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Select Poetry.

MARRIED TO CHRIST.

BY REV. GEORGE HANING TAYLOR.

O Jesus, my lover and love,
 The joy and repose of my breast,
 The light of the city above,
 In whom all the angels are blessed.
 How sweet is thy presence this hour,
 How dear thy inaudible voice;
 Thy smile has unspeakable power
 To make all within me rejoice.

What art thou, O Savior, that thou
 Should'st come and commune with my heart
 In whispers so loving and low
 That all my misgiving depart?
 And I drink in the light of thine eyes
 Till the depths of my spirit are bright,
 And my soul in beholding thee lies
 Transported with awe and delight.

O Jesus! ineffable name!
 Redeemer! Deliverer! King!
 The gift of thy passion I claim.
 Thy triumph in triumph I sing;
 I dwell on the rapturous tale
 Of pardon and holiness given;
 A ransom that never can fail,
 My Savior, my hope, and my heaven.

Thy blood has redeemed me from death,
 And washed me from shame and from sin;
 And warmed into bliss by thy breath,
 I feel a new being begin;
 A life that is lost in thine own,
 As a drop in a sea without shore,
 With love and with Jesus alone,
 Where Jesus is all, evermore.

For ever and ever, O Christ I
 My heart is now married to thine;
 Love's infinite void is sufficed,
 Thine infinite fullness is mine—
 By faith is the covenant sealed,
 I trust thee, and call thee my own;
 And now is the mystery revealed
 How Christ and his people are one.
 —Christian Advocate and Journal.

A Good Story.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"My dear," said Mrs. Everhart, in a voice that was slightly disturbed—"my dear, why can't you be more thoughtful!"

And Mrs. Everhart crossed the room in a hurried manner, and shut the bureau drawer which her husband had left open.

Mr. Everhart did not reply. A moment before, pleasant words were on his lips. Now he became silent, and the light of cheerful thought went out of his face.

"If you would only correct these disorderly ways!" added Mrs. Everhart, in a querulous tone. "It takes full half of my time to put things right after you."

There was no response from Mr. Everhart. But an observer would have seen a hardness settling about his mouth. The day had opened in sunshine. Mr. and Mrs. Everhart were enjoying the pleasant warmth. Suddenly there came a cloud before the sun, and they were sitting in shadow. Which was to blame?—We go on with our episode in the history of two lives vainly seeking to act in harmony, and when we are done, the reader can answer for himself.

"You are the techiest man alive," said Mrs. Everhart, almost angrily. Her husband answered with a look so stern that, for a moment, she was half frightened.

Nothing more was said. Mrs. Everhart saw that her effort to correct a trifling fault had produced anger. The sun which rose brightly had passed under a cloud, and there was promise of a dreary day. The clouds did not lift at breakfast time. But few words past between husband and wife, and they were uttered in partial embarrassment.

Forth to his day's duties went Mr. Everhart, weighted with displeasure towards his wife—with displeasure that gradually changed to a state of accusation and regrets.

"If she were gentler, and kinder—if she were more considerate and forbearing." So ran his thoughts. "I can't always think of doors and drawers—can't always obey to the letter of external order. I have other things on my mind. There is no good in my power to bestow, that I would withhold from her. It is my first desire to make her happy. But all seems vain. Good purposes—loving acts—go for nothing, and for the slightest, involuntary trespass on the order of her domain in the household, I am thrust at sharply."

When thought moves steadily in one direction, it gathers up a host of arguments on that side, and confuses itself in partial views. So Mr. Everhart gave himself to complaint and

accusation. He only the unamiable in his wife, and brooded it in a sort of helpless state. We say, because he was, kind-hearted man more disposed to suffer than to hurt by return.

Why not rectify the fault that was so annoying to his wife?—a reader asks a fair reader, who doesn't think a woman should give up everything. Now, that question leads down into the heart of the theme we are about trying to illustrate. Why not correct the fault? This fairly opens the whole subject of self-discipline, reformation in externals of regeneration as to the spirit; but we are not going to launch on these deep waters, and not be alarmed. We will come to the point by an easier and more familiar way.

