Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is pub THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is pubsed every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subcribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLAR per annum, invariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp will then be stopped until a further relitance be received. By this arrangement no man and be brought in debt to the printer.

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the Coun with a large and steadily increasing circulation.

THE AGITATOR is the Uticial Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation eaching into nearly every neighborhood in the county. It is sent free of postage to any Post-office within the county limits, and to those living within he limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be considered additional County. limits, but who County.
in an adjoining County.
Susiness Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper in-

ded. \$4 per year.

LITTLE THINGS. A traveler through a dusty road,

Strewed acorns on the lea, And one took root and sprouted up And one took root and sprouted up
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at even-time
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,

To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twig, The birds sweet music bore

It stood a glory in its place, A blessing evermore,

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladie at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
Ev summers never dried, By summers never dried, Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues.

And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought-A greamer gropped a random that 'T was old and yet 't was new— A simple fancy of the brain, But strong in being true; It shone upon a genial mind, And lo! its light became A lamp of life, a beacon ray,

A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issues great, A watchfire on a hill; It sheds its radiance far adown And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown— A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust, It saved a soul from death. O germ! O fount! O, word of love-O thought at random east!— Ye were but little at the first,

BUT MIGHTY AT THE LAST!

Touching Incident.

The following extract, taken from an acount written by the Rev. James Miller, and quoted by the author of "Old Redstone." all give the reader some idea of the pecuniary embarrassments of early ministers and of the general state of the Western counry, and also of the remarkable interposition Divine Providence for the relief of one of hose ministers.

"Our story," says Mr. Miller, "will carry he reader back to the period when all north f the Ohio river was almost an unbroken wilderness—the mysterious red man's home. On the other side, a bold hardy band from beyond the mountains had built their log cabins, and were trying to subdue the wilderness. To them every hour was full of peril. The Indians would often cross the ek and Upper Buffalo congregi ound them a willing and united people, but support his family. He, in common with all the early ministers, must cultivate a farm. conversation. He purchased one on credit, promising to pay for it with the salary pledged to him by his people. Years passed away. The pasfor was unpaid. Little or no money was in circulation. Wheat was abundant, but there was no market. It could not be sold for more than twelve and a half cents, in cash. Even their salt, which, had to be brought across the mountains on pack-horses, was worth eight dollars per bushel, and twenty one bushels of wheat had often to be given or one of salt. The time came when the payment must be made, and Mr. Smith was old he must pay or leave his farm. Three ears' salary was now due from his people. for the want of this, his land, his improvements upon it, and his hopes of remaining among a beloved people must be abandoned. The people were called together, and the case laid before them, and they were greatly noved; counsel from on high was sought; plan after plan was proposed and abandoned; he congregation were unable to pay a tithe of their debts, and no money could be bortowed. In despair they adjourned to meet owned the only mill in the county, would grad for them wheat on reasonable terms. It the next meeting it was resolved to carry heir wheat to Mr. Moore's mill; some gave fifty bushels, some more. This was carried fom fifteen to twenty six miles on horses to mill. In a month word came that the flour Was ready to go to market. Again the people were called together. After an earnest Prayer the question was asked, "Who will run the flour to New Orleans?" This was a startling question. The work was perilous in the extreme; months must pass before the his journey should be fortunate; nearly all Were told of the treacherous Indians. More than one boat's crew had gone on that jour-

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Artension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

while there shall be a wrong unrighted, and until "Man's inhumanity to Man" shall cease, agitation must continue,

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1858.

