The Charleston Advocate.

"As ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them."

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What Then?

"AN old man crowned with honors nobly earned
Once asked a youth what end to life he sought
The hopeful boy said: "I would first be learned
I would know all that sage and school-men taught"
The old man gravely shook his head.
"And when you've learned all this, what then?" he said.

"Then," said the boy with all the warmth of youth,
"I'd be a lawyer, learned and eloquent,
Appearing always on the side of truth,
My mind would grow as then I was early bent"
The old man sadly shook his head.
"And when you've done all that, what then?" he said.

"I will be honest," said the hoary sire,
"Clients will pour upon me by and by
I will be my pleasing task to bring each joy
To homes and hearts need crushed by heavy grief"
But still the old man shook his reverend head,
"And when all this is ended, what then?" he said.

"And then, I will be old, and old age
I will with thankful tread, as I descend my way
Known in retirement as an honored sage"
I'll miss the world," he interrupted, shaking his head,
Gravely against the old man's shaking head.
"And when you've done all this, what then?" he said.

"And then—why then, I must confess that I am lost,
My body then must die, but not my name
Surrounded by the fallen, I'll lie
And far posterity will know my name"
Still the old man shook again his head,
"And after all of this, what then?" he said.

"And then, and then" [illegible]
speak,
His eye [illegible]
The old man gently laid his hand on youth,
Then lifted his hand upon the drooping head,
"Remember, there is a place beyond the grave."

The Gold Repeater.

A TRUE STORY.

I wished even the days.

I was nearly fifteen years old. My aunt Hamerlein, when I confided with my uncle and longed for nothing more than a good substantial watch. Aunt said, I ought to be satisfied with the time I had myself to have a safe pledge of approaching manhood. Indeed, I still think that at that time of life, when first the realities of existence dawn upon us, every one should be taught to have a due regard to time, for time is the most precious gift, it rightly husbanded, and a watch in the pocket will aid much in a conducting one to the careful improvement of it, and to punctuality.

As Christmas day drew near, I desired nothing more earnestly than to receive a present of a watch, yet breathing the wish to no one, I went on my light-hearted way. Minus, but if a watch was spoken of, I felt with anxiety. Any one in my stead, he quite well, time it was I was like one possessed. That night have betrayed me, for I cared what befel me.

One noon as I entered the room—I was just in the threshold—I heard my father say to my mother, "With Mile Adam's gold repeater, quickly!" then he wrapped something in a paper and concealed it. I affected to see and hear nothing. Now, however, when I walked the streets, I fancied every one saw the golden future awaiting me. It pained me that men should wear their watches concealed in their pockets, and not outside; and so easily does vanity mislead one, that I really thought it would be far more *becoming* to wear them so, that poor people could see the hours and minutes.

Men may wear watches buried in their pockets, but they must be set by the clock on the church tower, and the clock on the church tower must be regulated by the sun, whose course God has fixed from eternity; and man can do nothing more than make figures on the sun-dial, which, as the shadows fall, shall indicate the position of the universal, enduring light. Here, also, is a repetition of our inner life; but I did not then think of this—my thoughts were very different. I stood long before the watch-case; I placed my pen knife for awhile in my right vest pocket—the left was reserved for something better. Man carries his watch where his heart is, said I to myself, and there is ticking within and without. I could not refrain from telling my companions what made me so happy, but I did not make all known, and said mysteriously that, on Christmas eve, they would open their eyes and ears when they heard something which could speak for itself. Then I ran away before they could ask what it was.

Christmas eve came, and the festal tapers were lighted. When the folding-doors were opened, we children rushed in, and then stood still with wonder. My heart beat violently. There indeed lay a watch for me, but alas! it was silver! My joy was dampened, but I calmed myself, and said, "Silver is much whiter and thicker, and it ticks doubly." I pressed the handle with all my might, but it did not strike. A fearful emotion came over me.

