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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, July 26, 1860.

### Selected Poetry.

#### THE BATTLE FIELD

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
Where trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
And fiery hearts and armed hands  
Encountered in the battle cloud.  
Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;  
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,  
And talk of children on the hill,  
And bell of wandering kine are heard.  
No solemn host goes trailing by  
The black mouthed gun and staggering train;  
Men start not at the battle cry,  
Oh, be it never heard again!  
Soon rested those who fought, but thou,  
Who mingled in the harder strife,  
For truths which men receive not now,  
Thy warfare only ends with life.  
A friendly warfare! lingering long  
Through weary day and weary year,  
A wild and many weaponed throng  
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.  
Yet never thy spirit to the proof,  
And blench not at thy chosen lot;  
The timid goal may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown, yet faint thou not.  
Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;  
For with thy side shall dwell, at least  
The victory of endurance born.  
Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.  
Yes, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When they, who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here.  
Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

## THE TREE OF TRUTH.

### AN ADDRESS,

PREPARED FOR THE  
Sunday School Celebration at Towanda,  
JULY 4, 1860,  
BY JAMES MACFARLANE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is sufficient that I recognize your presence by saying, that I have not been invited to address you. If, therefore, my remarks fail to please you, I beg you to remember (and I hope you will excuse my abruptness in saying,) that they were not intended for you. I would that they had been. On the contrary, I have the more difficult task of combining simplicity and instruction in speaking to these little ladies and gentlemen, who will be the men and women of a later, a wiser, and I hope a better generation than ours.

CHILDREN:—When our revolutionary fathers were about to engage in a long and bloody war, their representatives in Congress published to the world, eighty-four years ago this day, a declaration giving their reasons for asserting their independence. They begin by saying "We hold these truths to be self-evident," and they then go on to set forth the natural rights of man. But if we were to inquire the reason why that declaration met with a response in the heart of the whole country, of posterity, and of the world, we will find it was because it was true. If we ask what it was that gave them strength to their arms, courage to their hearts and victory to their battles, the answer will be because they had truth on their side. This little word "truth" occurring in the Declaration of Independence has suggested to me a fitting subject on which to address you. I would not lose this opportunity, when so many young persons are listening to me, of saying something that may be of benefit to you—some word of admonition or advice which if remembered and observed, might make you better men and women than you otherwise would have been.

But, children, in order that you may treasure up what I shall say to you about truth and understand the connection of all I shall say with the main subject, I shall have to compare it to something, for the minds of children like those of men and women (who after all are only grown up children) can retain and profit by instruction much better when it is imparted in the form of an illustration drawn from surrounding objects. We are here in the woods, and I can do no better than to point you to a tree, by way of comparison, and I now promise you not merely to make a speech to you, but to tell you a story about a tree called the *Tree of Truth*.

I must call to your mind one of those fine large old trees which you have seen growing out in the open fields. It has large and strong roots spreading in every direction and sinking deep into the ground which anchor it so firmly to the earth that no storm that ever blows is sufficient to overturn it; its trunk is of gigantic size; it extends its huge limbs outwards and upwards, and a whole Sunday School could be sheltered under its shade. Long before your grandfathers were born that tree has been growing. The hot sun of summer has year after year, been poured upon its head. The frosts of autumn have as often withered its leaves. It has felt the terrific storms of many a cold winter, with wind, and snow, and ice and hail. Yet every spring its buds have swollen, it has been in due season covered with its garniture of green, and this fine old tree has continually grown larger and stronger, and its roots have struck deeper and deeper into the earth.

The storm on the 4th of July having prevented the delivery of this address, it is now published at the request of the committee of arrangements.

This then is the description of the Tree of Truth, as I shall call it. I have spoken of its large and powerful roots. The root of the tree of truth is called *Religion*. There is no more essential part of a tree than its roots. Many branches may be cut off,—there are some trees the trunks of which may be cut down, and they will spring up from the root again, but no tree can grow without roots; nay, without them it cannot stand upright. If you only injure the roots, the bright green leaves would lose their color and moisture; turning brown and dead they would fall to the earth and return to dust; the limbs would afterwards become rotten and one by one fall off, and soon the wasted and decaying trunk itself returns to the earth from which it sprung. The root religion is the life of the tree of truth. There are, it is true, persons of truth who have no true religion; but they are indebted to the influence of the religion of the Bible for that virtue. There are persons out there standing in the broad sunlight. We are in the shade, yet there is here both light and heat; we as well as they feel the diffusive influence of the heavenly luminary, although we are shielded from its direct rays.

