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SPRING'S COMING.

BY ANNIE.

Soon Spring comes all bright and cheery,
Flinging down on the gray,
And the brown—that so drear—
Folds them in their verdant veil.

Merrily the groves are singing,
With a music—wild and sweet,
Made by song-birds gaily winging
As their kinsfolk Spring to greet.

Silently the flowers are lifting,
Their sweet faces from the sod,
Smiling at the cloudlets drifting,
Breathing incense up to God.

Who hath chased the wintry sha dows
From the bosom of the earth
And in forest, vales and meadows,
Wakened melody and mirth.

And the sunbeams rich in blisses,
Trouble down with eager joy,
Show'ring warm, and tender kisses
On the blossoms, yet so coy.

Earth looks up all hushed in gladness,
Glad to break her icy chains;
And a vestige of the sadness,
Winter left, her brow retains.

With the trilling of the thrushes,
With the robin's gladsome song,
Gushes laugh to joyous gushes,
Sparkling as they thrown along.

And the soft breeze as it passes,
Hums a sweet and welcome lay,
To the green springing grasses,
Cheering them upon their way.

Ye whose ears have long been weary,
With the wintry winds bleak wail,
Ye whose hearts are sad, and dreary,
Ye whose cheeks are wan, and pale

Go call back your truant roses,
With the balmy breath of spring;
Know ye not that health reposes,
Neath the plumage of her wing?

Go where birds are gaily singing,
Go where bloom sweet wild-wood flowers,
And yoldhed a joy springing,
Calm as summer's gentle showers.

April 2nd 1858.

[From the Writings of Rev. Mr. Spurgeon.]

As a rose after a shower, bent down by tear-drops, waits for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches, that, lightened, it may stand more upon its stem; so one who is bowed down with affliction, longs for a friend to help him out of his sorrow, and bid him once more rejoice. Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected like April airs upon violet roots.

There are multitudes of men like the summer vines, that never grow even ligneous, but stretch out a thousand little hands to grasp the stronger shrubs; but if they cannot reach them, lie there disheveled in the grass, hoof-trodden and beaten by every storm.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and ruin and smooth onrolling prosperity.

Many men carry their consciences like a drawn sword, cutting this way and that way in the world; but sheathe and keep it very soft and quiet when it is turned within.

Unless you have singing in the family, singing in the house, and singing in the shop, and singing in the street—singing everywhere, until it becomes a habit—you can never have congregational singing. It will be like the cold drops, half water, half ice, which drip in March from some cleft of a rock—one drop here and one drop there; whereas, it should be like the August shower, which comes, ten million drops at once, and roars upon the roof.

The sun does not shine for a few trees, and flowers, but for the wide world's joy.—The lonely pine upon the mountain top, waves its sombre boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun." And so God sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low, that he may not look up with child-like confidence and say, "My Father! Thou art mine."

Have you ever seen a cactus growing? What a dry, ugly, spiny thing it is! But suppose your gardener takes it when just sprouting forth into buds, and let it stand a week or two, and then brings it to you, and lo! it is a blaze of light glorious above all other flowers. So the poor and lowly, when God's time comes, and they begin to stand up and blossom, how beautiful they will be!

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.

We know not the author of the following, but it is very pretty:

Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing her history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow.—The rolling rocks leave their scratches on the mountains, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bores in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in sand or stone, not a footstep in the snow, or along the ground but prints in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself on the memories of its fellows and its own face. The air is full of sounds—the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.

ON DEATH.

Some have styled this certain, but at most times unwelcome visitor, the king of terrors when he might with less impropriety have been termed the terror of kings. The poet has left his fictions, the painter his colors, the orator his tropes, to portray death as the grand destroyer, the enemy, the prince of phantoms and of shades. But can he be called the destroyer, who for a perishable state gives us that which is eternal? Can he be styled the enemy who is the best friend only of the best, who never deserts them at their utmost need, and whose friendship proves the most valuable to those who live the longest? Can he be termed the prince of phantoms and of shades, who destroys that which is transient and temporary to establish that which alone is real and fixed? And what the mournful escutcheons, the sable trophies, and the melancholy insignia with which we surround him, the sepulchral gloom the smouldering carcasse and the slimy worm! These, indeed, are the idle fears and empty terrors, not of the dead, but of the living.—The dark domain of death we dread indeed to enter, but we ought rather to dread the ruggedness of some of the roads that lead to it; but if they are rugged they are short, and it is only those that are smooth that are wearisome and long. But perhaps he summons us too soon from the feast of life; be it so; if the exchange be not the better, it is not his fault, but our own,—or he summons us late—the call is a reprieve rather than a sentence, for who would wish to set at a board when he can no longer partake of the banquet, or to live on to pain, when he has long been dead to pleasure? Tyrants can sentence their victims to death, but how much more dreadful would be their power, if they sentence them for life. Life is the goalor of the soul in its earthly prison, and its only deliverer is death, and what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death a passport to life. True wisdom thanks death for what he takes, and still more for what he brings. Let us then, like sentinels, be ready because we are uncertain, and calm because we are prepared. There is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.