"It is good for anything," I said. I laid it with the well, and leaving the room, went to my chamber, and wept and lamented. I as if my heart would break. Then I thought I would *lift myself above*. I had my gold repeater, and then I wept again over my young life, since I must now die, because all my hopes were not fulfilled. Soon my mother came with a light, and when I blamed her for my miserable sorrow, she threw down her apron, clasped her hands together, and looked upon me with those true loving eyes, which I see ever beaming, although death has long since closed them. She told me my error, that I would have no delighted with a simple watch, but I never heard of a gold repeater, that my father had spoken of it, to give me lessons to be happy with less than I expected, and that I must not be unkind to God or man. So she spoke in her mild, earnest tones, and I was soothed. I went down to the parlor. I was no longer sad, nor very gay, and yet I possessed an unbearable sweet sleep. While I lay in bed the wicked pain came again, and I resolved to open the window and throw away my watch, but it was cold and I lay still. How often sudden deaths are attributed by trifling circumstances, and how little reason have we to pride ourselves upon our virtues.

Overpowered with weeping and excitement, I was soon in a deep sleep, and I dreamed the next morning, to be my watch, only the hour hand. Lord, let days I published all my sorrows and tears, and they soon forgot my troubles. I wore the watch without showing it to any one, and was greatly pleased with it. It is now forty years since that time, and I still wear the watch, but it has lost a minute. [illegible] I have [illegible] my mother's [illegible] I may [illegible] I found the [illegible] of my [illegible] I expected [illegible] I say to myself, *I am [illegible] poor*, still. If I see any aiming at low or some other high thing, and only increasing his sorrow by being compelled to pass his life in a subordinate position, I say, *Do not [illegible] the [illegible] poor*, still. If I see any [illegible] be satisfied with nothing [illegible] breathing music that [illegible] every day atmosphere, I sit down [illegible] *Dear, dear, the gold repeater!* In short, in a thousand instances I have found in reflection in this story. Most men are dissatisfied, and unhappy when things do not turn out as they expected they would. There is no harm in striving at the greatest perfection, thereby so doing energy and efficiency are aroused; but we should always be prepared to be contented and happy, if the goal is not reached.

I am now delighted with my watch, and value it above price.

One Talent Workers.

OF them the Northwestern Advocate has these suggestive thoughts:

"It was doubtless not undesigned that he who had but the single talent is represented as the one of all others who went and buried it, old in a napkin. Such an one has most temptation to do so. He naturally thinks that he has so little to invest for God that it is scarcely worth while to invest it. If he had only higher endowments, such as are worthy of God's great cause, then he might well employ them for God, but the yield of his little investment would be so insignificant that it would amount to nothing either for God or himself; it would scarcely honor either. In fact, as he reasons, it will be better to let those work who can work better than he. His feeble efforts, his unpolished words, his pittance of charity cannot amount to anything in swelling the aggregate of heavenly successes. So the devil helps him to wrong his master of his due, to rob his God, and thus also secures the inaction of a large part of the church. It is a horrid lullaby hummed by fiends in Christian ears. But we must awake. Ten talents scattered among ten individuals can in some respects yield more than ten talents concentrated in one. If all Christians were busy for God, each to the utmost of his ability, the church would at once increase her power an hundred fold. The giants are working but the waste of power is with the masses; the eloquent are speaking, but the stammering tongues are silent; the rich and able are giving, but the men of moderate means have not learned as yet to tithe unto the Lord. Before the millennial can reach its noontide, the consecration and activities of the church must become universal. A baptism of the million is the want of the hour. Oh, God! let it fall, speedily, plenteously.

Jesus made me Whole.

"BROTHER, we need your help in our prayer-meetings. Can you not give us a word of consolation or experience? Can you not lead us in a short prayer?"

"No, I can't. I have no confidence of faith. I know I ought not say a word.

"Well, brother, we are [illegible] on [illegible] out into the world and fight against sin. We shall try to draw recruits from Satan's ranks into Christ's army. You will at least aid us in the fight. You can pray, sing a word privately, help us to recruit the dead."

"Ah, you do not know how weak and sinful I preach."

"I always thought you were a good talker; I never knew before, that you were troubled for words."

"Well, I know I can talk sometimes, and about some things, but I cannot speak upon religious subjects, especially to those who are not Christians. I always think of what I used to be, and fear they will remember my former life, and so my words, if I could speak, would do no good."

"And pray, if you cannot, tell them what you think, you are different from what you once were?"

"Different? Oh, blessed be God, different! I know am, I know I am a new creature. Old things have passed away. All things have become new. Nothing but Jesus Christ could save me, my wicked heart, and help me to give up my darling sin, gin into the intoxicating cup. I used to profane the name that now I love. Yes, as poor a Christian as I am, I know Christ's love has made me different. I [illegible] to be only the [illegible] [illegible] I trembled at the [illegible] Now I think if [illegible] but of Jesus who [illegible] I'll [illegible] to the other shore."

