



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

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NUMBER 22

YOU ALL

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILADELPHIA.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

THEY CURE YOUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS, AND WILL CURE YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in 1825.

THEY CURE YOUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS, And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now called Bitters. They are no laxative or purgative, and do not contain any poisonous or otherwise deleterious ingredients. They are the greatest known remedies for Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA, Nervous Debility, JAUNDICE, Eruptions of the Skin, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Indigestion, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Paleness or Yellowing of the Face, Dropsical Swellings, Scurvy, Eruptions of the Skin, Itching of the Head, Headache, Dizziness, Stomachic Sensations when in a Lying Position, Pains in the Head, Stiffness of the Neck, or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Impairment of the Vision, Yellowing of the Skin and Eyes, Itching of the Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Throat, Constant Headaches of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits. All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts of the most valuable medicinal plants from which these extracts are made in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific process, and the extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of the Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitter in the market in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not admissible.

Hoofland's German Tonic is a combination of the Bitters with pure Stimulants, such as Quinine, Iron, and Sarsaparilla. It is used for the same purposes as the Bitters, in cases where some pure stimulant is required. It is entirely different from any other stimulant, and its effects are entirely different from any other stimulant. It is a most valuable remedy for all cases of debility, and its effects are entirely different from any other stimulant.

DEBILITY. There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in curing Debility. They impart a tone to the system, and give strength to the organs, and cause an enjoyment of life which is entirely different from any other stimulant. It is a most valuable remedy for all cases of debility, and its effects are entirely different from any other stimulant.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by the use of Hoofland's German Bitters. They can be administered to children of all ages, and their effects are entirely different from any other stimulant. It is a most valuable remedy for all cases of debility, and its effects are entirely different from any other stimulant.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, April 28, 1867.

FROM REV. JOSEPH J. KENNARD, D. D., Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Philadelphia. Philadelphia, Dec. 1, 1867.

CAUTION. Hoofland's German Bitters are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Price of the Bitters, \$1.00 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$5.00. Price of the Tonic, \$1.50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for \$7.50.

The Tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recall that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters that are so universally and highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take any other Bitter, because it makes a large profit by selling you a cheap imitation of the genuine. These Bitters will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 63 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. H. EVANS, Proprietor.

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Bitters are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine. Sept 25 '68.

POETICAL.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear—
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves!
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie;
But the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
The lovely ones again.

THE COMMON FATE.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where the kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They too must bow another's will.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Sweat smell, and blossom in their dust.

The Power of Habit.

Among the stories which come down to us from the old Greeks, is one which tells us that Dejanira, the wife of Hercules, once sent her husband a vest dipped in poisoned blood, on pretence of preserving him from evil. Hercules, knowing nothing of the power of the poison, and perfectly unobservant, put it on, and for awhile felt no ill effects. But presently, the poison began to work, and sharp pains to run through his whole body. And now he strove to pull off the evened shirt, but in vain; it clung fast to him; or, if, by means of his great strength he tore away a piece of it, the skin and flesh came with it; and at last, the poison ate into his very vitals, so that he died.

Now this is not a true story, of course; it is a fable; but as many of the old fables, had a meaning in them, it has seemed as if this poisoned garment might have been intended to show the power of bad habits.—They are easily begun, and the boy or girl does not at first feel the evil of them; but after they have practiced them awhile, and begin to feel the sting, then let them try to get rid of them, and see how they will cling.

Securing is such a poisoned garment. It is easily and thoughtlessly taken up; it grows upon the boy or young man, until from the single cat's paw, his whole conversation becomes one stream of profanity. But let him begin to feel the evil of it—let him even become a changed man—and then see how his garment sticks to him; how almost impossible it is for him to overcome it; how suddenly a bad almost unconsciously, the oaths, which come almost as naturally to the lips as the breath, slip out. He no longer loves to swear, he hates it; but the force of habit is so powerful, that if he ordinarily keeps it in check, in moments of provocation, or sudden surprise, or peremptory command, the oath will come to his lips, and of ten years of prayer and penitence, and struggle, must pass ere he can wholly pluck away the poisoned raiment.

Drinking is such a garment. For awhile, it does not seem to injure those who indulge in it; but before long, it pierces them with a thousand stings. Then, if one try to tear away the habit with what fatal force it clings! And if, by the grace of God, and the power of a strong will he rends it away, how it seems to rend away with it flesh and muscle, and is like the dividing asunder of soul and body? How terrible the pangs of a drunkard who strives to abstain; how fierce the temptation; how dreadful the struggle—sometimes even destroying life itself! How, when he passes the gin-shop, he must set his teeth clenched his hands, and hurry past, lest his appetite drag him in, in spite of himself! Boys, you ever put on a garment like this? Ah! easy to put on, but almost impossible to tear off and live. No merely human hand can pluck it away.

