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**FAREWELL SERMON.**  
DELIVERED BY REV. WM. S. BLAISDELL, AT  
THE BAPTIST CHURCH, FACTORY POINT,  
VT., MAY 25TH, 1873.

(Published by request.)  
*By faith, the Israelites passed through  
the Red Sea as by dry land, which the  
Egyptians attempting to do were drowned.*  
—HEBREWS XI, 29.

If we would discover the motive which  
actuate men, we must, I suppose, analyze  
their general conduct. The same practice  
must also hold in special instances;  
as in the effect, we plainly see the nature  
of the cause. When we take up a series  
of similar actions, however, and endeavor  
to reach back to ascertain the kind of life  
or force whence it sprang, the process, I  
need not assert, is not unattended with  
difficulties. The text brings the conduct  
of the Egyptians before our minds. They  
were in hostile pursuit of Israel, and on  
the verge of a sanguinary assault. Look-  
ing on such determined warfare array,  
we say, Surely Israel must have been  
guilty of some enormity. We instinctively  
leap to this conclusion, for we have it  
in mind that quarrels have their definite  
causes. The Egyptians' hatred is easily  
to be seen. Now the nation of shepherds  
must have caused it. With such impres-  
sions our investigation only leads to be-  
wildering. We search the relations of the  
parties since the patriarch and the  
brother came from the mountains of  
Canaan, not only to be saved but to save;  
we see Joseph, a prince in Egypt, and  
the kingliest of all who have sat within  
the circles of earthly royalty, exalting his  
adopted country to preeminence as he had  
before saved it from famine; we sweep  
finally the movement of the years and  
at last discover that Israel, by his  
industry in pressing back the desert with  
his fertile fields, had brought himself into  
conflict with that terrible element of  
soils, jealousy, and into slavery and yet,  
in spite of the burdens, he toiled, and in  
spite of the death edict, he increased.

This is all the occasion of hatred that  
we find. It is sorrowful to say it of hu-  
manity that it is enough. Our analysis  
of facts has brought us to the secret motive.  
There is an hatred engendered by the re-  
membrance of wrongs. It sweeps forth  
in fury for a time but quickly exhausts  
itself in revenge. There is another kind  
—an hatred which rises from the fear of  
rivalry. It starts in the jealousy of in-  
duged competitors, but it mounts with  
the wind and feeds like the fire on the  
victims of its rapacious force. Such was  
the Egyptian as his spear throbbled with  
the fierce heat of the south to leap on the  
defenceless Israelite. He saw him shut  
in by the sea, the desert, and the moun-  
tain while his own chariot rolled down  
to the anticipated desolation. The nation  
of shepherds stood the last step by the  
shore, but with face lifted toward the  
heavens. And there the awful form of  
justice came—His arms in the winds, His  
feet in the waves—to make a pathway in  
the sea which should be to the true in  
heart a deliverance, but to the false a  
grave! This fact brings forth our theme:  
*The Justice of God in the trials of men.*

This touches one of the problems of  
human life. Truly we are "hedged in by  
mysteries," and some of the darkest hours  
of our being have been those where we  
have crept under some crushing expe-  
rience vainly endeavoring to reconcile  
our situation with the fact of a loving  
God. It came of a sudden when we knew  
not what we were or what we could  
bear, and we were broken down from  
our position to a lower one until there  
was no strength of heart left. But where  
such has been the case, it was from the  
fact that we knew not the truth of God  
from that sympathetic relation which  
brings a nobler strength and makes the  
mysteries of human discipline radiant  
with love.

First—It is a common error to believe  
that because we are brought to the passes  
of trial, it is an indication that the divine  
presence has been withdrawn. In our  
moods, we sometimes affirm that suffer-  
ing means the loss of divine sympathy.  
But our words are wrong and our moods  
mischievous. The gravest injustice is  
thus done by way of imputation to the  
illimitable love. From the supreme tes-  
timony, the truth asserts that the ways of  
the Divine Fatherhood are most surely  
indicated in that combination of events  
which is unquestionably above human  
interference. We may flatter ourselves  
with what may be an assumption that we  
have caused to-day to be different from  
yesterday, since both are filled with the  
communa things of life; but we do well  
not to presume to be at all instrumental  
in dominating the grand events which  
like the storm clouds sometimes sweep  
over head. Israel must acknowledge an  
arm stronger than his own that led him  
to the trial hour by the sea. As the mil-  
lions were shot in apparently to a cer-  
tain and fearful fate, they might have  
been tempted to suppose that they were  
unobserved or forsaken of God; but that  
was another point of time in all their  
history where they shared none of the  
divine solitude, or when the plans of  
the eternal will were in more apparent  
fulfillment?

