

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Proprietor.

"To Hold and Trim the Torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth"

ALEM B. TATE, Publisher.

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Select Poetry.

An Invitation to the Country.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.
All day, from shrubs by one summer dwelling,
The dexter sparrow repeats its song;
A merry warbler, he chides the borsome,
The blue borsome, that sleep so long.
The blue bird chatters, from the elm's long branches,
A hymn to welcome the budding year,
The south wind wanders from field to forest,
And softly whispers, the Spring is here!
Come daughter mine, from the gloomy city,
Before thee, lays from the dim have ceased,
The violet breathes by your door as sweetly,
As in the air of her native nest.
Though many a flower in the wood is waking,
The daffodil to his downy green;
The poppies upward the upward gleam,
To sport with sunshine the early queen.
No more so joyous as these are wailed
From a wry wren in his mother's tower;
No more so glad as the green house chamber
Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.
Yet how sweet lays of the early dawn,
And how fair sights of its early dawn,
Are only seen when we fondly list,
And only fair when we fondly list.
There is no glory in either of them,
Nor joy in either of them;
There is no pleasure in April breezes,
Nor pleasure in the sun's warm rays.
Come, take thee, for the spreading willows,
The opening flowers, and the glowing brook,
And follow me to the sunny meadow,
The dower of beauty from thy glad look.

Female Bible Society

FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.
REPORT
OF THE
BLOOMSBURG FEMALE BIBLE SOCIETY,
For the year ending April 1st, 1857.

We rendered no report last year to our Parent Society, but although not communicating with her, we were following in her footsteps. The number of Bibles and Testaments distributed by sales and gifts, principally the former, exceeded that of any previous year, while many who were furnished with the Word of Life, had it in their hearts to give of their means to supply the wants of others. This year we have received and increased cause of gratitude to Him who has prospered our work beyond the measure of success at any previous time vouchsafed it, for His fostering care. A Sunday School in the vicinity, too poor to purchase, has received a gift of Testaments, a few Bibles and Testaments have been bestowed gratuitously upon individuals, while the amount received by sales and donations leaves a larger sum in the hands of the Treasurer than has ever been held before. The visitors of last year, as well as those who have gone through the various districts which subdivided our ground, during the present, report their reception, with few exceptions, at least polite, while not a few are ever ready to bid them "God speed" in their work of labor and love. A few Romanists have refused to receive the Word offered, but there are few of this class in our neighborhood. The number of volumes given is small, as few families are able to give something, are found destitute. A poor, bed-ridden woman, whom two of our managers found with a well-worn Testament lying on her pillow, accepted gratefully, and appeared to appreciate, the gift of a Bible.

The fifth annual meeting of the Society was held on Friday evening, June 12th, and the following officers chosen for the ensuing year.

President—Miss Harriet Rupert.
Vice President—Mrs. S. A. Petrikin.
Secretary—Mrs. Anna B. Drake.
Treasurer—Miss Amelia D. Webb.

- MANAGERS.
- 1st Dist.—Mrs. Ludwig, Miss H. Sharpless.
 - 2d " Miss Rupert, Miss Mendenhall.
 - 3d " Mrs. Lutz, Miss M. Wells.
 - 4th " Mrs. Wolf, Miss J. Ramsay.
 - 5th " Mrs. Hughes, Miss J. Vance.
 - 6th " Miss Boone, Miss Vannatta.
 - 7th " Mrs. Goodrich, Miss Forwald.
 - 8th " Mrs. T. Thorton, Miss Sloan.

A meeting of the Society was appointed for June 29th, for the purpose of receiving the Reports of the Managers. Previous to that time these ladies will call upon those

living in their several districts, and we trust they will be received with interest and liberality in some degree commensurate with the importance of their work.

