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BY W. BLAIR.

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NUMBER 7

Select Poetry.



WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

[The following verses written by a Scotch Clergyman, William Knox, who died in 1825, aged 56, have often been quoted and widely treasured. They were an especial favorite with the late President Lincoln, who used to recite them to his intimate friends.]

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift meteor, or a fast flying cloud,
A flash of lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and willow shall fade
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low
And the high,
Shall moulder to dust, together shall lie.

The infant and mother, attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who
Proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who
Blessed,
Each, all, are away in their dwellings of
rest.

The hand of the king the sceptre hath
borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath
worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the
brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the
grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to
reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats
up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his
bread,
Have faded away like the grass we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or
the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we
behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been
told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our father have
seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the
same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have
run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers
would think
From the death we are shrinking our fa-
thers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would
cling;
But it speeds from us all, like a bird on the
wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot un-
fold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty
is cold;
They grieved, but no wall from their slum-
ber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their glad-
ness is dumb;

They die, aye! they died; we things that
are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their
brow,
And make in the dwellings a transient a-
bode,
Meet the things that they met on their pil-
grimage road.

Yes! hope and despondency, pleasure and
pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song
and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon
surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of
a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness
of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the
shroud;
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be
proud.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ANNIVERSARY SERMON,

PREACHED IN TRINITY REFORMED CHURCH,
SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 7TH.

BY REV. H. H. W. HIBBSMAN.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ:
for it is the power of God unto salvation to
every one that believeth." Rom. 1: 16.

Three years of ministerial labor in your
midst have gone, and this evening we
stand, as it were, upon the threshold of
the fourth. And as we retrospect the
past three years it is with no little degree
of confidence to declare that the gospel was
preached to you without adulteration.—
Not a single doctrinal statement has been
made we would not make again. If we
have regrets in regard to any doctrinal
statement it is, that we did not declare
the same with greater deliberation, greater
earnestness and greater emphasis.

The gospel preached you is as old as
the history of the fall of Adam and Eve.
It is the same which God, out of love,
first published in Eden. The truths pre-
sented for your acceptance are as eter-
nal as God himself. Only as God could
Jesus say: "I am the truth."

At no time had we misgivings that the
gospel we preached was, perhaps, after all
not the gospel, and the doctrinal state-
ments made, perhaps, after all not cor-
rect. No; not for a moment did we
ever doubt. To doubt would be sinful.

During the three years of labor among
you we have not been in search of the
truth. They were not years, during
which we were tossed and fro hopping
to find a resting-place for our souls.—
We have the truth. Our foundation is
laid, and as this foundation is a solid, ce-
teral Rock so we have remained unshak-
ing, unwavering in our heart-felt convic-
tions and in our theological position. It
is the foundation of the Apostles and the
Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the
chief corner stone. Why should we be
shaken? There is no reason. "For other
foundation can no man lay than that is
laid, which is JESUS CHRIST." As we
enter upon the fourth year, as pastor and
people, I am more determined than ever
to preach to you the good, old Gospel: to
publish to a dying and perishing world
salvation by Jesus Christ. Yes, as much
as in me is, "I am ready to preach the
gospel; for it is the power of God unto
salvation to every one that believeth."—
And prominent will I make the doctrine
of justification by faith. If the bold and
emphatic declaration of "the great cardinal
doctrine of justification by faith alone,
through the imputation of Christ's satisfac-
tion, righteousness and holiness, in op-
position to the idea of all merit on the
part of the believer himself," is an hereti-
cal sentiment then I wish to die with it
on my lips, if it so please God. For, if
we cannot stand by that, then that which
we have received as the word of God is a
most wonderful myth, and the hope of
the civilized world "a dotting dream."—
But the word of God is no myth, and
the hope of the christianized race no dot-
ting dream.

The sinner destitute of the glorious ar-
ray of righteousness and holiness, deformed
in every part of his constitution, sub-
ject to a world of misery, a creature of
ignorance, of vanity, of poverty and cor-
ruption, is again through the sovereign
grace and mercy of God received into
Divine favor, by union with Christ through
faith. "God so loved the world that He
gave His only begotten Son, that whoso-
ever believeth in him should not perish
but have everlasting life, Jo. 3: 16. Who
would be ashamed of this gospel?"

