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BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1869. VOLUME XVII—NO. 4.

Experience in Soap Making.

BY MRS. M. L. GAGE, ROSS CO., OHIO.

Whatever may be said about the advantages of selling ashes and buying soap, it is best for most living in a farming community to make their own soap, and in a new country there is no alternative. I came into Ohio from Eastern Massachusetts, on one of the first through Ohio boats. Every one, of course, practised soap-making in the Spring, and I feared they would think little of the person who could not do what they had always done, and so was unwilling to ask questions, and thus expose my ignorance. My husband said it was pity that though I had studied chemistry and he had been through college he could not make soap. I knew, however, that boiling and cooking were two things; so I sent for information to some of my aunts at the East, who I knew made soap, and was kindly referred back to my neighbors. I wanted a rule, but I could not get one. I got hints, blundered, sometimes had "luck," and sometimes not, until I had experience enough to make a rule for myself. The fact is, there is a great deal of good soap made, and uniformly too, for which the makers have a rule, but do not know it. They burn the same kind of wood, kill the same number of hogs, and make the soap in the same kettles, year after year, and it comes out right. I start the lye to boiling, and then while boiling, if the lye is not strong enough to eat the feather of a quill, boil it down until it is. When it will just eat the feather, let the kettle be a little more than one-third full of lye, and put in grease, skins of the hogs, bacon rinds, meat fryings and the like, until the kettle is about two-thirds full. The kettle must not be full, for with the least bit too much fire, over the soap goes. It is better to put in a little less than the necessary amount of grease. Lye and grease combine in certain proportions, but pass the limit, and no amount of boiling will take up an excess of grease. It will remain on top, hot or cold, and will be very troublesome; whereas a little too much lye will sink to the bottom when the soap comes. If the proportions are good, a little fire only is required to keep it boiling, and in a few hours it is done. Then take a bucket of weak lye and let it boil up with the soap once. This will not disturb the already made soap, but will wash the dirt out that was in the grease, and with it settle to the bottom. When the soap is cold it can be cut in cakes. Exposure to the air will soften it down until it is of about the consistency of mush, and little darker, growing fairer and fairer. Some, instead of putting in lye to wash the dirt out of the soap, put in salt and water. The soap thus made is whiter, but is apt to be too stiff to use easily in the wash-tub. It makes excellent ball soap for washing dirty hands. I take some weaker lye and the clean part of that which is left in the bottom of the soap kettle, and enough to half fill one of the kittles or more, setting it in some convenient place out doors. I put a stick of wood on the north side of the top of the kettle, lay on some boards, making a roof which is easily managed to shed rain, and lay another stick on top to keep the roof in place. By lifting one of the boards a little, I can put in from time to time whatever soap-fat is gathered in the family through the Summer. Whenever the sun shines, I remove the cover and stir the lye. I facilitate the business a little in this way, and I have, by Fall a half kettle of decent soap, and no trouble with soap-fat in hot weather.

HIEROGLYPHICS. OUT WEST.—A queer discovery was made in the Strip Vein Coal Bank of Captain Lacy, at Hammondsville, Ohio, one day last week. Mr. James Parsons and his two sons were engaged in making the hole, and when a large mass of coal fell down, disclosing a large smooth place upon the surface of which were found, carved in bold relief, several lines of hieroglyphics. Crowds have visited the place since the discovery, and many scientists have tried to decipher the characters, but all have failed. Nobody knows how long it fell in. How came the mysterious writing in the bowels of the earth? Have geologists underrated the antiquity of human existence? Who, then, were the people who inhabited Jefferson County? By whom and when were the hieroglyphics made? These are several questions about which three nations speculate.

SORGHUM SUGAR.

We have received from Mr. Wm. F. Beasley, of Greensboro, N. C., through Major James Sloan, of the same place, a specimen of sugar made from sorghum, and along with it a pamphlet relating to the process of manufacture and its cost. The sugar is a very fine sample and good enough for anybody, being equal in color, brightness and sweetness to the best refined "A" sugar. Mr. Beasley says: "Of the certainty of this process, none need have any doubts, for it has undergone the most thorough investigation and surmounted the most skeptical doubts." He recommends the use of new seed of the "Black Imphee"—that in common use being mostly impure—and says an acre will yield five hundred pounds sugar, fifty gallons syrup and twenty-five bushels seed. At half these figures, it would be a very profitable crop. The sugar made by this process costs from five to eight cents per pound, and syrup from twenty-five to thirty cents per gallon.

