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"WHEN THE PRESS COMPROMISES TRUTH, IT CEASES TO BE THE GUARDIAN OF LIBERTY."

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CITY OF LANCASTER:

Thursday, November 10, 1859.

The Gentleness of Christ.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[We make the following extract from a sermon preached by Henry Ward Beecher at Plymouth Church Brooklyn, Oct. 9th, and reported for the Independent. The text was: "Now I Paul, myself beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ."—2 Cor., x. 1.]

It matters little to me, what school of theology rises or what falls, so only that Christ may rise and appear in all his Father's glory, full-orbed, upon the darkness of this world. It matters little to me what church comes forth strong, or what becomes weak, so only that the poor, the sinful, the neglected, the lost among men, may have presented to them in the church a Saviour accessible, reached easily by the human understanding, and available in every hour of temptation, of remorse, or of want!

It is this Christ that I would make personal to you to day. He is not a being that dwells in the inner recesses of the eternal world, inaccessible, incomprehensible. He is not the stern king, unbending upon a throne of justice, lifted up above the reach of sighs, and sinful wants. He is not as one fortified behind the bulwarks of law, so that one must cannonade and breach the walls with prayers, and rush in to take him captive. Men never find Christ but we always found of him. He goes forth to seek and save the lost. It is not the outreaching of our thought; it is not the strong drawing of our sympathy and yearning that draws up toward him. His love precedes ours. "We love him because he first loved us." We kindle our hearts at his. As the sun is up before the sluggard, so the twilight and dawn of his love is upon the hills when we wake; and when we sleep, even, his thoughts burn above us as the stars burn throughout the night.

It is this willing, winning, pleading Christ, who wields all the grandeur of justice and all the grandeur of universal empire with such rare and sweet gentleness, that in all the earth there is none like unto him, that I set before you as your personal Friend! He knows each of you better than your mother knew you! He has called you by name. In your households you are not so familiar to your most cherished friend as you are to the thought of Christ! Not so indelibly is your name recorded in your father's memory, or in the baptismal register of the sanctuary, or in the family Bible where the tabular leaf for births holds your infant name, as upon the ever remembering heart of the Lord Jesus Christ!

He does not set before himself his holiness, his hatred of sin, like mountains over which you may not climb. He does not hedge himself by the dignities and superiorities of divinity! All the way from his throne to your heart is sloped, and hope, and love, and meekness, and kindness, and wonderful mercies, and gentleness, are so many banded helping angels, waiting to take you by the hand and lead you up to God! And I beseech you by his gentleness, too, that you need fear him no longer, that you be no longer indifferent to him, that you wound him by your unbelief no more; but that now and henceforth you follow him,—"for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

But can any be saved except those who voluntarily and intelligently believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? *Most assuredly they can.* One half the human race die in infancy, before the child knows its right hand from its left; and is the blessed truth of their salvation to be annihilated? or falling like sparks through the lurid air of hell shall we believe that they burn for ever?—Does not universal Christendom believe that they go straight, in the bosom of angels, to their Father's kingdom? So I do believe. So would I believe, if there were not another man on the face of the earth that thought so.

Yet, they are too young to understand the name of Christ or to believe in him!—Their ear has never been formed to hear the very sound of his name. Yet blessed be God, the salvation of Christ Jesus that they could not understand on earth, shall greet them, and glorify them in heaven!—It is settled, then, that Christ saves men who have never heard of him, and who cannot hear. But has this salvation a wider scope than infant children? Are there any others who will experience the grace of him whom they never knew? Let those answer that seem to know so much; who have searched out God's whole government and know all about it! I say again I do not know. I yearn and hope and long.—But I do not know. As in the case of infants the benefits of Christs atonement is applied to their unknowing souls—so I hope that there are earnest and conscientious men to whom no gospel ever came, who will yet be made subjects of redemptive love. May we not hope that that which comes to us through Jesus Christ, clear and disclosed as the noon-day sun, may have fallen with reflexed beams upon others before his day and since? And as we are led by the morning Star, or the Sun of righteousness, may they not at least have had some twilight leading? Is there an orthodoxy so authoritative in this world that a man may not hope these things?

