UNEQUALLY YOKED.

WHY is it that domestic discord has of late become a prominent feature in our daily news? Quarrels, separations, divorces, and even murders, are fearfully common; and not all, by any means, confined to the ruder, uneducated and unrefined classes. It must be that in entering into the marriage relation there generally has been a motive stronger and purer than mere fancy or convenience. But, alas! how often, where none can doubt but that love was the ruling cause, trifles light as air spring up and bring discord and heart-burnings where most there should be peace and unalloyed happiness. How often a careless word, a look, a mistake, a trifling misunderstanding, a flash of temper, caused it may be by concealed illness, but repented of as soon as shown, has left a coolness that one frank, honest word could have dispelled. But pride on one side, over-sensitiveness and natural timidity with pride on the other, hold back the olive branch and leave the pain to sink deeper and deeper, and the coolness to stiffen into ice. When that is permitted a correct understanding or explanation seems almost past hope. When, unfortunately, this state of things is noticed by others, whispers and hints help to increase the trouble. Incompatibility of temper, uncongeniality of disposition, being "unequally yoked," etc., are daily heard, and the cloud not bigger than an infant's hand grows darker and broader and all the worse for the officiousness of friends(?), until it threatens to break the sacred tie and plunge two lives that should have been as one into utter darkness and irretrievable anguish. Is there no unseen influence to watch and guard this holy relation? No little child gone up to the angels to reach down and lead them out from under this cloud?

From what slight causes such discord often springs; and because neither is willing or knows how to yield, or if ready and longing, each shrinks from taking the initiative, fearing to blunder, the right moment is lost and the breach grows wider. How many separations or divorces have sprung from causes so slight that on looking back after the tempest, when all is lost, neither would be able distinctly to state how the trouble began!

In all cases, whatever the cause, it is too delicate for a third party to meddle with. With the very best intentions, they too often add fuel to the flames. If the union was founded in love any little disturbances that sometimes occur may be quieted by a slighter thing than that which caused the mistake. A man's pride restrains his tongue, but if a wife is watchful she can readily understand the first approach toward reconciliation even if no word is spoken; a smile, a look, a hand-caress is all-powerful.

"The tongue is very proud, abominably proud and ugly, and often refuses to say what the heart desires and knows should be said, but the fingers can convey an apologetic or a forgiving pressure which will have power to stop ninety-nine quarrels or misunderstandings in a hundred if the parties truly love each other. A wife will do wisely if she accepts such a demonstration from her husband as an acknowledgment that he has been mistaken, wrong or unjust—concessions which few men can bring themselves to utter—or if the greatest blame rests with the wife he will be more ready by a gentle caressing touch to prepare the way for her acknowledgment than by embarrassing her with words."

It is folly for a woman's pride to bar the way against a happy termination of all that threatens to lessen conjugal affection. Her sense of duty or right may justify her silence in some cases, but her pride never. Is it just, then, to ask a woman to stoop to make the first concession, the first advances, when, however much she may have erred through supposed provocations, she knows the first mistake was not made by her?

When so much is at stake we can not call it stooping to crush back into her own heart the pain or the sense of injury, and by gentle words, kind acts, and every honest concession, labor and pray for the return of peace and confidence, hoping, trusting, that by this sacrifice on her part the wrong, mistake, misapprehension—call it by what name you will—may be dispelled, and sweet peace and confidence be fully established.

Mistakes thus adjusted seldom occur again if peace and love are thus restored without much talk, without long explanations which usually "make that darker which was dark enough before."

No one doubts but woman is so constituted that she can endure hardship, pain and trouble with more patience, and can conceal suffering more entirely than man. It is her nature. Why, then, when a cloud hovers over the two should she not be the first to try and dispel the coming darkness, even if at some pain and discomfort to herself? Her reward will be so great. Ah, if both were capable of reading each other's inmost thoughts correctly how near akin to heaven married life would be!

Strange as it may seem, it is not always those who are the most alike, either in the marriage relations or in close friendships, that are the safest or happiest. Often those who are exact counterparts are happier in the end than exact duplicates, for each may bring what is lacking in the other, and thus make the union or friendship more symmetrical and perfect. But this dissimilarity requires careful management at first. Each must learn to read the other perfectly before they come into the true harmony which makes love or friendship blessed. This is not always easy, and till the heart language is thoroughly understood little jars are likely to occur. This is why the first two or three years of friendship or marriage will be like a school, where all the rules, the moods and tenses are to be thoroughly studied, and each heart becomes as an open book to the other. Woe be to friend or lover if the lesson is not well understood! It is while it is being learned that most dissensions and troubles spring up, and more wisdom, patience and forbearance are necessary. But when they once understand how to interpret each other as God meant them to, recognizing and accepting the traits most dissimilar as but parts of one harmonious whole, then love will adjust and blend the different traits so deftly that the whole character will be perfected.

This, however, can not be accomplished without many backslidings, when the differences in characteristic traits are not about equally distributed. If one is abrupt and quick, the other easy and gentle and loving, one not over impulsive—slow and phlegmatic—and the other enthusiastic, energetic, untiring in daily self-sacrifice, with sensibilities strung to the highest key, there must inevitably be occasional collisions that will threaten great disaster, because their eyes are for the time blinded, their understanding darkened. Ah! if some of these "ministering spirits, sent down to minister unto those who shall be heirs of salvation," could but watch over mortals, dispelling suspicions, explaining mistakes, opening eyes that pain and doubt have sealed, illumining understandings clouded by misapprehension, revealing the truth and honor and priceless value of each heart half alienated by these mistakes, how many happy homes, how many precious friendships there would be to make this beautiful earth a blessed dwelling-place.

