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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, October 9, 1862.

### Selected Poetry.

#### THE HEART'S GUESTS.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight  
The rain from the dripping eaves,  
And stirs with a tremulous rustle  
The dead and the dying leaves;  
While afar, in the midst of the shadows,  
I hear the sweet voices of bells  
Come borne on the winds of autumn,  
That fitfully rises and swells.

The call and they answer each other—  
They answer and mingle again—  
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem  
Make harmony still in their strain;  
As the voices of sentinels mingle  
In mountainous regions of snow,  
Till from hill top to hill top a chorus  
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,  
The sound of the rain's distant chime,  
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,  
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time;  
The slumberous sense of seclusion,  
From storm and intruders aloof,  
We feel when we hear in the midnight  
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings  
To take all its wanderers home,  
Or, after in the regions of fancy,  
Delights on swift pinions to roam,  
I quietly sit by the fire-light—  
This firelight so bright and so warm—  
For I know that those only who love me  
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,  
Should even the household depart,  
Deserted, I should not be lonely—  
There still would be guests to my heart.  
The faces of friends that I cherish,  
The smile and the glance, and the tone,  
Will haunt me wherever I wander,  
And thus I am never alone.

While those who have left far behind them  
The joys and the sorrows of time—  
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels,  
In a purer and holier clime,  
Then darkly, oh! evening of autumn,  
Your rain and your shadows may fall,  
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—  
My heart holds a least with them all.

### Miscellaneous.

#### The Cry of the Human.

BY SALLIE BRIDGES.

A young child sat lonely in a hot school room one sultry day in June. A difficult sun, which, over and over again, she had failed to bring right, had wearied her own and her teacher's patience, until she was condemned, as a punishment, to remain in continued study while her companions enjoyed their recess in the garden below. She was neither a stupid nor obstinate child; the task had needed some necessary explanation to render it comparatively easy, which the heat of the day and an irritability produced by some outside causes made her instructress indisposed to bestow; or, perhaps, she forced herself to believe that the pupil's advancement would be aided by the unassisted working out by her own efforts of the problems whose elucidation formed part of the educational plan. Be it as it may, she sat below, superintending the restricted play of her other charges, while, in front of an open window above, the offending scholar sobbed herself into a headache. She dared not change her seat, and the summer sunshine glared in upon her desk, and the long rows of blurred figures on the neglected slate; opposite, and limiting the view, stood a high brick wall, between whose base and the garden fence ran one of those small city streets reeking with filth and swarming with population. The garden was too small to extend within the range of her vision, even as she leaned forward to catch one breath of a hoped-for breeze, and there only floated up to her fevered senses the odors of the alley mingling with the sickening and heavy scent of some blossoming plant.

She crossed her hands on the green baize before her, and rested the throbbing temples on the palms. Pain, the closeness of the air, a sense of injustice, rendered her mentally and physically as miserable as many a sufferer of larger growth under more aggravated evils; for our sorrows are proportioned to our strength—the trial of a child is as sharp to the child, as keen in endurance, as is the agony of a man to a man's susceptibility. Suddenly, as she sat there with her thoughts all in a whirl, there rose, through the silence of noonday, hitherto broken only by the tones of her school-fellows, a solitary human voice: one of those sounds that float continually through the summer air of large cities—a cry of the streets, the call of some itinerant salesman, or the bargains for the offerings of our homes—rags or old iron. There was in the deep and prolonged notes that element of mournfulness and pathos that we frequently cannot fail to notice in the outcast voices that assail our hearing with such coarse and vulgar associations; a something of crushing woe mingling with appeal; an indefinite melancholy of expression, as if the hidden soul was struggling to send up through hunger, crime and degradation, a valiant petition for brotherhood with the higher race, that also suffer and starve in their hearts, unconsciously echoing again to the Highest of all the prayer for help, for wherewithal to sustain life, spiritual and physical—the great, the universal "Cry of the Human."