On Sunday, the 14th inst., in accordance with a promise previously made, the Rev. Mr. Torrence, Agent for the Pennsylvania Bible Society, visited Bloomsburg, and presented the claims of the Bible work upon the attention of our people. A large number met him in the Court House, and truly it was pleasant to be there. We felt that we were indeed, to use the expressive word of the speaker, a "unit" in this great cause. While each of us loves the church of his choice and adoption with its "peculiarities," it is nevertheless most refreshing to meet upon the common ground of love for that wonderful Book accepted as the one only infallible rule of faith and life by every one, of whatever name, who looks for salvation to Him who has "bought" us all "with a price." We were carried back to the period when half a life time was required to produce a single volume of the Word of Life. Further on in the page of history, we were shown him, who, by a laborious process, produced by means of the first rule type, three books exactly alike, and for the power of presenting this uniformity was imprisoned, because the ignorance of those days could attribute what was regarded as a miracle, to nothing but witchcraft. Now the labor of almost an existence is compressed in a minute's work, and fifty-seven millions (57,000,000) of volumes, through the agencies of the British and Foreign, and the American Bible Societies, shed the beams of spiritual light, and cast abroad the seeds of life, to make glad and fruitful what had hitherto been dark and dead. "The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the great deep." When only a few years ago, Bishop White and Dr. Pilmore, who have gone to their rest, Dr. Meyer, still spared, and the honored President of the Pennsylvania Society, with a few others, sat in a private room to consult together, and devise means to supply the destitute around Philadelphia alone, with the Bible, how little did they dream that so soon would be seen what our day presents to view! Men of faith and love they were, but they saw not as we see, how large a portion of the earth the spiritual waters have covered.

The speaker interested and instructed us by examples and illustrations drawn from his own observation and experience, and more than one heart, we trust, was moved to determine to do more for the cause than heretofore, not striving to meet the wants of our own neighborhood only, but to assist in supplying others still more destitute.

We have given a very meagre synopsis of the most interesting address of Mr. Torrence. It cannot convey to those who were not present a tithe of the interest with which we listened to it, but it may recall to those who were, some of the pleasing impressions of that pleasant occasion. May his labor for us be productive of much fruit!

At an adjourned meeting of the Society, held on Monday afternoon, Mr. Torrence met with us, and gave us much interesting and useful information concerning the cause in which we were engaged. He also spoke of a meeting held in Espy, and of the readiness and liberality with which the ladies there at once formed a committee and entered upon the work. They will co-operate with those of Bloomsburg, forming a part of our Auxiliary.

A resolution was offered and passed, that the Report of the Society for last year, with the matter subjoined, be published in one or more of the papers of Bloomsburg. Adjourned to meet June 29th.

When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we then remember words or looks of unkindness which may have escaped us in our intercourse with them. How careful should such thoughts render us in fulfillment of those offices performed! For who can tell how soon the moment may arrive when repentance cannot be followed by reparation.

A writer says of girls:—"Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenuous, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies, and everything, what a pity they should ever become women, flirt, and heartless coquettes!"

Hannah Moore said to Horace Walpole:—"If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be fastening upon him the trouble of hating somebody."

Interesting Story.

Losing and Winning.

OR—
LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "COTTAGE IN THE GLEN," "SENSIBILITY," &c.

(CONTINUED)

"Then why do you attend parties if you do not like them?"
"Because Mr. Westbury thinks it proper that I should."
"And so you go to him, like mist to her papa and mamma, to ask him what you must do?" said Mrs. Cunningham, laughing. "This is delightful, truly! But for my part, I cannot see why I have not as good a right to expect Edward to conform to my taste and wishes, as he has me to conform to his. And so Westbury makes you go, whether you like it or not!"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Westbury. "I never expressed to him my aversion to going, not wishing him to feel as if I were making a great sacrifice, in complying with his wishes."

"Well, this is pretty, and dutiful, and delicate," said Mrs. Cunningham, laughing again. "But I don't set up for a pattern wife, and if Edward and I get along so well as people in general, I shall be satisfied. But to turn to something else—How do you like Miss Eldon?"

"I am not at all acquainted with her," said Julia.

"You have met her several times," said Mrs. Cunningham.

"Yes, but have never conversed with her. Her appearance is greatly in her favor. I think her very beautiful."

"She is called so," said Mrs. Cunningham; "but somehow I don't like her looks. To tell the plain truth, I can't endure her, she is so vain, and artful, and self-complacent."