How hard to see friendships dissolving, loving hearts estranged and valuable lives wrecked, and yet be powerless to enlighten and save.—*Mrs. H. W. Beecher, in the Christian Union.*

"Baby's Papa's Coming!"—A Home Picture.

I AM aware that all homes can not be made happy in like degree, but the base of men and women can make themselves the pivots around which revolve so many joys of home that complaint or discontent were mean ingratitude. The laborer can not afford a costly conservatory nor walk on Persian rugs. As a matter of fact he does not need them; better still, he does not want them. The breath of spring, the summer's perfumes and velvet earth are his in equal share with Dives, who spends his surplus income for artificial luxuries to stimulate a jaded sense, and who vainly regrets the far richer happiness he knew when his "feet were bare and his cheeks were brown." I have seen the street-laborer eating his homely dinner on the curb with his wife or child sitting by him in content, when he seemed to me embodied happiness. I have known his coming home at nightfall the signal for a chorus of glad welcomes that millions of treasure could not buy for the childless man—that even he would not forego for Dives's Persian rugs and gilded state.

Last summer I was sauntering along a street a little way out of the current of the city's busy trade. I noticed a cottage with a latticed porch, over which ran a mass of dark green vines. A flower bed filled all the space between the house and the neat fence that shut it from the street, and a pretty walk bordered with common white shells led up to the side door, through which I saw the dinner table spread and evidently waiting somebody's coming. I confess that the white cloth, the tasteful arrangement of the dishes, and a bunch of lilac blossoms (all of which I saw at a glance) impressed me as in charming keeping with the clean and cozy aspect of the surroundings. I was so full of these things that I did not at first notice what I now recall with a glow of pleasure, and which made me young again for a month after the event. Standing by the open gate was a woman of perhaps twenty-three. Her face was eloquent of health and radiant with the double joy of happy wifehood and motherhood. She wore a neatly-fitting calico dress, her hair was coquettishly arranged, and her well rounded, erect figure expressed the organic grace and elasticity which belong in the highest degree to the type of women of which she is a striking representative. Held high up in her arms was a baby girl that might have been two years old. It was obviously her first baby. The soft hair was carefully brushed, and a dainty white dress was set off with a pink knot at either shoulder. It leaped in its mother's arms and clapped its hands with eager delight on catching sight of a figure coming down the walk nearly a block distant.

"See," said the mother. "Baby's papa's coming." And "Papa! papa! papa!" answered the child, accompanying each repetition of the word with an effort to spring into the air.

The picture held me rooted to the spot, and when the husband and father approached near enough I saw a manly, proud and happy face, the sight of which sent the blood dancing through my own veins and revived recollections of the time, long gone, when I might have been one of a like radiant group. He wore a blue jean oversuit and his face was swart with the sooty exhalations of the forge; but his square shoulders, firm tread, clear eye and unconscious strength were his unmistakable patent of manhood. It was not strange that the pretty mother at the gate hailed his coming with a beaming face and bounding heart. I did not wonder that his ringing step quickened at the sight, on which even a stranger, with frosted and sluggish blood, could not look without pleasurable emotion. One need not enter that cottage to know that in its sweet and wholesome air thrives a blest and holy union of hearts and hands. I shall never forget that summer noonday picture, nor shall I ever cease to be grateful for the chance that led me near that cottage gate. The treasures of the Louvre could not move and thrill me as did that simple, fresh and bloomful touch of nature. It was like an unexpected waft of the odor of new mown hay in the heart of the blistered and reeking city.—"*Signor Max*," *in Detroit Free Press.*

Feats of Endurance.

THE mania for excessive feats of endurance appears to be growing. Men toil round a circus until utterly worn out with fatigue, day after day and night after night, to show what the human frame is capable of, in search of gain; and now Capt. Webb, who long since established his position as a swimmer, has been engaged in periling his magnificent constitution by swimming round and round a tank for sixty consecutive hours. It seems to have been a great success from one point of view. No fewer than 9,000 people thought it worth while to look at a man who had lived in the water from Monday morning till Wednesday night. Capt. Webb came out of his long and exhausting task, we are told, in excellent health and with a good appetite, and he was loudly cheered for his performance. Of course a full-grown man has a right, if he likes, to show how long he can remain in water without apparent damage; just as, if he thought proper, he might stay in a factory chimney, in order to exhibit the length of time that human lungs could support the constant inhalation of carbon. But to talk of such proceedings as if they possessed any scientific interest or were of the slightest value to the world at large is ridiculous.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE girl puzzle is the latest. It consists in putting an average girl in front of the ribbon counter of a dry-goods store and having her find the particular shade she is after. Since dry-goods stores were invented, innumerable women have purchased countless ribbons, but that one of them ever admitted getting just what she was after is not recorded.—*Chicago Tribune.*

TO KEEP MOTHS FROM FURS.—Brush the furs with a hand-brush, and scatter ground pepper into the fur; then roll up tightly in a pillow case, and put away in boxes or drawers. Camphor can be substituted for pepper, if its odor is not objectionable.

