Middlebury Register.

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The Register.

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41:1f

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MIDDLEBURY, VT.
Having recovered my health, I will again give calls in the line of my profession. 9tf

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Middlebury, Vt. Jan. 8th, A. D., 1866. 41:

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POETRY.

THE CALL.

BY MRS. OLLIE E. THOMAS.

As the myriad mountain streamlets
Haste to sweep the ocean shore,
Bearing in their changeful bosoms
Spells of music evermore.

As the songs of morn ascending
With sweet incense greet the sun,
As the purple shades descending
Fold the earth when day is done.

So humanity is turning
In its restlessness, to be
Folded in the golden promise
Of God's immortality.

Hark! His voice like echoing thunder
Rends to-day the quivering sky,
Hear the call, obey the warning
And the joy shall never die!

Come, and tread the path of blessing!
Come, and lay thy burdens down!
For beyond the cross is waiting
For them an eternal crown.

While the clarion call re-echoes
In the east, and in the west,
Shall our vales repeat the tidings
Of sad hearts unnowned, unblest?

No! for every faithful soldier
Bears the red cross banner high,
Girding on his armor goeth
To the field to win or die.

O'er the plains like rushing waters
Comes the tread of many feet,
Israel's chosen sons and daughters
Hastening to the mercy seat.

All who will may join the chorus,
All beneath the palms may rest,
All a benediction gather
Folded to the Savior's breast.

Wake! arise! too long we've slumbered!
See the glorious morn at hand!
Hear the glad Millenial music
Through the borders of our land!

Kingdoms bow before the scepter
While Immanuel's watchwords ring,
Join the march, each faithful spirit
Shall be written priest and king!

MISCELLANY.

Salt Tears

A FISHERMAN'S TALE.

I've seen that same face of hers scores of times since, and though it makes me shudder and nips me to the heart, I always go and have a good long look at it, and come away a better man. You may see that face yourself—as much as if it had been taken from her sad anxious looks—you may see it at the picture shop windows, and it's of a woman tying a handkerchief around a man's arm, and she looks up at him pitifully, and it's called "The Huguenot." That's like the look, and the face that gazed up into mine after she told me what I know now was the truth; and I—yet I'm most ashamed to own it—I flung her away from me, and wouldn't believe what she said. There was a tear upon each cheek and the bright drops were brimming in her eyes, and ready to fall; but I was hard and bitter, and whispered to myself that they were false tears, put on to cheat me, and I ran out of the house, swearing that I'd enter it again no more.

It wasn't a large house, that house of ours, but if it had been a palace I don't think it could have been a happier home than it had been for years; and of course I knew that that's a foolish way of talking, for happiness isn't a thing to be found in palaces, any more than in the smallest of cottages. It seems to me that real happiness grows, as it were, out of the true faith and trust a man and his wife have in one another; while the strength of two working together the same way gives them a help forward in the world that nothing can resist.

Speaking of a fisherman, and one who was brought up with the sound of the sea always in his ears, I may say we rowed well together in the same boat, Mary and I. I had a long fight of it before I could persuade her that it would be best for her future that she should take me for a pilot and not Harry Penellyn; but I did persuade her at last, and we were married down at the little fisherman's church at the head of the cove.

Four years of as happy a life then fell to my lot as could fall to any man in this life, I believe. My ways were rough, and hers were not those of a lady, but they suited our station in life, and what more would you have? Living the life I do now, busy here about this great city fish-market, I look back upon that bright bit of life as if it was some dream; and though I can't settle to go back to the old place, I cling to the fish, and look upon those days when a west country boat comes in, as days worth recollecting; for they bring the blood into one's cheek, and a bit of light into one's eye.