FOUR POINTS.

There were four good habits a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his counsels and by his own example, and which he considered essentially necessary for the happy management of temporal concerns; these are, punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch. Without the first, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

That a wise delay which makes the road safe.

THE MARSEILLAES MISER.

Marseilles is a city of fountains, and has a fine acqueduct, almost entirely subterranean, by which pure water is brought from the little rivers of Huveaume and Javet. But this was not always the case. Look back with me many, many years, and I will show you how ill it used to be supplied with water and how in the fullness of time it came to be otherwise.

Once upon a time, I know not exactly the date, there dwelt in Marseilles a man named Guyot, with his wife and one son. They were but humble people; and at the time my narrative begins the child lay sick of a fever, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and his little hot hand pressed to his still hotter forhead, while he ceased not to cry in a plaintive tone for a draught of water.

"Alas my child," said Madame Guyot in reply to his moaning, "you know I have told you already the cistern is empty. Not a drop of water have I in the house, and I fear all our neighbors are as badly off as ourselves. See, take a draught of milk; I have nothing else to give you.

"But mother it is not like water," replied the boy; "it makes me only the more thirsty and almost chokes me it seems so thick; while water is so cold and refreshes me for a long time. But, alas! you have none to give me. If it would but rain, for I am burning! Oh, if I were rich I would care little for the finest wines, if I had but plenty of fresh, pure, cold water."

Madam Guyot, with true maternal love, strove to pacify the sufferer, and having succeeded in partially relieving his cravings by means of a draught of water, which a neighbor, scarcely better off than herself, sent by the hand of her little daughter, he at length slept. Even in his dreams, however, the memory of his feverish longing haunted him; and his plaintive cry for water, at oft recurring intervals, brought tears to the mother's eyes; and she trod softly, dreading to awaken the boy, least by doing so she should awaken his desires to a greater activity, when she knew she was without the means of satisfying them.

Seven years later, the fever-stricken boy had grown into a fine thoughtful youth of sixteen. No longer dependent on his parents, the young Jacques Guyot cheerfully performed his part in gaining a living. One evening after returning from work, as Madam Guyot was busily engaged in placing the evening meal on the table, she said to her son:

"Jaques, you must be content with less than your usual quantity of water to-night, for again the cistern is nearly dry."

"I am sorry for that mother," replied Jacques; "but though we have often since been very scarce of water, at least we have never wanted it so badly as when I had the fever."

"O, Jacques, can you never forget that!"

"Never mother. No day passes but the torture I suffered then for a draught of water comes into my mind; and I envy no man his wealth in anything save his more abundant supply of that one good gift. Is there no way of relieving this want by which the poor of Marseilles suffer so much and so often?"

"It is just because the poor are those who suffer that they must continue to do so; wealth might remedy the evil," answered his father.

"How so?" asked Jaques.

"Easily enough. Only let an acqueduct be made to bring pure water from a distant river."

"What would that cost think you father?"

"More money than you could count my son," replied the elder Guyot; "so let us to supper before it is as cold as the water you are always dreaming about."

The meal over, Jacques wandered in the garden thoughtful and silent, but not unnoticed by his parents. They conversed in an undertone about the extraordinary manner in which his mind dwelt on the night of suffering from thirst so long gone by.

"It is strange," said Madam Guyot, "how the lad is always thinking of it. I quite feared to tell him how little water we had left to-night, for it seems to grieve and trouble him so much; not for ourselves alone but lest some poor unfortunate should have to bear sufferings like those he experienced seven long years ago."

"Well," replied the father, "even that is not the chief object of his anxiety."

