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Miscellaneous Reading.

Written for the Philadelphia Merchant.
The Prayer and the Vow.

BY BELL WOODVILLE.

"Twas summer—mellow Indian summer; and twilight had begun to gather in her dusky hand the golden tresses of the day. But the gathering obscurity hid not the love-light in Clara's eye, while it softened to extreme sweetness the smile upon her lip. She sat upon a rustic bench before a little cottage, over which, one might have fancied the goddess of taste presided, so graceful and appropriate were all its appointments within and without. The hour was beautiful, and an artist or poet would have dwelt enraptured upon the dreamy beauty of the scene. But the young mother heeded not the smiles of heaven, nor the softness of the breeze, nor the music of the birds; she was all attention to the gushing laugh whose lightest tones made music in her heart.

To a stranger's eye he was surprisingly fair,—and to his mother's heart how beautiful! His delicately penciled features were imaged from her own, tho' his brow, under cast, and his blue eyes looked up with a mischievous glance very unlike the serious tenderness of her own.

Clara bowed her head upon her hand and closed her eyes in a sweet reverie, still she saw in her mind's eye the golden head of Charlie resting on Carlo's black, shaggy coat. Then she wove in fancy the web of the future and every thread was bright with love and happiness; she led her boy in a flower strewn pathway, saw him a noble youth, and then a man with fame and honor encircling his name. She forgot the temptations of life; she forgot the passions and weaknesses of this earthly nature, and fondly saw her son grown up with all the innocence of childhood. How proud and happy she would be in him; how fond and tender he of her! She smiled unconsciously at these pleasant imaginings, and felt her heart go out to her little one, with a love that was almost worship.

An angry cry smote her ear, and her vision dissolved in air, as many a sweet vision has before. She raised her head in time to see Charlie's tiny hand fall with an unkind blow upon Carlo's head which but a moment before he had hugged to himself in fondness!

"O, Obarlie!" cried the mother imploringly. "Bad, naughty Carlo! he scratched me with his great paw," cried Charlie, passionately.—Clara took her child in her arms, kissed the little wound and soothed the tumult in his infant breast, then a few gentle, judicious words sent Charlie to the dog's side again; he put both arms tightly around his neck, and Carlo—forgiving fellow—grewled a good natured growl to evince his satisfaction.

Though Charlie was good and happy again, Clara still looked sad and seriously upon him. The sensitive child observed it and said, "Don't look sorry now, mamma; I'm good now." I was thinking what a sad temper my little boy has. Do you know, Charlie, that persons sometimes do things very wicked when they are angry? O, if you should grow up a bad passionate man!

Charlie stood before his mother, and the look of anxiety, almost of terror, upon his face, said plainly, "What shall I do, mamma, what shall I do?"

"Kneel, my child," said Clara, as if in answer to his inquiring look, "kneel, and ask God to help you, and to teach me how to lead you!"

The little one knelt with clasped hands, and the penitent tears glistened like dew upon the roses of his cheek. Clara bent over him till her dark curls mingled with his golden locks.

It was a holy sight that young mother, in her girlish grace and beauty, praying with her little one. The stars came forth and looked down in silent awe upon them, and the recording angel traced that mother's prayer in characters of gold.

Eighteen years have circled away with their changing hopes and fears, their sorrows and their joys. Let us look again upon the little cottage, once so sweet a home. 'Tis night, and the full moon looks down smilingly upon the spot; yet there is a lonely look on every thing that saddens us as we pass up the gravelled walk. Tall, rank weeds have choked the flowers, and the zephyrs whisper mournfully through the untrained vines. Let us enter. How still it is! How oppressive is the silence!

Clara is sitting here alone and bowed as if in grief or meditation. The hand supporting her head is pale and wasted, and though the slender fingers the tears are falling one by one. Why sits she here alone and weeping? Where is he who won her girlish heart with its trusting affections? There is a grass grown grave hallowed with her tears—Clara is widowed! But Charlie, have the angels taken him too; to the happy land, and is Clara indeed alone? Yes, Clara is alone in the saddest sense; yet Charlie is not with the angels, but with those who could soon change the angel in his heart to a demon. Temptation has allured the youth far aside from the narrow path, and Clara weeps despairingly for her erring son.