The necessary machinery is plain and simple, and can be made at any foundry. It consists of

Two-horse mill, cost - - - -	$100
Three evaporators - - - - -	80
Bricks for furnaces - - - - -	30
Skimmers, &c. - - - - - - - -	30
	$260

This machinery is sufficient for forty acres of cane, and will last ten years. New seed can be obtained from James Sloan & Sons, Greensboro', at twenty-five cents a pound—four pounds necessary to plant an acre. Wm. F. Beasley is sole agent for sale of rights in North Carolina, Captain Thomas S. Preston, of Lynchburg, sole agent for Virginia.

This process, if it be as represented, and we hope it is, will produce a vast effect upon the well-being of the Southern States. We do not know the amount of money expended in Virginia annually in sugar and molasses, but we suppose it does not fall short of two millions of dollars, probably it exceeds three millions. This money all leaves the country, and is a total loss. By producing our own sugar, it would be saved, and we incline to the opinion that the labor necessary for this production would not greatly interfere with or materially diminish our present staples.—*Richmond Whig.*

THE KISS IN THE TUNNELL.—Horace Vernet, the eminent French artist, was returning from Versailles to Paris, when there happened to be in the same carriage with him two English spinster ladies, very prudish and prim, and of a certain age. Vernet's appearance was striking, and the ladies, after scanning him attentively whenever they thought he was looking the other way, began to communicate to one another their observations upon him in a rather loud whisper, thinking, apparently, that as they spoke in their own language they were at liberty to make what comments they pleased. The veteran painter was immensely amused, but was too much a man of the world to manifest the slightest consciousness of what was going on. It was not long before the train had to pass through a tunnel. Vernet, seizing the opportunity, leaned forward, so as to be within hearing of his neighbours, and applied a smacking salute to the back of his hand. On emerging from the temporary obscurity, his face had assumed a mischievous expression, which, as he intended, was soon interpreted by each lady to the prejudice of the other—each charging the other with having received from the moustachioed stranger the mysterious kiss in the dark. Arrived at the terminus, as all were alightning, Vernet offered his hand to help his fellow-travellers out of the carriage, and then with a graceful bow took leave of them, saying as he retired, to their dismay, in perfectly good English, "Adieu, ladies: I suppose I shall never have the satisfaction of knowing to which of you I am indebted for the unexpected but valued favour I received in the tunnell."

A contemporary says: To get rats out of houses there is nothing equal to a good cat, but she must not be hunted by children, or any other person; must be fed rather sparingly at regular times, and as much as possible on fresh meat, and usually by the same person. She will soon become accustomed to such circumstances, will answer the call of "this pretty dear," and change her abode to different parts of the house, take night in the attic, a night in the cellar, and so on. When treated in this way she will be found worth her weight in gold.

A Dessauerin paper tells an incident of the extreme [illegible] of civilization in that the Russian Emperor [illegible]

FAITH.

In the gloamings, when my darlings,
In their dainty robes of white,
By the mother's knee have murmured,
"Jesus keep us through the night."

To their little crib white curtained,
Where the upper shadows fall,
Nestled in my arms, I take them
Through the long unlighted hall.

Swift, in rayless silence, round us
Close the deepening shades of night,
"Dark!" my blue-eyed Bertie whispers,
Half in awe, and half in fright.

"Dark!" the baby brother echoes,
With a hush upon his glee;
Then my Bertie, nestling nearer,
Whispers softly, "Papa see!"

Blessed, blessed faith of childhood!
Father Grant this faith to me;
Dark the shadows round me gather,
But I know that Thou dost see.

It Don't Pay to Advertise.

Don't it? The man who says it don't pay to advertise is, just as likely as not, doing it in some way, all the time. If the merchant hangs a few of his goods outside of the door—he is advertising. If the cabinet maker hangs a chair or other article of Furniture at his shop door, he is advertising. If a man loses a horse or a cow and tells every one he meets, he is advertising his loss. The Doctor who has a boy to run into Church and call him out is advertising.

A man cannot do business without advertising, and the question should be, the best way to advertise. If you have a lot of personal property to sell, which is best; to write out a few notices that not one in in fifty will stop to read, or go to the printer and have a lot of well displayed posters? If you are in business of any kind, is it not better to keep a regular standing advertisement in your home paper, that will stare your friends and customers in the face every week, rather than trust to the old fogy idea of—"Oh, they all know me?"