"Why, surely he does not fancy himself in love yet!" said madam Guyot in an accent of alarm. "Our neighbor's daughter Madeline, casts sheep's eyes at him I know, young as he is; and Jacques often tells her how like a little angel she seemed to him when her mother made her the bearer of that draught of water. But it is doubtless only nonsense, for he is still a boy, and she is a year younger."

"I was not thinking of Madeline, wife," replied Monsieur Guyot; "in my opinion our son Jacques loves something else better than all the damsels in the world—I mean money. He is always hoarding every sou he can collect, and trying, by all sorts of extra services, to earn more than his daily wages; and I almost fear he will turn miser since he spends nothing he can avoid."

"Oh, if that be the case he is doubtless thinking of some girl, and trying to save against the time when he is old enough to marry; but he's a good youth," added Madam Guyot, at the thought of having a rival in the love of her only child.

"Ah, wife," replied the husband, "you are almost jealous of little Madeline, but remember you cannot always expect to keep this one lamb of yours always at your side; and I say that if the thought of having some day to provide for a wife makes the lad so saving, for one I am well content."

The return of Jacques here stopped the conversation. Hours after his parents were at rest, the youth sat by the lattice in his little chamber. A luxuriant vine long over the casement, and waving backwards and forward in the moon-light, cast fantastic shadows on the wall. Little knew the parents of Jacques by what strong feelings he was actuated, though both were in part right, the father in speaking of his almost miserly habits, the mother in believing that her son loved Madeline.

The youth possessed one of those thoughtful natures which becomes old too soon; and those who wonder at love in a boy of sixteen, must remember that in southern France the blood runs warmer than in our cold climate. It was indeed wonderful how he always thought of Madeline in connection with that night of feverish agony—how like a ministering angel the child had seemed to him when she tripped lightly in with the cooling drink to satisfy his longings. The cup of cold water had worked with a marvelous charm, and the youth regarded the girl with a feeling akin to worship. In the eyes of others she was just a bright-eyed laughing thing, somewhat willful and capricious at times, as girls are apt to be; but to poor Jacques she was a being of heavenly beauty.

The recent scarcity of water had again brought the scene most vividly to his mind, and you might have seen by the moon-light how pale and agitated was his face. After a long vigil, he rose and taking from a secret repository a sum of money—large for him to possess—he slowly counted it out, and then gazing earnestly on his treasure said softly: "It might be done in a long life-time; but O, Madeline, Madeline!" then with tears streaming down his cheeks he flung himself on his knees to pray. Poor Jacques! he prayed with such earnest simple faith that he rose tranquil, and seeking his couch, soon fell into sound sleep.

Three more years went by, but still Jacques continually added to his store. So scrupulous was he in denying himself every superfluity, the neighbors whispered how the young Guyot had become a miser. Some did more than whisper; they spoke openly to his mother respecting this peculiarity in her son. Madam Guyot looked very sagacious, and gave mysterious hints about the virtue of sparing on one's self to spend on another, glancing as she spoke at Jacques and Madeline, who were just visible to the group of gossips.

Let love be the presumed cause of a man's actions, a woman will hardly ever deem him in the wrong, however extravagant that may be. Even vice in her sight assumes the dignty of virtue, if she can ascribe its committal to the power of love. So it was with the gossips at whose self-constituted tribunal Jacques was tried; and from that time many a sly joke was leveled at Madeline, till the little damsel's head was almost turned with thinking of the—of course much magnified—riches hoarded by her admirer for her to spend some day. She felt she was beloved, for it is not hard to divine when one is the dearest of all earthly objects to a pure and honest heart; but in spite of her convictions in this respect, the conduct of Jacques was a sad puzzle to her.

"He is never so happy as when by my side," she would often says to her mother; "that every one may see; but I do not think he cares to gain one for a wife."

The mother would bid her be patient, and all would in time turn out well; but Madeline thought there should be some limit to the expected patience, so she would pout her cherry lips, and give Jacques short answers. Still, though she evidently succeeded in giving him pain, he seemed as far from declaring his sentiments as ever.

The crisis, however came at last. Madeline had a cousin Marie, who was not only a near neighbor, but also a sort of rival beauty. There had been no slight jealousy between the girls on the subject of love and marriage; but Marie had at last triumphed, and the day for her own wedding being fixed, she openly twitted Madeline about her lagged lover. This was a sad blow to the vanity of the young girl. Marie's *fiance* came from what was in those days considered a great distance, and neither grudged spending time nor money in visits to his betrothed; while Madeline, with her lover almost at the door, seemed likely enough to remain single. Oh, it was too much for any maiden's patience.

