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## THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last fly of summer,  
Left buzzing alone;  
All its black-legged companions  
Are dried up and gone.  
Not one of its kindred,  
No blue-bottle nigh,  
To sport 'mid the sugars,  
Or in the milk die.  
I'll not doom thee, thou lone one,  
A victim to be;  
Since the rest are all vanished,  
Come dine thou with me.  
Thus kindly I settler  
Some crumbs of my bread,  
Where thy mates on the table  
Lie withered and dead.  
But soon you will perish,  
I'm sadly afraid,  
For the glass is at sixty  
Just now in the shade.  
When wasps have all vanished,  
And blue bottles down,  
No fly can inhabit  
This bleak world alone.

## THE PAUPER LIEUTENANT.

I did not like to see him there. He was too young and handsome a man.—His phrenological developments were decidedly good. He had a fresh complexion, blue eyes, light curly hair, but lack of decision characterized his countenance—want of firmness was apparent in his manner.  
He was reading a newspaper.  
'That is not one of your paupers?' said I, to the gentleman in charge.  
'Yes, sir.'  
'So young, so promising in appearance—really cannot understand it,' was my reply.  
'Nor could any one not acquainted with his history,' was the answer. 'But let us resume our walk. By and by come this way; he will enter into conversation with you; he is not backward about it. I don't know what to make of this man, really.'  
'But how old is he?'  
'Twenty-nine years; he looks even younger. I fear he has lost all ambition, and it may be, will end his life in the workhouse.'  
We wandered along from one room to the other. The establishment was perfect; most of the paupers were old and infirm; many of them looked shame-faced on being noticed. Poor old men! I suppose they had no children to care for them.  
In one of these offices was a model of a ship. It was a splendid thing. From keel to masthead there was no fault in her. The guns were beautifully carved. Officers stood on her quarter deck, sailors on her rigging. Every coil of rope, every block, every shroud was exquisite in finish and proportion. The boats were secured, the sails all set. Truly she was a regal object. Behind this vessel was a painting representing the distant port.  
My natural question was, 'Who did that?'  
'The poor fellow is dead,' was the reply. 'He was a genius and a scholar. The noblest looking man, sir, you ever laid eyes on. You have seen that fine stone mansion on Sedgwick street? Well, sir, he built that house ten years ago and paid thirty thousand dollars for it; and yet five years after he died in the poor house.'  
'What did it, sir?'  
'Rum.'  
That was the brief reply. Expressive, was it not?  
'Yes, sir, rum. The last time he went out (his eyes were very much inflamed), the Doctor of the institution handed him a dollar, saying, 'Bob, if you drink any more, you will lose your eyes.'  
'Bob looked at the dollar, then turned to the Doctor with an expressive glance and said,  
'Then farewell the eyes!'  
'Horrible, wasn't it? In a month's time they were digging his grave. It was in the corner of the churchyard. Nobody followed the miserable body. It laid in a pine coffin, and we only said, as we heard of it, 'Poor old Bob!' That's all the epitaph a drunkard gets, sir.'  
Fifteen minutes after I was hunting up the personage who had interested me so much. I found him in the garden, hoeing potatoes.  
We talked together on agriculture.—His fine language astonished me. I felt that he had an intimate acquaintance with books, with men, with nature.  
We walked along, he showing me the products of the soil. Presently we came to an arbor overhung with grapes, and sat down together.  
'Pardon me,' said I, 'if I take the lib-

erty of asking what brought you here at so early an age.'  
His eyes dropped; he raised them again, and answered—  
'Rum!'  
That brief word! In my mind it is associated with all the horrors of hell.  
Presently he continued.  
'I have disgraced an honorable name, sir; I am bringing my family to shame, and yet I have not the nerve to be a better man.'  
I was indignant at this confession. He saw it and continued—  
'Do not blame me, sir—you have not had my trial. I have fallen from a high place. Eighteen months ago I was a lieutenant in the navy.'  
'Is it possible?' I was startled, shocked.  
'Yes, sir, possible; a reality, sir.' His lip quivered as he added—'I have a brother in the pulpit; a fine preacher, a man loved and respected. How do you suppose he feels! I have a rich brother in New York. They have both tried their best to save me.'  
