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JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c. of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER Office is well supplied with Power Presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything to the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SMITH & MONTANYE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office—corner of Main and Pine Streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

DR S.M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon, Office over Wickham & Black's Crockery store. Towanda, May 1, 1872.-1y*

FOYLE & McPHERSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all matters entrusted to their care. Orphans' Court business a specialty.
W. FOYLE. [may21'73] L. McPHERSON.

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 30, '68.

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office, Mercur's Block, next door to Express Office, Towanda, Pa. July17,1873.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 15, '69—tf.

WOOD & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
JAMES WOOD. [may 27] JOHN F. SANDERSON.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminium base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct23,72

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa.
R. J. MADILL. J. N. CALIFF.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of First National Bank, up stairs. Jan 8,73-1y

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON, Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa
T. B. JOHNSON, M. D. D. N. NEWTON, M. D.
Jan 1-75tf

DR. C. M. STANLEY, SURGEON and MECHANICAL DENTIST, has moved into his new dental rooms over Montanyes Store Main St., Towanda Pa. Teeth filled in the most perfect manner with pure Gold foil. All kinds of plates made and repaired at the lowest rates and warranted. The much advertised FLESH COLORED PLATES, the new style of base for artificial teeth made for the few that may desire them. Towanda, Jan. 1-75.

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Towanda, Pa., having entered into copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts. apl 14'70
F. OVERTON, JR. N. C. ELSBREE.

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

PECK & STERETER
LAW OFFICE, TOWANDA, PA.
W. A. PECK. [Jan 15'74] H. STERETER.

E. C. GRIDLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
April 1, 1873. Towanda, Pa.

PEET & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
MERCUR'S BLOCK,
Apr 1' 4. Towanda, Pa.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wyalusing, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Eccnire Porter [Nov. 19, '74.

P. A. QUICK, M. D., GRADUATE UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO, N. Y.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SUGAR RUN, PA.
Office at Store of J. STOWELL.
March 26, 1874-3m*.

M. D. L. DODSON DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the elegant new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new office on State Street. Business solicited. Sept. 3 '74-tf.

DR. A. G. BUSH,
CAMPTOWN, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA.,
Treats Chronic Diseases by new methods. May be consulted by letter. [Aug. 6, '74.

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JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH*, MONROETON, PA. Ironing Buggies, Wagon repairing done on short notice, and warranted satisfactory. Special attention to shoeing Horses. Tire set and Sleighs, &c. Work and charges reasonable. 12.15.69

HALE & PATTON, AGENTS FOR CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. Office No. 3, Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Street. March 26, 1874.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY,
may 24'70—tf TOWANDA, PA.

BARTLETT & TRACY,
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENTS
AND
REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
TOWANDA, PA.
Oct. 29, 1873.

THE UNDERSIGNED ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, wishes to inform the citizens of Towanda and vicinity, that he will give particular attention to drawing plans, designs and specifications for all manner of buildings, private and public. Superintendence given for reasonable compensation. Office at residence N. E. corner of Second and Elizabeth streets.
J. P. FLEMMING,
oct5'71 Box 511, Towanda, Pa.

W. W. KINGSBURY,
REAL ESTATE, LIFE, FIRE, & ACCIDENT
INSURANCE AGENCY.
Office, corner of Main and State Streets,
March 13, 1872. TOWANDA, PA.

G. W. HEATH
Has established his business of Manufacturing and Repairing all kinds of
EDGE TOOLS, MILL PICKS, MADE AND DRESSED
He also makes the best STRAW CUTTER now in use. All orders filled promptly, at
MEANS, ROCKWELL & CO., TOWANDA, PA.
Jan 14, '74-3m

INSURANCE.—The following reliable and
FIRE TRIED
Companies represented.
LANCASHIRE,
PHENIX,
HOME,
Mar 19'74-tf. MERCHANTS.
C. A. BLACK.

Miscellaneous.

SPECTACLES! SPECTACLES!!

ARUNDEL TINTED.

These Lenses have the power of Protecting the Eye from IRRITATION arising from Light, accompanied by Heat. Under Wilson's American and English letters patent.

REASONS WHY THE

ARUNDEL TINTED SPECTACLES

SHOULD BE PREFERRED TO ALL OTHERS:

They have the power of Arresting the Heat-Rays of Solar or Artificial Light before entering the Eye.
They are Violet Tinted, yet so constructed that when applied to the Eye appear colorless.
The high and low numbers are the same tint.]

