THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Proprietor. | MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, NOV. 5, 1867. | VOLUME XXIV, NUMBER 45.

For the Montrose Democrat.

Sabbath School Association.

The Susquehanna County S. S. Association met in Convention at Susquehanna Depot on the 15th day of Oct. 1867, at 3 o'clock, p. m., in Mechanics' Hall, where a committee were in readiness to receive strangers and friends, and assign them places. Convention opened by prayer and devotional exercises, under the charge of the moderator, James B. Gregg, Pres't of the Association, with appropriate music by the choir. Wm. H. Jessup then addressed the Convention on the importance of Sunday Schools in our land; their influence in the home, on the parent, on the children in our streets, in our neighborhoods, towns and country, the duties of parent to child, and the qualification of S. S. teachers for successfully teaching the children; the mission of S. S. teachers next to the ministry, its responsibility great, and its result incalculable, and to the church its corps of faithful teachers indispensable, and their reward a crown of everlasting life.

Verbal reports from Hon. S. B. Chase, of Great Bend, L. F. Fitch, Esq., of Montrose, C. W. Deans of Harford, P. Tower of Lenox, G. W. Guernsey, of Susq'a Depot, Rev. Jerome of New Milford and Great Bend, Mr. Beardsley of Lit. Meadows, E. Summers of Franklin, Mr. Sherman of Liberty, C. Tiffany of Gibson, J.S. Towne of Forest Lake, E. S. Pickering of Oakland, J. Schlager of Harmony, were heard respecting their Sunday schools, which were interesting and encouraging. R. G. Pardee, of New York, arrived in time to hear said reports, on which he made appropriate remarks.

In every town reported there are children not under the influence of Sabbath School instruction. The great object before us to reach those out of schools at the present time. What are we doing to bring in the outside children? That was the object of Robt. Raikes, to bring in the children from the streets, highways and back places. Let us gather them in; do not be discouraged; it only requires time, perseverance and energy, with a great deal of kindness, to reach all classes and conditions, and bring them in.

The statistical report of Samuel Birdsall, corresponding sec'y, was read, giving the following from 30 district secretaries. Only 22 made any report, as follows:

Aggregate number of schools, 77; Whole number of scholars, 4,664; Boys, 2,160, Girls, 2,480; Officers, 218; teachers, 616; average weekly attendance in 63 schools of 3,710 pupils, 2606; number of volumes in library, 17,899; Sunday school papers, 1,270.

Addresses of Rev. Wilbur Johnson, and Rev. Mr. Erskine.

Music by James G. Clark, vocalist.

Mr. Pardee said he thought this county never convened on a more important object than the one for which we have assembled to-day; looking to the interests of the boys and girls of our county. The command of God to His church, through Moses, was to treasure the truths in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up. The Sunday school is of divine appointment. He who commanded, go preach, said go teach. The organizing of a Sabbath school is of great importance, but few schools are properly organized; the best man should be sup't, and the adaptation of the qualification of teachers to their class should be studied very closely, and efforts be made to put every teacher in the right place. Organization was the secret of success in Robert Raikes' school in 1781, which increased in four years to a quarter of a million on his system; while a Sunday school taught in Lancaster, Pa., in 1740 by a Quaker, and others in former years, failed for want of proper system and organization. Mr. Wells has said you cannot raise Sunday schools above their Sup't. Regular and punctual attendance by the sup't and teacher is of great importance in its influence on the school. Order is very important. These seven characteristics make a good school: System—Silence—Vigilance—Variety—Candor—Concentration—CHRIST, the centre. Sup'ts and teachers, be cheerful, life-like, natural, plain-spoken, clear and distinct; aim to do everything better than you ever done it before; adapt the hymn to the lesson; introduce the hymn by proper remarks; prayer short, and for the school especially. Vary the commencement exercises from time to time, and never have a stereotyped way of conducting schools.

Music by James G. Clark.

