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Select Poetry.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial,
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the center
Of thy glory, thou shouldest enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came,
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Wrapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audibly and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"
Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me."

Unto me? but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor,
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

Popular Tales.

THE CASHMERE SHAWL.

"Bless your soul! how air ye, Mrs. Sovereign?" said a bent, wizened old woman, accosting a lady who was giving some orders in a store. "I should hev knowed ye if I'd met you in the New Jerusalem: you ain't a day older'n you was a dozen years ago." The old woman wore a rusty alpaca, and a tattered woolen shawl that did service at the same time for a bonnet.

"I really—I beg your pardon," murmured Mrs. Sovereign, smiling apologetically upon the poor old face, and trying to bring to mind all the old women she had ever met. "Is it Mrs. Rue?"

"Bless your eyes! I knew you wouldn't forget an old neighbor—when I made your wedding-cake, too! Now there's many a fine lady like you hev jest made as if she'd never sot eyes on such a shabby old body as me; but you never was proud. Lor sakes! I wish I hed my teeth in! I jist thought of it. I'd 'a put 'em in if I knowed I was going fur to see you; but, ye see, I thought there'd be nobody here ter take a grain of notice of me. That's jist the way—go without a thing, and you're sure ter wish ye hed it; keep on your old gown, and company's certain ter call!"

"You've grown into a philosopher since we met," said Mrs. Sovereign.

"Like as not," answered Mrs. Rue, whose notions of philosophy were rather hazy. "But, you see, I was allus one of them folks as set a sight by appearances—more's the pity! And the teeth, I got 'em by way of a slant; and some how or other when I don't hav'em in, the roof of my mouth seems ter go clear up ter the top of my head. You see, there was a young fellow as was a dentist—a sort of peddling dentist—and he was took down with the small-pox, and nobody ter look after him but them as was scared ter death of it; but as it wasn't no great account ter me noway, and I couldn't be much worse off in t'other place, if I died of it than with 'Liza Ann, why, I jest up and nursed him clean through with it; and when he got well, says he:

"'What shall I do fur you fur all you've done in my behalf?' And says I, "'Nothing whatsomever. I was only curious to know if I'd be liable to the disease."

"'Nonsense,' says he; 'I want ter pay you in some way.' And as he wasn't forehanded, and I knowed how ter feel fur them as wasn't, and as it was all in his line, I said,

"'Well, if you're bent on it, make me a set of teeth.' And I'm awful sorry I ain't got em in."

"Indeed you deserved them," returned Mrs. Sovereign. "But don't concern yourself about it; I shouldn't know that you were without them if you had not told me."

"Oh yes, you would, begging your pardon, if you wus onst to see them in."

"You are dropping a piece of steak from your paper," observed Mrs. Sovereign.

"Lor! I wouldn't mind losing the whole of it, I'm that glad at seeing you, only 'Liza Ann would raise sich a rumpus; she wouldn't take no excuses; and it couldn't be made up ter her noway! I s'pose she's a-scolding now, 'cause I ain't at home frying this 'ere; but I left the table all sot, and the water a-biling fur the tea."

"And who is 'Liza Ann?"

"Goodness! I thought everybody knew 'Liza Ann—leastways, she thinks they do. Why, she's my Tom's widder; an' he left word on his dying-bed that she was ter pervide fur me as long as I lived an' sometimes I think she's a trying ter see how soon she can get rid of me."

"And do you still live in Joy's Court?" pursued Mrs. Sovereign.

"Sakes alive! didn't you know that we'd left there these ten year? I s'posed that wus town talk. I wish ter goodness I hed my teeth in, and I'd walk along with you a bit, ter hev a little chat, and not keep you a waiting."

"Oh, never mind your teeth." Another woman might have hinted that she had her tongue left.

"Now that's downright Christian in you. I take it, 'Liza Ann herself would not be seen out-doors with me in this old gown; and it wa'n't but yesterday as I met Miss Deacon Merit, and stopped ter ask after the deacon's numbpalsy, and she jest makes as though she wasn't looking my way, and walkes straight on. I tell ye what, Miss Sovereign, if ye want ter find out the natur' of folks, what virtuer they're made of, and what air hung onto 'em like their clothes, jest lose your worldly prosperity and good looks, and wear out your store clothes. But that Cashmere shawl is ter blame fur it all—plague take it!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Sovereign.

"Oh, like as not you never see me wear it. I never hed it on my back more'n twice. I felt as if I was carrying off Christian's burden every time I put it on. 'Liza Ann don't know I've got it—she'd take it away if she did. I keep it sewed up in a towel in my straw bed—there wa'n't nowhere else out of the way of 'Liza Ann's prying eyes. I can't bear the sight of that shawl, it makes my eyes smart ter look at it, and the tears jest come of their own accord. Sometimes I've been a mind ter sell it; but, sakes alive! you can't never get the vally of a thing like that!"

"And how much did you give for it?" asked her listener.

"A hundred dollars!—silver ones! It blisters my tongue ter tell it! A hundred dollars, if I'm a sinner; and I've wore it twice, and hed more wretchedness out of it than there air threads wove into it!"