But for you, to whom the gospel is preached; for you, upon whose cradle rested the dew of grace, and whose earliest years were made acquainted with the sacred name of Jesus—the children of pious parents, reared within sound of the sanctuary; never beyond the sound of a Sabbath bell; surrounded and hedged in by ten thousand influences of religion, persuading the understanding, importunate upon the conscience; for such as you, if Christ be rejected, there is no salvation! But for those who never heard him, to whom no sweet sound of the Gospel ever came; whose week was one long rolling surge unbroken by the tranquil shore of any Sabbath; and who in this darkness and neglect yet always groped upward, endeavoring to live a life better than their times; yearning and longing to know a better way—may we not hope in the inscrutable mystery of Divine wisdom, that there was some mode of applying to such the benefit of the death of Christ? that the wisdom rose, at last, upon their eye; cleansed from the films of flesh? and that among the myriad voices of heaven, there are some from the heathen world, who though on earth they could give no name to that after which their souls yearned, no sooner beheld the Divine glory of the Saviour, than they cried out, "This is he for whom we have waited."

Yes I firmly believe that it is by the power of Christ that every man is saved who shall touch the shore of heaven, but I am not authorized to say that God uses no other channels of grace than those that we know, and that in the sovereignty of his love, he cannot make up to men who are in darkness that salvation which we reject, and give them a reflected light, at least, of that glory which shines full on us!

But for those who have been clearly taught, who have been moved by their wicked passions deliberately to set aside him of whom the prophet spake, whom the apostles more clearly taught, whom the Holy Spirit, by the Divine power, makes known now to the world, through Gospel—for them, if they reject their Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin. If they deliberately neglect, set aside, or reject their Savior, he will as deliberately, in the end, reject them, and forever set them apart from the glory of heaven.

Sometimes, in dark caves, men have gone to the edge of unspeaking principles, and, wondering what was the depth, have cast down fragments of rocks, and listened for the report of their fall, that they might judge how deep the blackness was; and listening!—still listening!—no sound returns! no sullen plash, no clinking stroke as if rock against rock—nothing but silence, utter silence! And so I stand upon the precipice of life. I sound the depths of the other world, with curious inquiries. But from it comes no echo, and no answer to my questions. No analogies can grapple and bring up from the depths of the darkness of the lost world the probable truths. No philosophy has line and plummet long enough to sound the depths.—There remains for us only the few authoritative and solemn words of God. These declare that the bliss of the righteousness is everlasting; and with equal directness and simplicity they declare that the doom of the wicked is everlasting.

CHASED BY A PANTHER.—A few nights since, as Mr. Charles Beatty and sister of Armstrong township, Indina county, Pennsylvania, were returning home from Shelcots, on horseback, they were chased by a panther, which coming up with them near a run, sprang on the back of Mr. Beatty's horse. The animal plunged violently and the "varmint" not being able to retain his hold, fell, leaving in the horses back abundant evidence of the ferocity of the attack. As soon as freed from his assailant, Mr. Beatty put spurs to his horse, and the girl doing likewise, they were soon beyond reach of his pantership, who, however still pursued them. Panthers are numerous in the north part of the county, but this is the first seen for some time; and his appearance, as well as boldness, has caused some excitement in the neighborhood.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

☞ Life appears to be short, to be spent in nursing animosities or registering wrongs.

A Wife for a Man in Moderate Circumstances.

'If you marry that girl, brother Tom, I'll have nothing to do with her—I won't visit her, nor call her sister, nor even speak to her.'

'What's the objection?' asked Tom, in his cool, dry way, fixing his large calm eyes upon the pretty face of his sister, as she sat uneasily swaying half around and back again upon the piano stool.

'Objection!' The young lady's lip curled. 'Who is she? what is she?'

'A sweet tempered right thoughted, true-hearted young-woman, who will make me a good little wife. Are you not answered sister?'

'A sewing girl!' said Lizzie contemptuously.