Again, if we examine the roots of different trees, we will find a strong resemblance among them. However different looking the trunks, or limbs, or leaves may be, the roots look very much alike. So, children, while there are many virtues in the world they all have the same root. The root of the tree of truth is Religion, as in fact it is the root of every virtue. This part of the subject I shall not dwell upon, because it is taught you by others and better teachers. This is not the day and I am not the man to tell you of "the root of the whole matter," or of the showers of grace by which it is nourished. It is with the tree of truth as it appears to the wayfaring man, that I have to do, and I shall only repeat in order that you may not forget it, that religion is the origin and root of truth and of all that is noble and good in the world.

Passing on, then, from the root, as I have said, and coming to the mighty trunk of the tree, or truth itself (for it is an old saying that truth is mighty) I regret, children, to be obliged to say to you that perfect truth is a very rare virtue in the world. There are a great many persons, some of them well dressed people, fine ladies and gentlemen as well as many who are not, who say a great many things they ought not to say. Your short experience has no doubt served to teach you that it is not safe to believe all you hear, and dear children, when you get older, you will be astonished to find how this world is given to lying. I wish each of you to understand that your father and mother and Sunday school teacher are not included in these remarks.—They are all doubtless very good people, and always speak the truth. I would not impair your confidence in your friends. But I repeat that a strict adherence to the plain, honest truth, in all things, and on all occasions, is a very beautiful, but a very rare virtue. You will find out soon enough how corrupt is human nature, and I will not further enlarge upon the lamentable fact that the world is filled with falsehood. And now, children, how do you suppose this happens, that so many people have contracted this unnatural and dreadful practice of telling things that are not true? I will tell you. They learned it when they were little boys and girls like you. They did not start right; their principles, that is, their root, is not of the right kind. Trees or plants naturally grow up as straight as an arrow, but suppose that when they are young and tender some person should bend them over a short distance from the ground and keep them in that position. They would then grow crooked and deformed, and after they had grown so and become old no power on earth can make them grow straight again. So it is with early habits: let children like you get into the way of telling falsehoods, and grow up indulging in that habit, and they never can reform it. Your souls, children, are like those white dresses that some of the ladies and girls are wearing. You see they are perfectly clean and as white as snow. But suppose that by some accident they should become spotted with a few drops of ink. How at once would their appearance be changed, and their beauty and usefulness destroyed.—Beware, then, how you soil the purity of your soul, destroy your peace of conscience and harden your heart by falsehood.

How shall I describe to you the beauty of truth and the deformity of falsehood? Falsehood is like a dark and gloomy cavern where light never enters. It is infested with hissing serpents, venomous reptiles and savage wild beasts. But truth is a lovely valley, with green fields and woodlands, watered by a fine river, with a thriving city on its banks. It is enlivened by the sun in its splendor, gliding every dome and every hill top with his glorious rays. A refreshing shower has just fallen, and in the east appears a rainbow, the bond of truth between God and man, just as it appeared for the first time to Noah, when

"Each mother held aloft a child  
To bless the bow of God;"

the pledge of seed time and harvest, summer and winter, until time shall end.

Children, some of you know what *poison* is. There are certain drugs which, if swallowed, produce great sickness and pain, and if the proper medicine is not immediately used the person dies in great agony. So it is in a moral sense with falsehood. Truth is like the pleasant, wholesome food about to be spread on yonder tables; but now suppose in one of the dishes were placed a quantity of arsenic or strychnine of which if you were to put a very small quantity on your tongue with the tip of your finger, it would produce your death. How every little boy and girl would flee from that part of the table! Oh! then, children, avoid the first falsehood as you would the fatal drugs I have described to you. It will poison your blood, corrupt your moral nature, and make you despise yourself and be despised by others.