"Oh! oh!" sighed Mrs. Sovereign, wondering if her companion was in her right mind.

"Yes, I hev. Sometimes I've thought if I could git a hundred dollars fur it agin—though, of course, I couldn't—it would be jest enough ter take me into the Old Ladies' Home—that's one of my castles in the air—so't I'd be out of 'Liza Ann's reach. I've thought maybe the grave couldn't be so bad if 'Liza Ann wusn't there too!"

"Dear, dear! But you were telling me about the shawl?"

"Lor, yes! I've got a habit of wandering onto me like my old grandmother. She'd begin a-telling how the children got the measles, and she'd let ye into the private history of half the family by the way, and wind up, like as not, with a fortin somebody was expecting from England. Wa'al, I dunno as you remember the widder Nile's son that went a-voyaging ter the world's end? They do say how he wus rich as Croysus, but she never got no more'n his cheest after he wus lost overboard. You see, she was expecting of him home, and his cheest came instead.

Wa'l Miss Niles; she didn't so much as open it fur six months; and then she found this 'ere shawl in it, which I s'pose he wus a-bringing home ter her. I sometimes wish she never *hed* opened it!"

Howsomever, the minute I clapped my eyes on the shawl I was covetous of it, and I never rested till I got it. I thought it was the most beautifulest thing I'd ever sot eyes on. It looked as if it wus all wove of rubies and precious stones, and it wus most all border, saving a bit of scarlet about as big as a bandana handkerchief! Now, you see, I'd never owned a shawl but this 'ere robroy that I've got on; and though it wa'n't so nigh used up as it is now, it hed lost considerable of its bloom; and so, one day, when Miss Niles dropped in, and said she hedn't no heart fur nothing sence James' death, and she shouldn't never wear nothing but black clothes the rest of her life, and how her only desire now wus ter go out ter Indy fur a missionary, and if she could only raise a hundred dollars on that Cashmere shawl, 'twould help pay her way, and after that the Board would take care of her, it seemed a sort of a pious duty to help her out, if she felt a call. Lestways, it was one of the biggest temptations that ever beset a poor vain mortal. We was a-buying back the house in Joy's Court at that time—fur, ye see, my husband's name hed bin on Mr. Grew's paper, and what did *he* do but up and fail, and obleege us ter mortgage the house! Wa'al, I said it then, and I say *it* now, that it ain't proper fur a man ter put his name ter another man's paper, and leave his family out in the cold—not that I blame John half so much as myself, fur he did it just ter obleege, and I bought the shawl only ter please myself! We wus trying ter git enough togither you understand, ter pay off the mortgage, and some years we couldn't do no better than ter pay the interest. I worked amazing hard. I took old Miss Lampon ter board—and a heap of trouble she wus, poor soul, with her rheumatics and tiedoloreux; and she hed to hev skeleton jelly made fur her, and lastly she hed ter be fed; and it wa'n't no fool of a job—she wus a powerful eater! But I never give her a wry look; and I treated her as handsome as if she'd 'a bin my own mother, or the fust lady in the land. You see the town paid fur her board—and a mighty small one it wus, but it helped; and after she'd gone home I hed more time, and I took in needle-work, and I'd raked and scraped a hundred and some odd dollars tergither—my John he'd bin laid up with rheumatic fever, and hedn't got nothing a forehand that year—and I wus going ter pay it down that very next Monday, when Miss Niles and the shawl they come in a Saturday!

"I hed a great struggle with myself fust. It kep' me a-turning and twisting all night a-making up of my mind. I hankered after that shawl like all possessed, till it seemed as if I couldn't be happy without it noway, though all the while I knowed I'd no business with anything so grand. But all the neighbors hed hed new shawls that fall, even Miss Grew—lor! they rides in their carriage ter-day, and goes about crackling in their silks, as if failing and bringing honest folkes inter poverty wa'n't a crying sin!—and I thought ter myself how this one would be crazy with envy when she saw me sail out in my new Cashmere, and the other one and her Bay State would be cast inter the shade.

"So, without onst thinking that I hedn't nothing, like gowns and fixings, ter correspond, I jest paid Miss Niles the money, and carried my shawl up stairs. Wa'al, she wa'n't no sooner out of the house than I'd give a farm not ter hev bought it; but I wus too proud ter call her back, and I've allus hed her heavy on my mind, as well as the shawl; for, you know, she wus lost a-going ter Indy, and I somehow felt sort of responsible—seeing, too, as she wus the last of her family. Wa'al, John he didn't know I hed the hundred dollars—I'd kep' it fur a surprise—and now I couldn't make up my mind ter tell him about the shawl. So when it came Sunday I put it on with my old delaine, and my rough-and-ready straw bonnet, and sneaked down the back stairs ter meeting without saying a word ter him—he hedn't got able ter be out himself—and I felt so horrid mean about it that when Miss Jenkins said, "what a splendid new shawl you're a-wearing of!" it didn't give me the leastest quiver of pleasure as ever wus; nor when Miss Grimalkin said, "It realy don't seem worth while ter hev such a dressy shawl ter wear about here, where there's nobody ter see—now, does it?" nor when Miss Little declared, "there wasn't nothing like a shawl ter cover up your old gowns, and make ye look respectable!" though I knew it wus all spite and jealousy that made their words stinging.