WM. A. CHAMBERLIN

JEWELER,

TOWANDA, PA., AGENT.

DEALER IN

AMERICAN & SWISS WATCHES

STERLING SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS,

ROGERS BROS. CELEBRATED SILVER WARE,

FINE GOLD JEWELRY, &c., &c.,

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

Nov. 12, '74. W. A. CHAMBERLIN.

CALL AND SEE THE NATIONAL,

A LARGE, HEAVY COAL COOKING STOVE.

No stove was ever offered so cheap.

Also, a great variety of

STOVES,
RANGES,
HEATERS,
PARLOR HEATERS,
IRON,
STEEL,
PATENT WHEELS,
KEROSENE LAMPS,
Nickel Plated STUDENT LAMPS,
FIRE PROOF CHIMNEYS,
SHOT GUNS,
REVOLVERS and AMUNITION,
FANNING MILLS,
FEED CUTTERS,
LIME,
CEMENT,
SASH,
DOORS.
CODDING, BUSSELL & CO.
Oct. 22, 74-3m.

NO TICK HERE!

But the very best goods of all kinds kept by any first-class grocer, and sold Down, Down, Down,

STRICTLY FOR CASH!

The choicest

TEAS, SPICES, SYRUPS,
MOLASSES, SUGARS,
COFFEES, &c.,

Received Daily, Fresh from the New York Market, and bought at the very lowest cash prices.

Having been engaged for the last three years with a First-class Wholesale grocer in New York, I have Facilities for buying my goods so that I CAN MAKE IT AS OBJECT FOR ALL CASH BUYERS TO CALL AND

SEE MY STOCK AND PRICES

Before purchasing elsewhere.

I will pay CASH for Produce.

M. B. OWEN,
RED, WHITE AND BLUE STORE, BRIDGE-ST.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,
COR. MAIN AND BRIDGE STREETS.
The Horses, Harness, &c. of all guests of this house, insured against loss by Fire, without any extra charge.
A superior quality of Old English East Ale, just received.
Towanda, Jan. 24, '71. T. B. JORDAN, Proprietor.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.
C. M. WILSON
Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call.
☞ North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block.

BETHLEHEM, PA.
"OLD MORAVIAN SUN INN,"
BUILT 1758.
Rich in historical interest, it is the only building in the country except Independence Hall, honored by the sojourn within its walls of Washington, LaFayette, Lee, Gates and other patriots of the revolution. This popular hotel has recently changed hands, been improved, entirely refurnished, and the proprietor cordially invites his friends and traveling public to give him a call—no pains will be spared to render their stay comfortable. People en route for Philadelphia will find it convenient to spend the night here, reaching the city about eight in the morning. A sample room on first floor for accommodation of commercial agents.
C. T. SMITH,
Sept 4, 1873. Proprietor.

DINING ROOMS
IN CONNECTION WITH THE BAKERY
Near the Court House.
We are prepared to feed the hungry all times of the day and evening. Oysters and Ice Cream in their seasons.
March 30, 1870. D. W. SCOTT & CO.

PRICES DOWN, SELLING OFF
AT COST.
The undersigned will sell off the balance
her
WINTER MILLINERY STOCK, AT COST, FOR
CASH ONLY,
Preparatory to filling up for the
SPRING TRADE.
MRS. J. D. HILL.
Millinery Store, Bridge St., Feb 1-'72.

Selected Poetry.

WINTER FRIENDS.

Some little sparrows on a tree
Were chattering together;
Said one of them, "It seems to me
We'll soon have falling weather;
I would n't feel the least surprise
If I should hear it thunder."
"Well, you're extremely weather-wise,"
An old one said; "I wonder
Where you were hatched, and when, my dear,
To talk of that, *this* time of year!

"It's much more likely, let me say,
Although it's to my sorrow,
That you will see it snow to-day—
At all events to morrow."
He hopped off to another twig,
When he had thus admonished
His neighbors not so wise and big,
And left them quite astonished.
"What does he mean? and what is snow?"
They asked each other: "Do *you* know?"

And not a single one could tell;
So after lots of chatter,
They all concluded, very well,
'T was no such mighty matter.
But in the night-time came the snow,
According to his warning;
And oh! what flying to and fro
And twittering the next morning!
"How cold it is!" they chirped—"Oh dear!
How disagreeable and queer!"

