## MY HOLYDAYS.

There never was a happier boy than I! My parents were kind; my sisters loved me dearly; and ours was a comfortable, pleasant home. Besides, I had many friends among my school-fellows, who often came and spent Saturday with me. We had two vacations at school, one at midsummer, and the other at the Christmas holydays. These were happy times with me, for then I always visited my Grandfather, who lived in an old farm house in the country. There, I found plenty of enjoyment. In summer there were sheep-shearing, and hay-making, and when tired of these, I would take long rambles in the woods, or on the hill side, with Lion, an old Newfoundland, who was nearly as old as I, and who had lived all his life at this farm. We often had run fun, making our way through briars, and underbrush, where the dry branches snapped at every step; then we would sit down in mossy dingles, where violets and primroses grew, and loiter along the bank of some streamlet that was seeking, for itself, a path through the sunny meadows. In winter, there were skating and sliding on the pond, and making men and houses of snow. During the long winter evenings, Grandfather would talk to me of old times, and of things as they were when he was a boy. I remember of his saying to me, one Christmas night, as we sat before the blazing fire, "My boy! to hear some people talk, you would think that learning and science were the only things necessary to make a man happy, either in this life or the next. Now, learning is good: I value what little I have, and honor it in others; but it makes my heart ache to see it take the place of the religion of Jesus. What will it profit a man, at the day of Judgment, though he has all knowledge, if he never learned the way to heaven? Remember, in all your studies, to keep the end of life in view. Do not forget you have a soul to save. Seek, first, the kingdom of God, and his righteousness. These earthly things will find their proper place."

Young reader! does not my Grandfather's advice to me, also concern you? you have a soul that is immortal—a soul that can never die. Do you ever care for its eternal safety? Do you ever ask for pardon and mercy from God through the blood of Jesus, your redeemer? Or do your books, your lessons, your play so fill your time and thoughts, that you have none in which you can give to prayer—none in which you can prepare for that eternity just before you? Think of it, children, and as the New Year opens before you, will you resolve you will go to the Good Shepherd, and he will carry you as lambs in his bosom. E.

Let us all begin the New Year with renewed determinations to do our duty before God and man. Let us do what is right, love our country, be industrious, honest and cheerful.

Great may be the trials which we may be called upon to endure during the coming year. We are living in troublous times. This is one of the epochs of the world. The principles of freedom, as God has implanted them in our breasts, and for which we need offer no excuse, are grappling in a life or death struggle with aristocracy and servitude. It is a Slave Oligarchy in dreadful war against a true Democratic Republic.

O, great God, thou Omniscient Being, what will be the issue of another year? Shall wicked men destroy the rich legacy bequeathed to us by our forefathers? Can we not preserve for our children what the blood of our fathers purchased in the Revolution for their children? Who can entertain the thought of dividing our Union, without shaming the blood that flows in his veins, and slandering the dust that moulders in his family vault?—*Mifflinburg Press.*

FATE OF SLAVERY—The *Baltimore American*, which does not consider the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation a judicious movement, says:

"For all the evils of war which curse the land, it must be allowed that Slavery avows its responsibility. It proudly claims it—and let none marvel, therefore, at seeing blows dealt wherever they may seem effective. The time for trifling, is past; and whilst man may speculate profoundly on primary cause and effect, on what this or that clause of the Constitution may permit in dealing with men who defy them altogether, slavery is being pushed to the wall, to perish there. As we have long since shown, it did not perish in a legitimate manner in Mexico, but it perished as the result of revolution, and so it is destined to perish here. Its fate—as matters tend—will be told, in the words of another revolutionist, to those who would vindicate its past prerogatives: 'Will you never forego argument with men who wear swords?'"

The Constitution says every State shall be guaranteed a Republican Government. In the South, they construe that to mean that a white man must not apply for work on Louisiana levees, or Mississippi steamboats, under pain of imprisonment. What do northern laborers think of a "democracy" which justifies such outrages?

New Jersey has the honor of being the first loyal State to attempt to send men to State prison for being opposed to treason. A Grand Jury in Union county recently indicted certain persons for disturbing a "democratic meeting." This meeting was simply a rum-hole gathering, notoriously for the purpose of breaking up a Union meeting to be held in the same village. The so called Democrats got the worst of it. The trial under indictments took place last week; the Jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

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