Getting Rich Fast.

As a general proposition, mining corporations and mining stocks are frauds, to be as carefully avoided as investments for honestly obtained money as the ventures at the gaming-table or the lay-out of the monte-men. Of course there are mining companies which have a bona fide property—have an actual substance, and whose operations are managed with a reasonable degree of honesty and responsibility. These, however, are so exceptional that they may be easily counted. The stock of these companies is so well fortified by actual property that it is rarely on the market, and never hawked about at a discount. The multitudes of these companies are, however, no more than legalized swindles, into which the unwary are trapped and robbed.

One of the ordinary weaknesses of human nature was wildly developed by the late war. That weakness was to desire to get rich without labor, suddenly and to an extravagant extent. A voluminous and depreciated paper currency familiarized the public mind with large figures; the sudden and large fortunes gained by contractors during the war, the inflation of all nominal values, the excessive display of suddenly acquired wealth, the growth of luxurious tastes and habits, the change from days of toil and anxiety to lavish expenditure and vulgar ease—all had a corrupting influence upon the public mind, and an influence whose evil results will long survive the generation which first experienced it. The natural taste for speculation was whetted by the examples of vast riches gained by brief ventures, and the envy felt towards the successful was in nowise mitigated by the strong suspicion that questionable means had been employed in many cases. The frequent trips to Europe by whole families who had previously lived in humble circumstances, and the bringing back of the external evidences of fashionable luxury, gave to wealth an example in social life which formed a widespread desire to get rich rapidly. The slow processes of labor and moderate accumulations became distasteful, and the search for short cuts to fortune led thousands of previously-contented people to abandon labor as vulgar, even if honest, to find quicker returns, even if the means were less creditable. Every body became a speculator. Every body wanted to live in a better house, to wear better clothes, and to have more money to spend than he or she had before.

During the latter part of Andrew Johnson's Administration the tax on whisky was $2 per gallon. The money to be made by selling whisky without paying the tax was enormous. Seventy millions of gallons of whisky were made every year, and every gallon on which no tax was paid yielded $2 profit to somebody. No wonder that the number of gallons on which the tax was paid fell to 13,000,000 a year, and the profit, dishonest as it was, found willing hands to share it. Every body speculated—men women, and children; boys and girls left the farms and villages to go into cities, where money was plenty, where they could get money and have good clothes, wear kid gloves, have feathers in their hats, see life, and run the chances of making a good strike, on the road to ruin. Work was vulgar; money was plenty; it was easy to buy on credit, and sell at credit with a large profit. It is true that in 1873 there came a sudden end to this mania. Credit collapsed; in a single day fortunes perished; the rich became poor; silks were exchanged for rags, and the spendthrifts were reduced to the alternative of going back to labor or going to the bad, and the criminal records of the day show how large a proportion took the latter course.

For several years there was a struggle for existence. Under the sepulchral monument of the Bankrupt law are buried thousands who had hopelessly tried to recover. The past was too great a load to carry. Out of this graveyard of speculation came at last the boom of better times. Men were again at work. The industrious population in field, and work-shop, and counting-room, found employment and remuneration better than these had ever been before. Times got better, wages were larger and more regular, expenditure increased, and the smothered but not extinguished fire of speculation broke forth anew. This time it has taken the form of digging gold, of finding gold, of gathering in a few weeks gold enough to overshadow the earnings of a lifetime of labor. Young men by the thousands have abandoned labor, taking the hundreds and thousands of dollars saved by them, and gone off to the mountains to get rich by finding gold. They expect to find it in the running streams, in the solid rocks, under the roots of trees, in the plains, and in overhanging banks; they expect to strike the earth and to hear a metallic response. It is of no use to tell these people that each ounce of gold ever found has cost far more than its value in human toil and human life to uncover it; the desire to get rich suddenly and without labor overwhelms all reasonable considerations.

This mania is fed by wonderful stories of fortunes made in a few weeks, days and hours by mining stocks. There are thousands of discontented people who can not go to the mines—can not go the hills to dig. They devour every thing published concerning these so-called mines. They read and believe all the stories of the wonderful wealth to be thus gained. They read of stocks selling at 50 cents on the $100 yesterday, and of their sale to-day at $50; they read of mines selling at $500 and being stocked at $1,000,000, and the stock being in demand. There are thousands of these so-called mines capitalized at sums ranging from $1,000,000 to $30,000,000; of mines whose stock for $1,000,000 has been sold at 25 cents on the dollar becoming of such value that the capital was increased to $10,000,000 and divided among the original stockholders, and then selling at $100 per share. It is not surprising that these self-evident fables find credulous persons in all walks of life investing their ten, fifteen and hundreds of dollars of savings in the stocks of these scandalous and infamous swindles and frauds. It is inspired by the old mania for getting rich suddenly and without labor. It is the desire to get great wealth for the purpose of spending it in display, of having fashionable dissipation, of outdressing one's neighbors, of having better houses, better clothes and of living faster, more riotously, more aimlessly and more disreputably.