Wednesday morn.—after devotional exercises, the subject of infant schools being the order of the day, the Convention was addressed by Messrs. Jessup, Chase, Whittlesey, Jerome, Clark, Baldwin, Diehl, and Smith; giving their various methods of teaching infant classes, but all labored under the inconvenience of using the same room with the larger classes, save one.—Rev. Alfred Taylor, Sec. of Pa. S. S. Association, made appropriate remarks, and stated that he was encouraged to see so many present who were anxious to know how to teach.

We as teachers should come before our class with a knowledge of the subject in our minds, with a faculty to instruct and impart the truth in a simple way, having kind feelings and affectionate ways, cheerful and loving dispositions—the traits of character in a juvenile teacher. He recommends a separate room for the juvenile class, but when circumstances will not admit, give the infant the same lesson, and the teacher adapt the lesson to the infant mind, as he would prepare the same food by cutting it in smaller pieces. Mr. Taylor gave a blackboard exercise, and recommended its use, and also object lessons.

Mr. Pardee took up the same subject, and recommended a separate room for the infant class. He considered the first year of a scholar's attendance of great importance if rightly impressed with the object of Sunday schools and the importance of punctuality, order, &c. Teachers should study the character of the scholars, and strive to teach the simple truth in a manner that the child may take it home with him. The characteristics of a child are activity, curiosity and inquisitiveness.—Mothers and teachers bear with the questions of your children, and give them heed. Questions were asked and satisfactorily answered.

2 p. m. After devotional exercises various reports were made by teachers present of their manner of teaching, difficulties, &c. Mr. Pardee in review said there were three kinds of teachers—one he would call lazy teachers, who would simply ask the questions from a question book without making any application; another class were sermonizing teachers, who would attempt to imitate the preacher as near as may be, by preaching the subject into the scholar; the third class were conversational teachers, which he would recommend, gaining the attention of the class by some question or fact, then conversing the subject with them in a familiar manner, and observe the following rules: 1st. Never teach what you do not understand. 2. Never tell a child what you could make him tell you. 3. Never give any information without asking for it again. 4. Never use a hard word if an easy one will convey your meaning, and never use any word at all unless you are quite sure it has a meaning to convey.—Never begin an address or lesson without a clear view of its end. 6. Never give an unnecessary command nor one which you do not mean to see obeyed. 7. Never permit any child to remain in a class even for a minute without something to do, and a motive for doing it. Therefore, teachers should ever remember, 1st, always to lead each child to see that he has gained something useful in every lesson. 2d, always to call back in the children's own language all the truths taught them, and all the useful lessons of instruction given. 3d, always make everything during the session, singing, prayers, addresses and teaching, bear directly upon the great central practical thought of the lesson, and apply the truth of God to the heart and life. Good teaching is always fresh, pleasant teaching. The child is injured, and the word of God reproached, if its sacred truths are taught in a cold, unattractive manner. Routine teaching is always dull and depressing. Teachers inquire: Does every Sunday lesson lead directly to Christ and salvation? Do you expect the salvation of your pupils at this time and under your instruction? or do you presume on to-morrow? when you "know not what a day may bring forth." Does your teaching fulfill its aim and purpose? Prayerfully read, mark, and inwardly digest.

In the arrangement of the lesson the beginning should arrest attention, the middle inform the mind, and the end or application affect the heart. In teaching, first get the words and the meaning of the words, and the understanding of the lesson clearly in the mind of the scholar; 2d Draw useful practical lessons of instruction from all.

In order to draw out the legitimate lessons from the Bible truths, but two things are necessary: 1st, a knowledge of the facts; 2d, an accurate perception whether they be good or evil. The practical lesson is but an echo of the fact, and its character. If evil, avoid; if good follow.

Teach much by questions, wisely put; for, 1st, a question unveils the soul; 2d, nothing can escape a question; 3d, it reveals decision; a question awakens curiosity, arouses the memory, and leads out inquiringly into the unknown.

