

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

STEPHEN GREENE, Editor and Publisher.

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H. M. NORRIS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office in Lancaster and York Counties, Columbia, May 4, 1856.

SAMUEL EVANS, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office in the Odd Fellows' Hall, 2nd Street, Columbia, Pa., August 23, 1855.

J. C. RIBLEY, M. D., OFFICE in Walnut, third door above Corn Street, residence, Blac's Hotel, Front st. Columbia, July 15, 1855.

J. E. MACHENBERG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Penna. Office in Locust street, four doors above Front. Columbia, May 15, 1852.

M. L. LAUBER, M. D., OFFICE in Herr's Hotel, three doors above Front street, on Walnut. Residence, Herr's Hotel, Columbia, December 29, 1853-54.

Dr. W. M. LOAG, Dentist. Office and residence in Locust street, opposite to the Franklin House, Columbia, Pa. (April 14, 1855-56).

DAVID E. BRUNER, J. P., ATTORNEY AT LAW AND CONVEYANCER. Office in Locust street, Columbia, Pa. Residence—South side Second street, and door below Union. Columbia, January 15, 1855.

SAMUEL LODGE, Dealer in Coal, Flour and Grain. Office in Front and Locust sts., Columbia, Pa. Pictures taken for 25 cents. All pictures taken from the Gallery will be returned to the artist.

B. F. AFFORD & CO., GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS. Office in Front and Locust sts., Columbia, Pa. Recipients of COAL AND PRODUCE. And Deliverers on any point on the Columbia and Philadelphia Rivers, to New York and Baltimore and to Pittsburgh.

DEALERS IN COAL, FLOUR AND GRAIN. Office in Front and Locust sts., Columbia, Pa. Large lot of Monongahela Rivered Whiskey, from Pittsburgh, of which they will keep constantly on hand, at low prices. Also, all kinds of Flour, and all kinds of Grain. Columbia, January 27, 1854.

Brick of all Kinds. M. F. MULGREW, Mountville, Lancaster county, manufactures and has constantly on hand, FAVORITE BRICKS, of all kinds, at the lowest rates. Orders solicited. April 7, 1854.

BAR IRON. THE undersigned are prepared to manufacture and forward to any part of the country, on order, every size, and of the best quality. Orders for any size directed to STEPHEN GREENE & CO., Rolling Mills, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, April 28, 1855-56.

Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon. THE undersigned invites attention to his Saloon, No. 1 A Street, opposite the Walnut street Hotel, where all persons can receive a clean and comfortable shave, and have their hair cut and dressed in the most fashionable and exquisite manner. There is something soothing in a good shave; if you are disposed to have a good one, call on me, and I will fully demonstrate the fact. Columbia, March 27, 1856 WILLIAM CLEGGETT.

Gas Fitting. HIRSH WILSON gives this branch of business particular attention. As he executes all work in this line himself, it will be warranted equal to any in the country, and at low prices. Thankful for the patronage with which he has already been favored, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. HIRSH WILSON. One door above Jones' Hardware Store, Columbia, Feb. 28, 1855.

Cedar Ware. CONSTANTLY ON HAND, an assortment of Cedar Ware, to which the attention of housekeepers is invited. HENRY FAHLER. Columbia, October 29, 1855.

Copy Books. THE undersigned has on hand, a large stock of the very best brand of Copy Books, of all sizes, and of the most durable quality. Orders for any size directed to HENRY FAHLER, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, October 29, 1855.

FRENCH MERINOES, &c. I have just opened a large assortment of Ladies' Dress Goods, consisting in part of French Merinoes, all shades; French Cashmeres, all shades; Figured and plain De Laines; Paramettas, all colors; Chintzes, Calicoes, Gingham, &c. Also the assortment of Black Velvets and Flannels. Call and see our assortment, as you may rely on getting good and cheap goods. PHILIP F. FRY, Opposite the Bank. Columbia, Oct. 6, 1855.

