The Bradford Reporter.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscriptions to the paper.

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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 in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Professional and Business Cards.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. mch9-76

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

JOHN F. SANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OFFICE.—Means Building (over Powell's Store). TOWANDA, PA. mch9-76

D. D. SMITH, DENTIST, Towanda, Pa. Office on Park street, north side Public Square, next to Elwell House. [mch9-76

S. W. & WM. LITTLE, *ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.* Office in Patton's Block, cor. of Main and Pine Sts.

H. STREETER, LAW OFFICE, aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office over Montanyes Store. [may675. D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

PATRICK & FOYLE, *ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Office, in Mercur's Block, jly17-73.

E. C. GRIDLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, April 1, 1873. TOWANDA, PA.

G. F. MASON: ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office first door south of C. B. Patch Esq., second floor. Nov. 18, '75.

E. L. HILLIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office with Smith & Montanye. [nov11-75.

GEORGE D. STROUD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 33 Chestnut St. TOWANDA, PA. Late of Philadelphia. Dec. 9, '75

WILT & MAXWELL, ATTORNEYS & COUNSLORS-AT-LAW. Office over Dayton's Store, Towanda, Pa. J. ANDREW WILT. WM. MAXWELL. (May be consulted in German.) ap27'75.

McPHERSON & KINNEY, *ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW*, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Tracy & Noble's Block. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 10, 1876.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov19-74.

L. ELSBREE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Oct. 1875. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having entered into co-partnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts. D. A. OVERTON, JR. (1pd1-75) N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National Bank, up stairs. H. B. MADILL. [apl8-73y] J. N. CALIFF.

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

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MERCUR BLOCK TOWANDA, PA. Dec 23-75.

H. PEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Is prepared to practice all branches of his profession. Office, MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on south side,) TOWANDA, PA. (jan6-76.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer. Also Insurance Agent, LeRaysville, Pa. March 18-87.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store. Towanda, May 1, 1872ly*.

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON, Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. T. R. JOHNSON, M. D. D. N. NEWTON, M. D. jan1-75tf.

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. 3-74tf.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 34-72.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Moor's new block, over Kent & Watrous' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has also put in a new gas aparatus. [feb 1 1875.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office No. 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts. March 26-74.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

M. O. MOODY, BLACKSMITH. Does all kinds of work in his line. HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Diseased feet treated. Manufactures the celebrated CALIFORNIA PICK. Shop on the Plank Road, near L. B. Rodgers' Planing Mill. (Jan6-76-tf.

INSURANCE AGENCY. The following RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCSHIRE. PHŒNIX. HOME. MERCHANTS. March 19-74y. O. A. BLACK.

WOOL CARDING, AT THE WOOLEN MILLS, CAMPTOWN, PENNA. Also manufacturing and cloth dressing attended to on short notice. We are already making rolls from the new clip, and are prepared to do work as fast as offered. H. B. INGHAM Camptownmill, Jn. 1874.

1876. WHERE NOW? 1876.

TO MICHIGAN, one of the foremost, flourishig and healthy States!

WHAT FOR?

To buy a FARM out of the ONE MILLION ACRES, of fine Farming Lands for sale by the Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. Strong soils; ready markets; sure crops; good schools; railroad run through the centre of the grant; settlements all along; all kinds of products raised; plenty of water, timber and building materials. Price from $4 to $10 per acre; one-fourth down, balance on time. Send for illustrated pamphlet, full of facts and figures, and be convinced. Address, W. A. HOWARD, Comm'r. P. R. L. PIERCE, Grand Rapids, Mich. Sec'y Land Dep't. (jan13-76tm

Evans & Hildreth.

CALL ON EVANS & HILDRETH, AT THEIR *NEW STORE*, ON MAIN STREET, AND SECURE SOME OF THE *GREAT BARGAINS*, THEY OFFER IN PRINTS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, CASSIMERES, DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES, NOTIONS, &c., &c., &c., &c.. &c. EVANS & HILDRETH.

Towanda, March 2, '76

Taylor & Co.

TAYLOR & CO A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF HOLIDAY GOODS, AT TAYLOR & CO'S THIS WEEK

Towanda, Dec. 2, 75.

Selected Poetry.

SUNSET.

