

Lesson 1.—Free Giving.

Ex. 35: 25-35.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"God loveth a cheerful giver."—II. Cor. 9: 7.

Central Truth:—The secret of abounding gifts and work for God is a willing heart.

The dealings of God with his people on account of their idolatry were very stern, since only thus could they be brought to repentance. But the divine favor has been restored, and Moses is now again summoned into the Mount. Meanwhile, however, a glorious vision has been granted to him. Hidden in a cleft of the rock, all the divine goodness is made to pass before him, and he is cheered by the pledge that God is still a God of unsearchable love. As before, his stay in the Mount is for forty days and forty nights. Here God proclaims his long-suffering and mercy and readiness to forgive, enters again into covenant with his people, adds fresh precepts and admonitions, and renews the tables of the law. As Moses descends he hears still another confirmation of the divine favor. His face is radiant with the divine glory reflected from it, a brightness so dazzling that, save it is covered with a veil, the people are "afraid to come nigh him."

The way is now prepared for the building of the Tabernacle, concerning which instructions have before been given. The people are accordingly called together, told what the message of the Lord is, and invited to prepare their offerings. A part of this chapter is an account of their response. Verse twenty-second gives a general account of the offerings of all classes, and the next two of those of the men. Our lesson describes those of the women and the rulers, and says something of the chief workmen, to whom the oversight of the undertaking was committed.

It will be noticed that all gave something. First of all, as we learn from a preceding chapter (30: 14-16), each one, rich and poor alike, was required to give a small definite sum. This was to be a memorial of a past mercy, and would also remind them of their equal obligation to God. Beyond this the gifts were voluntary. "Every one whose heart stirred him up" was to give as he was moved. Thus God would teach his people to give. It is not that he needs our gifts, for he does not. But we need to make them. A sanctuary that costs nothing is commonly worth little. Then there is the moral discipline of giving, the help it is to us in casting out self and bringing in Christ. So God opens many doors for our gifts, and permits cries to reach our ears.

We cannot help noticing the part women took in these offerings. "They did spin with their hands and did bring what they had spun." In verse twenty-two it is said they "brought bracelets and earrings and rings and tablets," the spoil no doubt of the Egyptians. Bible religion has always been woman's friend. She owes it to more than to all other influences put together. Instinctively she feels this, and so has always done her full share in the support of religion. Those who most lovingly ministered to the Saviour were women. The Apostle names many who wrought in the gospel and succored the saints. But for the gifts and labors and prayers of women many a Sunday school and church would have no existence.

The willingness of the givers is perhaps the most striking thing in the narrative. The sum required from each was small, about thirty cents of our money. But the aggregate of voluntary gifts was very great. More than a million dollars of our money was used; and this was not all that was offered, for, as the next chapter tells us, the liberality of the people exceeded the need, and had to be restrained. It is this willing mind which makes any giving real and acceptable to God, and the widow's mite as precious to him as the rich man's million. "If there be first a willing mind it is accepted according to that a man hath," for this will not fail to insure gifts according to means.

We are not told the cause of all this remarkable liberality. We may suppose the impulse was kindled by gratitude: for the grace of God, which had so recently forgiven their great sin and renewed great promises, could not have passed out of mind. Then, no doubt, the impulse was greatly quickened by interest in the object. Israel was glad of a Tabernacle, a visible sign of God's presence with them. And being interested they could not help giving and working. What a hint this is of the way to make giving more easy and abundant! Begin with the mind and heart. More love to Christ and more thought about the kingdom he has set us to build up, more study of the world's needs, would greatly swell the gifts which pour into the Lord's treasury.