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.—We are now opening our Fall stock of Flannels, consisting of Scotch, White, Yellow, Green, Blue, Twilled Flannels. Also all colors of plain Flannels at a great reduction from last year's prices. Flannels all sizes, and very cheap. PHILIP F. FRY, Opposite the Bank. Columbia, Oct. 6, 1855.

PARIS & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Compound for the cure of all kinds of Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c. &c. &c. HIRSH WILSON. Columbia, April 29, 1855.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for \$1.50 and upwards. Columbia, April 29, 1855.

SAPONIFER or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap, 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soap, or 1 lb. for 2 lbs. Hard Soap. Full Directions will be given at the Counter for making Soft, Hard and Fancy Soap. For sale by R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, March 23, 1855.

DRUGS, Medicines and Perfumery, by wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices, at the Corner of Philadelphia and Baltimore, a large stock of the most reliable and best quality of all kinds of Drugs, Medicines and Perfumery, which I am determined to sell at the most reasonable prices. R. WILLIAMS. Corner of Philadelphia and Baltimore, Columbia, Pa.

Poetry.

I YEARN FOR THE SPRING.

I yearn for the spring, when the birds shall sing,
And each morning awake fresh flowers;
We have waited long for the lark's bygone song,
And the lengthening evening hours.
A shroud of snow had lain on the earth,
An icy hand on each stream;
The sun in the sky sped its languid eye,
And the lengthening evening hours.
And sent but a sickly gleam;
And the frosty breeze moaned among the trees,
And the rattling hail and rain
Came sweeping past, with an angry blast,
And dashed against the window pane,
And never a flower in that stormy host,
Dared raise up its tiny head—
For all gentle things fled on the Summer's wings,
Or else in the snow lay dead!

I yearn for the Spring when the birds shall sing,
And each morning awake fresh flowers;
We have listened long for the woodlark's song,
And the thrush at the evening hours.
This a beautiful time when the bud first bursts,
And catches the young leaf's gleam;
And children the drops of the gentle shower
In its small and velvety beam.
When the tender grass feels the south wind pass
In its chariot unseen,
And old mother Earth, at the new Spring's birth,
Arrays her in robes of green—
When the unbound stream, as if in a dream,
Murmurs on its unbroken home,
And tells the tall reeds, as onward it speeds,
That the fair Lady Spring hath come!

Oh, I yearn for the Spring for the balmy breeze—
Who flouts like a fairy queen,
And touches the land with a magic wand,
Till all beautiful things are seen.
I long to be out at the early dawn,
When the eastern light is new,
"Mong the odors borne from the scented thorn,
And the shadow of silver dew.
Oh, I cannot tell how my soul doth swell
With an inward happiness;
For simple joys are a bliss to me,
For which my God I bless—
With an unknown source comes a nameless force
Which pervades my being through—
A joy, and a love, and a strength from above,
And I seem to be made anew.
Oh, come then, Spring—let the woodlark sing—
Let the flowers open up its eye;
Let the lark fly near to the loveliness's blue—
Like the flower, gaze up to the sky.

The incident commemorated in the following lines, appeared in a country newspaper, a short time since, and was there given as a fact:

"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

BY KEMELIA S. SMITH.
A father and his little son
On windy waters were sailing,
Fast from their way, the light of day
In cloud and gloom was falling,
And fiercely roared their little boat,
The stormy winds were wailing.
They knew that peril hovered near,
They prayed, "O heaven, deliver!"
But on their way, the boat was past,
And soon with sob and shiver,
They struggled in the icy grip
Of that dark, rushing river.
"Cling fast to me, my darling child,"
An anguished voice was crying;
While, all eyes cast, the tempest deaf,
Blow after blow, was striking;
"O, mind not me, my father dear—
I'm not afraid of dying."
"Oh, mind not me, but save yourself,
For mother's sake, dear father;
Leave me and hasten to the shore,
Or who will comfort mother?"
The angel forces that ever wait,
Came on this anxious father,
Flew up, obeyed, to heaven's bright gate,
And there on page resplendent,
High over those of heroes bold,
And many a faded story,
They wrote the name of that brave boy;
And wreathed it round with glory.
"God bless the child!"—ay, he did bless
That noble self-denial,
And safely bore him to the shore,
Through tempest, toil, and trial.
Soon, in their bright and tranquil home,
They wrote the name of that brave boy;
For whose sweet sake so much was done,
In rupture met each other.