We may rest there on the fact that  
whenever the combination of events is so  
perplexing that we cannot perceive hu-  
man agency as an adequate cause,  
although our hearts and hands are so in-  
stantly involved, that, instead of an ab-  
sence of the Overruling Mind there is a  
stronger assurance of His presence. He  
has brought us as it were to the passes of  
trial; stern obligations are imposed by  
His hand on our bending forms; stricter  
cautions are demanded by His requirement  
from our advancing feet; while, if faith-  
ful, more glorious rewards by His provi-  
sions are appointed.

Second—But wherefore, reason asks,  
is God concerned in these human com-  
plications? Why has he special purposes  
unfolding in the peculiar situations of

men? The Father of all permits His  
children, indeed, some knowledge of His  
doings. He has not withheld any fact  
which it is well for them to know. And  
thus He has plainly answered our ques-  
tion. We find it in the text as gold lin-  
bedded in the rocks. It is not wholly  
for sympathy. God does not indeed  
bring men into perplexity in order sim-  
ply for them to feel the greater flow of  
His love; He does not lead the church in-  
to the night in order for her simply to  
see the few stars. Nor does He allow  
the arrogant flash of great expectancy  
that he may delude himself with the  
fancy that his course shall not be check-  
ed. There is a deeper and truer purpose.  
It is in a certain sense an anticipated  
form of the final judgment; it is at such  
time that God appears as the Mighty One  
of Justice, and the perfection of His ad-  
ministrative work is to make man judge  
his own individual case.

Something like these complications be-  
come necessary from the nature of the  
mind and the character of its habits. We  
do to-day what we did yesterday, and  
there is to a little of our life involved that  
we soon allow our energies wholly to  
float in the narrow channel. We become  
stupid, spiritually as well as physically,  
when for a period we allow ourselves  
thus simply to drift. It is soon drift-  
wood, however valuable the material  
when the descent began. We need some-  
thing to make us struggle—something to  
bring out our capabilities. It is to be  
of real service to us, it must call forth all  
our reserve and stir up as yet untried  
energies. And he who would perform  
what must ever be esteemed the noblest  
work—duty to his Creator—will find  
things to be done for which he has no  
adequate strength. He has gone, how-  
ever, if he makes the attempt where there  
is no retreat, God has led him. He would  
return if he could, but the Eternal know-  
ing his weakness has placed in the rear  
the scythe chariots and the leaping spears  
of the world's Pharaohs.

But before man is lifted to any degree  
in the performance of divine work, he  
must pass a corresponding trial. He is  
never raised without the application of  
the severe test; nor is he ever condemn-  
ed without patient reproof. He must be  
tried or warned as the case may be—trial  
or warning goes with him through the  
sea or beneath the waves. This is not  
let me urge to satisfy the Eternal Mind.  
He sees before trial, and His affirmation  
must precede the warning given. An ap-  
pearance and hearing are not essential to  
the justice of the Courts Above. It is  
altogether a proceeding for the soul itself  
and the entire world. It is, indeed, a  
striking feature in God's administrative  
work that the soul should feel the justice  
of the divine judgments in his special in-  
stance and that the world may apprehend  
something of the ways of Infinite Wis-  
dom. If God should seem to be partial;  
if the passion of man could once get an  
excuse from such source, would he not  
be quick to plunge into all excess?