The wedding-day came, and she of course was one of the guests, together with Jacques; and the girl bent on pushing her tardy admirer, coquetted with others by his very side. But she did not stop at coquetry only. The brother of the bridegroom, a gay and handsome fellow, now at Marseilles for the first time, was smitten with her charms, and after the wedding, found, or made, many excuses for visiting the town which contained Madeline. Jacques, it seemed, would not be piqued into submission; and she was not inclined either for a spinster's life, or a longer silent wooing; so, after some hesitation on the part of her parents, who still leaned to their neighbor, partly from old association, and still more of his reputed wealth, Madeline was betrothed to the stranger.

Madam Guyot often sighed, and said in her son's hearing that it was a pity two of the prettiest maidens should be carried off by strangers; for she had long ago made up her mind that since Jacques would need marry soon or late, it would be well to have a daughter-in-law whom she had known from childhood. All her hints might have been unheard for any outward effect they produced on her son; but when the marriage day came he remained shut up in his little chamber. Neither food nor drink passed his lips; but could he have been seen by any one, a mighty mental conflict would have been revealed to the watcher—it was the last great struggle with human passion. The last bar to his devoting himself to one great object was removed.

The gossips who had a foretime interested themselves so liberally in the affairs of Jacques and Madeline, once more twitted Madam Guyot, saying, it plainly was not love that made her son such a miser in his habits, but she answered them more proudly than ever that Jacques would now look higher for a wife.

So, first one great lady and then another was said to be the fair object for whom our hero cherished a secret passion, whom he was trying to equal in wealth. But though Madam Guyot fostered the idea, she, poor soul, knew better, for only a few days after the marriage of his only love, Jacques had begged her in a broken voice, to find out whether the little vessel in which Madeline had borne the precious draught of water to his bedside a dozen years ago, was still in existence.

"O, my son," said Madam Guyot, "since you did so love Madeline why did you let her go! she would not now be the wife of a stranger, if you had asked her for thyself."

"Better as it is, mother," replied Jacques, though his lips quivered as he spoke, and again begged his mother to procure what he had mentioned at any cost.

Madam Guyot's mission proved successful though the mother of Madeline marveled greatly at the request; and both the worthy matrons agreed that the conduct of Jacques was a problem beyond their power to solve. Eagerly was the little vessel seized by him, and after bestowing many greatful thanks on his mother, he conveyed it to his own little room. Could the thing have spoken, it might have told how, when others slept, Jacques spent many hours in sighs and even tears. Aye for every drop of water that it had once held, the strong man paid in tears a thousand fold.

Years sped on, and the father and mother of Jacques had passed from the earth. The young man had been called a miser even during their lifetime, but now, indeed he merited the title. Ever craving for money, he added to his store by the strictest parsimony. His clothes were patched by himself, again and again, till no traces of the original stuff remained. Generally his feet were bare, and even when he wore any covering on them it consisted of old shoes that had been cast away as worthless, and picked up by him in his solitary wanderings through the town. His food was of the coarsest description, and taken merely to sustain life. He no longer occupied the dwelling in which his early days had been spent; his present home was an old and roomy house, built with a degree of strength which defied any attempt at entrance, unsanctioned by its occupant, at least without a degree of force being used which must have inevitably led to a discovery. Here, then, dwelt Jacques Guyot, quite alone. But far worse than alone was he when absent from his house, for the evil repute in which he was held was such that, as he walked the children ran shouting after him:—

"There goes Guyot! See the wretched miser how thin he is! He grudges himself food to make himself fat, and clothes to cover his lean old body."

Then the mischievous urchins would cast stones at Jacques, and load him with insults unchecked by their parents. But even this was not the worst. One day he met a friend or at least he had been such in youth and whom he had not seen for many a year. For the moment Jacques forgot his rags and isolation—it was so long since a kindly word had been bestowed upon him, and oh! how he yearned to win it. Eagerly he advanced with an indescribable gleam of joy lighting his pinched features, but his former comrade shunk back, holding up his hands as if to forbid his nearer approach, saying as he did so "I will not hold communication with a thing like you. Did you not love thy money better than her who ought to be thy wife! But you suffered a stanger to carry her away and now the accursed thing is dearer to you than yourself, though you have neither child nor kin to whom to leave it. Away! touch me not!"

