The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

BY WM. BREWSTER. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 20.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....$1,50

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75

If paid at the end of the year.....2,00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

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Select Poetry.

CHARGE OF THE TIGHT BRIGADE.

At the bar, at the bar,
At the bar thundered,
Thundered with fiercest din.
Topers one hundred.

There stood those thirsty men,
Thirsty one hundred;
Calling for drinks in vain,
The bar-keeper slumbered;
Hark, there's a sound from one!
List how the curses come
From each and every one!
Of that dry one hundred.

Into the bar they pitch,
Noble old topers,
For up comes an order which
Pleased these old soakers,
"Forward the Tight Brigade!
Take the bar," Muggins said!
Into it undismayed,
Pitched now each drunken blade—
Pitched the one hundred.

"Forward the Tight Brigade!"
Gods, what a charge they made!
No person was there afraid
No person blundered.
Theirs but to drink their fill,
Theirs but to have a swill,
Theirs not to pay the bill,
Aye, yes they knew it well!
Knowing one hundred.

Bottles to the right of them,
Bottles to the left of them,
Bottles in front of them,
Labelled and numbered;
Nobly they fought and well,
There many a hero fell
Covered with blood and beer,
Beer that they loved so well,
Gallant one hundred!

Raised now each nose in air,
See what is under there,
Mugs charged with lager beer—
All the world wondered!
Fiercer the revel grows,
Redder each blazing nose,
Faster the liquor flows—
Under the table goes
Half of the hundred.

Bottles to the right of them,
Bottles to the left of them,
Bottles all around them,
Emptied and sundered;
Out from that dreadful room,
Out from that dark saloon,
Came forth a beery fume,
Came forth a dismal moan,
But none of the hundred.

When they awoke again,
O, how their heads did pain!
No person wondered.
Honor the Tight Brigade!
Honor the charge they made,
Thirsty one hundred.

A polite young lady recently asserted that she had lived near a barnyard, and that it was impossible for her to sleep in the morning, on account of the outcry made by a 'gentleman hens.'

A Select Tale.

THE PASTOR'S ELECT.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

'Now tell me all about it, Weldon. I am *so* anxious to hear the whole story, and it's such a nice evening for this, too. It is so great a luxury to be all alone with you, that the rain sounds really musical as it drops against the panes.' She had pushed a low ottoman to his feet, and throwing herself on this, lifted her sweet face, set in its framework of brown, soft hair, to her brother's.

'So you have at last caught, and intend turning my confessor, do you, little sis?' smilingly responded the young clergyman, as he turned his eyes from the anthracite blaze, where they had been dreamily fastened for the last half hour, and a beautiful, almost dreamy tenderness seemed to drift into them as they rested on his sister.

'Yes; to think that you are really engaged, Weldon! What *would* your good parishioners say, if they knew it, particularly the younger portion of them! I am somewhat apprehensive their daily bequests of boquets and fruits would be sensibly diminished But about the lady—is she beautiful, Weldon?'

'A woman's first query!' and again that rich smile went like sunlight over the grave but handsome features of the young pastor. 'I am not certain, Hattie, whether an artist would think her so. Her features are not entirely regular, and her cheeks are less rosy than your own; but the emotions of her deep, gentle loving nature look out of her dark blue eyes, and there is a sweet heart chirography in the smiles that sparkle at times over her small and rather pensive mouth.

'You are drawing a charming Raphael picture, brother mine. She is young, of course?'

'Hardly twenty-one.'

'And—no, I need not ask if her mind is well cultivated, for I know your opinions respecting woman too well to doubt this But is she intellectual—in short a bookworm?'

'Well, something of one. The formation of her head indicates a superior mental organization, but all the faculties are well balanced.'

'And—let me see—is she wealthy?'

'Only in the possession of these great jewels which are above all price.'

'But her family—who are they?'

'I never saw but one member of it, and he was a *beggar*.'

'Weldon!' The little fingers that had been playfully braiding themselves with those of the young man's, were suddenly withdrawn, the quick blood flushed into the questioner's cheeks, and a look of mingled astonishment, and displeasure filled her brown eyes as she breathlessly ejaculated, 'Weldon, are you in earnest?'

'Yes, I am, Hattie. You know I would not jest on such a subject.'