The last verses of the lesson are by no means the least instructive. It is noteworthy that good men, those best suited to the work, were chosen to oversee it, and to make sure that the money and labors of the people were not squandered. It is also noteworthy that the wisdom and skill of these men are ascribed to God. It was he who filled them with understanding and knowledge in all manner of workmanship. And so we are reminded that the "wisdom of heart to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the embroiderer, even of them that do any work," is not from the man himself, but from God: a thought well suited to keep us from pride, and make us sensible of the sin of using any talent without regard to the will of the Infinite Giver of all.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The child cannot be too early taught to give. And this Sunday school is a good place in which to learn the lesson.

2. Plainly, the piety which hoards and keeps is not after the divine pattern. It is not Christ-like. What shall be said of its prospect of heaven? Should it reach that place, would it not hide away in shame?

3. There is work in the church for all. God expects all to do something. He does call us to a life of joy, but of joy in gifts and labor—the sweetest of all.

4. Rulers are not excluded from the privilege, nor excused from the duty, of sharing in the work which builds churches and maintains religion in the world.

5. If religion ever loses its hold upon society and the world, it will be because women have ceased to see its worth and felt its power.

6. Willing hearts make contribution boxes welcome.

7. Easy and large giving comes of interest in the objects to be promoted; but interest comes of knowledge and thought, hence the importance of every means by which missionary information is diffused.

8. The Israelites took the ornaments from their persons to adorn their sanctuary. They would make that more beautiful than their homes. Is not that the right order? Fine dwellings and cheerless churches are no credit to a people's piety.

9. Givers should try to know that their offerings find wise and safe channels. Indiscriminate giving into strange hands is not the Lord's way.

10. God knows his workers by name, and will not forget them when he makes up the company of his own.

AT YORKTOWN.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

All patriots should go to Yorktown; but all patriots cannot afford the trip and they must be content with reading the telegraphic reports of the celebration of Cornwallis' surrender next month.

The difficulty of getting to the old village is great, for the nearest railroad station is forty miles off and the historic ground can only be reached at present with any degree of facility by the steamers of which it is hoped there will be a sufficient number for the august occasion. As there are only about forty houses in Yorktown, and the newly built hotels will accommodate but 1,600 persons, a large number of the visitors will have to sleep on the steamers during the celebration or take their chances in the 1,500 tents the government is providing for the soldiers of the regular army and the militia on the plains.

There may not be any trouble on that score unless it rains, and we have been led to believe, during the past four months, that such an event is not very probable. The government has made arrangements for a good supply of fresh water to be distributed by pipes through the camp, and the Moore house, where Charles, first Marquis Cornwallis, acceded to the articles of capitulation, has been repaired and handsomely fitted up. The Yorktown people are said to have exhibited no great excitement over the preparations. There will probably be 30,000 soldiers of the militia organizations of the States on the ground. We observe that an invitation has been extended to the descendants of Cornwallis, in order to show that the last vestige of bitterness has departed, and that the exploitation of the distinguished British general in the Carolinas and in Georgia is forgotten.

The Yorktown celebration is in every sense of the word a national occasion. Its memories are widely separated from those of the late civil war. They must serve as a bond to unite the Northern and Southern people more closely, for they point to bloody fights and charges against a proud foe, in which Northern and Southern men participated with mutual enthusiasm and marched shoulder to shoulder against the black-mouthed batteries and walls of shimmering bayonets.

It was in the middle of August, 1781, when the American and the French began their combined movement which terminated in the capture of Cornwallis' army. This movement had been substituted for an attack on New York, which might not have been successful. Washington ascertained that the great French fleet under the Comte De Grasse was on the South Atlantic coast, and having the Comte De Rochambeau and his army with him, he saw a tremendous blow could be struck Cornwallis by a combined naval and land attack. Nothing could have been done without our French allies.

