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SHENANDOAH HERALD

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Jun. 13th tf

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The table will be an especial care; the Bar supplied with choice liquors, and the Stables provided with best of provender.

SARAH HOLTZMAN

Feb. 6—tf

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Apr. 11—1yr. BARBOUR & HAMILTON

POETICAL.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

She rose from her delicious sleep
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer;
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid.

And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like a sweet snow-flake soft and mute;
And then from slumber chaste and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that young and witchless form;
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God! if souls as pure as hers
Need daily mercy from Thy throne—
If she upon her bended knees,
Our holiest and our purest one—
She with a face so clear and bright
We deem her some stray child of light;
If she, with these soft eyes and tears,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
How hardly if she win not heaven
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

"WHO WAS MY QUIET FRIEND?"

BY BERT HARTE.

'Stranger!" The voice was not loud, but clear and penetrating. I looked vainly up and down the narrow darkening trail. No one in the fringe of alder ahead; no oue on the gullied slope behind:

'O! stranger!'

This time a little impatiently. The California vocative, 'O,' always means business.

I looked up and perceived for the first time, on the ledge, thirty feet above me, another trail parallel with my own, looking down on me through the buckeye bushes a small man on a black horse.

Five things to be here noted by the circumspect mountaineer. First, the locality—lonely and inacessible and away from the regular faring of teamsters and miners. Secondly, the stranger's superior knowledge of the road from the facts that the other trail was unknown to the ordinary traveler.—Thirdly, that he was well armed and equipped. Forthly, that any distrust or timidity arising from the contemplation of these facts had better be kept to oneself.

All this passed rapidly through my mind as I returned his salutation.

Got any tobacco?' he asked.

I had, and signified the fact, holding up the pouch inquiringly.

'All right, I'll come down. Ride on. I'll jine ye on the slide.'

'The slide?' Here was a new geographical discovery as odd as the second trail. I had ridden over the trail a dozen times and seen no communication between the ledge and the trail. Nevertheless I went a hundred yards or so, when there was a sharp crackling in the trail, and my friend plunged through the bushes to my side down a grade that I should scarcely have dared to lead my horse. There was no doubt he was an accomplished rider—another fact to be noted.

As he ranged beside me I found I was not mistaken as to his size; he was quite under the medium height, and but for a pair of cold grey eyes was rather commonplace in features.

'You've got a good horse there,' I suggested.

He was filling his pipe from my pouch and looked up a little surprised, and said, 'Of course.' He then puffed away with the nervous eagerness of a man long deprived of that sedative.—Finally, between the puffs, he asked me whence I came.

I replied from Lagrange.

He looked at me for a few moments curiously, but on my adding that I had only halted there a few hours he said 'I thought I knew every man between Lagrange and Indian Spring, but somehow I sorter disremember your face and your name.'

Not particularly caring that he should remember either, I replied, half laughingly, that as I lived the other side of Indian Spring, it was quite natural. He took the rebuff—if such it was—so quietly, that as an act of mere perfunctory politeness, I asked him where he came from.'

'Lagrange.'

'And are you going to—

'Well! that depends pretty much on how things can pan out, and whether I can make the riffle.' He let his hand rest quite unconsciously on the leather bolster of his dragoon revolver, yet with a strong suggestion to me of his ability 'to make the riffle' if he wanted to, and added; 'But just now I was reck'nin' on taking a little *pasear* with you.'

There was nothing offensive in his speech, save its familiarity and the reflection, perhaps, that whether I objected or not, he was quite able to do as he said. I only replied that if our *pasear* was prolonged beyond Heavytree Hill, I should have to borrow his beast. To my surprise, he replied quietly. 'That's so,' adding that the horse was at my disposal when he wasn't using it, and half of it when he was. 'Dick has carried double many a time before this; when your mustang gives out, I'll give you a lift, and room to spare.'

'I could not help smiling at the idea of appearing before the boys at Red Gulch *en croupe* with the stranger; but neither could I help being oddly affected by the suggestion that his horse had done double duty before. 'On what occasion, and why?' was a question I kept to myself. We were ascending the heavy flank of the Divide; the narrowness of the trail obliged us to go slowly and in file, so that there was litte chance for conversation, had he been disposed to satisfy my curiosity.