The excellence of a teacher may be known by the character and adaptation of his questions. The first opening questions of a lesson are very important. It has been said by Augustine that a boy can preach, but only a man can catechise.—Study the art of questioning, of securing and retaining attention. Remember that curiosity is the parent of attention. Rely on Bible truths, promises and illustrations, as divinely adapted to children.—Some of the qualifications of a good teacher are, 1st. Something to teach, know how to teach, aptness to teach, and a tractable spirit. 2. Good motives, simplicity of style, an interest in the subjects taught, in the learners, and a praying spirit. 3. Love to God and love to children. 4. A deep conviction of the S. S. work, and the power and value of each soul. 5. Faith in Christ, faith in His word, and faith in childhood. 6. Industry, preparation, earnestness, gentleness, patience, perseverance, humility and self-denial. A heart wholly consecrated to Christ is the great source of power for Christian work. Our motto, JESUS, only! O, teacher—

Be earnest—salvation's the prize;
Be patient—the cross thou must bear;
Be holy, be gentle, be wise,
Be constant, be fervent in prayer.

Evening. Mr. Pardee answered various questions propounded by members of the Convention in that off-hand, satisfactory manner that we could not but feel he was master of his work. He recommended teachers' institutes or weekly meetings, and S. S. Times, for valuable instructions and useful hints to teachers. He suggests that a roll of honor be kept for scholars who introduce and retain new scholars in school; also that a committee be appointed to find something for all the scholars to do. He says, labor not only to make good moral citizens of your scholars, but for their conversion, and success will attend faithful prayerful efforts.

The closing address to parents and teachers was delivered by Rev. Alfred Taylor. After a vote of thanks to the people of Susq'a for their generous hospitality, the Convention adjourned.

D. K. OAKLEY, Secretary.

Reflections for November.

MARINE ANIMALS.

Independent of the great variety of plants, herbs, trees, bushes, which grow and twine together at the bottom of the deep, there are so many different species of animals, that we cannot possibly know them all, much less can we enumerate the individuals that belong to each species. Among this innumerable multitude of animated beings there is no confusion, but all may be easily distinguished; and in the sea, as everywhere else, a perfect order reigns. All these creatures may be arranged in certain classes; each one has its particular nature, food, mode of life, distinct character and peculiar instinct. In the sea as well as upon the land, there are shades of gradation, and insensible steps from one species to another. When one ends the other begins. The stone, which is the highest link in the mineral kingdom, is half a plant; the plant which terminates the vegetable kingdom, partly belongs to the animal kingdom; and the animal kingdom, which connects man with the brute creation, has some resemblance to him. In the sea, also, nature passes, by just gradations, from little to great, insensibly perfects the different kinds, and connects them all by one immense chain, no link of which is defective. How prodigious is the multitude of inhabitants contained in the sea! What varieties are found among them! What diversity of forms, of instincts and of destination! Some are so small as to elude our perception; others so large, that their enormous bulk inspires us with terror. Some of them are destitute of all beauty, and their color so nearly resembles that of the sea, that it is with difficulty we can distinguish them. Others are adorned with the most brilliant and magnificent colors. Some species are very unprolific; and if it was not so, they would destroy all the rest. Others again multiply prodigiously, and are highly beneficial, by supplying men and animals with food. Lord how numerous are thy works! In wisdom thou hast made them all. The earth is full of thy goodness; the great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts, display thy marvelous riches. There go the ships; there swims the huge whale, which thou hast formed to sport among the waves, the terror of the finny race, to play therein. All these wait upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meet in due season.—*Sturm's Reflections.*

Vulgar Language.

There is as much connection between the words and thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the actions. The latter are not only the expressions of the former, but they have the power to react upon the soul and leave the stain of their curruption there. A young man who allows himself to make use of one vulgor or profane word has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the utterence of that word he extends the spot and inflames it, till by indulgence, it will pollute the whole soul. Be careful of your words, as they show your thought. If you can control the tongue so that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind and save that from corruption. You will extinguish the fire by smothering it, or by preventing bad thoughts from bursting out in language. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most refined female or religious man. Try this practice a little while, and you will soon have command of yourself.

☞ Horace Greeley declares, through the *Tribune* of the 16th, that "the Republicans are bound to go under if they don't enfranchise the blacks;" and that "the Republican party *will* enfranchise the blacks or die in the effort." This "spitting against the wind" of the popular voice is ludicrous. There will be no tears or regrets, however, when the Radical party comes to "die in the effort."

