

The Lancaster Ledger.

DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

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R. S. BAILEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH
At this Office.

Selected Tales.

From Gleason's Pictorial.

THE HUSBAND'S PRESENT;
OR
The Beginning of a New Year.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was a bitter cold night on the 24th of December. The snow lay deep upon the frozen earth, and the bright moon, riding high way up the bright heavens, lent a crystalline lustre to the scene. In the high road, a short distance from a quiet, reposeful village, stood the form of a human being. His garments were scant and tattered, by far insufficient to keep out the biting frost; his frame shook and trembled like the ice-bound boughs of the weeping willow that grew near him, and his face, as the moon-beams now danced upon it, exhibited all the fearful foot prints of the demon Intemperance. Poor, wretched, debased he looked—and such in truth he was.

Before him, at the end of a neatly-fenced and trellised enclosure, stood a small cottage. It was elegant in its simple neatness, and just such an one as the humble lover of true comfort and joy would seek for a home. The tears rolled down the bloated cheeks of the poor inebriate, as he gazed upon the cottage; and at length, as he clasped his hands in agony, he murmured:

"O, thou fond home of my happiest days, thou lookest like a heaven of the past. Beneath thy roof I was married to the idol of my soul, and within thy walls God gave me two blessed children—Then peace and plenty were mine—and love and joy. My wife—God bless her gentle soul—was happy then; and my children—may Heaven protect them—laughed and played in gleesome pleasure. Gladness smiled upon us then, and every hour was a season of bliss. But I lost thee, as the fool loathes his own salvation! Six years have passed since the demon that I took to my heart drove us from your sheltering roof. And those six years! O, what misery, what agony, what sorrows, and what degradation have they brought to me and my poor family! Home, health, wealth, peace, joy, and friends are gone—all, all gone! O, thou fatal cup—no, I will not blame thee! It was I—who did it! Year after year, I tampered with thy deadly sting, when I knew that destruction lurked in thy smiles. But, but," and the poor man raised his eyes to heaven as he spoke, "there is room on earth for another man, and I will be that man!"

Within the only apartment of a miserable and almost broken-down hotel, sat a woman and two children, a boy and girl. The cold wind found its entrance through a hundred crevices, as its biting gusts swept through the room, the mother and her children crouched nearer to the few embers that still smouldered upon the hearth. The only furniture were four poor stools, a rickety table, and a scantily covered bed; while in one corner, nearest to

the fire place, was a heap of straw and tattered blankets, which served as a resting-place for the brother and sister. Part of a tallow candle was burning upon the table, and by its dim light one might have seen that wretched mother's countenance; it was pale and wan, and wet with tears. The faces of the children were both buried in her lap, and they seemed to sleep peacefully under her prayerful guardian-ship.

At length, the sound of footsteps upon the snow crust struck upon the mother's ear, and hastily arousing her children, she hurried them to their lowly couch, and hardly had they crouched beneath the thin blankets, when the door was opened, and a man whom we have seen beneath that pretty cottage, entered the place. With a trembling, fearful look, the wife gazed into her husband's face, and seemed ready to crouch back from his approach, when the mark of a tear-drop upon his cheek caught her eye. Could it be, thought she, that pearly drop was in truth a tear! No, perhaps a snow flake had fallen there and melted.

Once or twice, Thomas Wilkins seemed upon the point of speaking some word to his wife, but at length he turned slowly away, and silently undressed himself, and soon after his wearied limbs had touched the bed he was asleep.

Long and earnestly did Mrs. Wilkins gaze upon the features of her husband, after he had fallen asleep. There was something strange in his manner, something unaccountable. Surely he had not been drinking, for his countenance had none of that vacant, wild, demonic look, that usually rested there. His features were rather sad and thoughtful, than otherwise; and O, heaven! is it possible a smile played about his mouth, and a sound, as of prayer, issued from his lips while yet he slept!

A faint hope, like the misty vapor of approaching morn, flitted before the heart-broken wife. But she could not grasp it, she had no foundation for it, and with a deep groan she felt the phantom pass. She went to her children and drew the clothes closely about them; then she knelt by their side, and after imprinting upon their cheeks a mother's kiss, and uttering a fervent prayer in their behalf, she sought the repose of her pillow.

Long ere the morning dawned, Thomas Wilkins arose from his bed, dressed himself, and left the house. His poor wife-awoke just as he was going out, and she would have called to him, but she dared not. She would have told him she had no fuel, no bread, not anything with which to warm and feed the children; but he was gone, and she sank back upon her pillow and wept.