'What our mother was, as I have been told, before her marriage,' answered Tom. 'And if my eyes have not deceived me, she has been a sewing woman ever since my recollection of her.'

'That's another thing,' said the sister 'mother was superior to her class, and has risen above it.'

'Suppose I answer your objection to Harriet, and say she is superior to her class and rises above it?'

'What then?'

'My father made a good matrimonial venture, and I may do the same.'

'But why brother Tom,' urged the sister, 'don't you choose a wife from among those on your own level?'

'What do you mean by those on my level? Let us understand each other.'—

'From among those who move in our own circles. From the educated, refined and accomplished.'

'Such as the Misses Walton, for instance

'Yes, or the Misses Eden.'

'Whose fathers support them in idleness, and expect the young men who marry them to do the same. Now Lizzie the fact of the business is, I like Mary Eden very well, and came very near falling in love with her that I was really frightened. I did not go near her for six months after I felt the tender passion.'

'Dear Mary! Oh Tom! Why not marry her? I could love her as a sister.'

'Can't afford it. Pretty, but I'm only a poor young man, and have only industry, and talents to help me forward in the world. Mary can't do anything herself, and would expect me to put her in an establishment but little less costly than the one her father owns.'

'Oh, but Tom, there'll be no necessity of going to house-keeping at first. And then you know her father is well off in the world, and he'll give her a house and furnish it no doubt, when she is married.'

But Tom shook his head.

'Mary Eden's father may, or he may not, be rich. My own private opinion is, that he is living up to, if not a little beyond his income. And as to the house and furniture, that Mary's husband is going to get, that is something very fine to feed the fancy upon. The real bricks and mortar are another affair.'

'Oh but Mr. Eden is rich Tom.'

'The rich men of to-day, are our poor men of to-morrow, Lizzie. I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for him as a independence. I mean to trust in myself, an honest purpose and a conscience. As for my wife, I want a woman with life, purpose, independence in her; not a great bundle of laces, silk, bonnets and curling papers, with a pretty help-to-do-nothing doll, hidden somewhere inside, three or four feet from the circumvolution. And then again, Lizzie, I'm something of an independent young man, wonderfully given to the work of taking care of myself.—I happen to be at the bottom of the ladder and if I ever get to the top of it, my own strength will carry me there. Now a wife on my back instead of on the rounds of the ladder, keeping step with me upwards, would be a dead weight, and we should remain at, or near the foot forever. No, no, Lizzie, I cannot afford one of those, finished boarding school Misses for a wife—the luxury is too expensive for me. So I am going to marry a girl who knows something of real life—a true, good, patient, enduring, self-denying, darling little body, who is not ashamed to earn her living with her needle. And I tell you what, Dolly, I only wish you were more like Harriet Parker, there would be forty more chances for your marrying a man of sense than you have now. Don't you know that a new society has been formed among young men, and that some of the very best 'catches' among them have signed a pledge not to marry any girl who is not willing to commence matrimonial life with two rooms and a kitchen, and who doesn't know how to bake, cook, and sew and to wash, iron is the bargain? I am the President.'

'Preposterous!' exclaimed Lizzie.

'You'll cry some other word when you get on the old maids' list, and see your place filled in the house of some man by some woman who is not ashamed of useful employment when she was a girl. I can tell you what, my dainty little sister, there's reform at work, and men worth having are beginning to choose between marriage and no marriage, with plainer notions and more useful accomplishments than possessed by the butterflies who lounge on sofas all day, knitting zephyrs or reading novels. So make up your mind for comfort and old maidism. And now, as in all probability you understand that I am in earnest about marrying Harriet Parker, I hope you will reconsider your hasty conclusion about not speaking to your sister-in-law, the loss, let me tell you, will be all on your side.'

Brother Tom understood his own proposition entirely. He was not a man to stoop below himself in marrying. He could not unite himself with one who was ignorant and unrefined. But he wanted a real not an artificial woman—one who could take her place beside him, as he said on the lowest round of fortune's ladder and keep step with him upward.—Such a one he had found in Harriet Parker, and he was independent enough to have her for his wife.

