SACRED SILENCE.

Never with blast of trumpet
Do the chariots of God
Do the servants and sons of the Highest
Their errands proclaim;
But when grandest truths are uttered
And when loftiest deeds are wrought,
When our God himself draws nearest,
The still, small voice is heard.

He has scaled His own with silence;
His years that come and go,
Bringing still their mighty measures
Of glory and of woe.—
Have you heard the tramp of footsteps
Proclaim their course begun?
One voice or call give tidings
When their ministry was done?

Unheralded and unheeded
His revelations come,
His prophets before their coming
Stand resolute, yet dumb;
But a thousand years of silence—
And the world falls to adore.
And kiss the feet of the martyrs
It crucified before!

Shall I have a part in the labor,
In the work of my Father, O God,
Of the plans divine, eternal,
That He opens up the mighty
In the strength and the inspiration
That His crowning work shall know?
O well might my darkest sorrow
Into songs of triumph flow!

For I hear in this sacred stillness
The fall of angelic feet,—
I feel white hands on my forehead,
With a new power to greet
They say to me, "Labor in silence—
For dearer to God are the notes
Of one earnest and loving spirit
Than the pomp of joyful choruses."

The rivulet sweetest murmurs
Afar in the forest glade,
And the highest and sweetest warbles
From depths of leafy shade;
So the poet sings most divinely
When he lives most in God;
Fame is the noisy crowd shouts,
And the lays most worthy of laurels
Are those he hides in his heart.

O, I hear in this sacred stillness
The fall of angelic feet,
I feel white hands on my forehead,
With a benediction sweet;
No echo of earthly applause
My beautiful vision mars;
This silence itself is music
Like the silence of the stars!

Some Account of a Slight Mistake.

BY JOHN QUILL.

I must look like a great many different people. At various times in my life I have worn over me a long lion brother; arrested as a well-known burglar; exulted over a returned prodigal son; lectured to as a popular politician; shot at as a notorious border ruffian; mistaken and kissed by affectionate and good-looking daughters as a heavy father; thrashed as a false lover, and run away from by people who regarded me as the ghost of some dead man or other.

And now here is a woman who swears I am her true husband, and who has by her claimed the fact so loudly that there is a fair prospect of my serving out a sentence in jail for the crime of bigamy.

I was sitting in the parlor of the hotel at Oldcastle, Delaware, the other day, talking with some friends, and there came a haughty faced female, with two children, looking out of the window at the other end of the room. Directly she turned around, looked at me for a minute, and with a wild cry of delight, ran across the floor, flung her arms around my neck and kissed me about sixty-four times. Drawing back indignantly, as soon as I was able, I said in a quiet tone:

"Madam, what is the meaning of this outrageous conduct?

"Oh, my dear William, have I found you at last? Oh, my dear, dear William!"

And she commenced strangling and smothering me again.

"Madam," said I, sternly, "you may have found me at last, but I want you distinctly to understand that my name is not dear William—for I am not."

"Oh, William," says this scandalous female, still hanging on to my neck and muzzling my shirt collar, "Oh, William, do you not recognize your own fond Maria? Do you not, dear William?"

"No, I do not recognize my own fond Maria, dear William," was my reply. "I never had a fond Maria of my own in all my born days, and what's more, I don't want one, either. You'd better go and lie down, you don't seem well."

"Our dear children know their father," said the wretched woman. "Come here, Mary Jane and Matilda, and kiss your loving papa."

Then both of her brats pranced up and grabbed me by the trousers and wanted me to kiss them.

"Why, you two children, don't pretend to say I'm your father, do you?"

"Oh, yes, you are, our dear papa," said both of these depraved youngsters.

"Why, you scandalous little story-tellers!" said, "ain't you ashamed to tell such an awful lie? Don't you know where wicked story-tellers of your age go? Let go of me, or I'll larrup you till you can't stand; I will, upon my sacred word and honor."

"Oh, William, dear," said their mother, "you surely remember the happy, happy days of our courtship, when we used the soft moonlight we walked together by the side of the murmuring strain, and whispered the soft accents of affection?"

"No, I don't remember any such thing, and I never did it either. I never walked out in the moonlight; I never heard a stream murmur in the whole country of my life, and I always was down on the soft accents of affection. So you see there's no use of bothering me."

"And do you not recollect the time you came to our house, and sat in the back parlor with me, until late at night dead and walked it in kicked you hence state?"

"Of course I don't. I'd have smashed him on the nose if he had kicked me, you can bet. I wouldn't have stood any of his nonsense. I tell you I'm not the man.

"And then the day my two brothers met you in the street, and because you had won my young love, tacked you and thrashed you nearly to death? Do you not remember this, dear William?