I can see it all now as plain as can be; the little fishing village under the cliff; the stout granite pier running out so as to form a harbor for the fishing boats; and the blue sea, stretching away as far as the eye could reach. Down by its edge, too, the weed-fringed rocks, piled high in places, with the sea foaming among the crevices, and again forming little rock-pools where the bright sea growths flourished; and as the tide came in with its fresh cooling waters, you saw the limpets and sea-flowers wakening again to life, while many a spider-crab and shell-fish crept out of the nook or crack, where it had hidden from the warm sun. I can see it all now at any time, though I am growing grey, and a score of years have passed since; but brighter than all seem to stand out those two mournful eyes, with the same tearful look they gave me as I flung out of the door and saw them for the last time; for when next I looked upon that face the eyes were fast closed, and could I have opened them the luster would have been gone.

A west country fisherman's life is one which takes him a deal from home, for sometimes we go off for perhaps three months at a time to the north coast, or to Ireland, when the herring season is on; and, like the rest, I used to be off in my boat, sorry enough to leave home—happy enough to return after a busy season, till one year, when I took it into my head to think it strange that Harry Penellyn, my wife's old beau, should spin his illness out so long and stop ashore, time after time, when the boats went out, and him seeming to be well and strong as any of us. There had been a heavy gale on the coast some weeks before, and, as we always do at such times, we had run in for the harbor as soon as we saw it coming; but through bad seamanship, Penellyn's boat came in, inside the rocks, when she should have gone outside, and then, through their not having water enough, she grounded, lifted again, caught by the stern, and then swung around broad-side in the waves, which swept her half deck, while a regular chorus of shrieks rose from the women standing ashore.

It was a rough time, for even our boats that were in the harbor were grouning and grinding together, while every now and then the sea would roll over so as to threaten to kill them, sweeping the pier from end to end. In an ordinary way we made a custom of laughing at the crew of a boat who, from bungling, got her on the rocks; for born as we were on the bay, with our fathers fishers before us, we knew every stone along the coast, and could almost have steered our boat to them blindfold; but this was no time to jeer, for now the poor fellows were being swept one by one from their hold, and borne struggling through the surf to the rocks, where they were in danger of being dashed to pieces, for ours was no smooth, sandy beach. Some were swimming, some beating the water frantically; and, clad as our men are, in their thick cloth trousers, heavy sea boots, and Guernsey shirt, they stand a poor chance of keeping afloat long, for the weight of their large boots is enough to draw them down.

There was every one in a state of excitement—men running out as far as they could, and throwing ropes—men shouting orders that nobody attended to—women tossing their arms up and crying, while first one and then another of the boat's crew was dragged ashore and carried half drowned up to the cottages.

I was standing looking on, with Mary by my side, for she was out on the cliff when my boat came into the little harbor while her hand was first to clasp mine when I got ashore, thankful for the escape we had back, for the sea had rose wonderfully quick. I had taken no part in trying to save the boat's crew, for there were plenty of willing hands, and there being now but little standing room below the cliff, I had thought I should be in the way; but now it seemed to me that one poor fellow would be lost with the efforts they were making to save him, for he was too weak to cling to the ropes thrown out, and as fast as he was swept in by the waves, they sucked him back again three or four times.

I had not seen who it was, but just then, as I made a start as if to go down, my wife clutched my arm, and there was a wild look in her face as she said aloud, "Harry Penellyn."

The excitement of the moment carried almost everything before it, but I had a strange feeling shoot through my heart, and something seemed to say "Keep back;" but the next minute I was fighting with the waves, with the noose of a rope round my body, and plenty of stout mates ashore fast hold of the end; while, after a strangling battle, I got tight hold of Penellyn, and we were drawn ashore and both of us carried to my cottage, though I tried hard to get upon my feet and walk, but I might have known that our fellows would not have let me on any account.

Well, Harry Penellyn lay at our place three or four days, and Mary tended him, and all that time I had to fight against a strange, ungenerous, cowardly feeling that would creep over me, and seem'd at times to make me mad, till I got myself in a corner and asked myself questions, to all of which I could only answer the same word—nothing. Then Penellyn got better, and went to his mother's house; and time went on, till I grew latter, and harsh, and morose, and was always haunted by a suspicion that I would not put into words, though now the question came again and again—"Why doesn't Harry Penellyn go to sea?"

