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BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



### THE SNAKE IN THE GLASS.

A HOMILY.

BY JOHN G. SANE.

Come listen awhile to me, my lad,  
Come listen to me for a spell!  
Let that terrible drum  
For a moment be dumb,  
For your uncle is going to tell  
What befall  
A youth who loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad;  
And with beauty uncommonly blest,  
Ere, with brandy and wine,  
He began to decline,  
And behaved like a person possessed;  
I protest  
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad;  
He went to a tavern one night,  
And drinking too much  
Rum, brandy and such,  
The chap got exceedingly "tight,"  
And was quite  
What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a snore, my lad;  
This a horrible slumber he takes,  
He trembles with fear,  
And starts very queer;  
My eyes! how he shivers and shakes  
When he wakes  
And raves about horrid great snakes!

And a warning to you and to me, my lad,  
A particular caution to all—  
Though no one can see  
The viper but he—  
To hear the poor lunatic howl,  
"How they crawl,"  
All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad;  
Next morning he took to his bed;  
And he never got up,  
To dine or to sup,  
Though properly physicked and bled;  
And I fear  
Next day, the poor fellow was dead!

You've heard of the snake in the grass,  
My lad;  
Of the viper concealed in the grass;  
But now, you must know,  
Man's deadliest foe  
Is the snake of a different class;  
Alas!  
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass!

A warning to you and to me, my lad;  
A very imperative call—  
Of liquor keep clear;  
Don't drink even a ha'p,  
If you'd shun all occasion to fail;  
If at all,  
Pray take it uncommonly small.

And if you are partial to snakes, my lad;  
(A passion I think very low.)  
Don't enter to see 'em,  
The Devil's Museum!  
'Tis very much better to go  
(That's so!)  
And visit a regular show.

—N. Y. Ledger.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### ROSE CLIFFORD'S SORROW.

"Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days be dark, and sad, and dreary."  
Rose Clifford sat by the window thinking,  
and gazing out at the stars as they  
rose one above the other in the early twilight.

Rose was not beautiful, only good and  
lovely, with a face which any one who  
saw her could not help loving, and a heart  
large enough to grasp all mankind in its  
sympathy; but to-night she might have  
been called almost beautiful, as she sat,  
with her large, mournful eyes gazing up-  
ward, and her hair hanging in one solid  
mass over her fair shoulders, while the  
moonbeams caught every golden tress in  
their silver meshes.

Was she dreaming as she sat there so  
stare-like and still? Ah no! life with  
her was too much of a reality for that;  
she was only thinking sad thoughts.

Most of Rose's life had been one of  
sunshine and happiness. The only child  
of indulgent parents, naturally of a cheerful  
and lively disposition, respected and be-  
loved by all who knew her, how could she  
help being happy? But to-night, al-  
though her parents were more loving and  
friends kinder than ever, although every-  
thing around was covered with beauty,  
and full of music and poetry, she was not  
happy.

Two years before she had given her  
heart, with all its first, pure, undivided  
affection, to Ernest Leslie, a young man  
of untarnished character, and every way  
worthy her affection. How she had lov-  
ed him, and worshipped him, none but  
herself ever knew. She almost feared she  
had loved him above her Master, and He,  
in tender mercy, had taken away her i-  
dol to draw her to Himself.

To-night, as she gazed out in the moon-  
shine, over the hills, she could see the dis-  
tant cemetery, dotted here and there with  
white slabs, to mark the resting places of  
the departed; and there, while the stars  
looked calmly down, and sweet zephyrs  
murmured in varied cadences, she knew  
Ernest was sleeping. She had planted  
flowers over his grave, and often watered  
it with her tears; but sorrow and crying

cannot bring our loved ones back across  
the river, and Rosa knew she must give  
him up.

He had said before he died, "Rosa, for  
your sake I would like to live; but our  
Father knoweth best, and I leave you in  
His hands. If I had been spared I might  
have worked some in his vineyard; but,  
Rosa, 'He doeth all things well.' Follow  
him always, and we shall meet again.  
Find some one to love and care for you,  
and do not grieve after me. Think of me  
sometimes and the home where I'm going,  
but do not be unhappy."