The child listened; slowly there penetrated through the throbbings of her weary brain the dim perception of meaning in those fragmentary tones—a dim meaning that her analytical powers were too faint to define, but which, nevertheless, stirred an answering sentiment in the tender, untarnished, and unworried heart. There was some one more wretched than herself; groping through the by-ways of life,

acquainted with the gaunt shape of poverty; wrestling, day by day, amid stinks of perdition, for the mere food to maintain an existence that scarcely seemed worth having; and lying down, night after night, kenneled, perhaps, with worse than dogs. She knew something about it—this observing, loving little child; good people had read tracts in her presence, descriptive of the state of the poor; she had more than once accompanied those who had her in charge to the meetings of a moral society, where every festering sore of humanity was laid bare, and the great salve of money was industriously pleaded for; and reports were recorded of how the daintily-gloved hands had administered the plaster, even though curses had followed the bestowal of their mercy, and hate, the characteristic of the caste, had blasphemed their noblest philanthropy.—But this young girl, with all the first freshness of feeling still pure and strong, put aside her own annoyance to think out the thoughts that rose unbidden, awakened by an unknown voice uttering words neither refined nor poetical. The divine fount of pity was stirred, and the waters of love overflowed the gentle eyes; a chord was struck that echoed long after; a seed was planted, that in the years to come, bore, in the eyes of God, richer fruit than the golden apples of Hesperides.

Such little things do mold our fates; such insignificant trifles sometimes open the pearly gates of Paradise, and shut the frowning doors of hell, bearing their glooming inscription, "Leave hope behind, who enters here!" "I wish I was a woman!" welled up from the depths of yearning sympathy, with a vague comprehension that age is power; power, the will to work, "I wish I was a woman!" It was the answer of the individual to the universal cry; it was the promise of childhood to the future of its own anticipation; it was the woman in the child leaning forward to the undeveloped womanhood of the soul.

"I wish I was a woman!" And what then? Who remembers the promises of the past? To be a woman! "Oh, God!" prayed the Indian father, "let not my child be a girl, for very sorrowful is the lot of a woman!" Standing fronting the eternal hills, a young girl pushed aside her waves of hair, and with lips apart, drank in the glory of the scene; the purple mists, the tinted clouds, the ripening fields upon the mountain's side of variously colored grain, all agitated by turns this watching soul, so susceptible to beauty—so aspiring with gratitude. She thought—she, a denizen of towns—that nothing the poets had written, nothing imagination might conceive, could equal in loveliness these choice places of the earth; the air, the light, the leaves, were full of messages from heaven, and in the pure rapture of enjoyment the wings of angels seemed to wave about her, and every breeze harmonized like notes of celestial melody with the ecstatic hymn of her spirit, welling upward to her God. For she was young, and the daisies of happiness lingered still upon the rounded cheek; the dew was yet upon the blossoming flower of her life, and it is when we are young and happy that we worship; when we are older and acquainted with sorrow we pray!

One came silently to her side, put his arms around her, and looked into her face. She turned her eyes to his, filled with an expression in which the fervor of exaltation melted into the tenderness of woman's trust and devotion. No word was spoken between them; love had made silence eloquent and language poor—each soul reflected from the other emotions so exquisite that the bliss of Paradise cannot rival them, and yet so fleeting and rare, that after life recalls them only as glimpses of heaven given in a dream. And thus they stood, in the meridian of human feeling, surrounded by the glow of the setting sun, the rich and gorgeous clouds floating above them, the great book of nature open before them, heart to heart, speechless yet responsive, and the thought of the woman soaring to her Maker amid the glory of her hope: "We love, O God, we love, and are part of Thee, since Thou art love!"