Select Story.

THE UNYIELDING WIFE.

OR, THE EFFECTS OF ILL-TEMPER.

Before proceeding to the subject matter of this paper, allow me my young friends, to exhort you to pause long and strive earnestly at self-culture and self-control, before taking a step which involves your all of earthly happiness, as well as that of the individual, whom, before heaven, you promised to honor, cherish during your sojourn in a state, where mutual concessions are constantly demanded. My female friends, though the chosen companion of your life may not be all you had, in the ardor of your affection, painted him, he is still the man whom you are bound to "love, honor, and obey," and to your keeping in a great degree, is committed his reputation, his usefulness in life, his social tastes and friends' enjoyments. Mutual improvement is undoubtedly one of the ends of the institution of marriage; but any attempt at correction or reproach should be mingled with kindness of manner; if the contrary course is adopted the desired effect is worse than lost; and frequently the seeds of good already sown in the heart are by harshness and severity, stifled in the germ; and the noble feelings which had begun to expand, are blasted by the heat of an ungovernable temper.

Years ago, when in the freshness and buoyancy of girlhood, I was about to become the bride of him who had ever striven to make me happy, I received a letter from my mother's eldest sister, earnestly trying me to spend a few days with her, as she wished particularly to see me. Accordingly, I went and was cordially received by Aunt Clara and the family of her son with whom I was to reside. One day, during my visit, Aunt Clara told me she had heard of my in-

some traits in my character, that caused the shipwreck of her happiness. I cannot say, but let that pass. She said, on account of her sad memories and unhappy feelings it would necessarily awaken, she had reduced me to a state of insensibility, which I might pursue at leisure.

At an early day I availed myself of her kindness—her manuscript is here copied: Being the oldest of six children, my parents had always been accustomed to rely on me for much assistance, which, had I been the only child, they would scarcely have considered me able to render. My mother's time was almost wholly occupied with household affairs, so that at sixteen years of age, the care of two little sisters and three brothers devolved upon me. Nature had endowed me with an indomitable will, and a passionate love of power, which required a stronger curb than the occasional reproaches which my ebullition of temper called forth. Among my brothers and sisters, my word was law, and when I issued a command, (and that was the form in which my issues were exercised,) it exacted the strictest obedience. I do not think the children could have loved me very much, for my passionate instructions must have engendered the fear that cuts out love.

At length a change came over me, a passion took possession of my heart, which for a time overpowered all baser passions—need I say that passion was love! My whole heart was devoted to an object worthy of a better disciplined one than I could bring him.

As if to prove the assertion true that every person loves his opposite, the object of my attachment was mild, with a disposition full of mildness and charity, always choosing to suffer wrong rather than contend with an antagonist.

Intending to relieve my parents from providing some of the necessary articles for housekeeping, I engaged to take charge of a district school, which was managed by a board of trustees, who were authorized to employ and pay the teacher, being more or less controlled by them. Their occasional interference was, to a temperamental like mine, exceedingly irritating. One day I returned from school in a very angry mood, asserting that I neither would submit to the dictates of the trustees, or any one else, when my eldest sister said, with an arched smile—

You will then have to "love, honor and obey." My temper was not in the least softened by the question, and I replied very emphatically, that when I was married it would be my husband's duty to make me happy, and if he did not conform to my wishes, I should endeavor to make him. Foolish, wayward girl, that I was, to resolve in my own mind that I would abide by so absurd a determination. How little did I reflect how much influence pride and obstinacy would exert in causing me to adhere to the expression of perverted will.