No answer came to my question; and though he seemed now to be well and strong as ever he always stayed at home while we went out; and in my frame of mind this troubled me, and I kept feeling glad that we were only out now on the short trips of a few days in length. I grew angry with myself and with all around. Ay, and I grow angry even now, when I think that a few earnest words of explanation—a few questions that I know would have been answered freely—would have set all right, and perhaps have saved the life of as good and loving a woman as ever lived in the light.

But it was not to be so; and I went wilfully blinding my eyes to everything—placing a wrong construction upon every look and word, and making those true eyes gaze at me again and again in wonder; while Harry Penellyn, who had never before shown me much good will, now that I had saved his life, would have been friends, only I met his every advance with a black scowl, when he always turned off and avoided me.

One evening it had come to the lot of my boat to run into the harbor with the fish of several other boats; for the takes had been very light, and somehow I felt more light and happy that night than I had done for weeks. I got ashore, left my mates tending the mackerel, and ran up to our cottage to find my wife out—This did not trouble me at first; but after a few minutes' fidgeting about, I felt a flush come in my face, and hurrying out, I made an excuse at Mrs. Penellyn's, and got to know that Harry was out, too. The hot blood rose from my cheeks to my forehead, and seemed to blind me, while a strange singing sensation came to my ears; but the next minute I was tearing along the cove in the dark of the evening, so as to get away where I might be alone with my thoughts, for that vile suspicion that was struggling with me before had now conquered and beaten me down, so that I was its slave, and for the time a regular madman. *I* had run for about half a mile, when *I* stopped panting, and began to walk slowly along beneath the trees close beside the fern burg rocky bank, while it was now too dark to see far before me. But the next instant *I* was standing with my breath held and one hand resting on my side, for as *I* crouched close to the bank *I* heard Penellyn's voice, talking earnestly as he passed a few yards from me, with his arm lightly clasping a woman's waist, while they had passed they stopped, and their lips met in a long clinging kiss—a kiss which sent the mad blood bubbling through my veins, as without stopping to think, *I* leaped from where *I* was hid, and, as the woman shrieked and fled, *I* had Penellyn by the throat, and we joined in a fierce struggle.

If an angel had told me I was deceived, I should not have believed him then in my blind fury; but it was not until, having dashed his head against the ground again and again, I felt my enemy's hold relax, that I leaped up, kicked him savagely and then ran back. Just as I had expected, Mary was at home, looking hot and flushed, but she jumped up with a smile, and hurried to me, saying—"I was down at Mrs. Trevere's, dear; but I heard your boat had come, and——"

She stopped short, half frightened at my wild looks and disordered clothes, and half by the savage curse I gnashed out at her as I seized her arms; while as the truth flashed upon her, she was the next moment at my feet, appealing to me, uttering vow after vow, clasping her hands and seeming half crazed with horror; while I, poor mad fool, glared on her, and thought her anguish was caused by guilt. Ah my! that I could have been such a fool—so blind, so mad—that I could turn from those true, appealing eyes, and rush from the place, meaning never to return, and feeling savagely glad as I saw her fall senseless upon the floor.

Would weeping blood for my folly have recalled all that, would giving up my life have crushed it out, I would have done it a hundred times; but it was done—it was one of the hard things of fate, and I rushed from the room and the village, heedless that the girl who had been Harry Penellyn's companion had spread the alarm that he had been attacked, and that he had been brought in nearly dead. *I* knew nothing, saw nothing, except my own mad misery, and at times was wild that I had not slain the wife who had lain in my bosom, till something rose up whispering me of the past.