The old one swelled with self-conceit,
"I told you so," he muttered.
"Now see what you will find to eat,"—
And off again he fluttered.
The little sparrows, in despair,
They looked at one another—
"Oh! where is all the seed, and where
The bugs and worms, my brother?
To die of hunger, that's a fate
One shudders but to contemplate."

Now, in the house behind the tree,
There was a little maiden,
Who laughed out merrily to see
The branches all snow-laden.
She broke her bread up, crumb by crumb,
Along the sill so narrow,
And called, "Dear little birdies, come!
Here's some for every sparrow.
I'll feed you, darlings, every day,
Because you never fly away.

The blue-bird and the bobolink,
They're birds of gayer feather,
But not so nice as you, I think,
That stay in winter weather.
So hop along the window sill,
There's food enough for twenty:
Come every day and eat your fill,
You'll always find a plenty."
And after that, come frost or snow,
Be sure the birds knew where to go!

—*St. Nicholas.*

Miscellanous.

THE SCARLET SPECTRE.

I can tell you a story you may not believe; yet stranger things are happening every day; and I will tell you just as it was, just as I see it before me now, written in characters that cannot be effaced.

I am sitting in my window, looking out upon the lighted street. It is a clear, cold evening,—after a storm. The snow has been falling steadily for twelve hours, but now the last flake is down; and the wind is rising, scattering the fleecy white, bearing the earth in some places, that it may put a tenfold covering upon others. The flickering fire is casting dancing shadows all over the walls of my room; but the genial warmth will hardly keep out the chill, as I think of the story I am to tell.

It was just such a night as this five years ago. There were three of us lounging about the office of the detective police in the city of Frankfort; and the chief, whose name was Carl Buson, sat at his desk. Max, grown gray in the service, was by the fire smoking his pipe, as usual, and no doubt conceiving some new plan for "working up" different cases. In the other corner was another veteran named Stein, the best fellow that ever caught a rogue, and the shrewdest detective in the whole force. I was sitting by the window just as I am to-night, only I was thinking of nothing in particular, but watching the passers as they toiled through the snow, homeward bound.

There was nothing to break the stillness of the room but the scratching of the chief's pen as he wrote—wrote—wrote; and it seemed that he never would stop. The dropping of a pin, or the foot-fall of a mouse, would have produced a distinct sound, and a welcome one.

I never knew what impelled me to turn my eyes toward the door, for there was no sound—no indication of the entrance of any one; yet there stood the prettiest woman I ever saw. Her great mournful eyes—I never shall see the like again—were turned full upon the chief, but he knew nothing of it; and her hands were raised in suppliant attitude, as if craving some boon that he alone could grant.

Her head was adorned with a profusion of soft brown hair, which fell carelessly over her shoulders, giving her a wild appearance that was startling, and enveloping her person was a cloak-like garment of the brightest scarlet hue.

Max was puffing away at that everlasting pipe, taking not the slightest notice of his visitor; Stein had turned his face to the wall, while the chief still kept his pen in motion, not once lifting his eyes from the page. Was it possible that I was the only one that saw her? If so, it became my duty to hear her wishes. I was hastening to her, when my steps were arrested by a groan from the chief. He had whirled about on his stool and sat facing the door, his hands clasping the desk, and his whole aspect was one of the most terrible agony.

"Quick, Herman," he cried to me; "she must not leave me again. Do not let her go. There, she is going. Too late, Herman!"

Impressed by his eagerness, I turned again to the door, but the strange being was nowhere to be seen.

I sprang forward, opened the door, and rushed into the passage. Before I reached the outer door I was sure I heard the rustle of female garments, and was equally positive that I felt a touch upon my arm.

I reached out my arm and grasped—nothing.

Almost stupefied with amazement, I closed and bolted the outer door, and then called for Max, Stein, and for the chief, for any one to bring a light. Stein answered me with a lantern. I snatched it from him and searched everywhere, but found nothing.

"I tell you what, Herman, you had better leave this affair to some other hand," whispered Stein, glancing at the office door to see that the chief was not there.

"I am not afraid to try my hand at it," I replied.

"You'll wish you hadn't, Herman. It was no woman.

"What do you mean, Stein?"

"I mean, Herman, that you have been clasping a spirit—a spectre—a real ghost."