"I've come ter think I'd rither hev my neighbors good natured than envious as I git along in years. I wa'n't half so comfortable in my Cashmere as I'd bin in the old robroy; and after I wore it twice I took such a disliking ter it that I jest hid it away, and went back ter the robroy.

But I allus felt as if the Cashmere had crippled us. Ye see, we allus has ter pay fur our luxuries, even after we've got tired of 'em. Money wus harder ter git after that, or perhaps I'd misused my opportunity and didn't desarve another. Howsomever, Mr. Doubleday, who held the mortgage, died, and his son foreclosed, and turned us out o' house and home! After that there wusn't much ter hinder us from going down hill pretty lively. John he lost courage, and wus getting weakly; the children died one after another, except Tom, and 'Liza Ann she worried the life out of *him* in time; and so here I am, an old woman, with naught in the world but a set of teeth and that there Cashmere shawl. You see, if I hed paid the money onto the mortgage, it would have give John a lift, and put some spirit inter him—fur work never seems so light as when you're gitting ahead—and then maybe I shouldn't hev hed retribution a-follering of me round all my days in the shape of 'Liza Ann a-twittering me of a burden and a millstone around the neck of she and the children; though, goodness knows, I slave well fus all I git—what with being up five o'mornings, making pies, and frying o'griddle-cakes, and standing at the wash-tub, till my feet were that numb they wouldn't bear me!

"But it ain't no use. You may do ninety-nine things fur some folks, and if you don't do the hundredth, ye might as well let it all alone; and 'Liza Ann's one on 'em; though I don't want ter be complaining, only a pot must bile over onst in a while, onless the fire goes out; and you're an old friend, so't I've made free ter tell ye about the shawl. A body must speak now and agin about what's worrying 'em, and there's no sympathy in 'Liza Ann more'n a tommyhawk!"

"And did you never speak to your husband about the shawl?" asked Mrs. Sovereign.

"Bless you, yes; and he said as how it wouldn't hev made no difference noway: Doubleday'd hev foreclosed, and the house and money'd hev gone together. He was allus that consoling, John wus. But I've thought if any body could feel as how the shawl was worth a hundred dollars or less, it might, as I said, pay my way inter the Old Ladies' Home, out of 'Liza Ann's reach, for I'm sot agin being a burden or a millstone ter any body."

"I should like to see the shawl," said her friend; "if you will bring it to my mother's house to-morrow, I will see what can be done."

"I'll come, rain or shine. I've bothered you with an awful long yarn, but if it wa'n't for Liza Ann—gracious! there she is at the door now, a-looking fur me, and a whole thunder-storm in her face! Good-day, and thanks!" and the little old woman hobbled off, up a muddy lane.

True to her word, Mrs. Rue appeared the next day with the shawl.

"It is as good as new," she said, unfolding it.

"Quite," returned Mrs. Sovereign, exchanging glances with her mother. "It's a pity you couldn't have sold it before, and had the money at interest all this time!"

"'Liza Ann wouldn't hev heered ter its staying there!"

"But how much do you think it is worth?" asked Mrs. Sovereign; with an amused smile.

"Lor sakes! if I could get twenty-five dollars, I should thank my born stars!"

"Well, I was looking at shawls of this kind in New York last week, and the price was—two thousand dollars!"

"Now don't! you're just a-joking of me! Who ever heerd tell of a Cashmere shawl costing such a power of money!"

"It's a very good joke, isn't it? But it's true, all the same. You see, it's an India Cashmere; you thought it was French, I suppose: so perhaps did Mrs. Niles. But as she set her own price, and has left no heirs, there will be no trouble. My husband is going to give me an India shawl. If you are willing, I will take this, and pay you two thousand dollars!"

"My!" cried the poor woman, with tears in her eyes. "It's the fust time I've wished John alive agin in this 'ere world of worlds! If he only knew! Miss Sovereign, the Lord must hev sent you a purpose ter take me out of 'Liza Ann's reach! I don't hev no need ter be under obligation ter the Old Ladies' Home neither, fur I can hire a room, and keep house all ter myself, and hev folks ter tea sociable; and what's more, I shall hev something ter leave the children, ter pay 'em fur being a burden and a millstone 'bout necks! I wish John was here ter thank you!"

Wit and Humor.

"Things is Seyus."

Many years ago, when the temperance movement began in Virginia, Ex-President Madison lent the weight of his influence to the cause. Case-bottles and decanters disappeared from the side-board at Montpelier—wine was no longer dispensed to the many visitors at the hospitable mansion. Nor was this all. Harvest began, but the customary barrel of whiskey was not purchased, and the song of the scythemen in the wheat-field languished. In lieu of whiskey, there was a beverage most innocuous, unstimulating and unpalatable to the army of darkey laborers.

The following morning, Mr. Madison called in his head-man to make the usual inquiry, "Nelson, how comes on the crop?"

"Po'ly, Mars Jeems—monsus po'ly."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Things is seyus."