'I was ruined in my youth. There is a large oil store on the corner of M and L streets. You have doubtless seen it. Before his death, my father carried on that business. I went there regularly after it was closed for the day, stealing from my home, often from my bed, for the purpose of carousing with three fellows of my own age. We told stories, we drank wine together till midnight, then, with the false key I had made, I would steal into my home and sleep off the effects of my carouse. I began that, sir, when I was but ten years of age. Do you wonder I am a drunkard? Of these boys, I alone am living. One of them shot himself, another was drowned drunk, and the third was hung for murder only two months ago; the fourth you see, is not much better off,' he added, with a sickly smile.  
'My habits began to be known, at last, to my parents. It came near killing them. Before I was eighteen, I had been brought home drunk nearly a score of times. Sir, I fought with my habit, but it mastered me. The fiend had me by the throat.'  
'Strange to say, once when I was in liquor, I performed a daring feat. I caught a runaway horse, and by sheer strength succeeded in arresting his mad course.—Would that some power could have held me so. I was much applauded for my heroism, but better than all the praise I heard were the sweet smiles upon the white face of the girl I had saved from a horrible death. She was driving alone in the city, as had been her wont for months. I claimed the privilege of driving her home, as she was most thoroughly frightened. You smile, sir; but the exertion, her grateful thanks, my own impulse of gratitude, had sobered me. I sprang into the vehicle, and in a short time we stopped at her father's door.—She invited me in. I thought I would at least describe the accident, and make some apology for my unexpected appearance.'  
'I told the story of the narrow escape to an old man whose brows and hair were whitened with the frosts of eighty winters. It was the aged grandfather, childish in his joy, he tottered towards me, and throwing his arms about my neck, he kissed me on the cheek.  
'Many times I have felt that kiss, sir. I was unworthy of so pure an ovation from such a holy man. I felt myself unworthy of that dear angel's gratitude, as the sweet Annette came in a few moments after, still trembling, still pale, and with her misty blue eyes and gentle lips, thanked me again and again. In that house, that day, I was feasted like a prince.—There were cousins and aunts there visiting for the summer, and among them I was a lion.  
'I was a good-looking fellow then, sir, and just on the eve of entering college.  
'Young as I was, if ever man fell in love, I did there and then. Poor child! So she loved me, and I clouded her whole life.'  
'Well, sir, you wait for my story, I see. After this my calls upon Annette were frequent. I lost my relish for vulgar dissipation, and preferred her society to that of my former congenial mates. If I drank—and I did—it was secretly, and I always slept it off. My friends and those of Annette prophesied a match—you see my father was wealthy—I had good expectations—intended to study for the law, and was deemed a desirable catch.  
'I believed I worshipped Annette.—She was scarcely more than a child, but such a glorious gifted creature. She was fifteen, I twenty—five years between us. We were engaged in a twelvemonth from that time, while I was going through college.  
'For a year I had successfully resisted my old disease. I called it disease. I do now. Remember, I did not let the cursed draught alone, as I should have done. I only kept the appetite in unwholesome subjection. I applied the knife, but not to the right place, and there came disgrace and downfall.  
'One night the students had a frolic. I was the foremost reveller. They tempted me with devilish pertinacity to drink to excess. I did so; grew quarrelsome and raised a row. In the melee two of the students were injured, and I made so much noise, that we were discovered in our revels. The blows that were given were proved upon me; I never remembered that I gave them. I was convicted,

expelled and published.  
'The disgrace was overwhelming. I tried to kill myself when I heard that Annette's friends had cast me off forever. A note was put in my hands one day just as I had determined on the means to rid myself of existence; it read thus:  
'DEAR RICHARD,—I am sorry for you; I do not believe all they say, and surely a man is not to be cast off for one false step. Come to Aunt Martha's this afternoon. They have forbidden me to see you at the house, but I will see you there, 'Yours, as ever, ANNETTE.'  
'O! sir, that made my heart leap into my throat with joy and grief. She did not know that this was far from my first false step.  
'Dear angel! she had faith in me, and wanted to comfort me. Besides, she was young, impulsive, loving. At three in the afternoon I went to the place designated. It was a poor plain house, for her Aunt Martha was far from rich; but as I sat in the little parlor, Annette came in and made it all alright.  