"Stein, don't be a fool," said I, vexed at what I then considered the most stupid superstition that ever cursed mankind.

"I'll give you some advice," was his reply. "But if you are really in earnest in your belief that she is a living woman, I'll say no more."

Max was of the same opinion; and I was not surprised, for I knew he had a good deal of superstition in his nature. But when Karl Buson told me seriously that he had witnessed a vision from the land beyond the grave, I knew not what to think.

"Yes, Herman, it was a spirit, a ghost, or whatever you choose to name it," said he, solemnly. "I would give all I am or hope to be in this world if I could know it was not so; but it is no use. We shall meet again only as we have met to-night."

What could I say? I could not tell him she was a living reality, yet I believed it. I could only press his hand in silence, pray that the great sorrow unknown to all save to him who bore it, might be lifted.

After that we maintained a perfect silence on the painful subject; yet there was not a day, nor an hour, that I did not think of the mysterious being. I never heard the office door open without thinking of her; but it was a full year before she came again.

It was evening, as before. There was no sound of footsteps, nor of opening of doors; but there she stood, in the same suppliant attitude, her matchless eyes fixed on the care-worn but handsome countenance of our chief.

I did not wait for instructions. I cleared the space between us at a bound, yet was too late. She had left the room, but how I could not tell. I hastened through the passage, conscious of a flittering presence just before me yet out of reach. Out into the street, still guided by that unseen presence; I mounted behind a carriage that was just starting away from the door. After passing through many streets, the driver halted before a house well known to me.

Without giving me time for thought the driver got down from his seat and went to the carriage. From my perch, I peered around the corner of the vehicle; but in my eagerness to see the strange being who had seemed to lead me on, I forgot my usual caution; my hand slipped its hold, and I fell awkwardly to the pavement, disclosing my presence and startling the driver. He closed the door with a bang that sounded like the report of a score of muskets, when I slipped away, the darkness favoring me.

I returned to the office in a much cooler frame of mind, when I thought of what I had done. I rushed out of the office like a madman; I had stolen a ride upon Archibald Randal's carriage, and when I stopped before the house I had capped my adventure by tumbling to the ground. Yet, after all, I had discovered nothing.

The chief was waiting for me.

"Well, Herman?—but I need not ask. I know it never can be"

He leaned his head upon his desk, and great sobs shook his frame. What caused such agony? I dared not ask him, yet I pitied him. After a while he looked up, and brushed his hair from his forehead.

"There, Herman, I know it seems foolish, but I can't help it. It is all over now, and I must go. You are going with me, are n't you? You know we are engaged for Randal's to-night."

There was very pleasant company assembled, yet I felt ill at ease. The beautiful, bewitching face of the lady in scarlet (or the Scarlet Spectre, as Stein persisted in calling her) was continually before me, reminding me of Karl Buson's unhappiness. I could not be merry while he was sad.

I did succeed in throwing off my gloominess long enough to enjoy a brief tete-a-tete with our host's pretty sister, Maud Randal, but it ended abruptly.

I became conscious of a strange sound coming from without the room. I heard it only when my head came in contact with the wall, and at first so very faint that I could not liken it to anything. After a while I detected the tones of a human voice. There would have been nothing surprising in that, had I not been leaning against the outer wall of the house.

How were the sounds conducted through that mass of solid stone? From whence did they come? These were the questions that coursed thro' my brain as I sat there, entirely forgetful of the lady I had been striving to entertain; but they were not answered.

I listened—the voice grew more and more distinct as my ear became familiar to the sound.

"No, madam," spoke the voice, "I would sooner take your life."

Then came an answer, clear and distinct, but in a different tone of voice:

"You dare not, sir! One murder is enough."

A short, hard, cruel laugh from the first speaker followed, and then all was still again.

I was pleased when I saw the chief approach, for I was making sorry work at entertaining Maud Randal. I gave him my seat, and had the satisfaction of seeing his head rest against the same tell-tale spot.

For a moment there was no change; but presently his face grew a shade whiter, his eyes seemed to glisten wildly, and by the upheaving of his chest, I saw that his breathing was short and painful. I knew that the mysterious voice had reached his ear.

So soon as he could leave he beckoned me to follow.

"Herman, I shall go crazy if this lasts much longer. It is horrible; I cannot bear it! O, Herman, if I had been in the wrong!"