But says Mr. Saveall, advertising costs money. Very true, and as does everything else; and it is a good thing that advertising does cost something. If it dos not, every little worthless concern would stand as good a chance for being known as the very best and most useful. If you want the people to know that you have anything to sell, advertise it in your home paper first, then in your neighboring papers. The man who has a reputable business, and spends the most in a liberal system of advertising is the one who makes the most money. This is a truth well verified by the experience of those who have tried it. A wagon may be made to run without greasing, but it is hard work; so a man may manage to scratch along without advertising, but he will be very apt to see his advertising neighbor going ahead of him at a 2.40 gait.—*Independent, Grayville Ill.*

TROUBLE WITH CABBAGES.—The cabbage plant has many enemies; those which are particularly annoying in the early stages of its existence are the small white maggot, at the root of the seedling, and the cut-warm, after the plant has been set out. Several small flies of the genus Anthomyia infest the redish, turnip and other plants of the same family, as well as the cabbage. The troublesome "maggots" which infest the roots of these plants are the larvæ of these insects. They sometimes attack a seed-bed of cabbages in such numbers as to render all the plants worthless. We have already given the proposed remedies, such as dusting with lime, ashes, etc. The latest suggestion we have seen is to grow the seedling plants in boxes, elevated six or eight feet above the ground. It is said that this places the plants above the reach of the parent insect. The cut-worm—which includes the grubs of several distinct insects—is often destructive in the garden or field. It works in the night, stripping off the leaves or cutting the stems square across, and retires to its hole during the day. Hunting the grub, digging it out, and killing, have been the only sure remedies. White, in his "Gardening for the South," states that an old negro gardener told him that the cut-worms would not attack cabbages that were planted in trenches six inches deep, and that he practiced upon the suggestion with success. It is a very simple remedy, and is worthy of a trial by those living in localities where the crops are liable to be injured by cut-worms.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Last Dollar.

He gave it to his wife with a sigh, yet with a look of resignation.

"It is our last dollar," he said. "But the Lord will provide."

The Rev. James Spring was minister in the little mountain village of Thorrville. He was poor, and his congregation poorer. Often before he had been very near his last dollar but he had never got out until to-day.

"So you've been always saying," sobbed his wife; "but what is to become of us when this is gone? They won't trust us any more at the store, and your salary won't be due for three weeks, even if you get then. Why do you stay here, when the people are so poor."

"I have no other place to go to; nor money to travel to it, if the Lord opened the way. My work for the present is here. He feedeth the young ravens; He will surely feed us."

"I wish I had your faith, but I haven't, and it won't come to me. Oh! what shall we do!" and she wrung her hands despairingly. "My poor children."

"Once I was young, and now I am old," solemnly said her husband, speaking in the words of the Psalmist, "yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

As if in answer to this pious ejaculation, there came a sudden knock at the door. All the while the minister and his wife had been talking, a storm had been raging outside. On opening the door, a traveller quite wet through entered.

"I was coming through the forost from Maryville," he said, "and ventured to stop at the first house I saw. My horse is in the shed. Do I take too great a liberty?"

"Not at all," answered the master of the house. "We have but a poor shelter, as you see; there is a good fire at any rate."

For it was in the kitchen where this conversation took place. Indeed this humble house boasted no parlor, and the kitchen was dining-room, drawing room, living room and all.

The stranger proved to be a man of education and intelligence, and in conversation with him, the minister forgot his trouble, and was reminded of his earlier and brighter days, when intellectual companionship had not been the rare thing it was now, among these hills.

At last the storm abated, and the stranger arose to go. His host accompanied him to the gate, and watched him until he disappeared behind a turn of the road.

"See here James," said his wife, eagerly, when he returned to the house—"I found this on the table near where the gentleman sat."

It was a fifty dollar greenback, wrapped hastily in a bit of paper, that looked as if it had been torn from a pocket-book, and on the inside of the paper was written the verse of the Psalmist, which was now apparent the traveller had over heard.

"I thought he was writing the directions he asked for," said the minister.—He means it for us. Thanks be to the Lord! Did I not say, my dear, he would provide?"

His wife burst into tears.

"God forgive me!" she said, "I will never doubt again. The Lord surely sent this stranger to our aid."

"And he will still provide," replied her husband. "Whatever my lot may be, here or elsewhere, in Him I trust."