"What do you mean by serious?"

"We gwine los' dat crop."

"Lose the crop! Why should we lose it?"

"'Cause dat ar crap ar heap too big a crap to be gethered 'thout whiskey. Lasses and water never gether no crap sence de worl' war made, ner 'taint gwine to."

Mr. Madison succumbed; the whiskey was procured, the "crap" was "gethered."

VERY DEAF.—Between Kenosha and Milwaukee an agent of the Traveler's Insurance Company of Hartford, entered the car, and having issued tickets to several of the passengers, approached an elderly lady, who, it afterwards appeared, was deaf.

"Madam, would you like to insure against accident?" inquired the agent.

"I'm going to Oshkosh to visit my daughter who is married up there and has just got a baby."

The agent raised his voice a little.

"Would you like to insure your life against accident?"

"She's been married two years and a half. It's a gal."

Agent still louder.

"I'm an insurance agent, madam; don't you want your life insured against accident?"

"Oh, I didn't understand you," said the old lady. "No; her name is Johnston; my name is Evans, and I live five miles from Kenosha." The agent vanished.

The young men, are becoming every day more discourteous, so the girls say. They take their dogs, instead of their lady friends, out riding now-a-days. There are advantages about a dog as a travelling companion, we must admit; he doesn't take up much room; he doesn't make remarks when horses are acting in a manner which requires your whole attention, and get enraged because you don't answer him; he don't wear long veils and streaming ribbons to get into your eyes every time the wind blows; he doesn't grab at the reins every time your horse shies or stumbles, and, morevoer, "ma" don't expect him home at half-past five.

Said an Irishman to the telegraph operator, "Do you ever charge anybody for the address in a message?"

"No," replied the operator.

"And do ye charge for signing his name, sir?" said the customer.

"No, sir."

"Well, then, will ye please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here," handing the following: "To John M'Flinn—at New York—(signed)—Patrick M'Flinn."

It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

An Irishman once lived with his father as a hired man. The young folks had a party to which they did not invite him. Pat considered himself very much slighted, but after cogitating over the matter for a while, he brightened up, and exclaimed, "Faith, I'll be aven with 'em yet; I'll have a party meself, and I won't invite anybody!"

An old Dutch tavern-keeper, who had his third wife, thus expresses his views of matrimony: "Vell, you see de first time I married for love—dat was goot; den I married for beauty—dat was goot, too, about so goot as de first; but dis time I married for monies—and dis was so better as both."

CONSOLATION.—A lady visited her husband confined in jail in a neighboring town. After tears were shed and sympathy expressed on both sides, the lady said: "There is one consolation left me in my affliction, Edward: I now know where you spend your evenings."

"Who was the meekest man, my son?" said the superintendent of a boy's Bible-class in the State of Vermont. "Moses, sir." "Very well, my boy; and who was the meekest woman?" "Please, sir, there never was no meekest woman."

"First class in philosophy stand up. Thibbets, what is life?" "Life consists of money, a horse, and a fashionable wife." "What is poverty?" "The reward of merit which genius receives from a discriminating public."

A Kansas lawyer said *sic transit* to the judge, who thought it was swearing, and fined him $20. He said that no one could "sick" him in that court.

A contemporary thinks that sky blue is a pretty color for ceilings, but not so tasty for country milk at eight cents a quart.

Illinois is under marsh-al law as regards chills and fevers, and the inhabitants can't keep qui-eight without qui-nine.

A cynic describes marriage as an altar on which man lays his wallet and woman her affections.

A country grocer was lately referred to as "an old war-horse of trade." He was probably a heavy charger.

Here is the newest floral "sentiment." If you wish for heart's-ease, don't look to marigold.

RUNNING BROOKS.—The books in the running brooks were probably volumes of water.

A TRUTH.—The surest way to lose your health is to drink other people's.

What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? A courtship.

An enter-prising man—The burglar.

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labor, and nothing is to be attained without it."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far."

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION

Reported for the Democratic Advocate.

MANCHESTER, JUNE 18th, 1872.

The York District, Pennsylvania Conference Sabbath School Convention of the United Brethren in Christ, was held in Manchester, June 18th and 19th, 1873. The Convention was well attended by the citizens of the town and vicinity, and every one seemed to manifest a great interest in the proceedings of the same. The discussions throughout were animating and instructive and the speakers entered into them as if their sole thoughts were upon the improvement of the Sunday School cause. The singing was under the direction of the Rev. H. A. Schlichter, and the pieces sung were of the choicest selection from the "Silver Song" and other good Sabbath School books. Mr. Schlichter is not only a theoretical, but a good practical singer, and the songs came forth not only from his lips, but from his heart, and it appears to be his greatest pleasure to serve the Lord by singing songs of praise unto Him. The instrumental music was furnished by Prof. H. Saunders, of Baltimore, and Miss Katie Raber, of York, Pa. They both deserve great praise for the able and efficient manner in which they performed upon the organ.