Let us seek him, and perchance we may bring him to his mother's side. In an upper room in the village hotel are heard the sounds of revelry and boisterous mirth. Charlie is here, the youngest and fairest of the group, but with

blood-shot eye and flushed forehead; yet again he drains the fatal cup. They rise from the feast and gather round the gaming table.

An angel hovered over Charlie with drooping wing and downcast eye, holding in her hand a transparent scroll with golden letters upon it. But he heeded not the heavenly presence and played with insane eagerness. Soon there arose an angry dispute, and Charlie's voice rose high with the rest; then one accused him of trickery and deception, and in mad passion the young man seized a heavy headed cane to strike his accuser a desperate blow. At this fearful moment the angel placed the magic scroll before his eyes, and his hand dropped to his side as if paralyzed. From a hidden corner of his heart a lovely picture rose and spread itself before his mental vision; he saw himself a tiny boy kneeling by his mother's side—her low toned voice filled his ear, he felt the touch of her soft hair upon his cheek and her gentle hand upon his head. How the terrible passion melted in his heart and the old feeling of grief and penitence thrilled its every cord!

A sudden fear seized him, fear of himself and his own unguarded passions. Though the taunts and jeers of his companions rang in his ears he started in wild haste for the only safe place for him—his mother's side, nor stayed his steps until he sank upon his knees with his head in her lap, as he so oft had done in childhood.

"Mother, mother, pray for me!" he sobbed. "I ever pray for you my son," said Clara, smoothing the damp hair from his heated brow.

"I know it, mother," replied he in a deep tone, and perhaps it has this hour saved me from being a murderer."

In trembling accents the young man confessed his errors and the danger from which he had flown to her side. Clara's tears fell fast; her feelings were too deep for utterance.

Then Charlie, still kneeling, raised his clasped hands and tearful eyes heavenward—the recording angel floated softly in, and bent her head in rapturous expectation, then the earnest, solemn words parted Charlie's lips: "Before Thee, Great God, do I pledge myself never again to taste the intoxicating cup, never again to neglect my mother, and to become, if possible, worthy of such a mother!"

With tears of holy joy the angel seized a diamond point and wrote the young man's vow beneath the mother's prayer, traced on the shining scroll long ago in that sweet twilight hour.

Then joyously, did the angel plume her flight upward; bearing the tablet to present a precious offering at the Father's throne! Bethel, Yt., March, 1855.

AN ANXIOUS WIFE.—Some women are never happy unless they are scrubbing, brushing, sweeping, or otherwise toiling in household affairs; although they have servants to do all they require. The Hon. H. Erskine's first wife was one of this class, and her extreme nervous irritability eccentric ways, it may be supposed, did not contribute greatly to her Harry's domestic happiness. One of her peculiarities consisted in not retiring to rest at the usual hour.—She frequently employed half the night in examining the wardrobe of the family, to see that nothing was missing and that everything was in its proper place. The following is told as a proof of her oddities: One morning about two or three o'clock, having been unsuccessful in a search, she awoke Mr. Erskine from the sound sleep by putting to him this important interrogative: "Harry, love, where's your white waistcoat?"

The Broken Hearted.

About two years ago, I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village, in the eastern part of New-England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a young lady apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow.

I first met her in the present of the month. She was, indeed, a creature to be admired; her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweet flowers, and her sunny tresses were hanging beautiful and low upon her bosom, and she moved through the crowd with floating unearthly grace that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away in the air, like the creation of a pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful, and even gay; yet I saw that the gaiety was but a mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told me that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear; and her eyelids at times passed heavily down as if struggling to repress the agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret spring. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh, green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of purity and life.

I have lately heard that the young lady of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was as calm as the falling of a quiet stream; gentle as the singing of the breeze that lingers for a time around the bed of withered flowers, and then dies for every sweetener.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on its surface, and then sink into mere nothingness and darkness. Else, why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied?—Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the star which hold the festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, and forever mock us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is that bright form of human beauty are presented to the view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affliction to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts?