The light of morn'g came at length, but Mrs. Wilkins had not risen from her bed, nor had her children crawled out from their resting place. A sound of footsteps was heard from without accompanied by a noise, as though a little sled was being dragged through the snow. The door opened—and her husband entered. He laid on the table a large wicker basket, a small parcel, and a paper bundle; then from his pocket he took another paper parcel, and again he turned towards the door. When next he entered he bore in his arms a load of wood; and three times did he go out and return with a load of the same description. Then he bent over the fire place, and soon a blazing fire snapped and sparkled on the hearth. As soon as this was accomplished, Thomas Wilkins bent over his children and kissed them; then he went to the bedside of his wife, and while some powerful emotion stirred up his soul and made his chest heave, he murmured:

"Kiss me, Lizzie."

Tightly that wife wound her arms about the neck of her husband, and, as though the love of years was centered in that one kiss, she pressed it upon his lips.

"There—no more," he uttered, as he gently laid the arm of his wife from his neck; "these things I have brought are for you and our children;" and as he spoke he left the house.

Mrs. Wilkins arose from her bed, and tremblingly examined the articles upon the table. She found the loaf, and in the paper she found milk, one of the papers contained two smaller bundles, one of tea, and one of sugar, while in the remaining parcel she found a nice lump of butter.

"O," murmured the poor wife and mother, as she gazed upon the food thus spread before her, "from whence these? Can it be that Thomas has stolen them? No, he never did that! And then that look! that kiss!—those kind, sweet words! O, my poor, poor heart, raise not a hope that may only fall and crush thee!"

"Mother," at this moment spoke her son, who raised himself upon his elbow, "has father gone?"

"Yes, Charles."

"O, tell me, mother, did he not come and kiss me and little Abby this morning?"

"Yes, yes, he did, he did!" cried the mother, as she flew to the side of her boy and wound her arms about him.

That mother could not speak, she could only press her children more fondly to her bosom, and weep a mother's tears upon them.

Was Lizzie Wilkins happy as she sat her children down to that morning's meal? At least a ray of sunshine was struggling to gain entrance to her bosom.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Abel Walker, a retired sea-captain of some wealth, sat in his comfortable parlor engaged in reading, when one of his servants informed him that some one was at the door, and wished to see him.

"Tell him to come in then," returned Walker.

"But its that miserable Wilkins, sir." "Never mind," said the captain, after a moment's hesitation, "show him in. Poor fellow," he continued, after the servant had gone, "I wonder what he wants. In truth I pity him."

With a trembling step and downcast look Thomas Wilkins entered Captain Walker's parlor.

"Ah, Wilkins," said the old Captain, "what has brought you here?"

"The man twice attempted to speak, but his heart failed him."

"No, sir," quietly returned Wilkins, while his eyes gleamed with a proud light.

"Then sit down and out with it," said Walker in a blunt but kind tone.

"Captain Walker," commenced the poor man, as he took the proffered seat, "I have come to ask you if you still own that little cottage beyond the hill?"

"I do."

"Is it occupied?"

"No."

"Is it engaged?"

"No," returned the captain, regarding his visitor with uncommon interest. "But why do you ask?"

"Captain Walker," said Wilkins in a firm and manly tone, even though his eyes glistened and his lips quivered. "I have been poor and degraded, deeply steeped in the dregs of poverty and disgrace. Everything that made life valuable I have almost lost. My wife and children have suffered—and O! God only knows how keenly! I have long wandered in the path of sin. One after another the tender cords of friendship that used to bind me to the world have snapped assunder; my name has become a by-word, and upon the earth I have been a foul blot. But, sir, from henceforth I am a man! Up from the depths of its long grave, I have dragged forth my heart, and love still has its home therein. I have sworn to touch the fatal cup no more; and while in my heart there is life, my wife and my children shall suffer no more for the sin they never committed. I have seen my old employer at the machine shop, and he has given me a situation, and is anxious that I should come back; and, sir, he has been kind enough to give me an order in advance for necessary articles of clothing, food and furniture. To-morrow morning I commence work."

"And you came to see if you could obtain your cottage back again to live in?" said Captain Walker, as Wilkins hesitated.

"Yes, sir, to see if I could hire it of you," returned the poor man.

"Wilkins, how much can you make at your business?" bluntly asked the old captain, without seeming to heed the request.

