LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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JOB WORK and all other legal advertisements to be paid for when handed in or delivered.

Communications solicited on all subjects of general interest not within the range of party or sectarian controversy. All letters must come post-paid, accompanied by the real address of the writer, to receive attention. ☞ Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be directed to Henry C. Hickok, Esq. *Editor*—and those on business to O. N. Worden, *Publisher*.

Office on Market street, between Second and Third, over the Post-Office. O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

From the Western Baptist Recorder.

The Creation.

Mysterious darkness reigned on, none, and space was its abode,
For naught as yet had being, save eternity and God.
Creation was not; yet it seem'd as though it did sleep,
As His own spirit moved upon the waters of the deep;
For at the fiat of his will, behold, a *light* had birth,
Although in solitude it beamed upon a shapeless earth.

Yet from this rude, unfashioned mass, by His all potent arm
The seas were gathered to themselves and earth received her form.
The mountains wore upon their heads a coronet of green,
And from his orient home, the Sun gazed on this glorious scene;
The running brooks and rippling rills seemed dancing with delight,
And earth and sea and skies appeared so beautiful, so bright.

And when the God of day went down, and Night her robes unfurled,
A death like stillness hovered o'er the silent sleeping world;
The moon in splendor sailed forth upon her golden car,
And not a spot of heaven appeared without its twinkling star.
With velvet foot, o'er nature vast, the dew fell silent rest,
And earth lay baptized in pearly tears, which heaven for goodness wept.

And now, behold another scene—a brighter place appeared,
For in its borders flowers bloomed, and melody was heard.
The zephyrs sighed among the trees, and woke wild music there,
While countless songs of countless birds were floating in the air.
Jehovah gazed on this sweet spot, and in his judgment saw
Made it the home of God-like Man, and called it Paradise.

The sons of God then raised a shout, the stars together sang,
Till hill and dale, yea, earth itself in one wild anthem rang!
The angels, too, to greet the world, their flashing pinions spread,
And dropped the crown of innocence upon its infant head.
The work of the mighty work was done, and all in order stood,
God looked from his eternal throne, and—saw that it was good!"

MARY.

Maysville, Ky., Oct. 20.

Ah! Yes. I Remember.

An Answer to "Don't you Remember, Ben Bolt?"

BY REV. HENRY ADAMS.

Ah! yes, I remember that came with the bright,
"Sweet Alice," so cheerful and dear;
I seek her one grave in the pale hour of night,
And moisten the turf with a tear.
And the eye when the heart is so hardened with woes
I wander and muse, all alone,
And long for the time when my head shall repose
Where "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

I roam through the woods where so joyous we strayed,
And recline on the green, sunny hill;
All things are as bright in that beautiful glade,
But my heart is all lonely and chill:
The hand that so fondly I pressed, then, in mine,
And the lips that were melting with love,
Are cold in the grave, and I'm left to repine,
Till I "meet with sweet Alice above."

Ah! well I remember the school-house and brook,
"And the master so kind and so true;"
The wild-blooming flowers, in the cool, shady nook,
So fragrant with incense and dew.
But I seem not for these, though so dear to my heart,
Nor for friends that have left us alone—
The bosom will heave, and the tear-drops will start,
For "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

☞ Barnum and Beach have advertised that they will issue a new weekly paper, called the Illustrated News, at six cents per copy, the first number having been advertised to appear on Saturday last the 18th inst. It will be of 16 pages, filled with literary matter of the highest standard, and a great number of large and handsome engravings. They say they intend to make it the best illustrated newspaper in the world. Their Engravings are intended to embrace views of Public Buildings, important Public Ceremonies, Historical Events, American and Foreign Battle Fields, &c. $60,000 have been set apart to be specially devoted to the improvement and embellishment of the paper. The Proprietors are H. D. & A. E. Beach, with P. T. Barnum, as special partner. The prices are as follows, by mail:

One copy per volume	$1,50
Four Copies "	5.00
Ten " "	10,00

Invariably in advance.