"Not grieve after him! not be unhappy!  
How could she help it? She knew he  
was safe now in heaven; that no sorrow  
could ever reach him again; still she  
missed him, and her heart continually  
kept crying out for his tender love and  
manly presence. Yet, for the sake of her  
parents, she would bear it all patiently.

"Rosa came down stairs. Frank is in  
the parlor waiting for you." It was Rosa's  
mother who spoke, and she answered:  
"Yes, mamma, I will come."

Reader, would you like to see Frank?  
If so, we will just take a peep into the  
parlor. Seated on a sofa is a young man  
about twenty-five years of age, with dark  
brown hair, and eyes of the same color,  
in which you can read at once intelligence  
and goodness of heart.

Rose Clifford and Frank Summerfield  
had been friends from early childhood;  
from the time when they used to make  
the grand old woods resound with merry  
laughter, and search for glossy nuts a-  
mong the brown leaves of Autumn; from  
the time when they attended the same  
school, in the old log school-house on the  
hill, and recited in the same books, join-  
ed in the same sports, and eating from the  
same basket.

It was a sad thing for Frank when, a  
few years before, Ernest Leslie, a young  
man studying for the ministry, entered  
the quiet neighborhood, and in a short  
time won Rosa's heart.

Frank had loved Rosa ever since he  
could remember. She had always been  
the star that filled his life with brightness;  
although unknown to her, for he had al-  
ways kept his secret hid away down in  
his own heart. Frank had always seem-  
ed like a kind brother to Rosa. She never  
thought of him as anything more than a  
dear friend, and as she had no brother  
she always felt sure of an escort in Frank,  
wherever she wished to go. But after Er-  
nest came things changed, and he was her  
constant chaperon. Frank, feeling that  
he had no claim on her longer, and think-  
ing it best for himself to avoid her society  
as much as possible; but now he felt sor-  
ry for Rose, and thought he would call  
and see her. Rose felt that she had been  
slighted by the friend of her childhood;  
and as she was lonely to-night, it was wel-  
come news, when she learned that Frank  
had come. So she hastened to brush her  
hair and go down.

"Good evening, Rose."

"Why, Frank, good evening; is it really  
you? I thought you had quite forgotten  
your old friend!"

"Oh no, Rosa. I have been very much  
engaged lately, but to-night I thought per-  
haps you might be lonesome, and as I had  
a little time to spare, thought I would call  
and take you to church, if you'd like to  
go."

"Oh yes, if there is meeting I would like  
to go. How kind of you, Frank, to call  
for me to-night of all other nights, when  
I am so lonely; but you always were like  
a kind, good brother to me, and always  
happen to come just at the right time."

"Mr. Tilton, the minister from Denton,  
is here, and he is said to be a superior  
preacher. I saw him to-day, and he is a  
fine looking man; just such a man as I  
think you would like to hear preach, Rose."

What a pleasant ride they had over the  
smooth roads; and what a splendid ser-  
mon Mr. Tilton delivered.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before  
me," was the text, and Rosa felt, while  
listening to that pointed and able discourse,  
that she had almost forsaken God, and  
made Ernest her idol. He had been first  
in her affections, and God second; and  
she felt that she justly deserved to lose  
him; henceforth nothing should come be-  
tween her and her Master.

With these thoughts filling her mind,  
Rose returned home, and when Frank bid  
her good night he left her much happier  
than when he came.

When the peace of Heaven fills the soul  
the heart cannot be unhappy, and Rose  
was soon almost herself again thinking of  
the past as an oasis in her life, and of Er-  
nest as blessed and happy.

Frank came often now, and they spent  
many hours in social conversation.

Three years had passed away since Er-  
nest "fell asleep"; three years of change—  
joy to some and sorrow to others. Rose  
had ceased to grieve for him, but thought  
of him sometimes as he had requested;  
and the home where he had gone. Sweet  
peace filled her heart, although she some-  
times felt a longing for human sympathy  
and love. Frank had been gone two years,  
being called away on business, and she  
missed him sadly. It was true she received  
letters from him frequently, but that was  
not like having some one to talk with,  
and he was returning soon, and she was  
looking forward to the time when he would  
arrive. She wondered if two years' travel-  
ing had changed him much, and if he  
would be glad to see her. She knew she  
would be glad to see him. Ah! Cupid's  
dart had almost found a lodging place in  
her heart again.