And while there are few who, by the grace of God, do overcome, and rid themselves, with fierce and bloody struggle, from the destroying venom of evil habit, the vast majority either sink under it without an effort, or, after some vain endeavors to tear themselves away from it, give up a strife, for which they are not strong enough, and in which they are constantly overcome, and sink and die, destroyed by the fatal poison. Oh! never, never take up a habit—any habit—which either must destroy you, or which, if you do not finally renounce yourself away from, will leave its deadly mark and scars forever.

Anecdote of 'Raccoon Smith.'

The late Elder John Smith, of Kentucky, who died recently at an advanced age, was one of the most eccentric wits to be found south of the Ohio river. He was a learned divine—first of the Regular Baptist, afterwards of the Disciples' Church; he was an eloquent and powerful preacher, and a pious christian gentleman, but withal a 'natural born wag.' The anecdotes related of him would fill a large volume. He was familiarly known all over Kentucky and the Great West by the cognomen of 'Raccoon Smith.'

While he was still in the Baptist ministry, and attending one of the Annual Associations of that body, a tall, lank, green specimen of the *genus homo*, presented himself before the Association as a candidate for Holy Orders. The young would be clergyman was not regarded as being of sound mind; but laboring under the hallucination that he was specially 'called' to preach the Gospel, he was continually importuning the Association to grant him the necessary license to preach.

In addition to his partially unbalanced mind, the young aspirant for clerical honors was the possessor of an ungainly and huge pair of feet as ever trod in shoes leather.

Not being disposed to granting a license to the young man, the Association handed him over to 'Raccoon Smith,' with instructions to make an end of the case. The following conversation obtained between the two.

By the by, the young man's name was Jones.

Brother Smith.—So, Brother Jones, you think you have a special 'call' to preach, do you?

Brother Jones.—Yes, that I do. The Lord has called me to the work, but the Association refuse me the license.

Smith.—How do you know you are called?

Jones.—Know it! I feel it in my heart of hearts. I want my license.

Smith.—Do you believe the Bible, Brother Jones?

Jones.—Certainly I do so—every word of it.

Smith.—Well, now, if I can prove by the Bible that you are not 'called to preach,' will you be satisfied to drop the matter, and not importune the Association any more for a license?

Brother Jones assented to this; and Raccoon Smith deliberately opened the New Testament at Romans, 10: 15, and in grave, deliberate tones read as follows: 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace,' &c. Then glancing at Jones's large feet, he remarked, 'You see, Brother Jones, that the Bible declares that the feet of the preacher are beautiful; you, sir, have the most unrighteously ugly feet in the State of Kentucky, therefore by the Bible it is clear you have not been specially called.'

As Smith finished his remarks, the entire Association 'went off' in a paroxysm of laughter, and Bro. Jones, really concluding that he had not been 'called,' bolted from the meeting house, and never afterwards annoyed the Association with his importunities for a 'license to preach.'

The Devil in Kentucky.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]
BROOKVILLE, KY., Oct. 10, '68.

A wonderful phenomenon has recently made its appearance on Willow Creek, in Braekon county, about two miles from Brookville, and has been seen by a number of the worthy citizens of our county. Our citizens have been in a constant state of excitement since it first made its appearance.

On the 10th instant one of our citizens, a prominent tobacco merchant, residing in Brookville, was returning home from the southern portion of the county, where he had been buying some crops of tobacco, and, being belated, was riding along the road, when suddenly he beheld a very frightful object in the middle of the road immediately in front of him. I will give you the description of it as I heard it from his lips:

'The object was about six feet in height, and walked upright. The face was at times that of a man, very pale, with curls of flame falling over his shoulders; eyes of sulphurous hue, changing constantly in size, one moment large as a tin cup, and then gradually decreasing in size until it was almost invisible. Its arms were those of a man, and hands deadly pale. In one hand it held a torch, and in the other a sword that seemed to be about four feet in length. Its lower extremity was that of a horse, with legs well proportioned, and hoofs like those of a horse. Its tail, which was about three feet in length, was of flame. Its breath was a solid sheet of fire, which vibrated with the heavings of its breast, like the pedulum of a clock. It was certainly the most frightful object I ever beheld. It walked off to the side of the road, and then vanished. When it disappeared I immediately put spurs to my horse and galloped by the spot where I had seen it. When I arrived at the summit of the hill, about two hundred yards off, I looked back and saw the object in the same spot where I first beheld it. I stopped my horse and watched it for a moment; it walked over to the left side of the road, and mounted a rail fence that stood there, commenced running toward me. I did not stay to see the remainder of the drama.'