"I have not the least acquaintance with her," repeated Julia; "but if it were a pity so lovely a face should not be accompanied by an amiable heart. And you much acquainted with her?"

"Not personally; indeed I never conversed with her for ten minutes in my life."

"Then you may be mistaken in thinking her vain and artful," said Mrs. Westbury.

"Oh, I've seen enough to satisfy me fully as to that point," said Mrs. Cunningham. "When a young lady exerts herself to engross the attention of newly-married men, and when she looks so self-satisfied as success, I want nothing more. She can have no delicacy of feeling—she must be a creature of the worst kind."

It was now Mrs. Westbury's turn to change the subject of conversation, and simply remarking "that we should be extremely careful how we judge of character hastily," she asked some questions that drew Miss Eldon from Mrs. Cunningham's mind. Soon after the visitor departed, and Julia returned to her chamber.

In the evening, when Mr. Westbury came in, he found Julia reading; but she immediately laid down her book, and resumed her work. She thought it quite as impolite to pursue the solitary pleasure of reading while her husband was sitting by, as to have done so with any other companion; and she knew no reason why she was not as much entitled to civility as a stranger or common acquaintance. It was not long before Mr. Westbury inquired "what book had engaged her attention." It was Dr. Russell's Palestine.

"It is a delightful work," said Julia—"I have just read an extract from Chateaubriand, that I think one of the most elegant passages I ever met with."

"I should like to hear it," said Mr. Westbury. Julia opened her book, and the passage last none of its beauty by her reading. She read the following—

"When you travel in Judea, the heart is at first filled with profound melancholy. But when, passing from solitude to solitude, boundless space opens before you, this feeling wears off by degrees, and you experience a secret awe, which, so far from depressing the soul, imparts life, and elevates the genius. Extraordinary appearances everywhere proclaim a land teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig tree, all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery, every grove announces a prediction, every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up rivers, rent the rocks, and opened the grave. The desert still appears more with terror, and you would imagine that it had never presumed to in-

terrupt the silence, it had heard the awful voice of the eternal."

Julia closed the volume, and Mr. Westbury, after bestowing just praise on the extract she had read, took up the work, and proposed to read if she would listen. She thanked him, and an hour was very pleasantly spent in this manner. A little time was occupied in remarking on what had been read, when, after a short silence, Mr. Westbury inquired of Julia, "whether she saw much of Mrs. Cunningham."

"Not a great deal," was Julia's answer. "She was here this morning," said Mr. Westbury.

"She was," replied Julia. "Do you intend to be intimate with her?" inquired Mr. Westbury.

"I have no intention about it," said Julia; "but presume I never shall, as I fear our views and tastes will prove very discordant."

"I am happy to hear you say so," said Mr. Westbury. "I am not prepossessed in her favor, and greatly doubt whether an intimacy with her would be salutary. Such a person as I conceive her to be, should be nothing more than an acquaintance."

Nothing more was added on the subject, and Julia wondered, though she did not ask, what had given her husband so unfavorable an impression of Mrs. Cunningham's character. The truth was, he overheard the conversation of the morning, which he would have frankly confessed to his wife, but for a kind of delicacy in her feelings, as he had heard her remarks as well as those of Mrs. Cunningham. He knew that it was not quite honorable to listen to a conversation without the knowledge of the parties; but he could not close the library door without betraying his proximity; he wished not to see Mrs. Cunningham; he therefore remained quiet, and heard their whole colloquy.

A few days after this circumstance occurred, an invitation to another party was received. Mr. Westbury looked at the card first, and handing it to Julia, said:—"I would have you set your pleasure with regard to accepting this invitation."

"It will be my pleasure," said Julia, hesitating and coloring a little—"it will be my pleasure to consult yours."

"I have little choice about it," said Mr. Westbury; "and if you prefer declining to accepting it, I would have you do so."

"Shall you attend it?" asked Julia, while a shade of anxiety passed over her features.

"Certainly not unless you do," Mr. Westbury replied.

"Then," said Julia, if it be quite as agreeable to you, I had a thousand times rather spend it at home, alone with"—she checked herself, coloring crimson, and left the sentence unfinished.