I found my way to Bristol, and then to London, and after a while I learned from one from my own part that Harry Penellyn had recovered and was married, and that my wife was ill. I fought with myself one week—two weeks—a month—and then I went, getting taken round the coast in a fishing boat. I landed and went up the old slip, on to the cliff in the dusk of evening just as *I* had walked up a year before, and *I* roused myself up to my task, saying *I* would go and forgive her, and then see her no more. Forgive her! What had *I* to forgive? Had she forgiven me before her eyes closed in that long sleep, and her pure spirit fled? I asked myself that again and again, when her mother led me to the room I dared not enter alone, and, with the few words she had uttered, made the black veil of mad jealousy drop from before my eyes. But it was too late—too late—and I could not see those eyes look their forgiveness, for they were sealed close, and I was alone.

Her mother left me there for awhile, and then fetched me away, and I followed her like a child, listening to her long tale of her child's sorrow, and the upbraidings she heaped upon my head. What could I do but groan and bear it—bear it as a part of my punishment here for my folly? It was a mistake—the act of a fool—but I suffered for it; while with me ever, seeming too, at times, even to smile upon me—upon me, a broken man—a man of rough toil and a hard life—there are those two faithful, loving eyes, and the memory of their last look seems to grow brighter as I get nearer to the end of my bit of life. There, sir, that's my story—a sad enough one, too, you will say—and I am obliged to try and laugh it off, or I should get no work done. We all have hearts, sir, and more or less they're moved by the same feelings. Nothing's good without a moral, sir—never be beyond listening to reason.

It seems strange that housekeepers don't buy pails and tubs with brass hoops and trimmings.

All animals are fond of sunshine. Let them bask in it, if possible.

From the Toledo Blade.

Nasby.

A HORRIBLE VISION—THE LAST NIGGER.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky, Dec. 9, 1867.

Last nite, for amoozment, I piked up a vollum uv poems, riten by wun Camell, and happened to read a peace called the "Last Man." It is a raypher heavy peace uv writin. His descriptive powers are raypher better than mine, tho, perhaps, of my too partial friends ain't too partial, he iz a long way behint me in the matter uv pathetics, and in them fine tutches wich show the man uv sole and sensibility.

Be that ez it may, the poem maid an impreshun on me, (wich is proof there is suthin in it,) and it was onto my mind as I retired to my virtuous couch.

Skarcely hed I sunk into slumber, when my viggorus intelleck, which even the bonds uv slumber can't chane, wandered away into the misty realms uv speculashen. I hed the most horrible dream that ever afflicted a sleepin man, wich the bare recolleckshun uv, causes a voluntary shudder to thrill my susceptible phrame.

Methought a epidemic started in Afrika, and cum by regular steps through Europe, and finally reached New York. For a time it raged alike among all classes uv people, and among all colors and complexions. The proud and haughty Caucassian, the bold and patriotic Celt, the nobul red man uv the forest, (wich is pizen,) all, all, wuz swept away by the relentless pestilence.

Finally it abated. The white man and the red man begun to escape the fangs uv deth; but among the niggers it raged wuss than ever. Thro the South it swept like a tornado, sparin the whites, but cuttin down every nigger in its path. There wuz weepin and wailin. The hawty planter saw the brite octaroon, for whom he paid $2000 afore the war, and who hed, in the good old times, solaced his hours of relaxation with her peerless charms—who hed borne him bootiful almost perfectly white, wich, on akount uv hevin his blood in their vanes, he hed been abul to sell for $3000 and $4000 to other planters, whose tastes run in that direckshun—he saw her, the objeck uv his affeckshun, and in the good times to come that wich he hoped wul wunst more become a part uv his estate, lying a inanymate corpse—not worth a cent for any purpose.

Likewise he saw them who hed been his robust feeld hands, each wun with sinews uv steel and muscles of iron—the males hearty and sound, without blemish; the females capable of raising a picaninny wich, in the old times, wuz worth $200 ez soon ez weaned, wunst a year, and by a little extra whipping do a year's work in the feeld every 12 months, stretched cold corpses in the feeld. Thus wuz disease outrajin all the finer feelings uv hoomanity, and destroyin relentlessly all that made life pleasant and lovely.