There was such a judgment hour by  
the Red Sea banks. The parties were  
brought into that unusual situation which  
showed the ruling motive of their life.  
The centuries have looked on the scene  
and have not questioned the fact. The  
clear discriminating light which shone  
upon them there enabled not only the  
parties to see themselves but the world  
also has seen and rendered its estimates.  
We can perceive the Egyptians' hatred  
thus self-revealed. His hostile prepara-  
tions are complete; he stands above fa-  
tigue in the full pride and lust of war.  
His victims, a defenceless multitude, are  
held in the clutches of the sea, the desert  
mountains and his own impatient  
hoat. What is it that makes him desper-  
ate? Man cannot destroy another with-  
out some fearful motive. What is it that  
makes him exult in the prospect of a  
speedy slaughter? He, indeed, retains a  
sense of right and wrong. By the condi-  
tions of his own being, he can fully  
know the enormity of his contemplated  
deed. But he is driven by some deadly  
purpose. We know that it cannot be re-  
venge for wrongs borne. He has never  
suffered by the Israelites' hand, but has  
been fed by it. The real motive he can-  
not evade—it is a mortal hatred from a  
desperate fear of rivalry! We have seen  
it in his history, and in his bearing; but  
this is—hatred, violent, persistent, but  
wholly without cause, without provoca-  
tion, without excuse! This was the  
Egyptian's crime. And it was as criminal  
as if his intended deed were perpetrated.  
Indubitable hatred is not less than  
possible murder. But give them who  
are possessed of it an opportunity, and  
also courage and their hands will be im-  
bued in their victims' blood. God  
judges the heart, the source of wrong,  
whence issue the evils of life. It was not  
necessary for them to crush Israel in or-  
der to be guilty—the murder in the heart  
was the supreme guilt. It was not es-  
sential to the fact of crime that the men  
should be mowed into heaps, and the  
women with their infants trampled into  
the sand—the will, the determination to  
accomplish it swells the deed to its full  
enormity. We cannot doubt that it is  
truer philosophy for God to judge the  
heart. What you would do but possibly  
may not, what you desire but possibly  
do not, is the judgment ground of your  
sentence. The Egyptian stands before  
the centuries convicted. They were  
brought out of themselves as it were up  
to the moment when the horror of their  
lives gloomed a penalty which the sea  
quickly answered with its waves.

The trial hour was also upon Israel.  
The people had grown up under slavery  
with all its sad results. But there were  
elements of manhood in these sons of  
toll. They were of Abraham, their father.  
His royal years beamed splendors within  
the fields of their hopes. There was pu-  
rity of purpose there forming the basis of  
that grand uprising of soul which in  
Abraham was denominated faith. Moses

shared it above the masses that he led and  
in past answered for their want. They  
followed the pathway indicated from On  
High, although it led apparently away  
from their destined country. They in-  
dulged no hatred toward the Egyptians,  
but they would be free and would carry  
out that grand destiny which the Al-  
mighty appoints to souls. There we  
have the great qualities of all noble minds  
all religious hearts, all men of the Abra-  
hamic type—purity of heart, devotion to  
duty, and reliance on God! They ap-  
peared indeed in rough state there they  
were shining like stars of the morning to  
welcome the national day. Never were  
a people so situated to bring out the mo-  
tive of life as were they. Perfect?—they  
could not be, they need not be. The  
many quailed under the touch of the  
trial. Its breath was so like the tongue  
of flame. It may be that only the heart  
of Moses was unmoved as they saw them-  
selves within the clutches of the sea, the  
desert, the mountain and the chariots of  
Pharaoh. We speak no word of blame.  
Man may be strong when he sees himself  
in danger; he can be resolute when he  
alone is called to suffer; and he can sink  
in the trenches, ask the boys who fought!  
—with a face like flint; but when the  
mothers, the wives and children, are in-  
volved, those whom to protect, God made  
if his nature, it is then putting not the  
body but the soul on the rock of torture!  
Is there one who has not yet learned  
what will break the stoutest heart? Some-  
times perchance a heavy hand will be laid  
on his own household—then will he  
know! There the Israelites. What could  
they do? The trial hour came upon  
them with the crushing force of storms  
and the serpent tongue of fire. What  
could they do? They lifted up their faces  
with the awful trial toward the  
heavens; there they stood with pain-  
lighted eyes looking above humanity for  
help! In the fearfulness of the moment,  
we can clearly discern the spirit of the  
men. There, while the cloud which had  
led them to the sea rises, dazzlingly float-  
ing like an angel's form, and shuts down  
between the pursued fugitive, and their  
pursuing foes in the light of which both  
are seen, tell me friends, if you will,  
whether the trial hour has not indicated  
itself in the threatening ardor of the  
Egyptians and also in the upturned brow  
of the Israelites? It is, indeed, certain  
that when God touches man he must re-  
spond, not in jests, evasions or falsehoods  
but he will answer according to the in-  
ner structure of his life and show what is  
the true basis to apprehend the dealings  
of the Infinite Judge!