Upward do I journey slowly,
As the shadows lengthen fast,
To a land of sunlight holy,
Where no evening shades are cast;
Noontide glory
In that land shall always last.

See the sun in splendor shining,
On the hilltops of the West!
Grandly thus the day declining,
Brings a night of peaceful rest;
While earth's weary,
Long to find its slumber blest!

Life's high western hills are shading,
Solemnly the path I go;
Sunset glory, too, is fading,
Soon I'll miss the golden glow;
Sunset shadows
Soon will leave my path below.

And with joy unmarred by sorrow
Do I hail life's eventide;
Herald of a bright to-morrow,
Ever on the other side;
Through the darkness
Gladly will my spirit glide.

Some I love are over yonder,
Basking in a fadeless ray,
And my feet would gladly wander
With them in their new-found day;
Since they left me,
Lone to me has been life's way.

Night comes on; and not regretting
That the day is almost done,
Calmly I await the setting
Of the distant sinking sun;
Glad in spirit
That the race is nearl run.

Deferred Local.

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?—Continued: This church on Sugar Creek was now one of the strong points on the Tioga circuit. The presumption is that it was the largest on the circuit—holding, when carefully seated, 600. From 1823 to 1832 we find the well known names of Fitch Reed, Geo. Peck, Horace Agard, Asa Abell, Asa Orcutt, John Copeland and Robert Burch as Presiding Elders. Among the preachers during these years were George Evans, John Wilson Jr., son-in-law of Father Cole; Joshua Rogers, Joseph Towner, Mark Preston and Joseph Pearsall. With such leaders, it is no wonder that the cause of God prospered. In 1832 there was a division made of the Tioga circuit, and Sugar Creek became the head of a new charge, called Sugar Creek circuit, and A. N. Filmore was preacher in charge. He was a tall slender man with a feminine voice, and put in his first appearance at John Ross', who then lived in Burlington boro, or what is now known as such: was poorly clad, had no overcoat, and his under-coat was short—the sleeves were so short that there was quite a space between his mittens and his coat sleeves, with one heel of his shoe out: his prospects did not seem very flattering, yet he was happy, and preached his first sermon in the church Aug. 19, 1832. In speaking of his first sermon at Monroeton, he said: "there were fourteen out to hear me, and what do you think when I came around in six weeks, the same fourteen were out to hear me again"—astonished to think that they would want to hear him the second time.

At this time Sugar Creek circuit embraced the following appointments: Burlington, Smithfield, Clark's school house, Smithfield Centre, Granville, Canton, Canton 2d, Soper's on Lycoming creek, Franklin, Monroe, Susquehannah, Towanda Court House, Old Sheshequin, Ulster, Hilton's, Springfield, Troy, Columbia Flats, Sullivan's, Robbins', Jesse Smith's and Hodges'.

W. P. Davis was sent by the Conference as the colleague of M. Filmore; his health failed, and Orrin F. Comfort a local preacher from Southport, supplied his place the latter part of the year.

In this year Wm. Hosmer was sent to Canandaigua circuit, but was not received by the brethren, and was without appointment. During the year a small circuit was formed for him, from the following preaching places on Sugar Creek circuit: Sullivan, Oar Hill, Hodges' and Robbins', and some from Wellsboro circuit, where he labored till conference.

W. P. Davis married a Miss Pratt, of Sugar Creek, and Mr. Hosmer, Miss Martha Granger of the same place.

In 1834 Wm. P. Davis and Samuel Salisbury were sent on the Sugar Creek circuit. In 1835 John W. Vaughn, in 1836 Jared M. Gorton. In 1837 there seems to have been another division, when we read "Towanda and Canton, Philo E. Brown and E. G. Townsend as preachers, Sugar Creek left to be supplied." In 1838, Towanda, Philo E. Brown; Cantaon, Wm Hosmer; Sugar Creek, Joseph Pearsall and Ira Smith. In 1839 we find Towanda, C. A. Smith; Canton, Ira Smith; and now appears Burlington circuit for the first time, with S. W. Alden and two supplies, viz: Amos Mansfield and E. H. Cranmer. Burlington now embraces Mainsburgh, State Road, Armenia (North and South), Columbia Flats, Troy, Leona, Pisgah, Hilton's, Pleasant Valley, Burlington, Smithfield Centre, Turnpike, Moore's Hill, Ridgebury, North Woods, Sutliffs, Milan, Ulster, Cob City and Bently Creek. G. S. TRANSUE.