TOMMY TUCKER AND HIS FIDDLE.

There were but three persons in the car; a merchant, deep in the income list of the *Traveller*, an old lady with two bandboxes, and a man in the corner with his hat pulled over his eyes.

Tommy opened the door, peeped in, hesitated, looked into another car, came back, gave his little fiddle a shove on his shoulder, and walked in.

"Hi, little Tommy Tucker
Plays for his supper,"

shouted a young exquisite lounging on the platform in tan-colored coat and lavender kid gloves.

"O, Kids, you're there, are you? Well, I'd rather play for it than loaf for it, I had," said Tommy, stoutly.

The merchant shot a careless glance over the top of his paper, at the sound of this *petit dialogue*, and the old lady smiled benignly; the man in the corner neither looked nor smiled.

Nobody would have thought, to look at the man in the corner, that he was at that very moment deserting a wife and five children. Yet that is precisely what he was doing.

A villain? O, no, that is not the word. A brute? Not by any means. Weak, unfortunate, discouraged and selfish—as weak, unfortunate and discouraged people are apt to be; that was the amount of it. His panoramas never paid him for the use of his halls. His traveling tin-type saloon had trundled him into a sheriff's hands. His petroleum speculations had crashed like a bubble. His black and gold sign, "J. Harmon, Photographer," had swung now for nearly a year over the dentist's rooms, and he had had the patronage of precisely six old women and three babies. He had drifted to the theatre in the evenings,—he did not care now to remember how many times,—the fellows asked him, and it made him forget his troubles; next morning his empty purse would gape at him, and Annie's mouth would quiver.—A man must have his glass, too, on Sundays, and—well—perhaps a little oftener. He had not always been fit to work after it, and Annie's mouth would quiver. It will be seen at once that it was exceedingly hard on a man that his wife's mouth should quiver. "Confound it! Why couldn't she scold, or cry? These still women aggravate a fellow beyond reason."

Well, then, the children had been sick; measles, whooping cough, scarlatina, mumps, he was sure he did not know what not; every one of them, from the baby up. There was medicine, and there were doctor's bills, and there was sitting up with them at night—their mother usually did that. Then she must needs pale down herself like a poorly finished photograph; all her color, and roundness, and sparkle gone; and if ever a man liked to have a pretty wife about it was he. Moreover, she had a cough, and her shoulders had grown round, stooping so much over the heavy baby, and her breath came short, and she had a way of being tired. Then she never stirred out of the house—he found out about that one day; she had no bonnet, and her shawl had been cut up into blankets for the crib. The children had stopped going to school; "they could not buy the new arithmetic," their mother said half under her breath. Yesterday there was nothing for dinner but johnny cake, not a large one at that. Tomorrow the saloon rents were due. Annie talked about pawning one of the bureaus. Annie had had great purple rings under her eyes for the last six weeks.

He would not bear the purple rings and quivering mouth any longer. He hated the corn-cake and the untaught children. He hated the whole dreary, dragging, needy home. The ruin of it dogged him like a ghost, and he should be the ruin of it as long as he stayed in it. Once fairly rid of him, his scolding and drinking, his wasting and failing, Annie would send the children to work, and find ways to live. She had energy and invention, and plenty of it, in her young, fresh days, before he came across her life to drag her down.—Perhaps he should make a golden fortune, and come back to her some summer day with a silk dress and servants, and make it all up; in theory this was about what he expected to do. But if his luck went Westward with him, and the silk dress never turned up, why, she would forget him, and be better off, and that would be the last of it.

So here he was, ticketed and started, fairly bound for Colorado, sitting with his hat over his eyes, and thinking about it.

"H-m-m. Asleep," pronounced Tommy, with his keen glance in the corner. "Guess I'll wake him up."

He laid his cheek down on his fiddle—you don't know how Tommy loved that little fiddle—and struck up a gay, rollicking tune:

"I cares for nobody, and nobody cares for me."

The man in the corner sat quite still. When it was over he shrugged his shoulders.

"When folks are asleep they don't hoist their shoulders—not as a general thing," observed Tommy. "We'll try another."