assembly. To see their venerated old elder thus devote himself for their good, melted them all to tears. They gathered around Father Smiley to learn that his resolution gives us a rapid sketch of an ancient and was indeed taken; that rather than lose their pastor he would brave danger, toil, and even death. After some delay and trouble, two young men were induced, by hope of a large reward, to go as his assistants. A day was appointed for starting. The young and old, from far and near, from love to Father Smiley and deep interest in the object of his mission, gathered together, and with their pastor at their head came down from the church, fifteen miles away, to the bank of the river to bid the old man farewell. Then a prayer was offered up by their pastor, and a parting hymn was sung. Then said the old Scotchman, "Untie the cable, and let us see what the Lord will do for us." This was done and the boat floated slowly away. More than nine months passed and no word came back from Father Smiley. Many a prayer had been breathed for him, but what was his fate was unknown. Another Sabbath came; the people came together for worship, and there, on his rude bench, before the preacher, composed and devout, sat Father Smiley. After service the people were requested to meet early in the week to hear the report. All came again. After thanks had been returned to God for his safe return, Father Smiley rose and told his That the Lord had prospered his mission; that he had sold his flour for twentyseven dollars a barrel, and then got safely back. He then drew a large purso and poured upon the table a larger pile of gold than most of the spectators had ever seen before. The young men were paid each one hundred dollars. Father Smiley was asked his charge. He meekly replied, that he thought he ought to have the same as one of the young men, though he had not done quite as much work. It was immediately proposed to pay him three hundred dollars. This he refused till the pastor was paid. Upon counting the money it was found there was enough to pay what was due Mr. Smith, to advance his salary for the year to come, to reward Father Smiley with three hundred dollars, and then have a large dividend for each contributor. Thus their debts were paid, their pastor relieved, and while life lasted he broke for them the bread of life. The bones of both pastor and elder repose in the same churchyard; but a grateful posterity still tells this pleasing story of the

VOL. IV.

Novel Courtship.

Three months since, a young Parisian was forth again, and could be removed only travelling per railroad in Germany, from second touch, and a second talisman. river, steal their children and horses, kill Augsburg to Berlin. The cars, unlike those cannot wonder that when men of science and scalp any victim that came in their way. here, are divided into compartments, like the gravely repeated such nonsense the vulgar They worked in the field with weapons at inside of a coach, the passengers sitting facing should believe it. Still less can we wonder their side, and on a Sabbath met in a grove each other. In the compartment he selected or rude log church to hear the Word of God, were four other persons, two mammas and with their rifles in their hands. To preach two daughters. The two mothers were face o these settlers, Mr. Joseph Smith, a Presby- to face in one corner, the young man took erian minister, had lest his paternal home, the opposite and found himself face to face east of the mountains. He, it was said, was with the young ladies. He soon after fell second minister who had crossed the into a brown study, during which the condonongahela. He settled in Washington ductor demanded his ticket without success, punty, Pennsylvania, and became the pastor and the young ladies were secretly laughing it his bewildered air. ons dividing his time between them. He a ruse to avoid ridicule, he pretended not to understand German, and transacted his busistill unable to pay him a salary which would ness with the conductor by signs. A moment after, the young ladies commenced

> "This young man is a very handsome one," said one.

> "Hist, Bertha," said the other, with a sort of affright.

do not love dark."

"Why, he doesn't know a word of Ger-We can talk freely. How do you man. find him?

"Only ordinary."

figure and distingue air. "He is too pale, and besides, you know I the gold.

"And you know I prefer dark to blonde. We have nothing but blonde in Germany.

It is monutonous and commonplace." "You forget that you are blonde,"

"Oh, for a woman it is different. He has

pretty moustaches." "Bertha, if your mother should hear you !"

"She is busy with her talk; besides it is no hurt to speak of moustaches.' "I prefer the blonde moustaches of Fred-

erick. "I understand that Frederick is espoused again the following week. In the meantime, to you; but I, who am without a lover, am presuming to arrogate to himself a power was ascertained that a Mr. Moore, who free to exercise my opinions and am free to say that this young man has beautiful eyes."

"They have no expression." "You do not know. I am sure he has much spirit, and it is a pity he does not speak German. He would chat with us."
"Would you marry a Frenchman?"

"Why not, if he looks like this one, and vas spirited, well-born, and amiable? But I can hardly keep from laughing. See, he doesn't mistrust what we are saying."

The young traveler was endowed with a great power of self-control. He looked carefully at Bertha, and his resolution was adventurer could hope to return, even though taken. At a new station the conductor came again for the tickets. Our young man with the way was a wilderness, and gloomy tales extra elaboration, and in excellent German, said:

"Ah, you want my ticket. Very wellney and had come back no more. "Who let me see; I believe it is in my portmonnaie, then could endure the toil and brave the Oh, yes, here it is."

The effect was startling. Bertha nearly whole of a man shrunk back, and the middle aged had their fainted away, but soon recovered under the unless he is a fool. excuse. At length a hoary headed man, an polite apologies of the young Frenchman. elder in the church, sixty-four years of age, They were pleased with each other, and in a rose, and to the astonishment of the assem- few weeks Bertha ratified her good opinion of bly said, "Here I am; send me." The the young man, and her willingness to marry deepeat feeling at once pervaded the whole a Frenchman. They live in Hamburg.