People may say what they please about the French motive for helping us against England. France helped us out of a bad scrape. That is enough. If she had not helped us we would have been subjects of Queen Victoria to-day very likely. For, even after the magnificent fighting of Greene and Morgan in the South, which weakened Cornwallis terribly he might have accomplished his purpose of subduing Virginia, had he not had the French as well as the Americans to fight on the peninsula. As it happened, Cornwallis got into a pocket. Sir Henry Clinton had not the least idea where Washington had gone when he left the vicinity of New York until that chieftain reached the Delaware and it was too late. Washington Knox, the artilleryist; Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Grasse did the business for Cornwallis. The battles of the revolution ended on October 18, 1781, although a year previous there did not appear a very brilliant prospect of a triumph for the colonists. Cornwallis had been generally successful in the South; was, in fact, very

successful, until Greene struck him, and he had no idea that he would be driven to the wall.

Braddock, thirty years before, had been similarly confident of whipping the French. British officers "just over" at that time, even when the colonists were aiding Great Britain in her wars with France, continually expressed their contempt for the colonial militia, who did the hardest fighting. Entick says of Braddock: "He showed contempt towards the Provincial forces because they could not go through their exercise with the dexterity and regularity as a regiment of guards in Hyde Park," and Dr. Franklin says in his memoirs: "In a conversation with General Braddock one day he was giving me an account of his intended progress. 'After taking Fort Duquesne,' said he, 'I am to proceed to Niagara, and having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time, and I suppose it will; for Duquesne can hardly detain me above three or four days, and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara.' Having revolved in my mind the long time his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them through the woods and bushes; and also what I had heard of a former defeat of 1,500 French who invaded the Illinois country, I had conceived some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign. He smiled at my ignorance, and replied: 'These savages may indeed be a formidable enemy to you raw American militia, but upon the King's regular disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression.' Such was the pride of British officers. Braddock found out his mistake in the catastrophe which followed. The militia were placed by Braddock in the rear, and saved the remnant of Braddock's 'disciplined troops' from extermination. Cornwallis, although more prudent than Braddock, had a profound contempt for the American militia until Greene and Morgan showed him what they could do.

Among the American generals who aided immensely in making the surrender of Lord Cornwallis possible, was General Greene, to whom is justly ascribed military ability second only to that of Washington. Greene won the affection of Washington shortly after his arrival at headquarters in Cambridge, Mass., in July, 1775. At Brandywine, Greene, with Weedon's Virginia brigade, saved General Sullivan's detachment from annihilation by a masterly march. He figured conspicuously in all the northern campaigns and it was by his counsel that Major Andre was hung instead of shot. "Hang him or set him free," were the concluding words of his opinion. When the Carolinas and Georgia fell into British hands, and the battle of Camden left the colonists in despair, Gen. Greene was chosen to repair the damage done by Cornwallis, and he showed himself the superior of Cornwallis, Tarleton and Lord Rawdon. Said the Chevalier Luzerne once: "Other generals subdue their enemy by the means with which their country or their sovereign furnishes them. But Gen. Greene appears to subdue his enemy by his own means. He commenced his campaign without either an army, provisions, or military stores. He has asked for nothing since, and yet scarcely a post arrives from the South that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage he has gained over the foe. He conquers by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this."

Greene's victories made the skies bright for the colonists; he blazed the way to Yorktown. Cornwallis would not have gone there had it not been for Greene's success in the South. A Rhode Islander, he led Southern men to battle, and it was in Charleston that he received the greatest ovation of his life. The Georgians presented him with a fine plantation on the Edisto and a residence near Savannah in recognition of his services, and in 1785 he moved there with his family. The State of North Carolina presented him with 25,000 acres of land. There was no silly sectional blather then. They were all rebels, and gloried in having rebelled together against taxation and navigation laws, revenue acts, stamp acts, restraining and starving acts, and disfranchising acts; against the effort, as Burke one said, to plunge them into a "perfect uncompensated slavery by joining together the restraints of an universal internal and external monopoly with an universal internal and external taxation."