"My employer is going to put me on job work, sir, and as soon as I get my hand in, I can easily make from twelve to fourteen dollars a week."

"And how much will it take to support your family?"

"As soon as I get cleared up, I can easily get along with five or six dollars a week."

"Then you might be able to save about four hundred dollars a year?"

"I mean to do that, sir."

A few moments Captain Walker gazed into the face of his visitor, and then he asked:

"Have you pledged yourself yet?"

"Before God and in my heart I have; but one of my errands here was to get you to write me a pledge, and have it made to my wife and children."

Captain Walker sat down to his table and wrote out the required pledge, and then in a trembling but bold hand, Thomas Wilkins signed it.

"Wilkins," said the old man, as he took his visitor by the hand. "I have watched well your countenance, and weighed your words. I know you speak the truth. When I bought that cottage from your creditors six years ago, I paid them one thousand dollars for it. It has not been harmed, and is as good as it was then. Most of the time I have received good rent for it. Now, sir, you shall have it for just what I paid for it, and each month you shall pay me such a sum as you can comfortably spare until it is all paid. I will ask you no rent, nor for a cent of interest. You shall have a deed of the estate and in return I will take but a simple note and mortgage, upon which you can have your own time."

Thomas Wilkins tried to thank the old man for his kindness, but he only sank back into his chair and wept like a child; and while he yet sat with his face buried in his hands, the old man slipped from the room. And when he returned, he bore in his hand a neatly covered basket.

"Come, come," the captain exclaimed, "cheer up, my friend. Here are some bits for your wife and children—take them home; and believe me, Wilkins, if you feel half as happy in receiving my favor as I do in bestowing it, you are happy indeed."

"God will bless you for this, sir," exclaimed the kindness-stricken man; "and when I betray your confidence may I die on the instant!"

"Stick to your pledge, Wilkins, and I will take care of the rest," said the old captain, as his friend took the basket. "If you have time to-morrow, call on me, and I will arrange the papers."

As Thomas Wilkins once more entered the street his step was light and easy. A bright light of joyousness shone in every feature, and as he wended his way homeward, he felt in every avenue of his soul that he was a man!

The gloomy shades that ushered in the night of the thirty-first of December, had fallen over the snow clad earth. Within the miserable dwelling of Mrs. Wilkins there was more of comfort than we found when first we visited her; but yet nothing

had been added to the furniture of the place. For the last six days her husband had come home every evening, and gone away every morning, and during that time she knew he had drunk no intoxicating beverage, for already had his face begun to assume the stamp of its former manhood, and every word he had spoken had been kind and affectionate. To his children he brought new shoes and warm clothing, and to herself he had given such things as she stood in immediate need of; but yet, with all this, he had been taciturn and thoughtful, showing a dislike of all questions, and only speaking such words as were necessary. The poor, devoted, loving wife began to hope! And why should she not! For six years her husband had not been thus before. One week ago she drearily approached him, but now she found herself waiting for him with all the anxiety of former years. Should all this be broken! Should this new charm be swept away. Eight o'clock came, and also did nine and ten, and yet her husband came not!

"Mother," said little Charles, just as the clock struck ten, seeming to have awakened from a dreamy slumber, "is not this the last night of the year?"

"Yes, my son."

"And do you know what I've been dreaming, dear mother? I dreamed that father had brought us New Year's presents, just the same as he used to. But he won't, will he? He's too poor now!"

"No, my dear boy, we shall have no other present than food; and even for that, we must thank dear father. There, lay your head in my lap again."

The boy laid his curly head once more in his mother's lap, and with tearful eyes she gazed upon his innocent form.

The clock struck eleven! The poor wife was yet on her tireless, sleepless watch. —But hardly had the sound of the last stroke died away, e the snow crust gave back the sound of a footfall, and in a moment more her husband entered. With a trembling fear she raised her eyes to his face, and a wild thrill of joy went to her heart as she saw that all was open and bold—only those manly features looked more joyous, more proud than ever.

"Lizzie," said he, in mild, kind accents, "I am late to night, but business detained me, and now I have a favor to ask of thee."

"Name it, dear Thomas, and you shall not ask it a second time," cried the wife, as she laid her hand confidently upon her husband's arm.

"And you will ask me no questions?" continued Wilkins.

"No, I will not."