Finally, nigger after nigger fell, until but two remained in the Yoonited States. They wuz a male and female uv such perfektly helthy systems, that it seemed impossible for disease to tech them—When this epidemic was known to hev settled down to niggers alone, the Demokrasy held a consultation, and fearin the race wood become extinct, hed selected these, hed carefully seklooded em from the wurld, and hed employed twenty-four of the most eminent medikle men of the wurld, to be with em constantly—each stayin an hour—that, in case they showed enny symptoms, the proper remedies mite be wunst applide afore the disease got a hold. From these two, ef the rest wuz destroyed, it wuz hoped a new stock cood be raised, that the dangers of negro equality mite still be kept afore the American people.

But all to no purpus. The unsparin pestilence smote em, and, notwithstanding the efforts made by the eminent physicians—notwithstanding the prayers and groans uv the Democrasy—they died.

Methawt the heavens wuz hung in black and omnius litenins shot athwart the skies. In the distance, low mutrin thunders wuz heard, and the beasts uv the forests ran affrighted from their covers. Dray hosses dropped ded in the streets; dogs run wildly, with their tunges a hanging out, and the white foam a droppin from their distendid jaws—*Ever* and anon, pale, sickly gleams uv lite flashed across the dark, leaden colored clouds, given nacher the appearance uv tabrin under a severe attack of yaller janders.

The last nigger wuz ded!

Presently the leaders of the Dimocrasy begun to assemble.

Fernandywood cum.

"Alars!" sed he, sobbin ez tho his heart wood brake, and kissin the cold corps—"Farewell, my hopes—a long and last farewell! Thou wust our corner stun; on thee built. Thou wust our cappitie, our chiefest trust. We used yoo—we aboozed yoo—and in abusin you found our profit. Yoo wuz ordained to be the curse uv Amerika—we wuz ordaned to be allus fearful uv yoor bein our superiors—to us wuz entrusted the deliteful task uv keeping yoo down and us over yoo. Our task is ended with thee. Kin we enny more rally our people to the poles, by yawpin the dangers uv nigger equality, when there ain't no nigger? This now, is a white man's government—we hev nothing left to contend for, and thus I follow thee."

And Fernandy, who hed found a jack knife in the nigger's vest pocket, run it into his bowells, and fell a ded corpse across his body.

Franklin Peerse approached and wailed thus:

"And art thou gone, last uv the Afrikins? Cood not the avenging ministers uv deth hev taken sum other race? Cood not the nobul Indian bin taken, and thou spared to Democrasy? No white man feered his supremacy. Cood not the Chinese hev been sacrificed in thy stead? The people hed no prejudice agin his color. Thou wust all that made me uv yoose, and as thou art gone, so I go also."

And taking the jack knife out of Fernandy's he stabbed hisself with it, and fell ded atop of Fernandy.

Vallandigham approached weepin violently.

"Opposin thy elevation," sed he, addressin the dead nigger, "wunst made a marter uv me, which marterdom netted me thirty thousand dollars in ten cent piece s, which I immediately invested in seven-thirty bonds issued by a tyranikle and unconstitutional government. By carryin a portrate uv thee, and exhibitin it at my meetin in the rooral districts, I hev made my constituencies bile with rage, at the idee uv sich ez thou bein elevated to their spere. Like Othello, 'my occupation's gone.' Farewell pollytix—thou wust my pollytix. Farewell, Congress!—uv what use ez a dimekrat in Congress with no nigger to blat about? Farewell life!—for what is life with no nigger to perseckoot?"

And takin the jack knife from Peerse's he recklessly plunged it into his bowels, and fell across Peerse.

Brite, uv *Injiany*; Richardson, uv Illinoy; Seymore, uv New York; Florence, and all the leeders uv the party uv the North, without exceptshun, came up and making similar erashuns, used the jack-knife in like style—fallen across each other as four-foot wood is corded.