'But you took me so greatly by surprise. And—and'—the little red lips trembled a moment, and then the tears brimmed over the brown lashes, and journeyed slowly down the cheeks.

'And troubled you too, Hattie?' interrogated the young man, as he leaned forward, and caressingly smoothed down the bright hair of his sister. 'Don't look so sorrowful, darling as though some great evil had chanced me; but listen to what I shall tell you, and then see if your own true and noble heart, unbiased by social distinctions and prejudices, does not commend my election. Will you do this, Hattie, if not for my sake, for His who said that the poor and the rich were alike in his sight?'

Sweet Hattie Marshall! Her one foible was her pride for her handsome, noble-hearted brother; it was hardly a weakness, for he was all that God had left to her of the household over whom the spring daisies had long spread their golden covering; and for a moment she had looked with the world's eyes upon his betrothal to the sister of a mendicant. But her brother's words had silenced the pride-whispers in her heart, for Hattie Marshall had learned of Him who was meek and lowly in spirit.

'I will do as you ask, Weldon. Forgive me if I have done wrong,' she whispered, drawing up closer to her brother, and laying her head in its old resting place against his heart; for very tenderly did the brother and sister love each other.

Weldon Marshall drew his arm around his sister's waist, and then, when the rain moaned, and the wind muttered around the windows, and the anthracite fire mingled its ruddy glow with the silver astral light, and filled the parsonage sitting room with a dreamy crimson light, he told a story of the past, and his eyes grew darker, and his low, earnest tones, full of pathetic eloquence, as he told it:

It is eight years next month, Hattie, and I was in New York, engaged in my collegiate studies. You see it was three years after our mother's death, and you were at that time with Uncle Harvard, attending school.

It was a cold, wild, disagreeable night: and I remember standing at the window of my snug sanctum, and looking out ruefully into the darkness, for I had made an engagement to meet several of my fellow students that evening in a distant portion of the city.

Dear me! how the wind blows! I soliloquized, with a very feminine shrug of the shoulders, as I drew the curtains closer—'I've half a mind to throw myself on the lounge, which looks so provokingly comfortable this evening, and not attempt an encounter with the elements. It's absurd to think they'll expect me such a night as this. In short, I won't attempt an influenza, by showing my face outside of the door,' was the conclusion of my monologue.

I remembered that I wheeled up the sofa in comfortable proximity to the fire, located the lamp so that its rays fell softly upon the volume I intended to commune with, and that I had settled myself for a long, quiet winter's evening.

But it would not do. My eyes wandered listlessly along the pages; they could not engage my attention. A strange, unaccountable feeling of restlessness and anxiety seemed to possess me. At last I resolutely closed the book, and a few minutes later I was in Broadway, mentally censuring my folly in yielding to a feeling I could not resist.

Ah me, looking back through the eight years that lie between that dreary night and the present, how clearly can I discover the great Father's love in it all!

'What is it you want here, little boy?'—I see him now just as though I had seen him this morning, and the light from the tall window is falling on him, just as it fell then, revealing his ragged dress and pale, pinched features, and the cold rain is dripping off his thick, brown curls, just as it did then. It is a strange, mournful picture—the dark night in the back ground, and the little ragged boy, and the brilliant lights, and the great store, with all sorts of rare confections in front. No wonder it touched my heart. The boy started as I gently laid my hand on his shoulder, and looked up with his wild, eager, bright eyes into my face.

'O, sir!' he said, after a moment's earnest perusal of my features, 'I was thinking if I only *could* carry one of those cakes home to Ellen, she is very sick, and—and (the little fellows lips quivered) we haven't had anything to eat for two days.'

I did not speak another word; but I caught hold of the child and pulled him after me into the store.

'Hand me down a plate of those cakes,' I cried to the astonished clerk, who turned with more than ordinary alacrity to fulfill my request. I drew the boy into a small sitting-room at one end of the establishment. 'Now eat these as fast as you can, and then tell me who Ellen is.'

His hungry look, the strange avidity with which he grasped the food, almost wrung tears from my eyes.

'Ellen is my sister—my only sister since the baby died. We are all alone now.—Last month, just after they buried mother, she grew sick. I s'pose it was because she cried so much; and she's been growing worse all the time.'