"Then," continued the husband, as he bent over and imprinted a kiss upon his wife's brow, "I want you to dress our children for a walk, and you shall accompany us. The night is calm and tranquil, and the snow is well trodden. Ask me no questions! Remember your promise!"

Lizzie Wilkins knew not what this all meant, nor did she think to care; for anything that could please her husband she would have done with pleasure, even though it had wrenched her very heart-strings. In a short time the two children were ready; then Mrs. Wilkins put on such articles of dress as she could command, and soon they were in the road. The moon shone bright, the stars peeped down upon the earth, and they seemed to smile upon the travelers from out their twinkling eyes of light. Silently Wilkins led the way, and silently his wife and children followed. Several times the wife looked up into her husband's countenance, but from the strange expression that rested there she could make out nothing that tended to satisfy her.

At length, a slight turn in the road brought them suddenly upon the pretty white cottage, where, years before, they had been so happy. They approached the spot. The snow in the front yard had been shoveled, and a path led to the piazza. Wilkins opened the gate—his wife, trembling, followed, cut wherefore she knew not. Then her husband opened the door, and in the entry they were met by the smiling countenance of old Captain Walker, who ushered them into the parlor, where a warm fire glowed in the grate, and where everything looked comfortable. Mrs. Wilkins turned her gaze upon her husband. Surely, in that greeting between the poor man and the rich, there was not a note of that constraint which would have been expected. They met rather as friends and neighbors. What could it mean?

Hark! the clock strikes twelve! The old year has gone, and a new, a bright-winged cyle is about to commence its flight over the earth.

Thomas Wilkins took the hand of his wife within his own, and then drawing from his bosom a paper, he placed it in her hand, remarking as he did so:—

"Lizzie, this is your husband's present for the new year."

The wife took the paper and opened it. —She realized its contents at a glance; but she could not read it word for word, for the streaming tears of a wild frantic joy would not let her. With a quick, nervous movement, she placed the priceless pledge next her bosom; and then with a low murmur, like the gentle whispering of some heaven bound angel, she fell into her husband's arms.

"Look up, my own dear wife," uttered the redeemed man, "look up and smile upon your husband; and you, too, my dear children, gather about your father—for a husband and father henceforth I will ever be. Look up, my wife. There! Now, Lizzie, feel proud with me, for we stand within our own house! Yes, this cottage is once more our own; and nothing but the hand of death shall again take us hence. —Our good, kind friend will explain it all, —O, Lizzie, if there is happiness on earth, it shall henceforth be ours! Let

the past be forgotten and with this, the dawning of a new year, let us commence to live in the future."

Gently the husband and wife sank upon their knees, clasped in each other's arms; and clinging joyfully to them, knelt there concurring, happy children. A prayer from the husband's lips wended its way to the throne of grace; and, with the warm tears trickling down his aged face, old Captain Walker responded! a heartfelt "Amen."

Five years have passed since that happy moment. Thomas Wilkins has cleared his pretty cottage from all encumbrance, and a happier, or a more respected family do not exist. And Lizzie—that gentle, confiding wife—as she takes that simple paper from the drawer, and gazes again upon the magic pledge it bears, weeps tears of joy anew. Were all the wealth of the Indies poured out in one glittering pile at her feet, and all the honors of the world added thereto, she would not, for the whole countless sum, give in exchange one single word from that pledge which constituted her Husband's Present.

From the Olive Branch.

Editors.

WHAT AN important set of men editors are. What could our country do without them? There are some dozen or twenty in the councils of the State Legislatures, just by way of salt, to keep everything pure and wholesome. And then in setting political wheels in motion, and driving them ahead with railroad speed, editors are altogether indispensable. But they are generally modest men, and are by no means aware of their own importance.

There are exceptions, however. Sometimes one of the craft finds out the responsibility that rests upon him, and then he feels it. An editor of a small paper not a thousand miles from the land of witches, lately apologized for the lack of news in the following manner:—

"Our readers will please excuse the absence of news matter to-day, as politics rage, and the country looks to us for salvation."

That editor certainly ought not to be obliged to trouble himself about news, for if the country should really lose through his attention to the news of the day, it would be a sad calamity. Yes, my dear sir, we will cheerfully excuse you. Throw news to the dogs, only save the country which looks to you, and probably to you only for its salvation.

Another editor, we see, apologizes for the lack of matter on the ground that he, his foreman, and some of his compositors are sick. We presume he has got his health insured since, for he adds, "in future we will do better." So his help may also be relied on in the salvation of the country.