I suppose you all understand what it is to be *accused*? A certain substance is introduced to your blood to prevent your getting

a terrible and loathsome disease. But now suppose that some wicked physician instead of using the right kind of matter was to inoculate your arm with some noxious and hurtful substance taken from some animal suffering with hydrophobia, or some other horrible disease. The blood he would draw from your arm would be very small. The matter he would insert would be very little. You would think it could do you but little harm. But oh! children, do you not see that it will enter into your veins, thence it will be carried through your arm into your body, and your whole system will be affected by it?—Swiftly it will go to your head and to your heart. You will be deprived of your reason and die a horrible death. Beware, then, of the small beginnings of evil. Let nothing tempt you to tell the first falsehood, or if you have thus sinned, resolve with the help of God that it shall be the last. Think not that it is a little sin, for its consequences may be great and terrible. Children, you may never hear my voice again,—much that I now say you will soon have forgotten; but I beg you to try and remember this one word of advice—*always speak the truth though you should die for it.*

Children, you may begin to think that it takes me a long time to tell you the story of the Tree of Truth. But in fact this is a great big tree, one of the largest and finest in the grand forest of human virtues. However, you can see for yourselves how I am progressing. I have passed over the roots with a mere mention, and disposed of the trunk or main body of the tree, which is generally the heaviest part of it, and we have now arrived at the branches. So be encouraged and pay attention, until we get to the top of the tree,—for of course we can go no higher, and then we must come down and go to dinner.

Now we will ascend higher and hastily describe to you some of the limbs and branches. Just above the trunk or body of the tree of truth are two small limbs, or rather a limb with a branch growing from it, which although they are different, look very much alike. I call the limb *frankness* and the branch *candor*. A candid person when he does speak, speaks without disguise, and says all he ought to say without reservation or concealment. An unkind person may deceive you, notwithstanding what he says is true; but he does not tell the whole truth in regard to the subject matter, and in fact is guilty of falsehood, the essence of which is the intention to deceive.—Candor requires that you say all that you should say. Frankness differs from candor in being more comprehensive. It means openness or freedom in speaking, and is otherwise called *ingenueness*. A frank person will be candid also, but a candid person may lack the disposition readily to communicate, which is the characteristic of frankness. These are qualities which should be cultivated in the young. Truth loves the light, and while an excessive propensity to tell everything is to be avoided,—yet governed by proper prudence, a frank, open, ingenuous disposition is one of the most pleasing qualities in the young or the old.

Next we come to a large limb called *justice*, which gives to every one his due, and causes men in their dealing with each other to conform to the eternal principle of right and wrong. You as children have but little to do with this, and therefore I shall say but little about it, as I wish to be practical, but will remind you that justice grows no where but on the tree of truth. *Faithfulness* is a branch of this limb. When any subject is introduced, some people will talk only on one side of it, and in fact will only look at or consider one side of it. They condemn or approve, unheard or beforehand, and are prejudiced against this one and in favor of that one, without sufficient cause. Truth requires that we should exercise fairness and equity in the small as well as the more important relations of life.

I must here warn you against the most detestable species of falsehood, called *slander*, or falsehoods injurious to the character of others. I call this the most hateful kind of falsehoods, because it combines the elements of sin against God, and malice against man. In fact I would have you avoid all manner of evil speaking. In your progress through life when you meet with a bad story about any one, even if it be true, do not soil your hands by taking it up and carrying it farther,—yet what a surprising propensity there is among mankind of all ages, to play in the dirt.

Now we come to a large and important limb of the Tree of Truth. I shall call it by the general name of *fidelity*, by which I mean a careful and exact observance of all your engagements, or in plain English (and that after all is the best way of talking) always standing to your bargains and doing as you agreed to do. Especially children I would have you know, and you cannot know too soon, the importance of faithfully complying with pecuniary engagements, or paying debts. When you become old enough to transact business, remember never to go into debt, without knowing how you are to pay; otherwise you will soon be in the painful predicament of not being able to fulfil your promises. You will find that your word has been pledged and you cannot redeem it. Beware then how you pledge your word, and be assured beforehand that you can do as you promise, and if you are able, do not fail to do as you have agreed, cost what it may. No man of right principles is loose on the subject of paying his debts. If he is careless in this respect he is unworthy of being trusted in any other. Understand me, I do not refer to those, who from misfortune are unable to pay what they owe. I speak of those who recklessly contract debts without reference to their probable ability to pay them, or who negligently put off payment when they are able to do it. As you are growing up therefore and forming your character, I beg of you to remember this branch of the tree of truth, not simply to avoid gross fraud amounting to dishonesty but to maintain a religious fidelity to your promises of every kind, great and small, because you have so promised. Do what you have agreed to do, and do it with alacrity, promptly, punctually or at the right time, for punctuality, is a

branch of this limb. It is upon the faith in men's possessing these qualities, that they ever trust each other at all; they are the basis of all commercial credit, for ability alone is not sufficient to entitle any one to credit. If you were governed by interested motives alone, policy would dictate your observance of these precepts. But I urge it upon your notice, not as a mere money making principle, but on high moral grounds, that you be careful what promises you make, and then faithfully do as you have agreed to do.