Touching for King's Evil.

In his History of England Macaulay royal practice, now long abrogated. The ceremony of touching persons afflicted with scrofula had come down almost unaltered from the darkest of the dark ages to the time of Newton and Locke. The Stuarts frequently dispensed the healing influence in the banqueting house. The days on which this miracle was to be wrought were at sittings of the privy council, and were solemnly notified by the clergy in all the parish churches of the realm. When the appointed time came, several divines, in full canonicals, stood around the canopy of state. The surgeon of the royal household introduced the sick. A passage from the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. Mark was read. When the words, "They shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall recover." had been pronounced, there was a pause, and one of the sick was brought up to the king. His majesty stroked the ulcers and swellings, and hung around the patient's neck a white ribbon, to whirh was fastened a gold coin. The other sufferers were then led up in succession; and as each was touched, the chaplain repeated the incantation, "They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Then came the epistle, prayers, antiphonies, and a benediction. The service may still be found in the prayer books of the reign of Anne. Indeed, it was not till some time after the accession of George I. that the University of Oxford ceased to reprint the office of Healing together with the Liturgy. Theologians of eminent learning, ability, and virtue, gave the sanction of their authority to this mummery; and, what is stranger still, medical men of high note believed, or affected to believe, in the balsamic virtues of the roval hand.

We must suppose that every surgeon who attended Charles II. was a man of high repute for skill; and more than one of the surgeons who attended Charles II, has left us a solemn profession of faith in the King's miraculous power. One of them is not ashamed to tell us that the gift was communicated by the unction administered at the coronation; that the cures were so numerous, and sometimes so rapid, that they could not be attributed to any natural cause; that the failures were to be ascribed to want of faith on the part of the patient; that Charles once handled a scrofulous Quaker, and made him a healthy man and a sound churchman in a moment; that if those who had been healed lost or sold the piece of gold which had been hung round their necks, the ulcers broke forth again, and could be removed only by a that wretches tortured by a disease over which natural remedies had no power, should eagerly drink in tales of supernatural cures; for nothing is so credulous as misery. The crowds which repaired to the palace on the days of healing were immense. Charles II., in the course of his reign, touched near one hundred thousand persons. The number seems to have increased or diminished as the

y rose or fell. During the Tory reaction which followed the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament the press to get near him was terrific. In 1682 he performed the rite eight thousand five hundred times. In 1684, the throng was such that six or seven of the sick were trampled to death. James, in one of his progresses, touched eight hundred persons in the choir of the cathedral of Chester. The expense of the ceremony was little less than \$50,000 a year, and would have been much greater but for the vigilance of the royal surgeons, whose business it was to examine "You are diffident. He has a charming the applicants, and to distinguish those who came for the cure from those who came for

William had too much sense to be duped and too much honesty to bear a part in what he knew to be an imposture. "It is a silly superstition," he exclaimed, when he heard that, at the close of Lent, his palace was besieged by a crowd of sick. "Give the poor creatures some money and take them away. On one single occasion he was importuned into laying his hand on a patient. "God give you better health," he said, "and more The parents of scrofulous children cried out against his cruelty; bigots lifted up their hands and eyes in horror at his impi ety; Jacobites sarcastically praised him for which belonged only to legitimate sovereigns; and even some Whigs thought that he acted unwisely in treating with such marked contempt a superstition which had a strong hold on the vulgar mind; but William was not to be moved, and was accordingly set down by many high churchmen as either an infidel or a Puritan

We rarely meet with persons that have a true judgment; which, in many, renders literature a very tiresome knowledge. Good judges are as rare as good authors.

A wise man will foresee inconveniences before he makes his bargain; and an honest man will stand to his bargain, notwithstanding all inconveniences .- Martain.

There are many doublings in the human heart; do not think you can find out the whole of a man's real character at once.

The apprehension of evil is many times worse than the evil itself; and the ills a man

Institute.

BY JEROME B. NILES.

Fellow Teachers of Tioga County :-Were I to give my piece a name, it would be something like this; "HAVE A MARK." And it will be my chief endeavor to prove, firstly, our thoughts on something elevated above that it is necessary to have a mark; secondly, the kind of a mark; thirdly, perseverance in trying to reach your mark, and fourthly, the duty of young men and young women in helping on the car of progress. Such, fellow teachers, will be the principal points discussed.