Lizzie was not long in discovering after brother Tom had actually married and commenced keeping house in two rooms, with his modest, cheerful and earnest-minded wife, that her sister had something about her that sensibly won the love, commanded the respect, and almost extorted the admiration of all who were so fortunate as to make her acquaintance.

'Marriage, they say, makes or mars a man,' the brother overheard Lizzie saying in an under tone to a lady friend, 'but it will not mar the fortunes of brother Tom. He's got just the wife to help him along in the world, and one that will grace any position to which they may aspire.'

'My own sentiments exactly,' spoke out brother Tom. 'She's a jewel, and worth a thousand of your paste and tinsel women. Didn't I tell you so? But you didn't believe me. Now if you'll go and apprentice yourself to a dressmaker or milliner, or learn any useful work, not ornamental, I will introduce you to the new president of the society I told you about. I had to resign when I got married. He is a specimen, and will make a husband worthy of a queen.'

INSTINCT OF APPETITE.—We constantly notice, at our table, that a child will be ravenously fond of a particular dish, and then after a while turn away from it.—The reason is, that there was a constituent in the much loved food that the system required, and which it drank up greedily until it was fully supplied, and then instinct would receive no more. A thirsty man, like the arid soil, drinks in the water until the one is full and the other saturated, and then the water is rejected. The soil will not receive it, and when a man has enough, he becomes nauseated, if he tries to drink more. To most persons, water has a very disagreeable taste, if it is attempted to be forced. The particular conclusion to be drawn from these facts is simply this: do not force your children or yourselves to take one single mouthful of food or any drink that they do not like; in sickness or in health, consult the instincts of the appetite, and yield to them implicit and instant obedience; There is sometimes a morbid appetite, and if indulged in freely injurious if not fatal effects may follow; but in the most of these cases, even, we prefer to believe that it is the quantity which does the harm, and not the quality; so that we are in the habit of saying to some classes of dyspeptics: 'Eat what you most crave, but if you find that it is uniformly followed by some disagreeable feeling, instead of discarding that article of food, take half as much next, and continue to diminish the quantity until it is found how much of its favorite dish Nature can take with perfect impunity; if a spoonful only can be taken with perfect impunity, give Nature that spoonful as long as she craves it.' Most of us can call to mind cases where a craved dish or drink was imperatively forbidden, under fear of death, if indulged in; and yet the patient, in desperation, has gotten up in the night, satisfied the appetite, and recovered from this hour. We advise the safer plan; take a little at a time of what is so earnestly craved, and gradually feel the way along to an amount which Nature will bear. Physicians may rest assured, that if the instincts of the invalid and the convalescent were more closely observed and studied, they would be more successful, with less medicine.—[Dr. W. W. Hall.

A HARD SHELL HIT.—Brotheren and sisterenl of a man's full of religeon you can't hurt him! There was the three Arabian children; they put them in a firery furance, hetted several times hotter than it could be hot' and didn't singed a hair on their heads! And there was John the Evangeler! they put him—and where do you think, brotheren and sisteren, they put him?—They put him into a chaldronic of biling ile, and biled him all day and all night, and it didn't faze his shell! And there was Dan'el; they put him in a lion's den—and wot, my faller trevelers and respected auditors do you think he was put into a lion's den for? Why, for prayin' three times a day. Don't be alarmed brethering and sistern; I don't think any of you will ever get into a lion's den!

FOLLOW THE RIGHT.—No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain pleasure and happiness for yourself, is to do the right thing. You may not always hit the mark; but you should nevertheless always aim for it, and with every trial your skill will increase. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; or whether no other person than yourself knows of your action, still always, and in all cases, do the right thing. Your first lessons in this rule will sometimes seem hard ones; but they will go easier, till finally doing the right thing will become a habit and to do wrong will seem an impossibility.

Know the Right Man.