Joseph and I were at length married. It seemed to me that I had not been so happy before; weeks passed as days. Surrounded by an atmosphere of love and kindness, my faults were not called out, and Joseph, in his mistaken fondness, thought me all that his warm heart and noble nature could desire.

Soon after the marriage, we commenced housekeeping in a neat, pretty house suited to our wants. I was enabled nearly to furnish it with the avails of my last year's teaching, and the kind assistance of mothers and sisters. Neatness and order were largely developed in my habits, and for some time nothing occurred to mar the happiness of our daily life.

One evening I had to wait longer than usual for Joseph to come to tea, and suffered a long suppressed feeling of impatience to betray itself in the peevish tones in which I exclaimed as soon as he entered the dining room—

"The tea is all cold. Why did you not come before?"

"I could not, my dear, as there was no one to stay in the store," was the mild reply, which should have put the subject at rest, as I knew that Joseph's business must necessarily occupy his whole time, he being head clerk in the establishment with which he was connected, expecting, in the course of two or three years, to be taken into partnership, therefore it was necessary for him to be active and attentive.

All this I knew, but like too many wives, took little interest in business affairs, and would not consider that he had any claims paramount to my convenience.

Small matters like these should have been borne patiently, but in the absence of any great trouble I suffered a thousand trifling things to irritate and annoy me to that degree, that I threatened "to turn over a new leaf," which was but another way of saying, unless I can have things my own way I shall teach my husband a lesson. He bore my reiterated complaints about what appears to me now to have been trifles light as air, without resentment, offering good reasons (excuses I called them) for not complying with my wishes.

One day, after I had reproached him with thinking more of his business than his wife, he rose to go out, but as he did so, he turned to me with a look that he should have seen repented to my heart, and fixing on me those liquid gray eyes, expressive more of sorrow than of anger.

me to take him at his word. Accordingly, when the time came I prepared the evening meal, and after waiting a few moments, I sat down, ate alone, then cleared away the table and took up my sewing. In a few moments Joseph came in, and without raising my eyes from my work, I told him, in an unconcerned manner, as possible, that he need not come for his tea; I had cleared it away. Without saying a word he turned and left the house.

I know, my friend, that when you read this, you will bitterly reproach me for unkindness to one who loved me better than life; one, too, for whom, at times, I would have laid down my life, and might else have broken my heart, but, naturally impulsive, though intense love for a time controlled infirmities of temper, I had suffered them to gain the ascendancy, thus dashing from our lips the cup of happiness. I allowed myself to forget that the same guard over my conduct, and the same effort was necessary to preserve the affections of the husband that were employed to win, and obtain the lover.

But to return. That night I sat up late, but my husband did not return. Ah, thought I, he thinks to frighten me into submission by staying out late, (a thing he had never done before), but he will find his mistake.—Finding that he had taken the night key, I determined to sit up no longer. I retired, but could not sleep. The mild beams of the moon came softly stealing through the window, filling the room with fantastic shapes of light and shadow, bearing to my troubled mind a self-examination so long deferred.

As the night deepened, and my husband came not, I wept bitter tears of self-accusation, and in proportion to my fears of his safety, did my repentance for the past, and resolves for the future, deepen and expand.

I knew the store had closed some hours before, and he had few friends, indeed none with whom he could be spending the evening. Where can he be, amidst the constantly recurring question. Just as the clock struck one, I heard the click of the night key, and his step on the stairs. With my fears vanished, repentance from my volatile heart, and by the time he reached the room I was prepared to pour a storm of reproach on his head. He paused on the threshold, and as the moon shone full in the face, I perceived that he was pale and agitated. At this moment I sprang from the bed exclaiming—

"Joseph, Mr. Leland, what is the matter?"

"Don't be a fool, Clara. Go to bed and let me alone."