"I tell you my name isn't William, and I don't know your relations or their hefts, but you never had a brother or a cousin, or any other relation, who was able to thrash me. I don't want any of your family fooling around me. I'll flog a whole mass-meeting of them. Now go away from me or I'll call the landlord," said I, for this woman began to get agitating.

"Oh, William," says she, "you have forgotten all that happy past. I am afraid, too, surely, dear, you can call to mind Jim Sykes, who was your rival for my hand, and who used to come to my evening parties, and tie sly to you, and who made you so mad, by his attentions to me. You remember him, don't you, my dear William?"

"Madam, if you mean me by that phrase, I don't. If I had been courting you, and had had a rival, I would have tacked square out and given him all the chances. I would have done more, I would have given him ten dollars to go in and win, and take you off my hands, and considered the money well spent. I wish Bill was here, I do, indeed. Spose I send for him? shall I?"

"O, no, dear, it's no use, we are married now."

"If we are, I'm a Dutchman. I'd rather be in the penitentiary on a life sentence. If I were married to you I'd blow my brains out with the very first horse pistol I came across, and make a will to keep you from going to the funeral. I would indeed."

"Oh, William," says this annoying female, "you are trifling with me. You certainly remember the night you seized my hand, and, with trembling voice, asked me to be yours? And you know how I blushed and bowed my head upon your bosom and wept tears of tender joy."

"I certainly don't remember any such ridiculous thing. I don't believe you can blush to save your life, and as for bowing around on my waistcoat with that bandolined head of yours, I'd see you in Kansas before I'd stoop it."

"And then," continued she, without noticing my remarks, "you took me to the altar and made me your bride, and led me away to our happy, happy home, and—

"I'd like to lead you over a pint of hot coffee and water some time."

"And then our friends loaded us down with presents, tokens of their beautiful affection."

"I never got a cent's worth off any of your friends, I tell you, I'm a lonely, miserable friends," and I, "I don't believe any of them ever shelled out a dime either. Blow me if I do."

"And then in our memories go back over the sweet past, we cannot forget when our first child was born, little Mary Jane here, and you were pretty near crazy with delight, and had to eat your dinner in the kitchen for nearly two weeks, while the nurse nearly bullied the life out of you. Ah, I remember it so well."

"But I don't. See here, madam, this is getting serious; let go of my collar, will you. I've got an engagement with a man down on the corner."

"William, my husband, why do you treat me thus coldly? Try to recollect something that occurred in our once pleasant home. See—if you cannot recall the times I caught you kissing the hired girl in the entry, and discharged the nursy the very next day."

"Woman, I have no recollection of the circumstance, but I can readily account for such conduct on the part of any man, if you were the only other female about the house. I wouldn't kiss you for the whole national debt."

"Or perhaps you can remember the night you came home intoxicated, and I flew at you this way with the broomstick on your back? And the woman actually hauled off with her parasol and aimed a violent blow at my head. I jumped behind a chair, and the mark is dash for the door, and succeeded in escaping."

But what does this preposterous female do but walk right down to an alderman and swear that I was her husband, and have me arrested? A more barefaced outrage was never perpetrated upon a human being, and the worst of it is, that everybody thinks she is right, for there does seem to be an intrinsic probability that every woman knows her own husband when she sees him.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Cincinnati, May 18.—The conference began at the usual hour, Bishop Clark in the chair.

After the reading of the Scriptures and prayer by Bishop Ames, and a large number of petitions were presented on by delegation subjects.

At half past eleven the address of the Laymen's Convention, of last Tuesday, was in the hands of the convention.

Dr. West presented a remonstrance of the Board of Managers of the Tract Society against the removal of the headquarters from New York to Philadelphia.

On motion of Dr. Reddy, the Conference resolved to suspend the call for petitions, memorials, and appeals after the 25th instant.

A memorial from the Mississippi Conference was presented by Rev. G. Hanson, for the relief of fifteen hundred ministers.

Rev. Mr. Lanahan, of Baltimore, presented a resolution protesting against the employment of a large majority of army and navy chaplains from one of the smallest denominations in the country, that is, the Episcopal Church.

Rev. Dr. Walden, of Cincinnati, offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Episcopacy to inquire what changes may be necessary in the management of the Book Concern, so as to adapt it to a larger class of readers.

Rev. Dr. Peck, of Buffalo, offered a resolution that the book agents of New York be instructed to establish and publish a weekly religious newspaper in Tennessee or Georgia.

Rev. N. Shumaker, of Missouri, offered a resolution to so amend the discipline as to provide for the introduction of lay delegates into the General Conference, accompanied by a plan.

Rev. Dr. Foster, of New Hampshire, offered a resolution in favor of taking all conference collections under four general calls.