In a high room fronting a street in a large city, the shades of evening slowly gathered round a solitary woman battling with bitter memories; it was the anniversary of a great sorrow, and since the rising of the sun she had wrestled with her heart as one struggles with an enemy, and the heart, which cannot be stifled, strives hard for the mastery over reason—strives, and conquers, and overwhelms. She had come away forever from the purple mountains of hope, soaring to heaven. In the valley of despair she felt only the shadows of the past; saw, spreading above her, only heavy mists, untinted and unperceived. What matters it to know what cloud had darkened the golden light of youth? She herself shuddered when the familiar angel of memory rolled away the stone of apathy, and bade her dead dreams rise. She shared with no one living the sorrow of her life; she had simply achieved the passing wish of her childhood—she was a woman! Alas! alas! for one woman who walks crowned with the lilies of peace, multitudes wear upon their breast the white rose of silence. For one woman who sings in the sunlight of happiness the song of joy and thanksgiving, myriads stretch their arms in the night of misery with a wail of woe, a shriek for mercy, or the moan of an impotent anguish. And so into this existence, as into that of her sisters all over the earth, had entered the arrow of suffering, and rankled there, while the wound, the blood, the agony, were hidden by the mantle of pride.

With uncertain steps she paced her narrow chamber, recalling, resisting the spectres of other days; stopping every now and then, with clenched hand, bloodless lip, to strangle some passionate recollection that would not lie still beneath the tread of time. No sound, save only a name broke through the stillness of that mighty emotion; no sob, no groan, no prayer. For years, for slow and bitter years, through weary days and sleepless nights, the entreaty of her soul had gone up to the Source of Mercy and Power; the heavens were deaf; the blue sky seemed turned to stone; her

prayers fell back upon her heart, and she stood now, fronting the future, without faith, save in the workings of an immutable fate, hopeless, loveless, alone.

Suddenly pausing amid this inward strife, she took from its receptacle an antique silver goblet, curiously shaped and wonderfully carved, such as goldsmiths, long before Benvenuto, might have fashioned for the tables of kings. It was the heir-loom of a long line of ancestors—had been the stirrup cup that had speeded parting guests from the castle gates of a haughty race; and was linked with one dark tradition of a sovereign saved from treacherous draught by the generous act and loyal death of his host's wife, who drained the cup to save her husband's honor and her monarch's life. Quietly, steadily, she poured once more into the storied beaker the sluggish and fatal drops. Through that long day of pain she had trembled at the sense of health that might bear her through slow years of irremediable anguish; she saw herself living among men, yet set apart by grief. She well knew that all her days must wear some likeness to this, and over and over again, in the keenness of her despair, the thought had darted through her brain: "What shall I do with my life? What shall I do with my life?" At last this one feeling grew stronger than all others—the dread of those innumerable hours, dark with recollections that would never sleep. She knew nothing of the next world! She knew too much of this! And death, annihilation, any hereafter, was preferable to the realization of this fearful anticipation.

She took the cup in her hand and went to the open window; a lingering and indefinite sympathy with Nature, with the night that was about to close around her forever, caused her to look out once more into the blackness and space typical of all that she saw beyond the end; perhaps, also, there stole almost unconsciously into her heart a vague yearning for the silence that stricken creatures sometimes find in the contemplation of creation.—Perhaps her last look at God's serene sky was to be a protest against the misery that saw afar off everything lovely and peaceful. The blue and cloudless heavens sparkled with the light of stars; their cold and distant glory would shine the same next night when she should be—ah! no, the same!

The soft air floated over the fevered brow, and lifted the same wavy hair that a young girl had once before thrust away, that she might look with eager eyes upon the beauty of the earth; but the air now bore no messages from the Highest, the eyes were hungry for death, and as angels camped round about her they had folded their wings in dismay and pity. A merry and laughing party passed in the street below; mechanically she looked after them; their silken robes, the glitter of jewels flashed through the gloom, the sound of young and gay voices rose up from light spirits to the sense of that pale and silent woman who watched their forms recede in the darkness with a mournful gaze of prophetic meaning. Careless hearts, would ye have wept instead of smiled amid the comedy of your pleasure, could ye have penetrated the tragedy of that ruined life?