The morning after the lesson, Mrs. Westbury was favored with another call from Mrs. Cunningham.

"Why, on earth, were you not at Mrs. B.—'s last night?" asked she almost as soon as she entered the house. "You can imagine nothing more splendid and delightful than everything was."

"You were there then?" said Julia.

"Yes, certainly—though I went quite late. Edward was sick of a violent headache, and I was obliged to see him safely in bed before I could go; but nothing would have tempted me to miss it."

"How is Mr. Cunningham this morning?" Julia inquired.

"Much better—though rather languid, as is usual after such an attack. But I came in on an errand this morning, and must despatch business, as I am somewhat in haste. Mrs. T.— is to give a splendid party next week—by the way, have you received a card yet?"

"I have not," said Julia. "Neither have I—but we both shall. I want to prepare a dress for the occasion, and came in to look at the one you wore at Mrs. Parker's, as I think of having something like it."

Mrs. Westbury was about to ring the bell, and have the dress brought for her visitor's inspection, but Mrs. Cunningham stopped her by saying,

"No, no—do not send for it. Let me go with you to your wardrobe, I may see something else that I like."

Mrs. Westbury complied, and they went up stairs together. Mrs. Cunningham was delightedly free in examining the articles exposed to her view, and expressed such warm admiration of many of them, such an ardent desire to possess the like, that it was rather difficult to forbear telling her that they were at her service. The blond mantle, with a blue border, struck her fancy particularly, and Mrs. Westbury

begged her to accept it, saying, "that she should probably never wear it again, as the color was not a favorite with her husband."

Mrs. Cunningham hastened home, and immediately hastened to her chamber, to which her husband was still confined by indisposition, to display to him her prize.

"So what a beautiful little affair that dear Mrs. Westbury has given me," she cried. "How lucky for me that Mr. Westbury don't like blue else I should not have got it, I suppose, though, she could spare this, and fifty other things as well as not. Why, Edward, you don't know what a delightful wardrobe she has! Really, you must indulge me a little more in this way, I believe."

"I am sure no one looks better dressed than yourself, Lucy," said Mr. Cunningham, in a languid voice.

"O, I try to make the most of everything I have," said Mrs. Cunningham, "but really, Edward, Mrs. Westbury, has twice as much of all sorts of apparel as I have."

"And her husband has more than four times as much property as I have," answered Mr. Cunningham.

"Supposing he has," said his wife, "that need make no difference in the article of dress. And then her house is charmingly furnished—every part of it. I was in her chamber, just now, and it looks elegantly. Every thing in it is of the richest and beautiful kind. I declare I almost envied her so many luxuries."

In due time Mrs. T.—'s invitation was received, and this it was Mr. Westbury's wish that Julia should accept. Without manifesting the least reluctance she consented, and Mr. Westbury went so far as to thank her for her cheerful compliance with his wishes. This was a very slight courtesy, but there was something in Mr. Westbury's voice when he spoke, that went straight to Julia's heart, and she left the room to conceal the strong emotion excited by so very trivial a cause. "So certainly strives to please me, be the motive what it may," thought Mr. Westbury, when left alone—"and though I cannot love her honor;—my gratitude demands that I make her as happy as circumstances will allow." He took a pen, and hastily writing a few lines, enclosed a bank note of considerable value and left the little packet on her work-table, that she might see it as soon as she returned. He then left the house. When Julia resumed her seat by the table, the packet was the first thing that attracted her notice. She hastily opened it, and read as follows:—

"As Mrs. Westbury is too delicate and reserved ever to make known a want, she may have many which are unthought of by him who is bound to supply them. Will she receive the enclosed, not as a gift, but as her right? Perhaps a new dress may be wanted for T.—'s love; if not the enclosed can meet some of those calls on benevolence, to which report says Mrs. Westbury's ear is ever open. And if Mrs. Westbury will so far overcome her timid delicacy, as freely to make known her wants whenever they occur, she will greatly oblige her husband."