Rev. Mr. Wakeley, of New York, offered a resolution against electing any General Conference officers by acclamation. Adopted.

Rev. Dr. Curry, of New York, submitted a plan for lay delegation, which was referred without reading.

The election of General Conference officers was made the order for ten o'clock on Tuesday, 24th instant.

Dr. Wentworth, of Troy, submitted a resolution that the Committee on Episcopacy be instructed to consider and report on the expediency of authorizing the bishops to fill vacancies in the ministry, with an officer for the former in the West, and for the latter in the East.

The communication on the American and Foreign Christian Union reported that a committee be taken in the behalf so far as will be found compatible with other Church interests.

Dr. Haven read a telegram from the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church Conference, now being held in Washington, asking if directions would be received by the General Conference if formal consultation should be.

The secretary was ordered to answer by telegraph, informing them that they would receive a cordial and hearty reception.

The Heat of the Brain.

An English paper says: "Lord Wharncliffe has a herd of bisons, which were running wild until lately in Wharncliffe Chase, and are now in an enclosure there. One of them, a bull, lately became so savage that it was necessary to destroy it. Mr. Frank Buckland writes in *Land and Water:* The poor bull has now suffered for his ferocity, and has been turned into beef. The man, in a grand rating, with a slight game flavor, possibly a little hard, which perhaps was my fault in having it boiled, but many degrees better than 'hippocras,' or horse-flesh. I distributed the meat to some in small portions to various friends; they all agree as to its excellent quality. We should all be much pleased that Lord Wharncliffe is cultivating bisons. They will doubtless do well in the chase. One day I hears of a gravel pit or a new brick field being opened up on the London basin without Frenchmen being made of the bones of *les bonnes choses* of nature, *les longfrons, les grainpoings, &c.* Surely England is doubtless in the same portions to various friends; they all agree as to its excellent quality. We should all be much pleased that Lord Wharncliffe is cultivating bisons. They will doubtless do well in the chase. One day I hears of a gravel pit or a new brick field being opened up on the London basin without Frenchmen being made of the bones of *les bonnes choses* of nature, *les longfrons, les grainpoings, &c.* Surely England is doubtless

MEDICINAL.

THE GETTYSBURG

KATALYSINE WATER

AND ITS

WONDERFUL CURES!

The remarkable facts connected with the discovery and history of the GETTYSBURG KATALYSINE SPRING have rapidly spread throughout the United States and invalids are everywhere using the water as a remedy for Gravel, Stone Gout, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Bloody Urinary, Hepatic, Dermal, and other diseases, including Debility and prostration of the vital powers, caused by excessive or illegitimate excesses.

The proprietors have now the pleasure to announce that they have completed arrangements for supplying the GETTYSBURG KATALYSINE WATER in such quantities as will probably meet the increasing demand.

Anything like a detailed statement of the singular curative powers of the Water, as demonstrated by letters continually being received from the most reliable sources and unquestionable authority, cannot be given within any reasonable space in the columns of a newspaper, and we therefore add only a few of the statements received, to prove conclusively that we make no idle boast when we say it can be fully substantiated by well-attested facts as given by invalids themselves and Physicians who have used the GETTYSBURG WATER.

The Cures of the Gettysburg Water.

The variety and extent of the curative virtues of the GETTYSBURG KATALYSINE WATER will appear from the statements and reports of physicians and invalids embodied in the Circular of the Gettysburg Water, which is free of charge on application by mail or to any druggist in Philadelphia. A more full and complete pamphlet containing testimonials from all parts of the country, can be obtained from the following statement of a distinguished American Statesman:

A Distinguished American Statesman.—Certificate from the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Member of Congress, and Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, U. S. House of Representatives.

"A gentleman connected with my family has for nearly twenty years been almost entirely free from the use of food, and has been able to do a large amount of hard work—almost always sick, and sometimes confined to his bed, pain across the back, in the region of the kidneys, sensations as if a ball were lodged in the small of the back, and other symptoms of kidney disease. Nothing at times could relieve him, but he would be compelled to resort to his bed for some weeks continuously, the urine appeared normal in quantity, and generally free from any deposit, but he was informed that the urine was at times loaded with lithic acid. Nothing seemed to afford him permanent relief, and he was induced to try the Gettysburg Katalysine Water, which he had heard was highly recommended for gravel, and other kidney diseases. The first effect was to increase the quantity of urine, which was followed by a decided improvement in his general health, and the disappearance of the pain in the back, and the other symptoms of kidney disease, which had been his constant companions for many years, and which had rendered life a burden to him, and which, on the occasion of previous attacks, had confined him to his bed for weeks at a time, and from which he had tried in vain every known remedy. The disease has not yet been entirely cured, but he is able to do a large amount of hard work, and is free from