We are born for a higher destiny than that of the earth. There is a realm where the rain, bow never fades; where the stars will be out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence.—(George D. Prentice.)

The New Steam Frigate Niagara.

There is now upon the stocks at the navy-yard, Brooklyn, the frame of a war frigate, that is intended by her builder, Mr. Geo. Steers, to be the strongest and fleetest of her size and class afloat.

This vessel is one of the six for which an appropriation was made by the last Congress, the others are now being constructed at other navy yards throughout the country. This frigate is to be called the Niagara, and will be launched sometime during the present year. The Niagara is sharp at the bows, something like the fast sailing yachts which generally take the prize at the match races. Her extreme length is 345 feet, breadth 55 feet, and 31 feet the depth of hold from the floor to the under side of spar deck. She is intended to carry 12 eleven-inch swivel guns.

As to the speed of this vessel, Mr. Steers expects wonders, and from her shape one feels that his expectations may be realized. Mr. Steers says she will sail 17 miles an hour under an ordinary press of canvass, and is willing to risk all he can commend upon the Niagara fulfilling this expectation.

The usual speed of sailing vessels of this size, under full spread of canvass, being only from eight to ten miles an hour, and from ten to twelve miles being considered extraordinary speed, this expectation of Mr. Steers seems rather extravagant, to say the least of it; but still he feels sanguine of success. This speed goes even ahead of the Grapeshot, and if gained in the Niagara, it will puzzle the world to catch her in a fair race.

As to the strength of this vessel, there is little if any improvement to be made. Her frame is of the best live oak, every piece being carefully selected before allowed to go into her hull. She is diagonally braced on the outside of her timbers, instead of the inside, with iron, which will add fifty per cent. to her strength. This is the first opportunity Mr. S. has had of testing the truth of his belief as to the mode of iron bracing, and feels confident that the Niagara will sustain him in her extraordinary strength. These iron braces are five inches wide and seven eighths of an inch thick, running diagonally at an angle of 45 degrees each way, from the port sill over the hull down to within five feet of the keel, with all the crossings bolted thro' and through with large iron bolts. All the elamp, ceilings and bilge streaks are coned and bolted edgewise, between every timber of the frame. The workmanship on this vessel is carried on with the greatest care.

The Niagara was visited and examined a few days by Mr. E. K. Collins, who pronounced the frame to be, in quality of timber and workmanship superior to anything which he had ever witnessed in the way of ship-building in this country or in Europe. The frame of the Niagara is now complete, and the workmen have just commenced putting on the planks. She bids fair to be the "crack frigate" of our navy.

Home and Wife on Saturday Night.

Happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it, of a Saturday night. A house no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so—no matter how furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the wind blow—close the curtains!

What if they are calico or plain, without border or tassel—or any such thing? Let the rain come down—heap up the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless you with, for what a beautiful light glowing coals make, reddening, clouding, shedding sunset radiance thro' the little room—just enough to talk by; not as loud as in the highways; not rapid as in the hurrying world—but softly, slowly, whispering with pauses between them, for the storm without, and the thoughts within, to fill up.

Then wheel the sofa around before the fire; no matter if the sofa is a settee, un cushioned at that; if so it may be it is just long enough for two, or say two and a half, with two or two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells from time to time, falls on the listening ear then. How mournfully swells the chimneys of the "days that are no more."

Under such circumstances, and such a time, one can get at least sixty-nine and a half statute miles nearer "kingdom come," than any other point laid down in "Malta Brum!"

May be you smile at this picture; but there is a secret between us, viz; it is a copy of a picture, rudely drawn, but true as the Pentateuch, of an original in every human heart.

The Evils of Tobacco.

It costs more than education or religion, the army or navy. It costs England and America a sum sufficient to support 50,000 ministers with a salary of \$1,000 or more than 100,000 missionaries. The students in one college pay more than \$5,000 for cigars yearly. It tends to idleness, poverty, strong drink, and the whole family of vices. It tends to debility, dyspepsia, palsy, cancers, insanity, delirium tremens, and sudden deaths. It weaves a winding sheet around 20,000 in our land every year.