The truth flashed on my mind, and again I pressed my pillow, when I sought to fasten the blame on him, rather than take my share on myself. The next day nothing was said of the occurrence of the preceding day and night, in fact, there were few words spoken on any subject—I felt injured, and a gloom seemed to have settled on the countenance and manner of my husband.

It was not until years after that I knew what I may as well mention now. When Mr. Leland left the store on the eventful night—he paused a moment at the threshold, uncertain whether to direct his steps, dreading the foreboding of the day, to encounter the fretfulness of an arbitrary wife at home. Home—home no longer, to his gentle, peace-loving spirit. Just then an acquaintance passed, and accosting him gayly, invited him to go and partake of an oyster supper at a fashionable restaurant. Unhappily his stomach prompted his mind to accept the invitation. That night the tempting wine cup was held to his lips; a second and a third followed in rapid succession, and in that state he sought his chamber, as we have already seen.

Following this there came a succession of days and months freighted with the deepest misery to both of us. I will draw a veil over the recollections of this period, only mentioning that but a few months had elapsed before the hollow cheeks and blood-shot eyes told a tale that none who saw him could fail to read. My husband's conduct and appearance, instead of causing self-reproach and exciting pity, led me to look upon myself as one of the most injured of wives, and my selfish and wicked heart hardened towards him till I rarely spoke save in harshness and reproach.

We had been married about two years.—One morning Mr. Leland went to the store as usual, but soon returned. On looking at him, I caught my breath in astonishment. His eyes were wild, and gleamed like hot coals, and he staggered across the room and would have fallen had he not grasped the chair into which he sank. He sat a moment as if collecting his thoughts, then in a voice firm and solemn, while I almost felt his burning gaze, he said:

"Clara, this day I am a ruined man—my employers have watched my steps, have expostulated; finding it to no purpose this day, on which I should have been raised for that in one part of the city, no less than that of these bogus establishments are in operation, with a long list of collectors, who raise for each school, from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year. Of this sum, ten per cent goes to the support of the school, and the rest into the pockets of the hangers on. No less than seven superannuated ministers were at one time attached to one of these schools, and nominal ministers are frequently at the head of them. Perhaps the worst part of the business is that they are not only unscrupulous, but they are also unprincipled."

"Clara," said he, "if you find it so troublesome writing for me, I will stop."

Miscellaneous.

DIVISIBILITY.

The relative position of the heavenly bodies, as seen through a telescope, are marked by fine lines of wire that cross each other at right angles. It is necessary that these lines should be exceedingly fine, otherwise being magnified by the eye-glass they would have an apparent thickness that would render them inapplicable to the purpose. The spider's web was formerly used, but as the power of the glasses was very much increased, these were found to be too coarse.

In the early part of the present century, Dr. Wallaston succeeded in obtaining wire for this purpose, that did not exceed the 10,000th of an inch in diameter. It is said that a quantity of this wire equal in bulk to a common rifle ball would reach from New York to New Orleans. This wire is made of platinum, and the process by which it is made is very ingenious. The doctor had platinum wire drawn out as fine as possible, then drawn through the axis of a small glass tube, into which melted silver was poured. The silver and platinum now form one wire, which was again drawn out as fine as possible. The whole was next put into nitric acid which dissolved away the silver, but left the platinum wire so fine that it could not be seen with the naked eye.

The organized worlds afford still more striking evidence of the extreme divisibility of matter.

The blood which flows in the veins of animals, is not, as it appears to be, a uniform fluid, but is composed of small red globules floating in a transparent fluid called serum. In the human species the diameter of these globules is about the 4,000th of an inch, and consequently in a drop of blood that would hang suspended from the point of a fine canalicular needle, there would be no less than a million of these globules. But animalcules have been discovered that are smaller than these globules; if these have globules of blood that bear the same proportion to the size of their bodies, as the globules of our blood do to the size of our bodies, by what process of calculation shall we arrive at numbers sufficiently expressive to convey an accurate idea of the minuteness of these globules.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.—The Sandusky Reporter writes the following affecting story.