P. S. A word to "Justice:" 1. There is no intentional reflection for my part on Eld. Jayne. I am obliged to "Justice" for this information. 2. What I have published is what was prepared and read, at our Memorial services, held in the Old Church last August. Time and opportunity only permitted me to pursue this one branch of The Church. 3. In August next we expect to hold a similar service, at which time I wish to present what religious history I can obtain of other denominations, and of the families of these early settlers. If "Justice" will please give me his name and residence, I would be glad to call upon him, and receive from him all the information he is in possession of, in regard to the Regular Baptist Church, on Sugar Creek and immediate vicinity. Also I would be glad to find some one who could give me correct information of the Free Will Baptist Church which once existed on Sugar Creek. I am sorry that there does not exist now, another evangelical denomination on Sugar Creek, within the Burlingtons. G. S. T.

THIS is what the correspondent of the Elmira *Advertiser* has to say on the subject of small feet:

"There is still another advantage to be derived from muddy crossings, particularly. It gives the belles of Towanda an opportunity to show that Mrs. BELKNAP's foot, even 'if the smallest in Washington,' was by no means any daintier or prettier than those of some of our own fair women. Having nothing in particular to do (don't go and quote that miserable old adage about 'Satan and idle hands') we took observations this morning in front of the Ward House, where the most genteel loafers always congregate. First, that saucy, *petite* Miss K—— knows that boots are the latest styles sor street wear, and slippers or gaiters for the house or carriage. We came near missing the opportunity to measure the exact dimensions of Miss P——'s foot—with our intellectual eye, we mean, of course, for the bewitching dimples in her rosy cheeks were so brimming over with some girlish mischief, and her sparkling eyes were so full of laughing light, that we caught ourselves wondering how we should have felt, when a young man, as we met those roguish glances. The briefest observation convinced us, however, that not even CINDERELLA's glass slipper ever covered a more delicate arched instep, or moved through the magic dance with a more springing grace of motion. Tall and stately Mrs. W——held the skirt of her plain, dark walking suit out of the mud with the same air of unconscious dignity with which we have seen her sweep aside her silken train at a grand reception. (Mem. Not to let our wife see this number of the *Advertiser*)."

Miscellaneous.

THE RIGHT SORT OF A WIFE.

"Jennie June" writes to the Baltimore *American*: Thousands of Americans have spent the few thousand dollars which stood between them and poverty in a European trip, because wife and daughters had not sufficient occupation to make them feel the necessity of staying at home. We frequently hear it said: "Why, it is necessary to go abroad; we can live cheaper there than we can at home." Yes, if living on the results of some other person's labor is all that we have to do, but women who have homes and husbands should do something more than this—they should work at their homes, and add to the raw material which the earnings of the man purchase.

One New York woman, not quite spoiled, has worked this out of herself very satisfactorially, and her example may stimulate others. Some time ago she lived with her husband and two daughters—one grown, the other still at school—in a nice house, on a good side street, and kept two servants; not an extensive establishment, but enough with her small family to obviate the necessity for much exertion on her part. When the eldest daughter left school (like all other daughters who leave school,) she wanted to go to Europe, and the mother, worked upon by sympathizing friends, soon became convinced that it was necessary for the two daughters' health and her own (though persons more capable of doing justice to excellent roast beef never lived) that they should all go to Europe, and to Europe they accordingly went; the husband giving up the house and establishing himself in bachelor quarters.

But the realization of the dream was not so pleasant as anticipated; or perhaps the wife found that the husband became reconciled to their absence too early. At any rate, after six months of absence, she returned without being sent for, to find her husband depressed by business difficulties, his tenants gone without having paid the rent, and much of the nice furniture ruined. Fortunately, she belonged to good old stock, who, when they see their duty, do it. She rescued what she could of the furniture, and transferred it to a pretty, but very unostentatious 'flat' up town, above the fifties, and, with the furniture out of the way and a reduced rental, managed to secure a good regularly paying tenant.

When the daughters proposed going to the intelligence office after 'help,' she said:

"No, my daughters; we will help each other, and in that way help papa out of his difficulties."