Frank returned, strong and robust, and  
more manly than ever. Rose looked  
at him with admiration, and he was well  
pleased with the manner in which she wel-  
comed him home.

Frank's father had died, leaving him  
the old homestead, and all he wished for  
now was some one to share it with him.

He knew Rosa was the only one that  
could ever fill the void in his heart, and  
yet knowing the great love she had for  
Ernest in past years, he hesitated to lay  
open his heart to her, fearing he would  
not be received. However, as three years  
had passed by since then, he resolved to  
settle the question by trying.

On a beautiful evening, such an one as  
lovers deem most appropriate for wooing  
and winning, opportunity offered itself  
to him. He called and found Rosa alone  
in the parlor. She looked fair and lovely,  
as she always did; and to Frank she ap-  
peared as she always had done, the sweet-  
est woman on earth.

They talked on various subjects, and  
then Frank, feeling that he must speak  
about that which was nearest his heart,  
commenced:

"Rose, I know how three long years ago,  
you buried your heart's idol in the church-  
yard, and felt that you could never be  
happy again; and I know, too, how some  
one else has loved you all these years, as  
well as Ernest did, and would lay down  
his life for your sake. I have never yet  
spoken, thinking it almost sacrilege to do  
so, since Ernest's death, but I feel that I  
can keep silence no longer, and must  
speak."

"Rose, you never knew it, but ever since  
we were children I have loved you; and  
to-night I have come to ask you if you  
cannot love me a little in return. I do  
not wish you to worship me only to love  
me as one who has his faults with the  
rest of humanity. Say Rose, can you not  
do it?"

"Frank, this is rather unexpected. I  
have always loved you as a brother, and  
thought of you as a dear friend; but as for  
making you my husband, I never thought  
of such a thing. I will study over it, and  
if you will call a week from to-night, I  
will then give you my decision."

In her own room that night Rose thought  
of Ernest's words, "Try and find some one  
to love and care for you?" and who could  
she find that would love her better, or be  
more worthy than Frank, and that she  
could love with a purer affection? Need  
I tell that she decided to love him, and  
that Frank was made happy by her an-  
swer a week following?

They were married in spring, and Rose  
went to make the old homestead as near  
a little paradise on earth as possible. Her  
first great sorrow had strengthened and  
purified her heart, and she now realized  
fully what Ernest once said, "Rose, He  
doeth all things well."

**Farmers.**

A writer on the Grange question says:  
Farmers are too much alone. We need  
to meet together to rub off the rough cor-  
ners and polish down into symmetry. We  
want to exchange views, and above all we  
want to learn to think. A man who has  
performed fourteen hours of severe phys-  
ical labor is in no condition to think, and  
may as well decide at once that any  
class of men which starts out in life by  
working at severe labor fourteen hours  
of the twenty-four, and faithfully adheres  
to the practice, will fill forever the position  
of hewers of wood and drawers of water  
for men who use the God-given mind  
and nourish the soul with liberal and abun-  
dant mental food. In my opinion the  
coming farmer will not toil with his hands  
fourteen hours out of the twenty-four and  
compel wife and children to the same slav-  
ery. But he will give a liberal share of  
his time to thought, study, and recreation.  
He will know of what his soil is compos-  
ed, in what it abounds, in what it is defi-  
cient. He will know what elements of  
earth and air are needed to plant growth,  
and under what conditions they can be  
most readily assimilated. He will under-  
stand the laws of plant and animal life,  
that he may more successfully treat them.  
His house will be abundantly supplied  
with books and papers on agricultural and  
matters of general interest. Pictures and  
abundant amusements will make his home  
attractive. A beautiful lawn and flower  
beds, a fruit and vegetable garden, an or-  
chard, groves, and evergreens and decidu-  
ous trees for ornament, shelter, and use,  
will make his home so lovely and home-  
like that his daughters will not be so dis-  
gusted with farm life as to marry a village  
dolt, or the son so worn, weary and dis-  
pirited as to leave the farm at the first op-  
portunity and open a barber shop in some  
country village. Can this be done, and  
can the farmers really be made the happy  
homes of refined intellect, honored and  
women, instead of the abodes of over-  
worked slaves? Yes! emphatically yes!  
But not by neglecting to rest the God-  
given mind, but by rousing it up and mak-  
ing it the compass, the sail, and the rudder  
in the voyage of life. The body is  
but the bulk. Then set your sails, stand  
by the rudder, steer by the compass, and  
start out boldly on the great journey,  
whose passage is pleasure and whose end  
is success.