The Convention organized on Wednesday morning, June 18th, at precisely 9 o'clock, by calling Rev. R. B. Raber to the chair, and appointing Rev. J. H. Young, Secretary. The exercises were commenced by singing "All hail the power of Jesus name," Miss Katie Raber at the organ, at the conclusion of which a very appropriate prayer was offered by the Rev. R. B. Raber, temporary chairman of the convention. The following committee was then appointed on permanent organization: Revs. A. H. Rice, J. R. Hutchison, and W. J. Beamer. After retiring a short time the committee reported the following permanent officers: President, Rev. Z. A. Colestock, (presiding Elder of the District;) Vice President, Rev. R. B. Raber; Secretary, Rev. W. Owen. The positions tendered the above named officers not being accepted by them, the convention then elected by acclamation, Rev. B. A. Colestock, President, and Rev. J. H. Young, Secretary. The reports of different Sabbath School delegates were then received, showing encouraging results and a great increase of scholars since last year. The ministers and superintendents of the different schools are using great zeal toward christianizing the world by instilling christian principles within the hearts of Sabbath School scholars. The reports showed that quite a number of new schools had been lately organized within the District and were at present in a flourishing condition.

The President then stated the following subject for discussion: "The work of Superintendents." The discussion was opened by Rev. G. W. Lightner. He said that he had been a diligent and faithful worker in the Sabbath School cause for a number of years, and looked upon the position of a Superintendent as a position of great responsibility. The Superentendent should be a man of God, regular in his attendance at school, diligent in the good work that is before him, and should regularly pray for wisdom and light upon the good cause of Sabbath Schools. Mr. Lightner spoke about twenty minutes and seemed to have his whole heart in the subject under discussion. The subject was continued for some time by. Revs. A. Rudisell, Garman, Hutchison and Young, and much important matter was brought to light in regard to the work and duties of the Sabbath School Superintendent. Prof. H. Saunders, of Baltimore, was introduced to the convention. The next subject in order was "The Preacher's work in the Sunday School." This subject was opened by the Rev. C. T. Stern. He spoke at length in his usually free and lively manner. He said that the Sunday School was an excellent field for ministers to work upon, and every minister, no matter whether itinerant or local, should feel deeply interested in regard to the spirtual welfare of the children within his respective charge, for that when *Jesus* was upon earth he took great interest in little children, that the Sunday School is part and parcel of the church, and they had to depend upon it for the pillars of the church, that the minister in charge of the circuit should never act as superintendent or teacher, as there were other members of the church who had more time to attend the school; but the minister should be simply pastor of the school as of the church; that all Sunday School teachers should be religious and co-operate with the minister and superintendent in bringing children to the school.

The subject was further discussed by Revs. Young and Colestock and Cullen, of the M. E. Church, and much information gathered and stored away in the minds of all present for future use.

The convention then adjourned until 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION, JUNE 18.

The convention opened by singing, and prayer by Rev. Z. A. Colestock. On motion of Rev. C. T. Stern, a committee of three was appointed on credentials: Revs. Beamer, Hutchison and Brown, committee. The next subject in order was taken up for discussion, "The work of teachers," Rev. A. Tripner opening the discussion. He said that the teachers of Sabbath Schools have as great a responsibility resting upon them as the preacher, in regard to instructing the children to live in the fear of the Lord, and it was the duty of the teacher to instruct the children to read correctly, so that they may read the Bible and other religious books, with understanding. The teacher should be a careful reader of the scriptures, so that he may be able to answer any question that may be propounded to him by his class, and no person is competent to be a teacher unless he understand the bible and has God next to his heart. Many teachers neglect the smaller children, but the smaller should receive the greater attention, from the fact that upon them the first religious impression should be made, and that children should not only be taught in the Sabbath School to read and spell, but should be taught the holy truths of religion. The teacher to be successful in his duties should be a missionary, not a *foreign* but a *home* missionary, in converting the children, and inducing them to attend the school. The subject was continued by Rev. R. B. Raber and others.

The next subject in order was, "The work of parents," opened by Rev. A. Rudisill. He said that he did not feel himself competent to discuss the subject in the manner it should be. He knew of nothing greater than the work of parents, as upon them rested the great responsibility of properly training their children, and if children were not properly trained at home, the teachers of the Sabbath School generally experienced great difficulty in instilling the principles of religion into their minds while in school. He was followed by Rev. C. T. Stern, who spoke at length upon the subject, and elicited many practical ways by which parents could train their children to be dutiful and attend the Sabbath School. After other suitable remarks from eminent divines, the subject was brought to a close by singing "We are coming."

The subject "The Sabbath School as a means for improving society," was then taken up, and introduced by Rev. Jno. Garman. He quoted from Proverbs XXII chapter, 6 verse, which reads: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." He said that the Sabbath School was the means of training many children in the way they should go, and making them fit subjects for society. We must impress upon the minds of our children the necessity of morality and religion, if we desire to make them ornaments in society.

Rev. H. A. Schlichter said that he was confident that Sabbath Schools had a great deal to do with moralizing and christianizing a community, and proved the assertion in an interesting speech, characteristic of religion and purity.

Rev. J. H. Young said that wherever you find the people of a community religious and prosperous there you find Sunday Schools. Rev. R. B. Raber stated that plenty of evidence could be found proving that Sabbath Schools improve society. He then related several instances which had occurred to his own knowledge.