So they organized their modern household on a simple but very practical footing, which has proved delightful. They might very well hire all the help they chose now, but they would not do it on any account. They laughingly declare that their firm has resumed specie payments, for their expenses are so light compared with what they were formerly, that money is plentiful, and the papa insists, as the housework is so well done, upon giving, as an allowance for the girls, double the amount he formerly paid in wages. I am sorry to say that this pattern woman is not a full blooded New Yorker. She was born in New England.

FACTS FROM SCRIPTURE.

There were ten generations from Adam to Noah, embracing a period of 1,056 years. Lamech was of the ninth generation. He was Noah's father, and fifty-six years old when Adam died. Therefore Lamech could communicate to his son Noah all that Adam had communicated to him about the creation and the fall. It was transmitted by Adam to Lamech and by Lamech to Noah.

There were ten generations from Noah to Abraham, embracing a period of 950 years. Shem was Noah's son, and Shem lived long enough to talk with Abraham sixty years, and could, therefore, communicate to him all that Lamech had told Noah.

There were five generations from Abraham to Moses, embracing a period of 600 years. Jacob was Abraham's grandson, and lived long enough to tell Amram, the father of Moses, all that he had learnod from his grandfather Abraham. Thus Moses became well informed upon the history of the creation and the fall by a transmission of all the details through a chain of only four persons, and these four were remarkable for their truth and great wisdom.

These generations all descended from Seth, the son of Adam. There was another line of eight genertions who descended from Cain, but who were all cut off by the flood. In that line were some remarkable men, to whom we owe much of our knowledge of music and artifice in metals, viz.: Jubal and Jubal Cain. No doubt the results of their skill and inventions were handed down to Noah and his sons by succeeding generations.

Abraham had eight children—one by Sarah, one by Hagar and six by Keturah. Of these six, one was named Midian; and it was his descendants and the descendants of Ishmal (another son) who sold Joseph to Potiphar. It seems that the Midianites and Ismalites were journeying together with a caravan.

The longevity of mankind kept up well near to the flood. After this it decreased with every generation down to Joseph, who lived to be only one hundred and ten years. From that period the age of man has varied but little, though but few men attain to a greater age than three-score years and ten.

The book of Genesis embraces a period of 2,500 years of the world's history, which brings it down to the birth of Moses. All the other books of the Old Testament embrace a period of only 1,500 years.—*Rome Commercial.*

THE ENGINE OF THE BODY.

A writer in a book called the "Secrets of the Sanctum," says: "The brain may fairly be likened to the steam engine of a large mill. It is the engine of the body, and the nerves through which it directs all the movements of the body are its belts and shafts. When the steam engine of the mill is doing its legitimate work, disseminating power through the great building, sending the belts flying on their endless rounds, and whirling the heavy shafts and wheels, its action is normal and healthy, and, if I may be allowed to compare it with a living thing, it feels rather better when night comes in consequence of its exercise. But sever its connection with the ponderous works that ramify through the building; relieve it of the exertion necessary to move the hundred pieces of machinery; leave it alone with only its fires, its boilers, its cylinders, its piston rods, and fly wheel, and let it rush on. It is then working all within itself, while the great body of the establishment stands still; its fires roar as usual; the vanishing streams of waters rapidly change into pent up steam, chafing like a caged lion to burst the iron bands within which it is confined; the piston rods dart back and forth like bolts of lightning; the heavy fly wheel hums round, making the walls and the earth itself tremble and shake; then that engine is wearing itself away much faster than if it were running the vast machinery of the mill, and is in danger of sudden wreck.

It is so with the working brain. It is accustomed to running the machinery of the whole body, and not dividing and doling out its steam like powers in steady streams. It directs every movement; says to the right hand "Do this," and to the left "Do that," and out through the nerves it sends that strange life-power that enables the limbs to obey. Now, when the editor sits down to his work, the whole body, with the exception of the right hand, is at rest, and the brain works alone, like the crushing engine that finds itself freed from the heavy machinery that kept its motion moderate and steady. Through the long day or weary night the brain rushes on, like the detached engine that whirls its dizzy fly wheel; and it is not strange that the tenement of the brain trembles, like the walls of the building; that the brain itself collapses, as when the engine flies to pieces; and that the whole fabric crumbles and falls before its time. The power of the mill is the steam engine, yet nothing about the mill requires such careful and delicate attention; the power of the man is the brain, and one little overstrain upon it may do more harm than the mangling of all the limbs. A man may live, be physically healthy and mentally brilliant after all his limbs have been cut off; but the final burden under which the brain breaks down brings apoplexy, then speedy death. Of that disease, which fortunately is no lingering one, probably all hard working, certainly all overworked journalists have felt those warning symptoms—vertigo, unnatural drowsiness; imaginary black specks floating before the eyes, a sense of pressure and confusion in the head, and a temporary numbness apparently of the brain—sometimes of a limb.