"If he were more orderly in the household," said Mrs. Everhart, speaking with a mutual friend who had been in during this dreary day—a true friend, who might be trusted; this surely worth a little self-repression on your a gossip. "If we were more orderly in the house, how much happier we might be. By his lack of order is a perpetual annoyance. You can't imagine what a trial he is."

We pass the questionable delicacy involved in the fact of a wife's speaking to any friend, no matter how intimate, thus freely regarding her husband's faults, and go on to the usual work.

"There are greater trials in a husband than a lack of order," said the friend in reply.

"Oh, of course; but I am particularly sensitive in this direction. The most trifling things annoy me."

"Is it right to be thus annoyed?"

"What objection! How can I help it?" said Mrs. Everhart.

"Your husband is a just man."

"Just and honorable."

The tones of Mrs. Everhart's voice grew instantly fiercer.

"And in a gentlemanly kind as a woman."

"As this man, when a drawer is left open?"

The friend held her hand familiarly—a grave look gleamed with a smile around the lips—on the part of Mrs. Everhart.

A pause flushing of the face, a brief struggle, a sudden conviction, and then this answer, kinder and gentler.

"Integrity, honor, kindness, gentleness, these are the things," said the friend. "The substantial realities out of which we may build the temple of happiness. Out of which you, I trust, are building a temple."

There was silence.

"The goodly stones are yours," resumed the friend, and if you cement them together by love, your soul will have a dwelling place secure as the eternal hills. Do not, I pray you, mix aulous fault-finding, pretty irritations, comparisons, hoodiness, with the mortar in which the stones are laid. If the cement is not good, the walls may not be trusted."

Mrs. Everhart dropped her eyes, and sat for a long time without answering.

"All consideration on his part," she spoke, at length, soberly and with an effort at self-justification, "would remove the cause of all our much know renders our lives inharmonious. Naturally I am a lover of order, and any departure from reform, annoys me. I cannot help this. It is ingrained with my whole mental constitution. And is not order right? Why, if we are to look away, as much as possible, from things that I feel to be intolerable? The ideal, if I may use such a word as applied the case, would be small on his part; and as my duty, if not love, might lead to some extent in the direction of my complaints, as moving contentedly as things now are, that is simply impossible."

"It is equivalent to saying, that you will not be able, or not willing, to put away the wrong yourself, at the same time that you demand of your husband a correction of his fault."

"Why?" replied Mrs. Everhart, with some ardor of feeling. "Do you call a love of order and order wrong?"

"No; but ill-temper are wrong."

"If sharp instrument is thrust into my flesh, can I help feeling pain?" demanded Mrs. Everhart.

"To you justify ill-temper."

"Don't like the word; it expresses more than usually feel," said Mrs. Everhart.

"Is not love, nor tender consideration, nor forbearance—those true wifely qualities make the atmosphere of home so sunny and tranquil that it responds so beautifully to the many rigidity of heart, and, if you would

happy with your husband, make it the rule of your life. Never rebuke him; never complain of him; never betray a feeling of annoyance. At the worst, his fault is only the result of forgetfulness, want of consideration, or long indulged habits; while yours, on your own admissions, springs from a state of annoyance, not to say ill-temper. He has not meant to give you pain or trouble, while you have thrust at him in rising anger, meaning to wound. Set your own house in order—the dwelling place of your spirit, I mean. Give love the ruling power, and annoyance will cease. How easy a thing for you to shut a drawer or door; to replace a book on the library shelf; to pick up from the floor a cast aside garment. A few minutes, thus given in every day, will correct whatever disorder thoughtlessness may occasion; and if cheerfully given, leave the sky of your lives clear, friend who had been in during this dreary day—a true friend, who might be trusted; this surely worth a little self-repression on your a gossip. "If we were more orderly in the house, how much happier we might be. By his lack of order is a perpetual annoyance. You can't imagine what a trial he is."

Mrs. Everhart made no reply to this.

"What particular thing happened the morning?" asked the friend. "I find you unusual disturbed."

The color deepened in Mrs. Everhart's cheeks.

"Don't answer, if my question is at all out of place," said the friend. After a pause, Mrs. Everhart replied:

"It was a mere trifle. I should not have noticed it. But the constant repetition of these things irritates me. He left a drawer open. In fact, he never shuts a drawer."