Julia pondered long on this note. It was ceremonious and cold—cold enough—but yet not so frozen as the only one she had received from him. Perhaps it was his way of letting her know that he wished her to dress more elegantly and expensively. "I will not remain in doubt; I will know explicitly, thought she—and taking a pen, she wrote the following:—

"Mr. Westbury is so munificent in supplying every want, that his wife has none to make known. If there is any particular dress that would gratify Mr. Westbury's taste, Mrs. Westbury would esteem it a great favor; would he name it, and it would be her delight to furnish herself accordingly. She accepts with gratitude, not as her right, as a gift, the very liberal sum enclosed in Mr. Westbury's note."

Julia placed her note on Mr. Westbury's reading-desk in the library, and felt an almost feverish impatience to have an answer, either verbal or written. For more than an entire day, however, she was doomed to remain in suspense, as her husband made no allusion either to his note or her own, though the one she laid on his desk disappeared on his first visit to the library. But her suspense at length terminated.—On going to her chamber she observed a little box on her dressing-table. On raising it, she discovered a note that was placed beneath it. The note ran thus:—

"Mr. Westbury highly approves the elegant simplicity of Mrs. Westbury's style of dress, and in consulting her own taste, she will undoubtedly gratify him. He has yet but once seen her wear an unbecom-

ing article. The contents of the accompanying box were selected, not for their intrinsic value or splendor, but because they correspond so well with Mrs. Westbury's style of dress and beauty. If she will wear them to Mrs. T.—'s she will gratify the giver."

Julia opened the box, and a set of beautiful pearls met her view. "How delicate, how kind, and how cold he is!" thought she. "O, how trifling the value of these gems, compared to one particle of his love!—Yet for his sake I will wear them—not as my adoring—may that ever be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, but as proof of my desire in all things to please him, and meet his approbation."

Mrs. T.—'s were filled well with the elegant and fashionable, on the evening on which her house was opened to receive company. But the heart of Julia was not in such scenes. The more she saw of fashionable life the less she liked it. Emulation, envy, destruction, and dissimulation, obtruding themselves on her notice, amid gaiety and splendor. Her conscientious scruples as to the propriety of thus mixing with the world, increased rather than diminished. "I promised," thought she while she was surveying the gay assembly—"I promised, in all things lawful, to obey my husband—but is this lawful for me? It is my duty—it is my pleasure to comply with all his wishes, where superior duties do not forbid, but it is allowable for me to try to please him thus? His heart is the prize at which I aim, but will "the end sanctify the means?" Can I expect a blessing from above on my efforts, while my conscience is not quite clear as to the rectitude of the path I pursue? Can I not have moral courage enough to tell him my scruple? and dare I not hazard the consequences?"

Mrs. Westbury had not the pain of replying to a speech from which both her heart and her judgment revolted, as Mr. Eveleth at that moment addressed her. He soon engaged her in a conversation which was continued for an hour, and would have continued still longer, but for a general movement of the company, which separated them. Not long after Mr. Eveleth found himself near Miss Eldon, who was chatting with two or three gentlemen.—Mr. Westbury was standing hard by, but his back was toward them, and Mr. Eveleth did not observe him.

"Are you acquainted with Mrs. Westbury, Miss Eldon?" Mr. Eveleth inquired.

"No, not in the least," said Miss Eldon, "and do not wish to be. She looks also rather too fond for me."

"Faded!" said Mr. Eveleth—"I should think that the last word that would apply to Mrs. Westbury in any way. She is certainly animated both in countenance and manner, and she talks better than any lady I ever conversed with. Her thoughts have something of masculine strength and range, delightfully modified by feminine grace and delicacy. Her manner is perfectly ladylike and gentle."

"Every thing she says must sound well," remarked another gentleman. "She has woman's most potent charm in perfection—a voice whose tones are all music."

"Perhaps it is all just as you say," said Miss Eldon, "but really, I never saw a lady that appeared to me more perfectly insipid, or less attractive. I hope"—but the tone of Miss Eldon's voice contradicted her words—"I hope her husband sees her with your eyes, rather than mine."