Northern and Southern men met once again about Yorktown, with arms in their hands and blood in their eyes, seeking each his brother's life. The meeting next month of Northern and Southern soldiers at the historic old spot will mean that, fraternally mingling together, they will forget the bloody horrors of internecine strife and remember that, as their forefathers fought together against the common foe, so their descendants shall be brethren in fact, co-workers in the up-building of the dearest interests of the country, and incapable of separation through the wicked scheming of desperate men.

"WHAT are your politics?" asked the chaplain of the Iowa penitentiary of an intelligent looking convict. "I have not come out for anybody yet," replied the convict, gazing placidly through the bars.

AN ENTERTAINING COMPANION.

A FIRST RATE STORY TOLD BY FLORENCE THE COMEDIAN.

Once, during a tour in the Western States, writes Mr. Florence, the actor, an incident occurred in which I rather think I played the victim. We were en route from Cleveland to Cincinnati, an eight or ten hours journey. After seeing my wife comfortably seated, I walked forward to the smoking car, and, taking the only unoccupied place, pulled out my cigar case and offered a cigar to my next neighbor. He was about sixty years of age, gentlemanly in appearance, and of somewhat reserved and bashful mien. He gracefully accepted the cigar, and in a few minutes we were engaged in conversation.

"Are you going far West?" I inquired.

"Merely as far as Columbus," (Columbus, I may explain, is the capital of Ohio.) "And you, sir?" he added interrogatively.

"I am journeying toward Cincinnati. I am a theatrical man, and play there to-morrow night." I was a young man then and fond of avowing my profession.

"Oh, indeed! Your face seemed familiar to me as you entered the car. I am confident we have met before."

"I have acted in almost every State in the Union," said I, half patronizingly. "Mrs. Florence and I are pretty generally known throughout the Northwest."

"Bless me!" said the stranger, in surprise. "I have seen you act many times, sir, and the recollection of Mrs. Florence's 'Yankee Girl,' with her quaint songs, is still fresh in my memory."

"Do you propose remaining long in Columbus?" I inquired.

"Yes, for seven years," he replied.

Thus we chatted for an hour or two. At length my attention was attracted to a little red-faced man, with small, sharp eyes, who sat immediately opposite us, and amused himself by sucking the knob of a large walking stick which he carried caressingly in his hand. He had more than once glanced at me in a knowing manner, and now and then given a sly wink and shake of the head at me, as much as to say, "Ah, old fellow, I know you, too." These attentions were so marked that I finally asked my companion if he had noticed them.

"That man acts like a lunatic," said I, in a low voice.

"A poor half-witted fellow, possibly," remarked my fellow-traveler. "In your travels through the country, however, Mr. Florence, you must have often met with just such strange characters."

We had now reached Crestline, the dinner station, and, after thanking the stranger for the agreeable way in which he enabled me to pass the journey up to this point, I asked him if he would join Mrs. Florence and myself at dinner. This produced an extraordinary series of grimaces and winks from the red-faced party aforesaid. The invitation to dinner, however, was politely declined.

The repast over, our train sped on toward Cincinnati. I told my wife that in the smoking car I had met a most entertaining gentleman, who was well posted in theatricals, and was on his way to Columbus. She suggested that I should bring him into our car, and present him to her. I returned to the smoking car and proposed that the gentleman should accompany me to see Mrs. Florence. The proposal made the red-faced man undergo a species of spasmodic convulsions which set the occupants of the car into roars of laughter.

"No, I thank you," said my friend, "I feel obliged to you for the courtesy, but I prefer the smoking car. Have you another cigar?"

"Yes," said I, producing another Partaga.

I again sat by his side, and once more our conversation began, and we became quite fraternal. We talked about theatres and theatricals, and then adverted to political economy, the state of the country, finance and commerce in turn, our intimacy evidently affording intense amusement to the foxy eyed party near us. Finally the shrill sound of the whistle and the entrance of the conductor indicated that we had arrived at Columbus, and the train soon arrived at the station.

"Come," said the red-faced individual, now rising from his seat and tapping my companion on the shoulder, "this is your station, old man."