He immediately rode to town, and having told the adventure to some of the citizens, they immediately formed a party and started out to see the strange visitant. Lawyers, doctors, preachers, and tradesmen, armed with guns and pistols, made their way en masse to the scene of this strange adventure. When they arrived at the spot, some of them beheld the spectre and others could not. It was when they saw it, on the fence, and running rapidly along up and down it past the crowd, for the distance of a quarter of a mile. As it passed the crowd several fired at it, but with no effect.

About eleven o'clock it vanished, and was seen no more that night. Since then it has been seen every night at the same place. Hundreds of visitors have been on hand every night, and the excitement is at a very high state now, and is increasing. The cause of this is beyond human conjecture. It has been only about a year since it was seen in this county before. The country is astir, and the people are eager to get rid of their unwelcome visitant. This is the whole narrative.

Will not some philosopher explain the cause of this wonder?

Yours truly,
JOSEPH PEYTON,
STATE OF KENTUCKY, } ss.
Braekon County, }
We, the undersigned, make oath and say that the above statement is substantially correct, and has been examined by us,
JONATHAN C. SOULE,
LUCIUS LANGDON,
His
TAMES S. WOLFE,
mark,
Sworn to before me, this 16th day of October, 1868.
JOHN P. JONES,
Justice of the Peace.

The Wrong Woman.

Reading an article in which Mrs. Oakes Smith relates a story of a woman proposing to the wrong man, reminds me of the occurrence that happened here some twenty years since. A distinguished professor and divine from this neighborhood was on a visit to some friends east of the mountain and was introduced to a very respectable family which had two accomplished daughters—one of them very handsome, and the other rather plain, spending some weeks in the neighborhood, and having frequently opportunities of meeting the ladies, he became quite enamored with the younger and prettier of the sisters. He however, returned home without showing any preference. He was a man of very sedate and studious habits, and soon became absorbed in his books, and for a time seemed to forget his new acquaintances. But the image of one of them seemed to be continually before his mind. After having maturely considered the matter, I have no doubt, sought guidance from on high, he concluded to commence a correspondence with the object of his affection. Unfortunately, or fortunately, as he stated, he addressed the wrong lady. He had got her name transposed. The correspondence finally led to an engagement. The day was fixed for the wedding, and the grave and reverend D. D. entered his appearance at the proper time. But what was his consternation to find that he was going to marry the lady he had not courted. But being a sensible and honorable man he said nothing about it believing the head of Providence was in the matter, and was actually married to the sister of the girl he thought he had won. Time wore on; she proved to be a most amiable, intelligent, and affectionate wife. He never told the story till after the younger sister was happily married. He never had reason to repent the mistake, and he to this day is firm in the belief that God so ordained it for his happiness. 'All's well that ends well.'—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

FIRST LOVE.—The celebrated David Crockett, when quite a young man, fell in love with a beautiful Quaker girl, and thus forcibly, graphically and poetically describes the effect on an ardent and susceptible mind produced by a first love:

'I found myself over head and heels in love with this girl, and I thought that if all the hills there were pure chink, and all belonged to me, I would give them if I could just talk to her as I wanted to; but I was afraid to begin; for when I would think of saying anything to her, my heart would begin to flutter like a duck in a puddle, and if I tried to outdo it and speak it would get right up in my throat, and choke me like a cold potato.'

WAINING SEASON.—The summer months have come and gone, and we are now in the season of the 'falling of the leaf.' The days are growing shorter, and the haze about the purple hills forms a dreamy shroud for the dead summer. The murmur of the brook has a graver sound, the wind comes with a sadder wail, and from the woods there comes the sound of dripping nuts. All these pleasant days will soon be past, and soon the earth will sleep in the pearly mantle of snow, and the year will be beyond our ken, leaving only its traces on our brows, and memories in our hearts.

A lover who was slighted by the ladies, very modestly asked one if she would let him spend the evening with her. 'No' she angrily replied, 'that's what I won't.' 'You needn't be so lussy about it,' replied he, 'I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go anywhere else.'