"And who has wrought all this change?"

"Who but Christ, I could do it?"

"When the Master was on earth he said, at Bethesda, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' [illegible] for the [illegible] was poor and friendless. [illegible] to the pool, but [illegible] had not walked for about forty years. [illegible] and was. Now he flowed through his veins; health [illegible] his heart, he was [illegible] Does he still dwell in our hearts? Does he bless us? No, he said, [illegible] told the Jews that it was Jesus who had made him whole. He told them of the [illegible] that they might [illegible] Now could they [illegible] [illegible] speaking a word for Jesus. He has made you whole. You feel that you are different. All who see you know it. Can you not tell those whom you meet that it is Jesus that has wrought this change in you? Can you not ask them to go and be made whole, also?

Go to those who are as you used to be. Tell them how Jesus has helped you; perhaps they will listen gladly.

Tell the simple story of your healing in our little gatherings for prayer. Tell it as you have told it to me.

He who has made you whole, may bless your words to the comforting of many a despairing Christian heart.

Your words have been blessed to me. Brothers will you not let others share the blessing?"

And the man decided, and told the people that it was Jesus which had made him whole.—*S. S. Times.*

Pastoral Visiting.

REV. J. F. W. WARD talks in this pungent way about the faults of people who exact pastoral calls of their ministers, and then adopt methods which take the heart out of the preacher, cheat his visits of all benefit and nurture formalism and hypocrisy in their own souls. It is to be presumed that these are exceptional experiences even in his own city parishes:

In the city, more than in the country, but even there too much. Pastoral calling is too formal. And it is made so by the hostess, for host there is none. It is the minister who has come, and not the man. I remember once to have entered a room, through the windows of which I had seen the members of the family sewing, to find it empty. A glance shows me the work hid under a newspaper, on the piano, and flung under the sofa, the family in due time filing in in good order, and doing penance during my call—mad, justly bold—with empty hands and formal words. Once I found four people about a table, each pretending to be busy at something. I saw at a glance the truth. I looked about until I discovered the hidden "pack," and then drew it from its hiding place, put it upon the table, and requested them to finish their game; and once I let a man's hot punch gloriously cool because he chose to put it behind him where he couldn't see it, but I could, rather than own up like a man. Once, too, I detected grimaces in a tumbler, as I came into the parlor, and I amused myself with the contrast between the truth of the looking-glass and the lie of the lip. I never called again. In the cities, ministers are kept waiting an unconscionable time, for no good reason, and with no excuse offered. Instead of being treated with more courtesy, a minister should be treated with less. You say you want him to be your friend. Make one approach toward what you want yourself. You are the hostess. The guest will take his cue from you. Years ago, I went on a cold winter's day to see a good woman doing her own work, who would not go to taking me into her parlor, in which there had not been a fire for months. A friend she would have welcomed to the kitchen at once, but I was the minister, and the parlor was none too good for me. I plead to go where we could be comfortable and enjoy each other, but she was inexorable. I had hard premonitory sounds from the busy stove, and soon, with a splutter and a sizzle, the house was filled with the smell of a pleasance boiled over, and the supper was spoiled. I always go, a seat in the chimney-corner for that. There is less formality with your minister, and his calls will be pleasanter to you, and his coming again a pleasure to him and not a dread.

This is a somewhat lengthy talk upon a subject what to ministers and people and the profession. A good many will not like it. A good many will not interpret it. I shall not be surprised at anything. I have written it to do good, to state some things that need to be stated, and because I believe young men are kept out of the profession and life much labor or poor pay, but by the evil injustices they have to contend against; because I believe that no man together will voluntarily put himself in the way of those which have so overgrown what was [illegible] calling. If the people want more ministers, and more of the good old and big pastorates, they must rid the profession of cabals and tyrannies which do not slightly belong to it, and among these, the good economy, have the matter of visits in the minister's judgment and conscience, not convenience of the profession is the fault of the people. The people only can fix it.

The Good that one Tract did.

"HOW it rains! I think I will not go out to prayers this afternoon," said a gentleman of fashion of one wet Sabbath. Then, resting on the window, he threw his handkerchief upon the table, and yawning, dropped into his easy chair.