My friend rose with some difficulty, dragging his hitherto concealed feet from under the seat, when for the first time I discovered that he was shackled, and was prisoner in charge of the sheriff, going for seven years to the State prison at Columbus.

An interesting social event in Charlotte, North Carolina, this fall, will be the marriage of a blind girl to a deaf mute. The bride's infirmity does not impair the beauty of her eyes, and has not been suffered to hinder the development of her mind, while the groom is a handsome and intelligent man. After the first difficulties of an introduction had been surmounted, the courtship is said to have advanced smoothly, and their mutual sympathy and understanding are now so deep that, when they are together, each readily supplies the other's lack, and their combined senses are equal to any emergency.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

A STRANGE AND DEADLY DUEL BETWEEN A "FED" AND A "REB."

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

There occurred at Martinsburg, Va., in the summer of 1864, one of those strange duels that sometimes take place in battle, and which make a lasting impression on the mind of the looker-on. It was the 18th of September, the day before Early and Little Phil fought their first pitched battle. A force of cavalry and infantry had that morning been sent to capture the First brigade of Averill's division at Martinsburg and turn Sheridan's right. Had the movement been successful, the Union position at Berryville would have been rendered somewhat precarious. But the troops which had been entrusted with the safety of the point were no home guards; they knew the value of the prize contended for, and were prepared to make the rebels pay dearly for every inch of ground they gained. The charging and counter-charging were disgustingly frequent, and many were the deeds of personal daring that transpired as the tide of battle surged from street to street and out upon the open field.

About the middle of the afternoon there came a lull in the struggle, as if each side had stopped "to pant a little" before making some final and desperate effort to crush its adversary. It was during this interval of comparative quiet and inactivity that the duel referred to took place. In front, and a little to the left of the Union line there was an elevation where once, at the beginning of the war perhaps, there had stood a goodly growth of forest trees, which had been cut down and hauled away. The stumps were still standing and afforded good shelter for skirmishers. A squad of cavalry belonging to a Pennsylvania regiment were sent to occupy this eminence as a sort of flank guard to the Union line. The rebel sharpshooters at once opened fire upon them and soon made the position untenable for the Union squad, which then moved further off to get out of range, leaving behind one of their comrades, whose horse had been wounded by the sharpshooters. The Yank seemed to be in no hurry to leave his unfortunate horse and was leisurely removing the saddle, bridle, etc., when he noticed a rebel cavalryman approaching with the evident intention of making him prisoner. It was about this stage of the game that the attention of those of us upon the left was called to witness what was transpiring.

The Yank took shelter behind a stump and at once opened fire. His first shot killed the rebel's horse, and then he too got behind a stump. The two men were not more than 200 yards apart, and each of them seemed to realize the fact that he must either conquer or die. The Yank placed his hat on top of the stump, and immediately the rebel shot it off. Neither of them could expect to get away until the other was either killed or badly wounded. Neither could expect to kill or cripple his adversary without making what was called a close shot, for both men were careful not to expose any more of their persons than was absolutely necessary while taking aim. They fired perhaps a half dozen shots apiece, when the rebel resorted to a ruse. He remained quiet and inactive for some moments, carefully concealing every part of his body from his opponent. The Union soldier began to suspect that his last shot had done its work, and growing inquisitive he gradually raised his head above his little fortification to see what had become of the rebel. The latter had planned well. His Sharp's carbine was already in position, and when the Yank had exposed his head and part of his chest the Johnnie fired. The shot took effect in the Union soldier's cheek, and he fell backward with a shriek. We saw the rebel go to him, lift him up in a sitting posture, and help to bathe the ugly wound; then, when he had rendered his fallen foe all possible assistance, we saw him take up his own gun and trudge off to his companions. He could have been killed or captured, but we had seen his noble conduct toward his unfortunate adversary, and we greeted his departure with a rousing cheer. The Union soldier had a frightful wound, but I believe eventually recovered.