All the sky was bright, all the thoroughfare was still, all her thoughts were one storm of defiance, memories, madness! Suddenly out of the depths of the night there rang through the silence a single human cry!—a cry of the streets!—a cry concentrating the want, the wail, the pathos, of poverty, of degradation, of hard and cheerless labor! It pierced the frenzy of that tortured brain. Out of the valley of the shadow of death, she looked through the mist of time, and saw a child weeping for childhood's trouble; and hearing amid her tears that sound of appeal, and in the innocence and freshness of an unspotted nature interpreting the tone into a call to duty.

She remembered how the child had forgotten her grief in an overwhelming compassion for the race that starved and suffered; and, ah! she remembered how the pure soul, brave in ignorance, long to relieve and exalt the poor and degraded. The unrequited pledge of childhood to the future shaped itself once more to her mind as she pictured the homes without love, the hearts without food, the crushed, the deprived, the struggling souls swarming in that great city around her.

That one cry had lifted away the burden of self, and revealed the need of humanity; infants to snatch from the cradles of crime; men and women to rescue from the slough of despair; and passion and pain to be conquered and soothed, social sorrows to be healed, and craving minds to be fed! And she standing there, with the poison in her hand, and the blood strong in her frame, had asked with despairing lips, "What shall I do with my life?" A thousand beseeching eyes seemed to glow on her from the darkness; innumerable voices—echoes of the one from the abysses of the great town—seemed to strike upon her heart; her own pain dwarfed into insignificance before the misery of the multitude; the starry heavens stooped nearer to her; the frantic prayers of her old age were answered; the angels touched her eyes; slowly the tears of remorse, of tenderness, of promise, fell into the cup of death, mingling with its sullen potion. She knelt down sobbing; she had found her work; she thanked the Supreme who reigned over all, while the stars sang together at a soul's redemption. Then she arose and poured out upon the night the dark stream of destruction; it was the liberation of conquest offered to the eternal God of humanity.

Surrounded by the beings she had rescued—weeping women and sad-eyed men—a woman was about to die, and in the waiting silence, broken only by sobs, her thoughts traced back, link by link, the chain of her life. It was slipping away from her now. Soon she would be launched on the great sea of eternity, and her soul was agitated as it drew near to the darkness, solemn and impenetrable, that she must enter alone. But it had been a noble life—simple, self-sacrificing, heroic. Its fruits were minds purified and souls saved; its ministrations were pure, tender, obscure; its ch-

oes were blessings and songs of hope. She had gone fearlessly yet delicately into the homes of the poor and degraded, and had lifted the weak and wretched from the mire of despair; she had straightened the limbs of the dead, wept with the mourners, softened the defiant, and with her earnest voice and loving ways had led the reckless and grief-stricken to the gate of Paradise, showing them within their beloved ones radiant in white robes made clean from earth.

Places of joy knew not her face. Iron-barred doors of gloomy prisons closed upon her while she prayed with malefactors and wrestled with the guilt of criminals; by the stricken with pestilence, by the sick-beds of hospitals and courts, her soft hands were busy her slight form sleepless. Among the condemned of her own sex she went with reclaiming words of love, and found in each some sunny memory, some yearning hope, some vague unrest, some feeling of disgust or suffering, by which she led them back to purity, to respect, to heaven. Her own sorrow took her near, gave her divining power over the sorrows of others. The smitten with pain recognized a fellowship with one stricken like themselves; and while the sad sought her sympathy, she raised from the dust the downtrodden and the crushed.

