OUR WEEKLY SERMONS.

PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR THE FAMILY FIRESIDE.

"Our Yesterdays and Our To-morrows" is the Title of Dr. Hepworth's Sermon in the New York Herald—Dr. Talmage on Trying Life's Journey Over Again.

[NOTE: The one-thousand-dollar prize for the best sermon in the New York Herald's competition was won by Rev. Richard G. Woodbridge, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Middleboro, Mass. "The Power of Gentleness" was the title of Mr. Woodbridge's sermon. Fifteen sermons in all appeared in the Herald's competitive series.]

TEXT: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Matthew vi., 31.

Here is a bit of philosophy too profound to be appreciated without careful and continuous study. It also contains a stern injunction not to worry over what cannot be helped, but, on the other hand, to make the best of your circumstances. You are commanded to let the past go its way into the land of forgetfulness, and not to borrow from the future the troubles which you fear it may contain, but to live in the present as far as possible. It is a command very difficult to obey, and yet obedience is absolutely necessary if you would get out of life all that God has put into it.

The man who has a vivid remembrance of his past troubles and who cherishes that memory deliberately throws a gloom over his present. If he will confine himself to the duty of the moment he will generally find that he is quite equal to it, but if he collects all the miseries of yesterday and of the day before and adds them to the burdens of to-day he becomes disheartened, and his discouragement saps his moral strength and produces moral weakness. You have enough to do to face what is immediately before you, and if you conjure up the ghosts of misdeeds and of trials which have been outlived you do yourself a serious injury and interfere with your spiritual or business success.

In like manner, if you think you can master to-day's work, but dampen your ardor by wondering how you are going to get through to-morrow, you produce a nervous tension which debilitates and brings about the very failure that you dread. No man can carry more than one day at a time. When Jesus asks you not to attempt to do so He gives you wise counsel, and you had better follow the advice. Life is not so smooth that you can afford to make it rougher by recalling the bad roads over which you have already passed or anticipating the bad roads over which you will have to pass before the end of the journey is reached. You may be cheerful, and therefore strong, if you will forget the things that are behind and let the future take care of itself; but if you propose to add yesterday and to-morrow to to-day you will add what God warns you against doing, and will certainly make a great mistake.

If the sun shines now, be grateful and contented. Suppose it did rain yesterday, or suppose we are to have a blizzard to-morrow. You have got beyond the rain on the one hand, and, on the other, the time has not come to meet the blizzard. It is foolish to make yourself miserable now because you were miserable a few days hence. One duty, one labor at a time is quite enough; there is any enjoyment to be had, take it with an eager grasp; for if you sit in the warm sunshine for only five minutes it helps you bear the cold of the next five minutes. It is poor policy to spoil those first five minutes by worrying about the other five minutes.

Let me illustrate. There is nothing in connection with death more wearing than the regret that you did not do more for the one who has gone. This is a universal experience with those who have any heart. The fact of separation seems to have a magic in it, for it is suddenly revealed to you that there were many little attentions which you failed to render, and the remembrance pierces like a knife. No one ever parted with a loved one without self-blame of that kind.

But as a general thing it is all an illusion conjured up by overwrought nerves. In very truth you did whatever the circumstances suggested, you did as much as human nature is capable of doing, but in the presence of death you accuse yourself of things of which you are quite innocent, and in doing so you make the parting harder to bear. It may be well for the dear one that he has gone. He has sweet sleep for the first time in many months. He is glad that the bonds of mortality are broken, that he is at last released; and in the lower depths of your own heart you are also glad for his sake. But there comes this thorny thought, that you may have been remiss, and your soul is wrung by it.

You do yourself a wrong. You did what you could. You were loving, tender, gentle and more than kind. You have real burdens enough without adding imaginary ones. Your tears must not be embittered by an accusation which has no basis in fact. Life is too precious and too short to be wasted in regrets of that kind. The duties of the future demand your close attention, and you have no right to think of the dead except to recall a sweet relationship and to dream of a reunion.

Live your life as quietly and as peacefully as possible. Live in each day as it comes. Other days, whether past or future, must not be allowed to press on your heart. This is the noblest policy you can adopt, the policy which comes to you as a divine injunction. Let neither regret nor anticipation intrude upon you to make you sick.

It is evident that there is a plan according to which your life is arranging itself, and equally evident that if you are reposeful and trustful, doing the duty of the present hour and not fretting over the duty of the next hour, you are in a mental condition which keeps all your powers at their best.