**A MOTHER'S WORRY.**—Many a dis-  
couraged mother folds her tired hands at  
night, and feels as if she had after all,  
done nothing, although she had not spent  
an idle moment since she rose. Is it not  
that your little helpless children have  
had some one to come to with all their  
childish griefs and joys? Is it not that  
that your husband feels "safe" when he is  
away to his business, because your care-  
ful hands direct everything at home. Is  
it not that, when his business is over, that  
he has the blessed refuge of home, which  
you have that day done your best to  
brighten and refine? Oh, weary faithful  
mother! you little know your power when  
you say "I have done nothing." There is  
a book in which a fairer record than this  
is written over against your name.

The days of the army blue overcoat  
are gone. The moths have contracted for  
all that could not be worn out.

**THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART.**

There is a love that speaketh,  
But it is not heard aloud;  
Its sacred language breaketh  
Not on the busy crowd.  
'Tis heard in secret places  
'Tis sorrows to disguise;  
'Tis writ in anxious frowns,  
And meditative eyes.  
It ever comes to render  
Kind thoughts when fond ones part;  
Its tones are sweet and tender,  
'Tis the language of the heart.

No art of man can teach us  
This secret speech of love;  
Though here its tones may reach us,  
They echo first above.  
'Tis heard in gentle praises,  
In pleadings soft and weak,  
It tells in silent gazes,  
What lips could never speak.  
With strong electric fire,  
Its holy breathings start,  
No speech can match its sweetness—  
The language of the heart.

[Published by Request.]

**A CARD.**

Duty to myself and to the Church I am  
serving, in the capacity of Professor of  
Theology, obliges me to expose the spu-  
riousness of a quotation given in a book  
recently published on "Mercersburg Theol-  
ogy," of which Rev. Dr. B. S. Schneek is  
the author.

On page 119 occur these words: "Now,  
in consistency with such a view of redemp-  
tion is Tract No. 3, acknowledged to be by  
one of the Professors in Lancaster, in  
which it is said that." Then follow three  
separate passages, each one being set in  
quotation marks by itself, but the three  
are printed in immediate connection as  
the parts of one paragraph. I present  
them in manner and form as found in the  
book.

"All the benefits of Christ are received,  
not by faith, not through previous knowl-  
edge of our misery, not in the way of repen-  
tance and faith, but through baptism and  
through baptism exclusively."—And a-  
gain: "There is no way in which a man  
can be created anew by the Spirit, accord-  
ing to the established economy of salva-  
tion, but by Baptism." And again: "A  
sinner may be penitent for his sins, but  
until he has received baptism, as God's  
act of remission to him, he has no true as-  
surance of remission. And when after  
baptism he sins through infirmity, he can-  
not be sure of pardon till his absolution  
is spoken, signed, and sealed by Christ,  
by the means of a Divine act through the  
Church."

These three passages are attributed to  
Tract No. 3. The middle one is correct-  
ly quoted from page 5. The third is not  
in the Tract, but may be found in a pes-  
simistic article by Dr. Harbaugh, publish-  
ed in the January number of the Mercers-  
burg Review for 1868.

My chief design, however, is to repre-  
sent the character of the first quotation.—  
"Those words are not in the Tract, nor in  
any production, that has issued from my  
pen or from the pen of any Professor at  
Lancaster or Mercersburg. I have never  
expressed my views in such language,  
nor do I hold or teach such doctrine. The  
passage has been invented, and falsely as-  
cribed to Tract No. 3; by whom I do not  
know nor intimate. Only I wish it to be  
distinctly understood, that I believe that  
Dr. Schneek supposed the quotations to be  
all literally correct, when he inserted them  
in his book."