Address, Publishers of the Illustrated News, N. Y. City. The office is 128 Fulton Street. The enterprize is a great one, but the publishers have the energy, enterprize, ability and means to carry it out successfully.

☞ A Roman Catholic Priest, named Mullen, has published in the Tablet—the leading Catholic paper of Great Britain—a statement that from emigration, conversion and the natural increase, there *should* be in the U. S., of Catholics, 3,970,000
But there *are* of Catholics only 1,980,000

Showing a *loss* of 1,990,000

or nearly two millions.—The breaking up of Irish serfdom, and their scattering over the world, materially effects their church relationship.

Louis Napoleon.—The N. Y. Courier and Enquirer states that the late Sir Robt Peel saw more of Louis Napoleon, when an exile in England, than any of the statesmen of the country, and not only declared him to be a man of extraordinary talent, but boldly predicted that, if he lived, he would inevitably be at the head of the French nation.

☞ Col. Benton states, that a distinguished physician some years since told him, that his more temperate habits and greater care for life would cause him to survive his eminent cotemporaries—Calhoun, Clay, and Webster.

From the New York Evangelist.

Grandfather Burton's Thanksgiving.

On a cold, blustering night, in the latter part of November, the traveler passing through a New England town, might have noticed the bright, cheerful aspect of some red-curtained windows in one of the oldest yet most substantial-looking houses in the place. The house stood at a short distance from the village, in the midst of a large farm, which, some few weeks earlier in the season, would have attracted attention, from the neat and thrifty aspect of its orchards and corn-fields, its smoothly-mowed meadow-land, and its well-made and well-kept fences. Venerable trees, which the taste of some long-buried ancestor must have rescued from the axe of the pioneer, then shaded the house; now their long branches drooped under the weight of the frozen snow, which encased every tiny bough and forgotten leaf. At times the full moon looked forth from the angry clouds, which hurriedly closed their ranks against her, and for a moment glistening icicles shone like diamonds in her rays; then the dark shadow and the bleak winds again ruled the night, and the mournful trees creaked sadly against the house.

Within the dwelling all was peace. The large old-fashioned room, from whose windows the reddened light fell upon the snow-covered garden, showed no trace of the cold and darkness without. Two candles, in shining silver candle-sticks, shed their light upon the simple but antique furniture of the room. The home-spun carpet of red and green stripes, which time had tried in vain to fade, the straight-backed chairs, the tall and well-stocked book case, the desk of dark mahogany, the gilt framed looking-glass, and the old "clock that ticked behind the door"—all seemed to have belonged there from time immemorial.

The wide chimney-place no longer yawned its capacious mouth as when it could consume a half cord of wood in a single day. A more moderate and not less cheerful "Franklin" stood on the hearth—in summer ornamented with feathery asparagus, now its polished sides were reflecting the blaze of some hickory sticks, which crackled and glowed, and filled the room with a genial warmth that furnaces and steam-pipes try in vain to imitate. In a large arm-chair beside the fire sat a venerable man. He had been reading from the Holy Book to his wife, who sat on the other side of the fire-place quietly knitting. His spectacles were pushed back upon his broad forehead, which was ornamented by a few soft, white locks, spared by time. His brown eye rested lovingly upon the good wife, who for forty years had made his home happy.

She seemed to be thinking deeply, and a shade of sadness crossed her face—a face in which was plainly written the records of a useful, a peaceful life. At last she said, with a half sigh, "Poor Annie! it can not be a very happy Thanksgiving to her; how sad she looks."

"Sad enough, poor child; and she will be very desolate, if her feeble boy follows his father to the grave. He looks as if he could not live long. She had a cold day for her journey. I wonder she did not wait until to-morrow."

"She was afraid it might storm, and she told me, with her sad smile, so unlike the merry Annie who left us six years ago come Thursday, that she could not miss *this* Thanksgiving at home. I fear it will be too much for her. Jane's wedding will recall her own so vividly to her mind; and she will remember joyful anniversaries of the day, even the last, when Mr. Howard was here; and though his thin face and dreadful cough made us all sad, she was hoping that he would live, and longing for spring to revive him."