'And there is nobody to take care of her now but you, my little fellow?'

'Nobody but me—the money mother left is all gone, you see, sir, and though I sometimes earn a sixpence by selling papers or cleaning sidewalks, I couldn't leave Nelly for the last week, she grew so much worse. O, sir, how good these taste! I can't thank you, but I want to.'

'Well, you needn't, my boy. I want no other thanks than your enjoyment of them.'

'But mayn't I take the rest home to Nelly? She'll be frightened, I'm gone so long. O, sir, if you'd only go with me!'

'I will come and see you and Nelly to morrow,' I said, 'if you'll tell me where you live; and now while you are eating the remainder of your cakes, I'll get something that Nelly will like better.'

I procured a basket which I saw well stocked with a variety of fruits and confections most likely to tempt the appetite of an invalid, and adding to these all the money I had with, me, I returned to the child.

'Go home to Nelly with these as fast as you can,' I said, 'and tell her that I will come and see her to-morrow morning—Now be a man, my little boy, and take good care of sister Ellen till then.'

'And are all these for her?' said the child, as his large, wandering eyes roamed over the basket. 'And she has been moaning in her sleep after an orange for a whole week. O, sir, we will pray God to bless you for all this; and he will, for mother used to say he would hold those in everlasting remembrance who forget not the widow and orphan,' and tears of mingled gratitude and delight were showering fast down the little fellow's face as we parted.

The next morning, Hattie, I received that letter which summoned me to my father's dying bedside. I had of course, no time to fulfill my engagements with the little orphans in whom I had become so greatly interested; indeed, the mournful circumstances which drew me once more to the home of my childhood, banished them from my mind.

If you will look down to that time, my sister, April was weaving her green carpet over the meadows before we parted, and I returned to the city to complete my studies, and then to enter that service in which before my father's dying bed I solemnly pledged myself to spend all the life that God should grant me.

I had forgotten the name of the boy's residence, but I know that I made several attempts to discover it after my return to the city, all of which proved ineffectual.

It was the sunset of a bright day in the early May-time, and even the great city looked fairer; for the sunshine that plated the house tops with gold, and swept in golden flakes and dimples along the pavements up which I was passing, with some fellow students, to supper.

'Now, Marshall, remember to call for us in time, for the lecture commences at seven, and will certainly be crowded,' called out one of my companions, as we reached the corner where our paths diverged.

I bowed my assent and adieu, and was hurrying forward, when my coat was suddenly grasped, and an eager but timid voice said, 'Please, sir, is your name Marshall?'

I turned and looked at the speaker. It was a little girl, apparently about ten years of age; her long curls falling in a bright, tangled mass about her small, sorrowful looking face, while her large blue eyes were fastened with a kind of panting eagerness upon my own.

'Yes, that is my name. And what do you want with me, my little girl?' I queried, greatly surprised at this singular encounter.

O, sir, do you remember a little boy whom you met one winter, who told you that he had a sister Nelly, and——, The mystery was cleared up.

'Yes, yes, I remember it all!' I interrupted. 'And you are Nelly I suppose?' and I surveyed the child with enhanced interest. Her ragged garments, her pale mournful face, bore a legible history—a history of sharp poverty and bitter suffering.

'Oh, I am so glad.—so very glad, sir!' and the light that broke into the little care-written face, was beautiful to behold. 'I was almost sure it must be you when the gentleman called your name, and you looked just as Willy said you did. O, sir, I have looked, and watched, and waited for you so many days, that I had almost given up hoping.

'Poor child! I have been out of town, or I would have come to you as I promised. But where is Willy now! and what do you want with me?' I was well nigh ashamed after the latter question was asked, her poverty answered it so plainly.

'O, sir, Willy is sick, and his face looks so white and strange lately, I fear he is going home to mother sometimes. You see I got better after you sent me the cakes and oranges, and Willy bought me some medicine with the money you gave us, and we paid the rent three months, so the woman let us stay there. But one day, about a month ago, Willy was out all day in the cold rain selling papers, and he has been growing worse and worse, and he has so altered now, you'd hardly know him now. But he's wanted to see you so badly, and he talks about it all the time in his sleep, and for the last two or three days he's grown very nearly wild about it, and so I've been keeping watch for you all day; and I couldn't bear to go home at night, for Willy would spring up in the bed and cry out so loud, 'Nelly, have you seen him?' and when I shook my head he would lie down with such a look, that I would go off in one corner, and cry all alone, it made my heart ache so to see it But now Willy will be so glad! O, please sir, won't you go and see him?'