1st. I affirm that we should have a mark fixed, to the attainment of which our efforts is once gained—with no varying scenes, but should be directed. "Wherefore," asks the only to travel on-to travel ever, on the same fast youth, who wishes not to puzzle his dull track. But suppose we elevate our mark thoughts with the cares of to-morrow. "To- | high above us; every step in life, though it day is the ship I sail in," cries young Amer- may be short, lifts us constantly, though it ica; I have but one life to live and I am may be slowly, onward to that mark; and if bound to enjoy myself now, while I may, and such be our course, we may experience a leave the hidden future to take care of itself." | daily improvement. True, we have but one life; hence, the greater importance of well improving it. Had object should be something practical. It we a deed of half a dozen, there might be would of course be folly to expect to awaken some excuse for trifling away one. But as some fine morning and find ourselves poswe have only one life and that short, at most, to you I candidly submit, is it not highly im- fame of a Caesar—the eloquence of a Cicero, portant that we work in the Now ?-that we shake the cobwebs from our brains and bestir ourselves to action?—that we set our ers that be." Suppose your object be far hearts and our minds upon something worthy ahead in the future; suppose it cause years of reflecting, intelligent and working men and of toil, and that to reach it you may be obli-

energies to some particular point? Does not the betier. If you fail to attain it, you will everything in nature have its own peculiar stand higher than your early companions who mission to perform? Everything below us has its own appropriate sphere, and shall man, who is the object and end of all created er, though it fail to reach it, than one aimed things, pass through life, without that which at an object on a level with, or below you. the lowest plant in the vegetable kingdom has in such an eminent degree?

the broken fragments of the Alleghanies .-Suppose one who had never contemplated the ground, scarcely large enough to cause a rivulet, would he think that that insignificant stream could help burst mountain barriers, could push itself through hundreds of miles of country and finally embosom itself in the waters of the great deep ? Every spring has its work; it's great ultimate is the ocean .-Not a grain of sand is in existence but for a purpose; and were a single atom annihilated, the Creator would be incomplete. The seasons change because of reason; the grass springs from the ground, and the growing grain rewards the labor of the husbandman, in accordance with well known principles. Now, every one knows that it greatly impairs the mind to be continually halting between two opinions; and on the other hand, that almost anything is possible to a mind that is determined—to one that knows not defeat that knows nothing save a resolution of obtaining its end.

Again, when the mark is fixed, everything should be brought tributary to it. Our mark should not be fixed hastily ceive due reflection. As it is to be the object of our whole life, it should receive our most candid and solemn attention. Friends may be consulted, and months may elapse before the mind is brought to a conclusion; but when formed, everything should be brought subservient to it.

All the knowledge obtained-all the information acquired, should be applied to help on to this great desideratum. For instance, take the little spring before referred to. It rises up here among the hills and is hundreds of is the ocean. But does it do any good before it reaches it? Certainly. When it first comes to the surface it takes its course along by the farm house, affording cool and refreshing water for the farmer's family; thence rolls through his pastures, slaking the thirst of flocks and herds. It courses along; minwith different degrees of velocity; sometimes some beautiful lake—at others, dashing with lightning speed down some rocky declivity: here, turning the machinery of the manufactory; there floating the surplus grain and lumber to their accustomed markets. Thus, while it supplies the farm house; while it gives life to fainting flocks; while it serves as a promoter of commerce; it brings all stands. these things tributary to its final point—the ocean. Thus should it be with man. He should bring everything subject to its great aim. Defeat should not cause him to sleep by the way. But both should nerve him onward until victory finally crown his efforts.

If he be strong, he should strike at opposing rocks more vigorously. If he be poor, he should struggle on with more determination. If he be rich, his means should help attention of a man.

the basis of their future action, shall be placed tion I aiready see Tioga looming up in the he innocently replied, "he stood on a bench."