"And when spring came he was in heaven," said Mr. Burton. "Annie ought not to be comfortless, when she can look back upon such a death-bed. As he calmly drew his last breath, my heart said, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' His victory over the last enemy was glorious. I envied him the entrance into heaven, and felt almost as if I could look in through the wide-open gates, and see him welcomed home. Ah! it is a blessed thing to die so."

There was a brief pause—then the mother's heart reverting to her widowed child, she said, "I am glad Annie came to-day, for now she will meet her brothers and sisters as they arrive, instead of coming suddenly upon the whole happy group. I hope they will all come, as they have promised; it will be a day of Thanksgiving indeed to us, if we may see our good and affectionate children once more about our board. But I hardly dare expect Frank. Jane has studied all the ship news for weeks, but she has no news of his vessel."

"I have a feeling that he will come," said the father in a grave tone; "I want to see them all together once again before I go hence."

"Don't speak so, John," said his wife, in a quick, grieved accent; "you are a hale and healthy man yet. I hope you will live to bury your old wife."

"I hope not, Sarah; you know I am ten years older than you; I ought to go home first. I thank God that I can leave you with such good children."

Just at this moment the door opened, and Jane, their youngest daughter, entered. Her cheeks glowed with habitual good humor, and now after a long walk in the cold wind, she stood before her parents a beautiful contrast—blooming youth and placid old age.

"Jane, my darling," said Mrs. Burton, for with some term of endearment she always addressed this petted child, "are you not very late?"

"Not very, dearest mother; but we did walk round to the parsonage to tell Mr. Gray that Annie had come, and—and Charles had a message for him, you know."

"Very true," said her mother, smiling at Jane's heightened color: and then she sadly added, "I don't love to think that my last, precious child goes to another home so soon."

"Oh! but mother dear," said Jane, falling upon her knees, and taking both her mother's hands in her own in her earnestness, "I am not going away; I shall be so near you will see me every day. You will not have a chance to miss me, I promise you."

"I trust not, my daughter; and I am so confident that you have chosen wisely, that I can not wish it otherwise, though we shall be lonely sometimes in the long evenings. But good night now, my darling, we must be up betimes."

The next day was bright and cold, but the frost could not delay the expected travelers, who arrived at various hours through the day. George, the second son, an eminent lawyer in a neighboring city, first appeared. His wife, a lovely woman, had long before taken a daughter's place in the affections of the old people. Their two boys, Fred and Harry, noble, manly little fellows, of ten and twelve, were wild with delight, at reaching dear grandpapa's. Little Mary, their gentle, blue-eyed sister, followed the noisy boys, led by her aunt Sophia, a tall, beautiful woman, who lived in a more distant city, and had joined her brother's family for their annual visit to the homestead. Her husband was detained by public business, but promised to follow her, if possible.

John, the eldest child, his father's namesake, and like him an upright, whole-souled, intelligent farmer, came late in the day. His large double sleigh seemed to be filled with children, but after these were extricated from the robes the unwonted cold had made necessary, their mother was able to make herself seen and heard as she followed the noisy party to the house. This last group of grandchildren being more frequent visitants at the old homestead than their city cousins, rushed into the house with glad and noisy greetings, and the dear old grandpapa, always the first to welcome these boisterous guests, was soon surrounded, and nearly overwhelmed by the joyous troop. But the elder ones had to resign their places, when mama and baby appeared. The old man rose to greet his daughter-in-law, and taking the precious little one from her arms, looked into the innocent face of the still sleeping babe with an expression of almost reverent tenderness.

Grandmama was soon discovered, and next assailed. Questions without number rained upon her, too rapidly to be answered except by smiles and nods. "Have you a famous big turkey this year?" "Did you make a hundred pies?" "Shall we have a plum pudding?" "And may we play blind man's buff in the evening?" "And where will you find room for us all?" and such like demands, eminently adapted to the time and place.

The children soon renewed their acquaintance, and in a short time were playing together in the old garret, where their fathers and mothers had played long years before, and making the rafters re-echo to their shouts.

