons as to the tottering foot of childhood, as to verify the words, "The warfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." With this simple answer to the great, "What shall I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," none need be excluded from heaven because of ignorance; as with virtue in Christ's blood to cleanse the chief of sinners, none need be excluded because of sin. It need no learning to learn this way. What has the church seen? God ordaining strength out of the mouth of babes and sucklings; gray haired men learning wisdom at the feet of childhood; the deathbeds of the humble poor, like the very gates of heaven, the child learning the way to life on his mother's knee; the thief learning it on his dying cross; the mantle of prophets falling on plowmen; heaven revealing its glories to humble shepherds; rude fisherman of Galilee called to the apostleship: grace polishing the roughest men; roaming savages tamed by the voice and sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. Simple faith in Him is all that is required; such confidences as the little child, lying in its mother's arms, hanging on her neck, looking up in her face, repose in the power of a mother's arm, and the tenderness of a mother's heart.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Renewed Day by Day.

Paul says: "The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." What is the difference between "a living soul" and a "quickening spirit?" Let us try an illustration: Take a glass of water from a cold spring, and for a moment it is just as good as the water in the spring; but it immediately begins to lose its freshness, growing flat, and less palatable, till in process of time it becomes entirely odious. This deteriorating process commences the moment it is taken from the spring, and begins a separate existence. It is good at the beginning, and yet its state is one that must end in staleness. That may represent the first Adam—a "living soul." There is life in such a soul, but it is life under such conditions, and with such certainty of termination as in the case of the water we have described, which was separated from its sources. Its infancy is pure, but with a purity that cannot last.

Place another glass now in a situation where it will be constantly receiving from the spring, and the glass of water will be always fresh. Though for a single draught you would not notice any particular difference between the water in the one case and the other the moment it was dropped from the spring, yet the state of the water in the two vessels is very different. The water that is constantly renewed from the spring, represents the "quickening spirit." There is in that soul something more than mere life that runs itself out into habits, it is renewed life, quickening life, like the spring that is ever running.

Paul gives us that idea when he says, "Though our outward man perish, yet our inward man is renewed day by day." There is a blessed promise in Isaiah to the same effect: "Even the youth shall faint and be weary, and the young man shall utterly fall; but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."—*J. H. Noyes, in Oneida Circular.*

Help to Save Souls.

Christian brother! Christian sister! Have you not a relative who is out of Christ? Have you not an acquaintance who is unconverted? Doubtless you have. Are you doing your duty towards that one? He or she, as the case may be, is possessed of an immortal soul that must spend an eternity in bliss or in misery. Ample provision has been made for the salvation of that soul. Are you willing that it should be lost? Surely every christian who reads this has sufficient influence upon some one to induce him or her to turn to the Lord. A soul is too valuable to go to perdition. No effort to save it is too great. Will you not do your duty, and plead with your unconverted friends? If there is joy in heaven over the repentance of a single sinner, will that not richly repay you for your labor of love? But a far richer reward will you have, if in the better land a dear one shall point to you as the instrument, in God's hands, of bringing him or her to the Saviour. On the other hand, what a terrible account you will have to render if, through neglect to perform your duty a soul is lost? Dear Christian reader, think of the consequences attending a failure to do right, and the happy results of *doing right.*

Reading for Everybody.

A Touching Incident.

There is one touching incident of the life of William Wirt. In his younger days he was a victim to that passion for intoxicating drinks which seems peculiarly the bane of our profession. Affianced to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, he had made and broken repeated pledges of amendments, and, she, after patiently and kindly enduring his disgraceful habit, had at length dismissed him, deeming him incorrigible. Their next meeting, after his dismissal, was in a public street of the city of Richmond. William Wirt lay drunk and asleep on the sidewalk, on a hot Summer day, the rays of the sun pouring down on his uncovered head, and the flies crawling over his swollen features. As the young lady approached in her walk, her attention was attracted by the spectacle, strange to her eyes but alas! so common to others who knew the victim, as to attract little remark. She did not at first recognize the sleeper, and was about to hasten on, when she was led by one of those impulses which form the turning points in human lives, to scrutinize his features. What was her emotion when she recognized in him her discarded lover! She drew forth her handkerchief and carefully spread it over his face, and hurried away. When Wirt came to himself, he found the handkerchief, and in one corner the initials of the beloved name. With a heart almost breaking with grief and remorse, he made a new vow of reformation. He kept that vow, and married the owner of that handkerchief. Well might he preserve the handkerchief, as he did, all his life, guarding it with the jealous care with which Othello kept the Egyptian charmer's gift, and "making it a darling ike his precious eye."

Something Abou Yourself.

Supposing your age be fifteen or thereabouts, I can figure you up to a dot. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs 25 pounds; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 per day, and 36,722,200 per year At each beat a little over two ounces of blood are thrown out of it; and each day it throws out and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid.

Your lungs will contain about a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 sqare inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number.

Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one eight of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,7000 square inches, and your are subject to an atmospheric pressure to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or prespiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of your body, of 201,165 feet or a little ditch for the drainage of the body almost forty miles long.

After a lapse of more than twenty years of general unprogressiveness and poverty, the dull city of St. John's was aroused by a report that gladdened every heart and sent a thrill of excitment over the whole island. A steamship, the Nimrod, belonging to Job Brothers & Co. was said to be in the bay, awaiting wind enough to bear her into the harbor of St John's, as her boilers were unavailable, the bunkers being literally stuffed with seal skins. On her arrival we learned that her precious cargo was 28,000 seals—the largest number ever known to have been captured.

There are seven colored churches in New York, whose wealth in the aggregate amounts to $590,000. These are all Protestant churches, and owned exclusively by the colored people—so boasts a New York journal. There are seventeen colored congregations in Philadelphia. As the Catholic Church has always refused to notice the question of