Filled with anguish of the heaviest descripshun, and fully appreciatin the feelings uv the nobul men who woodent survive their party, I kawt the jack-knife, and, throwin myself into a attitood—such ez I hev seen Forist cum, when in Otheller, he stabs himself—I wuz on the point uv makin it acquainted with my intestines, when I happened to observe a quart bottle stickin out uv the nigger's coat pocket. Droppin the knife, I seezed it, and in two gulps swallered the konterts. The room spun round and round, and egg-hausted I fell senseless across the ded seocides. Just then Horris Greeley entered the room. Holdin up both hands, he exclaimed:

"Ez it was in the beginnin, so it is in the endin. Behold Dimokrasy! nigger at the bottom, whisky at the top, and stink in the middle! We're rid uv two great curses to wunst!"

And instead uv punchin his stumick with the knife, he shuffled out uv the room, holdin his nose.

I awoke in a feverish heat, shreeken wildly. So vivid wuz the scene I had dreemed, that I found it impossible to sleep, and all that long nite I walked the flors in agony.

Wuz the dreem profetik? *Is* there any danger uv the nigger becomin extinkt by disease? *I* know amalgamashun is whitenin him in the Southern States, but up North, where Dimokrasy is skarse, we kin preserve them in all their original blackness. Heavin grant that the frighteful vision wuz the result uv a disordered stumick, and not a warnin uv the wrath to cum!

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(Wich is Postmaster.)

Three years ago, John Rhoring, of Weston, Mo., sold a cow to a man living in Kansas, about 140 miles from Weston, whither the cow was taken. A few days since, she surprised Mr. R's family by familiarly putting her head into their kitchen-door as she was wont to do.

The receipts of corn in Chicago, in 1867, were 10,000,000 bushels less than in 1866. This, however, does not show conclusively that the crop was short to the extent this would at first sight indicate, as more may have been shipped through other points.

In Ohio, a fruit farmer is planting a mammoth orchard, which will consist of 5000 apple trees, 10,000 peach trees, 8000 pear trees, 20,000 cherry trees, 15,000 Chickasaw plums, six acres of quinces, twenty acres of strawberries, twenty acres of blackberries, and eighteen acres of grapes.

It appears, from the *Prairie Farmer*, that the dead larvæ of the Colorado potato beetle emits poisonous exhalations, and that persons employed in collecting the larvæ from the plants, have been badly poisoned by breathing the air over vessels into which they had been thrown.

Replace all the bars, where you often pass, by strong gates, and then wonder that you didn't do so before.

Build safe, easy stairs wherever needed in barns, and save breaking your bones climbing dangerous ladders.

Give a quart of meal daily to each of your young animals, and you will soon be praising them to your neighbors.

A little boy running along, stubbed his toe and fell on the pavement. "Never mind, my little fellow," said a bystander, "you won't feel the pain to-morrow." "Then," answered the little boy, "I won't cry to-morrow."

Mr. B. J. Campbell, of Glen Haven, N. Y., wrote to the *Country Gentleman* that he was foddering hay that was put in the barn about half dry, with a little lime sprinkled on it. It came out bright and clean from dust. Without the lime it would have been, he says, a perfect smudge.

To show that honey bees instead of being an injury to farmers are a benefit to them, the fact is cited as well known to observing bee-keepers that when we have a fine yield of honey from the buckwheat, or the orchard, that we have a corresponding yield of grain or fruit, unless prematurely destroyed by frost or other causes.

Talks with the Blacks.

Crossing Judiciary Square one rather mild but misty morning, I met an old colored woman, who gave me the customary bow.

"Good morning, Aunty," said I with a smile.

"Good morning, ma'am, its a blessed morning!"

After a few words of conversation I said to her, "You said it was 'a blessed morning.' Well, Aunty, we have a great many blessings."

"I has ma'am. I am an old resident here—lived here forty years."

"When you go away from here, I hope you'll go to a better home."

As if the core of her heart was touched, she drew closer and looked up confidingly in my face. "Yes, mistress, I've a good hope of *that*. Christ died and rose again, and we must die, and them's the conditions," as we pursued our different paths she slowly repeated,—"them's the conditions." And the light she walked in almost lightened the mists of the morning.