I. We remark, in this first place, we
are not ashamed of this gospel because,
It is not of human origin. Man could
not originate such a scheme as the Gos-
pel for the benefit of a sinful, guilty race.
Such excellencies as are found in the
Gospel could only emanate from the bo-
som of the Eternal Wisdom—the Mighty
God, the Everlasting King. The way
proposed by the Gospel to save sinful
man never could have entered into the
mind of man. The very idea was foolish-
ness to the intellectual Greek, and most
offensive to the proud and haughty Jew
many years ago, even as it is foolishness
and a stumbling block to many in the
19th century.

It is true, the mind of man is natu-
rally endowed with some knowledge of a Su-
preme Being who is to be feared, whose
justice is to be satisfied for offence given
to His most high majesty, and whose
wrath is to be appeased in order to regain
His favor. It is true, man always had a
sense of religion; he always had ambi-
tion to invent and to contrive ways and
schemes to obtain true religious comfort
—happiness. But man always failed.—
There never was a race that did not set
up shrines to worship a god. The most
benighted, most groveling and most de-
graded of the race never thought of be-
ing without a god and some mode of wor-
ship. But no man, no family, no school
of men, no nation in any age of the world
has invented anything for the world by
which to elevate man into his original
state of felicity lost through sin. No
scheme of religion was ever devised by
which the soul could again be transform-
ed into the image or likeness of God.—
Men dreamed of immortality, but had
nothing definite and positive to give on
the subject. The effort or endeavor on
the part of man to worship God, to be
benefited and enjoy true happiness, both
for time and eternity has ever been the
figment of sin-bewildered brains. Paul
speaking of such says: "Professing them-
selves to be wise, they became fools"—
vain in their imaginations.

The gospel is not of man. No man or
men lay claim to it as their invention.—
It is not of human origin. It is Divine!
God is the author of it. The Infinite
Mind proposed and presented it to the
world lying in ruins and sunk into deg-
radation.

To be ashamed of the Gospel is to be
ashamed of Christ, of His lovely birth,
of His poverty, of His ordinances, of His
followers who adhere to Him by faith,
worshipping the Father in spirit and in
truth. Just as people become ashamed
of the Gospel they become conceited, pre-
sumptuous, proud, puffed up, without nat-
ural affection, true breakers, false accu-
sers, despisers of those that are good, trait-
ors, heady, high minded, lovers of pleas-
ure more than lovers of God, having a
form of godliness, but denying the power
thereof.

'Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise
Whose glory shines through endless days?
'Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee."
'Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend,
No; when I blush—be this my shame
That I no more revere his name."

II. We are not ashamed, in the sec-

ond place because, It is of such wonderful
import for the race. Nothing is of great-
er significance. Of so much moment
was it regarded among the celestial host
that when the eternal and only begotten
Son of God appeared, as a poor child in
the flesh, in the obscure town Bethle-
hem-Ephrath, a corps of them left the region
of glory to sing the sublimest chorus ever
heard in the earth: "Glory to God in the
highest, and on earth peace, good-will to-
wards men," Lu. 2: 14.

The manger-cradle became the great
centre around which both human and
heavenly beings revolved, acknowledging
the heaven-born fact, salvation by and
through the Seed of the woman, by the
profoundest acts of worship of which ra-
tional beings are capable. It was regard-
ed of great import in the very beginning;
Elizabeth, Mary and Zacharias, through an
irresistible inspiration sang psalms of
joy and gladness. The shepherds on the
plains of Bethlehem by direction from
the shining courts of heaven, and the
wise men from the East, through the
bright, heaven-appointed, guiding star
were led to the shrine of the infant King
and Savior to adore and worship Him.—
What an acknowledgment of the import
of the Gospel! What is the incarnation of
the Son of God? It is the Gospel un-
written. The great mystery of salvation not
yet unfolded and fully accomplished.

"Moses was for the Jews. Luther for
the Germans. Calvin for the French. La-
tiner for the English. Zwinglius for the
Swiss, Knox for the Scots. Washington
for the Americans. Yes, these are great
historic men. Men of blessed memory for
their nations. But the Gospel, the Son
of God in the flesh, doing and suffering
for the human family is of universal im-
port. He is not Jesus the Christ for one
race, or nation, or age, but for the whole
of mankind.—The great Luminary, in
the midst of a world of sin and darkness
toward which the eye of faith was turned
by the people of God, prospectively, for
4000 years, and toward which the eye of
faith by the people of God has been turn-
ed, retrospectively, for more than 1800
years. The Lord Jesus is the link to
bind man back to his God and Maker.—
This is the import of the Gospel.