I see, Hetty, that your eyes are growing wet with tears; and if you could have heard the simple, touching pathos with which that fair child told her sad story, you would have answered as I did, 'Yes, Nelly, I will go now.'

* * * * * *

'Willy, Willy, I've brought him? I've brought him!' The little hand which guided me so carefully up the dilapidated stairs, was withdrawn as the little girl broke into that old attic chamber, her eager, joyful tones making the bare walls ring again—'I've brought him! I've brought him!'

The dying sunlight looked with a sweet solemn smile into the room, whose entire destitution one glance revealed to me. I had no time for another, for a child's head was lifted from a miserable mattress in one corner. I came forward, a pair of attenuated arms were stretched out, and those large burning eyes were fastened a moment on my face, as though life or death rested upon their testimony.'

'Yes, yes, I knew you would come at last,' and the little cold arms were wrapped about my neck. 'O, I have watched and prayed, and hoped so long, and it seemed as if you would never come; but I knew you would to-day, for last night mamma came to me, looking so beautiful, with the flowers woven all around her head, and a white robe flowing down to her feet, and she smiled so sweetly and said, 'My little Willie, he will come to you to-morrow; and his coming will be a signal, for then, too I shall come for you.'

My tears were falling fast on the boys brown curls; but a sharp pang reached my heart as he spoke these words. 'No, no, Willy, you were only dreaming,' I said, as I lifted up my head and looked at him anxiously. One glance into the rigid face told me enough—the mother had come for the child. 'Bend down quick,' murmured the boy's white lips. 'Nelly will be alone when I leave her; for there's nobody to take care of her, you see, and I want to give her to you. You are so kind and good, I know you will take good care of her, and never let her suffer; and mamma and I will look down from our home in Heaven, and bless you for it all; and maybe we shall come sometime to take you to us. You will promise me this, won't you? quick, for I can't see you,' and his glazing eyes wandered over my face.

'Yes, Willy, I promise it to God to your mother in Heaven, and to you,' I answered solemnly.

'Nelly, you have heard what he said—he will take care of you. Kiss me once more, little sister. There, there, mother has come for me! Good bye!' the little cold fingers sought for our hands and drew them together—a smile wandered over the stark, rigid face, and the last light of that May-day looked into that bare attic, where the beautiful clay was lying on the cold mattress.

'O, sir, is he dead?' questioned the little girl, with her large pathetic eyes wandering from the dead face to my own.

My looks answered her, for my lips could not. 'Willy, Willy, come back, come back to me!' she cried out in a voice, whose exceeding anguish will haunt my memory, will haunt my heart until it has grown cold as the one that lay beneath me, and little Ellen Evans lay senseless as her brother in my arms.

Two days later, in a pleasant part of the cemetery, the May violets were turned aside, and a child's coffin lay beneath them.

For a little while I placed her in the country among simple people, whose curiosity would be readily appeased; for I was exceedingly desirous that the world should never become cognizant of the part I had borne in her life-history. I read well her sensitive nature, and I knew there might come a time in her later life when it would cause her much annoyance and mortification if the world knew our secret.

For this reason, sweetest and dearest of sisters, I did not communicate to you till I had obtained her permission, which I sought in my interview with her. I could, of course, have received this at any time I had chosen to seek it; but I thought it would be unfair to obtain her consent to this matter, before her mature judgment had ratified it.

After much deliberation I resolved to confide Ellen's history to Mrs. Whittlesey, the lady with whom I boarded, and in whom I placed entire confidence.

She listened with intense interest, and her womanly sympathies were at once enlisted in behalf of my protege. Besides this, she was a widow and childless; and though by no means wealthy, her circumstances were such that she could surround Ellen with everything necessary to her well being and happiness.

She proposed to adopt her in the place of the children God had taken from her; and to this proposition I joyfully assented, for there the religious, social, and home atmosphere would be all that I wished to be about my Ellen.