Another trial came still later, and it was the hardest of all. A portly dame, elderly but still fresh and comely looking, and with a fair daughter by her side, passed leisurely along the streets of Marseilles. They seemed to be new-arrivals; but the elder one was evidently no stranger, for she pointed out to her daughter various changes which had been made of late. Jacques Guyot looked earnestly at the girl, for her features brought vividly to his mind those of the object of his one love dream, and as he came near he heard her mother call her Madeline. Another glance and he recognized the elder female as the Madeline of his youth.—Though so many yeass had gone over his head, his pale face was in a moment flushed. Again he forget the curses and the stones daily showered around him; the vision of the bright-eyed child, with the little treasured pitcher in her hand, was before him, and she too was for an instant! Madeline, even in her distant home, had heard of the miser Guyot, who heaped up wealth, though with none to share it, and denied even the smallest aid to the miserable, though surrounded with gold. Even at that moment, too, she heard the taunts of the passer-by; so gathering her skirts closely around, as though his very touch would poison, she swept by with such a look of scorn as rooted the miser to the spot, and brought back the sense of his loneliness more terrible than ever.

Though no inhabitants of Marseilles ever entered the miser's dwelling during his life yet I am able to tell how he spent his life there. I know he never entered his silent comfortless home, without feeling that his heart would leap with joy to hear a friendly voice, or if he might be permitted to clasp a child to his bosom. I know that, in spite of insults, reproaches, and taunts, his heart teemed with loving kindness to his fellow creatures; and often when suffering from them, he would even smile, and murmur, "It is because they know me not; for one day these curses will be turned into blessings." Aye, and that when seated on his hard bench, to take the food needful to prolong his life until the object should be accomplished for which he had given up all that could tend to its enjoyment, he prayed for a blessing on his coarse fare; and I know, too, that after each more biting proof of scorn from those around him he asked from the to same Almighty source strength to "endure the end."

A very old man was Jacques Guyot when the end came, but he met it with joy and hope, for he had lived long enough to finish his self-possessed task. Stretched upon his wretched palet, he smiled and talked to himself:

"Ah! Jacques," said he, "they will never more call thee accursed. The last stone has been cast at thy worthless carcass, for worthless it may well be called, since even the worms will scarcely be able to banquet on the scanty covering of thy old bones.—But oh! what joy to think the miser has not lived in vain! And then too," said he, taking in his hand Madeline's little pitcher "well hast thou performed thy part. Though but a thing of clay, the sight of thee has reminded me each day and hour that, having given up her to whom thou didst once belong, no greater sacrifice could be demanded of me; and more than that—it ever brought before me the memory of the one pressing want which inspired the resolution God has in his goodness given me strength to fulfill. I will indulge just one weakness, and having taken my last draught from thee, no other lips shall touch thee."

So saying he drank the water it contained and gathering his remaining strength, shivered it to atoms. One hour after and the miser lay dead. Only lifeless clay, senseless as that shivered by his last act, now remained of Jacques Guyot.

As soon as he was missed from his daily haunts, the propriety of examining his dwelling suggested itself to the town people, for there were many who would not touch him while living who would gladly have acted as his executors. Fancy, then, the crowd around the door—the forcible entrace—the curious ransacking each room, till they at last stood bedside all that remained of their bitter loathing. The authorities of the town who led the way, took possession of a sealed paper, which Jacques, ere he lay down to die had placed in a conspicuous position.—It was his will, duly executed, and contained these words: "Having observed from my youth that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can be procured for them only at great cost, I have cheerfully labored all my life to gain them this great blessing, and I bequeath all I possess to be spent in building an aqueduct for their use."

Jacques had told the truth. The curses turned into blessings, and this death made a city full of self-reproaching mourners.—Many a man has won the name of a hero by one gallant deed; but he who made a conquest of a city by the continued heroism of a long life, methinks deserves the name indeed. And thus I have told you to whom the inhabitants of Marseilles owe their aqueduct.

WOMEN ENJOY MOST.

Women, in their natures, are much more joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined their fibers more delicate, their animal spirits more light and volatile—or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a sex in the very soul—we shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of woman, gravity is that of man. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the path of reason. This will certainly happen if the one in every word and action reflects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, woman by a thoughtless gallantry. When these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impatient and fantastical. Taking these facts as a basis for our premises, we may conclude that men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good humor of the wife. When these are tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that's duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.

OLD HUNDRED

In a rustic church opposite, while we write, a company of worshipers are singing that old, old hymn, "Be thou, O God, exalted high." The air is old, also, the immortal "Old Hundred."

