

VILLAGE RECORD

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MACHINE SHOP AND LUMBER YARD! THE PROPRIETORS OF THE WAYNESBORO SASH AND DOOR FACTORY. BUILDING MATERIAL. ALL KINDS LUMBER. THE CORNER DRUG STORE, WAYNESBORO, PA. DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON PROPRIETOR. SONG: If my true love was sick to death, I'd tell her at her latest breath...

THE EVENING STAR. Loved Nature sleeps; the wakeful stars Are everywhere on high. And scarce a soft and fleecy cloud Baits o'er the azure sky. But 'mid that sisterhood of gems; In boundless space afar; Is one, sweet Queen of all the rest, It is—the Evening Star. Sweet, radiant star of heavenly birth, To-night for land and sea, 'Tbout heat a loving, tranquil smile Of hallowed majesty. Embathed amid the softest skies, We love thy light divine, And wish that clouds might never hide A face so calm as thine.

Mrs. Walsingham wants you to drive Grandma Thomson home. She isn't well, and wants to go. I'll take care of Miss Maggie meanwhile. Paul got up. He gave me a look I should not understand; and after he had given me a dozen steps, he came back and offered me his hand. 'Good bye, Miss Maggie,' he said, and I heard his breath coming short and fast—'good bye,' and away he went. And I and James Reeder were left alone. 'It happened exactly as I knew it would. He asked me to be his wife before we had been together half an hour, and I said 'Yes.'

Is Friday an Unlucky Day? Few educated people put any faith in the popular superstition which has obtained among the ignorant and unlearned, from time immemorial, that Friday is an unlucky day. We are well assured, that, notwithstanding this superstitious prejudice does not prevail so universally as it did in days gone by, there are many good meaning and excellent people who feel reluctant to undertake a work of great moment or importance on a day which vain tradition has marked as inauspicious in the calendar. It is seldom that ships set out on a long voyage on Friday. Hardened, sturdy and daring tars who will spring to the topsails and stand on the yard arm amid the surging of a tempest tossed ocean, and the fearful rocking of the frail bark, have a 'tholy horror' of getting out on a voyage that day.

Is the Bible the Word of God? 'The Bible the word of God! No!' says a young skeptic, who has been reading an infidel book. 'No! it is the invention of men.' But the Bible claims to be the Word of God, does it not? 'Yes; the men who wrote it pretend that they 'spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' and what they said was 'Thus saith the Lord.' But that was only a cunning deception, in order to make men the more readily believe it. If the Bible is not what it claims to be, it is, you think, an imposture, and its writers were deceivers and liars? 'Yes, that is what I believe.' Good men would not lie and deceive would they? 'Of course not.' Then the Bible, you are sure, could not have been written by good men? 'I feel certain it was not.'

WHAT WIEL THE WORLD SAY?—How much oftener this question is asked when looking for some rule of action, or guide to conduct, than that more important question, 'What will heaven say? what will conscience say?' 'Oh, the mighty potency of the world!—Oh, the effeminate weakness of the conscience! We strive for Wealth, we strive for Power, we strive for Bread, and yet in all these strivings, we only ask ourselves, what will the world say? Will the world approve us? Will the world applaud us? Will the world smile on us? Will the world be our witness? Will the world be our approver? Will the world be our rewarder? Will the world be our punisher? Will the world be our friend? Will the world be our foe? Will the world be our God? Alas, how foolish humanity is! How many souls make up the total of humanity? And yet the world is filled up with Churches, and Ministers preach the Word of God, and denounce the follies of a wicked world; Bibles and Prayer Books abound on every hand; Religion points its finger to Heaven and asks the wanderer to turn his thoughts to that 'land of pure delight.' But in vain. The dress that we wear, the food that we eat, the act of good or evil report that we perform, are all governed by the judgments of this 'wicked world.'