Meanwhile, the brothers and sisters, after their long separation, were sitting quietly together, talking over old times, and making many inquiries as to the doings of later years. Several anniversaries like the one approaching had passed, since there had been in this household such an entire reunion as was now anticipated. *Each* of the families had been at the old place at some of these occasions of rejoicing, but *all* had not met since Annie's wedding six years before. There was no allusion now made to this fact; there was no eager, curious questions proposed to the gentle, pale-faced sister, who, in her deep mourning dress, little resembled the brilliant Annie of that well-remembered day. There was a more gentle tenderness in their manner towards her, softening their voices as they addressed her, which alone marked the contrast. It did seem strange that upon her head alone, of all that large family, the chastening rod of bereavement should have fallen. She had been the gayest, the fairest of all; the pet and pride of the whole house. All had marveled at her becoming the choice of a minister of peculiarly grave and silent manners, and had wondered still more that she had returned his love. But they had been very happy together, though sorrows came upon them in rapid succession. Their oldest child was a sickly boy; two babes were taken from them almost as soon as given; and ere the mother had recovered from her second loss, the hacking cough, the fever-flush, the increasing feebleness of step and motion, told her too plainly that her husband must follow their little ones. A few short months, and all was over. Her dying husband had committed his broken-hearted parents to her care; he was the last prop of their declining years. She promised to be to them a daughter, and she had kept her word.

The evening wore happily away; the children were sent early to bed, that they might be refreshed for the important duties of the morrow. There was plenty of fun in disposing of them all for the night. Such an inroad of guests would have dismayed any less experienced and well-provided house-keeper than Grandmama Burton. Such piles of comforters and snowy blankets, and such feather-beds of her own making, and sheets woven and bleached by her own hands. There were apartments enough for the second generation, all in the nicest order, ready for their reception; with cribs and cradles for the younger members of the third—while the older children had, in the broad upper hall and in some big closet opening therefrom, such "shake-downs" as left them nothing to wish. There was to be heard for a while, shouts of laughter and various jokes passing from one to another of these *impromptu* dormitories, but finally these died away, and all was silent above stairs.

Later in the evening a quick step resounded in the hall, the door opened, and Frank, the sea-captain, so bronzed and weather-beaten as hardly to be recognized as one of them, appeared. But his mother was not for one moment in doubt as to the identity of her boy, and the greetings which followed her glad welcome were warm and loud. The venerable father grasped his son's hand, and with tears in his eyes said, "Thank God for this." Frank's story engrossed the rest of the evening. He had just returned from a three years' voyage, and had received but few of the letters sent in pursuit of him, consequently there was much to be told, and many questions to be asked and answered. At last he rose, said he had a call to make at one of the neighbors, and with unwonted hesitancy asked permission to invite a friend to the dinner next day.

"If you mean sweet Emma Burns, by all means," said the father. "And," added Mrs. B. "give her my love, and beg her to come. She was to be here in the evening on Jane's account."

"Ah! Jenny, that reminds me," said Frank, "your letter reached me in Valparaiso on my return voyage. Quite lucky you wrote, I should never have thought of your being old enough for the knick-knackeries women like so well, if you hadn't confessed to being on the way to matrimony. See if this will do to wear on the awful occasion." Saying which, he thrust a little parcel into her hands, and was gone without more adieu.

The present was a pin and bracelet of great value and of beautiful workmanship, which, with the reckless liberality of the sailor, who earns so hardly and spends so freely, he had thought none too rich for his darling sister.

