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TOWANDA:
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Selected Poetry.

BITTERNESS.

We sat among the ripe white sheaves;
The western skies were golden red;
We had a look; we turned the leaves;
But not a word we said.

A sudden hush—a thrilling pause;
We seemed at once one thought to have,
We little could divine the cause
That such a moment gave.

A minute that comes once and goes;
That must be snatched at once or lost;
O foolish heart!—but something rose
In me. Our fate was crossed.

We rose up from the shining sheaf;
We looked back at the setting sun;
We scarcely spoke—we seemed to grieve
The golden day was done.

And on the morrow I was gone,
We could not speak for paucity fear
The morrow will go gliding on,
And we find each a bitter one,
Nor meet for many a year.

Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON'S VISION.

BY WESTLEY BRADSHAW.

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the 4th of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-one, and being very feeble; but though so old, his shining eyes rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which, he said, he had come upon once more before he was gathering home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple, and endeavoring to shade the former with a shaking hand—"What time is it? I can't see so well now as I used to."

"Half-past three."

"Come, then," he continued, "let us go into the Hall; I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life—one which no one alive knows of except myself, and if you live, you will, before long, see it verified. Mark me, I am not superstitious, but you will see it verified."

Reaching the visitor's room, in which the sacred relics of our early days are preserved, we sat down upon one of the old-fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable friend related to me the following singular narrative, which, from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to relate to the world. I give it, as nearly as possible, in his own words:

"When the bold action of our Congress, in declaring the independence of the colonies, became known to the world, we were laughed at as silly, presumptuous rebels, and British grenadiers would soon come to take good what we had said. The keen enterpriser came, and the world knows the result. It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the 17th of September, but they little know—neither can they imagine—the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one thing that I much fear, and that is, that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is daily becoming stronger and stronger, and, unless it is checked, will, at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the Republic. Let me hasten to narrate."

"From the opening of the Revolution, we experienced all phases of fortune—now good and now ill, at one time victorious, and at another conquered. The darkest period we had, however, was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, and he resolved to pass the winter of '77 there. I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear old commander's care-worn cheeks as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the theater to pray. Well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid from that God the disposition of whose divine providence alone brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation."

"One day, I remember it well—the chilly wind whistled and howled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shining brightly—he remained in his quarters nearly the whole of the afternoon, alone. When he came out, I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dark, he despatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, I was sitting at this very table, engaged in preparing a despatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld, standing exactly opposite me, a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I—for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed—that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, third, and even a fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor. At last, however, a slight raising of her eyes. By this time I felt a strange sensation spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered it impossible. I essayed once more to ad-

dress her, but my tongue had become paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitor. Gradually, the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me appeared to rarify, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy, and yet even more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing, fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn!' while, at the same time, my visitor extended her arm and forefinger eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance, rising upon the fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay stretched out in one vast plain all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. 'Son of the Republic,' said the same mysterious voice as before, 'look and learn!'

"At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being like an angel, standing or rather floating, in midair between Europe and America. Dipping water out in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand, while he cast upon Europe some with his left hand. Immediately a dark cloud arose from each of these countries, and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed throughout it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people.

"A second time the angel dipped from the ocean, and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, into whose heaving waves it sunk from view. A third time I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn!'

"I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages, towns, and cities spring up, one after another, until the whole land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say, 'Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh—look and learn!'

"At this, the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-defined spectre approaching our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every village, town, and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array, one against the other. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word *UNION*, bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nations, and said, 'Remember, ye are brethren!'

"Instantly, the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard. And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, the second peril is passed—look and learn!'

"And I beheld the villages, towns, and cities of America increased in size and number, till at last they covered all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in heaven, or as the sand on the sea-shore. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh—look and learn!'

"At this, the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia, and Africa.

"Then my eyes looked upon a fearful scene. From each of those countries arose thick black clouds, which soon joined into one; and through this mass gleamed a dark light, by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was presently enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw the vast armies devastate the whole country, and pillage and burn villages, cities, and towns that I had beheld springing up. A my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of the millions in mortal combat. I again heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn!'

"When the voice had ceased the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long, fearful blast.

"Instantly a light, as from a thousand suns, shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose forehead still shone *UNION*, and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descend from Heaven, attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who, I perceived, were well-nigh overcome, but who, immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn!'