Yet this life, so full of holy offices, of earnest labor, of inspiring results, had been long, and heavy, and weary to the possessor; for the great grief that had wrecked her in the years gone by, had never died, never slept, never lessened in poignancy or freshness. In giving her the key to other hearts, it turned over and over again a knife in her own; it conquered her in the night-watches, and flooded her pillow with the salt tears of bitterness; it followed her into the realms of sleep, and rose each morning shuddering at the dawn of another day. Yet the power of God held her misery in bonds. She had learned to pray and to trust, and in learning to trust she had also learned to wait for her appointed time, and now beside her couch of death still lingered this insatiate phantom of the Past. She had long ago looked it fully face to face, and had borne its wounds in silence; but now, should she leave it behind her with the day that was growing cold? Or would it go with her into that other land, and clog her steps still upon the golden pavements of the New Jerusalem? She lay, with closed eyes, waiting for the sign her spirit sought. She heard around her sobs of those who wept to lose her, interrupted now and then by a stifled voice of prayer. Only mortal woe, mortal petition.—She could not penetrate the "great Perhaps," but she believed—ah! she did believe that there is One who knows! She stretched upward her dying arms; she looked to heaven with her glazing eyes, and from the very depths of her struggling being arose the voice of dependence, "My God, be merciful!" This, too, was the cry of the Human. Her disembodied soul carried it to the Throne of Light. With its last tone she had "solved the great Perhaps."

HOW THEY FIGHT IN BATTLE.—An army correspondent says: "You wonder whether the regiments fire regular in volley or whether each man loads and fires as fast as he can. That depends on circumstances, but usually, except when the enemy is near at hand, the regiments fire only at the command of their officers.—You hear a drop, drop, drop, as a few of the skirmishers fire, followed by a rattle and roll, which sounds like the falling of a building, just as some of you have heard the brick walls tumble at a great fire. Sometimes, when a body of the enemy's cavalry are sweeping down upon a regiment to cut it to pieces, the men form into a square, with the officers, and musicians in the centre. The front rank stands with bayonets charged, while the second rank fires as fast as it can. Sometimes they form in four ranks deep—the two front one kneeling with bayonets charged, so that if the enemy should come upon them, they would run against a picket-fence of bayonets. When they form in this way, the other two ranks load and fire as fast as they can. Then the roar is terrific, and many a horse and his rider goes down before the terrible storm of bullets."

A HAPPY WOMAN.—Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smiles even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin the fire that leaps up on its humble heart becomes brighter than the guided chandeliers in Alla dia palace. Were the stream of life so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling on the turbid tide would not awaken an answering gleam? Why, these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do.

It may be useful to study, at leisure, a variety of proper phrases for such occasions as are most frequent in life, as civilities to superiors, expressions of kindness to inferiors; congratulations, condolence, expressions of gratitude, acknowledgement of faults, asking or denying of favors, etc. I prescribe no particular phrases, because, our language continually fluctuating, they must soon become stiff and unfashionable. The best method of acquiring the accomplishment of a graceful and easy manner of expression for the common occasions of life, is attention to and imitation of well-bred people. Nothing makes a man appear more contemptible than barrenness, pedantry, or impropriety of expression.

Says Talleyrand, our welcome of a stranger depends upon the name he bears—upon the coat he wears; our farewell upon the spirit he has displayed in the interview.

### The National Taxes.

The following instructions are from Mr. Boutwell, the Commissioner of Revenue. They will be found of interest to our citizens, as answering many queries that are being constantly propounded to the Assessor on the subject:

1. All mechanics, except those who merely do repairs, must be registered as manufacturers, and must take out a license as such as if their annual sales amount to \$1,000.

2. But mechanics and other manufacturers who sell their own manufactures at that place where they are produced are not required to take out an additional license as traders.—This does not include rectifiers, who must pay both licenses.

3. If manufacturers have an office, depot, store-room or agency at a place different from the place where the goods are made, or if they sell the manufactures of others in addition to their own, they must pay a traders' as well as a manufacturer's license. Thus a tobacconist who both makes cigars and keeps for sale goods in his line which he has purchased must take out both licenses. So must a druggist, who also makes patent articles, or medicines, etc., for which he has a private formula or receipt.