I had no comfort for him, so I waited until he grew calm again.

"Say nothing of this, Herman, but be ready for business at noon to-morrow."

I asked no questions, and during the walk to the office not a word was spoken by either. As we separated for the night, he said, "O, Herman! You do not know how anxiously I wait for the morrow."

At the appointed hour on the following day I found Max and Stein also ready, and together we went to Randal's house. Max and Stein were posted out of doors, with orders to intercept whoever should attempt to enter or leave. I followed Karl into the house.

"Herman," he said, and his voice was husky and unsteady, "I cannot go down there," pointing to a door opening out of the hall.

"I will go, Karl."

"I will wait. If you need me, call, and I shall hear. Search thoroughly, Herman, and I will try to be patient."

It was a dismal hole, that celler under Archibald Randal's house, promising no pleasant task nor startling discoveries. Yet I knew by the chief's manner that he expected to find something; and that was sufficient for me to know, or he would have told me more. I stumbled about among the empty casks, peeping into black, mouldy corners, sounding the walls with my heavy stick, and even the damp floor I tried, but nothing was revealed.

The last and only spot that I had not tried was a small, square vault, built into the side of the wall—a place black with darkness. I moved cautiously, for my lantern threw but a dim light before me; but I was entirely unsuspicious of the danger that menaced me. I grouped my way thro' the small door, and stood within the vault.

Ere my eyes grew accustomed to the intense darkness, I received a stunning blow in the face; and before I could recover, my unseen assailant grappled with me, and together we went to the floor. My lantern was extinguished at the first onset, and there in the dark we struggled as only men can struggle for life.

My weapons were useless, for I could not get them; but I felt a prick of my adversary's knife, and felt the warm blood start. It aroused me to a sense of my peril; and summoning all my strength into one desperate effort, I thrust the villain from me. I drew my revolver, and shouted, "Back, or I will send a bullet through your heart!"

No answer came back to me. All was still as the grave. I started into the darkness, expecting him to renew the attack.

I thought I heard a steady footfall right in front of me, and my finger was on the trigger; but before I pressed it the vault was flooded with light, revealing a room beyond; and right before me, gathered for a spring, was my antagonist—Archibald Randal.

With a cry of baffled rage, he turned and fled through the door which had been opened so opportunely.

I followed, but I met a sight that halted me on the threshold. In the centre of the room, in all her wonderful beauty, stood the Scarlet Spectre. Before I had recovered from my amazement, I felt a hand upon my shoulder—a hand so hot that it seemed to burn through my clothing. I had no fear; I did not even look around, for I knew it was the chief who stood behind.

"O, God! my lost wife!" he moaned.

She heard his voice and knew that he was there, though she had not seen him.

"Karl! Karl! have you come to save me at last? Come to me and take me from this living tomb; come, for I am dead and cannot go to you."

"God have mercy on me for the wrong my suspicions have caused her!" he exclaimed, casting me aside as though I were an infant, and rushing forward with open arms. "Forgive me, Marian!"

"I never blamed you, Karl," was her trusting reply, leaning forward to meet him. "I knew you would come."

There was a step between them, when Archibald Randal raised the pistol and took deliberate aim at the pure woman he had held in bondage so long; but Heaven averted the blow. The ball glanced against an iron place, entering his own side, and Randal fell in the agonies of death.

This is all I ever knew of Karl Buson's wife. And I need not detail the last moments of Archibald Randal; but I will tell you of an old chimney, long out of use, that had its base in the prison cell of Marian Buson, and of a crevice in that chimney in the room above, through which those mysterious sounds came to me.

The strange appearance of Marian Buson in our office I leave as it is. I can offer no explanation, for the secret died with her.

READ ONLY GOOD WORKS.—Books injure when bad or trifling. Time is too short, and life too uncertain, to allow us to search hay-rick for the solitary needle that may be found in each; the time occupied in picking the bushel of chaff will more than counterbalance the grain of wheat which it may perchance contain. Indeed, it holds true, as a general principle, never to read any books of undeniable merit. Perhaps the longer we live the less we read, but the more profit do we derive from our reading. Young people are like school boys who devour everything—hips, haws brambles, rowan berries, junipers, raw turnips. As we grow up we become more choice and chary, both in our physical and mental tastes. Some writer was asked how he attained such a command of language, such a pure and powerful diction, and replied that it was because he made a point never, if possible, to read an inferior work.