We toiled on in silence, the buckeye giving place to *chimisal*, the western sun reflected again from the bank walls beside us, blinding our eyes with its glare. The pines in the canon below were olive gulfs of heat, over which here and there a hawk drifted lazily, or rising to our level, cast a weird and gigantic shadow of slowly moving wings on the mountain side. The superiority of the ranger's horse led him often far in advance, and made me hope that he might forget me entirely, or push on grown weary by waiting. But regularly he would halt by a boulder, or reappear from some *chimisal*, where he had patiently halted. I was beginning to hate him mildly, when at one of those reappearances he drew up to my side, and asked me how I liked Dickens!

Had he asked me my opinion of Huxley or Darwin, I could have been more astonished. Thinking it were possible that he referred to some local celebrity of Lagrange, I said, hesitatingly:

'You mean——?'

'Charles Dickens. Of course you've read him? Which of his books do you like best?'

I replied with considerable embarrassment that I liked them all—as I certainly did. He grasped my hand for a moment quite unlike his usual phelgm, and said, 'That's me, old man. Dickens ain't no slouch. You can count on him pretty much all the time.'

With this rough preface, he launched into a criticism of the novelist, which for intelligent sympathy and hearty appreciation I had rarely heard equaled. Not only did he dwell upon the exuberance of his humor, but upon the power of his pathos and the all-pervading element of his poetry. I had considered myself rather a diligent scholar of the great master of fiction, but the stranger's felicity of quotation and illustration staggered me. It is true that his thoughts were not always clothed in the best language, and often appeared in the slouching, slangy undress of the place and period, yet it was rustic or homespun, and sometimes struck me with its precision and fitness. Considerably softened toward nim, I tried him with other literature. But vainly. Beyond a few of the lyrical and emotional poets he knew nothing. Under the influence and enthusiasm of his own speech, he himself had softened considerably; offered to change horses with me, readjusted my saddle with professional skill, transferred my pack to his own horse, insisted on my sharing the contents of his whiskey flask, and, noticing that I was unarmed, pressed upon me a silver-mounted Derringer, which he assured me he could 'warrant.'—These various offices of good will and the diversion of his talk beguiled me from the fact that the trail was beginning to grow obscure and unrecognizable. We were evidently pursuing a route unknown before to me. I pointed out the fact to my companion a little impatiently. He instantly resumed his old manner and dialect.

'Well, I reckon one trail is as good as another, and what hev ye got to say about it?'

I pointed out with some dignity, that I preferred the old trail.

'Mebbe you did. But you're jiss now takin' a *pasear* with *me*. This yer trail will bring you right into Indian Spring, and *unnoticed*, and no questions asked. Don't you mind now, I'll see you through.'

It was necessary here to make some stand against my strange companion.—I said firmly, yet as politely as I could, that I had proposed stopping over night with a friend.

'What?'

I hesitated. The friend was an eccentric Eastern man, well-known in the locality for his fastidiousness and his habits as a recluse. A misanthrope of ample family and ample means, he had chosen a picturesque but secluded valley in the Sierras, where he could rail against the world without opposition.—'Lone Valley,' or 'Boston Ranch' as it was more familiarly called, was the one spot that the average miner both respected and feared. Mr. Sylvester, its proprietor, had never affiliated with 'the boys,' nor had he ever lost their respect by any active opposition to their ideas. If seclusion had been his object he certainly was gratified. Nevertheless in the darkening shadows of the night, and on a lonely and unknown trail, I hesitated at repeating his name to a stranger of whom I knew so little. But my mysterious companion took the matter out of my hands.

'Look yar,' he said, suddenly, 'thar ain't but one place 'twixt yer and Indian Spring whar you can stop, and that's Sylvester's.'

I assented, a little sullenly.

'Well, said the stranger, quietly, and with a slight suggestion of conferring a favor on me, 'Ef you're pointed for Sylvester's—why—*I don't mine stopping thar with ye.* It's a little off the road—I'll lose some time—but taking it by and large I don't much mind.'

I stated, as rapidly and as strongly as I could, that my acquaintance with Mr. Sylvester did not justify the introduction of a stranger to his hospitality—that he was quite unlike any of the people here—in short that he was a queer man, &c., &c.