4. Persons keeping bar-rooms or saloons for the sale of liquors must take out a retail liquor dealer's license. If they also furnish food they must in addition take out an eating house license, and the sale of cigars, etc., requires a tobacconist or retail dealer's license besides. Billiard tables require a special license, and bagatelle tables are reckoned as billiards.

5. Commission merchants who are also ship or commercial brokers are required to take out two licenses.

6. Grocers selling flour by the barrel, or by the sack, or any other article in the original package are reckoned as wholesale dealers.

7. Stamps must be attached to the papers requiring them at the time of their execution, and must be obliterated by the writing his initials upon them. Telegraphic despatches must be stamped and effaced when delivered to be transmitted. But railroad and telegraph companies are not required to stamp their own despatches over their own lines.

8. Arrangements will be made with the Collector of this District to supply stamps to parties desiring to purchase \$50 or over, at the rates of discount established by the Treasury Department.

9. Notes and bills of exchange drawn for a certain sum with interest will be stamped according to principal sum. Foreign currency will be estimated at the real par of exchange; the pound sterling, for instance, at the rate fixed for sovereigns, not at the nominal rate of \$4 43 3/4, nor at the market rate of exchange, which is now something above the real par.

10. On and after October 1st, the following instruments must be stamped: All agreements, appraisements, checks, sight drafts, promissory notes, inland and foreign bills of exchange, bills of lading to foreign ports, packages, etc., per express, bonds, certificates of stock, or profits of deposit in bank, of damages and all other certificates, charter-parties, brokers' memorandums, conveyances, mortgages, leases, telegraphic despatches, custom-house entries and manifests, policies of insurance—life, marine and fire—and renewals of same, passage-tickets to foreign ports, power of attorney, proxies, probate of wills, protests, warehouse receipts, and writs or other original process for commencing suits.

Also, patent medicines, perfumeries and playing cards.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF E. P. CHRISTY.—The following sketch of an incident in the life of Mr. Christy, we take from the New York Herald.

Years ago, Mr. Christy, a poor young man, with not a dollar in his own after paying his passage money, was going to Buffalo on board the Lake Erie steambot. He proposed to commence his negro minstrel entertainments there, if he could procure sufficient funds to hire a room.

"How much do you require?" asked the captain of the boat.

"About twenty dollars," said Christy.

"Here it is," said Captain Folger; "you can pay me one of these days if you succeed; if not, never mind." And thus they parted.

Years passed on. Christy went from place to place; and finally established himself in New York, succeeding beyond the brightest dreams. In these years wherein the chance friends did not meet again, the steamboat captain was unfortunate and lost everything he possessed. At last he left the lakes and went to New York to seek employment as a ship-master. Without a friend in the city, he met, of course, with no success, and was nearly despairing, when he one day met Christy in the street. He told him his business in the city, and asked him if perhaps he might know some ship-owner to whom he could speak a good word for him.

"Why don't you buy a ship yourself?" said Christy.

"Why, I told you I had no money," said the captain.

"How much would a good vessel cost?" asked Christy, who had no idea of the value or management of such property.

"About twenty thousand dollars," was the reply.

"Well, you go and buy a vessel then," said Mr. Christy; "you loaned me twenty dollars once when I wanted it; I'll lend you twenty thousand now; you go and buy a vessel—I'll pay for her. If she makes anything beyond your wages and interest, I'll take half and you take half. If she loses, I lose the whole."

Captain F. bought a ship for eighteen thousand dollars, and Mr. Christy paid for her. I know it, for he paid me in halfpence of shillings and sixpences and rolls of bank bills for the Vandalia.

By forgetting injuries, we show ourselves superior to them; he who broods over them is their slave.