In the Lunatic Asylum at Columbus is a pair of insane lovers. Mental anxiety of a peculiar character is supposed to have deranged the intellect of the young man, who was sent to the Asylum some time ago, cured, it was hoped permanently, and sent home. While at home, he fell deeply in love with a young girl, who returned his devotion, and they became tenderly attached to each other. But, unhappily, the malady returned upon the young man; he was separated from the object of his love, and sent back to the Asylum. Left to himself, to muse upon her remembrance, and the sad destiny of her lover, the mind of the girl became also affected, almost as it might seem, from sympathy; and it was not long before she, too, was immaured within the walls which sheltered him. They are both there now. Occasionally they seem to have recovered their reason, and are permitted to hold interviews with one another. In one of these the poor girl begged her lover to marry her, but he replied with a melancholy, real enough to a being tears from the listeners—"You know that we cannot be married, Ellen, we are unfit for that happiness—poor, unfortunate creatures that we are!"

RECENTATION OF THE "EX MONK LEAHY."

The Baltimore Sun states, that the ex-monk Leahy, so notorious for his lectures against the Catholic church, and latterly convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life on account of killing his wife's paramour, has for eighteen months been constantly pleading to be re-admitted to the communion of that church. Capital punishment having been abolished in Wisconsin, he was not hanged for the murder he had committed. His imprisonment brought him to reflection, and after eighteen months of probation, having a year ago made a written recantation, he was admitted to penance on the 20th of last month, after having again by word of mouth made a recantation in presence of the assembled prisoners, and begged pardon of God and man. In sending his written recantation to the bishop of Milwaukee, a year ago, he expressed his willingness that it should be published. This, however, was deemed unnecessary, as no sane person could really have believed his falsehoods.

VILLAINY IN THE GULF OF BENEVOLENCE.

According to the Tribune, sham Sunday Schools form a favorite and successful means of swindling in New York, and that papers say that in one part of the city, no less than that of these bogus establishments are in operation, with a long list of collectors, who raise for each school, from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year. Of this sum, ten per cent goes to the support of the school, and the rest into the pockets of the hangers on. No less than seven superannuated ministers were at one time attached to one of these schools, and nominal ministers are frequently at the head of them. Perhaps the worst part of the business is that they are not only unscrupulous, but they are also unprincipled.

MR. FORREST AND THE COLORED ACTOR.

A few days since, our most distinguished tragedian was playing an engagement in Baltimore. One morning, while at breakfast, the colored gentleman who waited upon him; thus addressed him:—"Massa Forrest, I seed you play *Virginia* do older night—I golly, you play him right up to the handle. I think that play jest as good as *Hamlet*. Was it writ by the same man?"

"Oh, no," said the great tragedian, amused at the communicative spirit of his sable friend, "*Hamlet* was written by Shakspeare, and *Virginia* by Knowles."

"Well, said the waiter, "dey's both mighty smart fellows. I see an actor myself."

"You, said the tragedian, "why where do you play?"

"Down in the 'semler rooms," was the reply. "Wese got a theatre, stage and scenery, and dresses, and everything all right. We plays dere beautiful."

"What have you ever played?"

"Why, I see played *Hamlet*, and *Polonius*, and de *Grave Digger*, all in de same piece."

"How do you manage to rehearse?"

"Why we waits till de work is done, den we all goes down in de kitchen and rehearses."

"But what do you do for ladies?" said Mr. Forrest.

"Ah, dar see stick. We can't get no ladies."

"Why, won't the colored ladies play?"

"Oh, no," said the colored actor, do colored ladies tink it too degrading."

The great tragedian asked no more questions.

A FIGGISH ILLUSTRATION.

A country girl, several of whose sisters had married badly, was about, herself, to take the noose.

Sunday Reading.

'TIS GOOD TO LIVE.

I thank thee, Father, that I live!
I thank thee for these gifts of thine—
For bending skies of heavenly blue,
And stars divine!