About a month ago, I addressed a let-  
ter to the Rev. Dr. Schneek, asking an ex-  
planation especially in regard to the first  
passage. After some delay, I received his  
reply under the date of April 13th. Af-  
ter apologizing for the delay, he explains  
how this false quotation occurred. I trans-  
fer his own words as follows:

"When I commenced the preparation  
of my book, your Tract was at hand. But  
by the time I desired to refer to your lan-  
guage, it was unaccountably mislaid and  
could not be found. My publishers were  
impatiently waiting for more matter, as I  
had been providentially prevented to fur-  
nish them any for some time. In this di-  
lemma I had recourse to the 'Reformed  
Church Monthly,' in which I remembered  
to have seen quotations from your  
Tract. I found that it referred to the very  
point which I desired, and hence trans-  
ferred, without any regard to the first  
passage. After some delay, at once I sent it  
to my publisher, together with the second  
quotation. Not until your recent letter  
called my attention to it have I been a-  
ware that there was a single word in that  
first sentence, which was not a bona fide  
literal and actual quotation. I regret the  
mistake, as it was not in my heart to have  
even the appearance of making a man use  
words, which he did not use. I quoted  
verbatim (quotation marks included) from  
the publication referred to."

It is due to the memory of the Rev.  
Dr. Schneek, that this disclaimer and ex-  
planation be put on record.

The religious press has unwittingly given  
currency to the false quotation. All  
the papers and reviews that notice the  
book, quote this spurious passage; and  
quote it in preference to all, or nearly all,  
the genuine passages. Under these cir-  
cumstances, further silence would natu-  
rally be construed into consent; and the  
alternative has been forced upon me either  
to allow the Seminary quietly to bear  
the odium of the charge, or expose its  
gratuitous character.

So far from properly representing the  
doctrine of salvation taught in the Seminary,  
the spurious passage asserts just the  
contradictory opposite of what the insti-  
tution teaches. The quotation: "All the  
benefits of Christ are received, not by faith,  
not through previous knowledge of our  
misery, not in the way of repentance and  
faith, but through baptism, and through  
baptism exclusively," is false both as to  
matter and form. Were I, in speaking  
of the relation of baptism and faith, to  
employ the authentic formula, which the  
author of the falsehood has seen fit to a-  
dopt, I would just reverse the members of  
the proposition. I would say: "All the  
benefits of Christ are received, that is, ap-  
propriated by us and thus made our own,  
not by baptism, not in the way of any sacra-  
mental transaction, but by personal  
faith, and by the exercise of personal faith  
exclusively." The objective virtue of bap-  
tism does not supersede the necessity of  
personal faith, and the saving power  
of faith does not nullify the virtue of bap-  
tism as being the appointed medium of  
divine grace.

It is scarcely necessary to request the  
religious press to take back the false  
charge, into which it has been betrayed.  
Christian honesty as well as fraternal  
courtesy will prompt editors to correct  
the error which they have unknowingly  
published to the world.

E. V. GERHART,  
Theological Seminary, April 30, 1874.

The best gift of God to nations is the  
gift of upright men—especially upright  
men for magistrates, statesmen and rulers.  
How beautiful soever the heavens may be;  
how rich the earth may be in harvests;  
though every wind of heaven wait pros-  
perity to its ports till the land is crowded  
with warehouses stuffed to repletion with  
treasure, that country is poor whose citi-  
zens are not noble, and that republic is  
poor which is not governed by noble men  
selected by its citizens. The signs in decay  
in the life of a nation show themselves as  
soon as anywhere else in the character of  
the men who are called to govern it.—  
When they seek their own ends, and not  
the public weal; when they abandon  
principles, and administer according to  
the personal interest of cliques and parties;  
when they forsake righteousness and call  
upon greed, insatiable selfishness for coun-  
sel; and when the laws and the whole  
framework of the Government are but so  
many instruments of oppression and of  
wrong, then the nation cannot be far from  
decadence. When God means to do well  
by a nation that has backslidden, among  
the earliest tokens of his beneficent intent,  
is the restoration of men of integrity and  
of honor—men who live for their fellows,  
and not for themselves.—Henry Ward  
Beecher.