In a southern city lived a young, aspiring youth by the name of Kinson, who possessed more pride and insolence than wealth or sense. Understanding that there was a farmer living about sixteen miles from the city, by the name of McKeever, of immense wealth and the father of two daughters, he formed the design of becoming acquainted with the family, if not ultimately one of its members, consequently one fine day he decked himself in his gayest externals, and started for the farmer's mansion. On the way his mind was full of speculations upon the prospects before him; upon the manner in which he should conduct himself before Mr. McKeever; upon the style of amiableness which he should assume before the Misses McKeever, and mode in which he should use lofty and entaining language generally. Evening had nearly disposed of the sun in the west when he arrived in sight of Mr. McKeever's. The scene was expansive and delightful, extensive fields and lengthy fences and lanes, covered the landscape as far as the eye could reach, while the dwelling reared its painted front high among the tall branching oaks, which grew around it for shade and ornament.

Kinson's bosom swelled with glowing anticipations at the wealthy and magnificent prospect before him, and he was anxious to form the acquaintance of the whole McKeever family. Seeing a shabby looking man feeding hogs near the road, he rode up to him, when the following conversation ensued:

"Hollo, Mr. Hog feeder, is that McKeever's dwelling?"

"Yes, sir," replied the hog feeder.

"Are you his overseer?"

"No sir."

"What do you do, then?"

"Oh, feed hogs and do other little things about the farm."

"Well, Mr. Hog feeder, old McKeever has some fine looking daughters, hasn't he?"

"Yes, they are tolerably fine-looking gals."

"They would like to marry, wouldn't they?"

"Don't know, but expect they would if they had a good chance."

"A good chance? They can get me don't you think I'd be a good chance."

"Well they may think so—go and try them."

"D—d if I don't, too; good evening, Mr. Hog feeder."

Kinson then rode up to the gate and alighted. Seeing the old lady in the piazza with her daughter, he thus addressed her:

"Good evening, madam. It is getting late, and I should like to have permission to stay all night with you."

He was informed that he could do so, and he very gladly took his seat till the old gentleman should come in, and she informed him that he would soon.

He had not been seated but a few moments when the old hog feeder came along looking after the things, and finally came in and sat down. The old man then began to make himself perfectly at home with the females. Kinson was astonished at what he considered the hog feeder's insolence; but this astonishment was much increased when he heard one of the young ladies call him "Pa!"

Just as he heard the hog feeder affectionately called "pa," the boy was about to take his horse, and he involuntarily said:

"Boy don't take that horse; I think I will ride on if it is not too late—good evening to all."

ARGUMENTS FOR THE BIBLE.—There are four grand arguments for the truth of the Bible. The first is the miracles on record: the second the prophecies; the third the goodness of the doctrine; the fourth the moral character of the penmen. The miracles flow from Divine power; the prophecies from Divine understanding; the excellence of the doctrine from Divine goodness; the moral character of the penmen, from Divine purity. Thus, Christianity is built upon these four immoveable pillars—the power, the understanding, the goodness, the purity of God. The Bible must be one of these things; either an invention of good men, or good angels; or bad men or bad angels, or a revelation from God.—But it could not be the invention of good men or angels; for they neither would nor could make a book telling lies, at the same time saying: "Thus saith the Lord," when they knew it all to be their invention. It could not be the invention of wicked men, or devils, for they could not make a book which commands all duty, which forbids all sin, and which condemns their souls to all eternity. The conclusion is irresistible—the Bible must be given by Divine inspiration.—Bishop Simpson.

TRUTH.—Be cautious in narrating anything that you adhere strictly to the truth; men sometimes supply from their own invention, things which their memory has not retained, and a habit of this is found to do great injury to the memory.

☞ Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which even when dropped by chance springs up a flower.

☞ So soon as you feel too unwell to attend to your ordinary business, lay it aside and dismiss all care and anxiety about it; as rest and relaxation, both of body and mind, are of the greatest importance.

Indignant Frenchman.