For the worldly nursing while the sacred hours fled. By and by, his little daughter came from Sunday-school. Seeing his [illegible] on the table, she said,

"Why pa, haven't you been with your [illegible]?"

"Why, dear?"

"Are you going with them, pa?"

"No, I do not, dear. It is so very wet."

"Oh, I'll go with them! I've got my bonnet, and can soon take them round."

"No! It's too wet for any one to go out. You must stop at home, my dear."

"I will get wet, pa. I'll take the big umbrella. The people will want their tracts. Do pa, let me go, pa."

Thus and similar pleas conquered the reluctant father. The little girl started. She knew her district, and was soon at her blessed work. A few steps led her to a large old house with a big knocker. She rapped again and again, but no one replied. The poor child's patience was almost exhausted, when she heard a sound in the house. Another rap, and the door was opened by a woman who was in mourning dress, but whose face, the little girl thought, looked very unhappy. The child stood upon her, gave her a tract, finished her round, and went home, little thinking her walk in the rain that afternoon should snatched a soul from the jaws of death.

And it was even so for the woman at whose door she had waited so long was in the act of hanging herself when the child first [illegible] the knocker. The rope was fastened to the high post of an old-fashioned bedstead, the noose was round her neck, and she was about to launch her guilty soul headlong into eternity. The knock disturbed her. She waited. It came again. She waited long. It came again and again, until, to get rid of the annoyance, she slipped the rope from her head and went to see who might be the [illegible]. The sight of the child [illegible] her anger, she took the tract, read it, was convicted, fled to Christ, and the next Sabbath told her joyful story to the little girl's sister.

Thus did a little girl's hand, armed with a tract, pluck a brand from the burning, and save her soul from everlasting death.

Responsibility.

A young man in Virginia had been sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination, and power, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Ten in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; as often in turn would urge his friend to take the social glass with him. On one occasion the latter agreed, yield to him, and as they walked up to bar together the bar-keeper said: "Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and the two friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity and said:

"Set down that glass."

It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.

O the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass! Even in his own madness for liquor he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another becoming a drunkard.

What if the question were put to every dealer as he asks for his license and pays his money, "Are you willing to assume the responsibility?" How many would say, if the love of money did not rule, "Take back the license?"—*Christian Secretary.*

Heaveniy Hope.

BETWEEN on the lake I love
To see the stars of evening glow
So tranquil in the heavens above,
So calm beneath the waves below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soever,
Still darkens o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

In the Desert.

THERE are the vast Pyramids that have defied time; the river upon which Moses was cradled in infancy; the same sandy deserts through which he led his people; and the water-far-places where their flocks were led to drink. The wild and wandering tribes of Arabs who, thousands of years ago, dug out the well in the wilderness, are represented by their descendants, unchanged, who now draw water from the deep wells of their forefathers with the skins that have never altered their fashion. The Arabs, gathering with their goats and sheep around the well to-day, recall the recollection of that distant age into the land of the people of the East."

The picture of that scene would be an illustration of Arab daily life in the Nubian deserts, where the present is mirror of the past.—*Sir S. Baker.*

The Revolution in Cuba.

IT is now more than a month since the eastern provinces of Cuba have been disturbed by revolutionary movements. All the available Spanish troops have been concentrated there, a dozen engagements have been fought, and the insurrection is still in full vigor. From a letter published in the "Messager Franco-Americain," we learn that the seat of war is confined to the mountainous part of the Island, east of Puerto Principe, and that the contest, from being a guerilla affair, has become a war conducted in true military fashion. A provisional government has been established at Bayamo, at the head of which are Francisco Aguilera and Carlos Coupedes, the first a rich planter, and the second a distinguished lawyer of Bayamo. Though large slaveholders, they are both in favor of the abolition of slavery. Some twenty other persons of wealth and influence in Eastern Cuba are embarked in the movement.

Most of the insurgents have liberated their slaves on the condition that they shall aid in securing the independence of Cuba, and in all the guerilla bands are to be found a considerable proportion of negroes, who fight courageously by the side of their former masters. In the insurgent ranks are also several hundred veteran Dominicans who have grown gray in the civil wars of that republic, and, strange to say, a number of young creole and mulatto women, who handle and fire their muskets like old soldiers. Some of these women, it is said, belong to the best society, and exercise a marked influence upon their leaders and fellow-soldiers. The Provisional Junta proposes soon to send an agent to Washington to demand of the United States Government a recognition of their rights as belligerents, and will show that the revolutionary army already numbers over seven thousand men, and that the Spanish authorities are utterly unable to make headway against it.