III. We are not ashamed, in the third
place, of the Gospel because, In it
is revealed that which it is necessary to
know to live and to die happy. For us
the Gospel-record is not a dead letter. It
is an instrument of writing differing from
every other. That which God, as the Et-
ternal Spirit declared in Eden to our
first parents—that which He published
by Patriarchs and Prophets—that which
He pleased to represent by rites
and ceremonies and finally fully accom-
plished by His only begotten Son in
the flesh, He carefully and correctly re-
corded for our benefit. Men wrote as they
were directed by the Holy Ghost. The
Apostles had the mind of Christ. "The
spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep
things of God.

Now we have received, not the spirit
of the world, but the spirit which is of
God; that we might know the things
that are freely given to us of God.—
Which things also we speak, not in the
words which man's wisdom teacheth, but
which the Holy Ghost teacheth," I. Cor.
2: 10-13. "All Scripture is given by
inspiration of God, and is profitable for
doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for
instruction in righteousness," II Tim. 3:
16. The words are spirit and life. The
Gospel is the great theological text-book
for us all, intended to be such especially
for the Church. For all who can read
or spell. It is God's directory. Such by
the most emphatic command: "Search
the Scriptures," "Prove all things; hold
fast to that which is good." It is not a
sealed volume, because sacred. Not
committed solely to the clergy, but to the
whole Church. Yes, by it God our
Mighty Savior still preaches to a perish-
ing world; incites men to come to Him
as a loving Father; declares directly to
every one who will perseu its sacred pag-
es what He requires of men, what they
shall believe and what they shall do.—
We are not ashamed of the Gospel as a
written record, but glory in it, because
it is "as free as the light of the sun, or
the vital air, to all mankind."

The same doctrine which the Son of
God revealed to Adam and Eve in Para-
dise is revealed to us in the written Gos-
pel.

RACE FOR A WIDOW.—A correspondent
writes to the Mankato (Minn.) Union of
a widow who resides in a certain town in
Winona county who had been wooing two
young striplings, the one ten and the other
eleven years her junior. Both the
lads happened to meet the lady at the same
time, and both were on the errand of de-
ciding upon the day for celebrating the
nuptials, as each had the encouragement
to believe himself the favored suitor. The
widow herself was undetermined, and a
scene of tears gave a momentary relief to
the heart-throbbings of the two young
lovers. Finally she chose the younger of
the two, and they parted for the night.—
In the morning the discarded lover be-
thought himself of his photograph and
ring, still in the possession of the lady.—
He went to the lady to obtain them and
again sought favor in her eyes. She yield-
ed, and promised if he should get his li-
cense first she would marry him. He left
on the afternoon train for Winona to pro-
cure the license, and noticed his rival on
board, who was on the same errand, but
evidently knew nothing of the new bar-
gain. As soon as the train arrived the
lover who held the latest promise rushed
to the clerk's office and obtained his li-
cense, and just as he was retiring the ri-
val entered and applied for a license to
marry the same woman. Our hero who
had obtained the license was bound to
press his advantage, and instead of wait-
ing for the morning train, which would
bear his arrival home, he footed it home
through the mud the same night, and se-
cured his prize the next morning by mar-
rying her.

the traditions of men and the uninspired
pages of history alongside of it! We accept
no traditions, no commandments of men,
no decisions of councils, composed of fal-
lable men as of equal authority with the
scriptures, as the rule of our faith and
practice. Whatever comes in conflict
with the teachings of the word of God we
ignore.

But is not the combined wisdom of a
synod or council superior to the mere wis-
dom of a single individual. Yes; this we
accept readily. But the combined wis-
dom of a synod or council is not equal by
any means to the wisdom of God, and no
declaration of the most learned Synod or
Council can make plain how the sinner
is saved, and saved only, than God made
it plain in the Gospel. He tells us that
"the way of salvation" is "through faith
in Jesus Christ." And if for this decla-
ration a man were cast into dungeon to
rot, or burned at the stake, it would still
remain the same unalterable truth. Just
as the world kept on moving, though Ga-
lileo was cast into prison for asserting it,
so it will remain forever true that by grace
we are saved through faith—that by faith
only we are united to Christ Jesus as Sa-
vior, though the most learned of the earth
would pronounce against it.