The time having arrived for adjournment, the discussion here closed. The following committee on resolutions was then appointed: Revs. Young, Garman and Crockett. "Gather them into the fold" was then sung, and the convention adjourned to meet at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION, JUNE 18.

The convention was called to order by the President, Z. A. Colestock, and the exercises of the evening were commenced by singing "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and prayer by Rev. John Garman. The subject for discussion was "The work of the Church," which was opened by Rev. W. Owen. He stated that the great object of the Church was to christianize the world, and the proper place to commence is in the Sabbath School. The work of the Church is to prepare children for the different vocations in life, so that they may enter into them as true christians should, and not be subject to the temptations and allurements that beset them on every side.

Rev. C. T. Stern said that every person could not help but feel encouraged at the christain progress of the present time, and parents have every assurance that if their children are properly trained in the Sabbath School, they will have the blessed privilege of seeing them connected with the Church. That everything that is done at the present time to moralize the people is done by the Church, and that the Christian Church is rapidly moving forward, and will, in the course of time, conquer the world in the name of the Lord Juses Christ. Politicians claim to be the great instigators of reformation, but when the subject is viewed in its true light, we find it is the Church. The subject was further discussed by Revs. Raber, Rudisill and others. The question box was next opened, and found to contain many important questions, which were promptly answered by the ministers to whom they were referred. No other business appearing, the convention adjourned until 9 o'clock Thursday morning, by singing, and the benediction by Rev. J. R. Hutchison.

MORNING SESSION, JUNE 19.

The President called the convention to order, and the work of the day was introduced by singing "Sweet hour of prayer," and a solemn petition to God was offered by Rev. A. Rudisill. The committee on credentials made their report, but an error being found, the report was re-committed. The Secretary then read the proceedings of the last meeting, and they were unanimously approved. The subject, "The work of the Sunday School Convention," was then taken up, and the discussion was opened by Rev. J. R. Hutchison. He said it was necessary, in order to make Sunday Schools a credit to the christian world, that conventions should be held for the purpose of discussing the best method of conducting them, so that the Sabbath School cause may progress. He adduced many reasons in favor of conventions.

Rev. J. H. Young said it was the grand object of the convention to cast light upon the Sabbath School cause.

Rev. A. Lackey said he attended Sabbath School Conventions for the purpose of receiving light, and was happy to say that he had received the same since he attended the convention.

Rev. C. T. Stern said that light was a good thing, but with light we should also have *life* in our schools, and should discard the old time hymns, and use the more recently published ones, as there is more life in them, and as young people are fond of lively airs they will be more of an inducement to bring them to the Sunday School.

Rev. R. B. Raber said that he was opposed to discarding the old time hymns altogether, and that the schools should at least be opened with one of them.

A very spirited discussion followed, participated in by Revs. Tripner, Garman, Rice, and Mr. Baughman, of the Sunday School House Mission. Rev. Mr. Schlichter here said that the convention will please arise and sing "Before Johovah's awful throne," to the tune of "Old Hundred," so as to mingle the old with the new. The subject next taken up was "Revivals of religion in our Sunday Schools," and the discussion was commenced by Mr. Baughman. He said that it should be the duty of the Church to convert the children of the Sunday School to Christ, and was sorry to say that this duty had been neglected. He thought that children should be converted and taken into the Church at the age of seven years. He spoke at length on the subject of framing schools and the convertion of children. The discussion was further participated in by Revs. Raber, Rudisill and Schlichter, and Mr. J. Knipp, of Baltimore. "The Sunday School Mission work" was next taken up and thoroughly discussed by Revs. Brown, Rice, Raber and Schlichter, and Mr. Knipp, after which the convention adjourned until 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The convention was opened by singing, "We are little Reapers," and prayer by Rev. A. Lackey. The committee on credentials made their report and it was adopted. The report showed that there were present at the convention fifteen ministers of the gospel, and nineteen laymen, representing sixty-five schools with a scholarship of four thousand five hundred, and seven hundred teachers. This afternoon having been set apart for children's meeting, quite a number of children were present and were addressed on the following subjects: Obedience to Parents by Rev. Z. A. Colestock, Love for the Sacred Scriptures by Rev. C. T. Stern, Blackboard Exercise by Rev. R. B. Raber. Mr. Raber here showed them the difference between the good and bad boy, also showed the house that was built on the sand and the one on the rock, after which he spoke to them on the subject of conversion of children, and commanded their attention in his usual winning manner. Other addresses were then made, by Rev. H. Young, on Temperance, and Rev. Mr. Schlichter on Singing. The convention then adjourned until 7½ o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