AN ESSAY,
Read before the Tioga Co. Teacher's constantly tend to drag them down, or to continually elevate; to make them better; to make their sentiments more refined-their thoughts more pure, and to better themselves in a moral, social and intellectual point of

Every one can see the necessity of placing

NO. XLVII.

our present condition. If placed on something below, we are using all our faculties to make us wretched and to sink us still lower in the scale of being. If placed upon an object level with ourselves, our whole life will be but a dreary monotony, with no mountains to acale-no soul-stirring prospect of beautiful landscapes below, when the hill top

Truly, we should not be visionary. Our sessed of the riches of Cræsus-the military or, what perhaps would be equally as congenial, a seat in Congress, sustaining the "powomen?
Shall I argue that we ought to direct our the world is covered with slumber. So much aimed at an object level with themselves. If you aim at the sun, your arrow will fly high-Therefore, consider well the location of that which is to be the object of your whole life. stance, take the little spring that emerges from out in life without any mark. Or, if they the bosom of the earth away up here among have one, it has been thoughtlessly adopted and not worthy of the cares, affections and responsibilities of men in whose hands are event, should behold it bubbling from the the liberties of this people, and who must decide whether education in the future shall be

encouraged or frowned upon. 3d. Perseverence in trying to reach your mark.—Here is an important item in the completion of a man's early project. What a rudder is to a ship, perseverance is to one's success. What sunshine and rain are to the growing crops, resolution and firmness are to one's final victory. Does it require any evidence to prove, that if we are continually changing our minds; if our opinions vary as often as the wind, we are impairing our stability and lessening the prospect of future usefulness?

Every one before me can perhaps bring to mind some early acquaintance, who began life with a bright intellect and happy prospects. But he became unsteady. Any occupation was better than his. Ever hoping to better his prospects by changing his condition. He is a farmer to day; a speculator to-morrow; next day turns a merchant, and soon fails; or to use a more modern term, high above them. he "suspends," and begins life again where he commenced years before.

But, on the contrary, can you not bring to mind some poor, ragged little fellow, without friends, without means, without any one to advise, assist or protect, urging his way onward to reach the mark he placed before him when his mind first began to think and rea-

whom I used to play during the earliest days of my remembrance. He used to be the submiles from its final resting place. Its mark ject of the jeers of those who had rich parents, because of his bare feet; his little white head, which rarely knew a hat; and the rest of his dress might have cost a shilling, more or less. Though he was poor, he had a mind. He early evinced a profound desire for knowledge, and missed no opportunity of obtaining information. Here I have gles with the other streams; moves forward not room to detail his struggles with poverty how he toiled in the summer's sun to obtain moving lazily through the placid bosom of the means of going to school; but would simply say, he burst the barriers of his early poverty; he has broken loose from the low desires of too many, and to-day is a collegian—so far above his early play mates who used to scoff him because of his situation, that their eyes become giddy on beholding him at the eminence upon which he now

He had an energy of purpose. He was bound to be a man, and has eminently succeeded in his determination. Energy is the great and almost the only secret of his success. But the logic is as plain as the fact, that when we have once determined upon a thing, we should not be dissuaded from it .-Suppose I am in Wellsboro, and I make up my mind to go to Covington. This is my mark for the present. I start off with a full him onward. If he be educated, his educa- determination to reach Covington. I am full tion should be used as a key to his future of vigor and spirit, and start off as though l usefulness. And if he lack the essentials of was going through on a fast train; but as I a sound, practical education, he should first travel on, my courage begins to coze out, and obtain it, by all means, as the greatest helper by the time I reach the big hill, my feet beto reach his long cherished object; provided | gin to be sore. I sit down by the way, tired. it be noble and elevating, and worthy of the and with the perspiration flowing freely .-After thinking the matter over, I concluded turbed. After the little fellow had had his 2d. The kind of a Mark.—In my opinion I did not wish to go to Covington, but that this is the most important of the whole. We Tioga is the place to which I ought to have had far better have no object than a poor one. Some in the first place. Thus reflecting, I Now, I am not a believer in stand-still princitake the back track, and resolve to reach ples. Man is a progressive animal. He Tioga or perish in the attempt. I am certain chafes when confined. He is capable of an my mind will not be changed again. Off I almost infinite progression, either for good or start, at a brisk step. I reach Wellsboro in evil. Every young man and woman has this high spirits and full of hope, and proceed prerogative, that their object, which shall be down the "plank." In my sanguine imagina, so "stood on the defensive." "No, sir."