IV. We are not ashamed, in the fourth
place, of the Gospel because, "it is the pow-
er of God unto salvation to every one that
believeth." A literal rendering of the
Greek would be, it is God's power. Not
merely strength in the Gospel, but an effective
power in-itself. It is the Almighty-lever-
which men sunk into the mire of sin and
death are lifted up; by which they are
brought from filth and degradation to
stand before God, clothed in the righte-
ousness of Christ Jesus. Wonderful pow-
er! It opens the eyes of the sin-blinded
soul. It illuminates the darkened under-
standing. It quickens the soul into new
life. It turns the stony heart into a heart
of flesh. It transforms the vile, profligate,
foul-hearted sinner into a humble, pray-
ing and praising child of God. It is a
power greater than sin, greater than death,
greater than hell. It brings hundreds,
tens of thousands from the kingdom of
darkness into the kingdom of light. It
begets hope of eternal life in the soul. It
makes God's service a pleasure. It bears
us up under the most trying circumstan-
ces, as adopted children of God. Yes, it
is God's power. Not however in the sense
of inexorable impulse, depriving men of
their freedom, but still God's power to
every one of the race. Notice the condi-
tion. It is God's power to every one who
believeth. Faith, oh note it! Faith is "the
apprehending and appropriating organ." Paul
says not: to every one who is circum-
cised, or baptized, or obeys the law,
but, to every one that believeth.

We are not ashamed of this Gospel.—
No, it is God's power—the seed of life.—
There is nothing like it in all the world.
"It is quick and powerful, and sharper
than any two-edged sword, piercing even
to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit,
and of the joints and marrow, and is a
discerner of the thoughts and intents of
the heart," Heb. 4: 12. This Gospel we
will continue to preach. Nothing else.—
It is God's power. There is no power in
any other kind of preaching. Men may
preach to you moral excellencies, or the
punctual discharge of relative duties, or
the diligent use of ordinances, or philoso-
phical dogmas of theology, but that is not
preaching the Gospel, not one of them, or
all combined constitute the christian foun-
dation, hence there is no power in the
preaching of them. God did not ordain
them as His power. They are lawful
and scriptural in their place, and a proper
use of them a benefit. But the whole Gos-
pel is God's power. The Rock is Christ.
Christ is the all and in all for the sinner.
The Gospel is salvation by Christ. God's
power to every one that believeth. "The
salvation of Christ is applied by faith,
without which God will neither justify
nor save any man, because it is the ap-
pointed means of his people's union with
Jesus Christ."

I am ready to preach the Gospel to you.—
For I am not ashamed of the Gospel: for
it is God's power unto salvation to every one
that believeth."

Next a house should be erected with its
sides much longer than the ends, many
large windows in the sides, none in the
ends, ceilings high to give sufficient vol-
ume of pure atmosphere, cellar under the
whole house for wood and coal, and for
play house; heaters in the cellar, patent
school desks, and everything in that line,
sufficient to accommodate all pupils;
book cases for the library and mineral-
ogical specimens, and black-boards all a-
round the school-room.

For further information we refer you
to the Pennsylvania School Architect, by
Dr. Burrows; it is in the hands of Sec-
retaries of every School Board in Penn-
sylvania. School Economy, by J. P. Wick-
ersham, Superintendent of Common
Schools, at Harrisburg, Pa.

You cannot make the school property
too pleasant. Don't build any more of
those desolate prisons, on those desert like
spots. Don't thus express to children that
they are your inferiors, on an equality
with brutes that have no idea of beauty
and comfort. Don't make them wish that
their school-house were as pretty and as
pleasantly located as an adjacent barn.—
Look before you leap, for great may be
your injuries.

Now and Then.

If some of our nice young men could be
purchased at their value as estimated by
the public, and sold at their own estimate
of themselves, the net profit of the trans-
action would pay the National debt twice
over.

Two Irishmen once saw a red headed
wood pecker picking away at an old stump.
"Murder, Jem!" exclaimed one of his
compatriots, "just look at your burr-
red; he has hammered his head till it's all
blaydin!"

Do the best you can.

HOME.

What holy raptures cluster round
That cherished little world!
What sacred music in the sound!
Our very souls are stirred.

Home is the place where kindred minds
Hold converse pure and sweet:
Affection binds, with silken thread,
The hearts of those who meet.