'Her low 'Dear Richard!' was the sweetest music I ever heard. Then, as I caught her to my bosom, she pressed back my hair with her loving fingers, and said, with a smile that seemed angelic, 'They cannot make me think you wicked, dear Richard while I look on that face!'  
'Her voice inspired me; her perfect faith, for the time, elevated my manhood. I silently vowed that such a thing should never happen again—that I would not die, but make myself worthy of her.  
'You do not believe all they say of me, then? I asked.  
'No, Dick; the beautiful eyes were raised lovingly to mine. 'Do, Dick, and I wouldn't believe, though they had made you appear guiltier than they are. You know, Dick,' she added, as if to apologise for them, to soften the apparent reproach, 'it is very, very wicked to drink at all.'  
'But I did not injure the students,' I said eagerly. 'I distinctly saw Hal Burt and Joe white strike at them. I am sure I did not touch them. It is all done through jealousy.'  
'I knew it; I told them so at home, said Annette, triumphantly. 'Said I, Dick is smart, and the foremost of his class, and they hate him for it. They will injure his good name if they can, but never in my estimation.'  
'God bless you, my love,' was all I could say. 'O! she was so beautiful! so good! that afternoon! I can see the dear eyes, that I have made shed many bitter tears, looking up at me now, with that same soft, loving, yet trusting, glance. I can see the dear red tips with my name trembling upon them.'  
'We parted. I to go to my disgraced home to meet cold, averted looks; she to be sheltered and petted and loved by all who knew her. My father, with incredible exertion, procured me a situation in the service. It was the worst thing that could have been done for me, though as there was soon to be fighting, promotion—if I lived—was possible, say, almost certain. But temptation was on that vessel, on deck and in her cabin. I took leave of Annette and went to sea. Once on the ocean, I forgot prudence, love, Annette, and all things pure and good, in my devotion to the cup. There was wine at table. A dashing young officer who took to me had supplied himself with champagne and various liquors. I was always, to a certain extent drunk. Our destination was Mexico. There for the exhibition of drunken valor, I was appointed second lieutenant—before I had been third. Ah! sir, I lived a gay life. I dare not tell, nor even think of my excesses—they were horrible. Once again I was promoted, and came home with honors of a first lieutenancy thick upon me. Then I was lionized. Annette's friends forgot my weakness. The glitter of my epaulettes dazzled their vision. They could not see the drunkard in a uniform. I went to Annette's home as I listed.  
'One night I called upon her. I had been drinking freely, and was not sensible of my situation, or I would have shot myself before I had ventured in her presence. She never looked more beautiful. What I said or did that night I never knew distinctly. I remember her wild look of fright—her hands, pushing me frantically from her—her springing away and my chasing her—her cries of fright—finally her locking herself in her room, which I made fruitless attempts to enter, then my leaving the house with all the doors open and then comes a blank.  
'The next morning dawned upon me in the chamber of a friend. As I looked up with aching brain, a noble face bent over me—the face of one who had been a fellow collegian, and who was studying then for the ministry.  
'I asked feebly where I was.  
'Horace and I found you prostrate in the street, a few rods from here. You were utterly helpless. We lifted you against your most imprecating struggles; you cursed us with every breath, but finally we brought you here, and here you have slept till now. It wants a quarter of eleven. I closed the blinds that you might sleep it off.  
'I did not ask what he meant by it. I was ashamed of it; too much ashamed to look at him.  
'I hinted at the effects of a southern fever, but from under my nearly closed eyes, I saw something like a sneer upon his face.  
'He sat down by my bed side, and he pleaded with me for an hour. For God's

sake he besought me to break from this ruinous habit. He held up the very flames of hell till I shuddered. Then he spoke of Annette, and I knew by the tremor of his lips, the huskiness of his voice that he, too, loved my darling. I had suspected it before, now I was certain, and it roused the wildest feelings of jealousy. Madly I was boasted of her unconquerable attachment; fool that I was! With a coarse unskillful hand I bared his own heart to his view till he shrank from me in agony. Then I was aroused—forgetting all his gratitude for his great favor in bearing me, senseless, disgusting as I was, from the clutches of the police or watchman; saving me the shame of opening my eyes in a station-house, and having my name bruited about in the public prints.  