"CAN'T I USE TOBACCO, SIR, IF I PLEASE?"

O, yes, my friend, you can be a chewing smoking, snuffing, spitting, disgusting mortal, if you please. So can your little son. "Stand aside my little boy, I want to pass." "Don't call me a little boy, I have smoked and chewed these two years."

A SMOKEY WORLD, THIS!

Bishops, doctors, deacons, lawyers smoke! Boys smoke. Little ragged, dirty, thieving, swearing boys smoke. "Father," said an urban, "ain't you opposed to monopolies?" "Yes," "Then get me a box of Havanas and a shawl."

REMEDY.

1. Never use it yourself. 2. Banish it from your families and premises. 3. Purify the church. 4. Rebuke the sale of it. 5. Look after schools, and save the young. 6. Sign and circulate this pledge. I hereby pledge myself to abstain from the use of tobacco, in all forms, totally and forever.

THE LAST HOURS OF NICHOLAS.

The Tribune relates the following:

"It seems that the deceased Emperor took a severe cold, reviewing some new regiments.—His physician did not, at first, deem the case grave, but soon a violent gripe manifested itself, followed instantly by an inflammation of the lungs. The disease was first discovered to be really dangerous on the 1st of the month; and the Emperor, aware of its character, told his doctor that he felt that his time was come.—His wife and son Alexander were constantly with him. When one of his physicians, Dr. Mandt, told him that there would, probably, be a paralysis of the lungs, he asked quickly:—"When shall I be paralyzed?" He demanded in Russian, of his other physician: "When shall I be suffocated?" This occurred early on the morning of the 2nd inst. He then went through religious duties—taking the sacrament—and bade his wife, children and grand children farewell, giving to each of them a benediction with a clear voice, and with full and quiet consciousness. In the evening he took farewell of all the persons belonging to his Court. The Empress, his son, (now Emperor), the Grand Duke Constantine, the Counts Alderburgh, Orloff, the Prince Dolgorouki, and a few others, remained around him to the last moment. He died on the 2nd of March, at ten minutes past noon."

PROSPECTS OF THE WHEAT AND FRUIT CROPS.

From all the information we have been able to gather we are gratified in feeling justified in stating that the prospect of the Wheat Crop in the Southern part of Indiana and Illinois is unprecedentedly favorable.

The severe dry winter now drawing to a close, has on some of the prairie lands caused the plants to turn yellow, but has not affected it in less exposed situations, and the injury to the prairie crops will soon be repaired by the return of genial spring weather we may now daily look for. A much larger breadth of ground has been sown with wheat this season, so that with a favorable time from now till harvest we may safely look forward to a coming year of prosperity.

The short crops of the past season were severely felt by the farmers, and many have found it a hard matter to supply the necessary sustenance to their stock, but we hope the lesson, though severe, may be in the end beneficial to them and influence more provident habits, and induce them more effectually to provide against a similar occurrence.

All the accounts we have gathered of the prospect of the crop of peaches and apples, also gives us hopes of a bountiful supply of these fruits, as the frost has not so far as we have heard, occasioned any serious injury to the trees.

It is our earnest hope that an all wise Providence will so order the season that we may not again be visited with the disaster of the past year. [Evansville Enquirer, 24th.]

THE CORPORAL.

During the American Revolution, an officer, not habited in the military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work making some repairs on a small road. The commander of a little squad was giving orders to those who were under him relative to a stick rising to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account

the voice of the little great man was heard in his regular vociferation of "Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!"

The officer before spoken of, stopped his horse when he arrived at the place, and seeing the timber scarcely moved, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter looked somewhat astonished, and turning to the officer with the authority of an emperor, said:

"Sir, I am a Corporal."

"You are not though, are you?" said the officer. "I was not aware of it," and taking of his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Upon this he dismounted from his elegant steed, flung the bride over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops upon his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority.

"Mr. Corporal Commander," he said, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-Chief, and I come and help you the second time."

The Corporal was thunder-struck. It was WASHINGTON.