ECCENTRIC PREACHERS.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who has both wit and humor, recently gave a lecture in London on "Eccentric Preachers," from which we extract the subjoined pungent utterances:

In the present day the common charge against ministers who had been succesful was that they were eccentric. If they said anything that struck and stuck, the men who tried to escape being struck and stuck said the preacher was eccentric. And the great crime of eccentricity was often spread by falsehoods. Things that happened one hundred years ago were said of men who were now alive, and they were charged with doing and saying things that were contrary to their nature. What was it to be eccentric? If they look at the dictionary, they would see that it was not to have a same centre as the thing to which they compared it. He supposed he was eccentric to some people. Granted; but they were eccentric to him. A man called him a dissenter the other day, but he did not own to it at all. The man belonged to the Established church, and was a dissenter—he dissented from him. He has as much right to be the standard as that man had. The man said to him, "you are a nonconformist;" but he said, "No, it is you who do not conform to me." And was it not so? Because, who was to put down what it was they were to conform to? "Oh," some would say, "it is to be found in the vestry." If they would open the door they would see—what was it? A laundry? Black gowns, and white gowns, and green gowns, and albs, and birrettas, and—but he was not well up in the terminology ecclesiastical millinery. Don't touch that ragged rubbish, not even the white rag around their necks, which seemed to be the last relic of an abomidable popery. But if they could lay down a centre, it would soon have to be altered. What was eccentric at one time, was not eccentric at another. Some hundred years ago, or more, when John Wesley stood to preach on his fathers grave, in Epworth church yard, people said it was eccentric to preach in the open air. But Jesus Christ and his apostles preached in the open air. Nowadays a dissenter must not stand on a gravestone or lie under it. They were forbidden. Those holy worms that fed on churchmen, would become ill if they fed on dissenters bodies. The fact was, that as time rolled on, what was eccentric in one age was not eccentric in the next. One of the charges of eccentricity brought against Whitfield and Wesley was that they actually wore their own hair instead of wearing wigs. Could anything be more monstrous? A holy person, from Holland, wrote to him and said he had read his sermons with pleasure, but could do so no longer, as he had been told that he was a carnal and worldly man, who wore a mustache. The rule was relaxed with regard to some people, and quite right. John Owen once said he would give all his learning to be able to preach like the tinker John Bunyan; but he said an unwise thing, because his sermons suited some people better than John Bunyan's parabolic preaching of the gospel. It was better for Owen to be Owen, and certainly better for Bunyan to be Bunyan. There were some men who tried to attract attention by oddities, and oddities not their own. He had no word to say for such men, but gave them over as dead horses to the dogs of criticism. He had heard of a man who tried to get a congregation by saying that if they would come he would show them the easiest way of making a pair of shoes, and when they came, he fulfilled his promise by taking a pair of boots and cutting the tops off. That was a species of eccentricity, which he would not advise any one to imitate. It was like that of a bishop who had written a commentary. They remembered there was a man who came into a wedding feast who had not a wedding garment on, and the master of the feast said to him, "Friend, how came thou in, not having on a wedding garment?" What was the explanation of this passage by the bishop? He said, "The wedding garment signifies the outward ordinances, and the only people who have not any ordinances of religion are the Quakers, and so it is written, "Friend, how camest thou in here?" That was an eccentric bishop, and he gave them leave to do what they liked with him. There were some men who adopted a curious dress. He would not defend them. Why could not a man dress like a gentleman, and not like a woman? He believed the time would come when all these things would be put in a museum, and when our grand-children were told that preachers wore that kind of a dress, they would not believe it was so. Old Latimer was eccentric, but there was something very genuine about him, and one could not help loving him. Did he not talk about the woman who could not get any sleep until they took her to the parish church, and when she heard the parson, she went off to sleep at once? and did he not tell them about watering the milk, and when they sold their barley, placing the best at the top, and then declare that he must stop, least he should be showing them how to do these things? That was an eccentric preacher of the time of the reformation. Coming down to Wesley's time, there was John Berridge. He could not live without being funny. He was quaint by nature. He had no doubt that his future was quiet—certainly his pictures were. A person once asked him what the three pictures were that were in his room. "Oh," he said, "one is Luther, and another is Calvin, and the other is the devil." The man went up to the latter picture, and it was a looking glass, and he saw himself. When he preached the seats of the church had a double row of people in every one of them. People sat on the tops of the beams, and ladders were placed to the windows, and there was a person on every rung. Berridge was certainly eccentric, because he was Berridge. To any one who objected to wit in preaching, he would say what South said to Sherlock. They were disputing about something, and Sherlock upbraided South for bringing wit into the debate, and South said, "Suppose God had given you any wit, would you have used it?" There were some men who were eccentric because they were really in earnest.