The long expected day dawned clear and cloudless. After the morning devotions, which the patriarch led with the grave and simple earnestness his children so well remembered, and a breakfast such as is rarely seen except upon a New England farmer's table, the party separated to prepare for church and for the subsequent duties of the day. Mr. Burton especially claimed his wife's company when the bell should ring for divine service, overruling all her objections by delegating her duties as housekeeper to Jane. John's wife promised her assistance, and Mr. B. hoped that all the rest would join in the public thanksgiving. His word was always law in a household over which he ruled with such a loving sway that all delighted to do his bidding, and to anticipate his slightest wish. The arrangements being thus satisfactorily completed, he led the way to his barns, followed by his two elder sons, John and George, to both of whom he wished to show his improvements. These well-filled barns were surveyed with pride and pleasure by both father and sons, and the old man spoke of the success of his husbandry and of his abundant harvests with evident gratitude to "Him who crowneth the year with his goodness." After giving them a history of the various crops lately gathered in, he led them to the southern side of the hill on which they stood, to see his orchard of young fruit trees, which in a few years would more than atone for the ravages Time was making in the old orchard. The farm was indeed a noble property, and in fine order. For some years, Mr. B. had resigned its management, in a great measure, to an able assistant, whom he frequently mentioned to his sons as a trustworthy steward, with a hope that he might continue to live on the farm after his master should have exchanged it for a better inheritance. Then he spoke of Jane, expressed his satisfaction with the choice she had made, describing Charles Taylor as a most excellent son, and an intelligent, thriving man, who would always make his way in the world, and would never want friends. As they returned slowly homewards, his conversation turned upon their mother, and the sons reverently listened, as they had often done before, to his heart-felt tribute to her worth. Now there was an unwonted trembling in his voice, and a moisture in his eyes, as his words seemed to commend her anew to their dutiful love and tenderness.

The sleighs were already at the door—The boys, equipped for church, and duly warned to behave well for dear grandpapa's sake, were making good use of these few last moments of play-time, and were merrily snow-balling each other. Occasionally a ball hit one of the horses, causing a start, and a momentary jingling of the bells, which sound warned grandmama Burton to trust Jane's discretion on any point she might have forgotton regarding the dinner, and to cut short her farewell cautions to Norah, who, good, honest, clever girl as she was, had only a moderate share of brains, and these were rendered utterly useless by the unheard of responsibility of roasting the turkey in mistress's absence. Fortunately, Jane and her able coadjutor were at hand to atone for Norah's deficiencies.

The sleighs were filled to their utmost capacity, yet safely landed their precious load at the door of the village church.—Dear grandfather Burton felt some pride as well as gratitude when he led his wife up the aisle, followed by their children and grand-children, a goodly number.—Many eyes rested with pleasure upon the noble and venerable form of the old man, and all hearts rejoiced with him in his evident happiness. There were not a few among the humble worshipers there assembled, who had reason to love the dear old man, and to bless his name.

The services were appropriate to the day. The good minister, from a full heart, recounted the mercies of God to himself and his people, as well as the blessings they shared with their fellow countrymen, the blessings of peace, plenty, a free government, and greater than all, the right to serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience. After a song of praise, in which the whole congregation joined, the services closed with the blessing of their pastor. Mr. Burton lingered to greet the good man as he descended from the pulpit. Grasping his hand, he thanked him for his sermon, then earnestly added, "I bless my God daily for sending you to us. 'As you have watered others, may you be yourself watered'—and may the blessing of God dwell upon you, and upon your children after you." Mr. Gray could only reply by a look of thankfulness and a murmured blessing.