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel, for the last time, dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. There once more I beheld the villages, towns, and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice to the inhabitants: 'While the stars remain and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last!'

"And, taking from his brow the crown, on which still blazed the word *UNION*, he placed it upon the standard, while all the people, kneeling down, said, 'Amen!'

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling white vapor I had first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who, in that same mysterious voice I had heard before, said: 'Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted: three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which, the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his Land, and Union!'

"With these words the figure vanished. I started from my seat, and felt that I had been shown the birth, progress, and destiny of the Republic of the United States. In *UNION* she will have her strength, in *DISUNION* her destruction."

"Such, my friend," concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them. Let her remember that in *UNION* she has her strength, in *DISUNION* her destruction."

Call a Man.

Any one who is disposed to try a laugh will do well to read on:

John Jackson was a very industrious, hard-working man, of twenty-three years. Being the eldest child and the only son, he had always remained at home, assisting his father upon the farm. John was much respected by every one in the neighborhood, and many a bright-eyed girl had secretly thought that she would like to change her name to Mrs. John Jackson. But John was no "ladies' man." The fact was, John was very bashful. He would rather hoe potatoes all day than undergo the ceremony of an introduction to a young lady. Not that John disliked the dear creatures; far from it. We believe that he, in common with all bashful, well-meaning men, entertained the very highest respect and admiration for them. And this, no doubt, was the principal cause for his bashfulness. He felt that they were superior beings, and that he was unworthy to associate with them upon terms of equality. But we cannot stop to moralize.

Nancy Clark was the daughter of a respectable farmer, whose lands adjoined the Jackson farm. Nancy was a pretty, saucy little witch, and she liked John Jackson. When they were children they attended the same school, and as he was a few years her senior, was usually her champion in the childish disputes that arose, and her companion in going and returning. As last John became so much of a young man as to be kept from school. John discovered too, that he had been growing out of shape. His feet and legs appeared very awkward; he didn't know what to do with his hands; his face pained him, and taking all in all, he was inclined to think he was not more than half put together.

Now the truth was, John Jackson was really a fine looking young man, and nothing but his admiration of Nancy could have suggested any such foolish thoughts about himself.

As novelists say, it was a lovely day in August. The heavens were clear, serene and beautiful, the trees were laden with golden fruit, and the beautiful birds twittered their songs of love in the branches. Earth—(there—we've slid down to earth once more; so luffy lights—they make our head dizzy.) We were about to say that "earth had yielded her bountiful harvest of a year's grass, and clover, and honeysuckle, which the noble yeomanry of Chesterville had garnered within their storehouses"—but upon a second thought have concluded to word it thus:—"The farmers of Chesterville were done having."

John Jackson's sister had a quilting that afternoon. Her father had gone to "Keath's Mill" to get some wheat ground, and John was left to repair some tools, to be ready on the morrow to commence mowing the meadow grass. Suddenly it occurred to John that if he remained about the house in the afternoon, he would be called in at tea time and required to do the honors of the table. To avoid this he quietly shouldered his scythe and stole away to the meadow, half a mile distant, fully resolved that he would not leave there until it was so dark that he could not see to mow, and avoid seeing the girls.

The meadow was surrounded on all sides by a thick forest, which effectually shut out what little breeze there might chance to be stirring. The sun poured its rays as though the little meadow was the focus point where the heat was concentrated. John mowed and sweat—sweat and mowed, until he was obliged to sit down and cool off. Then it occurred to John that if he took off his pants, he might be much more comfortable. There could be no impropriety in it, for he was entirely concealed from observation, and there was not the slightest reason to suppose that he could be seen by any person.

So John stripped off, and with no cover save his linen—commonly called shirt—he resumed his work. He was just congratulating himself upon the good time he was having, and the lucky escape he had made from meeting with the girls, when he chanced to disturb a huge black snake, a genuine twister with a white ring around his neck.

John was no coward, but was mortally afraid of a snake. "Self preservation" was the first "passage" that flashed upon John's mind.—Dropping his scythe and spinning round like a top, he was ready to strike a 2:40 gait, when at that moment the snake was near enough to book his crooked teeth into John's shirt just above the hem. With a tremendous spring he started off with the speed of a locomotive. His first jump took the snake clear from the ground, and as John stole a hasty glance over his shoulder, he was horrified to find the reptile securely fastened to the extremity of his garment, while the speed with which he rash-

ed forward kept the serpent extended at an angle of ninety degrees with his body.