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25

An auvertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order. printed to order.

distance. The traveling is good upon the road, and I trip along, gazing upon the surrounding objects, and frequently fancy my. self at my journey's end. But all is not gold that glitters. Again I get tired and heartily wish I had taken some other road, and by the time I arrive at the marsh, my mind is changed, my course altered, and my steps directed towards Pine Creek. No one can fail to see at a glance, that the course I have marked out would be the height of folly .-Here I had three points in view. Either was good enough, and either could certainly have been reached had I continued my resolution as to either of them.

Again, suppose I have two points in view at the same time. To-day I think I will go to Covington; to-morrow to Troga. Neither will be reached, if I travel an hour in one direction and another hour in another. It matters not how slowly I may have traveled. I may have gone with the pace of a snail.— If I had only continued; if I had not become dishearrened at the first inconvenience; if I had not been so easily discouraged, my object would certainly have been obtained.

Thus it is with the young man. He starts out with a good resolution. He reads what Washington has said about the nobleness of farming, and then resolves to be a tiller of the soil. But when the sun comes down with its scorching rays as he is swinging his scythe when it is 90 degrees in the shade, and he has no refuge from the burning heat, he gets tired, throws down his scythe, takes the advice of a friend and starts off for school.-He stays a term or more-gets tired of his books, his lessons are so dry and hard; so he takes the advice of another friend, and hires out to sell tape and draw molasses in some seven by nine grocery. After a while he imagines that he can best serve his country by becoming a disciple of Blackstone; so he turns to his law books for a season, only to quickly leave them on his first impulse for a change. Thus he is continually changing Many things have an object which to the It either makes or unmakes you. It will his purpose; "Jack at all trades and master mere looker on appear not to have. For in- either elevate or lower you. Too many set of none." Had he considered the matter Had he considered the matter fully-considered which occupation best suited his native taste, and had had a proper amount of perseverence, he might have accomplished any single one.

But the sequel must be that by a frequent change of purpose he must fail in every attempt; and when old age comes slowly stealing upon him, he wonders why his brother has triumphed continually, while he has so signally failed in every material thing.

But with him who has his mark fixed, the case is different. He does not become disheartened because the future does not promise all sunshine. He does not falter if his path does not bid fair to be ever strewn with flowers. He lays off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, and goes to work in earnest. He always looks at the bright side of things .--Early and late he toils on. The follies of fashion are powerless to move him from his purpose. He toils unceasingly up the hill of progress: Oft times he meets rocks that seem insurmountable. But he falters not .--While the world is asleep, he digs on. While his fellows are giddy with earthly vanities he continues to struggle, and by and by, before his early companions are aware, he stands

The world calls him a genius, and wonders how Providence gave him such wondrous powers. But the secret of his success is utterly mistaken. It was not his inherent genius that placed him so far above his fellows. It was setting his mind upon something, and then resolving upon doing it. Here lies the secret of the great difference between man and man. One lives to some purpose and I have a young man in my mind, with the other does not. Again, if I start for Covington I find many roads which appear good, leading in either direction. So with the young man. Once fairly upon the road to reach his object, he finds many things to lead him off. He finds many temptations upon either hand. But if he wishes to triumph, the doors of his mind must be closed upon those fashionable sirens, who, by their fascinating songs, full to sleep, only to betray him into the arms of ruin. And here I cannot resist the temptation of quoting a thought from the gifted pen of Mrs. Osgood.

"Labor is life! Tis the still water fulleth; Idleness ever despaireth, bowalleth; Keep the watch wound, the dark rust assaileth; Flowers droop and die in the stilness of noon. Labor is glory. The flying cloud lightens; Only the waving wing changes and brightens; Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us; Rest from all petty vexations that meet us; Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us; Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill. Lie not down weary 'neath woe's weeping willow; Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!

Cherish some flower be it ever so lowly i Labor, all labor, is noble and holy; Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!"

The effect of long sermons is thus pointedly illustrated by an exchange:

We heard a good anecdote the other day about long sermons. A lady took her son, of some five or six years, to church. After the minister had been preaching about half an hour, the little fellow grew sleepy and began to nod. The mother roused him several times, by pinching. But as it was hopeless, she concluded to let him sleep undisnap out, he awoke, and saw the minister still holding forth. He looked up in his mother's face, and innocently asked-"Mother, is it this Sunday night, or is it next Sunday

A rather thick-headed witness in the police court was asked the question whether So-and-