The party soon reached home; the younger portion at least, quite prepared to show their gratitude by consuming a Thanksgiving dinner. Aunt Jane had anticipated such a state of things, and was well provided for the emergency. Certainly, the table, under her superintendence, was inviting to more fastidious appetites than her robust nephews and nieces could claim. It had been set in the wide hall, as none of the other apartments could accommodate the party. At one end, the famous turkey, which must have been conscious of his exalted destiny, and have exerted himself all summer to prepare worthily to fill that very platter, so did he loom up among the lesser dainties. At the opposite extremity, a pair of chickens, worthy companions to the turkey. In the center, a pasty, of Dame Burton's own manufacture, and quite capacious enough to hold four-and-twenty blackbirds and all their friends and relations. Cold ham and tongue, dishes of steaming potatoes, golden squash, white celery, delicately tipped with green—and various other vegetables, jellies and sauces, all in their proper places. A side-table was covered with pies of every variety, apples, nuts, cheese, &c. Jane said this last display was intended as a warning to the youngsters not to exhaust themselves on the first course. They looked as if they never could be exhausted, and felt themselves fully competent to do all that might be required of them. As Grandfather Burton adhered to the old order of things, "youngest *last*," the juveniles had time to decide upon their plan of attack, and important whispers of what John and Harry, Fred and Mary meant to eat first, what next, and so on, were circulated behind the chairs of their elders, or across the board by aid of pantomime. These expressive gestures were finally quieted for the time, as each received his plate, and set to work in good earnest. Grandma Burton looked from one to another, anxious that each and all should be supplied with the best. She soon discovered Emma Burns was only pretending to eat, and Charles Taylor was so much occupied helping Jane in the care of the little ones that his dinner was growing cold. On calling his attention to that fact, he assured her that it never happened before, and on this occasion his unwonted benevolence was in fault, and not her very excellent cookery. Grandfather's eyes also turned from one to another of that family group. His loving glances dwelt successively upon the dear children once more met beneath his roof. They rested with varying expression upon the noble brow of the eloquent lawyer, the sweetly-submissive face of the gentle widow, upon the farmer and his notable wife, the dignified Sophia, the blushing Emma, the manly, sun-burnt sailor, and the blooming Jane.

Meanwhile the business of the hour went steadily on. Jane took the utmost care of every one but herself. She sometimes gave a whispered admonition to her young friends, whom she hoped to carry safely thro' as far as the apples. This unwelcome advice was not often heeded, and she consoled herself by remembering that children certainly were capable of great things in the eating line. Frank, noticing his little namesake's plate nearly empty for the third time, remarked that the capacity for storage in an apparently slender craft was often much greater than one would suppose, and as long as the child keeps aboveboard he might be considered safe. Then jokes began to circulate freely about the table, the older ones recounted some of their remembered Thanksgiving feasts, Frank described an attempted commemoration of the day on board ship when they were on short allowance rations, and hard-bread, exceedingly dry and poor, had to represent the various well-remembered dishes suitable for that day of feasting. All laughed at the idea, but Mrs. B. did not like to think that her Frank could be reduced to such fare, and urged her dainties upon him with renewed earnestness.

Dinner over, the party entered the pleasant sitting-room—only George had been called into another room by his father, who, handing some papers, asked him to look them over and see if all was right. George's hand trembled as he perceived they were the old man's will, the deed of the farm, &c. His practised eye soon assured him that they were perfect and properly attested, and returning them he said, "All right, father, but I hope it will be long ere they are of value to any but yourself." "I shall not be sorry to resign my title to this bit of earth," answered his father. "I'm growing old—in a few years, if I live, I shall be infirm, and shall need to be taken care of like a child. I have no wish to live to feel myself a burden. Now my work seems done. I am ready to go when the Lord calls, yet 'not my will, but His be done.'"

They joined the party in the parlor, whom they found grouped around the fire, spending the early twilight hour in guessing charades, and telling stories. While grandfather's chair was being drawn into the warmest corner, a shout from the boys announced Mr. Gray, who, entering just after, apologized for coming at so early an hour, as he had to ride several miles to perform the marriage ceremony for another couple, and feared it might be late ere he could return. Would his young friends object to being married an hour earlier than they had intended? Jane did not seem to relish the idea of being hurried in her preparations; but the little folks, who, since dinner, had been counting the hours ere the wedding, expressed their hearty assent, and her mother advised her not to put Mr. Gray to the trouble of coming so far again. So she consented, and followed by her sisters and by Emma, who was to act as bridesmaid, withdrew to make ready for the important ceremony.