It is the grandest privilege to feel that there is a God, a guardian of human destinies, and that you are in His hands. If this conviction is one of your possessions, it is a pearl of great price, you can be quiet in the midst of tumult and cheerful in the midst of sorrow, for your very tears will be as a background for the rainbow of God's promise.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"Would I Like to Live Yesterday Over Again?" is the Subject.

"I know that a man hath will he give for his life."—Job. ii., 4.

Not true. The Lord did not say it to the Lord when the Lord tempted Job still more afflicted. "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with boils." And Satan has been the author of eruptive disease since then, sometimes by poisoning the blood to produce it. But the result of the diabolic experiment which left Job victor in the battle was the bitterness of the Satanic remark: "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." Satan is like a captain who has stood on the quarter deck till his passengers have mutinied; many an engineer has had his hand on the throttle and his foot on the brake, until the train was saved, while he went through the open draw into the river, or a man who plunged into the flames to get at a sleeping child out, and came out with his life in the attempt, and martyrs who have gone to stake and knife of martyrdom.

surrender it. We see how precious life is from the fact we do every thing to prolong it. Hence all sanitary regulations, all study of hygiene, all fear of draughts, all waterproofs, all doctors, all medicines, all struggle in crisis or accident. An Admiral of the British Navy was court-martialed for turning his ship around in time of danger, and so damaging the ship. It was proved against him. But when his time came to be heard he said: 'Gentlemen, I did turn the ship around, and admit that it was damaged but do you want to know why I turned it? There was a man overboard, and I wanted to save him, and I did save him, and I consider the life of one sailor worth all the vessels of the British Navy.' No wonder he was vindicated. Life is indeed very precious. Yea, there are those who deem life so precious they would like to try it over again. They would like to go back from seventy to sixty, from sixty to fifty, from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty, and from thirty to twenty.

"The fact is, that no intelligent and right feeling man is satisfied with his past life.

"However successful your life may have been, you are not satisfied with it. What is success? Ask that question of a hundred different men, and they will give a hundred different answers. One man will say, 'Success is a million dollars;' another will say, 'Success is world-wide publicity;' another will say, 'Success is gaining that which you started for.' But as it is a free country, I give my own definition, and say, 'Success is fulfilling the particular mission upon which you were sent, whether to write a constitution, or invent a new style of wheelbarrow, or take care of a sick child.' Do what God calls you to do, and you are a success, whether you leave a million dollars at death or are buried at public expense, whether it takes fifteen pages of an encyclopedia to tell the wonderful things you have done, or your name is never printed but once, and that in the death column. But whatever your success has been, you are not satisfied with your life.

"But some of you would have to go back further than to twenty-one years of age to make a fair start, for there are many who manage to get all wrong before that period. Yea, in order to get a fair start, some would have to go back to the father and mother and get them corrected; yea, to the grandfather and grandmother, and have their life corrected, for some of you are suffering from bad hereditary influences which started a hundred years ago. Well, if your grandfather lived his life over again, and your father lived his life over again, and you lived your life over again, what a cluttered-up place this world would be—a place filled with miserable attempts at repairs. I begin to think that it is better for each generation to have only one chance, and then for them to pass off and give another generation a chance. Besides that, if we were permitted to live life over again, it would be a stale, and stupid experience. The zest and spur and enthusiasm of life come from the fact that we have never been along this road before, and everything is new, and we are alert for what may appear at the next turn of the road. Suppose you, a man of middle-life or old age, were, with your present feelings and large attainments, put back into the thirties, or the twenties, or into the tens, what a nuisance you would be to others, and what an unhappiness to yourself! Your contemporaries would not want you, and you would not want them. Things that in your previous journey of life stirred your healthful ambition, or gave you pleasurable surprise, or led you into happy interrogation, would only call forth from you a disgusted 'Oh, pshaw!' You would be blase at thirty, and a misanthrope at forty, and unendurable at auty. The most insane and stupid thing imaginable would be a second journey of life.