Fourth—Our thought compels an ad-  
vance and an end. Our line of movement  
has led us to contemplate the presence of  
God in human complications to the point  
that it signifies a trial-scene of souls.  
We come to a still more emphatic man-  
ifestation of the Divine interference. Those  
upturned faces were quickly bathed with  
the Sigh Ineffable, while the intense  
Egyptian found one stronger than his  
wrath. We look closely to the portrayal.  
The connection between the soul of the  
multitude and the Almighty was fastened  
in the link of faith. It is a grand sight  
to turn even from the hushed multitude to  
Moses as his mystic rod was lifted while  
the winds came down and the waves rolled  
back. The surging of the masses  
heaved also like the tremulous wave as  
there through the depths rose a pathway  
of deliverance. Was it not a strong,  
proud step that they, a rescued people,  
planted on the farther shore while the sea  
drank the life of their foes? Alas, Pha-  
raoh, the pathway of the just is not for  
your feet, or your chariot wheels. The  
waves which were Israel's friends will be  
merciless on you. All the creation of  
God, even your own consciences, must  
conspire to execute your sentence of guilt.

There was something tragic in that de-  
struction as well as mysterious in the de-  
liverance. Material objects became the  
ministers of justice. The waves rescued,  
and the waves drowned. What shall we  
say then? There was an intimacy in re-  
lationship which brought the hatred that  
would destroy but that drove to its own  
ruin; there was also the same phase of  
justice in the deliverance and in the de-  
struction. How closely related and yet  
how far apart! A word divides, a sen-  
tence separates, a cloud intervenes, and  
quickly the one rejoices in an opening  
liberty, while the other floats a corpse by  
the shore! Nor is the full weight of the  
Aveing Hand fully realized at this point  
of the scene. We must more than  
look for it in externals. We perceive  
that the Egyptian's sense of right and  
wrong, the consciousness of the enormity  
of his intended act against Israel, was  
deadened by the very passion that he in-  
dulged; but the moment of reflection  
came to him at last as it must come to  
us all. We do all sometimes turn prayerful  
faces toward the heavens; if not with the  
pure hearted Israelite, it must be with  
the burning hearted Egyptian. His reflective  
moment came only as the waves swept  
him to his death. There is something  
fearfully suggestive in the testimony of  
those who have barely escaped death by  
drowning. You may have read of late  
the statement of the individual who was  
rescued from the water at the fall of the  
Dixon bridge. The events of a lifetime  
came up in real form on the soul with  
all their original power to move, but with  
none to remedy or restrain. The mind is  
seized with an intensity of activity utterly  
unknown in the normal state, so that the  
life may be lived in the flash of a thought.  
Can any one doubt but that this is an an-  
ticipated condition of eternity? Does not  
the soul then reach that awakening which  
comes to it when freed from its material  
limitations? We know our own lives,  
and how, even now, we banish things  
from memory that they be not too hard  
on the conscience. How will it be if we  
have the Egyptian's heart of murder to  
carry with us among the ages! The jus-  
tice of God came to him in the death

struggle and as his body floated by the  
shore at the feet of Israel, we, remember-  
ing his portion for the future coming to  
him in the visions of the drowning hour,  
we begin to realize the tremendous fact  
that "Vengeance is Mine," I will repay  
saith the Lord.

From the scene of death, our hearts are  
gladly lifted by the song of rescued Is-  
rael. If there is power in dramatic effect,  
if the grandest deliverance that was ever  
known can move the sensibilities to ex-  
ultation in devotion, it was felt in the song  
the millions sang. "We will sing unto the  
Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."  
And Miriam led the daughters of Israel  
with timbrels in that marvellous dance,  
where the song swept over the waters.  
"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath trium-  
phed gloriously; the horse and his rider  
hath He thrown into the sea." It  
was something more than personal deliv-  
erance which inspired the song. The  
hours had been years in their lives. They  
had been lifted in soul, for the ordeal had  
been fearful. They had come nearer to  
the Divine than any conscious approach  
could mark. And as they filled the sub-  
lime moment, how was the sense of Jus-  
tice intensified in their apprehensions. It  
was not delight in the disaster of a foe,  
but it was that stern rest in the fact that  
the divine justice was not a fancy merely  
since it stood forth in such awful grand-  
eur before the world.