Now children I have a curious inquiry to make about the tree of truth, that you have perhaps not thought of. You have often seen trees that have been *grafted*. There is a branch on the tree of truth that does not belong to it by nature, but has been placed there by the hand of man. Let us examine whether or not it is grafted upon it. Truth in all its branches should be maintained in our lives and actions for its own sake, because it is right.—But strange to say what some men do from the fear of God, others do from the fear of the reproach of their fellow men, without regard to principle. This is called a sense of honor, and *honor* is the branch I have referred to. Men who are actuated by this feeling seem to tell a falsehood, or to do a mean action; they are high-minded and aim to accomplish noble deeds, which will make them respected by their fellow-men. They desire above all things the esteem of men, and they live in fear of disgrace and shame. They avoid everything that is base and vile, or that will stain their characters or lessen their reputation. With them character is everything, and the world is the judge whose sentence they fear. I will say nothing against all this,—it is very well if men can be induced to do that which is right from any motive.—But is this branch really growing upon the tree of truth? Is it not more correct to call it a parasite, a hanger on, like one of those wild vines you have often seen in the woods growing up beside a tree, adhering to it, sometimes covering it all over, looking very graceful and beautiful, and to the superficial observer appearing to be a part of the tree, whereas it does not belong to it because it does not grow from the same root? But as I said before, I have nothing to do with the root, that is not my business, but belongs to Mr. Douglass, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Childs, Mr. Foster and the other clergymen, and to you Sunday School teachers. This is not Sunday but the 4th of July. I am not a preacher and must not preach you a sermon, but only tell you a story. But I find (to use a popular expression) I am continually "running the thing into the ground" by referring to the root of the matter. I will be careful to avoid this hereafter, and not encroach on other people's privileges.

And now, children, I have described to you all the branches of the tree of truth that I shall mention, except one, and that is the tip top of the tree, and its name is *Honesty*. The other branches spread out horizontally, but this is perfectly straight and points directly towards heaven; for honesty or integrity means straightness. Besides this, while it is not the largest, it is one of the stiffest and toughest parts of the whole tree. The strong wind may suddenly bend the tree top over, but it shows its power of resistance by defiantly flying back against the wind just as far the other way, and after vibrating, it always obtains the victory, and when the wind goes down it calmly resumes its stubborn, up pointing position. So a truly honest man (that noblest work of God,) may be tossed about by the misfortunes, calamities and troubles of life, but always at last he is found morally as upright and stiff and straight as the tree top when the storm is over. Honesty has reference particularly to property, and means truth not in regard to speaking, but in your dealings with others in business matters. And so surely as one thing leads to another, so surely are truth and honesty connected. Every liar is not a thief, but in almost every case a thief is found to be a liar. Falsehood is but the beginning and leads to dishonesty. Honesty is like gold, which is found in the world mixed with all sorts of dirt, but still it is gold—the fire cannot consume it; on the contrary, it comes out from each trial more pure and bright than ever. And believe me, children, no man deserves the name of a man who has no integrity. Such is the well considered verdict of right-minded men everywhere.

And now, children, having attained the top of the tree, you may think my story is told. But do you not see that our tree is only a naked skeleton? Where are the *leaves* which should cover the whole tree, which give it neither its frame nor strength, but which clothe the whole with beautiful drapery? The leaves of the tree of truth I shall call *Sincerity*. Going into the woods in winter persons sometimes mistake one kind of tree for another. You have no guide but the size, shape and bark; but when the leaves are out you have an unerring indication. The face of a man or woman is what you most look at, and so in looking at a tree many of the branches may be entirely hidden, although they give it its size and form, but the leaves form the face of the tree—they strike the eye—they give it its color and outline—on them more than all depends its beauty, and to them we are indebted for the repose we enjoy under its pleasant shade. Sincerity is the beauty of the tree of truth, and is the opposite of hypocrisy, which is a concealment of one's real feelings, character or motives. To be sincere is to appear outwardly what you are at heart, without disguise or false appearances. When you see two men meeting each other and appearing to be very good friends and expressing great regard for each other, and as soon as they separate saying all manner of spiteful things of each other, you know there is no sincerity in either of them. I said two men, for ladies never do so. Politeness and good manners are very pleasant things, but they do not require the sacrifice of sincerity. In your actions, language and conduct, children, study to appear as you really are. Look within, examine your own heart and put on before others only that appearance that you would

have if they knew was passing in your inmost soul.