"Out yonder is a man very old at forty years of age, at a time when he ought to be buoyant as the morning. He got bad habits on him very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evil habits, out with the world and the world out with him. Down, and falling deeper. His swollen hands in his threadbare pockets, and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the streets, and the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God. Fallen sick, with no resources, he is carried to the almshouse. A loathsome spectacle, he lies all day long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of what he might have been and what he will be. He started life with as good a prospect as any man on the American continent, and there he is, a bloated carcass, waiting for the shovels of public charity to put him five feet under. He has only reaped what he sowed. Harvest of wild oats! 'There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death.'

"To others life is a masquerade ball, and as at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies put on the garb of Kings and Queens or mountebanks or clowns and at the close put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a mask, taking off the mask at death. While the masquerade ball of life goes on, they trip merrily over the floor, gemmed hand is stretched to gemmed hand, gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flush and rustle and laughter of immeasurable merry-making. But after awhile the languor of death comes on the limbs and blurs the eyesight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddened into a wail. Lights lower. Now the maskers are only seen in the dim light. Now the fragrance of the flowers is like the sickening odor that comes from garlands that have lain long in the vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower. Mists gather in the room. Glasses shake as though quaked by sudden thunder. Sigh caught in the curtain. Scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty a shroud. Lights lower. Over the slippery boards in dance of death glide jealousies, envies, revenges, lust, despair and death. Stench of lamp-wicks almost extinguished. Torn garlands will not half cover the uncurtained feet. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands closed. Voices hushed. Eyes shut. Lights out.

"Young man, as you cannot live life over again, however you may long to do so, be sure to have your one life right. There is in this assembly, I wot not, for we are made up of all sections of this land and from many lands, some young man who has gone away from home and, perhaps under some little spite or evil persuasion of another, and his parents know not where he is. My son, go home! Do not go to sea! Don't go to-night when you may be tempted to go. Go home! Your father will be glad to see you; and your mother—I need not tell you how she feels. How I would like to make your parents a present of their wayward boy, repentant and in his right mind. I would like to write them a letter, and you to carry the letter, saying: 'By the blessing of God on my sermon I introduce to you one whom you have never seen before, for he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus.' My boy, go home and put your tired head on the bosom that nursed you so tenderly in your childhood years.

"A young Scotchman was in battle taken captive by a band of Indians, and he learned their language and adopted their habits. Years passed on, but the old Indian chieftain never forgot that he had in his possession a young man who did not belong to him. Well, one day this tribe of Indians came in sight of the Scotch regiments from whom this young man had been captured, and the old Indian chieftain said: 'I lost my son in battle, and I know how a father feels at the loss of a son. Do you think your father is yet alive?' The young man said: 'I am the only son of my father, and I hope he is still alive.' Then said the Indian chieftain, in case of the loss of my son I say to you go free. Return to your father.'

PREJUDICE.

Prejudice is one of the most cruel forces in the world. He who is controlled by prejudice against another person is in no fit condition to deal fairly with that person. He will not give him the credit which is due to him. The prejudiced person is too blind to see the other's real merits, nor can he understand the character. Now it is a patent fact that there is most deal of rank and unreasonable prejudice against us as a people. We would not be true to say that there is a greater and worse virulent prejudice against us than there is against any other people, for very bitter and persistent prejudice prevails against some other races. But race prejudice is not a one-sided affair. It exists in all races against other races. We must acknowledge that our own race is somewhat prejudiced against others, even against the white race. It is probable that we are especially prejudiced towards those who manifest particular prejudice towards us. This is quite natural. But can we not as a people do something to lessen the extent of the prejudice against us? We think so. We may do so by refraining from showing resentment towards them who prejudice leads them to mistreat us. We may treat them so kindly that they will be compelled to believe that we are a great deal better than they supposed we were. Great kindness kills great prejudice.—The American Baptist.

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE."

The white man's civilization sustains the same relation to the boasted civilization of the Negro in America that a lamp post does to a telegraph pole. This being true, greater then is the reason why Negroes of every shade of complexion and condition should quit their nonsense, bury their prejudices and work together for the uplifting of the whole race. One drop or one million drops of Negro blood make us all kin, and we can only escape our relatives by a systematic course of lying and deception and a liberal use of face bleach and hair straighteners. As Shakespeare says, "What fools these mortals be."—Bruce Grit in Star of Zion.

HOME FOR AGED COLORED WOMEN.