'I went to the dwelling of Annette. I was ushered into a side parlor where she lay upon a lounge, her large eyes shining fitfully and looking as if they had never been closed in sleep.  
'As I bent over her, she said, softly: 'Please don't come so near me, Mr. Islington; I am ill.'  
'I repeated my own name, looking at her with a wonderful glance.  
'O! if could believe it was not you but some other,' she said sighing in a weary way, and shutting her eyes tightly though not so as to prevent the tears that would ooze through.  
'What can you mean? I asked; and my look of extreme incredulity must have astonished her.  
'O Richard, Richard, you don't know what you said last night,' she cried, convulsively passionately. 'You don't, you can't know what you did. O, Richard, the very recollection crazes me. Don't, don't come near me; indeed, I can't bear it. The recollection—oh! terrible, terrible!'  
'For God's sake, Annette, what did I say? What did I do? Tell me, that I may ask your pardon on my knees, and then I will leave you forever.'  
'O, Richard, Richard,' she moaned.—'Then she caught my hand with impulsive tenderness, drew me towards her, laid her head on my arm, as she said in a tone that haunts me yet.  
'I will tell you a little, and then you must go. It will be best for both of us, Richard—for both. It may break my heart, but it would be broken some time, you know. Richard, I cannot say in words what you said to me. Now it would kill me to hear them. Oh! I never thought this would happen—after all I have said—all I have felt for you.—Richard, you revealed some horrible things to me. Oh! were you so wicked in that foreign country? Did you love and deceive that poor Spanish girl? O, God help you, poor Richard! God help you if you did!  
'I sat stupefied—pale with horror.—She looked once in my face, and shuddered as she said brokenly—'I could forgive you all but that.'  
'I felt like a condemned criminal. For a while I sat there struggling for voice, and then I told her, that however wicked I had been, I had never deceived woman.  
'O, I am so glad!' she said, sinking from my arm on the pillow of the lounge. 'But Richard, I cannot forget last night. Don't get down to me in that way. I know now—I know then that you were not yourself, and for that reason, because you will not conquer that fatal habit, we must part. Don't say another word my dear; weak and yielding as I seem, I can be firm. Remember that your own hand has thrown the cup from your lips. I have tried to believe—her voice grew broken and sobbing—'I have tried so hard to believe that you were everything good and worthy. You don't know how I have idolized you, looking on you as the saviour of my life. That is what I have said so often when they reasoned with me—'Father, he saved the life of your child. How can I help loving him? 'O, yes, they all know it; everybody knows it; everybody knew how I loved you. I never took pains to conceal it; but now, now—I must.'  
'I walked that floor in anguish of spirit. Then I went to her and said:  
'Annette you love that canting George Herrick better than you do me. Don't dissemble—I know it all—know what he thinks of you, the hypocrite!  
'I had lashed myself into a fury that was not to be calmed by her gentle repetition of my name—her pleading looks.  
'Yes, it must be so. If you loved me, you would overlook what happened when I was not myself. Little things like that would not cause you to dismiss me.'  
'Little things!' she repeated, with a reproachful look. 'Richard, if you knew what you said last night, how you insulted me, you would never look me in the face again.'  
'Farewell, then, forever? I almost howled; and seized my hat to go I knew not where.  
'Richard, just one word more.'  
'If death had been the penalty, I could not have resisted that plaintive appeal.'  
'She held forth her arms, pulled me down again beside her, and sobbed upon my neck as if her heart would burst. Again and again she essayed to speak, and again fresh tears and choking sobs followed. I was almost dying with shame, and the hot tears pressed to my burning eyeballs, but I bit my lips and kept them back. My whole frame was shaken, but not alone with her anguish. There was a scene held up before my soul—a black, disgraceful scene.

'Only to say, dear Dick,' she grasped forth at last, 'that, if I live, I shall never never marry anybody else; and if, at any time, I know that you have thoroughly reformed, oh! then, if you will take me, and love me still, I will be yours; yours through all time, through all eternity.'  