If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration—"They are singing 'Old Hundred' now!"

The solemn strain carries us back to the times of the reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany.

From his stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence it cannot die. Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

The blue-eyed girls of old "fader land" sang those same strains with all the enthusiasm of a new and holier religion. They had been bound down to priest, prayer-book and rosary. They had raised adoring eyes to the spangled image of the Virgin, and bent unblushingly before the carved semblance of the Saviour of sinners. They have knelt at the dark confessional, and placing their lips to its cunningly-wrought portals, told the choicest and most sinful emotions of their hearts, into the ears of their father confessor, whom, sometimes, they feared more than they feared God. But Luther, in the face of the fathers, had thrown down his rosary, and refused to acknowledge any intercessor save Christ. Luther had, as it were, nailed his anathem over the doors of the confessional. He had laughed to scorn the holy relics, pretended miracles, and saving power of the priesthood, and with daring, burning eloquence denounced their sensuality and Idolatry. First the mother heard then the maids. They went to listen and remained to pray, aye, and to sing with throbbing hearts and tearful eyes, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Can you find a toomb in the land where the sealed lips lay that have not sung that tune! If they were gray old men they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes, they smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep singing "Old Hundred."—Sinner and saint have joined with the countless congregation where it has, with and without the perling organ, sounded on the sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world have lisped it. The sweet young girl, whose tomb-stone told but of sixteen summers—she whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty—loved Old Hundred, and as she sang it, she closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels, who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering feet ascended the pulpit, with white hand placed over his laboring heart, loved, "Old Hundred." And though his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding, the dear white headed father, with his tremulous voice—how he loved "Old Hundred!" Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm chair, his hands crossed on the top of his cane, his silvery locks floating off his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance stealing down his furrowed cheeks, as the noble strains ring out! Do you hear that thin, quavering, faltering sound, now bursting forth, now listened for, almost im vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips hallowed by four score years' service in the Master's cause, "Old Hundred" sounds indeed a sacred melody.

You may fill your church choirs with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple and cost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by young and old together.—Martyrs have hallowed it—it has gone up from the dying beds of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation has worshiped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried, and laid before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower-top—the very air is haunted with its spirit.

Think for a moment of the assembled company who have, at different times and in different places, joined in the familliar tune! Throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave—with the inspiration of heavenly sounds.

"Old Hundred"—King of the sacred band of ancient airs! Never shall our ears grow tired of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but the first triumphal strain that welcomes us, may be—

"Be thou, O God, exalted high."

Failure of the American Expedition to Sebastopol.

We regret to learn, as we do through the late news from Europe, of the entire failure of the expedition fitted out mainly from this city, under a charter granted by the Legislature of this State, at its last session, to raise the sunken Russian fleet in the harbor of Sebastopol. The attempt, it seems has been a total failure—not a vessel has been recovered, and the force of shipping engaged in the attempt has been withdrawn and offered for sale. The difficulty seems to have arisen from the perfect riddling of the ships by the worms, rendering them so porous that the water poured in almost as fast as it was pumped out. In addition to this difficulty, which the enterprising companies having the undertaking in charge endeavored to overcome by caulking the vessels had sunk from four to six fathoms in the mud. The efforts to blow them to pieces was equally unsuccessful. As much as five thousand pounds of powder was tried with a two decker, but as the rotten timber had too little power of resistance the result was that the weaker point gave way, and the explosion tore out a small part in the side of the vessel, leaving the rest altogether untouched. The interest of the Philadelphia stockholders in the enterprise is represented by Dr. Wickersham, of this city, from whom we shall probably soon have information more in detail, though the newspaper accounts are quite definite as to the utter failure of the attempt, which we had hoped would have resulted in success, and in the placing of an additional plume in the cap of American enterprise. Against all known difficulties in the business, the preparations made by the company, it seems, were fully adequate. It was the hidden enemy—the little worm—that frostrated the whole enterprise.—[Phil. Ledger.

Emancipation in Missouri

The New Orleans Cresent concedes that Missouri must become a free State in ten years. On this subject it says:

"We have frequently expressed the opinion in times past, that Missouri was gradually, but surely, approaching a condition that would secure a triumph of the emancipation cause in that State, and an easy triumph at that. The period which has elapsed since has confirmed those opinions; and we now entertain little doubt that emancipation will succeed in its work before the expiration of of a decade. Hemmed in on the North, East and West by free soil Territory—with slave property becoming daily more insecure and less valuable for that reason—and with the extraordinary inducements to sell which the high prices of negroes further South readily command, it would be wonderful rather than otherwise if the slave-holders there did not dispose of their property and pocket the proceeds, without any regard or care for its effects upon the existence of the patriarchal institution at home. Such is human nature everywhere.