"And what then?"

"I said, 'My dear, why can't you be more thoughtful?'"

"Was that all?"

"No; I said something about its taking half my time to put things right after him."

"Fretfully and complainingly?"

"I suppose so."

"For which lack of considerate kindness, and indulgence in fretfulness, you have not suffered yourself all the morning, but a burden of unpleasant thoughts and feelings upon your husband. Now, suppose, that, in a kind and pleasant way, you had closed the drawer. It would neither have hurt nor fatigued you; nor have taken any time needed for duty or pleasure. And what a different result would have followed! Is the state you are now in better than the state this gentler conduct would have produced? Does it satisfy your judgment; or soothe your self-respect? My dear friend! First cast the beam out of your own eye, and then you may see clearly to cast out the mote out of your husband's eye. The beam is your irritability—the mote his lack of order. Your defect lies deepest, and will be the hardest to remove. And because it is deepest, it is most dangerous to the peace of both."

"And is he to do nothing?" added Mrs. Everhart. "Is he to indulge himself in all his annoying habits, while I practice self-denial, and bear, without a word of remonstrance or complaint, things that hurt me at every turn?"

"It is for you to do right in your own sphere—to correct what is wrong in yourself," answered the friend. "It is for you, and for all of us, to look away, as much as possible, from our own little worlds of peculiarities and preferences, and to consider the peculiarities and preferences of others, from a desire to make them happy. If you can help your husband to overcome his careless, disorderly ways, you will do him good; but, if you only annoy and fret him by ill tempers and hard speeches, you do him only harm. It is your duty to do both him and yourself harm. It is the law of considerate kindness and self-denial, that works to the highest good in married life."

The friend went away, leaving Mrs. Everhart in a thoughtful state of mind; and the more she thought, the less of self-approval mingled with her thoughts. The intention had been of use. There was a little in the part of her husband at dinner-time. But, when he came home at evening, she found the time their cheerful lamps, and Mrs. Everhart's sunshine was in his face. How sunshine in whose warm sunshine shed. Mrs. Everhart always found of a passing very often it happened in the evening, only gave way to a very interval. Tripart of the husband, she regard for things or she was, every now and dropping a fretful word, or

uttering an unkind reproof. But, through watchfulness, she repressed her impulses, and showed only the gentler side of her character. So, the evening passed tranquilly, and, in looking back upon it, and the trifling things which had come nigh interrupting its harmony, Mrs. Everhart felt thankful that she had put a guard on her lips.

As usual, on the next morning, Mr. Everhart, with his mind reaching forward into the day's business concerns, moved about their chamber in dressing, drawers and doors were left open, and garments cast about in his habitual disorderly way. It rarely happened that, for such faults, he escaped a lecture; but, so far, the lectures had done no good in the line of reformation. The beam in Mrs. Everhart's eye had prevented her seeing clearly enough to cast out the mote out of her husband's eye. So far, all her efforts had tended to irritate and inflame that sensitive organ, instead of giving it a better vision.

Having completed his toilet, Mr. Everhart was moving towards the door, when a sense of something new in the situation of affairs, led him to pause, and turn towards his wife. She was, at the moment, in the act of closing a drawer which he had left open. Not in the nervous, impatient way usual to her when correcting his disorder in the household, but quietly and without apparent annoyance. From the bureau she crossed to the wardrobe, and after pushing in one of the drawers from which he had taken a collar and handkerchief, shut the door, and then took his boots from the middle of the room, and placed them in a corner.

"I am a careless fellow, that's a fact!" he said to himself, "and I must try to put off these bad habits."

And with this thought in his mind, Mr. Everhart went to the family sitting-room, where in a little while, his wife joined him. She wore a smiling—not the usual worried—face. Self-conquest had given her a tranquil spirit. Mr. Everhart was reading the morning paper. The breakfast bell rang, when, instead of partly folding his paper, and laying it on the table, he tossed it from him, letting it fall upon the floor.