'I kissed her many times, and desparate, maddened, hating myself and cursing mankind, I left her, for what?—His manner startled me; his voice was hoarse and fierce.  
'To come to be a beggar and a pauper, at the age of twenty-nine, through love of rum!  
'Another movement and I was alone. A fearful page in the book of man's history had been unfolded to me. I shuddered as I left the arbor.—He who talked with me was nowhere to be seen.  
'Three years after that I was traveling in a stage coach, when an accident happened of a somewhat serious nature.—Coachman was dragged from his seat and trampled upon by the horses, till his body was in a shocking condition. He was carried to the nearest house. I was somewhat injured, and not thinking it advisable to go on, applied for shelter at a pretty cottage pointed out to me. The door was opened by the same young man who had told me his dismal story in N— poor-house. At the first sight we recognized each other. He led me in, saying, joyfully:  
'I have conquered!  
'I forgot my pain in the joy of hearing such news, and willingly heard what seemed like a continuation that had not had a three year's interval since I had listened before.  
'You remember the day we talked together,' he said. 'Well, I have little to say, but it seems wonderful too wonderful; too wonderful for me to believe. After you had gone, I went to work, but as I struck the earth, a strange unearthly feeling came over me. I seemed for the first time to open my eyes and look about me.  
'Good God!' said I, as I thought on my situation. 'Lieutenant Islington—Lieutenant Islington a pauper in the old N—work house, hoeing potatoes! It won't do!  
'Sir, I threw my hoe as far as I could hurl it with this right arm, turned straight about, walked out of that place, redeeming my name, my character, and my Annette; and now I own this house and land, and am a happy man, thank God!  
'Great tears were rolling down his cheeks. I will not say anything about my own.—The reader can judge whether I was unmoved. Then he told me the story of his finding Annette an orphan and poor, leaving her livelihood by her needle; of his waiting and working nearly three years, and now they were just married.  
'At that moment a blooming creature entered.  
'My Annette,' said the proud husband, presenting her. 'She has come in from a sick neighbor.'  
'Your wife is a lovely creature. No wonder you thank God,' said I, aside, just as I retired to rest.  
'He smiled. I could not blame him that the smile was an exultant one. He had conquered himself. God had written him 'Greater than those who take kingdoms!'  
**A Platform.**  
The Democratic editor of the *Southern Star*, being sick, has entrusted his paper to a friend, who is an old line Whig, and an incorrigible Know Nothing. To guard against any apprehension that the politics of the State will suffer under his administration, the editor *pro tem*, lays down the following platform:  
1. We are opposed to spirituous, vinous, and malt liquors, with, perhaps, a mental reservation in favor of Scotch ale and sherry cobbles.  
2. We are opposed to patent medicines of whatever nature, from the 'Medicamentum Gratia Probatum,' down to 'Dr. Gehogan's Hydriopier' (Phoebus! what a name!) via 'Goelick's Matchless Sanguine.'  
3. We are in favor of letting the 'Retired Physician's sands of life' run out.  
4. We are in favor of the passage of an act declaring the Mobile & Ohio Railroad navigable to this place.  
Lastly—We are in favor of circulating under all circumstances, except in equestrian performances.  
These principles, we believe, do not conflict with the political opinions which our friend has so ably advocated in the columns of the *Star*, and upon his recovery we will 'transmit them unimpaired' to his keeping.  
**Cool Rascality.**  
In Cincinnati, a few days since, two sharpers accosted a countryman stopping at one of the hotels, and stating that they were detectives, declared that he was suspected of dealing in counterfeit money.—The rascal asserted his entire innocence; but they said that they would search him and took him into a private room where they found \$108 in good money. One went to consult a detective concerning the bank notes, and remained away so long that his companion also departed in search of the delayer. Of course neither returned, and the rural unsophisticated fellow learned too late that he was victimized.  
A wag says that he doesn't care a fig whether they get any currents through the Atlantic cable or not, but he would like a few fresh dates.

Colonel McKeen's Will.  