Such, then, is the Tree of Truth—its root, its trunk, or body, its several branches and its leaves. Children, is my story told?—What I shall I say this glorious tree is barren? Oh no, no, for it is also a *fruit bearing tree*. So fine a production of the great Creator, this tree of Paradise, could not fail to produce rich and abundant fruit. Other trees bear in their proper season only, but this one bears in all seasons, and on all the days of the year, fruit for time and fruit for eternity; for the tree of truth lives forever. It is always richly laden, and what is most wonderful, the more it yields the more and the more it bears and the larger and the finer is the fruit.

But I will not weary you with the recital of its productions. Among the pious fruits of the tree of truth are self-respect. The man of truth can properly think well of himself, for he is, as it were, clothed in the robe of an angel. He is pure at heart in this respect, at least. He is strong and brave and fears no one, for the guilty alone have cause to fear. He enjoys the esteem of the wise and good, and the respect of all men, for the most depraved must respect the man of invariable truth. But better than all this, he enjoys a peace of conscience, which the whole world can neither give nor take away; and last of all, with truth growing from the proper root he has life everlasting and the crown of *Innocence* in that world where naught but truth can ever enter.

LOOK OUT FOR THE WOMEN.—Young man, keep your eyes open when you are after the women. If you bite at the naked hook, you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive; or a pretty face, even? Flounces, boys, are no sort of consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the flirt will give way to the scowl of the termagant. Another, and a far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiles and eats your sugar candy. The coquette will shine in the kitchen corner, and with the once sparkling eye and beaming countenance she will look daggers at you. Beware! Keep your eye open, boy, when you are after the women. If the dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure you will get particular fits all over the house. If she blushes when found at domestic duties, be sure she is of the disbrat aristocratic—little breeding and a great deal less sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit women slaughter on the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find one whose mind is right, and then pitch in. Boy, don't be hanging round like a sheep-thief, as though you were ashamed to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough pile, and ask for the article like a man. That's the way to do it.

PLenty of COAL.—Professor Rogers has been making estimates of the supply of coal which the fields of Pennsylvania, and other places, are able to furnish from which it will be seen that at the present rate of consumption, 100,000,000 of tons per annum, the coal fields of Pennsylvania alone would meet the demand for 3164 years. If this consumption were doubled, viz: 200,000,000 tons, the Great Appalachian field would meet the strain for 6327 years. If it were quadrupled, viz: 400,000,000, the productive fields would suffice for the world's supply for 10,000 years to come. To this we must add the consideration that new coal fields are brought to light as exploration becomes more extensive and exact. Dr. Nordenskiöld, a learned Swedish traveller who has just returned from a visit to the Arctic regions, announces that he found Anthracite coal as far North as Spitzbergen. One of the most remarkable features of the coal system of the globe, is its liberal distribution over the Northern hemisphere, where it is most needed. And it will probably be found in the unexplored regions of Central and Northern Asia.—*Patriot and Union.*

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON WEDDINGS.—"I like to 'tend weddings,'" said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from one in church, and hung her shawl up, and replaced her bonnet in the long preserved box. "I like to see young people come together with the promise to love, cherish and nourish each other. But it is a solemn thing, this matrimony, a very solemn thing, where the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It should be husband and wife. It isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger and said: 'With my goods I do thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't know till afterwards that it meant only one calico dress a year."

Jenkins says his brother, who edits a paper out west, is doing first-rate. He has had two new hats within the past three years. Jenkins is inclined to take on airs.

If a dog's tail is cut off entirely, will it not interfere with his locomotion? "Not exactly; it will not affect his carriage, but it will stop his wagging."

"I mean to abandon my habits of life," said a dissipated gentleman. "Are you sure sir, they are not abandoned enough already?" asked his friend.