When an editor sits down to pen an article, what an importance he must feel there is attached to the widdling of his pen. The world is in expectation of something not only brilliant, but also of the highest importance to the welfare of man. And if, by any possible mischance, his profound thoughts should not reach the common readers of readers, the world will suffer—suffer an eclipse of almost total darkness, 'till the same bright luminary shall be more successful in pouring out his rays. Who, then, can blame an editor, for feeling that he is the great central body of light around which the other smaller lights may revolve. —And if he should omit to mention that John Smith and Lucy Brown had just been bound up together in a honey moon of *ecstasy*, or if he, should not publish the important fact that Bill Jones's horse broke his leg, nothing short of a handsome apology for the omission, would prevent the country from being lost. Editors are some spies after all.

A Billion.

WHAT A very great sum is a billion! It is a million of millions. A million seems large enough—but a million of millions! how long do you suppose it would take you to count it! A mill which makes one hundred plus a minute, if kept to work night and day, would only make fifty-two millions five hundred and ninety-six thousand plus two year—and at that rate the mill must work twenty thousand years without stopping a moment, in order to turn out a billion of pins!—It is beyond our reach to conceive it—and yet when a billion years shall have gone, eternity will seem to have just begun. How important then is the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?"

Love is as natural to a woman as fragrance is to a rose. You may lock up a girl in a Convent; you may confine her in a cell; you may compel her to change her religion, or forswear parents; these things are possible; but never hope to make the sex forego their heart's worship, or give up their reverence for cassimere; but such a hope will prove as bootless as the Greek Slave and hollow as Damboos.

"Oh, dear, Mr. C, you are certainly jesting when you say my baby is the handsomest you ever saw—must be soft-soaping."

"Well, madam, I should think it needed soap of some kind."

An old toper chancing to drink a glass of water, a few days since, for want of something stronger, smacked his lips, and turned to one of his companions, remarking, "Why it don't taste badly. I have no doubt it's wholesome for females and tender children."

From the Olive Branch.
"A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
The more they are beaten the better they be."

"Any man who believes that, had better step into my shoes," said little Mr. Wesel. I suppose I'm what you call 'the head of the family,' but I shouldn't know it, if somebody didn't tell me of it. Heigho! who'd have thought it, five and twenty years ago! Didn't I stile a *troussers* strong pencil for Diana Dix, (never smoked, I remember, for *four hours* after it) because I had my private suspicions she'd hold the reins, in spite of my teeth, and so I lathered myself to little Susy Snow, (*mistake in her name, by the way*) you might have spanned her round the waist, or lifted her with one hand. She never looked any body in the face when they spoke to her, and her voice was as soft as—

—my brain! I declare it's *unaccountable* how deceitful female nature is! Never was so taken in my life; she's a regular Vesuvius created! Her will! (don't mention it!) Try to pry up the Alps with a cambie needle! If she'd only fly into a passion, I think I could venture to pluck up a little spirit; but that cool, determined, never say die look! would turn cayenne pepper to oil. It wits me right down, like a cabbage leaf. I'd as lief face a loaded cannon! I wish I could go out evening; but she won't let me. Tom Jones asked me yesterday why I wasn't at Faneuil Hall the night before. I told him I had the bronchitis; he saw through it! Sent me a pair of axes, the next day, *said to be a certain cure!* All it's very well for him to laugh, but it's no joke to me, I suppose it's time to feed that lady; Mrs. Wesel will be home pretty soon, from the "Woman's Rights Convention." No, I won't either; I'll give it some Paragon, and run up carpet and smoke one cigar, any how. I feel as though I couldn't look a *hemmingbird* in the eye! Nice cigar, very nice! What a good I am to be ordered round by a little blue-eyed woman, these fast light! I'm a *very* good-looking fellow, and I won't stand it! That little Wesel is as much her body as it is mine! I'm best if it isn't! Let it speak! good for his lungs."

"Mr. Wesel—"

"Diabolus! hem—my—dear (oh! scissors, that eye of hers!) you see, my dear (there, I won't do it again, Mrs. Wesel.) How's 'the Convention,' dear? carried the day, I hope! made one of your smart speeches, hey! 'Tisn't every man owns such a chain lightning wit—stand up for your rights, dear; (Duce knows I don't!)"

FANNY FERN.

Sunday Reading.

Decision.