The operators of these bogus mining schemes of course could make no money if there were no fools to be duped, pigeons to be plucked and money to be parted with under the most stupid expectations. The anxiety to get rich suddenly and without labor, however, is superior to reason. It is only necessary for Mrs. A., at a reception, to see the superior diamonds of Mrs. B. to make her inquire of her husband why he does not buy a gold mine, giving up his business, go to Europe and have a good time, instead of trying to make a living slowly. So with people in all the walks of life. To buy a gold mine is the ruling ambition, and in nine cases out of ten the money is desired for purposes of display—shoddy exhibition, weak ambition to outshine their neighbors. Nevertheless millions of dollars are finding their way into these factories of mines, and the robbery of the dupes goes on as if the swindling was not an old story practiced in every age and in every country, but especially in this one.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Protracted Slumber.

A REMARKABLE case of protracted slumber has developed in the person of Nathan G. Vrooman, who resides a short distance from Schenectady, on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. Mr. Vrooman has been known as a sober, industrious man. He is about thirty-five years old, and the support of a widowed sister. He is unmarried, and was for a long time in the employ of the Central-Hudson as a track-hand. Six years ago he received a sunstroke, and since has complained considerably of dizziness. On the 15th of February he was compelled to leave his work and take to his bed on account of pains in his head. He at once fell asleep, and could be aroused only with difficulty. He slept peacefully, and his breath was not labored, as is the case in certain diseases of the brain. For three weeks and two days he slumbered almost incessantly. When he awakened he was morose and disinclined to talk. He refused to give any information concerning his feelings, and desired above all things to be allowed to sleep. His appetite was good, and he ate on alternate days enough to sustain life in his inactive state. As soon as he concluded eating he would relapse into sleep. At no time did he show symptoms of fever, inflammation, delirium, or any material increase of the temperature of the body; nor did his condition indicate paralysis.

After sleeping for twenty-three days almost continually, one morning he suddenly woke and became communicative. His appetite was voracious; and it was thought that, after regaining his strength, as he was quite weak, he would be able to return to his work. Ten days later he was again attacked with sleepiness, and now lies in his bed fast asleep. He exhibits no fever, but refuses to take food. When he is awakened, he plaintively pleads to be left alone. The only answers to questions that he vouchsafes are simply "Yes" and "No." For two weeks he has not tasted food, and yet there is no material change in his condition. The physicians in this section regard the case as a wonderful one, and can give no explanation of it.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

A Greek Horror in Russia.

A TERRIBLE story reaches the Petersburg *Herold*, from Samara. A few days ago the wife of a skilled artisan named Schmid, of that town, gave birth to a child while her husband, who had become a confirmed sot, and spent all his wages for many previous weeks in liquor, was away from his home upon a drunken frolic. Two days after her confinement Schmid staggered in about noon and began to shout, with horrible threats and curses, for his dinner. There having been neither food nor money in the house since he had last left it, the unfortunate woman had had no nourishment for herself or her babe since its birth, and the latter had died of exhaustion but a few minutes before its heartless father made his appearance, intoxicated and blaspheming, in the room where a son had been born to him while he was squandering his wages in drink. To Schmid's brutal menaces his miserable wife made no answer. Silently she rose from her sordid pallet, wan and emaciated, a mere specter of a woman, crept across the room to the dresser, took thence a large dish, which she carried back to the bed, and placing her baby's corpse upon the dish, set it down on the table before her husband, with the simple but awful words, "There is nothing else to eat in the house!" Schmid sat gazing with a glassy stare at his dead child for some time. Presently a neighbor came in and spoke to him, but he uttered no word and made no sign. Upon closer examination he was found to have entirely lost his reason, and he was conveyed to the Samara Madhouse, where he still remains a hopeless lunatic.—*London Telegraph.*

"What Are Ye Afeerd of, Sal?"

ONE Fourth of July there was an "amateur snap" at one of the Detroit theaters. It was intended to catch the stray sojourners within our gates, and it caught them. One fresh and blooming young man with his thick hair profusely oiled—plastered, in fact—smoothly over his head came in, with his girl meekly following him. She followed until she came to the steps that lead down to the parquette, and then, coming into the glare of the lighted hall, hesitated and looked bewildered, while he strode manfully down to the very front row, evidently thinking she was still at his heels. She stood back in the dim distance, not knowing what to do. He turned around and "his amazement, his surprise, could be seen by the expression of his eyes." He beckoned for her to come, but she shook her head. "He stood kind of crestfallen for a minute, and then walked back to where the girl was, while some of the audience tittered.

"Why, what are ye afeerd of, Sal?" he asked in an expostulating tone. "We don't need to mind this crowd; we don't know none of them and they don't know none of us."

This sort of philosophy seemed to convince Sarah, and she went down with him to the seats he first selected, while he cast a look of triumph at those who had previously snickered at him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN engineer on the Lehigh Valley Road broke the valve of his steam-pipe the other day, and to save his life couldn't stop the shrill screaming that followed. The prolonged whistling caused much commotion among people living along the line of the road, and many ran from their homes to ascertain what was the matter. The engineer pointed to the whistle, which the fireman was vainly endeavoring to fix, but his gestures were not understood. Stationmen, flagmen, trackmen and others had an idea that the engineer was crazy, and began to predict all sorts of disasters. The engine was run to Sugar Notch and housed, and there the fire was drawn. All this time, and until the steam was exhausted, that insatiable whistle tooted away like mad. It was a funny sort of an accident, and created quite an excitement.