"Come," said the red-faced individual, now rising from his seat and tapping my companion on the shoulder, "this is your station, old man."

My friend rose with some difficulty, dragging his hitherto concealed feet from under the seat, when for the first time I discovered that he was shackled, and was prisoner in charge of the sheriff, going for seven years to the State prison at Columbus.

An interesting social event in Charlotte, North Carolina, this fall, will be the marriage of a blind girl to a deaf mute. The bride's infirmity does not impair the beauty of her eyes, and has not been suffered to hinder the development of her mind, while the groom is a handsome and intelligent man. After the first difficulties of an introduction had been surmounted, the courtship is said to have advanced smoothly, and their mutual sympathy and understanding are now so deep that, when they are together, each readily supplies the other's lack, and their combined senses are equal to any emergency.

"Come," said the red-faced individual, now rising from his seat and tapping my companion on the shoulder, "this is your station, old man."

My friend rose with some difficulty, dragging his hitherto concealed feet from under the seat, when for the first time I discovered that he was shackled, and was prisoner in charge of the sheriff, going for seven years to the State prison at Columbus.

An interesting social event in Charlotte, North Carolina, this fall, will be the marriage of a blind girl to a deaf mute. The bride's infirmity does not impair the beauty of her eyes, and has not been suffered to hinder the development of her mind, while the groom is a handsome and intelligent man. After the first difficulties of an introduction had been surmounted, the courtship is said to have advanced smoothly, and their mutual sympathy and understanding are now so deep that, when they are together, each readily supplies the other's lack, and their combined senses are equal to any emergency.

"Come," said the red-faced individual, now rising from his seat and tapping my companion on the shoulder, "this is your station, old man."

My friend rose with some difficulty, dragging his hitherto concealed feet from under the seat, when for the first time I discovered that he was shackled, and was prisoner in charge of the sheriff, going for seven years to the State prison at Columbus.

An interesting social event in Charlotte, North Carolina, this fall, will be the marriage of a blind girl to a deaf mute. The bride's infirmity does not impair the beauty of her eyes, and has not been suffered to hinder the development of her mind, while the groom is a handsome and intelligent man. After the first difficulties of an introduction had been surmounted, the courtship is said to have advanced smoothly, and their mutual sympathy and understanding are now so deep that, when they are together, each readily supplies the other's lack, and their combined senses are equal to any emergency.

"Come," said the red-faced individual, now rising from his seat and tapping my companion on the shoulder, "this is your station, old man."

My friend rose with some difficulty, dragging his hitherto concealed feet from under the seat, when for the first time I discovered that he was shackled, and was prisoner in charge of the sheriff, going for seven years to the State prison at Columbus.

An interesting social event in Charlotte, North Carolina, this fall, will be the marriage of a blind girl to a deaf mute. The bride's infirmity does not impair the beauty of her eyes, and has not been suffered to hinder the development of her mind, while the groom is a handsome and intelligent man. After the first difficulties of an introduction had been surmounted, the courtship is said to have advanced smoothly, and their mutual sympathy and understanding are now so deep that, when they are together, each readily supplies the other's lack, and their combined senses are equal to any emergency.

"Come," said the red-faced individual, now rising from his seat and tapping my companion on the shoulder, "this is your station, old man."

My friend rose with some difficulty, dragging his hitherto concealed feet from under the seat, when for the first time I discovered that he was shackled, and was prisoner in charge of the sheriff, going for seven years to the State prison at Columbus.

An interesting social event in Charlotte, North Carolina, this fall, will be the marriage of a blind girl to a deaf mute. The bride's infirmity does not impair the beauty of her eyes, and has not been suffered to hinder the development of her mind, while the groom is a handsome and intelligent man. After the first difficulties of an introduction had been surmounted, the courtship is said to have advanced smoothly, and their mutual sympathy and understanding are now so deep that, when they are together, each readily supplies the other's lack, and their combined senses are equal to any emergency.