**A BURST OF ELOQUENCE.**—A lawyer  
in Milwaukee was defending a handsome  
young woman, accused of stealing from a  
large unoccupied building in the night  
time, and thus he spoke in conclusion:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I am done.—  
When I gaze with unappreciated eyes on  
the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin,  
on whose radiant charms suspicion  
never dared to breathe; when I behold  
her radiant in the glorious bloom of lus-  
trous loveliness which angelic sweet-  
ness might envy but could not eclipse; be-  
fore which the star on the brow of the night  
grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil  
are dim; and then reflect upon the utter  
madness and folly of supposing that so  
much beauty would expose itself to the  
terrors of an empty building in the cold,  
damp, dead of night, when innocence like  
hers is hiding itself among the snowy pil-  
lars of repose; gentlemen of the jury, my  
feelings are too overpowering for expres-  
sion, and I throw her into your arms for  
protection against this foul charge, which  
the outrageous malice of a disappointed  
scoundrel has invented to blast the fair  
name of this lovely maiden, whose smiles  
shall be the reward of the verdict which  
I know you will give!"

The jury convicted her without leav-  
ing their seats.

**THE SAD PART OF SUMNER'S LIFE.**—  
Can a man pass the age of sixty without  
a woman steps over his line of life, to  
bless or blast? The part which a wife  
played in the existence of Charles Sum-  
ner was a sad one. It might not be drag-  
ged to view now but for the woman's own  
act. Only a few weeks ago his divorced  
wife made application, through her attor-  
neys, for privilege to marry again. The  
divorce was of Sumner's seeking, and by  
the Massachusetts law she could not take  
a second husband while the first lived,  
without special permission from the court.  
Sumner went to his death cheered by no  
womanly word; no wifely prayers. His  
pillow was smoothed by the highest in the  
land, and the men whom a country hon-  
ors stood by and groaned in spirit as he  
passed away. And the woman who had  
been his wife, whom he put away on ac-  
count of incompatibility, was at that time  
wondering how long it would be ere the  
court would hear and decide the petition  
which should give her to the arms of a  
younger man. Can anybody die without  
making somebody glad?

**THE DAYS.**—The very darkest day  
wears at length to evening, and it is of no  
avail to chide meantime the slow-paced  
hours. It is a beneficent provision of  
nature that we cannot grieve perpetually,  
if we would. The keener the pain, per-  
haps, the sooner its intensity is worn out.  
Our best beloved dies, and we think our  
life has been buried in that grave. But  
the flowers do not grow on it more surely,  
under the rains and dews of summer, than  
do little buds of new interests and fresh  
hopes spring from the parched soil of our  
hearts. The cherished grace of the dead  
day may never come back, but the new  
day has twenty-four hours in it, and each  
of those hours, if we do its work faithfully  
is a minister of consolation.

**SLEEP.**—Go to bed with warm feet, an  
empty stomach, and an unexcited brain.  
Be sure and keep a clear conscience. Then  
shall your sleep be dreamless, and your  
days long in the land.

**Why Don't You Respond?**

Old Judge W., of \_\_\_\_\_, in the Old  
Dominion, is a character. He was a law-  
yer, legislator, judge and leading politician  
among the old time Whigs of blessed  
memory; but, alas! like them his glory  
departed, and, like many others of his  
country, has gone "where the woodbine  
twines." "Notwithstanding the loss of  
property, and the too free use of apple-  
jack," he maintained the dignity of eye,  
dressed neatly, carried a gold-head-  
ed cane, and when he had taken more than  
his usual allowance of the favorite bever-  
age, he was very pious at such times, al-  
ways attending church, and sitting as  
near the stand as erectly as circumstanc-  
es would admit, and responding fervent-  
ly.

On one occasion a Baptist brother was  
holding forth with energy and unction on  
the evils of the times, and in one of his  
flights exclaimed:

"Show me a drunkard!"

The Judge arose to his feet, and un-  
steadily balancing himself on his cane,  
said, solemnly:

"Here I am, sir, here I am!"

The elder, though a good deal non-  
plussed by the unexpected response, man-  
aged to go on with his discourse, and soon  
warming up to his work, again called out:

"Show me a hypocrite! Show me a  
hypocrite! Show me a hypocrite!"

Judge W. again arose, and reached for-  
ward across a seat which intervened, touch-  
ing Deacon D. on the shoulder with his  
cane, and said:

"Deacon D., why don't you respond,  
sir? Why don't you respond? I did  
when they called me!"