THE lower Yellowstone is literally black with large herds of buffalo, and many of the citizens are slaughtering them by wholesale for their hides, which find ready sale in Miles City.

Religious.

THE PERFECT DEATH.

Dies Mori.

WHERE shall we learn to die?
Go, gaze with steadfast eye
On dark Gethsemane,
Or darker Calvary,
Where, thro' each lingering hour,
The Lord of grace and power,
Most lowly and most High,
Has taught the Christian how to die.

When in the olive shade,
His long last prayer He prayed;
When on the Cross to Heaven
His parting spirit was given,
He showed that to fulfill
The Father's gracious Will,
Not asking how or why,
Alone prepares the soul to die.

No word of angry strife,
No anxious cry for life;
By scoff and torture torn
He speaks not scorn for scorn;
Calmly forgiving those
Who deem themselves His foes,
In silent majesty
He points the way at peace to die.

Delighting to the last
In memories of the past;
Glad at the parting meal
In lowly tasks to kneel;
Still yearning to the end
For mother and for friend;
His great humility
Loves in such acts of love to die.

Beyond His depth of woes
A wider thought arose,
Along His path of gloom
Thought for His country's doom,
Athwart all pain and grief,
Thought for the contrite thief—
The far-stretched sympathy
Lives on when all besides shall die.

Bereft, but not alone,
The world is still His own;
The realm of deathless truth
Still breathes immortal youth;
Sure, though in shud'dring dread,
That all is finished,
With purpose fixed and high
The Friend of all mankind must die.

Oh! by those weary hours
Of slowly-ebbing powers,
By those deep lessons heard
In each expiring word,
By that unfailing love
Lifting the soul above,
When our last end is nigh,
So teach us, Lord, with Thee to die!
—*Dean Stanley, in McMillan's Magazine.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

May 2	The Transfiguration	Matt. 17: 1-13
May 9	Jesus and the Young	Matt. 19:13-26
May 16	The Marriage Feast	Matt. 22: 1-14
May 23	The Judgment	Matt. 25:31-46
May 30	Gethsemane	Matt. 26:36-50
June 6	The Crucifixion	Matt. 27:35-50
June 13	After the Resurrection	Matt. 28: 8-20
June 20	Review of the Lessons.	
June 27	Lesson selected by the School.	

Narrow Lives.

AN obscure life is not of necessity a narrow one. There are aged people, laid aside, by reason of infirmities, from taking an active share in the world's work, who still retain their bright, vivid interest in whatever is going on, and who live largely outside and beyond themselves. There are invalids, seldom able to venture from the seclusion of home, who diffuse a benign and wide-reaching influence, which blesses hearts and strengthens hands in a way that only the Master sees. To most of us come hours when we sit in the shadow, when our defeated plans and broken hopes seem to be strewn like driftwood on the shore of life; and then, perhaps, we despair of such accomplishment as we would honestly desire, such achievement as would be rewarding and successful, in our day and generation. Let us not lose courage. The Master has another measure of success, and judges in a tenderer and truer fashion than we can of our loss and gain. If our opportunities be few, and our privileges limited, we are responsible for what we have, and never for what we have not.

The trouble is that many of us, some in our little retired nooks, and some on our hill-tops of social advantage, are willing and contented to live narrow lives. Selfishness is invariably narrow, and nothing is so subtle as selfishness. The home duties of a wife and mother are her first and nearest duties. They rightly take precedence of others. But there are wives and mothers in all our towns and villages who are making the daily mistake of so absorbing and concentrating their entire energy in the kitchen and the nursery that they have neither time nor strength left for anything else. Unconsciously they are growing narrow. They are bringing everything in life to the rigid rule of an inelastic custom. They test their own and their neighbors' conduct by an arbitrary code, which is good of its kind, but which is not susceptible of the least modification, because their point of view has not varied a hand-breadth in years. Many excellent mothers fall of touching their children's lives at the critical moment when youth approaches maturity, from this reason. Their very fidelity to their children's comfort, health and well-being has prevented their keeping pace, as mothers should, with the mental and spiritual developments going on in their homes. Sons and daughters turn away from the love that has sheltered and brooded over them always, and seek other counselors, sometimes unsafe and unprincipled ones, because the narrowness of the mother repels them.

It seems to me that there is nothing on earth much more beautiful, attractive and inspiring than the picture presented to us by some dear feeble woman, unable to enter with great zeal into the details of any labor, but able to help and cheer those who are bearing the burden, by her sympathy, intelligence and love. How much the church owes to those older members who can seldom be present in the prayer meeting, who only now and then are happy in sitting in their pews, or going to the communion table, yet who love her solemnities, and pray for her progress. These keep in mind her missionaries and her ministers. These take time to name her wants before God, and plead, with faith unfaltering, for His spirit to abide in her temples. These with enthusiasm kindled at the divine altar, never despair of the prodigal in the far-away land, but anticipate the hour when he shall return to his father's house.

It is a narrow life you are living, friend, if in it you care only for your own profit, pleasure and enrichment. If you cannot put yourself aside for one who sits in the gloom of bereavement, or the stern pressure of pain, with compassion and consolation, you are narrowing your own power of sympathy. If you cannot deny yourself an hour's ease at your own fire, a bit of ornament or luxury in your dress, or a little rest in the morning or the night for love's sake, you are dwarfing your soul's growth in Christ-like gentleness.