Here perfect peace and happiness
On fairest pinion poise;
For, oh! we have full sympathy
In all our woes and joys.

Home is the pilgrim's guiding star,
The seaman's heavenly light!
To every one, in every clime,
A Pisgah of delight.

My home! my home so very dear!
Thou halcyon-spot of rest—
I'd linger at thy christal fount,
And be supremely blest.

Thou boundless sea of heavenly bliss.
Unfathom'd here below,
The depth of life and light and love,
Eternity will show.

[Published by Request.]

School Houses.

As the season has arrived when School
Directors erect school houses, I think that
it is of the utmost importance to call their
attention to the following facts: The
school house and grounds do just as much
in the education of youth as do other agen-
cies. The comfort of the house has much
to do with success or failure in attaining
a high degree in culture. The locality of
the house—whether it stands in a basin
or on an elevation, overlooking a great
slope of country—is a consideration not
to be overlooked when a site is selected.

A farmer of long experience—every-
thing else being equal—knows more of
agriculture than he who has seldom or
never been on a farm. A mechanic knows
more about machinery—everything else
being equal—than a clerk who never was
in a machine shop. Merchants know the
price and the quality of goods better than
farmers do. An expert artisan, painting
for years, can detect errors on a picture,
far better than he who has been entirely
devoted to dealing in canvases. An en-
gineer, who has studied the power of steam,
and for years used its forces, is a better
judge of a good engine, or of a defective
one, than the merchant who has traveled
thousands of miles by rail, never inquiring
into the causes that move the driving
wheel. An old practitioner knows more
about disease, the causes of them, the re-
medies, how and when to apply them, than
do lawyers, ministers, farmers, painters,
pedagogues, engineers, mechanics, &c. Edu-
cators, teachers, and men who have
sought a knowledge of the different kinds
of instruments used in training the heart,
the head, and the hand, who have by
reading good authors, studied the excel-
lencies and the blunders of others, who
have become habitual observers of the en-
tire catalogue of school instruments, rea-
son would teach us, yea common sense
would declare, are the men who should be
consulted when a school house is to be
moved, or a new one built.

Where the interest of the rising genera-
tion, where the interest of the nation are
respected, where self-esteem has not made
"a man wise in his own conceit," there
men deficient in a knowledge of the wants
and remedies of education, will consult
members of the profession. Churches,
depots, machine-shops, jails, court-houses,
pigs, hens, larns, and almost anything, ex-
cept school-houses, receive a respectable
length of time and deliberation to arrive
at good plans. These are all of far less
importance than the peoples' colleges.

One or two acres of ground pleasantly
located (if they do cost a trifle more than
custom has paid for them formerly) should
belong to every country and village school
house. Space permitting we could prove it.

Next a house should be erected with its
sides much longer than the ends, many
large windows in the sides, none in the
ends, ceilings high to give sufficient vol-
ume of pure atmosphere, cellar under the
whole house for wood and coal, and for
play house; heaters in the cellar, patent
school desks, and everything in that line,
sufficient to accommodate all pupils;
book cases for the library and mineral-
ogical specimens, and black-boards all a-
round the school-room.

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to the Pennsylvania School Architect, by
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wood pecker picking away at an old stump.
"Murder, Jem!" exclaimed one of his
compatriots, "just look at your burr-
red; he has hammered his head till it's all
blaydin!"

TEARS.

What would we do, we mourn-
ers and sufferers in this great battle-
field of the world, were it not for tears? They
are the messengers which come from the
unknown Comforter, to keep our hearts
from breaking, to save the soul from mad-
ness and despair, to clear away the clouds
that hung above us, and let the radiance
of God's promise in to show us that He
has not forsaken us!

"I pitied her so," said some one who
had beheld a mourner. "She wept as
though her heart would break!"
"She wept to save her heart from break-
ing," I said. "Every tear was a blessing,
sent from Heaven direct—a surer comfort
than a thousand offered sympathies."

Once I was in a temple of music, and
a grand organ, stirred by a master hand,
was sending forth floods of rare melody.
Just before me there was an old man, with
withered cheeks and silver hair, and with
marks of a hard existence traced in indel-
ible lines upon his aged face. And as I
looked I saw the tears falling, and I knew
that, could the gifted artist have seen them
he would have deemed them the highest
tribute to his genius that could have been
offered.

All the noisy bursts of applause that
followed would have sunk into nothing-
ness before the simple, touching offering
of that old man's tears.