I was anxious, too, that she should no longer be dependant upon me, for I thought even a time might come when I should ask her a question, whose answer I would in no wise have regulated by her gratitude for the past.

You have often, little sister, heard me speak of Ellen Evans, Mrs. Whittlesey's adopted daughter; but you little dreamed that I had such a great personal interest in all that pertained to her.

Her character and person have developed with more than all that rare loveliness promised. The sister that I shall bring you Hattie, is an elegant, accomplished, talented woman; and more than all that—and the young clergyman's eyes grew lustrous with the almost holy light that beamed out from their darkness—my Ellen, has the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is above all price.

And now, my Hettie, you have heard her history, will you not welcome her to your heart?

I guessed well the pang which the knowledge of my engagement would give you; for as brother and sister have seldom loved, do we love each other, and I knew it must seem like bringing another to take your place. But my Ellen is very gentle, and she will never come between us. She knows, too, the story of our orphaned youth, and of our affection for each other; and even now, her heart goes out with great love for you. 'Tell her all,' she said in that last interview, 'and tell her that without her consent I dare not become your wife.' When I return to her, and her questioning eyes ask me if I have obtained it, may I tell her you are ready to love and welcome her to your home?

And Harriet Marshall lifted her brown, tear-filled eyes to her brother's face, and answered: 'Tell her Weldon, that my heart is waiting to welcome her to a vacant place—and it is the *one by your side*.'—*Ladies' Repository.*

Miscellaneous.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Jedediah Hodge was dead in love with the beautious Sally Hammond, but owing to an unconquerable feeling of diffidence, he had never been able to screw up his courage to the sticking point absolutely requisite to enable him to inform her of his predilections. Three several times he had dressed up in his 'Sunday-go-to-meeting fixings," and made his way to her father's house, determined this time to do or die. But, unluckily, his courage oozed away, and became "small by degrees and beautifully less," as the politicians say, till, when he was fairly in her presence, he was barely able to remark that it was a warm evening. Sally got tired at length of this old reiterated observation, and resolved to help him out of his predicament or, like a true woman she had not failed to percieve what Jedediah was trying to come at, but couldn't. For the fourth time Jedediah came, but did not succeed any better. Sally commenced her attack by informing him that Mary Somers, an intimate friend, was going to be married.

"You don't say so," said Jedeiah, that being the only idea that occurred to him, except one, and that he didn't dare give utterance to.

"Yes," said Sally, "she's going to be married next week. It seems rather queer that she should be married before me, considering she's a year younger."

Jedediah's heart leaped up in his throat but he didn't venture to say anything.

There was a pause.

"Jedediah," resumed Sally, after a little hesitation, "I'll tell you something, if you'll promise certain true that you won't never tell anybody."

"No, I won't," said Jedediah, stoutly, proud of the confidence reposed in him.

"It isn't much, after all," said Sally, casting down her eyes; "only a dream, and I don't know whether I ought to tell you, after all, though, to be sure, there was something about you in it."

"Do tell me," pleaded Jedediah, his curiosity overcoming his bashfulness in a degree.

"But I'm afraid you'll tell after all."

"No, I won't, certain, true. I hope I may be horsewhipped if I do."

"Then—don't look at me, Jedediah, or I can't tell it—I dreamed that—you and I—I never shall be able to tell you—that you and I were going to be married the day before Mary Somers!"

Jedediah started as if struck by a shock from a galvanic battery, and shouted enthusiastically—

"*So we will*, by gosh, if you'll only say the word!"

Of course Sally was astonished at this sudden application of her dream, and could not believe he was in earnest. At length she yielded her consent, and dream was verified at the alter in less than a week.

Ladies that have bashful lovers, take heed!'

SPONGING IT.—The last dodge we have heard in evading the State Liquor Law occurred yesterday, at one of our fashionable drinking saloons. An individual walked up to the counter, and demanded a dime bottle of brandy. Now, the rule is to charge fifteen cents, unless an empty bottle is furnished in return for the bottle received, and as the consumer laid only a dime on the counter, the extra five cents was demanded.

"I don't want the bottle," said he, "draw the cork."

"The liquor can't be drank on the premises," replied the bar-keeper.