To my surprise my companion answered quietly: 'Oh, that's all right. I've heard of him. Ef you don't feel like cheering me through, or you'd rather put 'C. O. D.' on my back, why it's all the same to me. I'll play alone.—Only you just count me in. Say 'Sylvester, all the time. That's me.'

What could I oppose to this man's quiet assurance. I felt myself growing red with anger and nervous with embarrassment. What would the correct Sylvester say to me? What would the girls—I was a young man then, and had won an *entree* to their domestic circle by my reserve—known by a less complimentary adjective among the 'boys'—what would they say to my new acquaintance. Yet I certainly could not object to his assuming all risks on his own personal recognizances, nor could I resist a certain feeling of shame at my embarrassment.

We were beginning to descend. In the distance below us already twinkled the lights in the solitary ranche of Lone Valley. I turned to my companion. 'But you've forgotten that I don't know your name. What am I to call you?'

'That's so,' he said, musingly. 'Now, let's see. 'Kearney' would be a good name. It's short and easy like. Thar's a street in 'Frisco the same title. Kearney it is.'

'But——,' I began impatiently.

'Now you leave all that to me,' he interrupted, with a superb self-confidence that I could not but admire.—'The name ain't no account. It's the man that's responsible. Ef I was to lay for a man that I reckoned was named Jones, and after I fetched him I found on the inquest that his real name was Smith—that wouldn't make no matter, as long as I got the man.'

The illustration, forcible as it was, did not strike me as offering a prepossessing introduction, but we were already at the rancho. The barking of the dogs brought Sylvester to the door of the pretty little cottage which his taste had adorned.

I briefly introduced Mr. Kearney.—'Kearney will do—Kearney's good enough for me,' commented the *soidisant* Kearney half aloud, to my horror and Sylvester's evident mystification, and then he blandly excused himself for a moment that he might personally supervise the care of his own beast. When he was out of earshot, I drew the puzzled Sylvester aside.

'I have picked up—I mean I have been picked up on the road by a gentle maniac, whose name is not Kearney. He is well armed and quotes Dickens. With care and acquiescence in his views on all subjects, and general submission to his commands, he may be placated. Doubtless the spectacle of your helpless family, the contemplation of your daughter's beauty and innocence may touch his fine sense of humor and pathos.—Meanwhile, Heaven help you, and forgive me.'

I ran up stairs to the little den that my hospitable host had kept always reserved for me in my wanderings. I lingered some time over my ablutions, hearing the languid, gentlemanly drawl of Sylvester below mingled with the equally cool, easy slang of my mysterious acquaintance. When I came down to the sitting-room I was surprised, however, to find the self-styled Kearney quietly seated on the sofa, the gentle May Sylvester, the 'Lilly of Lone Valley,' sitting with maidenly awe and unaffected interest on one side of him, while on the other that arrant flirt, her cousin Kate, was practicing the pitiless archery of her eyes, with an excitement that seemed almost real.

'Who's your deliciously cool friend?' she managed to whisper to me at supper after utterly dazed and bewildered between the enrapt May Sylvester, who seemed to hang upon his words, and this giddy girl of the period, who was emptying the battery of her charms in active rivalry upon him. 'Of course we know his name isn't Kearney. But how romantic! And isn't he perfectly lovely? And who is he?'

I replied with severe irony that I was not aware what foreign potentate was then traveling *incognito* in the Sierras of California, but that when his Royal Highness was pleased to inform me, I should be pleased to introduce him properly. 'Until then,' I added, 'I fear the acquaintance must be Morganatic.'

'You're only jealous of him,' she said pertly. 'Look at May—she is completely fascinated. And her father too.' And actually the languid, world-sick was regarding him with a boyish interest and enthusiasm almost incompatible with his nature. Yet I submit honestly to the clear-headed reason of my own sex, that I could see nothing more in the man that I have already delivered to the reader.

In the middle of an exciting story of adventure, of which he, to the already prejudiced minds of his fair auditors, was evidently hero, he stopped suddenly.

'It's only some pack train passing the bridge on the lower trail,' explained Sylvester. 'Go on.'

'It may be my horse is a trifle on easy in the stable,' said the alleged Kearney. 'He ain't used to boards and covering.'