NUISANCES.—Cross eyed spinsters, mischief making women, grumbling old backsliders, dilapidated sidewalks, squalling children, frowzy wives, dirty postal currency, and a subscriber who does not pay for the Record.

'Mrs. Jellyjohn, have you raised any pears out at your place yet?' asked Mrs. Pumphor. 'Why, no; I ever had any pairs, bless you. All my brats came single.'

Mrs. J. saw the innocent mistake, and let it go.

A man, out west, has moved so often that, when his chickens see a covered wagon stop before the house, they march into the road, fall upon their backs, behind the wagon, and crawl their legs to be tied.

The biggest aristocrats, as well as the most disagreeable people in the world, are persons who without education or culture, have by mere luck, come into possession of a few thousand dollars.

A man who will take a newspaper for three years and then refuse to pay for it, will steal his grandmother's night cap and sell it for whisky.

It is said that more money is paid for cigars in the United States than for bread.—That shows we are a "putting" people.

How many calves' tails would it take to reach from the earth to the sky? No more than one, if it be long enough.

If you would make yourself agreeable wherever you go, listen to the grievances of others, but never relate your own.

A country youth says a lady with a Grecian head looks like a crooked-neck squash struck by lightning.

Why do men make an oven in a town?—Because they cannot make a town in an oven.

Of all the pitiful rogues in the world, the very meanest are those who beat their wives.

MILINERY GOODS!

TO THE LADIES!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINGER has just received a full supply of new Millinery goods. Ladies are invited to call and examine her stock.

GOOD TEMPLAR REGALIAS supplied of the material to make them furnished.

Oct 23 '68

'My Friends, Death is Here.'

It was an unusual day in Washington.—The greatest of pulpit orators, the youthful and gifted Sumnerfield, was to preach for the first time in that city. The fame of his marvelous eloquence had preceded him.—Every one was anxious to hear his mellifluous voice and soul-stirring words. Eloquent men were common in Washington at that time: Webster and Clay, and their gifted cotemporaries; were winning forensic laurels. A man was now coming who looked upon earthly glory as vanity, and the theme of whose eloquence was eternity. Men of noble stature and proud and lofty bearing, whose souls were fired by an unquenchable thirst for fame, had appeared again and again in the political arena of the Capitol; but a man was now coming whose thoughts centered in theopathy, and whose face, reflecting the soul on which the sunshine of heaven perpetually shone, was one of almost ethereal beauty. At an early hour the church was crowded, and multitudes were unable to gain admittance. It was decided to leave the church and to proceed to the hall of the House of Representatives, and hold the service there. The news spread, a vast throng filled the hall, and when Sumnerfield himself arrived, he was unable to reach the Speaker's chair.—He was conducted to the east portico, where the Presidents are inaugurated, and the multitude filled the public square in front.—Statesmen crowded around him, and near him stood Henry Clay, then one of the most conspicuous men of the nation. Here and there might be seen the rich dress and proud bearing of the gay and worldly—the elite of the fashionable city! It was a scene of life—of life's fullness and beauty. Sumnerfield contemplated the spectacle. Thoughts like those that made Xerxes weep on reviewing his army made him deeply sad. He rose. Every one was eager to catch the first words of the youthful eulogist. They came at last, not in silvery accents—the vox aeternitatis that the audience expected, but solemnly and slowly, as words of awful import. 'My friends, death is here.' Every one was startled. The alarming declaration sunk deep in every heart, and 'death,' 'death' rung in every ear. Each one felt as though his last sentence had been pronounced. Shortly after, as the speaker proceeded, many shrieked aloud from the intensity of their convictions. Some fainted, and cries and groans were heard on every side.

Yes, death was there. Few now survive who listened to that memorable discourse; and they, then youthful and beautiful, are now old and withered. The gifted and the gay who then mingled in the elegant circles of that city have long ago given place to others, and the statesmen are gone—all gone!—*Cur. N. Y. Independent.*

A habit in a child is at first like a spider's web; if neglected it becomes a thread or twine; next a cord or rope; finally, a cable—and then, who can break it?

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

Life Lengthened.