A VETERAN officer observes, "I never place reliance on a man who is telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never do get there."

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

MARCH 28, 1875.

JOSHUA, xxiv: 1-13—GOLDEN TEXT, Ps., cvii: 8.

No. XIII.

This is designed to serve as a review of the first quarter's lessons of this year. And it may answer a more extensive purpose, and be used for a rapid recapitulation of the Old Testament lessons of last year. By necessity the review cannot be very minute, but the great outlines of Old Testament history to the death of Joshua, may be brought out. It is a golden opportunity for illustrating and enforcing the goodness of God to his people.

We cannot do more in our space than give a rapid commentary on the text. The chapter divides itself: (1) The exordium; verse 1. (2). The recapitulation of what God had done for them since the calling of Abraham; verses 2–13. (3). An earnest exhortation to abstinence from idolatry and to the service of Jehovah, which Joshua and his family had resolved should characterize them; verses 14, 15. (4). The renewal of the covenant on the part of the whole nation; verses 16–18. And (5). The death of Joshua and of Eleazar; verses 29–33. Our lesson includes only the first two points—the exordium and the recapitulation.

1. The Exordium; v. 1. We have here Joshua's last congress of the representatives of the nation, and his final valedictory. The place was Shechem, where the nation Israel had renewed the covenant upon possession of the land nearly thirty years before (chapter viii: 30–35); where Jacob had purified his family from idolatry (Gen. xxxv: 1–4); where Abraham built an altar and worshipped the Lord who appeared unto him, and gave him the promise of the land of Canaan (Gen. xii: 6, 7.) It was also a most appropriate spot, because the geographical centre of the land. It was within the limits of Joshua's tribe, and therefore specially dear, and a spot of striking beauty—the Paradise of Palestine. This meeting at Shechem was an official conference, called by Jehovah—the God of Israel—through Joshua acting as the divine legate. "They presented themselves before God." It has been conjectured that this may mean that they met before the ark, which had been brought from Shiloh for that occasion; but then it would have read "before Jehovah." It is certain that they met at the command of God to take part in a sacred service. It is safe to conjecture that the representatives present, —the elders, heads, judges and officers—were very numerous.

2. The Recapitulation; verses 2–13. Joshua was a logical speaker as well as a brave general. This rehearsal of God's goodness goes on from strength to strength with cumulative force. He gives four proofs of God's favor to the nation: 1. What he had done for Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; verses 2, 3, 4. The ancestors of Abraham dwelt beyond the flood; literally, "the river;" *i. e.*, the Euphrates. They lived in "Ur of the Chaldees; but Terah—the father of Abraham—whose nomadic habits induced him to leave that region, died in Haran (Carrae) in Mesopotamia. (We have accepted here the conjecture of many recent scholors that "Ur of the Chaldees" was situated in the real Chaldæa—the low country near the Persian Gulf). Joshua's statement is very explicit—"They (Abraham's ancestors) served other gods." This makes it plain that Terah was an idolater. It is a legitimate question whether Abraham was a worshipper of idols. Knobel says: "Whether, according to one author, Abraham also was originally an idolater, is rather to be denied than affirmed; compare Gen. xxxi; 53." It seems probable that Abraham was reared and trained in the usages and ideas of a patriarchal religion—a religion based on the fatherly relation of God to man. The natural tendency of such a religion (as has been said) is to the worship of tutelary gods of the family, or of the tribe. From this simple and most pardonable form of idolatry, Abraham was rescued, first by a special divine revelation, and second, by his being called away from his kindred and by his sojourn in Canaan, where he enjoyed frequent fellowship with the One God. There, worshipping and serving Jehovah with marvellous steadfastness and purity, he received his only son, Isaac, as a pledge of God's love—in whom all the families of the earth were to be blessed. Jacob's line divided into two branches, —one maintaining the worship of Jehovah, the other mingling itself with heathen impurities. But the golden line of grace can be traced in Jacob's family and in Jacob's history.

(2). God's favor is seen in the deliverance of Israel from Egypt. There were two steps in this deliverance: (1). The embassy of Moses and Aaron, and the infliction of the ten plagues; verse 5. And (2) the destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea; verses 6, 7.