"I never saw such a disorderly man!" No, Mrs. Everhart did not say that, though, having said it almost daily for the past six months or a year, the impulse to give such an expression to her feelings, was nearly irresistible. As for Mr. Everhart, the thoughtless act was followed by an instant looking for the accustomed reproof, which had always come with an unpleasant jar, yet never availed to work reformation. But, the reproof did not fall. Instead, Mrs. Everhart, without seeming to regard the careless act of her husband as anything specially wrong, took up the newspaper, and laid it upon a table, remarking, at the same time, pleasantly, on a subject entirely on the outside of this incident.

Mr. Everhart's vision was clearer. In the effort to remove the blinding beam of irritability out of her own eye, Mrs. Everhart had been able to take the mote from her husband's eye; for, as he had never before seen the nature of his careless habits, did he see them now—see them as imposing extra labors and extra annoyances upon his wife. Her fretfulness and hard sayings had only darkened his perceptions, but her considerate kindness took scales from his eyes.

What a little thing, in case before us, effected a great change. On the next morning, Mr. Everhart shut all the drawers, and had occasion to open, and in various trifling matters showed more thought and order. The newspaper found a lodgment on the table instead of on the floor. All observed by his wife, and it gave her a new pleasure—pleasure in the beginning, and in the end, in self-repressing kindness, brighter dwell in a better place.

After, in this new direction—that there were no more ripples in the current of their life, and the mote taken away, was at once wholly cast away, and returned to its place. The conquest on principle, a good result, and the will based on principle, a good result, is certain to follow. It is the right beginning, and the will based on principle, a good result, is certain to follow. That accout of the beginning which is hardest to severance and self-denial, with a little persistence, the after work is sure.

—N. Y. Ladyer.

A notorious falsify "make believe."

Also, a thief stopping at bay.

Little-or-Nothings.

Envy is destroyed by true friendship as coquetry is by true love.

We love those who admire us more than those whom we admire.

The spirit of many men in prayer is only selfishness on its knees.

The poorest man owns the whole morning, the whole sunset, and all the stars.

Accustom yourself to keep secrets. If you haven't any, borrow your neighbor's.

The children of scolding parents are household plants.

An industrious housewife spins life a top, and knits like a broken bone.

To the bleeding soldier to death, the surgeon should be a staunch friend.

That man can have little strength who doesn't respect woman's weakness.

Those who are flippant in their abuse of this world must think God made a blunder.

Kindness in the heart is like rose-leaves in a drawer, sweetening every object around.

To miss a fortune is not necessarily a misfortune.

What the present calls impossible, the future shall only call wonderful.

He who is fond of finding fault need not go abroad.

He who pays his addresses to dumb belles is in no danger of being discarded.

The best preventive of fits is to buy your clothes at a sloop-shop.

Law is the buoy of the good citizen—the rock of the bad one.

One rod is often equal to a dozen perches—in angling.

"Husband, if an honest man is God's noblest work, what is an honest woman?" "His rarest, dear."

There are worse ways to raise money than to raise a one dollar bill to a ten, or a ten to a hundred.

Many people are too religious ever to be holy, too devotional ever to be devoted, and too active ever to be serviceable.

There are religious mercenaries who set themselves up as heaven's brokers and undertake to speculate in celestial stores.

Some disguised falsehoods are so much like truths that it would be a judgment not to be deceived by them.

The greatest hypocrite and dissembler never deceived his neighbors half so often as he deceived himself.

Vanity is no more vice than stupidity is virtue. The bobolink is a bird of better moral than the owl.

We are apt to love those who imitate us and at the same to dislike those who endeavor to equal us.

There is many a one who no more thinks of carrying his religious faith into his counting-house than of wearing a life-preserver in his parlor.

It is cheap vanity, that stares into the Bible as some silly face stares on a picture-frame or a window, to use the glass as a sly mirror in which it may admire itself.

Frightened misers hide their gold where they themselves can never find it, and some men have laid up their treasure so dextrously in Heaven that their hearts can never get at it.

Conversation or intertalking is not often instructive. It is mostly a pastime indulged in by tongue-pads who willingly listen to and utter common-place remarks which spare them the labor of reflection.

As in public life the Power that wages war with parsimony must make peace with prodigality, so in private life those hostile but feeble measures which serve only to irritate our enemies are always to be avoided.

Theology climbs the mountain, or clambers and slips. Religion dwells by the stream. A man must return from his theology in order to reach his religion; and then he will find that his religion is his supply of theology.