

# VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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## POETICAL.



### MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

More than building showy mansions,  
More than dress and fine array,  
More than domes and lofty steeples,  
More than station, power and sway—  
Make your home both neat and tasteful,  
Bright and pleasant, always fair,  
Where each heart shall rest contented,  
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty, swelling titles,  
More than fashion's luring lore,  
More than maimmen's gilded honors,  
More than thought can well compare—  
See that home is made attractive  
By surroundings pure and bright—  
Trees arranged with taste and order,  
Flowers with all their sweets delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely,  
Let it be a smiling spot,  
Where in sweet contentment resting,  
Care and sorrow are forgot.

Where the flowers and trees are weaving,  
Birds will sing their sweetest song;  
Where the purest thoughts will linger,  
Confidence and love begin.

Make your home a second Eden,  
Imitate her smiling bowers;  
Let a neat and simple cottage  
Stand among bright trees and flowers,  
There what fragrance and what brightness  
Will each blooming rose display!  
Here a simple vine-clad arbor  
Brightens through each summer day.

There each heart will rest contented,  
Seldom wishing far to roam,  
Or, if roaming, still will cherish  
Memories of that pleasant home,  
Such a home makes man the better,  
Pure and lasting its control;  
Home with lustre and bright surroundings,  
Leaves its impress on the soul.

### SIED NOT A TEAR.

Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bief  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone;  
Smile when the slow telling bell you shall hear—  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone,  
Weep not for me, when you stand round my grave—  
Think who has died his beloved to save—  
Think of the crown all the ransom shall have—  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone.

Plant ye a tree which may wave o'er me—  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone,  
Sing me a song when my grave you shall see—  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone,  
Come at the close of a bright summer day,  
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray;  
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away—  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone.

Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my grave—  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone,  
Breathe not a sigh for the blearest dead—  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone,  
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,  
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss you may share,  
Look upon him and believe that I'm there—  
When I'm gone—when I'm gone.

## MISCELLANY.

### CHARLES RISE—MISSING.

General Pope had fought and lost the second battle of Bull Run. It was a dark hour for the Country. McClellan's campaign, demonstrated in his particular campaign, had filled the hearts of the loyal North with distrust, and gloomy forebodings—Pope's disaster, following so soon, gave rise to feelings of despondency. We tremble even now as we look back to that dark hour, and contemplate how nearly the arms of treason had triumphed over the glorious land of our Fathers. But Columbia was to survive the shock; and the red storm of war was to be rolled back upon the heads of the traitors who had inaugurated it. We devoutly thank Thee, O God! for the great victory vouchsafed to us over our enemies—the enemies of Country and of Liberty, throughout the world.

But after that battle—how eagerly the eyes ran over the long lists of killed, wounded and missing—as they appeared in the journals of the day—eager, yet dreading to know, the fate of some loved one, who stood amid the thousands who struggled on that field of disaster.

Mothers, with tearful eyes, looked for sons, wives for the name of a loved husband, and the gentle eyed maiden, upon whose lips lingered the fond kiss of her soldier lover—how her hands trembled and her heart throbbled, as she took the paper to ascertain the fate, if possible, of her betrothed. We all remember those scenes, and may God grant we may never return. One such scene is told in the following story.

As our eyes ran over the long lists of casualties, we had an interest there too, and who had not? Our eyes fell on the name "CHARLES RISE"—followed by the single word "Missing." We had heard the name before, and laying down the paper, we tried to call up the form of him who bore it. We were unsuccessful. Charles Rise stood before our mental vision.

It was a conversation with Mr. Loganville, Clinton Co. Pa., and one of my old school teachers had met to undergo the usual inspection—preparatory to teaching. Among

the number was a plain unassuming man, rather below medium size, and about thirty-five years of age. His speech was tinged with the rich accent of the Fatherland. His modesty amounted almost to diffidence, and as he seemed to be alone and friendless, his sympathies went out to him at once. He was an educated man—his mind had been well disciplined in the best schools of Bavaria, his native land. When the examiner had finished his work, and the class was dismissed, we found ourselves alone with our new made friend and from him learned his history.

He was born on the banks of the Danube, and had often sported on the bright waters of that historic stream. At an early age he entered school and did not leave his studies until he mastered the subjects taught there. It was on the banks of that flowing river too, that he first met the lady-like GERTRUDE, and there he wooed and won her. To him it was a happy day when she became mistress of his little cottage. The future looked all bright. A year had scarcely passed, when a little stranger—pledge of their mutual affections, came to gladden their hearts, but his stay was short. A few brief months, and the babe was laid away to rest. Then the mother began to fade, and ere the Autumnal frosts had tinged the leaves of the forest trees, there was a new grave made, and Gertrude slept by the side of her child.

A great sorrow rested in the heart of Charles Rise. He was alone in the world; all that he loved was entombed. To mitigate his grief, by a diversion of the mind, he turned his attention to the study of Botany. Perhaps he saw in the frail yet beautiful flowers and plants a likeness of his lost Gertrude! Be that as it may, he made frequent excursions into the great forests which lie South of the Danube, to search for new specimens in the field of Botany. On one of those tours, having penetrated the forest to a considerable distance, and night coming on, he hastily prepared a hut in which to rest till morning. He had scarcely finished his task, ere he heard the tramp of an approaching horseman, and presently horse and rider drew up in his presence. They expressed mutual astonishment at the strange meeting. The horseman was a tall, dignified man, of middle age, and though there was something austere in his looks his language was mild, and his actions indicated kindness. He said: "Being on a hunting excursion, and having become separated from his companions he lost his way, and begged to share the rude hut with his newly made friend." This was readily granted. Their wallets were opened, and a frugal meal prepared and disposed of.

"And what brought you into the forest?" asked the horseman, as they sought the shelter of their hut.

"To search for rare botanical specimens, sir."

"And you find pleasure in roaming through these dark, old forests?"

"I do. There are but two things I love, besides the angel Gertrude and her seraph babe—and one of these is flowers."

"You become romantic—and pray, what is the other thing you love?"

"Liberty, Sir, liberty, I love liberty as I love life."

The horseman's eye flashed at this remark but concealing all emotions he said—"Do you not love your King?"

"Where he is in favor of liberty, I love him; where opposed to it, I would assist in pulling him from his throne," and Charles Rise stood erect as he spoke these words.

"You are a bold man, to speak such words—but I do not—I can not blame you."

At the first light of the morning the two were astir. Another scanty meal was prepared—the horse was baited, and preparations to depart were made. At this time the clattering of hoofs was heard, and in a moment a score of horsemen dashed into the presence of the two men. With head bare, and bowing low, one of them said, "Sire, we have been searching the forest all night for you—may the Lord have preserved our Sovereign King during the perils of the darkness."

"I am safe," replied the person addressed—"this friend has afforded me shelter—but then he loves liberty better than his King!"

and, turning to Rise—he opened his coat, and exposed his "Star of office" which sparkled on his breast.

"Sire; Bavaria's King! is it you?" and Rise's lip trembled as he spoke the words.

"It is—I am your King; do you love me?"

"Yes I love you—but liberty better!"

"Shall we strike him down?" said the courtiers.

"No," said the King, "strike down no man who loves liberty." Handing him a purse of gold, he mounted his horse, and the King and courtiers were soon lost to view in the forest.

There remains but little to be told. The glances of the courtiers told Rise—that Bavaria was no place for a lover of Liberty—so bidding adieu to the graves of his lost treasures, he speedily embarked for America. He located in the beautiful valley of the West Branch, which to him seemed so much like the Danube. He engaged in teaching, and we met him at the examination, and from his lips learned his story.

When treason raised its arm against the Union of our fathers, Charles Rise was amongst the first who took his trusty musket and hastened to the field. How well he fought let his comrades bear witness. All we know of his fate is found in the newspaper item—"CHARLES RISE—MISSING."

Perhaps his spirit is now with the angel Gertrude, and together, they look down upon regenerated America, and smile on this land of liberty.

And O, ye! if those breasts beat a strain, a heart—ye who have nursed your Government because it goes hide your eyes, and shame!—ye who have left your Fatherland, to fight for a King, as this

Western world, and then smite your breasts, and bow your heads. It would be better for the world, if your history could be written with the word, "Missing."

MARYLANDER.  
Boonsboro, Md., Aug. 1865.

## COURAGE.

One of the bravest and best Generals that Europe ever produced said that he could never snuff a candle with his fingers without suffering from the fear of being burned. He was not afraid of the battle field, but he was afraid of scorching his fingers. We once knew a man who never saw a thunder cloud without trembling lest he should be struck by lightning, and yet when he came to the end of life he had no fear of death, but welcomed it as he would rest from an tiresome journey. We have seen a man who would faint at the sight of blood, as unmindful in view of immediate dissolution as though he had been invited to a party and was hastening to go. Again we have seen a strong man who had braved dangers upon the land and sea, who was absolutely afraid of being alone in the dark. He had no fear of anything he could see, but a mortal dread of the unseen. In the loss of the Sultana steamer on the Mississippi, by which 1,500 persons came to their end, among those saved was a lady, Mrs. Perry, who, putting on a life preserver, hastened to jump into the river, where she soon found herself with half a dozen soldiers clinging to a door, drifting down the deep and rapid current. Of these men there was not one that had the least self-possession, but a young soldier, boyish in years, but of a manly heart, who lifted his voice in words of encouragement and advice. The other men who had faced death on the battle-fields and in rebel prisons, were as babes, and the waters echoed back their shrieks of utter despair. One of them crawled upon the door and remained there, to the imminent peril of the others, and despite their repeated remonstrances. Another, who observed that Mrs. Perry had on a life preserver, let go of the door and grasped her arm, forcing her from the door under the water. She managed to shake him off and regain the door, he taking his place by her side again. The young hero of the hour here remonstrated with the other soldier, saying he was ashamed to see him thus cowardly, after having fought with him on more than one battle-ground. But the other was too thoroughly overcome by fear to heed the remark, and he repeated the operation three different times, on each occasion dragging Mrs. Perry in the water and nearly strangling her. Happening to perceive another door floating near them, Mrs. Perry attempted to secure it, but as she was about to lay hands on it, a soldier who had been clinging to it arose to the surface and warned her off. She stated that the other poor refuge was so over crowded that it would be impossible for all to cling to it. She attempted to catch hold of the door, but the soldier thrust her off into the water, and compelled her to return to the other. After hours of peril they were finally rescued. This proves what all must have observed, that those who are heroes in one condition may be exceedingly timid and fearful in another; as a sailor who will swing by a rope yard at yard arm and feel safe, is afraid to follow a carpenter upon a staging, lest his support should give way, though it may be ever so strong. So men that one hour may be as firm and undaunted as were Napoleon's veterans, and as immovable as the deep-rooted trees of the forest, may the next be panic stricken, and run like weak children—as cowardly as whipped dogs.—Some men's courage is through force of mind, which controls the bodies; others through brute force, like mad bulls.

## Beautiful Anecdote.

A happier illustration of the wonderful character of the Bible, and the facility with which even a child may answer by it the greatest of questions, and solve the sublimest of mysteries, was perhaps never given than at an examination of a deaf and dumb institution, some years ago in London.

A little boy was asked, in writing, "who made the world?" He took the chalk, and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow, as he wrote:

"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

A third was then proposed, evidently adapted to call the most powerful feeling into exercise.

"Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I can hear and speak?"

"Never," said an eye-witness, shall I forget the look of resignation which sat upon his countenance, as he took the chalk and wrote:

"Even so, Father, for it seemed good in thy sight."

The Southern Gazette, England, reports that a young woman named Stevens recently had a difficulty with her lover, and attempted to commit suicide by jumping from a precipice on the coast, nearly six hundred feet high. She made the fearful leap from the top of the cliff, but her "crinoline" caught in the shrubbery growing out from the rocks at a point about one hundred feet from the top. Here the poor woman hung suspended the greater part of the day, making frantic efforts to tear herself loose, and complete the work of self-destruction. She was finally rescued by her lover, who was let down from the top by a rope.

Hurry and Obedience are the two attributes of Despatch and Skill; but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.

## The Two Hens.

"Remember" said the late Postmaster General of the United States, Judge Colman, "the first time I visited Burlington, Vt., as Judge of the Supreme Court. I had left it many years before, a poor boy. At the time I left, there were two families of special note, for their standing and wealth. Each of them had a son about my own age. I was very poor, and these boys were very rich. During the long years of hard toil, which passed before my return, I had almost forgotten them. They had long ago forgotten me."

"Approaching the court-house, for the first time in company with several gentlemen of the bench and bar, I noticed, in the court yard, a pile of old furniture, about to be sold at auction. The scenes of early boyhood with which I was surrounded prompted me to ask those who were with me to belong to Mr. J. I remembered a family of that name, very wealthy—there was a son, too, can it be he? I was told that it was, even so. He was the son of one of the families alluded to. He had inherited more money than he had earned, and spent all; and now was reduced to real wretchedness, and his furniture was that day to be sold for debt. I went into the court-house suddenly, yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was soon absorbed in the business before me. One of the first cases originated in a low, drunken quarrel between Mr. H. and Mr. A. Mr. H., thought I, this is a familiar name. Can it be? In short, I found it was the son of the other wealthy man that was referred to. I was overwhelmed alike with astonishment and thanksgiving—astonishment at the change of our relative position, and thanksgiving that I was not born to inherit wealth without toil.

Those fathers provide best for their children, who raise them with the higher education, the purer morals, and the least money."

## Signs.

When will signs and wonders cease?—Not till the destroying angel shall clip short the thread of time and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll. Not a day passes but we see good and bad signs, as the following will show:

- It is a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows.
- It is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.
- It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing his old clothes.
- It is a bad sign to see them filling the holes in the windows.
- It is a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his brow.
- It is a bad sign to see him wipe his chops as he comes out of the cellar.
- It is a good sign to see a woman dressing with taste and neatness.
- It is a bad sign to see her husband sued for her finery.
- It is a good sign for a man to advertise in the paper.
- It is a bad sign to see the sheriff advertise for him.
- It is a good sign to see a man sending his children to school.
- It is a bad sign to see them educated at evening school on the public square.

TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears.—They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unexpressed love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotion of the breast, when the soul has been rising, and tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh speak not harshly of the stricken one—weeping in silence! Break not the solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Despise not a woman's tears—they are what make her an angel.—Scuff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what elevate him above the brute. I love to see the tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy.—There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loath to live; and if not one might weep over my grave, I could not die in peace.—Exchange Paper.

The copperheads who have been lamenting the swiftness of the retribution which followed the verdict of the military commission in the conspiracy trials, and who have been predicting a howl from the whole civilized world, will not find much consolation in the following extract from the London Times:

Whatever may be alleged against the jurisdiction of this military commission, its proceedings were not too summary, for they lasted over many weeks. Of course, until the evidence is published, we can form no opinion upon the fairness of the verdict, but nothing that has yet transpired affords any reason for impugning it. It was hardly doubted, we believe, by any competent person in America, that the charge of conspiracy had been brought home to all the prisoners; and the question was rather as to the various degrees of their guilt and the proper apportionment of punishment. Against the severity of the sentence no word can be said. The lives of Booth and his fellow-conspirators were most justly forfeited. Human judges can recognize no excuse for assassination.

How many objects of pity are there all around us! How reasonable it is that we should be pitiful! How can we live intact upon our own happiness when there are so many lonely, sad, sorrowful, breaking hearts around us!

Why are books like the "vest of riches"? Because when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offense.

## How Deacon White Courtied the Widow.

The Deacon's wagon stopped one morning before Widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country sign that he wanted somebody in the house; by dropping the reins and sitting double with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow as lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow white cap. "Good-morning," was said by both sides, and the widow waited for what was father to be said.

"Well, ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, now, for nothing, anyway, do you?"

"Well, there, Mr. White, you couldn't have spoken my mind better. A poor-lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I shall be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Deacon White looked at Roan—then at the widow—at Brindle—then at the widow again, and so through the whole party.

The same call was made every day for a week, but the deacon could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when the widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday, and had never so much to do in the house, as all farmer's wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Deacon Smith was as irascible as ever.

"That here Downing cow is a pretty fair creature," said he, "but—" he stopped to glance at the widow's face; and then walked around her—not the widow—but the cow.

"The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones; she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle, but I have known better." A long stare succeeded his speech; the pause was getting awkward, and at last, Mrs. Jones broke out—

"Lord, Mr. White, if I'm the cow you want, do say so!"

The intentions of the deacon and the widow were published the next day.

## An Affecting Story Spoiled.

Sergeant Humiston, who it was supposed expired on the field of Gettysburg—who was the hero of the celebrated Gettysburg Photographs, of a very fine poem by James G. Clark, and of innumerable affecting newspaper articles—returned to his home and family, at Portville, Cattaraugus county, New York, recently, having been confined, as the Orleans Times learns, as a prisoner in one of the Southern prison pens, and but lately released. The Gettysburg incident as related, it will be remembered, was substantially as follows:

A lady passing over the Gettysburg field after the battle discovered the lifeless form of a soldier, who had apparently expired, with his last gaze riveted upon the miniature likenesses (still firmly held in the stiffened hand) of two little children, the "loved ones" at home. The likenesses were secured, but with no clue to the names of either the soldier or the subjects of the pictures. The pictures were, we believe, copied by the illustrated papers, and finally identified as those of the children of Sergeant Humiston, of Portville. We are informed that the family of the now resurrected Sergeant have been considerably benefitted pecuniarily by the sale of photographs, through the great publicity given to the affecting incident. Is not the Sergeant unwise to relinquish so enviable a fame and spoil such a touching story by returning to this life?

Precisely how much of fact, of mistake, and of humbug are mixed up with the whole affair we are at present unable to determine.

## A Snake Story.

Here is a snake story, located in Brazil, which rather "takes down" everything of home manufacture. It is well known that snakes are fond of milk. There was once a snake not exempt from this weakness of his fellow reptiles, which hit upon the following ingenious expedient to gratify its taste. It visited a room in which a black nurse and her nursing slept, and every night his snake-like would creep into the bed, cunningly insert the tip of its tail into the baby's mouth to amuse it and prevent its crying, while the hideous reptile substituted itself for the infant, which it thus deprived of its natural food, the nurse sleeping on, unconscious of having such a monstrous nursing.

Some time since in a trial which took place down South, the counsel asked a negro as to his notions of future punishment, &c. Among other questions asked, was, "Do you ever see your Bible?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"How?"

"I strap my razor on him sometimes."

Moses smote the rock with his rod and a stream gushed forth. Smite a rocky hearted negro, and no streams will gush out one from each eye.

At an school examination lately when the question was asked, "Why did the children of Israel make a golden calf?" a sharp little fellow replied, "Because they didn't have gold enough to make a bull."

A negro woman who was baptised a few Sundays ago at Huntsville, Alabama, came forth from the water, crying, "Freed from slavery, freed from sin—bless God and God's Grace!"

Paradoxical though it may seem, we have known persons to become very limber from the effect of taking a good glass of brandy.

Why is a sinner's heart so hard?—Because he is constantly pouring oil on it.

"Don't be Exact."—If the poor-house has any errors for you, never buy what you don't need. Before you pay three cents for a new hat, my boy, ascertain whether or not you can't make just as pleasant a horse, by whistling for just as pleasant a horse, and whether you pay fifteen dollars for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady love would not be just as glad to see you in a plain one that costs half the money. If she would not, let her crack her own walnuts, and buy her own clothes. When you see a man paying five dollars for a Freplicated toy, that a philosophic Yankee baby will pull to bits in five minutes, the chances are five to one that he'll live long enough to realize how many cents there are in a dollar, and if he don't, he's pretty sure to bequeath that privilege to his widow.—When a man asks you to buy that for which you have no use, no matter how cheap it is, don't say "yes," until you are sure that some one else wants it, at an advance. Money burns in some folks' pockets, and makes such a pesty hole, that everything that is put in drops through, past finding.

THE CELESTIAL STATE.—Old Ricketts was a man of labor, and had little or no time to devote to speculations of the future. He was, withal, rather uncouth in the use of language.

One day, while engaged in stopping hog-holes about his place, he was approached by a "colporteur" and presented with a tract.

"What is all this about?" demanded Ricketts.

"That, sir, is a book describing the celestial state," was the reply.

"Celestial State," said Ricketts. "And where the deuce is that?"

"My worthy friend I fear that you have not—"

"Well, never mind," interrupted old Ricketts. "I do not want to hear about any better State than old Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here, if I can keep them darned tormenting hog-out."

THE TOMATO.—An eminent physician ascribes the following important medicinal qualities to this delicious fruit:

- First—that the tomato is one of the most powerful aperients of the liver and other organs; where calomel is indicated, it is one of the most effective and the least harmful medical agents known to the profession.
- Second—that a chemical extract will be obtained from it that will supersede the use of calomel in the cure of disease.
- Third—that he has successfully treated diarrhoea with this article alone.
- Fourth—that when used as an article of diet, it is almost sovereign for dyspepsia and indigestion.
- Fifth—that it should be constantly used for daily food. Either cooked or raw, or in the form of catsup, it is the most healthy article now in use.

A NOBLE WOMAN.—A scene recently took place at a Paris wedding, in which the refining influence of love and French politeness combined to make a very charming picture. The bridegroom, an honest and industrious locksmith, was uneducated, and when called on to sign the register, marked across. The bride, on the contrary, although belonging to a poor family, had received an excellent education. Nevertheless, when the pen was passed to her, she signed a cross. The bridesmaid, a former schoolfellow of the bride, having expressed her astonishment, the young wife replied:—"Would you have me humiliate my husband? To-morrow I will commence teaching him to read and write."

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how he could tell the animal's age.

"By his teeth," was the reply.

The next day the man went to a horse dealer who had shown him a splendid animal. The horse turned open the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel.

"I don't want him," he said, "he's thirty two years old."

He had counted the teeth.

The tasks set to children should be moderate. Over-exertion is hurtful both physically and intellectually, and even morally. But it is of the utmost importance that they should be made to fulfill all their tasks correctly and punctually. This will train them for an exact, conscientious discharge of their duties in after life.

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