Tommy tried another. Nobody knows what possessed the little fellow, the little fellow least of all; but he tried this:

"We've lived and loved together,
Through many a changing year."

It was a new tune, and he wanted practice, perhaps.

The train jarred and started slowly; the gloved exquisite, waiting hackmen, baggage masters, coffee counter and station walls slid back; engine houses, and prison towers, and labyrinths of tracks slipped by, lumber and shipping took their place, with clear spaces between, where sea and sky shone through. The speed of the train increased with a sickening sway; old wharves shot past with the green water sucking at their piers; the city shifted by and out of sight.

"We've lived and loved together,"

played Tommy, in a little plaintive wail. "Confound the boy!" Harmon pushed up his hat with a jerk, and looked out of the window. The night was coming on. A dull sunset lay low on the water, burning like bale-fire through the snaky trail of smoke that went writhing past the car windows. Against lonely signal houses and little deserted beaches the water was splashing drearily, and playing monotonous bases to Tommy's wail:

"Through many a changing year."

It was a nuisance, this music in the cars. Why don't some one stop it? What did the child mean by playing that? They had left the city far behind now.—He wondered how far. He pushed up the window fiercely, venting the passion of the music on the first thing that came in his way, as men will, and thrust his head out to look back. Through the undulating smoke, out in the pale glimmer from the sky he could see a low, red tongue of land, covered with a twinkle of lighted homes. Somewhere there, in among the quivering warmth, was our—

What was that boy about now? Not "Home, Sweet Home"? But that was what Tommy was about.

They were lighting the lamps now in the car. Harmon looked at the conductor's face, as the sickly yellow flare struck on it, with a curious sensation. He wondered if he had a wife and five children; if he ever thought of running away from them; what he would think of a man who did; what most people would think; what she would think. She—ah, she had it all to find out yet.

"There's no place like home,"

said Tommy's fiddle.

Now this fiddle of Tommy's may have had a crack or so in it, and I cannot assert that Tommy never struck a false note; but the man in the corner was not fastidious as a musical critic; the sickly light was flickering through the car, the quiver on the red flats was quite out of sight, the train was shrieking away into the west—the baleful, lonely west—which was dying fast now out there upon the sea; and it is a fact that his hat went slowly down over his face again, and that his face went slowly down upon his arm.

There, in the lighted home out upon the flats, that had drifted by forever, she sat waiting now. It was about time for him to be in to supper; she was beginning to wonder a little where he was; she was keeping the tea hot, and telling the children not to touch their father's pickles; she had set the table and drawn the chairs; his pipe lay filled on the shelf over the stove. The baby was fretting—the baby always fretted towards night—and she was walking about with him; walking very slowly and weakly; singing now and then. Her face in the light was worn and white, the dark rings very dark. She was trying to hush the boys, teasing for their supper; begging them to wait a few minutes, only a few minutes, he would surely be here then. She would put the baby down presently, and stand at the window, with her hands—Annie's hands were not once so thin—raised to shut out the light—watching, watching.

The children would eat their supper; the table would stand untouched, with his chair in its place; still she would go to the window, and stand watching, watching. O, the long night that she must stand watching, and the days, and the years!

"Home, sweet home,"

played Tommy.

By and by there was no more of "Sweet Home."

"How about that cove with his head lopped down on his arms?" speculated Tommy, with a business-like air.

He had only stirred once, then put his face down again; but he was awake, awake in every nerve, and listening, to the very curve of his fingers. Tommy knew that, it being part of his trade to learn how to use his eyes.

The sweet loyal passion of the music—it would take worse playing than Tommy's to drive the sweet, loyal passion out of Annie Laurie—grew above the din of the train.

"'Twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true."

She used to sing that, thought the man—this other Annie of his own. Why, she had been his own, and he had loved her once. How he had loved her! Yes, she used to sing that when he went to see her on Sunday nights before they were married, in her pink, plump, pretty days.—Annie used to be very pretty.

"Gave me her promise true,"

hummed the little fiddle.

"That's a fact," said poor Annie's husband, jerking the words out under his hat, "and kept it, too, she did."