More than forty years ago, a young man was preceptor of Bradford Academy; who had just become interested in religion. He was invited to a social party to spend the evening. After tea the tables were prepared for card playing. This young man was very much tried when he saw this preparation. Several of the company were young ladies who were members of his school, and he felt a responsibility respecting the influence which he should exert upon them. He made up his mind that he would not engage in the amusement, and retired to another room. The young ladies asked, "Where is the preceptor?" They all gathered around him and entreated him to join them in card playing. He told them that he could not, and gave them his reasons. This afforded him an opportunity to enter into a free conversation on the subject of personal religion.

Among the young ladies present that evening was Harriet Atwood, who was afterwards Harriet Newell, of the first company of missionaries who went from this country. The faithful conversation of that young man resulted in her conversion.

Though the blessing of God, an entire revolution was wrought in her feelings and purposes. She devoted herself to preaching the gospel to the brethren. She had in her head to do this work, but lives only to come in sight of heaven's gate. Her memoir, prepared and published by Dr. Woods, has done a great work. She being dead yet speaketh.—Her example will live, and continue to exert an influence, until earth's remotest nooks shall have learned Messiah's name.

The young man who took this stand has been a successful pastor in New Hampshire more than forty years. The good accomplished by the decided stand which he took that night will never be fully understood until the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. How important that Christians be divided.—*Bee*

The Believers Rest in Christ.

"Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

A convinced sinner, out of Christ, sees everything against him; nothing yields any comfort—yet, everything increases and aggravates his burden, when he looks to things past, his soul is filled with anguish, to remember the sins committed and the seasons neglected, and the precious mercies that have been abused. If he look on things present, he finds trouble and danger, Christless and comfortless. And if he look forward to things to come, that gives him a deeper cut to the heart than anything else, for though it be sad and miserable for the present yet he fears it will be much worse hereafter; for all these are but the beginning of sorrows.—But on his coming to Christ, all things are marvellously altered; a quite contrary face of things appear to him—everything gives him hope and comfort which way soever he looks. So speaks the Apostle, "All things are yours, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come; all is yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Christ invites and commands such to come unto him; and if your sin hinder not Christ from calling, neither should it hinder you from coming. Behold thyself what wilt thou do, and whether wilt thou go, if not to Jesus Christ? Nothing can ease or relieve thee, till thou dost come to him; thou art under a happy necessity to go to him; with him only is found rest for the weary soul.

Swearing Nobly Reproved.

Prince Henry, the son of James I had particular aversion to the vice of swearing and profanations of the name of God. When at play; he was never heard to swear; and on being asked why he did not do so at play as well as others, he answered that he "knew no game worthy of an oath." The same answer he is said to have given at a hunting match. The stag, almost quite spent, crossed the road where a butcher was passing with his dog. The stag was instantly killed by the dog at which the huntsmen were greatly offended, and endeavored to irritate the prince against the butcher; but his highness answered coolly, "True the butcher's dog has killed the stag, and how could the butcher help it?" They replied; "if his father had been so served he would have sworn so as no man could have endured." "Away," said the prince, "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."

American Tract Society.

The dishonest course of this Institution, in introducing various alterations of the text of the works they re-publish, without the permission of the authors, and seriously affecting their whole character, has been repeatedly exposed. Remonstrances have been addressed to it in vain, and it is fast losing the confidence of those who have heretofore supported it. No religious writer is safe from the grossest perversions of his words, and no purchaser of its books can be sure that they are honest reports. Allying to one of the latest instances of its garbling and interpolation, while professing to be a faithful and complete copy of the author's work, the *Lutheran Observer* says—

Stories for the Young.

Advice to Boys and Girls.

1. Respect and obey your parents.
2. Love your brothers and sisters sincerely.
3. Never speak evil of one another.
4. Never strike, nor lie, nor cheat, nor steal.
5. Be strictly honest, even in the smallest matters.
6. Save everything you can to give to the objects of benevolence.
7. Do not mock the deaf, the lame or the blind.
8. Always be respectful to the aged.
9. Keep your clothes neat and clean.
10. Return articles borrowed or found.
11. Avoid the company of bad children.
12. Never wantonly kill a fly or any animal.
13. Do not covet what is not your own.
14. Improve your opportunities for gaining instruction.
15. Avoid low, vulgar, profane and obscene words.
16. Do not find fault with your food.
17. Let your conduct at table be becoming.
18. Be exact in all your dealings and accounts.
19. Have a place for every thing and put everything in its proper place.

Which Boy will You be.

"Will you have this seat