MECHANICS.—St. Paul was a mechanic—a maker of tents from goats' hair; and, in the lecturer's opinion, he was a model mechanic. He was not only a thorough workman at his trade, but was a scholar—a perfect master, not only of his native Hebrew, but of three foreign tongues, a knowledge of which he obtained by close application to study during his leisure hours while serving his apprenticeship. It was a custom among the Jews to learn their sons some trade—a custom not confined to the poor classes, but was also practiced by the wealthy; and it was a common proverb among them, that if a father did not teach his son a mechanical occupation, he taught him to steal. The custom was a wise one; and if the father of the present day would imitate the example, their wrinkled cheeks would not so often blush for the helplessness, and not unfrequently criminal conduct of their offspring. Even if a father intend his son for one of the professions, it would be an incalculable benefit to that son to instruct him in some branch of mechanics. His education would not only be more complete and healthy, but he might at some future time, in case of failure in his profession, find his trade very convenient as a means of earning his bread; and he must necessarily be more competent in mechanical from his professional education. An educated mechanic was a model machine, while an uneducated mechanic working under the superintendence of another's brain. Let the rich and the proud no longer look upon mechanism as degrading to him who adopts a branch of it as his calling. It is a noble calling—as noble as the indolence and inactivity of wealth is ignoble.—[Lecture by Rev. Dr. Adams.]

Sunday Reading.

THE CHRISTIAN DEATH.

Stephen, in holy calmness, in the quiet sublimity of a triumphant faith, prays for himself—'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' prays for his murderers, 'Lord, lay not this to their charge,' bids each good night, and sinks into the response of heaven. 'So he giveth his beloved sleep.' In the hour of dissolution every saint in Christ Jesus, whether sinking under a shower of stones or the assault of disease, hears a voice saying—'Come hither!' Before escaping from this prison light begins to break in—Gleams from the sunshine of everlasting glory find their way to their cell.

"O what joy!" exclaimed Dr. Gordon. 'People have said that death is frightful. I look on it with pleasure. I see no death at my bedside. It is that benign Saviour waiting to take me. I could not have a fear. This is not the testimony of one who has nothing to live for. I am in the prime of life with comforts and friends around me. And the prospect of heaven is more than all.' I fear I am infinitely impatient in so longing after heaven; but it is so glorious! Christ, not death, is about to take me from earth. There is no death to the Christian. That glorious gospel takes away death.' Such a departure is a morose mort—a dying without death; it is the believer's birthday of eternity—his last best birthday, his birth into glory unalterable and unending.—The saint no less than the sinner, must depart this life. Of all the millions who have yet lived, only two have been translated; and in time to come, those only who are alive at the coming of our Lord shall in the twinkling of an eye be changed, without tasting death; but the law is—and these exceptions are hardly to be named—that all must die. The most eminent saints, the men and women after God's own heart; the beloved disciple—the one just returned to—who on the eve of departure saw the heavens open the right hand of God; and he who years before decess, was caught up to the third heaven, have alike been obliged to pass through the same door unto the unseen world. It was revealed unto the venerable Simeon that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ; but the night of him who is light to lighten the gentiles and the glory of Israel, made it no less necessary for him to behold the King of Terrors.

There are about seven million pores in the body of a man of ordinary size. If these were joined lengthwise, a tube would be formed twenty-eight miles long.

TERRIER DOGS.—Nearly every farmer keeps one or more dogs; and many, permit me to say plainly, are mere curs of no value whatever.—Now a pure bred terrier is more valuable upon a farmstead, for destroying rats and mice, about the house and barn, than a dozen cats. I have kept a terrier the past two years, and previous to that my barn was overrun with rats—now they are rarely seen or heard, upon my premises. The Terrier is also good as a watchdog, to hear, give notice of intruders, and a dog that thieves dread, as it is impossible to coax or wheedle him into silence. [O. Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK.—Working oxen that are well-tended now, will be far more serviceable for the spring work, than those that are neglected; so if good butter cows are desired in the summer, they must be turned to pasture in their thirry condition.

We fed, last year, from ten to seventeen swine on a mixture of Swede and flat turnips, beets, carrots and parsnips, boiled and mixed with a small portion of cob meal. They ate it greedily, and thrived well. [New England Farmer.]