Heaven only knows what wild and delicious revelation lay in the statement of this fact, but the girls looked at each other with cheeks pink with excitement as Kearney arose, and with quiet absence of ceremony, quitted the table.

'Ain't he just lovely!' said Kate, gasping for breath, 'and so witty.'

'Witty!' said the gentle May, with just the slightest trace of defiance in her sweet voice. 'Witty, my dear? why, don't you see that his voice is just breaking with pathos? Witty, indeed; why, when he was speaking of that Mexican woman that was hung I saw the tears gather in his eyes. Witty, indeed!'

'Tears,' laughed the cynical Sylvester, tears, idle tears. Why, you silly children, the man is a man of the world—a philosopher, quiet, observant, unassuming.'

'Unassuming!' Was Sylvester intoxicated, or had the mysterious stranger mixed the 'insane herb' with the family pottage? He returned before I could answer this self-asked inquiry, and resumed coolly his broken narrative.—Finding myself forgotten in the man I had so long hesitated to introduce to my friends, I retired to rest early, only to hear, through the thin partitions, two hours later, enthusiastic praises of the new guest from the voluble lips of the girls, as they chatted together in the next room before retiring.

At midnight I was startled by the sound of horses' hoofs and the jingling of spurs below. A conversation between my host and some mysterious personage in the darkness was carried on in such a low tone that I could not learn its import. As the cavalcade rode away I raised the window.

'What's the matter,'

'Nothing,' said Sylvester coolly, only another one of those playful homicidal freaks peculiar to the country. A man was shot by Cherokee Jack over at Lagrange this morning, and that was the Sheriff of Caleveras and his posse hunting him. I told him I'd seen no one but you and your friend. By the way, I hope the cursed noise has not disturbed him. The poor fellow looked as if he wanted rest.'

I thought so, too. Nevertheless, I went softly to his room. It was empty. My impression was that he had distanced the Sheriff of Caleveras about two hours.

Lovely Woman and Her Ways.

The following few remarks on some of the habits of the gentle sex we clip from the Louisville Courier-Journal:

'It is indeed a funny and ridiculous sight to see a lovely woman stop at a street crossing, give her body a fearful twist, stoop low and reach backward and downward nearly to her heels, and grab from forty to fifty pounds of dress tail, full of dirt and dust, shake it five or six times, like a buzzard fixing its wings to fly, then hobble across the street like a lame turkey to the other side, there to 'let go,' turn round four or five times, and start off like a stern wheel boat in a storm. Such fantastic, fashionable freaks of folly as we see sometimes upon our streets are certainly very unbecoming to all that is modest, beautiful and lovely in woman. Think of it. The idea of a fashionably dressed blonde or brunette stopping dead still upon the street, kick out and up like a cow at an army of loose hornets, grab her clothes in her hand, and with a body bent, looking out from under a little hat perched upon one side of the head, and making a public exhibition of her heels and hose as she skips across the street like an ostrich on a run, an exact copy in style and dress of the woman who rides a spotted horse in a circus and jumps through a paper balloon for $15 a week and applause. Look at the modestly dressed, sweet faced, humble girl, walking homeward, having been on a mission for her mother, perhaps. No foolishness about her. She lives, dresses, acts and looks plain. She and fashion are strangers. Loafers and blackguards don't stare at her and make all kinds of remarks about her. No! She commands respect by her dress and conduct upon the public streets. See her in spotless white, looking like an angel. Kneeling at the bedside with her face and eyes lifted heavenward, and in accents low and sweet, breathing from her pure lips the language of her soul in humble prayer: 'Our father who art in heaven.' Angels put their ears to the twinkling stars and listen to her prayers. The one a meek, humble, Christian young woman, whose affections are fixed on things above the foibles and follies of a fashionable world—whose very soul pants for the light and love of a home 'over there.' The other, a thin visaged, 'made-up' woman of the fashionable world, whose whole heart and soul is engulfed in the great whirlpool of mock happiness and folly; who never looks in the Bible one-hundredth part as much as she does a looking glass, whose whole idea of life is to 'have fun with the boys' until she is forty, and then take the chance of fooling some old man into 'buying her,' if she can. The one breathes her prayer and lies down on her downy bed to dream of heaven and the angels. The other comes out of the parlor at a late hour, like a tired and hungry coach horse, rushes to the pantry, grabs a pickle in one hand and a cold ham-bone in the other; then to her room. She swings her 'harness' over the backs of half a dozen chairs, scatters the other 'make-up' about the flour, and forgets the duty she owes to God and herself, and dives into bed like a wharf rat into the canal, rolls and tumbles all night as if the bed were full of hornets, and rises at eight nine or ten o'clock the next morning, as stiff and lifeless as a billy-goat that has been run over by a freight train. Now, which one of the two think you God and the angels smile upon most—the beautiful woman or the fashionable young lady?'