Missouri is partially freesoilized now, and has been for some time, the St Louis District being represented in Congress by an open and avowed Freesoiler—F. P. Blair, Jr.—and there is no question whatever in the minds of intelligent men, that the Anti-Slavery sentiment is increasing in all portions of the Commonwealth. About the time Missouri goes, Kentucky and Maryland will follow suit, and thus the South will be shorn of three great States—deprived of three great frontier bulwarks. And the beauty of the thing consists in this. We will have paid the money to deprive ourselves of allies, and to weaken our own section! The profound *wisdom* of such a policy is so apparent that he who runneth may read."

In view of these results the Cresent puts forth the following feeler toward a renewal of the African slave-trade:

"But let any one propose to prevent the impending catastrophe by the introduction of additional labor from abroad, or by the adoption of percautionary measures of any description, and he is at once cried down as an enemy to the Union; even if harder and more reprehensible terms are not used, by gentlemen who illustrate in their actions the proverb of straning at the goat and swallowing the camel."

The South begins to see that no new State is likely to have a population favorable to Slavery. Even in Texas, when another Shall be carved from her territory, there will be a large majority of the people against the peculiar institution. Considerations of political economy, rather than of morals, control the domain of Slavery. In the cotton and sugar States it is profitable, and, consequently, will be concentrated. Instead of expecting more States, the planters look for more negroes. As yet they go to Virginia, where slaves are dear; but they intend to seek a cheaper market in Africa. Each year will witness stronger demonstrations in favor of the foreign slave-trade. "Such is human nature everywhere."—*N. York Times.*

The Missouri Wife Murder—Horrible Confession of the Murderer.

A man by the name of Geo. H. Lamb, was arrested a few days since at St. Louis for the murder of his wife. He was formerly a hotel-keeper in Mendota, Ill., and had married a young woman of Hamilton in that State. Some time after his marriage he proposed to his wife to go to the South, and the twain departed. In a few months Lamb returned saying that his wife was dead and buried, and that she died at Memphis. Her relatives made inquiry and found the report false. Lamb was then arrested. In his confession he states that himself and wife went to St. Louis and stopped at the Astor House. While there he attempted to poison her but did not succeed. How he finally succeeded in murdering her we copy from his confession:

"We left the Astor House in a baggage or express wagon. Nobody but the driver went with us. My wife seemed perfectly willing to go. Went down to the lower ferry landing. I do not know who the driver of the waggon was, nor the number or his waggon. I think the driver was a colored man. We went into a little room on the ferry warfboat. There was a young man on the landing, and I asked him if my wife might sit there, he said she might. I told two boys to bring me a skiff. We staid there till the boys came up with the skiff. I paid six or seven dolars for it. We had been there an hour when the boys brought the boat. We went down the river and stopped below the steamboat about fifty rods, where a levee or street is built out towards the river. I stopped to get weight, telling my wife it was to put in the bottom of of the boat to keep it steady. Two boys brought a stone a piece. I did not get out of the skiff. My real design in getting those stone was to sink the body of my wife.

After getting the stones we went on past an island, without any trees on it on the Missouri side. I did not see Carondelet at all. I did not notice more than one island of the kind spoken of. We went down the river about half way of the island on the east side near the channel where steamboats run. It was getting considerably dark. It was rather on the Missouri side, about forty or fifty yards from the shore. The steamboat channel is between the Illinois shore and where we were. When we got there I put my hand on the back of her neck and pushed he head down under the water, keeping it under about two minutes. She was then dead—caused by my holding her head under the water. I took her shawl off, and bonnet, and tied a twine around her neck.—The twine was from four to six feet in length, between her neck and the stone.—I then lifted the stone over the skiff and she dropped right down. The stone was a little larger than this book (Revised Statutes) ten or twelve pounds weight. I got the twine or cord for the purpose of using it thus. I then got out into the island and shoved the skiff out into the stream. The skiff was of medium size, from twelve to fifteen feet long. I do not recollect whether it was painted or not. I left the oars, (three or four) in the boat but did not leave any stones there. I then hollored for some one to come and take me off the sand-bar. I hulloed about one hour, and an old countryman, a German, and another came and took me off. It was getting dark when I threw my wife overboard. I designed drowning her when we left the Astor House. My reason for causing her death was that I felt satisfied I could not live happily with her. She had never done or said anything to cause me to feel in that way. I had neither ill-feeling towards her or towards any of her relatives. I felt as though I could not go back among my neighbors with her because I was afraid they would think I had married one below my station of life.