Mrs. Burton also, after a whispered confidence from Frank, left the room, and ere long the whole party returned, Jane and Emma in white, and looking equally bashful and blooming. The captain took his stand by his friend in the capacity of groomsman. The service was short and simple, and the good minister, after joining their hands, addressed them in a few words of Christian advice and encouragement, and was moving aside to make room for the eager crowd of congratulating friends, when Frank stepped forward, and taking the hand of the half reluctant Emma, (who yet did not seem *quite* unwilling) said, "My dear sir, if you are not in too much haste, and have no other objection, will you perform the same kind office for me?" He then produced a special license, and before the spectators had recovered from their surprise, Frank and Emma were made one. The glee of the young people could no longer be restrained. "A good joke!" "Capital fun!" "Uncle Frank forever!" were the characteristic comments of the boys. Such kissing and merriment as followed! Only Annie's eyes glistened, and the old father hastily brushed away a tear ere he gave a cordial kiss and an earnest blessing to each fair bride.

The excitement of the wedding banished the thought of "Blindman's buff" for a time, but soon after Mr. Gray's departure little Frank suggested it, and the motion was immediately approved and seconded by the other children. So the noisy group took possession of the old kitchen, famous for such scenes in bygone days. Norah stationed herself near the fire to guard the eager players from danger, and fun and frolic ruled in her dominions.

At last the little ones were fairly exhausted, tea followed, which proved a nominal meal to the weary devotees of the dinner, and finally they were all more than willing to go to bed. Each claimed and secured a double piece of cake to dream upon. Which cake being fortunately put under their pillows, did not disturb their slumbers, but seemed rather to induce sleep.

Down stairs the grown-up children were listening with affectionate interest to grandfather's story of his long and peaceful life. It was a simple story such as many an old man might tell, but all along the pathway of his heavenward journey there were records of God's goodness and mercy to him and his. Grandfather Burton had had trials, and he had been a hard-working man, but he remembered only his blessings, and his life had been one long Thanksgiving.

"I have been a happy man," he said, "and I thank you, my dear children, for never giving me cause for sorrow. May you be as richly blessed in your families as I have been in mine. Among my mercies, I must not forget to thank God for the uninterrupted health He has permitted me to enjoy. I have never known a day's sickness. Within a few years I have sometimes had a sharp pain in my heart, sometimes a fearful beating there. My old friend Dr. Wayne has told me that I shall probably die suddenly. I hope his words will prove true. I would not linger on a bed of sickness; if the choice were given me, I should say 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' And when I am gone, do not mourn for me. I shall have exchanged the coming infirmities of old age for perfect blessedness in the presence of God my Savior."

Then reverently opening the Book, which had been his guide and his joy through a long life, he read the 23rd Psalm, and kneeling, he poured forth, in touching and beautiful language, his petitions and praises. Then he commended each of the dear ones to the care of a covenant-keeping God. He prayed they might be prospered in this life, if it were God's will, but especially he pleaded that they might all have their treasure laid up in heaven, and that all might meet at last to join in the praises of their Redeemer throughout an eternity of bliss.

When they rose from their knees the dear old man took the candle from his wife's hand, and was about leaving them, when Jane claimed her customary good-night kiss, and her older brothers and sisters, feeling like children again, crowded around him for his parting blessing. It was an hour long to be remembered by those who listened to the solemn prayer and shared the blessing of the good man.

In the morning Mrs. Burton rose early to prepare a comfortable breakfast ere the departure of her oldest son. When all was ready, she asked Annie to call her father. He did not respond to the summons, and his good wife decided not to awake him until his usual hour. The party having nearly finished the preparations for their long ride, she went herself to arouse him. She found him apparently still sleeping, a sweet smile as if from a blessed dream resting upon his face, but he answered not to her voice, her touch aroused him not.—The cold hand of death had sealed those lips for ever.

Glen father Burton's Thanksgiving began on earth was perfected in heaven.

"Coram."—The Reporters of the proceedings of the court of the city and county make use of the Latin word *coram* instead of "before"—thus, "District Court—Coram Judge Stroud," &c. Why not confine legal terms to common language?

An Irish advertisement reads as follows: "Lost, on Saturday last, but the loser does not know where, an empty sack, with a cheese in it. On the sack the letters P. G. are marked, but so completely worn out as not to be legible."

A vender of patent nostrums has this infallible specific against deceptions and counterfeits on his invaluable compound: "The patient may always knows it's genuine, if it fits—if it don't, then 'tain't this'n."