On a person asking another if he believed in the appearance of spirits, he replied, "No; but I believe in their disappearance, for I have missed a bottle of gin since last night."

Among the articles announced for sale in an auction, we perceived an article entitled "mahogany child's chair." The father of this wonderful child must have been of the Wood family.

## Educational Department.

[We copy the following timely remarks from a little sheet published in Illinois. It is hoped that teachers will read it carefully and think upon it, for "thought leads the way."—It is thought that improves and strengthens the intellect, or rather that develops it,—draws it out. Thinking, not talking, makes the wise man. Thought induces thought.—One hour of close thinking furnishes material for days of thought. This subject appeals to teachers particularly. They deal with mind, with thinking beings, and their business is to build up mind, to give direction to thought, and present subjects for it to feed, yea, rather feast upon! Their minds should be well trained by close application,—not to follow blindly the leading of others, but to think for themselves, to originate ideas,—not to think for their pupils, but to know how to make their pupils think for themselves. There is in our schools, and among our teachers, too much thinking done by proxy; too much laziness upon this subject. Pupils dislike to think, and ask the teacher to think for them. Teachers dislike close long-continued application, and provide themselves with keys. Teachers, that is not the way to improve yourselves, or benefit your pupils.]

### Thought Leads the Way.

Thought adjusts and rebuilds society. In every great moral reform that transforms the relations and conditions of men, thought leads the way. It is the precursor of all great accomplishments, the magic agent that creates all systems and machineries in invisible perfection before they jut out into the world.

Men are prone to judge of things by their size and form as seen by the physical eyes.—A granite mountain they are willing to call a great fact, and an engine that jars through our land a living and useful one. The steamer that ploughs the foam of ocean, or the reaper that most intelligently cuts our wheat fields, they bow to with some reverence, because here they can see action and usefulness which at once press home to their consciousness. When thoughts have put on a body of wood and steel and are at work in matter to furnish man food and raiment, their various forms, their action and their results are seen and admired. But who thinks for a moment that thoughts are as real and as perfect in themselves before they are given iron muscles as afterwards, or that thought always constructs a machine before its steel joints are fitted together? No grand cathedral or work of art was ever reared but its first stood forth in some man's brain in all its perfection. No noisy locomotive ever thundered across our land until it had taken a noiseless trip in some man's brain; and no steamer ever ploughed the calm ocean of some man's mind. Thought leads the way in every great enterprise. Man never trod a pathway in the civil or social world but thought had gone before him and opened the way. When you see men engaged in building the vast blocks and factories of our cities, or turning the untamed lands of our country into beautiful homes, you know that thought has been there and given them plans. When you see a beautiful church edifice, you know that a good heart has given the world a good thought; and when you glance over our country, and study our excellent social and moral reform organizations, and our grand system of free schools, you know that philosophy has been abroad and sowed the land with thoughts of wisdom which are now just blossoming forth into form and beauty.

Living thought is the forerunner of all great discoveries. Before Columbus crossed the stormy Atlantic, his thought had taken many an excursion to the new world, and roamed over its broad fields; and before the telescope points to a newly discovered planet, thought has already traveled the way to its home, and measured its bulk, and calculated its weight. Thought heralds every great improvement. It is always in advance of action. Before a city is built or its foundation planned, thought has searched out a place for it; and long before a railroad track is laid, thought, with unseen fingers, has traced its course. Thought is ever in the foreground, leading on to a higher state of civilization, and greater intellectual capacities and improvements.

What then are to be our conclusions when we see thought leading off in some new direction? Are we not to suppose that man with active hands will soon follow it? Are we not to believe, when we see thought attacking some rude topic in science, or some untamed agency in nature, that it will subdue it, and make it a servant? Who ever dreamed, when thought first sailed to the skies and made battle with the lightning, that the fiery angel should be subdued and become our swiftest note-bearer?

But thus it has ever been in the past; thought has always been in the van and triumphed, and to-day, the world is filled with its grand exploits! Who then can foreordain the future; who can search out the channels in which thought may yet travel, or measure the accomplishments of the intellect that are yet unrealized? Infinity stretches off before us. Let the thoughts, bold, living and cheerful lead on, and the world will follow!—Thought leads the way.

Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the health of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the land of friendship, the nourishment of contest and the occupation of wit.

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence of the best nurse, and the patience of the best mother.