Here was a quandary. If he stopped the snake would coil about his body and squeeze him to death; if he continued the race, he must soon fall from sheer exhaustion. On he flew, scarce daring to think how his dreadful race was to end. Instinctively he had taken the direction of home, a feeling of security came over him. Suddenly flashed across his mind the true state of affairs—his father gone—the quilting, and worst of all, the girls!—This new horror sent the blood back, curdling about his heart, and he came to a dead halt. The next moment he felt the body of the cold, clammy monster in contact with his bare legs, his tail creeping around them in a sort of cooing manner, as though his snakeship only mediated a little fun, by way of tickling John upon the knees.

This was too much for human endurance.—With a yell, such a man never utters save when in mortal terror, poor John again set forward at break-neck speed, and once more had the pleasure of seeing the snake resume his horizontal position, somewhat after the fashion of the tail of a comet.

On, on they flew! John forgot the quilting, forgot the girls, forgot everything but the snake.

His active exercise, (he paid particular attention to his running) together with the excessive heat, had brought on the nose-bleed, and as he ran, ears erect and head thrown back, his chin, throat, and shirt-bosom were stained with the flowing stream.

His first wild shriek had startled the quilting, and forth they rushed, wondering if some mad Indian was not prowling about. By this time John was within a few rods of the barn, still running at the top of his speed, his head turned so that he might keep one eye on the snake, and with the other observe what course he must take. The friendly barn now concealed him from the sight of the girls. He knew they were in the yard, having caught a glimpse of them as they rushed from the house. A few more bounds, and he would be in their midst. For a moment modesty overcame fear, and once more he halted. The snake, evidently pleased with his rapid transportation, manifested his gratitude by attempting to enfold the legs of our hero within his embrace.

With an explosive "ouch!" and urged forward by "circumstances over which he had no control," poor John rushed on. The next moment he was in full view of the girls, and as he turned the corner of the barn, the snake came round with a *whizz*, somewhat after the fashion of a horse-whip.

Having reached the barn-yard, to his dismay he found the bars up. But time was too precious to be wasted in letting down bars. Gathering all his strength, he bounded into the air, snake ditto, and as he alighted on the other side, his snakeship's tail cracked across the upper bar, snapping like an India cracker.

Again John set forward, now utterly regardless of the presence of the girls, for the extra tickle from the snake's tail, as he leaped the bars, banished all his bashfulness and modesty, and again he had the pleasure of finding the snake in a straight line, drawing steadily at the hem of his solitary garment.

The house now became the centre of attraction, and around it he revolved with the speed of thought. Four times in each revolution, as he turned the corner, his snakeship came around with a *whizz*: that was quite refreshing.

While describing the third circle, as he came near the group of wonder-struck girls, without removing his gaze from the snake, he managed to cry out:—"CALL A MAN!"

The next moment he had whisked out of sight, and quick as thought reappeared upon the other side of the house:—"CALL A MAN!"

And away he whirled again, turning the corner so rapidly that the *whizz* of the snake sounded half way between a low whistle and the repeated pronunciation of double-o.

Before either of the girls had stirred from their tracks he had performed another revolution:—"CALL A MAN!"

Away he flew once more, but his strength was rapidly failing. Nancy Clark was the first to recover her presence of mind, and seizing a hoop pole, she took her station near the corner of the house, and as John reappeared she brought it upon the snake with a force that broke his back, and his hold upon John's nether garment at the same time.

John rushed into the house and to his room, and at ten minutes appeared in his best Sunday suit, but little the worse for the race, and to all appearance entirely cured of bashfulness. That night he walked home with Nancy Clark. The next New Year they were married, and now, whenever John feels inclined to laugh at his wife's hoops or any other peculiarity, she has only to say, "Call a man," when he instantly sobers down.

In Bangor, Me., there resides a certain William S—, a teamster, who is noted for his jollity, and also for keeping late hours, as he usually goes home at 2 o'clock in the morning. Well, one stormy night about a year ago William concluded to go home early, and accordingly, he arrived at his house at just midnight. In answer to his knock, his mother opened a window and inquired:—"Who is there?"