PREMIUMS AND REGULATIONS

Of the Delaware County Agricultural Society for the next annual Fair.

CLASS A.—CATTLE.—*Herd of any Breed.*

Best Herd of Bull and 6 Cows or Heifers 2 years old or over, Diploma &	$6.00
2d best do do	4,00

Sweepstakes open to all Breeds.

Best Bull of any age	6,00
" Cow do	6,00

Awarding Committee.—O. D. Hough, T. Headley, N. C. Paul, A. Stephen and Rich. Lewis of Worthington.

Thorough-Bred, of Short Horn, Devon, Hereford, or Ayrshire Breed.

Best Bull over three years old	5
2d best do	4
Best Bull over two years old	4
2d best do	3
Best Bull one year old	3
2d best do	2
Best Bull Calf	2
2d best do	1

Same premiums on females. Satisfactory pedigrees required on all stock in this list.

Full Bloods.

Best Bull over three years old	4
2d best do	3
Best Bull two years old	3
2d best do	2
Best Bull one year old	3
2d best do	2
Best Bull Calf	2
2d best do	1

Same premiums on females.

Awarding Committee.—S. H. Allen, H. C. Frost, T. B. Myers, B. H. Willis and D. S. Drake.

Natives and Grades.

Best Bull over three years old	3
2d best do	2
Best Bull two years old	3
2d best do	2
Best Bull one year old	2
2d best do	1
Best Bull Calf	2
2d best do	1

Same premiums on females.

Awarding Committee.—F. P. Vergon, Wm. Lewis, N. C. Joy, S. W. Case and J. Cleveland.

Working Oxen and Steers.

Best yoke of work Oxen over 4 years old	5
2d best do	4
Best yoke of working Steers 3 years old	4
2d best do	3
Best yoke of Steers two years old	2
2d best do	2
Best yoke one year old	2
2d best do	2
Best yoke Calves	2
2d best do	1
Best Steer three years old	3
2d best do	2
Best Steer two years old	2
2d best do	1
Best Steer one year old	2
2d best do	1

Awarding Committee.—Same as on Natives and Grades.

Fat Cattle.

Best Fat Ox	3
2d best do	2
Best Fat Cow	3
2d best do.	2

Awarding Committee.—Same as on Sweepstakes and Herds.

Milch Cows.

Best Milch Cow	8
2d best do	5

The Cow to be kept only during the experiment, and for ten days previous to each period of the trial.

Statements to be furnished, 1st the age, weight and breed of cow and time of calving. 2d. The quantity of milk in weight, and also of butter during each period of ten days. 3d. The butter made to be exhibited with the cow at the Fair, and the statement to be verified by the affidavit of the competitor, and one other person conversant with the facts. The exhibitor may commence the account of the yield of milk, and the quantity of the butter produced, at such time as may by him be deemed most proper and be continued for ten successive days, then, after an interval of thirty days, to be resumed, and again continued ten days.

Awarding Committee.—Same as for Herd and Sweepstakes.

CLASS C.—*Horses.*

Best Blooded Stallion over 4 years old	8
2d best do	5
Best Blooded Stallion 3 years old	5
2d best do	3
Best Stallion Colt two years old	3
2d best do	2
Best Stallion Colt one year old	2
2d best do	1
Best Stallion Colt under one year	2
2d best do	1

Same premiums on females.

Awarding committee.—Chas. Armstrong, F. Becker and R. Zeigler.

Native and Improved Stallions.

Best Native Stallion over four years old	6
2d best do	4
Best Native Stallion over three years old	4
2d best do	3
Best Native Stallion over two years old	3
2d best do	2
Best Native Stallion one year old	2
2d best do	1
Best Colt do	2
2d best do	1

Same premiums on females.

Awarding committee.—John Armstrong, Smart and E. A. Vining.

Geldings, Matched Horses, etc.

Best pair Matched Carriage Horses	5
2d best do	3
Best pair Matched Mares	5
2d best do	3
Best pair of Farm and Draft Horses	5
2d best do	3