In the United Charities' organization in New York, a project has been discussed for some time of providing a home for aged colored women who have saved some money but not enough to take care of themselves. The project has finally assumed definite shape through the assistance of several well-known New Yorkers, who have pledged $30,000 for that purpose. An option has been secured on the Reed mansion at Bath, Me., and a committee will visit Bath to examine the property. The owner of the property, Dr. Guil, of New Jersey, sells the property at a nominal price, as he is heartily in sympathy with the movement.—The Freeman.

MUST BE DONE PATIENTLY.

It should be the ambition of every Negro to measure arms with the white man in all that goes to make up good citizenship, wealth and high position, but it must be done patiently, step by step. One thing well done is an incentive to do another better.—Fort Worth, (Tex.) Item.

GATHERINGS.

Surely if the race can successfully operate religious and fraternal organizations on the plan of co-operation, it can operate just as successfully business and financial undertakings.—The Elevator.

The ambition of the young man to gamble and the young woman to ruin herself is becoming alarming. Cant [illegible] be done, the ungainly cake-[illegible] broken balls should be [illegible] accomplish the [illegible] family [illegible] and

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.
[Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Ala.]

Mr. Booker T. Washington, the colored founder and president of Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, is beyond doubt the foremost living man of his race and one of the most useful and notable men in America. He has more clearly worked out a system of education that is adapted to Southern conditions than any other man who has attacked the problem. His special work of course is the application of this system to the requirements of his own race; but it is no less applicable to the conditions of both races in the South.

How he came to work out the system that is in such successful operation at Tuskegee, Mr. Washington tells in an article in the Atlantic Monthly, in which he explains more fully than he has before explained the philosophic and economic basis of the Tukegee system. Since it was part and parcel of his own intellectual growth, a good proportion of the article is autobiographical.

After a narrative of his own awakening, he explains how the Tuskegee school unfolded itself,—beginning with nothing but a teacher and a few pupils. The economic fallacy that lay at the foundation of slavery,—a fallacy as applied both to the master and to the slave,—was its discouragement of thrift. A lack of thrift was a necessary part of the philosophy which regarded manual labor as degrading.

The starting point in the elevation of the Negro is to teach him the economic and moral value of thrift. The first step, therefore, is to work out of the universal bondage of a credit system,—which with the population of the Black Belt became a debt system,—to quit "libin' in de ashes," as one of the visitors to Tuskegee expressed it.

The revolution in education, in practical affairs, in morals—the regeneration, in fact,—that has come from the application of the practical system that has brought this about in this section of Alabama, is as inspiring a chapter in the "care and culture of men" as can be found in the annals of our educational life.

It was this revolution,—by discovering a method of wide application,—that made it especially appropriate that Harvard should confer an honorary degree on Mr. Washington. Not yet past forty, and with the best part of his life before him, his work as he explains it in his Atlantic article will give him a secure and historic place among the builders of American civilization.

REMEMBER THIS.

Colored men, you have no money to throw away on circuses, minstrels, balls, frolics, whisky, and other nonsense. You have children that should be well educated, and wives whom you should make comfortable by purchasing homes. You have colored newspapers that you should subscribe to, as your homes cannot be classed as intelligent and race-loving without colored papers in them. You have a poll-tax that every manly Negro ought to pay. Prosperity and happiness awaits every colored family that is industrious, frugal and preserving.—The Light.

AGITATION IS IN ORDER.

Profane history tells us that "Nero fiddled while Rome burned." It seems the Negroes' condition of today is analogous to that page of Roman history. We are sweeping onward through the gates of time, while every safeguard around our manhood, little by little the States are hedging us in, yet hardly a murmur is heard upon the placid air. Louisiana and South Carolina are the latest accessions to the nefarious manhood grabbing scheme. We must protest now; men who would not protest against their disfranchisement are not worthy of it. Agitation is in order. Agitate! agitate, or we perish by our own negligence.—Birmingham Bulletin.

THE GREATEST INSPIRATION.

The greatest inspiration to young men may be found in studying the lives of men whose immortal names were not born to die. The deference to age that is usually present in youth is praiseworthy, but it should not go to the extent of discrediting youth's possibilities. Many of the men holding public positions today are advanced in years, and young men from this fact, become imbued with the idea that years must be added to them before they can aspire to high-places. This is not true in the present, nor has it been in the past.—Augusta Chronicle.

BE UP AND DOING.

Let us be up and doing; though the way may look dark at times, we must not give up the struggle. God has not forgotten us. Forty years the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness, but at last they were permitted to enter the promised land. So, perhaps after forty years we will be free indeed.—Western Outlook.