"William," was the reply.

"No," said she, "you can't come that over me; my William won't be home for two hours yet."

Poor Bill had to wait till his usual time.

"Father," said a lady of the new school to her indulgent spouse, as he resumed his pipe after supper, "you must buy our dear Georgianna an English grammar and spelling book, she has got through her French, Latin and Greek, music, drawing and dancing, and now she must commence English."

THREE CHANCES FOR A WIFE.—When a man has three chances for a wife it is a hard mischance if he should fail. The following is a case which might have occurred "down East," but it is doubtful if any similar occurrence was ever known in any other part of the world.

"I once courted a gal by the name of Deb Hawkins. I made up my mind to get married. 'Well while we were going to the deacon's I stepped into a mud puddle, and spattered the mud all over Deb Hawkins's new gown, made out of her grandmother's old chintz petticoat. Well when we got to the deacon's he asked Deb if she would have me for her lawful wedded husband?"

"No," says she.

"Reason?" says I.

"Why," says she, "I've taken a dislikin' to you."

Well, it was all up then, but I gave her a string of beads, a few kisses, some other notions and made it all up with her;—so we went up to the deacon's a second time. I was determined to come up with her this time, so when the deacon asked me if I would take her for my lawful wedded wife, says I—

"No, I shan't do such thing."

"Why," says Deb, "what on airth is the matter?"

"Why," says I, "I have taken a dislikin' to you now."

Well, then it was all over again; but I gave her a new apron and a few other trinkets, and we went up again to get married.—We expected that we would be tied so fast that all nature couldn't separate us; and when we asked the deacon if he would marry us, he said:

"No, I shan't do any such thing."

"Why, what on airth is the reason?" says I.

"Why," says he, "I've taken a dislikin' to both of you."

Deb burst out crying, the deacon burst out scolding and I burst out laughing; and such a set of busters you never did see.

THE LITTLE ONES.—Do you ever think how much work a child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter around—to us—so aimlessly. Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling and reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics.—Tireless through the day, till that time comes, as the maternal love that so patiently accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real or fancied.

A busy creature is a little child. To be looked upon with awe as well as delight, as its clear eye looks trustfully into faces that to God and man have essayed to wear a mask.—As it sits down in its little chair to ponder, precociously, over the white lie you thought it "funny" to tell it. As rising and leaning on your knees, it says, thoughtfully, in a tone that should provoke a tear, not a smile—"If I don't believe it." A lovely and yet a fearful thing is that little child.

THE YOUNG WIFE.—The marriage of middle age is companionship; the second marriage of maturity, perhaps the reparation of a mistake, perhaps the pallid transcript of a buried joy; but the marriage of the young is by the direct blessing of God, and is the realization of the complete ideal of a lovely human life. Let those who have found that pearl hidden fast and keep it safe. Within the door where love dwells no evil thing should enter; and the loving bride, who would be the happy wife, must specially guard against her own impatience and despair when the lover is merging into the husband, the fatterer into the friend.

HONEY SOAP.—Take of smiles, soft answers, tolerance, temper and tact, equal parts. Mix well, and place ready for use to your husband's hand. The above will be found a valuable recipe for removing all roughness and irritation for giving smoothness and softness, and for obviating all the unpleasant effects of domestic friction.

An Eastern establishment that has been largely engaged in the manufacture of Balmoral skirts is now employing all its hands in turning out a new pattern of "red white and blue." This skirt no doubt, will meet with great favor among the ladies of the north where the cry now is "show your colors!"

A lazy fellow begged alms, saying that he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic, "I am obliged to work for it."

Be not penny-wise; riches have wings and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain—it is a seed which even dropped by chance spring up a flower.

A gloomy theology is more to be condemned than skepticism, for while this only doubts the true, the other confirms the false.

Life is a beautiful night, in which, as some stars go down, others rise.

The loveliest faces are to be seen by the moonlight, when one sees half with the imagination.

In these stirring times many men are making up for lack in their early training, by training night and day.

When you dispute with a fool, he is sure to be similarly employed.

Educational Department.

(From the "Educator.")
The Old Way.