A month after, a letter, a rare event came to the "Rev. James Spring." It was as follows: "Rev. and dear Sir—The church at Maryville has unanimously called you to its pastorate. The salary is fifteen hundred dollars and a good parsonage house." The letter concluded by saying: "The writer of this first came to know you by your hospitality to him during a storm a few weeks ago. He overhesod you, in a moment in great distress, speak with such full faith, that he feels you are just the person for this charge, and on his recommendation this call has been made." Maryville was the county town, a rich and thriving place in a broad and fertile valley, at the foot of the hills. It was a far fitter sphere of labor for a man of the minister's abilities, than the wild village in the mountains.

So a young man as yet without a family took the missionary church among the hills, and the Rev. James Spring accepted the call.

But he does not forget the past, and often when people show want of faith, he tells them the story of his Last Dollar.

An Iowa man [illegible]

Be Slow to Accuse.

"Mother, I can't find my seventeen cents anywhere," said Arthur, coming into his mother's room with quite an anxious face. "I put it right here in my pocket book, and that into my overcoat pocket. It has been hanging up in the hall all day, and I do believe that new girl has taken it out. She saw me have it last night and put it away.

"Look in your other pockets, Arthur. A little boy who is so apt to forget things must not be too positive that he put his money in his pocket book. And never accuse any person of stealing without a shadow of evidence. That is very sinful as well as very unkind. What if Susan should lose her money and accuse you of stealing it? Would you feel very pleasant about it? Remember the golden rule."

"But mother, she looked guilty when I said I had lost it, and that I knew some one had taken it out of my pocket."

"Very likely she did look confused on hearing you make such an unkind speech. She knew very well there was no one in the house you could suspect of taking it but herself. You might as well have said so in plain words. An innocent person is more apt to look guilty, when accused of a crime, than one who is hardened in wrong doing. The latter usually have a face made up to suit any occasion. A gentleman once said that the most guilty looking person he ever saw, was a man arrested for stealing a horse, which afterwards proved to be his own."

"But what has become of my money, mother? It is gone, that is certain."

"I believe you lost a fine top once, that it was supposed a little neighbor had stolen," said his mother with a smile.

"But I can't have left this down in the grapevine arbor this winter weather."

"But there are plenty of other losing places about. Did you have on that jacket last evening?"

"No, mother, I believe I had on my gray one, but then I know I put it into my pocket book."

"Don't say you know, dear, for it may be an untruth. Please bring me your gray jacket."

Arthur walked slowly up to his room, but he walked back slowly still, and looked very foolish when he came into his mother's room again.

Mother comprehended it all at a glance, and smiled as she said,—

"I wonder who looks guilty this time!"

"Oh, mother, I am sorry, but I did not mean to accuse Susan so wrongly. I remember now just as plainly as can be, wrapping up those three five cent pieces, and two pennies in that bit of paper, and putting it into my jacket pocket."

"It is a very serious thing, Arthur, to make such charges as you did a few moments ago against an innocent person. What if you had mentioned it among your school-mates? It would not be long before it would be told all about—'Susan at Mr. Reynold's steals. I wonder they keep her.' If she ever wished to get another place it might be a very difficult matter. Though you contradict the story afterwards, it would never undo the mischeif. Many will repeat an injurious story, who will never take the trouble to correct it. I will pray for you, dear boy, that you may learn to correct this sinful habit; and I hope you will with me. You never will improve a bad habit until you pray over it. Run now and tell Susan you have found your money; and try to make some amends for you injustice, by being more than usually thoughtful and obliging."

Few people have an idea of the extent of California. The State is seven hundred miles long, by about two hundred wide. San Francisco and Sacramento together have a population of about 170,000, leaving about 300,000, population for this area of country—as large as all New England and New York, and Pennsylvania together—an area large enough and rich enough to sustain a population of 30,000,000. It would make a large size European Kingdom. The State will have 13,000,000 bushels of wheat to spare, which will bring in from $18,000,000 to $20,000,000. The wool clip is larger than ever before. The vintage promises to be the best ever gathered; 25,000,000 grape vines are in bearing, and new vineyards are the order of the day. The State has just begun its network of railroads, soon to be completed by the long thread across the continent.