GEN. LEE'S DESIRE TO END THE WAR.—The Mobile (Ala.) Register editorially says: 'The December number of the Historic Magazine contains the reply of Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, to the recent letter of ex-President Davis. Mr. Hunter's communication discloses a number of very remarkable facts, among which is the statement that both Gen. Lee and Gen. Breckinridge despaired of the issue of the war, and earnestly desired that some steps should be taken to secure peace a considerable time before the final catastrophe. Gen. Lee went so far as to seek a personal interview with Mr. Hunter, urging him to accept the responsibility of introducing such a measure to the Senate of the Confederate States. Mr. Hunter represents that Mr. Davis was at that time for some reason so prejudiced against him that the views expressed by him (Mr. Hunter) in private conference was retailed and exaggerated so as to injure him so that he was compelled to decline to communicate with the President for fear of misrepresentation. The article paints a gloomy picture of the distracted condition of affairs at the Confederate capital just prior to the final collapse, and applies some heavy charges to Mr. Davis personally.'

Out of respect for his feelings, the hymn 'When I can read my title clear.' is never sung as a religious service at Washington when Hayes is present.

A Story of the War.

The following is narrated by a war correspondent: At one time during the winter of 1861 I was on duty at the headquarters of the Department of West Virginia, then in charge of Gen. F. W. Lander. One day it was reported to me that certain prisoners in a building near by were suffering for food, fuel, medicine and a chance to wash. I immediately visited them and found them to be West Virginia Confederates in charge of the West Virginia University, and between these two classes there was no love lost.

I went back to headquarters and soon found myself engaged with the generals and colonels there assembled in an animated discussion. I maintaining that though it was impossible for us to give all our own sick the attention they ought to receive, and our own soldiers must necessarily suffer from the cold, that, nevertheless, our honor demanded that we see to it that our prisoners had every comfort. I was in the minority, but not alone in the debate, and if it had not been for General Lander I could not have carried my point. In a few hours I had the prisoners and their quarters well washed and fed, an abundance of fuel, the sick made as comfortable as possible, and the guard changed. In a few days most of them had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States and been released. They were mostly men who had been arrested on suspicion of being spies or bushwhackers. They took occasion to call upon me in squads and thanked me for what I had done for them, till I got heartily sick of it and used to avoid them.

On the 17th of Sept., '62, I lay on the battle field of Antietam, faint, bleeding and helpless. Our line had been driven back from where I fell, and the Confederate ambulance corps was busily at work near me. I raised myself on my elbow, and in doing so, attracted the attention of two men who were about to carry off a wounded Southerner. They immediately abandoned him, and called me by name, made themselves known to me as two of the men whom I had befriended in Western Virginia. They caried me off the field and deposited me in the rear of a straw stack; then one of them went away a moment and returned with Stonewall Jackson and his staff.

The headquarter's surgeon examined my wounds and gave me brandy. One of the aids knelt down beside me and made a record of my name, company, residence, etc., and asked me who was in command of our army that day, and if I knew the number of men we had and what that number was. To which I replied that Gen. McClellan was in command, that I knew how many men we had but should not tell the number, but that he would find before night that we had enough to lick him out of his boots.

He rose up inhaste, and stepping to the side of Jackson's horse, gave in the information he had obtained, and I knew from the quick glance and half smile of Jackson when he was reporting to him that he knew the exact number of men we had on our side. Then the surgeon had a moment's conference with Jackson, and returning to me said: 'Gen. Jackson tells me to say to you that you will be immediately started for Richmond in an ambulance and with a guard, that you will be detained in the city till the close of the war, under guard or on parole as you choose."