- Cultivate an equal temper, many a man has fallen dead in a fit of passion.
- Eat regularly, not over three times a day, and nothing between meals.
- Go to bed at regular hours. Get up as soon as you wake yourself, and do not sleep in the day time, at least no longer than ten minutes.
- Work always by the day, and not by the job.
- Stop working before you are very much tired—before you are 'ragged out.'
- Cultivate a generous and accommodating temper.
- Never cross a bridge before you come to it—this will save you half the trouble of life.
- Never eat when you are not hungry; nor drink when you are not thirsty.
- Let your appetite always come uninvited.
- Cool off in a place greatly warmer than the one in which you have been exercising; this simple rule would prevent incalculable sickness and save millions of lives every year.
- Never resist a call of nature.
- Never allow yourself to be chilled 'through and through,' it is this which destroys so many every year, in a few days' sickness, from pneumonia, called by some lung fever or inflammation of the lungs.
- Whenever drinks no liquid at meals will add years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold or warm drinks the former are the most pernicious; drinking at meals induces persons to eat more than they otherwise would, as any one can verify by experiment, and it is excess in eating which devastates the land with sickness, suffering and death.
- And after fifty years of age, if not a day laborer, and sedentary persons after forty, should eat twice a day—in the morning and about four in the afternoon. Persons can accustom themselves to a seven-hour interval between eating, thus giving the stomach rest; for every organ, without rest will give out prematurely.
- Begin early to live under the benign influence of the Christian religion, for it has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

The True Nobility.

FROM SURGEON.

He who knows nothing of the inner life is but little above the mere animal, and is by no means comparable to the sons of God, to whom is given the royal priesthood, the princely inheritance. In proportion as the spiritual life is developed, the man grows in dignity, becoming more like the Prince of glory, yet the very proof and source of the dignity of the holy life lies in faith. Take an instance. The man appears at no time disturbed. Surrounded by robber bands, he dwells in his tent as quietly as in a walled city. Abraham walked with God, and does not seem to have quickened or slackened his pace; he maintained a serene, obedient walk, never hastening through fear, nor loitering through sloth; he kept sweet company with his God—and what a noble life was his! The father of the faithful was a kingly man, yet, a conqueror of kings, and greater than they. How calm in his usual life! Lot, followed his carnal prudence, is robbed in Sodom, and at last loses all; Abraham, following in his faith, abides as a pilgrim, and is safe. Lot is carried away captive out of a city, but Abraham remains securely in a tent, because he cast himself on God. When does Abraham fall? When does that mighty eagle suddenly drop as with wounded wing? It is when the arrow of unbelief has pierced him; he begins to tremble for Sarah his wife; she is fair—perhaps the Philistine king will take her from him; then, in an unbelieving moment, he says: 'She is my sister.' Ah! Abraham, where is thy nobility now? The man who so calmly and confidently walked with God while he believed, degrades himself to utter the thing that is not, and so falls to the common level of falsehood. Even so will you, so shall each of us, be strong or weak, noble or fallen, according to our faith. Walking confidently with God, and leaning confidently on the Everlasting Arm, you shall be as a celestial prince surrounded by ministering spirits—your life will be happy and holy, and withal glorious before the Lord; but the moment you distrust your God, you will be tempted to follow degrading methods of civil policy, and you will pierce yourself through with many sorrows.

A true friend is not born every day; it is best to be courteous to all, intimate with few, for though perhaps we may have less cause of joy, I am sure we shall have less occasion for sorrow.

There is a threefold death in the slanderer's tongue; it kills him who slanders, him who is slandered, and him who receives the slander.

Negro Wedding.

A negro wedding lately took place in Alabama, at which the sable parson thus spoke:

'Here is a couple who have walked out to-night, wishing to be joined in and thro' love, and wishing all dem dat have any ting twixt dem come forward and speak now, if not let dem hold dar peace now and forever more. I wants every ear to hear, and every heart to enjoy.'

'Mr Jim Thompson', whomever stands fastly to your left side, do you take her for your beloved wife, to wait on her through sickness and through health, safe and be safe, holy and be holy, loving and be loving, do you love her mother, do you love her father, do you love her brothers, do you love her sisters, do you love her master, do you love her mistress, but do you love God the best? Answer—'I will.'

'Miss Mary Thompson, whomever stands fastly by your right side, do you take to be your dear beloved husband, to wait on him through health and through confusion, safe and be safe, holy and be holy; do you love his mother, do you love his father, do you love his brothers, do you love his sisters, do you love God the best? Answer—'I will.'

'I shall pronounce Mr. Jim to hold Miss Mary fastly by the right hand, and I shall pronounce you to be man and wife by the commandments of God. Now, Mr Jim, bless your bride. Let us sing a hymn:

'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,' etc.

LIFE.—For every one life has some blessing—some can that is not mixed with bitterness. At every heart there is some fount of pure waters and all men at some time or other taste their sweetness. Who is he that has not found on his path of life some fragrant rosebud, scenting all the air with its sweet perfume?

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