**CALUMNY.**—The rules of politeness are  
never at variance with the principles of  
morality. Whatever is really impolite is  
really immoral. We have no right to of-  
fend people with our manners or conver-  
sation. We have no right to deal with or  
be influenced by gossip about the people  
we meet. Their private affairs are none  
of our business. If we believe a man to  
be unfit company for us we must not in-  
vite him; but if we meet him where he  
has been invited by others we must treat  
him with civility. If we know a man or  
woman to be a grave offender, we cannot  
use that knowledge to injure him or her,  
unless it is absolutely needful for the  
protection of others. The greatest and best  
men in the world have been assailed with  
calumny. The purest and noblest do not  
always escape it. We cannot investigate  
—as a rule we must disregard—all slan-  
ders. Where great offenses become not-  
orious, the offenders must be excommuni-  
cated. In all other cases we must give  
every one the benefit of a doubt; apply  
cautious constructions, hope for the best  
and consider every one innocent until he  
is proven guilty.

The heartlessness of any one's doing any-  
thing without pluck is illustrated by an  
old East Indian fable. A mouse that  
dwelt near the abode of a magician was  
kept in such constant distress by its fear  
of a cat, that the magician taking pity  
it turned it into a cat itself. Immediate-  
ly it began to suffer from its fear of a dog,  
so the magician turned it into a dog.—  
Then it began to suffer from its fear of a  
tiger, and the magician turned it into a  
tiger. Then it began to suffer from its fear  
of hunters, and the magician, in disgust,  
said, "Be a mouse again." As you have  
only the heart of a mouse, it is impossible  
to help you by giving you the body of a  
noble animal." And the poor creature  
again became a mouse.

It is the same with the mouse hearted  
man. He may be clothed with the pow-  
er and placed in the position of brave  
men, but he will always act like a mouse;  
and public opinion is usually the great  
magician that finally says to a person, "Go  
back to your obscurity again. You have  
only the heart of a mouse, and it is useless  
to try to make a lion of you."

Under whose care soever a child is put  
to be taught during the tender and flexi-  
ble years of his life, this is certain—  
it should be one who thinks Latin and lan-  
guages the least part of education—one  
who, knowing how much virtue, and a  
well-tempered soul are to be preferred to  
any sort of learning or language, makes  
it his chief business to form the mind of  
his scholars, and give that a right dispo-  
sition, which if once got, though all the  
rest be neglected, will in due time pro-  
duce all the rest; and which if it be not  
got and settled so as to keep out all  
and vicious habits, languages and sciences  
and all other accomplishments of education,  
will be to no purpose but to make the  
worse or more dangerous man.—Locke.

**TO THE UNSUCCESSFUL.**—Very few men  
are permitted to be successful; very few  
men are permitted to be wise; very few  
men are permitted to be eloquent; very  
few men are qualified to be statesmen;  
very few men are good for anything emi-  
nent; and even those that are eminent are  
more of like passions with everybody else.  
Therefore, be not discouraged because it  
is your lot to be in humble circumstances  
because your work is insignificant in the  
eyes of men—because you are called to la-  
bor in obscurity. The time is coming when  
all earthly distinctions will be of very lit-  
tle account.

**Wisdom rides upon the ruins of folly.**  
Words are but pictures of our thoughts  
A lie has no legs but a scandal has  
wings.  
Everybody is called a humbug by some-  
body.  
Wisdom in a poor man is a diamond set  
in lead.  
A suppressed resolve will betray it self  
in the eyes.

**Wit and Humor.**

What is invariably the beginning of  
love? The letter L.

The first stirring event of the day—  
sweetening one's coffee.

"I see through it," as the washerwoman  
said when the bottom of the tub fell out.

"Say, Sambo, did you eber see de Cata-  
kill Mountains?" "No, I neber did;  
but I have seen dem kill de mice.

"If a miss is as good as a mile, how good  
is a Mrs?" If she is a widow, she will  
be good for a league under any circum-  
stances.

A Kansas book agent says he can sell  
ten dime novels to any religious work,  
and he expects an earthquake to visit that  
State.

An English Judge has decided that  
thread manufacturers who mark "200  
yards" on spools having but 120 yards  
are guilty of no offense if they ship their  
spools to America. Can't we ship them  
another load of wooden hams and nut-  
meats?