(3). God's favor is shown in the victory over the Amorites and the frustration of Baalam's curse; verses 8, 9, 10. In connection with verse 8, compare Numb. xxi: 21–35. There seems to be a transposition of the 12th verse in the received text. It should probably follow the 8th verse, as it is explanatory of it. For previous references to "the hornet," see Exod. xxiii: 28, and Deut. vii: 20. (Compare article, "hornet," in Smith's Bible Dictionary). It is no doubt a figure for the terror and discouragement which Jehovah would inspire among their enemies.

In what sense did Balak, king of Moab, war against Israel? He did not contend in battle. He probably lacked the courage to meet Israel. But he warred (as the last clause of the 9th verse explains) by biring Balaam to curse them. See Numb. xxii: 24.

(4). God's favor is manifested (his last point) in the crossing of the Jordan—the capture of Jericho—and the victory over the Canaanites; verse 11. Dr. Crosby annotates: "There seems to be an apposition here with "the men (or possessors) of Jericho." Jericho, as an important frontier city, may have had in it representatives of all the seven nations of Canaan for defense against Israel. Notice that the Girgashites appear here at Jericho, who afterward disappear." Verse 13 follows verse 11, and expands its meaning.

It will be seen from this explanation that the great thought of the lesson is God's favor to Israel. This thought the "Golden Text" enshrines. How Joshua makes this truth a means of securing the personal consecration of the people should be pointed out in the latter part of the chapter. It will be well to impress this duty from such a passage as Romans xii: 1.

[For the REPORTER.]

PETER THE GREAT.

Peter the Great, by the transportation of his elder sister, Sophia, into Siberia, came into power at the age of 18, when he found himself at the head of the largest empire of the world, though by no means the most powerful, for the reason that the people were in a state of savage barbarism, about equal to that of the Hindoos of the present day. They had a written language, but the little that was written in that language was by the priests, and consisted of religious treatises, and a few works on kindred subjects. The standing army was quite large, it is true, but they were but little better than a band of savages, as they had no training whatever.

Immediately upon coming into power, he resolved to free his people from the bigotry of the priests: to give the poorer classes a better chance for education; to introduce the sciences and arts among them; to make for them a nation to be feared and respected among the great powers of the world. To do this, he knew he must have a standing army at home to protect him from invasion, and a navy to protect his vessels in foreign ports. Consequently one of his first acts was to order some of the young nobles to travel into Germany, Italy, and other countries, for the express purpose of learning the science of war.

After arranging matters at home, he himself started upon a journey through England and Germany, for the purpose of learning how to build ships and to command a fleet, although he had no water to launch a ship upon; he also took it upon himself to learn as much of the other trades and sciences as possible; and it is said when he returned he took with him more than 500 workmen of the different crafts. In the meanwhile he had levied a light tax, the first thing of the kind ever done in that country, and upon returning he set about raising, equipping, and training an army for the purpose of making some additions to his territory, and having a place where he could launch a fleet; consequently he attacked several tribes upon his north-west boundary, and took in the Gulf of Finland and some of the Baltic Sea: here upon this coast he founded the city of St. Petersburg, and started his navy.

Thence he marched south, and laid siege to the city of Azof, which belonged to Turkey, and after a time succeeded in this also. This extended his dominions to the sea of Azof, where he commenced building more ships. Proud of these victories, and being greedy, he made the attempt to conquer some provinces belonging to Charles XII., of Sweden; but here he had his match, for Charles loved war, and had a well trained army, with which he defeated Peter's army of comparatively untrained troops. Not content with merely driving Peter off, he pursued the war, and owing to the superior discipline of his troops, Peter's army was ignominiously defeated in a number of battles; but this proved a grand training school for the Russian army, and in a short time they were able to turn the tide of the war, but here Charles called to his assistance the Turks, who stil held their grudge against the Russians; but a treaty was concluded just at the critical point as Peter was about to fall into the hands of the enemy, only however by his making large concessions to them.

Many historians have portrayed him as a model man, a paragon of excellence: and it is true that the empire of Russia owes much of its present greatness to him. He it was who started their commerce; caused the best books he could select from other languages to be translated into Russian; who first gave them the science of arithmetic; who introduced nearly all the arts known upon the continent, including music, painting, etc., to their uncultivated minds, and brought the comforts of civilized life within their reach.