LOOK AFTER YOUR OWN INTEREST.

Why not take more interest in your schools, homes, churches and farms? This going crazy over matters that will profit you nothing! Oh, men, be sober, be sober—look after your own interest sometime.

GIVE US GOOD SCHOOLS.

Good schools are of far more importance to our race than any other question that engages our attention about election time. Vote for no man who does not favor improved school conditions.

YOU MUST SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

The colored man's fate is in his own hands. He must solve the problem as to himself. Idle elogence will not do one half as much good in the premises as an energetic paltrey of the wood-sawing kind.—The Elevator.

TO ERECT A MONUMENT.

The colored people of Philadelphia propose to erect a monument to Octavius V. Catto, who was killed on election day in 1871, just after the adoption of the 15th amendment of the constitution.—National Reflector.

MOST GRATIFYING SUCCESS.

The Colored Building and Loan Association has proven a most gratifying success and has paid its stockholders handsomely. Why cannot other business enterprises be inaugurated and do well?—Augusta (Ga.) Union.

THE LAKE CITY HORROR.

LAKE CITY, S. C., Feb. 21-22, 1898.

Where sleeps the sword? Is righteous justice dead
That murder foul should raise its brazen head,
And unavenged stalk boldly through the land,
And proudly raise on high its blood-dyed hand,
While we, with honor gone, and dragged name,
Sit like a wanton in our naked shame?

Ah God! that we should live to see this day
When truth and right and love are filched away;
While where our fathers ruled with gentle grace
Thugs and assassins now must take their place,
And devils darker than the damned of hell
Do their accursed deeds and murders fell.

The sucking child killed on its mother's breast,
While loving arms in vain are round it pressed,
Falls from the shattered hands which could not save,
And mocking fiends provide a fiery grave.
The father dumb in death beside it lies
While crackling flames to pitying heaven rise.

And timid girls, who but an hour before
Were sleeping safe behind the bolted door,
Half crazed with fright, and blind with smarting pain,
Fly in the darkness from the leaden rain;
And brush and thicket in the gray morn tell
How all along their path the red drops fell.

No Turkish blade, that stabs the unborn child,
Nor Spanish bloodhound baying fierce and wild
More cruel is than those who wrought this crime
Beneath the shadows of the Southern pine—
To brand our State to ages yet unborn
The object of a just man's righteous scorn.

And, what their crime for which such judgment came?
Ah! tell it not, to blazon forth our shame;
But with their murd'rers' mem'ry let it rot,
A cursed tale, a thing to be forgot—
A dusky color was their only sin,
And all their guilt the blackness of their skin.

Men of our State, how long shall deeds like this
Give us a name at which the nations hiss?
I plead the name of that long faithful race,
Who while their masters battled for the
Whose loyal service time can never efface.
fore
Kept want and famine from each Southern door.

Near where the Saltkehatchie winds its way
Through tangled glades of cypress and of bay,
There is a lonely mound, half hid from sight,
Where tall reeds rustle through each summer night,
And resting there, within that humble grave,
Sleeps one most dear to me, though but a slave—

My mamma, she who nursed me when a boy
And counted nothing hard which gave me joy.
My foster mother. Ah! her love was strong—
Nor can I silent be while hellish wrong
Smites down her race with shot and torch and rack,
And mocks their cries because their skins are black.

I plead for justice! If our State should fail,
And all her righteous power cannot avail
To sink this shame, then far across our land,
To where our nation's council chambers stand,
I cry, "How long in this great land so free
"Will ye permit such wrongs as this to be?"

Enthroned on high, Thou God of truth and right,
Must sin like this polute Thy holy sight?
To Thee I cry, "How long, oh Lord, how long,
Wilt Thou permit to pass such fearful wrong?
Fair justice dies, cut down by sinful might.
Arise, oh God! and in Thine anger smite.

E. A. WINGARD.

A QUEER CUCUMBER.

Mrs. Rose Marimon found in her garden the middle of last July a cucumber eleven inches long and twelve inches in circumference which she left for seed, but looked in vain for the vegetable to ripen and turn yellow. The first week in September it was discovered to be loose from the vine, and was taken in the house and put away. To-day it is as green and firm as it was in July, and there is no indication that it will ever change its state. Mrs. Marimon has been gardening for forty years, and never observed the like of this cucumber before.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Sayings.