I well remember my first teacher. It was in those good old times when grammar and geography blackboards and mental arithmetics were almost unknown in the country schools, that I was first initiated into school life.

The teacher was a man rather past middle age—had evidently been long in the business—was very popular as a teacher, and I never knew of hearing any complaint, save that about twice a year he was in the habit of laying aside all the cares and anxieties of business, and taking a glorious "spree" as it was called. This, in those times, however, was not considered sufficiently censurable to render a man incompetent to teach the young ideas how to shoot. He was, on the whole, an amiable man, and universally esteemed as a gentleman, and we looked upon him with considerable reverence. The "Introduction" and "English Reader" which were our principal reading books, he had thoroughly committed to memory, (I suppose from having listened to the reading of them so often.) He would sit at his desk while we were rattling away at reading, (which we did standing up in a row on the floor), and when we misalled a word we were suddenly reminded of it by the teacher's distinct enunciation of the right word.—This gave us an exalted opinion of his wonderful knowledge. We received no further instruction than this in reading. We considered that rapidity of utterance was the ne plus ultra of a good reader, and hence each one's ambition was to excel in this particular. But our teacher's astonishing knowledge of reading, was fully equalled in the ciphering line. "Ciphering" was the great business of the schoolroom in those days. After reading and writing were over in the morning, which only occupied a little less than an hour, the rest of the forenoon was spent at our 'sums' as we termed them. It seemed as though our teacher had each particular 'sum' engraven upon his mind, for on taking up our slates, (which was the fashion) he would, quick as thought, manifest his profound knowledge of the matter, by rubbing out with his forefinger, that which was erroneous, which was the signal for us to try again. Thus the young idea, instead of being taught to shoot, was left to shoot itself. The term teacher was not so applicable in those times as "schoolmaster," which was the title by which he, whom I have called our teacher was known. He was emphatically a "master"—the "rod" being one of the principal articles of furniture, and we were compelled to yield as implicit obedience to the stern mandate of him who wielded it, as though we were acting under a military leader. The "master" was always grave and stern in the presence of the scholars and never was known to smile in the school-room. This was not "rendering the school-room very attractive," which at this day is considered so essential. I have written this to show the contrast between the past and present and hope that it may do good.

SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY AT VARIOUS PERIODS.—The Lord's Prayer, in the time of Henry VI. (as appears by a large manuscript vellum Bible in the Oxford library, said to have belonged to the king, and to have been given by him to the Carthusians in London), was rendered thus—

"Oure fadir, that arte in hevenes, halowid be thy name, thy kingdom come to thee, be thil wil don in erthe, as in hevene, give to us this day our breod over othre substance, and forgive to us our dettis, as we forgive our dettouris, and lede us not into temptation, but deliver us from ivel. Amen.

In the translation of Wickliffe, 1380, given in Bagster's "English Hexalpa," it is rendered thus—

"Our fadir that arte in hevenes halowid be thy name, thy kingdom come to thee, be thil wil don in erthe as in hevene, give to us this day our breod our othre substance, and forgene to us our dettouris, and lede us not into temptation; but delivre us from yvel, amen."

"Ooure fadir which arte in heven, halowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be fulfilled, as well in erth, as hit ys in heven. Geve vs this day our daily bread. And forgive vs ourne trespasses, even as we forgive them which trespass vs, as Leade vs not into temptation, but delivre vs from yvell, Amen.

Authorized version, 1611—

"Our father which arte in heven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And leade us not into temptation, but deliuer vs from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, Amen.

A GREAT THOUGHT.—There are worse things than war. Deterioration and moral cowardice are worse than death; and when it becomes necessary to die for great truths and principles, how sweet and how beautiful is the sacrifice. Let no one imagine that this is our day of deepest darkness. Twenty millions of people rising as one man, thrilled by one impulse, swept by one spirit of self sacrifice, holding right and justice to be dearer than life, and that life for these may be and shall be offered up, will appear in history as the brightest omen of the century. Civilization and free government are not to fall here, but to come forth more glorious and secure from trial. This is the clear pointing of the finger of God, and for this he strikes the awful hour and summons men to their duty. Meanwhile we hope that from the altars of religion will be breathed the holiest selectest influence into the cause of constitutional liberty as the cause of God.—*Religious Magazine.*