A TRUE WOMAN.—Gen. Sickles, in his speech at Brooklyn lately, narrated the following touching incident:—While in the cars the other day, during my tour through Western New York, a lady approached me and made an inquiry about her son, whom she said was in my brigade. I could not help expressing my surprise to her that one so youthful in appearance had a son old enough to be in the army. She said her boy was only sixteen when he enlisted, but, being of large stature, no questions about his age were asked. After such inquiries as would suggest themselves to an affectionate mother, she gave a message to him. She bid me say to him that his father had just enlisted in the Ninth Cavalry, and that she was now quite alone. "Tell him, also," said she, "that we are as poor as ever, but that all the pay he has sent me I have put in the bank in his name. Not a penny of it has been touched. I want him to know that if he comes home not as able to work as when he went, something is laid by for him." Turning to a bright youth some ten years old, who stood near her, as she was leaving me, she said: "General, I wish this one was old enough, and you should have him too, for I think God will bless every mother who gives her children to the cause."

SOWING SEED IN ROCKY SOIL.—A few days ago a missionary visited the camp of the Sixteenth Connecticut Regiment in Hartford, for the purpose of giving the soldiers some spiritual advice. He went up to one tent, where stood a private, and said to him: "My friend, do you love the Lord?"

"No."

"Don't love the Lord?"

"No."

Whereupon the missionary gave the young man some excellent and appropriate advice, and left with him a tract. Passing on to another tent he came across another member of the regiment.

"Do you love the Lord?"

"Yes."

"I have some tracts; would you like some to distribute?"

"Yes, I would be very glad to receive them and pass them around among my companions."

"I am happy," said the missionary, "to find so true a Christian gentleman as yourself.—At a tent just below here I met a young man and asked him if he loved the Lord, and he said 'No.'"

"Said what?"

"He said 'No!'"

"He did, did he? Why, I thought the Lord had a fool knee better!"

Exit missionary.—New Haven Journal.

THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—A very erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in relation to the largest city in the world, many confidently asserting that London, or, as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis, is far superior, both in size and the number of its inhabitants. But such is not the case—Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of 1,500,000 dwellings and 5,000,000 of human souls. Many of the streets are 19 Japanese in length, which is equivalent to 22 English miles.

The commerce of Jeddo far exceeds that of any other city in the world, and the sea along its coast is constantly white with the sails of ships. Their vessels sail to the southern portion of the empire, where they are laden with rice, tea, sea coal, tobacco, silk, cotton and tropical fruits, all of which find a ready market in the north; and then returned freighted with salt, oil, sisalans, and various other productions of the north, which have a market in the south.

One Sunday afternoon a Sunday school teacher observed two boys playing at marbles by the road-side. He stopped, told them how wicked it was, and succeeded in persuading the worst one to accompany him to school.—The lad was decidedly a fast youth of eight years. In the class, among other things, the teacher told him that "God made this beautiful world, and all that is in it; we must thank Him for all the good things we enjoy; He gives us our food and our clothes."

"Does He give me my clothes, too?" broke in the lad.

"Yes, He gives you everything."

"Now, that's where you've got your eye shut up; for my mammy made these trousers out of dad's old one's!"

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.—We have just found out the origin of this popular phrase. A friend of ours who has been absent all winter, returned a few days since, called upon an estimable lady friend. He was surprised to find her confined to a sick bed. After the first salutations were over, our friend remarked:—"Why, Mrs. S.—I am very sorry to find you ill—what is the matter?" Quickly reaching over to the back of the bed, the invalid turned down the coverlet disclosing a beautiful infant, wrapped in the embrace of the rosy god, and said triumphantly, "that's what's the matter!"—La Crosse Democrat.

A leaf is torn from the tree by the rude gale and borne far away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it from amongst its fellows? Who is sad that it has gone?—Thus with human life. There are dear friends perhaps, who are stricken with grief when a loved one is taken; and for many days the grave is watered with tears and anguish. But by and by the crystal fountain is drawn dry; the last drop oozes out; the stern gates of forgetfulness fold back upon the exhausted spring; and time, the blessed healer of sorrow, walks over the closed sepulcher without winking a single eye by his footsteps.

It is said that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Neither are of much use without the holder.

It is no misfortune for a nice young lady to lose her good name, if a nice young man gives her a better.