Some of us have known girls, beautiful, noble and generous, dowered with wondrous charms of mind and person, and we have seen them entering womanhood, as we might have watched a Queen at her coronation. They have gone on a few years, the admired and beloved treasures of their own kindred, or the idolized wives of men worthy of them. But, alas for the unfulfilled promise of the imperial blossoming! These commonplace, vain and capricious women should not have been the ripened fruit of buds and bloom so fair. It is idle to charge the change upon lack of health, or home care, or any superficial cause. The trouble is deeper. Nobody stands still in this world. Those who do not advance, retrograde; and the brilliant, fascinating and elegant girl of twenty, unless she lead a narrow, selfish and too introspective life, should not remain stationary. She should become the gracious, dignified and lovable woman of forty; the saintly, pure and almost heavenly woman of sixty.

There are those who reverence sorrow as God's great educator, and think that grand characters are disciplined only by the sharp strokes of adversity. This is but a partial truth. Sorrow is one of God's ministers. So is joy. So is faith. So is tender household love. So is prosperity. The peach grows mellow in the sun. The rose takes on its crimson tint and emits its sweetest fragrance under June's skies. Trouble, rightly accepted, brings forth the peaceable fruit of righteousness. Sometimes, if resisted, it hardens and crushes. We are not to dictate to our Father. We are to be sure that He knows best, and that whatever He sends He sends in love. And as He has placed us in a wide and weary world, with something to do for Him, every day it behooves us to see to it that we live not narrowly, nor niggardly, nor grudgingly, but with liberal hands, and eyes looking trustfully up to Him.—*M. E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.*

Gems of Thought.

IT is better to have a good conscience and be censured than a bad one and be flattered.

That was a good prayer of the old deacon: "Lord, make us willing to run on little errands for Thee."

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.

In seeking aid for a Christian purpose, seek the man more than the money. If you get the man you get the money, too.

The grand old Book of God still stands; and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the Sacred Word.—*Prof. Dana.*

God makes the earth bloom with roses that we may not be discontented with our sojourn here; He makes it bear thorns that we may learn to look for something better beyond.

Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and season whether they come up or no, or whether he or any others gather the fruit.

It requires more faith and courage to say two words face to face with one single sinner than from the pulpit to rebuke two or three thousand persons, ready to listen to everything, on condition of forgetting all.—*Bossuet.*

We ought always to deal justly, not only with those who are just to us, but likewise with those who endeavor to injure us; and this, too, for fear lest, by rendering them evil for evil, we should fall into the same vice.—*Hierocles.*

O the sure and beautiful payment of the Almighty! Who ever came under His wing in vain? Who ever lost by trusting in Him? Who ever forsook the Moab of this world for the true Israel, and did not at last rejoice in the change?—*Bishop Hall.*

"As the musician tightens the strain on his viol strings, yet is careful not to snap them asunder, but only to secure a sweeter melody and better accord, so," says Cawdray, "God through affliction makes His own children more perfect instruments for His service here and in the life to come."

Pastor and People.

THE *Methodist* has an excellent article on contracts between churches and pastors. It asks "Whether the Methodist grocer has equitably any better right to collect by law the bill due him by a Methodist pastor than the minister has to collect, by the same means, the contracted sum for his services." This question applies to grocers and pastors in all the churches. The church at the beginning of the year, or at the call of the pastor, agrees to give him a certain salary. The year passes and he only receives part of his due. Should he sue or urgently demand what is justly his right he is censured, and yet he is expected to settle up his accounts and pay every cent he owes before he leaves town. The church should deal with the pastor as its members expect him to deal with them, honestly and squarely. And the minister's salary should not go unpaid until the close of the year, thus making him a credit pauper for everything his family needs. He cannot preach as he should when he owes a dozen or more people before him, and is reminded when he looks into their faces that they have dunned him a number of times for little bills. Every man is a slave when in debt, and especially is a minister bound hand and foot when in debt to the people before him. With all his bills paid, a decent suit upon his back and some money in his pocket, he is a great deal more of a manly minister than he would otherwise be. There was much sound philosophy in the reasoning of that minister who, when his pocket-book was empty, borrowed five dollars on Saturday and paid it back on Monday, as he said he could always preach better with some money in his pocket.

The pew should have some respect and regard for the rights of the pulpit. The people should treat the pastor as they expect him to deal with them. Many a minister is just what his people make him, and it might be told what he is by knowing what they are. If they give him a generous support of money and encouragement, he will grow in strength and glow with heartfelt enthusiasm for their happiness and welfare. Let the same measure of justice and generosity be given to the pastor as he is expected to give the church.—*Christian Statesman.*

THE death is announced at Gijon, in northern Spain, of a very old gentleman indeed, who had completed his one hundred and twelfth year only a few days before he quite unexpectedly paid the debt of nature. Unlike Mr. Weller, Sr., this reverend Iberian was by no means the "victim of connubiality;" for he successfully withstood the wear and tear of five successive marriages during his long life. His last wedding day was also the eighty-ninth anniversary of his birth, upon which occasion he espoused a comely maiden of "sweet seventeen," whose union with him resulted in the addition of two sturdy boys to his already numerous family of six-and-twenty sons, the fruits of his previous matrimonial alliances.