THE CHANCES FOR YOUNG MEN.

One of the most marked characteristics of our country is the wonderful opportunity for young men to make for themselves position and influence. It surely is not so of any other nation, nor has it ever been so prominent at any other period of our history. Young men have generally been at a disadvantage because of their youth. But among other changes that have been severing the present from the past, it has become popular to advance young men to stations of great influence and responsibility. The largest churches seek ministers under thirty, and the old-line physicians and lawyers are pushed aside for young and brilliant talent, of the modern schools. Young men are managing many of the ablest journals in the land; young men take the highest position as merchants, bankers and manufacturers, and there is really no position at the present day to which a young man may not aspire and obtain. The change is indeed wonderful, and one which young men do not seem fully to appreciate. As matters are at the present time, if they cannot achieve something worthy of themselves, it is quite likely that they never will. For there never has been, in any age or any land, such truly magnificent chances for the triumph of young men as our country reveals to-day.

If young men would know how and in what way the opportunity is presented for their advancement, we will tell them. In the first place, there is a field for orators—a field almost deserted. The great speakers have passed away, and a new supply is called for. Young or old, of whatever origin, education or position, a truly eloquent speaker could win for himself a golden crown. In the second place, the still undeveloped profession of journalism calls for young men of character and power. A hundred men of ability could take leading positions at once in this too-neglected field of influence. All the professions, too, are dividing up into specialties, affording unparalleled opportunities for talented men to make their lives useful and honorable. The vast mining regions of the West call for engineers, but there are very few to respond to the demand. A great many public institutions are springing up over the land, requiring the best of executive talent to administer their affairs. The literature of the country is waning, because of the lack of bright and fresh writers. In fact, there is no end to the chances open to young men of character and determination. The great want of the day is for men to fill important positions. It is sometimes said that there are more applicants for position than can possibly be employed. We do not believe this to be correct; but if it is, a brave man will make a position for himself. There are so many new fields to be opened in every department of thought and enterprise, that some where a young man can, and if persistent, will make for himself a worthy place.

The greatest obstacle in the way of the advancement of young men is cowardice. They are afraid lest they may be called "dashing," or lest they may walk in the light of some old prejudice or word wisdom. Some men, too, are so extremely cautious that they are discouraged by the warnings of those who have been unfortunate, and they never dare to attempt anything. This is not the spirit for to-day. All the interests of the times call for boldness and courage. There are enough great and good things to be accomplished, to carve the name of every young man in the land high up among the lists. These things appear to be forgotten. An idea seems to prevail that every great opportunity has been seized, and that those who come after have only to follow tamely on in old ruts and paths. This is a great mistake, and one which works very disastrously to those who indulge in it. There are new ideas innumerable to be developed, and it is the duty of young men to do all in their power to discover them. There are great and grand fields, greater and grander than the world has ever seen, and here are the places for young men to test their strength. Not that every man must be a hero in the eyes of the world, but it is incumbent upon all to seek to advance the progressive spirit of the age and of the country.

But boldness is not the only requisite of the times. Honesty and character are certainly in greater demand than mere brilliancy. The tendencies of the age seem to be to make men less regardful of the means used to achieve success. A truly good man—one who has lofty aspirations, and who loves the right for the right's sake—is the man who is surest to make a real success. There are too many men who cannot be trusted. There are too few men of whom all the world knows they are planted upon right as upon adament. If a man is bold, sincere, liberal, and persistent, our country is indeed a magnificent arena for a struggle. Only let the ideas reach farther and higher than those which have preceded, and the victory is certain. If young men knew one-half their power, they would accomplish far greater and grander things.