Ah! how Annie had kept it! The whole dark picture of her married years—the days of work, and pain, the nights of watching; the patient voice, the quivering mouth, the tact and the planning, and the trust for to-morrow; the love that had borne all things, believed all things, hoped all things, uncomplaining—rose into outline to tell him how she had kept it.

"Her face is as the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,"

suggested the little fiddle.

That it should be darkened forever, the sweet face! and that he should do it—he, sitting here, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

"And ne'er forget will I,"

murmured the little fiddle.

He would have knocked the man down who had told him twenty years ago that he ever should forget; that he should be here to-night, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

But it was better for her to be free from him. He and his cursed ill luck were a drag on her and the children, and would always be. What was that she had said once?—"Never mind, Jack, I can bear anything as long as I have you."

And here he was, with his ticket bought bound for Colorado.

He wondered if it were ever too late in the day for a fellow to make a man of himself.

"And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee,"

sang the little fiddle, triumphant.

Harmon shook himself, and stood up. The train was slackening; the lights of a way station bright ahead. It was about time for supper and his mother, so Tommy put down his fiddle and handed around his faded cap.

The merchant threw him a penny, and returned to his tax list. The old lady was fast asleep with her mouth open.

"Come here," growled Harmon, with his eyes very bright. Tommy shrank back, almost afraid of him.

"Come here," softening; "I won't hurt you. I tell you, boy, you don't know what you've done to-night."

"Done, sir?" Tommy couldn't help laughing, though there was a twinge of pain at his stout little heart, as he fingered the solitary penny in the faded cap. "Done? well, I guess I've waked you up, sir, which was about what I meant to do."

"Yes, that's it," said Harmon, distinctly, pushing up his hat; "you've waked me up. Here, hold your cap."

They had puffed into the station now, and stopped. He emptied his purse into the little cap, shook it clean of paper and copper alike, was out of the car and off the train before Tommy could have said Jack Robinson.

"My eyes," gasped Tommy, "that cap had a ticket for New York, sure! Methuselah! Look a here! One, two, three—must have been crazy; that's it, crazy."

"He'll never find out," muttered Harmon, turning away from the station lights, and striking back through the night for the red flats and home. "He'll never find out what he has done, nor, please God, shall she."

It was late when he came in sight of the house, it had been a long way across the tracks, and hard; being stung by a bitter wind from the east all the way, tired with the monotonous treading of the sleepers, and with crouching in perilous niches to let the trains go by.

She stood watching at the window, as he had known that she would stand—her hands raised to her face—her figure cut out against the warm light of the room.

He stood still a moment, and looked at her, hidden in the shadow of the street, thinking his own thoughts. The publican, in the old story, hardly entered the beautiful temple with more humble step than he his home that night.

She sprang to meet him, paler with her watching and fear, and he felt her arm about his neck.

"Worried, Annie, were you? I haven't been drinking; don't be frightened—no, not the theatre, either, this time. Some business, dear—business that delayed me. I'm sorry you were worried, I am Annie. I've had a long walk. It is pleasant here. I believe I'm tired, Annie."

He faltered and turned away his face.

"Dear me," said Annie; "why, you poor fellow, you are all tired out. Sit right up here by the fire, and I will bring the tea. I've tried so hard not to let it boil away, you don't know, Jack; and I was so afraid something had happened to you."

Her face, her voice, her touch, seemed more than he could bear for a minute perhaps. He gulped down his tea choking.

"Annie, look here!" He put down his cup, trying to smile, and make a jest of the words. "Suppose a fellow had it in him to be a rascal, and nobody ever knew it, eh?"

"I should rather not know it, if I were his wife," said Annie, simply.

Jack coughed, took up his tea cup, sat it down hard, strode once or twice across the room, kissed the baby in the crib, kissed his wife, and sat down again, winking at the fire.

"I wonder if He had anything to do with sending him," he said, presently, under his breath.

"Sending whom?" asked puzzled Annie.

"Business, dear; just business. I was thinking of a boy who did a little job for me to-night; that's all."

And that is all she knows to this day about the man sitting in the corner, with his hat over his eyes, bound for Colorado.