Fire-wood, split fine and housed at once, will be best, if a current of air passes through it after being under cover.

The Governor of Alabama appointed last Saturday as a day of fasting and prayer. He calls upon all pious citizens to pray for the peace and harmony of the Union, and for the cessation of the Anti-Slavery agitation at the North.

The Farmers' Branch Bank of Ashblais, has recovered judgment against the former County Treasurer, for the amount of taxes illegally distrained from it. The amount distrained was \$5,668 91—amount of judgment obtained is \$7,025 91. This is another of the beauties resulting from Loophole Legislation.

On Monday night the 26th ultee young men named Hiesch, Miller, and Doll, residents of Cincinnati, assaulted a man named Geoddel; and in the affray one of them, Hiesch, drew a loaded pistol, and shot Geoddel through the lungs. It was the opinion of the physicians that the unfortunate man could not possibly survive. The assailants were arrested, and held to bail in \$5,000 each.

The Steubenville and Indiana Railroad was opened to Newark on Monday the 19th ult. It connects at that place with the Central Ohio Road for Columbus. Regular trips will shortly be made between Steubenville & Pittsburgh, which will add much to the travel on the Western end of the road.

When is a man thinner than a shingle?—When he's shaving.

A missionary had once rebuked a South Sea Islander for the sin of polygamy. After a day or two the cannibal returned, his face radiant with joy.

"Me all right, now; one wife. Me very good christian."

"What did you do with the other?" asked the missionary.

"Me eat her up."

"Wouldn't you call this the calf of a leg?" asked Bob, pointing to one of the nother limbs somewhat resembling barber poles. "No," replied Jim, "I should rather say it was the leg of a calf!"—Exit Bob, in a hurry.

An Irishman in recommending a cow said she would give milk year after year, without having calves. Because said he, "it runs in the brade, for she came of a cow that never had a calf!"

"I don't believe it's any use to vaccinate for small pox," said a back woods Kentuckian, "for I had a child vaccinated and he fell out of a window and was killed in less than a week after."

It has been satisfactorily ascertained, that ducks enter the water for divers reasons, and come out for different motives.

A woman's heart is like a fiddle. A requires a bow to play upon it.

"Bill, did you ever go to sea?"

"No, but I doubled one of the coasts of Florida once."

"Possible! Which one?"

"The one that belongs to Lilly Jones, of Tallahassee."

My German friend, how long have you been married? "Well, dis is a ting dat I don't seldom like to talk about, but van I does, it seems so long as if it never vas."

Sunday Schools.

No institution contributes more to the peace, prosperity, morals and respectability of a community than its Sunday Schools. The law can only punish, while Sunday Schools prevent crime. Colleges and Seminaries and Public Schools, it is true, enlighten the mind and develop mental genius, but the special objects of the Sabbath Schools instruction are the heart, the life, the destiny, the soul. The natural demand of the soul for a religion of some sort—for a Divinity to do homage to, is far greater than the aspiration after fame or wealth. A kind heart, where the two qualities cannot be combined. The conquest of genius are the flashing of vivid lightning that cracks the gloomy thunder cloud and leaves the world to wonder at his power. But the heart that feels the thrill of kindness, that is good, and true and pure, beams like the unobscured rays of mellow moonlight upon the world; imparting pleasure, elevating the desires, subduing the passions, and leading men to imitate its virtues. Not even the family circle is so well calculated to improve the heart of the child as the instruction of the Sabbath School, for here greater truths than ever parent uttered are taught and the child learns, what many men never learned, "who is my neighbor?" To a faithful teacher there is no more delightful employment than to teach children—susceptible as they always are—the simple truths of the bible, and when we contemplate the silent influence which these Sabbath School instructions have in forming the future character of the man or woman, the position becomes one of great importance and responsibility.

"I never go to church," said a country tradesman to his parish clergyman, "I always spend Sunday settling accounts." The minister immediately replied, "You will find sir, that the day of judgment will be spent in the same manner."

Nudity and rags, are idleness and ignorance on exhibition.