THERE is a dearth of singing birds in California, and never so marked among the robins and black-birds, about the only ones to be found there, as during the present season.

ASHTABULA & PITTSBURGH R'Y

CONDENSED TIME TABLE—Nov. 6th, 1879.

Going South Ex.	Going South Ac'm	Stations.	Going North Ex.	Going North Ac'm
a m			p m	
8 10	......	Harbor	2 10	......
8 20	......	L. S. & M. S. Crossing	2 00	......
8 25	......	Ashtabula	1 54	......
8 39	......	Munson Hill	*1 41	......
8 44	......	Austinburgh	1 35	......
8 56	......	Eagleville	1 21	......
9 06	......	Rock Creek	1 13	......
9 10	......	Rome	1 09	......
9 15	......	New Lyme	1 00	......
9 30	......	Inland	12 46	......
9 41	......	Bloomfield	12 36	......
9 50	......	Oakfield	12 27	......
9 54	......	Bristolville	12 23	......
10 06	......	Champion	12 09	......
10 17	a m	A. & G. W. R. R. Cr.	11 58	p m
10 20	7 00	Warren	11 55	8 00
10 38	7 12	Niles	11 37	7 47
10 50	7 24	Girard	11 25	7 33
10 57	*7 30	Brier Hill	11 17	7 27
11 05	7 40	Youngstown	11 10	7 20
2 30	10 05	Pittsburgh	*8 20	4 25
p m	a m		a m	p m

All trains daily except Sundays.

F. R. MYERS,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN R. R.

GOING WEST.

Mich. Express leaves Buffalo at 9.05 p. m., Erie 1:00 a. m., Conneaut 2:16 a. m., Ashtabula 2:53 a. m., Geneva 3:19 a. m., Painesville 4:05 a. m., Cleveland 5:30 a. m.

Special Chicago Express leaves Buffalo at 12:55 a. m., Erie 3:40 a. m., Ashtabula 4:50, Painesville 5:34, and arrives at Cleveland at 6:35 a. m.

Conneaut Accommodation leaves Conneaut at 6:05 a. m., Amboy 6:11, Kingsville 6:21, Ashtabula 6:33, Saybrook 6:45, Geneva 6:55, Painesville 7:25, and arrives at Cleveland 8:30 a. m.

Toledo Express leaves Buffalo at 6:45 a. m., Erie 9:50, Conneaut 10:56, Kingsville 11:11, Ashtabula 11:23 a. m., Saybrook 11:33, Geneva 11:45, Painesville 12:18, and arrives at Cleveland at 1:25 p. m.

Special St. Louis Express leaves Buffalo 8:10 a. m., Erie 10:37, Ashtabula 12:02 p. m., Painesville 12:45, and arrives at Cleveland 1:40.

Pacific Express leaves Buffalo 12:45 p. m., Erie 3:52, Ashtabula 5:12, Painesville 6:01, and arrives at Cleveland at 7:05 p. m.

GOING EAST.

Atlantic Express leaves Cleveland 7:30 a. m., Painesville 8:30, Ashtabula 9:05, Conneaut 9:28, Erie 10:30, and arrives at Buffalo at 1:10 p. m.

Toledo and Buffalo Accommodation leaves Cleveland at 11:15 a. m., Painesville 12:35, Geneva 1:11 a. m., Saybrook 1:20, Ashtabula 1:32, Kingsville 1:45, Amboy ——, Conneaut 2:02, Erie 3:25, Buffalo 7:00 p. m.

Chicago and St. Louis Express leaves Cleveland at 2:40 p. m., Painesville 3:26, Ashtabula 4:08, Erie 5:25, and arrives at Buffalo at 7:50 p. m.

Conneaut Accommodation leaves Cleveland at 4:50 p. m., Painesville 6:00, Geneva 6:45, Saybrook 6:55, Ashtabula 7:04, Kingsville 7:15, Amboy 7:24, and arrives at Conneaut at 7:30 p. m.

Special New York Express leaves Cleveland at 10:20 p. m., Painesville 11:20, Ashtabula 12:04 a. m., Erie 1:25 and arrives at Buffalo at 5:55 a. m.

☞ Trains run by Columbus time.

L. S. & M. S.—FRANKLIN DIVISION

From and after Dec. 14th, 1879, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

Going West No. 1.	Going West W. Ft.	Stations.	Going East No. 2.	Going East W. Ft.
A M	A M		P M	P M
7 40	......	Oil City—East	1 15	......
7 45	......	‡Junction	1 10	......
7 48	6 00	‡Oil City—West	1 07	4 45
7 55	6 20	‡Reno	12 58	4 28
8 01	6 34	Run	12 53	4 15
8 07	6 45	‡Franklin	12 47	4 05
8 22	8 00	Summit	12 30	2 38
8 27	8 17	‡Polk	12 21	2 22
8 37	9 01	‡Raymilton	12 14	1 59
8 52	9 32	Sandy Lake	11 58	1 23
8 55	9 40	‡Stoneboro	11 55	1 15
9 03	10 08	Branch	11 45	12 10
9 12	10 28	Clark	11 34	11 53
9 20	11 15	‡Hadley	11 25	11 35
9 32	12 02	Salem	11 09	10 37
9 37	12 11	Amasa	11 05	10 24
9 48	12 35	‡Jamestown	10 52	9 48
9 57	1 15	Turner	10 43	9 23
10 05	1 30	Simon	10 35	9 08
10 20	2 00	‡Andover	10 20	8 40
10 29	2 42	‡Leon	10 10	7 45
10 37	3 00	Dorset	10 00	7 28
10 52	3 27	‡Jefferson	9 45	6 55
10 59	......	Greggs	9 36	......
11 07	4 15	Plymouth	9 28	6 25
11 15	......	Centre Street	9 18	......
11 17	4 30	‡Ashtabula	9 15	6 00
......	......	Pittsburgh	......	......
A M	P M		A M	A M

‡Telegraph Stations.