The Philadelphia North American gives an account of two Frenchmen in that city, who became, a day or two since, quite as much excited and perplexed as the Frenchman who "ran with the fire machine" in New York, some weeks since. The Philadelphia Frenchmen, while quite mellow, applied at the station house for some *liquor*, and in the colloquy which followed with the officer insulted him, and he locked them up. They were fined $3 each for being intoxicated, and made up their minds that liberty is much greater in Paris than in Philadelphia. Their next move was to go to the Recorder for satisfaction, who informed them that he could give them no remedy:

"No remedie for ze desecration of ze sanctitie of ze person?" exclaimed Frenchman No. 1.

"No remedie sair for ze incarceration in ze sum kettle holewike z—what you call—bedbug crawl all over me, I egar!"—echoed Frenchman No. 2.

"No, gentlemen," replied the Recorder, "the officers make oath that you were intoxicated, and the Magistrate therefore fined you according to law."

"And sis is law in sis free countree, by ga?"

"Yes, sir."

"Zen I will not stay in sis countree," replied the excited Frenchman. "I go to ze cafe and ask for ze beer largain. Z-what your—ze bar tender—is one polite man. He offers my persong von terrible indignitie. He violate ze majestie of la belle France, and put me in von bastile—vot you call prison."

"Very much to be regretted gentlemen" was the Recorder's reply, "but really I don't see that I can do any good."

"Well, sair, zen we will leave ze countrie, sair," said the Frenchman No. 1 "and we will inform ze people of ze glorious France zat ze cafes are nosing but prisons, by tam."

"Qui," repeated Frenchman No. 2, as his coat tail disappeared around the top of the landing, "and I will also have the terrible revenge. I will tell ze French zat sis countries is von immense diabolique, magnifique *hombuge* l y g a-r r-r."

As the irate Crapau doubled the volume of his voice at every succeeding adjective in the last sentence, and rolled out the final 'r' of the last word with a roll like that of a watchman's rattle, the reader may imagine the effect produced upon the spectators in the Recorder's office, as the parties took their leave.

DON'T BE HASTY.—1. Because you will be likely to treat quite lightly two very good friends of yours, Reason and Conscience, who will not have a chance to speak.

2. Because you will have to travel over the same ground in company with one Sober Second Thought, who will be more likely to have a whip of scorpions than a bunch of flowers.

3. Because the words or actions involved in it are more likely than otherwise to be misunderstood, and therefore severely judged.

4. Because this is one way to please and give great advantage to an enemy of yours, who is powerful enough to be called the "Prince of the world," and who has caught more people than can be counted in this very trap.

5. Because in so doing you are likely to be a fellow traveler in such company as follows: "He that is hasty with his feet sinneth." "He that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." "Seest thou a man hasty in words there is no more hope of a fool than of him." "The thoughts of every one that is hasty tend only to want."

6. Because such a fire may be kindled that it cannot be put out by all the water a whole engine company can throw, with such a fellow as Second Thought for their captain.

THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY.—If you find a man disposed to complain of the coldness of the world, be sure that you will find that he has never brought anything into the world to warm it, but is a personal lump of ice set in the midst of it. If you find a man, who complains that the world is as base and hollow, tap him, and he will probably sound base and hollow. And so, in the other way, a kind man will probably find kindness everywhere about him. The merciful man, as a general thing, will obtain mercy. He who has always had a kind of excuse for others, who has always looked at the brightest side of the case, he who has rendered his pardon and his help whenever he could, who has never brought his fellow men into any strait by reason of not helping him, will find that the mercy which he has bestowed, flows back upon him in a full, and spontaneous spring. He will make a merciful world by the mercy he himself shows.—Rev. E. H. Chapin.

☞ A parent who sends his son into the world uneducated, and without skill in any art or science, does as great an injury to mankind, as to his family; he defrauds the community of a useful citizen, and bequeathes to us a nuisance.

☞ Fear not to have each and every action of your life open to the inspection of the world. Remember that a wiser eye than man sees into your best actions. Answer to Him, and fear not the face of a man.

A PATIENT SUFFERER.—I have been for ten years, more than the friend, I may say the father, of an eminent physiologist, who carried with him into the natural sciences an exquisite sense of natural things.