"Come," said the red-faced individual, now rising from his seat and tapping my companion on the shoulder, "this is your station, old man."

My friend rose with some difficulty, dragging his hitherto concealed feet from under the seat, when for the first time I discovered that he was shackled, and was prisoner in charge of the sheriff, going for seven years to the State prison at Columbus.

An interesting social event in Charlotte, North Carolina, this fall, will be the marriage of a blind girl to a deaf mute. The bride's infirmity does not impair the beauty of her eyes, and has not been suffered to hinder the development of her mind, while the groom is a handsome and intelligent man. After the first difficulties of an introduction had been surmounted, the courtship is said to have advanced smoothly, and their mutual sympathy and understanding are now so deep that, when they are together, each readily supplies the other's lack, and their combined senses are equal to any emergency.

"Come," said the red-faced individual, now rising from his seat and tapping my companion on the shoulder, "this is your station, old man."

My friend rose with some difficulty, dragging his hitherto concealed feet from under the seat, when for the first time I discovered that he was shackled, and was prisoner in charge of the sheriff, going for seven years to the State prison at Columbus.

An interesting social event in Charlotte, North Carolina, this fall, will be the marriage of a blind girl to a deaf mute. The bride's infirmity does not impair the beauty of her eyes, and has not been suffered to hinder the development of her mind, while the groom is a handsome and intelligent man. After the first difficulties of an introduction had been surmounted, the courtship is said to have advanced smoothly, and their mutual sympathy and understanding are now so deep that, when they are together, each readily supplies the other's lack, and their combined senses are equal to any emergency.

"Come," said the red-faced individual, now rising from his seat and tapping my companion on the shoulder, "this is your station, old man."

My friend rose with some difficulty, dragging his hitherto concealed feet from under the seat, when for the first time I discovered that he was shackled, and was prisoner in charge of the sheriff, going for seven years to the State prison at Columbus.

An interesting social event in Charlotte, North Carolina, this fall, will be the marriage of a blind girl to a deaf mute. The bride's infirmity does not impair the beauty of her eyes, and has not been suffered to hinder the development of her mind, while the groom is a handsome and intelligent man. After the first difficulties of an introduction had been surmounted, the courtship is said to have advanced smoothly, and their mutual sympathy and understanding are now so deep that, when they are together, each readily supplies the other's lack, and their combined senses are equal to any emergency.

"Come," said the red-faced individual, now rising from his seat and tapping my companion on the shoulder, "this is your station, old man."

My friend rose with some difficulty, dragging his hitherto concealed feet from under the seat, when for the first time I discovered that he was shackled, and was prisoner in charge of the sheriff, going for seven years to the State prison at Columbus.

An interesting social event in Charlotte, North Carolina, this fall, will be the marriage of a blind girl to a deaf mute. The bride's infirmity does not impair the beauty of her eyes, and has not been suffered to hinder the development of her mind, while the groom is a handsome and intelligent man. After the first difficulties of an introduction had been surmounted, the courtship is said to have advanced smoothly, and their mutual sympathy and understanding are now so deep that, when they are together, each readily supplies the other's lack, and their combined senses are equal to any emergency.

"Come," said the red-faced individual, now rising from his seat and tapping my companion on the shoulder, "this is your station, old man."

My friend rose with some difficulty, dragging his hitherto concealed feet from under the seat, when for the first time I discovered that he was shackled, and was prisoner in charge of the sheriff, going for seven years to the State prison at Columbus.

in the world will not qualify a man for usefulness in the ministry. It wants push, stamina, vigor, courage, resolution, will, determination—in one word, energy. If the youth knows a little Greek, he knows what *en ergos* means, and without it Dr. Parr's knowledge of Greek will not help him to usefulness or success in the pulpit.

THE SPIDER AND THE MOUSE.