Passenger fare at the rate of 3 cents per mile to way stations counted in even half dimes.

L.S.& M.S.—YOUNGSTOWN BRANCH

From and after Dec. 14th, 1879, Passenger Trains will run as follows.

Going North No. 3.	Going North W. Ft.	Stations.	Going South No. 4.	Going South W. Ft.
P M	P M		P M	
1 47	6 30	‡Youngstown	2 55	
1 52	6 40	Thorn Hill	2 50	
1 59	7 01	Doughton	2 40	
2 05	7 16	‡Coalburg	2 34	
2 11	7 35	Brookfield	2 26	
2 17	7 50	‡Tyrrell Hill	2 17	
2 24	8 08	Fowler	2 10	
2 31	8 30	Latimer	2 01	
2 43	8 50	‡Kinsman	1 47	
2 50	9 10	Gravel Pit	1 40	
2 54	......	Stanhope	1 35	
2 59	9 32	‡W. W'msf'ld	1 28	
3 10	10 00	‡Andover	1 15	
4 00	......	‡Ashtabula	12 20	
10 40	......	Pittsburgh	6 15	
A M	A M		P M	

‡Telegraph Stations.

ERIE RAILWAY,
Now known as
The New York, Lake Erie & Western R. R.
Abstract of Time Table adopted Nov. 17, 1879.

PULLMAN'S best Drawing-room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all modern improvements, are running through without change from Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cincinnati, Chicago to New York, making direct connection with all lines of foreign and coastwise steamers, and also with Sound steamers and railway lines for Boston and New England cities. Hotel Dining Cars from Chicago to New York.

Stations.	No. 8. N. Y. Express	*No. 12 Atlantic Ex.	*No. 4 Night Ex.
Dunkirk.....L've	......	1 05 P.M.	......
Salamanca.. "	7.55 A.M.	2 33 "	......
Clifton "	7 05 "	1 45 "	7 00 P.M.
Susp. Bridge "	7 15 "	2 00 "	7 10 "
Niagara Falls "	7 20 "	2 05 "	7 15 "
Buffalo "	8 00 "	2 50 "	9 20 "
Attica "	9 05 "	4 10 "	10 30 "
Portage "	......	5 22 "	......
Hornellsville "	‡11 05 "	‡6 50 "	12 35 A.M.
Addison "	11 56 "	7 30 "	1 23 "
Rochester "	9 00 A.M.	4 00 "	......
Avon "	9 43 "	4 40 "	......
Bath "	11 32 "	6 46 "	......
Corning "	12 18 P.M.	8 15 "	1 56 "
Elmira "	‡1 07 "	8 55 "	2 35 "
Waverly "	1 39 "	9 30 "	3 13 "
Owego "	2 15 "	10 10 "	3 56 "
Binghamton "	2 54 "	11 00 "	4 30 "
Great Bend "	3 18 "	......	5 08 "
Susquehanna "	3 40 "	11 55 "	5 30 "
Deposit "	4 12 "	12 39 A.M.	6 04 "
Hancock "	4 41 "	1 03 "	6 32 "
Narrowsburg "	‡5 13 "	2 09 "	‡7 10 "
Lackawaxen "	6 33 "	......	8 04 "
Honesdale . Arr	7 45 "	......	11 25 "
Port Jervis.. L've	7 20 "	3 48 "	9 20 "
Middletown "	8 03 "	4 40 "	10 01 "
Goshen "	8 15 "	......	10 15 "
Paterson "	9 35 "	5 23 "	11 35 "
Newark "	10 27 "	7 30 "	2 05 P.M.
Jersey City..Arr	10 12 "	7 05 "	12 10 "
New York.... "	10 25 P.M.	7 25 A.M.	12 25 "

Express Trains Leave New York

9.00 A.M. Cincinnati and Chicago Day Express. Drawing Room Coaches to Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

6.00 P.M. Daily. Fast St. Louis Express, arriving at Buffalo 8 00 A. M., connecting with fast trains to the West, Northwest and Southwest. Pullman's best Drawing Room Sleeping Coaches to Buffalo.

7.00 P.M. Daily. Pacific Express. Sleeping Coaches and Hotel Dining Cars through to Chicago without change.

7.00 P.M. Emigrant train for the West.

*Daily. No. 8 daily, except Sunday.
‡Meal stations.

☞ Ask for Tickets via Erie Railway; for sale by all principal offices.

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J. S. BARTLETT, Gen. Nor. Pass. Agent. Buffalo.

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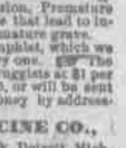

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