"I aint going to drink it on the premises;" rejoined the other, and the bar-keeper, supposing that he had some vessel to pour it into, drew the cork, when the gentleman quietly pulled out a sponge from his pocket, and poured the liquor into it then taking his seat, commenced leisurely sucking it.

"You see," said he, nodding complacently to the astonished bar keeper, "I ain't going contrary to the rule, for the law says the stuff shan t be drunk on the premises."

The bystanders came to the conclusion that the stranger would make an appropriate Governor of Illinois, being decidedly the greatest sucker of them all.

A PICTURE.—A tall ladder leaning against a house—a negro at the top, and a hog scratching himself against the bottom. "G'way—g'way dar! You'm makin' mischief."

☞ Ignorance thinks no one learned but itself.

MIDNIGHT.

Hufeland, in his treatise on sleep, has some curious as well as forcible ideas on the necessity of devoting midnight to rest and sleep. He considers that the period of twenty-four hours, which is produced by the regular revolution of the earth on its axis, marks its influence most definitely on the physical economy of man.—Diseases show this regular influence on their daily rise and fall. Settled, regular fevers exhibit a twenty-hours' flux and reflux. In the heathful state, there is manifest the same regular influence, and the more habitual our meals our hours of exercise or employment, and our hours of sleep, the more power is there in the system to resist disease.

In the morning, the pulse is slower and the nerves calmer, and the mind and the body better fitted for every description of labor. As we advance towards the evening of the day, the pulse becomes accelerated, and an almost feverish state is produced, which, in excitable people, becomes an absolute evening fever. Rest carries off this fever by sleep and the refreshing opening of its pores which sleep produces. In this mighty respiration, there is an absolute crisis of the evening fever, and this periodical crisis is necessary to every one, for it carries off whatever useless or pernicious particles our bodies may have imbibed.

This evening fever, Hufeland thinks, is not entirely owing to the accession of new chyle to the system, but to departure of the sun and of the light. The crisis of this fever, to be most effective by its regularity, ought to take place at midnight, when the sun is in its nadir, and then the body becomes refreshed for the early morning labor. Those who neglect this period, either push this diurnal crisis into the morning, and thus undermine the importance of its regularity, or lose it entirely, and arise to their labor unrefreshed by sleep. Their bodies will not have been purified by the nightly crisis, and the seeds of disease will have thus been planted.

Nervous people are peculiarly subject to the influence of this evening fever, and think they cannot labor without its excitement. Hence their mental efforts are performed in the night time; the important time for the crisis of their nervous excitement passes over in wakefulness, and no refreshing perspiration cleanses the body or strengthens the nerves. Such people will wear out soon, unless they change their habits, and seek rest when nature and the human constitution dictate.

These considerations ought to be deeply studied and regarded by all who are in the ruinous habit of turning night into day and of changing the functions of each.—A failure of health will soon manifest the truth of these remarks.—*Hartford Courant.*

Mark Your Bible.

Why mark my Bible? To my mind there is a plain and affecting reason—Within a few days past, I have lost a dearly-beloved daughter. After her death I saw on her mantle three books, that at once spoke the taste and character of her mind, The Bible, Burkitt's Commentary and The Mine Explored. In opening her Bible, all the pages looked like a well-trodden path. Jer. vi, 16. They were so numerously marked, and so many of their precious promises noted by the pencil, that they seemed silently to repeat the language of the Psalmist, "Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are the ways of them, who passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.—They go from strength to strength."

As the Samaritan woman said of the well, "Our father Jacob drank thereof himself," and as she felt that its waters were sweeter and more refreshing from that hallowed association, so will we be led to regard, with increased delight and value, those precious promises thus noted by deceased friends, from which, as from springs along life's weary way, the travelers that have gone to their rest, drew those waters that renewed their strength in their toilsome journey.

As we gaze with special delight on those bright stars that bespangle the firmament which were once the objects of admiration to friends no more on earth, so will we admire and dwell with love upon those sweet and precious promises, that were the refulgent signatures of the Saviour's love to departed friends.—*Watchman and Evangelist.*

☞ The following question is now before the Sand Lake Debating Society:

"Which is a bad man least fitted for—to live or to die?" We shall issue the verdict in an extra.