Young men, do not stop too long to count the time and cost; you cannot afford to be idle, and while you hesitate and falter, the great bustling world is hurrying onward, carrying you rapidly forward to future prosperity or failure.

Now is the time to act, and he who wavers and timidly waits for "something to turn up," will find himself lost in the busy whirl of commercial activity and progress.

A PRECIOUS PRESENT.

Under a humble roof, far in the inland, lay a young girl in pain. Day after day had passed, till now they added up to years, since strength and ease had left her, their places taken by weakness and disease. Poor child! Thank God, few know the bitterness of such a lot, the sleepless nights, the restless days, hope deferred till hope seemed vain, prayers whose answeres never came!

It was August, and through the long, dry, glaring days, she lay suffering in her little room under the sloping roof, till every breath seemed scorching, and every ray a flame, and every hour a day. And in her heart grew a great hoping for the great cool sea. For its great waters and shadowy depths, for the musical roll of the waves as they splashed upon the shore.

Dear child! it seemed to her that one cool, moist breath of the sea air, would soothe the fever in her veins, one glimpse of the broad expanse of cooling waters would take her out of the world of stifled breath and pain, and make her well again.

But not a glimpse, not a breath could she get. The four walls closed in like prison walls, and her weakness was the chain.

One sultry afternoon she was lying exhausted upon her bed, longing for rest, when her mother brought her a package from a distant friend. She had not energy enough to open it, till her mother said, "Open it my dear' it is something from the seaside."

She did so and gently looked over card after card of most exquisite sea mosses, wonderful alike in variety and beauty. When she came to the last she looked at it long—long after the mother with loving eyes saw that she saw it not. Then the eyes closed and the great tears rolled down the thin pale face of the girl.

"Are they not beautiful, my child?" said the mother.

"So beautiful! beautiful!" She replied, turning them over, one by one, with her poor, thin fingers. "So beautiful that they take me to where they came from. I breathe the fresh air, hear the murmur of the waves, and see the bright pathway of the moon upon the great waters. This is my 'pass to the sea,'" holding close to her breast the little pack of cards. "Only this morning I was praying for strength to take me to the coast, and now can I not go and return as often as I choose?"

"Bless you, my child," said the mother with tears in her eyes, "that's a new way to the sea-shore."

"Yes, 'tis a new route, but a safe one, and a beautiful one."

"Well, well, help comes in many a way," said the mother. "Thank God, 'tis many a day since you looked so bright?"—*Interior*

CENTENNIAL KISSES—One hundred without taking a breath.

AN actor ought to be a happy man. His work is all play.

WHAT is the right kind of timber for castles in the air—A sunbeam.

"CENTENNIAL relics of lost opportunities" is the latest name for old maids.

VENETIAN POINT LACE.

It was made to last forever, and for centuries some of them lasted; nor does there seem any reason why a piece of well wrought geometrical lace, or of that wonderful *point de Venise en relief*, of which a gondola might be made, so strong is it, with its tiers upon tiers of stitches and its ribs of masive outline like the beams of a ship, should not last for ever. The lighter kinds of *point de Venise*, however, might have been wrought by Venus herself, that Aphrodite who came out of the sea, and perhaps brought them with her for aught we can tell, with their tangled recollections of sea-weed and shells, and the feathery growths that lie deep down under the waves. After the somewhat icy regularity of the geometrical patterns, there is a whole sea-story in the Venetian designs. Mrs. Bury Palliser tells a pretty legend of how a young fisherman on the lagunes brought to his betrothed, as she sat working her *punti* on the marble steps of some landing-place, a bit of the delicate white sea-weed called Mermade's lace, and how she wondered and puzzled over it, and at last shaped it into her work, and made its tangles the foundation of a new development. The story deserves to be true, as the examples given in Mrs. Palliser's instructive and popular book will show the reader, supposing him (or her) to have no more precious specimen at hand. M. Seguin's illustrations are much larger, and, of course, for that very reason, more satisfactory; but M. Seguin's book is perhaps too luxurious and costly to be very accessible, and the smaller pictures represent with perfect clearness the lovely tangle of curved and clinging lines, laden with indescribable budlings—half flower, half leaflet, half water-bubble—with small starry specks thrown in between, and irregular lines of connection, all fretted with little spines and pricks, like those which the children offer you on the blazing edge of the Lido, sale from the Adratic. There could not be a better illustration of the possibilities of realistic decorative work. Sea-weed and shells dabbled down with blank flatness of imitation would constitute ornaments of a very primitive and unrefined class; but look into the delicate tracery of the finest *point de Vinise*—dream lace, too exquisite, one would think, to be worked by any but fairy fingers—and you will find it all there, the blobs of the sea-weed, the star-fish at the bottom, the spines and curves of the shells. Even that little horror of a sea-horse (what is its name?) which we picked up that scorching firey day, when the blue roll of the wave lapped over the thirsty sands, apparently on a higher level than they—even that tiny grotesque monster gleams at us out of the delicate confusion.