As much anxiety is felt in the community to know the contents of the late Col. McKeen's will, we have procured a synopsis of it from the Register, in whose office it was opened on Tuesday morning, and publish it below:  
The Will is dated December 29, 1854, written by himself in a clear, firm hand, and witnessed by David D. Wagner, and William Hackett. He first leaves the house and lot in which he resides, his furniture, horses, carriages, the yearly dividends of his interest in the Wire Factory (about \$2000.) Silver Plate, \$500 in cash at his death, and the farm at Williams township, formerly belonging to James M. Porter, to his wife Harriet P. McKeen.  
This he gives her in lieu of her dower or one half of his estate. He then makes the following bequests:  
Thomas M'Keen, of the firm of M'Keen and Quinn, of South Easton, \$20,000  
Henry M'Keen, 20,000  
Henry M'Keen's daughter, 4,000  
Mrs. Duffin—the elder, 4,000  
John Agnew, of Bath, 4,000  
John Agnew's daughter, 3,000  
Henry B. Duffin, 2,000  
Samuel Duffin, 2,000  
Nancy Boyd, 3,000  
Mrs. Thomas Boyd, 4,000  
Margaret Miller, 2,000  
James W. Long, 3,000  
Thomas and Elizabeth M'Keen, (children of James M'Keen.) each, 3,000  
Rev. John Gray, 5,000  
Robert McClarin (his servant) 3,000  
Rev. Thomas M. Gray, 2,000  
Geo. W. Porter, (of Harrisburg,) 2,000  
Elizabeth Porter, 2,000  
James M. Porter's children, \$6,000 to be divided equally between them,  
Sarah and Rose Porter, of Lancaster, each 1,000  
Jane Kelly, 1,000  
Mrs. John Mickle, 2,000  
Benjamin Reigel's wife, 2,000  
Mrs. Andrews, 1,000  
Jane Porter of Baltimore, 1,000  
Ann H. Porter, 1,000  
The residue and remainder of his estate to be equally divided among the whole of the heirs above named in proportion to the amount willed to each.  
Thomas M'Keen, of the firm of M'Keen & Quinn, Henry M'Keen and James M. Porter, are appointed Executors.  
On the 16th of December, 1857, he made a codicil to this will, revoking the appointment of Thomas M'Keen as one of his executors, but disturbs none of the legacies.  
On the 28th of October, 1858—since the commencement of the recent proceedings—he made a second codicil, in which he revokes all the legacies in his will, in favor of the following persons to wit:—Thomas M'Keen, of the firm of M'Keen & Quinn, Margaret Miller, Mrs. Jane Duffin, Henry B. Duffin, Robert McClarin, Thomas L. M'Keen (son of James.) Elizabeth M'Keen, (daughter of James.) Mrs. Thomas Boyd, Mrs. Elizabeth Mickle, Mrs. Benjamin Reigel, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Jane Porter and Mrs. Ann Hannah Porter, of Baltimore, and George W. Porter, of Harrisburg, having advanced the said George W. Porter the amount—In lieu of \$3,000 to Nancy Boyd, he gives her \$1,000. He then revokes the whole amount of the legacies he had bequeathed to the above named persons in his will, and directs the entire amount to go to his wife, and her heirs after her death. The witnesses to this last codicil are Jacob H. Wilking and Lewis H. Stout, and the signature is very correctly and firmly written.  
Mrs. M'Keen the widow of the deceased, has the choice of accepting under this will or claiming one half of the personal property forever, and one-half of the real estate during her lifetime. It is generally presumed she will take the latter course.  
The last codicil to the Will will doubtless be contested and the Lawyers will come in for a share. Mr. Thomas M'Keen is the principal person interested in setting aside this codicil, as he is cut off by it, in the sum of \$20,000. The whole estate is valued at \$250,000.—*Easton Argus.*  
**Horse Thieves.**  
Farmers and others who own horses, should be on their guard.—Horse thieves are once more actively engaged in the line of their 'profession.' Our exchanges report cases of stealing all around us.—There is a regularly organized gang of these scoundrels, and the success with which they operate shows that they fully understand their business.  
A week filled with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian. There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.  
An old widow, when her pastor said to her, 'God has not deserted you in your old age,' replied, 'No, no; I have a very good appetite still.'  
Snodgrass, being sick of single blessedness, advertised for a wife. The next day he received a note from Mrs. McPherson, who inquired what he wanted of her.