The latest accounts from Havana, dated on the 12th, state that the government troops—eleven thousand strong—were besieged in Manzanillo by a large force of insurgents who were only three miles distant. The Spaniards, meanwhile, were throwing up barricades in the streets for protection. Accounts from Santiago report that a large force of insurgents were within four miles of that place on the 6th. Great panic appears to have prevailed, for it is said that hundreds of families had cleared out for Jamaica. The confusion is reported to be immense all along the coast, and a significant cry for aid from the United States was prevailing everywhere. Some of the wealthiest families in the Island have linked their fortunes with the cause of the insurgents. All the towns from Puerto Principe to Santiago except three are in the hands of the insurgents. So disastrous has been the result of collisions in the interior to the Spanish troops that they are afraid to venture out of the towns. The New York brig Jenny Clark, with arms and ammunition, had been seized at Nuevitas by the authorities, and a load of arms for the government troops, also from the United States, had been captured by the insurgents.

Gen. Butler's Views of Grant's Administration.

A reporter for the New York *Herald* narrates a conversation with General Butler, on political affairs, of which the following is an extract:

REPORTER.—In view of these facts, General, what do you think Grant's course will be toward the Democracy?

GEN'L BUTLER.—These same men are now patting General Grant on the shoulder, and endeavoring to win him to their purposes, but General Grant is bound by every principle of honor that holds men in their action, to carry out the Reconstruction measures of Congress, and to give suffrage to the negro and fully protect him in its enjoyment. The very fact that Louisiana has gone against him by fifty-five thousand majority, whole parishes not giving him a single vote under the reign of terror which existed there, where thousands of Republican votes were thrown before, will impel him and the Republican party to do this. The New York and Belmont Democrats will get some comfort from the financial policy to which the new administration is pledged. I look to see the action of the new administration radical upon all points raised and settled by the war, but conservative upon finance.

REPORTER.—What do you think, General, will be done by Congress in relation to those States where there have been disorders in the late elections?

GEN'L BUTLER.—I cannot doubt that in every such case prompt and vigorous measures will be taken to correct the evil as well in overruling what has been done as in preventing such occurrences in the future. We form of government, and that government is neither republican in form nor fact where every elector cannot discuss his political opinions and cast his vote unawed and uncontrolled either by violence, intimidation, threats, or purchase. The contracts everywhere made in the South for the employment of negroes on the condition that they will abstain from voting if their masters so desired, are as much purchases of men as were the purchases from the auction-block a few years before. No member of Congress elected in any district where such means were used will ever be admitted to his seat by my consent, or any electoral vote from such districts counted.

Varieties.

—— What is fame? A newspaper puff.

—— An Illinois paper says there is a man in Olney so dirty that the assessors put him down as real estate.

—— An editor, describing a church in Minnesota, says: "No velvet cushions in our pews; we don't go in for style. The fattest person has the softest seat."

—— The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul. I remember a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and fitting his bait to the taste and business of his prey; but the idler, he said, gave him no trouble—he bit at the naked hook.

—— Dr. Arnold once lost all patience with a dull scholar, when the pupil looked up in his face and said: "Why do you speak so angrily, sir? Indeed I am doing the best I can." Years after, the doctor used to tell the story to his children and say: "I never felt so ashamed in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten."

—— A minister of a Scotch church once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So pausing in the steady, and perhaps somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate:

"Susan!"

Sue at opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, so did all other dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake.

"Susan, I didna marry you for your wealth, sin' ye have none. And I didn't marry ye for your beauty, that the hail congregation can see. And if you have no grace, I have made but a sair bargain!"

—— A gentleman once said to Rowland Hill, "It is sixty-five years since I heard you preach, and the sermon was well worth remembering. You remarked that some people are very squeamish about the manner of a clergyman in preaching, but you then added, 'Supposing one is hearing a will read, expecting to receive a legacy, would you employ the time in criticizing the lawyer's manner while reading it? No; you would give all your interest to ascertain if anything were left to yourself, and how much. Let that, then, be the way in which you listen to the gospel.'"