A Washington correspondent relates a facetious [illegible]

A dentist in Vienna recently supplied Madame de B., a lady well known in fashionable circles, with a splendid set of false teeth, worth about two hundred dollars, and waited with exceeding patience for payment. Finding that the lady "made no sign," he applied after three months had elapsed from the date of delivery, by letter, for the discharge of his claim. No answer came. A fortnight later he wrote again, in somewhat stronger language, but received as little notice of his second as of his first application. Determined to have his money, and to be even with Madame de B. for her discourtesy, he inserted in a small suburban paper the following advisement: "A magnificent set of self-adjusting enamelled teeth to be sold dirt-cheap. They are daily on view in the mouth of Madame de B., (full name) Stadt, So and So-street, No. —." Then he cut out the slip and enclosed it to the fair defaulter in an envelope. Two hours after his bill was paid, and Madame de B. hoped, as the paper in which the advertisement appeared was an insignificant one, that she had heard the last of her bargain; but the leading journals of Vienna have got hold of the story, and no teeth have made such a sensation since Cadmus' famous crop

While visiting a tobacco warehouse in Baltimore on Thursday last, Grant and Farragut were weighed, and it was found that the former weighed one hundred and fifty-five pounds and the latter one hundred and fifty-one. The Admiral consoled himself for his inferiority by accusing the President elect of having "hummerized four pounds of tobacco to make up his weight."

SOUTH CAROLINA NEGROES.—Mr. Thurlow Weed has been spending the winter at Aiken, S. C., where he owns some property, we believe. His paper, the "New York Commercial," publishes the following:

Of the population of South Carolina, 400,000 are colored and 300,000 white. The ratio is changing fast. Emigration helps and so does the death rate. A "Times" correspondent says that the mortuary reports in Charleston for the year 1868 exhibit the fact that out of a population of about 40,000 in the city—about half white and half black—there have died 1,208 persons; of these 818 were colorod, and 380 white. That is, more than two negroes to one white died last year in Charleston. More exactly it is, one negro in every twenty-four dies annually; while in the same time only one in every fifty-one white dies.

The vote of the State is about one in seven; that is, about 100,000 votes in all. Of these 60,000 are negroes and 40,000 whites—the majority of negroes being 20,000. The black race is crowding toward the coast, leaving the upper and middle country. This gives the mountain Counties already a majority of white votes; and this majority must increase on that side of the State. At the next elections in 1870, it is very probable that the whites will have a majority in the State Senate, which consists of one from each County.

The chronic complaint of the City of Cincinnati has been that it had no close connection with the southern system of railroads. Until lately, full one-half its trade was with the South, yet it was dependent for communication solely upon the river, and upon one or two imperfect railroad routes which led through its rival, Louisville. Scores of efforts have been made to raise money for building a direct road from Cincinnatti to Knoxville, but they have always fallen through. At last the Ohio Legislature has come to the rescue, and granted Cincinnati authority to raise, by loan or otherwise, ten millions of dollars for this purpose. This is equivalent to securing the construction of the road. It will open some of the most desirable and some of the most remote parts of Kentucky and East Tennessee; will connect the whole Southern system of railroads with the Western, and will prove one of the most important of recent railroad enterprises.

"LOOK ALL IN GROWS ON HIM."—One night I found, at the late meeting two lads of sixteen years of age, already members of the church, sitting in a corner with their open Bibles. One had already been conversing with me. I had noticed the other in an anxious state. "Well, Johnny," I said, "what are you look[illegible]" "Look all in grows on him." [illegible]

The Constituent Cortes of Spain, after rejecting several amendments to those articles of the new Constitution which establishes religious toleration, on Thursday adopted the article guaranteeing liberty of worship by 164 yeas against 40 nays. As the adherents of the two branches of the Bourbons together number only about 20 members, so ne 20 members of the other parties, chiefly, we suppose, of the Liberal Union, have in this question separated from the union of all the Liberal parties, and voted for the continuance of the former intolerance. The articles of the new Constitution referring to the Church question are two—Articles 20 and 21. The former provides that the Spanish nation pledges itself to maintain the Roman Catholic religion; the latter guarantees the public or private exercise of their religion to all foreign residents in Spain, as well as to such Spaniards who may prefer another than the Roman Catholic religion. The vote mentioned in the cable dispatch refers undoubtedly to article 21.

A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.—From the piety, gentleness and forbearance of women, spring most of the nobler virtues that adorn society, and from the tenderness and compassion stamped in their hearts, arise the greatest number of those benevolent deeds that form the chief blessings of life. From these divine virtues spring the tender nurse in sickness; the "ministering angel!" in affliction; the friend of the suffering poor; the protectress of the helpless orphan. Oh! let the human heart expand with gratitude to the Supreme Giver of all our good, that such balms to earthly sorrows are given in the endearing ties of wife, mother, sister and daughter.