The exercises commenced by singing "The Bright Forevermore," and prayer by Rev. C. T. Stern. The subject, "Bring Children to the Sunday School," was next in order and the last on the programme. It was introduced by Rev. A. Lackey. He said that this was the last subject for debate, but in his estimation not the least, and every inducement should be offered to bring children to the Sabbath School, as it was the hope of the church. The Superintendent should be a pious man, friendly to the children, and should have sunshine on his face and Christ in his heart. Good and religious papers should be offered the children as an inducement, and he would pray to God that the time will shortly come when every child in the land will be brought into the Sunday School to receive religious instructions. Rev. R. B. Raber said that we must not be afraid to spend a few cents to bring children to the Sunday School. He had given freely toward the cause and God had always given it back to him. Mr. H. Steffey, said that he did not think a man could have Christ in his heart and not be a worker in the Sabbath School cause. Mr. Knipp said that we should make our Sunday School room as attractive as possible, and have committees to visit the children at ther homes. The subject here closed, and the report of the committee on resolutions was received and approved. They resolved to adopt the temperance principle, try to convert the children and bring them into the church at an early age, and a vote of thanks was extended to the people of Manchester and vicinity for the kindness shown to them during their stay in Manchester, also a vote of thanks to the Hanover Branch Railroad for free return tickets. The convention then adjourned *sine die* by singing "All Hail the power of Jesus, name."

The Cost of Menageries.

The best place to study botany is in the fields, where it becomes a delightful combination of recreation and labor. It is not convenient, nor would it be altogether satisfactory and pleasant to go to the deserts, jungles, mountains and marshes to study zoology. The next best thing is to visit a menagerie and interview the unfortunate animals in prison. They are not quite themselves any more than a man is himself in irons. Tamed wild beasts are really stale and insipid compared with their freshness amid the scenes of their nativity. Tamed wild beasts! They are impossible. They are not tamed. They can only be cowed. Their spirits can be crushed, not broken. Wild beasts cannot be tamed any more than barbarians can be civilized. Remove the pressure of the stronger power and governing mind and they relapse into the freedom and license of mother Nature, who gave their unquenchable instincts.

Commerce subjugates the whole field of nature and weakens the pristine vigor of everything it embraces in its system of conquest. When a wild plant is found to be good for something as a commodity, and is cultivated for that purpose, its constitution undergoes a change. It loses some of its original flavor, and hosts of enemies arise against it as if to exterminate the species. Wild beasts are hardy in their natural fastnesses, and they battle successfully against the elements, but when they are caught and put in the menagerie dens for commercial purposes, they become very precarious property. Although their appetites are carefully consulted, and their native climates as far as possible are reproduced for their comfort, yet their whole life is a panting for freedom, while they languish in luxury. They have lost vitality, and their health is necessarily impaired. This is the character of the wild beasts we are permitted to look at in menageries. They are the best that can be offered to our inspection, and they doubtless suit the tastes of spectators better than the real animal to be met near its chosen habitation.

As an article of commerce, it may be of interest to examine the "tamed wild beast" in a light in which we do not view him when acting his part in the showman's arena. His market value is a consideration of which owing to his secluded life very little is known outside of the comparatively small circle of showmen themselves. He will lose none of his interest in connection with the figures in which he stands related to his owner, and some other particulars of his history in the show business.

A great many showmen have been made bankrupt by the large prices they pay for stock, and the inclination of the animals to an early death. Whilst on the other hand a few rare and hardy brutes have made a half dozen fortunes for as many proprietors. There are only three or four good collections of animals in the United States, and no one of these contains some of the rare beasts. There is only one lonely giraffe living in the United States, and the only hippopotamus ever brought to America alive departed this life ten years ago. His stuffed skin is now a museum attraction. He made three showmen rich while he lived, and in his death was not all destroyed.

There is a standing offer of a large sum of money for a good able bodied hippopotamus to be landed on our shore, payable on delivery in perfect health. Such a one would probably be worth from $15,000 to $20,000. Small elephants about the size of three bullocks, are worth from $5,000 to $8,000 according to education. Their general knowledge of things and ability to do tricks enhance their value. A large elephant who has killed several keepers and is looking around for another victim, is worth $12,000. They are always represented as exceedingly docile their tusks being put on for ornament, and their trunks harmless as bell ropes.

A shrewd Yankee had money enough to buy the finest pair of lions in all Europe for American consumption. He paid $6,500 in gold for them. Single lions bring from $1,200, to $2,500, according to age, size and training. Trainers have been trying to convince themselves and others that lions born in cages and brought up in civilized society are harmless and tractable as kittens, and will suffer all kinds of liberties patiently. Lions, however, have a way of shutting down on such noodle heads as are inserted between their jaws. The king of beasts has proven himself the most false and treacherous being in his whole kingdom.

A rhinoceros cost from $8,000 to $10,000, and is always a great feature in animal show. There is one in London known as the "double horned Sumatran," covered with hair which is a variation upon the usual rhinoceros hide. This one cost £1,000 stirling in Calcutta, to say nothing of the cost of transportation, food and attendance on the voyage.

Real Bengal tigers are worth $7,000 a pair. The Bengal tiger is a beautiful beast. He is often heard of but seldom seen. Every show pretends to have one or two, and generally exhibit for them some inferior species of cat. A panther often personates the Bengal fraud.

A pair of panthers if they can agree to live peaceably together in the same cage, are considered worth $6,000.

Leopards command $2,500 to $3,000 a pair. They are among the most beautiful of all wild beasts.