SONG.

If I were king my wars should be
But wars of roses;
The only shield that men should bear
But one of posies;
The only weapons ladies' eyes
And laughter merry;
The only provinces to win,
Lips like the cherry—
If I were king.

If I were king no eye should weep,
No heart should break;
Each warrior should a lady wed
For her sweet sake.
And when my last campaign was done
I'd cease to reign,
And hand my sceptre o'er to Love
And join this train—
If I were king.

—Chicago Record.

PITH AND POINT.

A woman may pretend to be convinced against her will, but she never is.

No man has the courage to tell a woman the things that her mirror does.

The rooms in the house do not interest the burglar as much as the haul.

Occasionally when fortune knocks at a man's door he is in a neighboring saloon.

The more reason a man has for indignation the less comfort he gets out of it.

"Johnny, what are 'figures of speech?'" "Please, ma'am, words like too, for and ate."—Puck.

Miss Demure—"Why should I let you kiss me?" Jack Dashing—"Because I won't kiss you if you don't."—Puck.

It is said that woman, owing to the peculiar construction of her form, is unable to jump—except at an offer of marriage.

Dorothy—"Have you read that article on how to be beautiful?" Anna—"Yes; but I think the best way is to be born so."—Puck.

Cynicus—"Why was woman ever created?" Miss Caustic—"So that man could have some one to blame for his misfortunes."—Standard.

Sabbath School Teacher—"How do you know that our days are numbered?" Johnny Squash—"By looking at the calendar, ma'am."—Puck.

The Two-headed Girl (angrily)—"I understand you've been making remarks about me." The Circassian Princess (sweetly)—"I said you were two-faced."—Puck.

Dadlow—"Is that song Jaggins is singing one of the popular songs of the day." Daffney—"Yep." Dadlow—"Then tell him to sing one of the unpopular ones, will you?" Roxbury Gazette.

Brown—"Come, now, do you believe that it is possible for a lawyer to tell the truth?" Lawyer Pleese—"Oh, yes; I suppose so. But why should there be any necessity for it?"—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Saphead—"They say that all beautiful people are weak-minded, don't you know." Miss Pretty—"That [illegible] Mr. Saphead; but you must remember that all weak-minded people are not beautiful."—Puck.

"[illegible] barbarous!" she exclaimed as she looked at a picture of a [illegible] woman [illegible]," remarked her husband, "the [illegible] its advantage as a piece of feminine decoration. It does obstruct the view of those who have to sit behind her at the theater."—Washington Star.

"All that ails you," said the plain-spoken man, "is laziness. Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be wise." "I guess I'll have to," sighed young Ardup. "I've gone to my uncle so often there's nothing left that I can get a farthing on."—Odds and Ends.

"Oh, yes; Miss Birdling is a cultivated singer, but she will never pass for a great artist, you know." "And why not, pray?" "Because she can sing in nothing but English." "Oh, dear! is that so?" "Yes; and it's such abominably good English, too. Why, you can understand every word she says."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

REVOLUTIONARY SCHOLARS.

Rev. George Canning wrote an account of the school of his youth, which he attended just after the Revolution. Girls and boys attended together the primary school, and seats made of rough slocks of [illegible] of various heights, which were fastened by the parents. Children brought and kept the teacher hand [illegible] leaving the room. The teaching of spelling was peculiar [illegible] the last lesson of the day.

The [illegible] at a [illegible] say [illegible] with a bl[illegible] strap [illegible] a signal [illegible] start [illegible] in chorus the [illegible] the word in sy[illegible] T[illegible] [illegible] a[illegible] [illegible] misspelling, [illegible] manded the [illegible] made the his [illegible] hesi[illegible] men[illegible] by [illegible] rials [illegible] [illegible] obtained. The ros[illegible] of the large sc[illegible] different keys, c[illegible] [illegible] mer days for a [illegible] tance.—The Chautauquan.

BELIEVES IN THE CURFEW.

A Portland ship broker is [illegible] ble for this story: A farmer [illegible] cured an appointment as light[illegible] in a Maine coast lighthouse. [illegible] first night he went on duty he [illegible] up promptly at dusk and at 11 [illegible] carefully extinguished the lamp. [illegible] next day, of course, [illegible] and then he w[illegible] plied that he [illegible] lat[illegible] enough [illegible] as he thou[illegible] should be i[illegible] isto[illegible]