To-day I watched a crowd of children
at play before my window; and, after a
fashion peculiar to themselves, they wrangled
over a baking of mud pies: "You did!" "I didn't!" "I won't!" "You
shall!" And then, with a great uproar,
the affair ended.

I looked closer, and lo! the bevy of dis-
putants had quitted the field, and there
was left just one little fat dumpling of a
boy, in his first boots; and he was sitting
among the bones of contention—the mud
pies—and tears were trickling like rain o-
ver his dirty face, leaving little pale chan-
nels there to mark their course.

In those tears laid the end of all the
trouble.

"It is an April shower," I said to my-
self; and for a moment I turned away,
wishing that all our griefs might thus eas-
ily dissolve themselves.

When I looked again, I saw a pair of
tiny legs making their way down the
street, and I caught a glimpse of a sunny
face, from which those tears had washed
every trace of sorrow.

Oh ye tears! Tears of sorrow that save
the soul! Tears of pity that glorify the
eyes that shed them! Tears of joy that
holds the gates of Heaven ajar, and let us
for a brief season feel its perfectness! Ye
are among the best of God's gifts to us,
who live and toil, mourn and suffer, with-
in this vineyard.

When they come, whether as a sweet
relief to breaking hearts, whether as a
tribute to a deserving genius, or a happy
ending of a mud-pie battle, they are bless-
ings Heaven-born; and we have all of us
drawn nearer to the Eternal, and beheld
more of its comforts through mists of bit-
ter tears than through years of smiles and
sunshine.

Notes on Health.

The Norwalk Gazette says: A friend
of ours who suffered horrible pains from
neuralgia, hearing of a noted physician
in Germany who invariably cured that
disease, crossed the ocean, and visited
Germany for treatment. He was perma-
nently cured after a short sojourn, and
the doctor freely gave him the simple
remedy used, which was nothing but a
poultice and tea made from the common
field thistle. The leaves pounded and
used on the parts afflicted as a poultice,
while a small quantity of the leaves are
boiled down to the proportion of a quart
to a pint, and taken in doses of a small
wineglassful three times a day. In thou-
sands of cases it has never been a failure."

An exchange gives the following re-
medy for Nasal Catarrh: "Make a weak
brine, and snuff it up the nostrils, and let
it run down in the throat; also wet the
head with the same. If persisted in a
sufficient length of time, it will effectually
cure nasal catarrh. It is said by a
physician that the various mixtures sold
as 'Catarrh Remedies' in many cases,
are only salt disguised so as not to be
known. Wetting the hair falling out, and
water will stop the hair falling out."

If we would establish the habit of drink-
ing water freely in the morning, soon af-
ter rising, commencing with small quan-
tities, increasing gradually as we learn to
relish it, until the chief portion taken
during the day is before breakfast, it will
promote the health to a much greater
extent than it ordinarily does, eradica-
ting disease from the system, and become
a most decided luxury in time. Especial-
ly is it recommended for constipation
or costiveness.

A medical man who has examined the
subject, declares that one-half the children
and one-quarter the adults who have ta-
ken low or malignant fevers, have been
brought down by eating veal. There is
enough poison in every pound of one week
old veal, to kill a child four years of age.

Wells' Science of Health says that few
persons can, after retiring, breath deeply
and slowly and count one hundred, three
numbers to the breath, without going to
sleep.

A negro witness, on a horse trial in
New Jersey court, was asked to explain
the difference between a box stall and a
common stall. Straightening himself up,
he pointed to the square enclosure in which
the judge was seated, and said, "Dat ar
what I call a box stall dere whar dat old
hoss is sittin'!" It took a good many raps
of the judge's gavel to restore order in that
court.

Whoever has hold of one link in the
chain of truth, has hold of an endlers clue.
Work is the weapon of honor.

Wit and Humor.

If there is really a delightful refreshing
sight on this earth, it is a newly married
man sliding home with his first washboard.

A Troy Dutchman, in trying to reach
the ferry boat, fell into the water. His
first exclamation on being hauled out was,
'Mine Gott, let's have a bridge!'

Vat vedder vill it be to-day? asked a
German of his neighbor. 'Vell, I don't
know; vat you tink?' 'I tink it will be
vedder as you tink.' 'Vell, I tink so too.'

We see a patent "sparkler" noticed.—
A man who can't do his own sparking
without the help of machinery ought to
be