He then mounted his horse to procure an ambulance, but had ridden but a few paces before a shell from one of our guns burst in front of his horse, which reared and threw itself over backward, breaking the neck of the surgeon and causing instant death. The shells came thick and fast, and Jackson and his staff rode foward to the line. But my two West Virginia friends stayed by me and gave me every care and attention, till a cannon shot passing through the upper part of the straw set it on fire, when one of them went up and put it out; but as he was sliding down another ball passed through and entirely served his head from his body.

Still the other one remained faithful, and, as night came on, he told me that orders had been given to fall back, and asked me which I would choose—to be left to fall into the hands of my own men, or to be taken back and receive a great deal better care and attention in Richmond than I would in my own lines. I told him my kindred lived North, and, if I was left on the field, I should, if I lived, soon be at home, and I chose to be left.

From that time forward I had no further recollections until some time the next day, I came to myself and heard voices, and, calling out to them, it was discovered that stakes from the fence had been set against the stack, and the straw had been pulled down over them, so that I was sheltered from the cold night air, and concealed. A canteen full of water, a full haversack and a loaded revolver were beside me, and my watch and pocket-book were under me, soaked in blood.

It is said of Ethan Allen that he once attended a church where the minister made an estimate, the result of which was that out of the whole human race, not more than one out of a thousand would be saved. On the announcement of this result, Allen took his hat and walked out, saying as he went, "Gentlemen, if any of you want my chance you are welcome to it It is not worth staying for."

'I never set my mind to writin' poetry till two years ago," said a young ruralist, tilting back in a grocery chair; "but the minute I took to goin' with that Johson girl, by gosh! I couldn't help it."

SHENANDOAH HERALD

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A Man Anxious to Wed.

The afternoon services had ended, and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when the parson descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said, in a calm, clear voice:

"Those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now please come forward."

A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of silk, as some pretty girl or excited matron changed her position to catch the first view of the couple to be married. No one, however, arose, or seemed in the least inclined to rise. Whereupon the worthy clergyman, deeming the first notice unheard or misunderstood, repeated:

"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony now come forward."

Still no one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of awkardness among those present was felt, when a young man, who occupied a vacant seat in the broad aisle during the service, slowly arose and deliberately walked to the front of the altar. He was good-looking and well dressed, but no female accompanied him. When he arrived within a respectful distance of the clergyman he paused, and with a reverent bow stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything, nor seemed at at all disconcerted at the idea of being married alone.

The clergyman looked anxiously around for the bride, who, he supposed was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young man in an undertone:

"The young lady, sir, is dilatory."

"Yes, sir."

"Had you not better defer the ceremony?"

"I think not."

"Do you suppose she will be here soon?"

"I, sir," said the young man; 'how should I know of the lady's movements?"

A few moments were allowed to lapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interogatories.

"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, sir?"

"What lady?"

"Why, the lady to be sure, that you are waiting here for."

"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the unsatisfactory response."

"Then, sir, may I ask you why you are here, and for what purpose you thus trifle in the Sanctuary of the Most High?" said the somewhat enraged clerical.

"I came sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to step forward, and I happened to entertain such a wish. I am very sorry to have misunderstood you sir, and I wish you a very good day."

The benediction was uttered in a solemnity of tone very little in accordance with the twiching of the facial nerves, and when, after the church was closed, the story got amongst the congregation, more than one girl regretted that the young man who really wished to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony had been obliged to depart without a wife

When Philip Henry, the father of the great commentator, was preaching, toward the end of his long ministry at Broad Oak, on the words, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light," he appealed, in a manner, that affected many that heard it, to the experiences of all that had "drawn in that yoke," in the following words: "Call now if there be any that will answer you, and to which of the saints will you turn? Turn to whom you will, and they will all agree that they have found wisdom's ways pleasantness and Christ's commands not grievous; and (he added) I will here witness for one who, through grace has in some poor measure been drawing this yoke now about thirty years, and I have found it an easy yoke, and like my choice too well to change.

There is many a true word spoken in a joke. At the time that Jenny Lind was singing in America the London Punch began an article on the subject by saying: 'It appears that songs and pieces of music are now sent from Boston to New York by electric telegraph.' No doubt Punch thought this very fun