Jacksonville (Tenn.) young ladies tie  
up their taper fingers, and when the young  
gentlemen callers inquire the cause, blush-  
ingly reply: "I burnt them while broiling  
the breakfast this morning." And the  
young gentlemen discover they have burn-  
ed their fingers in believing the story.

Plutarch says, "The eyes of the hog are  
so formed and disposed of in the head,  
that it is always looking upon the lowest  
objects and can in no manner contempt  
things elevated and lofty. It cannot look  
upward unless thrown back with its feet  
upward. Although this animal is ad-  
dicted to the most discordant squealing and  
grunting, yet as soon as it is laid on its  
back it is immediately silent, as great is  
its astonishment at the heavens to the  
sight of which it is unaccustomed and  
which causes such fear that it is unable to  
cry."—One of Plutarch's lies.

A widow lady in Iowa Falls was in lit-  
igation with her relatives in regard to her  
husband's estate. Judgment had been pre-  
ferred against her, execution is issued, and  
the officer was on hand to make his levy.  
The lady deeming that she had rights, de-  
fended her personal property with a stout  
cudgel, claiming that it was not liable to  
execution. The officer to pacify her said,  
"Well, Mrs., I will write to Judge  
—, and see what he says about it. If  
you will agree to abide by his decision,"  
Judge — said to the widow, "You may, Mrs.  
Justice of the peace you please, but I  
won't give up the property." She re-  
tained it.

There is a bush story of a negro who,  
for a bottle of rum, agreed to strip to the  
waist and lie on his face, to be bitten for  
a quarter of an hour by mosquitoes, at the  
Juggins of New Brunswick. He endured  
his pests manfully, and had nearly won  
his prize, when one of the lumbermen who  
stood by laid on him a piece of live char-  
coal, when the negro wriggled and twisted  
about frightfully; at last, unable to hold  
out any longer, he jumped up, calling out,  
"Woo! not burn me, or dat is rag-  
on fly!" Lumbermen play sad tricks on the  
negroes sometimes. A colored tea drink-  
ing a lumberman slipped a plug of tobac-  
co into the kettle, when an old negro  
who presided called out, "Mo' water! mo'  
water! too 'troug for missa 'tomach!"

My grandfather tells the following story:  
In the course of a journey through  
the West, he came to a remarkable health-  
ful locality, where people lived to a won-  
derful age. As he approached the vil-  
lage tavern he beheld the oldest white-  
headed man he had ever seen, seated on  
the porch, crying like a child. In answer  
to an inquiry as to the cause of his grief,  
he sobbed out:

"My father has just been licking me."  
Thinking the old man insane, my grand-  
father went into the bar-room, and see-  
ing another man there, much older than  
the first, and thinking to have a little  
sport with him, he said:

"Sir, your son out there says you have  
been licking him."  
"Yes," replied the landlord, for such  
he was, "I could not help it. The young  
rascal was chasing his grandfather around  
a ten acre lot, and throwing stones at him.  
So, I had to interfere, stranger."  
"That settled my grandfather. He con-  
cluded that he had either stumbled upon  
a pair of lunatics, or that he had come ac-  
ross a remarkable healthy country."

**BRANDY FROM SAW DUST.**—The fol-  
lowing fine piece of humor is from Max  
Adler:

"We are very sorry, indeed, to learn that  
a German chemist has succeeded in mak-  
ing first rate brandy out of saw dust. We  
are a friend of the temperance movement,  
and we want it to succeed. But what  
chance will it have when a man can take  
a tip saw and go out and get drunk with  
a fence-rail? What is the use of a pro-  
hibitory liquor law if a man is able to  
make brandy smashes out of the shingles  
in his roof, or if he can get delirium by  
drinking the legs of his kitchen chairs?  
You may snuff an inebriate out of a gin  
shop, and keep him away from taverns,  
but if he can become inebriated on bread-  
sawdust and desiccated window sills  
any effort at reform must necessarily be  
a failure. It will be wise, therefore, if the  
temperance societies will butcher that Ger-  
man chemist before he goes any further.—  
His receipts ought not to be made public.  
He should be stuffed with distilled board  
yards until he perishes with mania pota.