AUNT DELILAH.

Aunt Delilah was a large, strong black cook, whose phraseology was in perfect keeping with her appearance. She said everything on the stove spoke to her of religion. "Oh, the excellencies of the way," she often repeated, "Oh, the excellencies of the way. If the excellencies and beauties which flash on the mind here are so great, what must it be in heaven?"

"Aunt Delilah, is it not worth while to be a Christian, to be delivered from the fear of death?"

"Oh yes, and to be delivered from the *power* of our wicked hearts."

In speaking of Christians mingling with worldly people, she said: "First you know, they'll rob you (meaning your peace), and pretty soon, if you are not careful, they'll pick you clean as a chicken. But the Father says, if you will, I will, and I believe God has made it so, that if you will live near to God, they'll stand in awe of you."

AUNT PHŒBE.

We visited Aunt Phœbe when she was sick, lying on a straw bed on the floor, everything about her miserably tattered, and her partly bald head only partly covered with the remains of a turban. Her skin was of the darkest hue, and one or two rather projecting teeth that were left tended to make her appearance almost revolting, were it not for an almost radiant expression, as she sat up, and moving her long, bony finger, she pointed up back and forth, saying, "Oh, when we walk those streets, clothed in white, how we will talk of the trouble we had!"

"Rags here and glory there," said a lady with us. "Aunt Phœbe, how can one feel as you do? I would almost change places to feel so." "How can they feel so?" she repeated. "Why, just go,"—and sitting up in bed, she clasped her hands and bowed her head over her knees,—"and say, 'Lord, none but the! *none but thee!*'" "When I was converted I felt so light, as if *I* could have taken all the people in the church up in my arms and told them what the Lord had done for me. It was when the minister read 'take up thy bed and walk.'—And he said when God works in you, you'll know it. When I came out of the church I asked a white lady if she heard what the minister said? 'Not in particular.' Did'nt you hear when he said, 'take up your bed and walk?' *I* look out of the windows and see the trees waving, and think God made them, man could not.

"Were you afraid in the thunder storm?"

"No, I did not even lie down. I just walked to the window, and said, *this is my Father's will.*"

"But suppose you had been struck?"

"Well, then I should have gone right home on Jacob's ladder."

"Then you are not afraid to die and stand before God?"

"Stand before God!" said she, slowly, "that *work is all done.* I stand before him every day."

"How do you feel about sinning?"

"Oh! I cannot bear to sin. Oh! I pray that the Lord will just keep me from it."

"Is it good works that make you feel so sure?"

"No, I'm *washed*—washed in the blood of the Lamb, and some good day my Master will come and take me home. I can never tell in this world the *satisfaction* I have. Jesus is my ruler."

"What has Jesus done for you?"

"What has he done for me?" looking up pitifully. "Why, He carried His cross for me, and shed His blood."

Of Aristotle it is said that on one occasion a man who had a very good opinion of himself came to him and made a very lengthy speech, and, fearing he wearied the philosopher, begged his pardon for having spoken so long. "There is no occasion" replied he, "for an apology, for I assure you I heard very little you said; I was all the while thinking of something useful".

At another time, when one was relating something which he thought very remarkable, and thinking the philosopher was deeply interested in what he said, inquired, Is it not wonderful? "No," replied he, "the wonder is that I have been able to sit still and not run away, so that I might not hear your idle talk."—*Sower.*

A HEATHEN PHILOSOPHER.—I won't be clean for my own sake though nobody were to see, as I would be virtuous for my own sake though nobody were to know it.

Too many farms are deficient in windows.

Money invested in needed tools pays a high per cent.

The more comfortable you can keep your animals the more will they thrive.

A good cow is a valuable machine; the more food she properly digests the greater the profit.

A few roots, daily, to all the stock, are as welcome as apples to boys and girls.

Iron shoes on sleds last a life time. They are really cheaper in the end than wooden ones.

A borrowed tool, if broken, should be promptly replaced by a new one. A nice sense of honor in such matters is much to be commended.