A curious spectacle was to be seen on Monday in the office of Clever's livery stable in Lebanon, Ky. Against the wall of the room stands a tolerably large desk, and under this a small spider, not larger than a common pea, had constructed a web reaching to the floor.

On Monday afternoon it was observed that the spider had ensnared a young mouse by passing filaments of its web around its tail. When first seen the mouse had its hind feet off the floor, and could barely touch the floor with its fore feet. The spider was full of business, running up and down the line, occasionally biting the mouse's tail, making it struggle desperately. Its efforts to escape were unavailing, as the slender filaments about its tail were too strong for it to break. In a short time it was seen that the spider was slowly hoisting the victim into the air.

By 2 o'clock in the afternoon the mouse could hardly touch the floor with its fore feet; by dark the point of its nose was an inch from the floor. At 9 o'clock at night the mouse was still alive, but made no signs except when the spider descended and bit its tail. At this time it was an inch and a half from the floor.

On Tuesday morning the mouse was dead, and hung three inches from the floor.

The news of the novel sight soon became circulated, and hundreds of people visited the stable to witness it. The mouse is a small one probably less than half grown, measuring about one and a half inches from the point of its nose to the root of its tail.

How the spider succeeded in ensnaring it is not known. The mechanical ingenuity of the spider, which enables her to raise a body which must weigh forty or fifty times as much as herself, has been the subject of a great deal of comment and speculation, and no satisfactory solution of the difficulty has been found.

Leaping For Life.

EXCITING SCENES AT A FIRE—WORKMEN DEVELOPED IN FLAMES.

A thrilling scene occurred at the fire at Azaire & Lavigne's furniture factory in Montreal, Thursday afternoon. J. Dion and Mathias Gauthier, carvers, were at work in the third story. Jules Leblanc was in the same part of the building as the fire, which was the result of an explosion of a lamp. The flames spread with great rapidity; those in the first and second stories escaped unhurt, but, to the horror of the spectators, the three men named were seen at the upper windows calling for a ladder. Dion at length disappeared and tried to fight through the flames to the stairway and was dreadfully burned. Meanwhile Leblanc fell or jumped from the window and dislocated his thigh. Gauthier stood for some moments, the flames singing his hair and clothes, and then leaped desperately for the telegraph pole, which he missed, coming down with a dreadful thud upon the pavement. He had hardly been picked up when Dion, totally enveloped in flames, appeared for an instant at the third story window and in the next was cleaving the air like a huge rocket, the flames shooting upward from his clothing. He was immediately seized and carried to safety. Leblanc is severely shocked by the fall, and his companions, it is believed, are fatally injured. After a sharp fight the firemen confined the flames to the building. The loss is \$10,000.

Another Little Romance.

An Ohio man got a divorce and subsequently married a widow with one child. After living with her some time, some remarks which he made about his youthful adventures led to the discovery that his new wife was a young lady to whom he was once engaged in Maryland and was on the eve of marrying, when he became engaged, instead, in a fight with one of her admirers. He threw his antagonist to the ground, and, as he supposed, killed him; so he fled to the West. The other fellow survived, however, married the girl, died and left her a widow with one child.

The Highest Lake in the World.

From the Denver Tribune.

The lake with the highest elevation of any in the world is Green Lake in Colorado. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea. Pine forests surround it, and eternal snows deck the neighboring mountain tops. One of these, Gray's Peak, has an altitude of 14,351 feet. The water of Green Lake is as clear as crystal, and large rock masses and a petrified forest are distinctly visible at the bottom. The branches of the trees are of dazzling whiteness, as though cut in marble. Salmon trout swim among them. The lake is 200 feet deep.

The Highest Lake in the World.

From the Denver Tribune.

The lake with the highest elevation of any in the world is Green Lake in Colorado. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea. Pine forests surround it, and eternal snows deck the neighboring mountain tops. One of these, Gray's Peak, has an altitude of 14,351 feet. The