I learned much from him on many subjects, but especially of human [illegible]

One think struck me in this very delicate and gifted man, the systematic perfection of [illegible] life. He had a wife, robustly but gracefully, ignorant but cheery ing, (a native of Savoy.) He had found means to engage her in the mesmeric researches and his discoveries.

He worked with no display of instruments, no laboratory, none or by his bedside; inventing such reduced and convenient apparatus as to carry on in a common room experiments, often complicated, which on a large scale, would have taken him away from home and from his wife, and thus broken up this union and harmony of minds.

A great trial came upon him. His wife in consequence of a family malady, became insane, and continued so for a year or two. He kept her with him, and continued his labors in the midst of this harrowing distraction.

Her madness was mild enough, but she talked continually. She dreamed wide awake. She was troubled with vapours. She interlarded all conversation with queer speeches, and hardly permitted you to follow the thread of an idea. Her husband's patience never failed him. One day I expressed my admiration of his conduct. He said to me: "In an asylum, where they would treat her harshly, where they would not put up with her little whims, she would become entirely mad, and never recover. But well treated, not being startled or frightened, seeing only a friendly face, hearing only connected and sensible words, she will be cured at last, without any other remedy." And so, in fact, it did really happen.—Michelet's Amour.

SINGULAR DEATHS.—The Hartford Press, in its comments upon the recent singular and fatal accident in that city says:

"There have been two other deaths in Sharpe's rifle factory, within two or three years, both of which were very singular in their manner of occurrence. One was of a blacksmith, who was holding a chisel upon a bar of cold steel, for the operator to strike upon. The man suddenly and apparently without cause, fell lifeless to the floor. He never spoke. Upon lifting him and opening his shirt, a small red spot was discovered upon the left breast, and a *post mortem* examination showed that a very minute point of steel, stricken by the hammer, had penetrated between the ribs and pierced the heart.

The other was unlacing a belt. He was left-handed and was using an awl, when his hand slipped and the awl pierced his heart. He tore open his shirt, crying, "I'm stabbed!" and falling, died in a few moments."

AN ARKANSAS TESTIMONIAL.—Robinson in his letters to the Boston Journal, of a following story of an old gentleman in western Arkansas, who with the utmost gravity, relates the following as his experience:

"I have been living down here below Fort Smith for twenty years. The clock in my office is at the head of a long flight of stairs, and in the haste of business my inkstand is often knocked off, and rolled down. For a long time I could get no material that would stand this usage.—Glass was out of the question. Stone broke like crockery. The inkstand I could find soon gave way. Finally a lucky thought struck me. I went up to one of my neighbors with a widow Bedott for a piece of her corduroy. After running several fits she succeeded in hollowing it out, and shaping it into an inkstand. That was ten years ago, and, strange, I've used that inkstand ever since, and I reckon it's good for at least two generations longer!"

The Secretary of War "Knew it."

Secretary Floyd, of the War Department, is responsible for the protection and safety of U. S. Armories. That Official was informed by letter, that insurrection was brewing at Harper's Ferry. This information was given in time to "nip it in the bud." But he did nothing and said nothing!

Was his neglect of duty and his concealment of cancer, intentional? While "Old Brown," mad man like, was plotting an impotent insurrection, was the Administration, because plotting, for effect?—[Albany Evening Journal.

☞ "Come, don't be proud," said two fellows to two gentlemen, "sit down and make yourselves as our equals." "We should have to blow out our brains to do that," replied one of them.

☞ Be assured, whatever you think now, when you come to a death bed, you will think you have given yourself up too much to pleasures and other worldly pursuits.

☞ If the earth were at once the soul's cradle and her tomb, why should the cradle have been hung amidst the stars, and the tomb illuminated by their eternal light?

☞ You must persuade a child to place confidence in you, if you wish to form an open upright character, you cannot fairly [illegible] it into habits of truth.

☞ It is said that there are 2,000 husbands and wives in Indiana and Illinois applying for divorce.

☞ To make money you must keep moving to grow rich you must keep saving.