"I do—I will!" thought Mr. Westbury, who had heard all the conversation, with a variety of conflicting emotions—"Faded!" reiterated he, as Miss Eldon, uttered the word—"This false!" He glanced his eyes towards Julia, who stood on the opposite side of the room, talking with a lady. She was dressed in black, a color that finely contrasted with her pearls, which proved to be very becoming. Her cheek was a little flushed, and her whole face beaming with animation. "Faded, this false!" Mr. Westbury's pride was piqued. Julia was Mrs. Westbury's wife! He could not patiently hear her thus unjustly spoken of!—How grateful to his feelings were the remarks of Mr. Eveleth! How clearly he read the feelings of Miss Eldon in the tone of voice in which she uttered her last remark! He wanted to hear no more, but moving towards a table that was spread with refreshments, filled a plate and carried it to Julia. It was the first attention of the kind he had ever paid her, and her face was eloquent indeed, as she looked up with a smile, and said, "thank you." He stood by her a few minutes, made some common place remarks, even took a grape or two from her plate, and then turned away. It was one of the happiest moments of Julia's life. There was something indescribable in his manner, that a delicate and feeling woman alone could see or appreciate, of which Julia felt the full force.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Little Stranger.

Through a man of very strict principles, no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr. Byron. He had a vast fund of humor, and every-day wit, and with children particularly he loved to chat familiarly and draw them out. As he was one day passing into the house he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked him if he wanted any sauce, meaning vegetables.

The doctor inquired if any such thing thing was a market man. "No, sir, my father," was the prompt answer. The doctor said, "Bring me in some squashes;" and he passed into the house, sending out the change.

In a few moments the child returned, bringing back part of the change. The doctor told him he was welcome to it; but the child would not take it, saying his father would blame him.

Such singular manners in a child attracted his attention, and he began to examine the child attentively. He was evidently poor; his little jacket was patched and patched with almost every kind of cloth, and his trousers darned with so many colors it was difficult to tell the original fabric, but scrupulously neat and clean white. The boy quietly endured the scrutiny of the doctor, while holding him at arms' length and examining his face.

At length he said; "You seem a nice little boy; won't you come and live with me, and be a doctor?" "Yes, sir," said the child. "Spoken like a man," said the doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say that there was a little boy with a bundle down stairs wanting to see the doctor, and would not tell his business to any one else. "Send him up," was the answer; and in a few moments he recognized the boy of the squashes (but no squashes himself, as we shall see.) He was dressed in a new though coarse suit of clothes, his hair very nicely combed, his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle tied in a homespun checked handkerchief on his arm.

Deliberately taking off his hat, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the doctor, saying, "I have come, sir." "Come for what, my child?" "To live with you and be a doctor!" said the child with the utmost naïve.

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh immoderately; but the imperturbable gravity of the little thing rather sobered him as he recalled his former conversation, and heaved he felt he needed no addition to his family.

"Did your father consent to your coming," he asked. "Yes, sir," "What did he say?" "I told him you wanted me to come and live with you and be a doctor; and he said you was a very good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother, what did she say?" "She said Dr. Byron would do just what he said he would. God had provided for me." "And," said he, "I have on a new suit of clothes," surveying himself, and here is another in the bundle, undoing the handkerchief and displaying them, with two little shirts white as snow, and a couple of neat check aprons, so carefully folded it was plain none but a mother would have done it.

The sensibilities of the doctor were awakened to see the undoubting trust with which that poor couple had bestowed their child upon him, and such a child! His cogitations were not long; he thought of Moses in the bulrushes, abandoned to Providence; and, above all, he thought of the child that was carried into Egypt, and that divine Savior, who had said "Blessed be little children;" and he called for the wife of his bosom, saying "Susan, dear I think we pray in church that God will have mercy upon all young children!" "To be sure we do," said the wondering wife; "and what then?" "And the Saviour said, 'Whosoever receiveth one such little child in His name, and take care of him;' and from that hour this good couple received him to their hearts and homes."

It did not then occur to them that this little creature, thus thrown upon their charity, was destined to be their stall and stay in declining age—a protector to the daughters and more than son to themselves—all this was then unrecalled; but the cheerfully received the child they believe Providence had committed to their care and in this instance was rewarded it was in this instance.

True freedom consists in this—the cookman shall do whatever he likes without injury to another.