For the green earth, where wild, sweet things,
Like fraternal spirits, joyous play,
For winding streams, and trees, and flowers,
Beside us lay.

But more I thank thee for true hearts,
That bear sweet gifts of love to me,
Whom mine enfolds, and feels that this
No love to me.

Warm from their spirits' glows around
An atmosphere serene, divine,
Magnetic, like golden haze,
Encircling mine.

To-day I bless thee most for power;
It draws me, Father, nearest thee,
To love all thine, 'e'en though they give
No love to me.

In silence deep I walk a land
Where spirit-forms my footsteps greet,
And beautiful thoughts, an angel band,
Chant low and sweet.

Dear hours I know will darkly come,
Like April days of clouds and rain;
But thus must hearts, like wintry fields,
Grow green again.

I thank thee, Father, that I live!
Though waiting fill this earth of thine;
To labour for thy suffering ones,
In joy divine!

And even I, so weak and poor,
May bear some word of life from thee;
A beam of hope may reach some heart,
Even through me.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

We have been struck in reading the lives of many great and good men, with the strength of their belief in Special Providence; and with the number of such providences they seem to encounter. And we have wondered whether a want of faith in God's constant and minute guardianship over each one of his children is not a besetting sin of our age. The doctrine of the Christians of former ages on this subject is undoubtedly the doctrine of the Bible, and if we practically deny it, we limit thus far the grace of God to us—for according to our faith it is done to us. If we do not believe in and expect Special Providence, we shall not recognize them when they come. We shall dishonor God by attributing to other causes the peculiar interposition of his love, and we shall lose the spiritual blessings which these interpositions afford.

Jesus cultivated this faith in the heart of the Christian very near to the heart of his Heavenly Father; they cheer him with the blissful assurance that he is never forgotten and will never be neglected; they lead him to feel that he cannot be alone that he walks every step of his pilgrimage, beneath the eye, and encircled by the arm of One who loves him and who is omnipotent.

How much this feeling would increase our happiness! Why cannot we all possess it? Is it not what Christ means when he said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you!" Did he not intend that this sense of his ever-present sympathy and aid should be the legacy of each of his children? We can doubt it, and if we do not enjoy it now, it must be because of our unbelief. If we will review the events of a single day, in the light of God's promises, we shall find it full of Special Providence. We ought to see them—to be grateful for them—to have our faith and love quickened by them.—While we neglect to mark them, we sin against God and our own souls. We live like orphans, when we are the sons of that ever-living One, who is always in all places, and has all power.—*Central Christian Herald.*

IT IS FOOLISH TO QUARREL.

One of the easiest, the most common, and the most perfectly foolish things in the world, is to quarrel—no matter with whom, man, woman, or child,—or on what pretence, provocation, or occasion soever. There is no kind of necessity for it, and no species or degree of benefit to be derived from it. And yet strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel; lawyers, doctors, and ministers quarrel; printers and editors quarrel; the Church quarrels and the State quarrels; nations, tribes, and corporations quarrel; men, women, and children quarrel. Dogs and cats, and birds and beasts quarrel, about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions.—*Home Journal.*

OPEN AIR PREACHING.—There are thirty clergymen of the Church of England, and ministers of nine Congregational chapels, who preach out of doors in London. The Archbishop of Canterbury has stated his approval of the practice. The Bishop of Winchester, in his last Episcopal charge, urges its adoption; and the Bishop of London has given his support to a new organization, in which thirty-five clergymen and as many laymen combine to promote open-air preaching, among other practical means of good.

Fortune may favor, but do not rely upon her—do not fear her. Act upon the doctrine of the Grotian poet:
"Seek what's to be sought,
I fear what's to be taught,
I ask the rest of heaven."

WHOOPIING COUGH.—The Springfield Republican says, whooping cough has prevailed in this city this season to a considerable extent. A very great relief, we are assured upon personal knowledge, is to be obtained by the use of the following: