

VILLAGE



RECORD.

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POETICAL.



SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later the storms shall beat
Over my slumber, from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Work while you can
Time's fleeting by;
Gather the moments,
Quickly they fly.

MISCELLANY.

MINNIE, THE ORPHAN.

It was a large, light room, with half a dozen
maps hanging around the walls, and a few
stuffed chairs ranged in geometrical
precision—a room with not one home association...

And so Minnie Grove's little parcel was
packed, and her pink colored sunbonnet tied on,
and she meekly followed Mrs. Parker out of
the wide gateway that had sheltered her
orphanage so long.

Minnie's cheek flushed and then grew
pale.
'But Mrs. Parker, you promised—'
'I don't care what I promised. You are
indentured to me until you are eighteen
years old, and I intend you shall earn your
own living. Not another word, but obey me!'

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maps hanging around the walls, and a few
stuffed chairs ranged in geometrical
precision—a room with not one home association...

Wait!
Wait a moment, young man, before you
throw that money down on the bar and
demand a glass of brandy and water. Ask
yourself if twenty-five cents can not be bet-
ter invested in something else.

Wait, merchant, before you tell the pale-
faced boy from the country that you can do
nothing for him. You can do something for
him; you can give him a word of encourage-
ment, a word of advice.

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The Cruelty of Wirz.
The efforts of Louis Schade, Wirz's counsel,
to whitewash the memory of the Andersonville
jailer, has brought out some strong
testimony from an eye-witness of his cruelties.

The Winter of the Heart.
A beautiful writer counsels wisely when he
says: 'Live so that good angels may protect
you from this terrible evil—the winter of the
heart.'

Too Good to Keep.
We were much amused a few evenings
since, by hearing Mr. —, a life long
Democrat, and for years a slave to drink,
but for twenty months past a radical temper-
ance man, tell the following incident which
happened a few days ago:

Republicanism.
In the early days of christianity the disci-
ples of our meek and lowly Saviour—twelve
in number—gathered together in an upper
chamber at Jerusalem to engage in secret
prayer and worship, for, in those days, to
acknowledge oneself a christian was shure
to draw down upon them the indignation of
the worshippers of idols.

Death Sentence in England.
The progress from barbarism to civilization does
not show itself in British jurisprudence—
The sentence pronounced on Burke and Do-
ran, the condemned Fenians, is thus reported:

Spain although three centuries ago one of
the leading powers in Europe, is now the
most backward in all that concerns progress-
ive enterprise and education. In this respect
even Turkey is in advance of her; for the
Turkish children—so the missionaries say,—
can read and write. But in Spain, out of a
population of seventeen millions, only three
million can read and write.

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