RAISING POTATOES.—A correspondent gives the following as his plan for raising potatoes: Plow your ground deeply, harrow down smooth, mark out three feet apart, drill or plant in hills as you like, cover shallow with dirt, on top of which place straw (if partly rotted all the better) ten or twelve inches thick. You have now nothing to do in the potato patch until digging time, when you raise the straw and take out the potatoes, which will be found in large yield, and nice and clean.

The Boston authorities have purchased hundreds of iron bird's nests, contemplating the more modern housing of the birds in the parks of that city. The nests are in a variety of forms, and are so constructed, that the birds can hatch their young, be protected from the weather, and also be safe from all intruders. They are attached to the limb of a tree by a screw, and are ventilated from the bottom.

W. W. Corcoran has donated property worth a million, to Washington City, for a free picture gallery. August Belmont has authorized the trustees to choose twelve from his collection of paintings, to be known as the Belmont contribution.

The London, Ohio, "Union" announces the death of Jacob Thompson, near that place. He was a resident of the county for fifty years, and was never on a railroad car in his life, although a railway ran through his farm. His wife has lived almost in sight of London for forty years, and never has been in the place. Remarkable cases, truly.

General Grant returned, out of a salary of $18,000, perquisites, gifts, house rents and what not, an income of only $566 last year. He whittles down his income as he did his armies, making as little as possible out of much.

The City of New York, alone gets fifty-seven millions yearly from the South for life insurance.

A widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between $25,000 and $30,000. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the husband of a penniless adventuress.

His Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands had a narrow escape from death, by the falling of a [illegible] while walking in the [illegible] country seat.

[illegible]

Food for Thought selected from our Exchanges.

The worst feature I have noticed among our brethren against the prosperity of the cause is, so few take our religious paper, and when solicited to take it, their plea is poverty. Many of these *poor* families are able to take the *New York Ledger*. I never expect to see any church thoroughly alive and zealously at work in, and soundly converted to, the great cause of Bible Christianity, with which we are identified until they take and read our religious papers.

I have visited churches within a few months where there was a settled pastor, and those members told me they received no visit from the said pastor for years. I have heard others say they had been sick for months and the spiritual adviser never made his appearance. What are ye doing, ye who pretend to be embassadors for God? Where dwellest thou? Are you staying at home, where your children are are crying for bread, and your church-members starving for the bread of life, peradventure some of them dying, and no one to speak words of cheer as they leave this earthly shore? Can you ever forgive yourselves if God will forgive you?

Every day I see more clearly the importance of more earnest work for the salvation of a dying world, and lament the little effort, even by ministers, made to spread his truth abroad and snatch souls from endless woe. I am satisfied that we depend too much on what we are pleased to call special efforts of a few weeks in the winter season, and then let go of the sinner until another special time arrives, while in the intervening season many are called to pass from time to eternity with no preparation therefor. It ought not so to be.

Every Christian should be a Bible reader, a Bible-worker, and a Bible-singer. In the first case his religion is developed through the head. In the second through the hand. In the third case through the voice. But in all cases it requires the whole heart. By the one process, a Christian becomes more intelligent; by the next process, more useful; by the last one, more happy and devout. Happy is that man who not only studies his Bible and is a "doer" of his Bible, but also makes God's word his "*song*" in the house of his pilgrimage.

Whenever a church so far mistakes the end of its existence as to suppose that its main business is to keep itself warm and comfortable by the enjoyment of its ordinances, it is certain to discover its error sooner or later. Ordinances will prove deceitful cordials to men who will not work the work of God. The warmth which once they found in the services of the Lord's house, will die out of them, and professors will shiver, even in the midst of them, as we sometimes shiver before a fire, when we seek for that heat without which would come at once, were we by vigorous exercise to accelerate the circulation.

Many persons err, waiting for ability or opportunity of doing great things—great good for themselves and others, wholly neglecting to improve the means and the opportunities they have. It was not so with the poor widow with the two mites, who for her deed of charity met with so high an approval from the All-seeing Judge. It was not so with the good Samaritan; there was one case of real distress—he would relieve that now, without waiting for others. It was not so with our Saviour in Samaria, there was one hearer and the opportunity should not be lost of preaching the gospel. And that discourse—who can calculate the good that has resulted and will to all eternity result from it!

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.—"You never saw a woman sewing without a needle! She would come but poor speed, if she only sewed wi' the tread. So I think, when we are dealing wi' sinners we mun aye put in the needle o' the law first, for the fact is, they're aleaning asunt, and they need to be awakened up wi' something sharp. But when we've got the needle o' the law fairly in, we may draw as long a thread behind it as we like o' Gospel consolation."

"Good children will always obey their parents."