Camels being useful animals and not beautiful are worth only $600 a piece. This may be a bad lesson, but it is true. Beauty commands more money and respect than utility. The poor camel cannot help its hump back, made so for a good purpose, but its value depreciates because it is a beast of burden, and can carry a load a hundred miles a day over the burning sands. A pair of white camels once brought $6,000.

Monkeys are valuable and continue to command a good price in this country, provided the Darwinian theory is not accepted as Gospel truth. In that case, the monkey would become totally worthless as property under the operation of the fifteenth Amendment. Under the present arrangement of species, African monkeys are the most valuable. Those from South America take cold when they move North, and die of consumption.

Ostriches are worth $300 to $800 a pair. They would rather die than be caught on their native heath. To capture them involves injuries that are sure to result in death to the bird. They are obtained by making geese hatch ostrich eggs, and the goose never knows any better until the new-comer refuses to go swimming, and commences to eat forbidden goose-fruit, sticks, stones, and the like.

It requires great care to raise ostriches in this climate. They have to be brought up by hand. Their appetite is not at all delicate, but when they can get it they prefer fresh meat to iron, nails, shot and such indigestible articles. This foolish bird does not eat minerals and metals because it relishes them, but because it can. Its chief desire is to be eating, and it is too stupid to recognize any difference in victuals.

A gorilla has never yet visited Europe or America. Du Chaillu got hold of an amiable one once, and thought he could send him salfely to Europe. The gorilla is a great glutton. He has a most voracious and everlasting appetite, and, unlike the ostrich, is very dainty about his food. Du Chaillu put his gorilla aboard ship, with, as he thought, enough provender to last the voyage, but he made a great error in calculation. Having nothing to do but eat, he did nothing else. He finished up his rations, persistently refused ship's fare, and actually starved to death, nineteen days out from Africa. A gorilla would be worth a mint of money in this country if he should turn out to be lawful property under our constitution, and could get enough to eat.

The eating capacity of the gorilla introduced the general subject of the eating of animals.

A first-class menagerie requires from 300 to 500 pounds of raw meat daily for lions, tigers, leopards, etc. A healthy elephant is said to eat from 500 to 700 pounds of hay per day, besides pocketing apples, cakes, etc., given him by the children for desert.

Camels eat about twice as much as a horse, of the same provender.

Giraffes eat hay, oats and corn, but if they can do no better they can make a living off young trees.

Bears are vegetarians, but all vegetarians are not bears.

Sea lions eat 100 pounds of salt fish a day. Fresh water fish are not good for them.

The menagerie property in the United States, including animals, apparatus and material requisite for their exhibition and transportation is over $2,000,000 worth.

QUEER FACTS.—A curious story is told of a clergyman, that he always fainted when he heard a certain verse in Jeremiah. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk or satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach. Mr. Julian Young tells the story of an officer who could not endure the sound of a drum, and ultimately fell dead when compelled to hear it. There are whole families who entertain a horror of cheese; on the other hand, there was a physician, Dr. Starke, of Edinburgh, who lost his life by subsisting almost entirely upon it. Some people have been unable to take mutton, even when administered in the microscopic form of pills. There is the case of a man falling down at the smell of mutton as bereaved of life and in strong convulsions. Sir James Eyre, in his well known little book, mentions three curious cases of idiosyncrasy—the case of a gentleman who could not eat a single strawberry with impunity; the case of another whose head would become frightfully swollen if he touched the smallest hare; the case of a third who would inevitably have an attack of gout a few hours after eating fish.

LAGER BEER IN GERMANY.—Mr. C. C. Fulton, proprietor of the Baltimore *American*, writes from Dresden to his paper:—"Everybody in Germany drinks beer, it being part of the daily food, as much so as coffee is in America. Mothers wean their infants on beer, and they are brought up accustomed to drink it as freely as water. At all the stations on the road an opportunity is given to the passengers to secure a supply, and it is almost as cheap as water. They attribute the absence of dyspepsia to, and point to the rosy cheeks of their daughters as the result of this wholesome beverage. Our party are all giving it a fair trial, and hope to return home with a new lease of life and health. With all due respect to our Baltimore brewers, we do not think that any of them come up to the quality of the German article, which is of a bright and clear amber color, and sparkling under a heavy froth. The taste for it is an acquired one, and we are all getting quite accustomed to its use. It seems to be free from all intoxicating effects, and if it proves a cure for dyspepsia, as claimed by our German friends, it will do much more than the doctors have ever been able to accomplish in most cases of the kind."

Save perhaps good-natured children, nothing makes meals at home more attractive than a few flowers. Everybody can have them, and even the commonest kinds neatly, or even carelessly arranged, are an acquisition, and give zest to the coarsest meal. Of course no one need imitate the diplomatist who gives great dinners at Paris, who, it is said, always surrounds each guest, at the place where he sits at the table, with flowers that belong to the country of which he is a native. The idea must be difficult to accomplish, as few countries have a distinguishing flower, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales excepted. Nevertheless, you can perhaps give your husband and each child the favorite flower which each loves best.

In conversation don't say—"I haven't saw him," or "I seen him," but reverse the sentence and say—"I haven't seen him," "I saw him."