Yet, with all these many virtues, he was not the man he should have been. In his private life, he was guilty of many things that would have made the very devils blush for shame. He caused his own son to be put to death in a most unnatural manner. If he caught any of his servants defrauding him, he would order them to be hung; sometimes he would have fifteen or twenty hung at a time. He would take part in assisting the work, and seemed to take great pleasure in sending them to their doom. Thus showing that he lacked something—that there was something very wrong underlying all his good acts. I fancy that I can see him as he must have looked: a man of large frame, unusually large head, somewhat angular, massive forehead, heavy eyebrows, deep-set gray eyes, prominent nose, wide mouth kept firmly shut, showing great decision and force of character, his heavy, square-built frame showing a good constitution, much muscular strength and power of endurance.

Thus you have a pen-picture of the man who worked his life-time for his country, whose good deeds have been in the mouth of nearly every one, for they are many; but the bad deeds have been cloaked as much as possible from the eyes of the world.

A. A. G.

NEXT to a diary, the most difficult thing to keep is a lead pencil.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Europe was jarred by numerous wars; some of them were domestic, and others had been undertaken by royal or noble adventurers, greedy for conquest. Fire and the sword had passed from kingdom to kingdom; the people were impoverished and sick of violence and war. Civilization was at a low ebb, and men everywhere were weary of their long struggles for peace. Into this condition of society came wayworn pilgrims from the Holy Land, bringing tidings of the wretched plight of the shrines which Christian hands had reared, and telling harrowing tales of the indignities heaped on holy men who went to worship or pay their vows at the birthplace and sepulcher of Our Lord.

To these appeals for succor there was no response. The country was poor and the people tired of wars. A crusade would not pay. The popular religion of the times was not much better than heathenism; and the threats and entreaties of priests were alike unheeded.

In the gloomy old town of Cloyes, situated in the part of France now known as the Department of Loire-et-Loire, in 1212, lived a young lad named Stephen. The scant history of the times tells us only that he was a shepherd boy, that he was about sixteen years old, and that he tended a flock on the hills of the Loire, which flows through the town. His family name is not recorded. He is known in history only as Stephen of Cloyes.

Stephen had heard the passionate appeals of the priests, and had seen the tears of returning pilgrims as they recounted the perils of the way to the Holy Land, and pictured the sufferings which Our Lord had endured through his disciples at Jerusalem. His heart had been stirred within him as he saw that there was not one to help the distressed church and her faithful cross-bearers.

There appeared to him, one day, a strange man, who commended his zeal and pious tears. To the wonder-stricken, rapt youth, he announced himself as Jesus Christ. He gave him a commission to preach a crusade to the children, promising that he should lead to Palestine an army that should occupy the land and restore the Holy Sepulcher. Into his hand he delivered a letter to the King of France, commanding the monarch to aid the Heaven appointed apostle of the new crusade. Filled with rapture Stephen flew to his parents, told his marvellous story, and exhibited his celestial letter to the king. The simple people listened with amazement and perplexity. They asked for the heavenly visitant; but he had disappeared as mysteriously as he came. We can only guess who and what he was. Probably he was a priest of the neighborhood, who, hearing of Stephen's kindling enthusiasm, had disguised himself in pilgrim garb, and had thus visited and misled the simple boy.

Stephen soon proved how apt a pupil he was. Fired with strange ardor, and gifted with great natural powers of oratory, the lad kindled innumerable hearts with burning zeal. Leaving Cloyes, he went to St. Denys, then famous as the burial place of the the martyr Dionysius. Placing himself before the shrine of this early victim to the rage of the heathen, he addressed the multitude who came thither to worship.

The people heard with awe, not unmixed with doubt. The religion of the time was overlaid with much ridiculous superstition. Legends of heaven deities were intermingled with monkish tales and lies. Divine appearances and angelic visitations were believed to be common; and not a few were ready to accept Stephen as a divinely-appointed prophet. He is said to have healed the sick by his touch; and the fame of his youth, piety, and high mission, spread far and wide. Nevertheless, there was no movement of the people toward his banner. Men were disturbed by the civil wars that then rent France. There were many rulers, and the fertile provinces of that beautiful land were trampled by hostile forces. But the children were caught up by this strange enthusiasm. Like a contagion, the crusading spirit spread from Britany to the Rhine. Stephen traversed the country, speeding from city to city, and everywhere calling on the children to hear the voice of God commanding them to save the Holy City from the defilement of the Moslems.

The young apostle must have been a youth of rare power. His appearance was in all places hailed with w