Our lives, brethren, are moulded more  
than we think by these significant hours.  
We may deem that God had some special  
interpositions for Israel which have not  
been shared by the ages since. But we  
greatly err. We fully believe in His im-  
partiality and unchangeableness. He has  
proved Himself the Eternal God in every  
circumstance and situation pertaining to  
human affairs. There are Red seas all  
along the line of our movements. If we  
have the qualities of the Israelites—purity  
of purpose, devotion to duty, and re-  
liance on God—we shall sometimes find  
ourselves in similar passes of trial and  
shall see a like justification of the Over-  
ruling Hand. It may be that we shall  
fall sternly to stand by the waves until  
they divide; it is possible that instead of  
the supplicating look heavenward, we  
may fly to the covers. Our lives must  
then be in confusion and we shall not  
bring ourselves to the nobler sacrifice of  
God. We have then, it may be, purity of  
heart and devotion to duty, but we lack  
a firm reliance on God. Better it is true  
to be thus than to share the malice  
of those who persecute. Better be the  
smallest Israelite than the prince of Pha-  
raoh's host. But it is this assurance, this  
faith in the Justice of God which adds  
the complement to character and bids us  
stand until the waves divide and the  
pathway of the just appears.

[At the close of the discourse the follow-  
ing resolutions were unanimously adopted:]

**Resolved:** Our pastor, Rev. Wm. S. Blaisdell, has declined to further minister to this church and congregation in spiritual things, therefore,

**Resolved:** That we accept his declen-  
sion with sorrow and regret, and hope  
that our loss will be his gain.

**Resolved:** That we hereby extend to  
him our heartfelt sympathy and confi-  
dence.

**Resolved:** That in whatever place the  
providence of God shall call him to labor,  
our prayers, our affection, our esteem  
and commendation, will go with him.

**JOSH BILLINGS.**  
Shooting Stars.

Most people are like an egg, too pliant  
or themselves to hold any thing else.

There is this difference between genius  
and talent, one is a natural reservoir,  
and the other has to be continually  
pumped up.

Misery loves company, but can't bear  
competition, there ain't no body but  
what thinks there bile iz the sorest bile in  
markit.

A reputation for honor once lost, is lost  
forever.

Men who know the least, always argy the  
most.

A crowing hen and a kakling rooster  
are the poorest kind of poultry.

To be a big man among big men, iz  
what proves a man's karakter—to be a  
bull frog among tadpoles don't amount to  
nuthin.

What a blessed thing it iz that we kant  
"see ourselves ez others see us,"—the sight  
would take all the starch out of us.

There iz lots of phoiks in this world  
who kan keep nine out of ten of the  
commandments, without enny trouble at  
all, but the one that iz left they kant keep  
the small end ov.

I never question a success, enny more  
than I do the right of a bull dog to life in  
his own gateway.

To wake up from a sweet sleep, iz tew  
be born agin.

Expectashun iz the child ov Hope, and  
like its parent iz an arrogant brat.

Mi friend, you may be more ennying  
than most men, but ye ain't more ennying  
than all men.

Exoneratshun is most always artiffishal  
and the best that kan be sed or them iz,  
they are quite ez often the result ov diffi-  
dence ez ov vanity.

If I want tew get at the trow krakter  
of a man, I study his vices more than I  
do his virtues.

Faith wont make a man virtewous, but  
it makes what virtue he has got red hot.

Those who expect tew keep themselves  
pure in this life, must keep their souls  
wiping all the time, like a pot, and keep  
all the time skimming the surface.

It don't do tew trust a man too much  
who iz always in a hurry; he be like a  
pissmire, whose heart and bones lay in his  
bees.

There iz nothing so delishus tew the  
soul or mas as an okkashunal moment ov  
sainness.

The man whose only pleasure in this life  
is making munny, weighs less on the

moral scales than an angle-worm.

Mosser is far more attractive than  
mosster—monkeys are