It seems almost matter of fact to say that the stiff patterns of the earlier art have "suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange." The heavier *point de Venise*—that which is in relief, and which, with crochet-stitches and thick cotton, young ladies not long ago took to copying, is almost more soft-water than we like. Nothing more boldly decorate, more splendid in line and mass, could be. But it is not so much the lovely rarities of the sea-bottom that it suggests to us, but odd monsters with dull big eyes and mighty limbs. Visions of the octopus come before our startled vision. Forgive us, gallant M. Seguin, gentle Mrs. Palliser, and all ye knights and ladies, who are amatures and connoisseurs! but it is true. Even the delight of possessing it would scarcely make up for the nightmare horror of being devoured by one's own collar! We admire, but shudder at the suggestive monsters.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"STOP DAT MUSIC!"

Going up the street about ten o'clock one night, a citizen of Louisville heard the sound of a fiddle, a banjo and a tambourine.

As he neared the point from which they proceeded, he heard the footsteps keeping time to the music, and a voice calling out the figures of a cotillion.

He soon learned it was a negro wedding frolic.

Just as he arrived in front of the house a loud angry voice called out:

"*Stop dat music immedyately!*"

It stopped, and the dancing suddenly ceased.

"What's de mattah, Sam?" said another voice; "what do you mean by stoppin' de dance,"

"I means 'zactly what I say!" answered Sam; "I 'gaged dat band myself to play for dis party; I'se de boss of dis 'casion; de band sha'n't play any mo'! Dis party shan't go on; de ball's broke up. Gemmen and ladies, you can all go home!"

"What in de name of sense is de mattah wid dat niggah?" was the speech that came from all parts of the room.

"What's de mattah, Sam? you talk like a crazy niggah!"

"No, I's not crazy!" said the one addressed, "I's gwine to have a divo'ce! I's gwine to have a divo'ce! Dat's what I's gwine to have!"

"Divo'ce! Divo'ce!" spoke several voices together. What's dat niggah thinkin 'bout? He ain't been married more'n two hours, and now he's talkin' 'bout gittin' a divo'ce. He's crazy, sho'. You's crazy, Sam!"

"I tell you I's not crazy," said the latter. "Here I's bin courtin' Lucinda for two years, with honorable intenshuns, and she's bin makin' me believe she had money; dat she was rich, and now she tells me she ain't got but a dolla'—a dolla'. Stop de music, I say! Dis party's broke up. When dis chile marries a gal for her money she's got to have more'n a dolla' or I wont live with her a minit. I's gwine to quit in time. What's a dolla' to a man wid a family?"

"Dat's more'n you got, anyhow, you good-for-nuffin, lazy, no account niggah, you!" here chimed in Lucinda.

"Nex' time I marry for money, it's got to be counted out befo' de preacher ties de knot,' said Sam, 'I's gwine to get a divo'ce immedyately!"

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

APRIL 23, 1876.

ACTS 11:27-47.—GOLDEN TEXT: ROM. X:13.

SECOND QUARTER. LESSON IV.

We have two principle points in this lesson. I. The effect of St. Peter's sermon, vs. 37-41. II. The condition of the infant church, vs. 42-47.

I. The effect of St. Peter's sermon. The immediate effect is described by a very strong figure, v. 37. "They were pricked (or pierced) in