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Miscellaneons.

Plans of Life and Means of Success. BY G. S. WEAVER.

Every vouth should be educated, whatever is to be his trade or profession. There is no honorable calling in life that may not engage the interest and attention of a whole mind, and be adorned and made attractive by the productions of a cultivated intellect.

If a young man is to follow agricultural pur-suits, he should be educated for it. His education should be shaped to it. His mind should be fully trained, and its powers developed in the direction of their life pursuit. He should be made familiar with all the natural sciences, such as Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy, Bot any, and the natural history, character, and physiology of animals; for their breathing forms are all about him, and through his life he must have to do with them. His food, his drink, his dress, his all are within them, and he must draw them out. The touchstone of his knowledge must be applied to their dead and living forms, that he, his wife, and children, may be surrounded with the comforts and lux

. With Astronomy, Physiology, mental and moral Philosophy, and the rudiments at least of a thorough mathematical education, he should be made acquainted, for these he needs every day in the care of his family, and in his business transactions with the world. His course of studies, his mental training, should be directed with a wise reference to his avocation. Not only his success, but the happiness and usefulness of both himself and family depend upon it.

Again, not only kis mind, but his hand, should be educated for his life's avocation. His physical powers should be made not only strong and vigorous, but should be strictly and practically educated for his profession, so that mind and body will act together for the accomplishment of his end in life. A quack farmer is like a quack at any thing else. And an agricul tural theorist unsupported by practice, is like a theorist anywhere, a mere puff of wind.

Similar remarks may be applied to youth who have designed to fill any of the honorable callings in which mentul fill their earthly des-

First of all, a choice of business should be made, and made early, with a wise reference to capacity and taste. Then the youth should be educated for it, and as much as possible in it, and when this is done, it should be pursued with an industry, energy, and enthusiasm which will warrant success. A man or woman with no business, nothing

to do, is an absolute pest to society. They are thieves, stealing that which is not theirs; beggars, eating that which they have not earned; drones, wasting the fruits of others' indus try; leeches, sucking the blood of others; evildoers, setting an example of idleness and dishonest living; hypocrites, shining in stolen and false colors; vampires, eating out the life of the community. Frown upon them, O youth. Learn in your heart to despise their course of

Many of our most interesting youth waste a great portion of their early life in fruitless endeavors at nothing. They have no trade, no profession, no object before them, nothing to do; and yet have a great desire to do something, and something worthy of themselves. They try this and that, and the other; offer themselves to do any thing and every thing, and yet know how to do nothing. Educate themselves they can not, for they know not what they should do it for. They waste their time, energies, and little earnings in endless changes and wanderings. They have not the stimulus of a fixed object to fasten their attention and awaken their energies; not a known prize to win. They wish for good things, but have no way to attain them; desire to be useful, but little means for being so. They lay plans, invent schemes, form theories, build eastles, but never stop to execute and realize them.

Poor creatures! All that ails them is the want of an object-a single object. They look at a hundred, and see nothing. If they should look steadily at one, they would see it distinct. ly. They grasp at random at a hundred things men. and catch nothing. It is like shooting among a scattered flock of pigeous. The chances are doubtful. This will never do-no, fever .-Success, respectability, and happiness are found some business, devotion to it, and preparation for it, should be made by every youth.

When the two objects, business and character, as the great end of life, are fairly before a youth, what then? Why, he must attain those objects. Will wishes and prayers bring them into his hands? By no means. He must work as well as wish, labor as well as pray. His as steel to it. Think for it, plan for it, work hand must be as stout as his heart, his arm as strong as his head. Purpose must be followed by action, words by blows. And these must be repeated 'from morn till night, from youth till hoary age." "Continual dropping wears a stone." So persevering labor gains our objects. Perseverance is the virtue wanted, a lion hearted purpose of victory. It is this that builds, constructs, accomplishes whatever is great, good, and valuable.

Perseverance built the pyramids on Egypt's plains, erected the gorgeous temple at Jerusalem, reared the seven-hilled city, inclosed in Adamant the Chinese empire, scaled the stormy, the watery wilderness of the Atlantic, leveled the forests of a new world, and reared in its feed a community of states and nations. It

site creations of genius, painted on the canvas a whirlwind. the gorgeous mimicry of nature, and engraved on metallic surface the viewless substance of the shadow.

It has put in motion millions of spindles, winged as many flying shuttles, harnessed a thousand iron steeds to as many freighted cars, and set them flying from town to town and hation to nation, tunnelled mountains of granite and annihilated space with the lightning's speed. ly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as It has whitened the waters of the world with the sails of a hundred nations, navigated every sea and explored every land. It has reduced Nature in her thousand forms to as many sciences, taught her laws, prophesied her future movements, measured her untrodden spaces, counted her myriad hosts of worlds, and computed their distances, dimensions, and veloci-

> But greater still are the works of perseverance in the world of mind. What are the productions of science and art compared with the splendid achievements won in the human soul? What is a monument of constructive genius compared with the living domes of thought, the sparkling temples of virtue, and the rich, glory-wreathed sanctuaries of relireared in the souls of the good? What are the toil-sweated productions of wealth piled in vast profusion around a Girard, or a Rothschild, when weighed against the stores of wis dom, treasures of knowledge, and the strength beauty, and glory with which this victorious virtue has enriched and adorned a great multitude of minds during the march of a hundred generations?

> How little can we tell, how little know, the brain-sweat, the heart-labor, the consciencestruggles which it cost to make a Newton, a Howard, or a Channing! how many days of toil, how many nights of weariness, how many months and years of vigilant, powerful effort, were spent to perfect in them what the world has bowed to in reverence! Their words have a power, their names a charm, and their deeds glory. How came this wealth of soul to be theirs? Why are their names watch-words of power set high on the temple of fame? Why does childhood lisp them in reverence, and age feel a thrill of pleasure when they are men-

> They were the sons of Perseverance-of anremitting industry and toil. They were once as destitute of wisdom, virtue, and power as any infant. Once the very alphabet of that language which they have wielded with such" magic effect, was unknown to them. They toiled long to learn it, to get its sounds, understand its dependencies, and longer still to ob tain the secret of its highest charm and mightiest power, and yet even longer for those living. glorious thoughts which they bade it bear to an astonished and admiring world.

Their characters, which are now given to the world, and will be to millions yet unborn, as patterns of greatness and goodness, were made by that untiring perseverance which marked their whole lives. From childhood to age they knew no such word as fail. Defeat only gave them power; difficulty only taught them the necessity of redoubled exertions; dangers gave them courage; the sight of great labors you lie down at night ask yourself how you have nspired in them corresponding exertions So t has been with all men and all women who have been eminently successful in any profession or calling in life. Their success has been is flying. Strive to improve every hour and look wrought out by persevering industry.

Successful men owe more to their perseverance than to their natural powers, their friends, or the favorable circumstances around hem. Genius will falter by the side of labor; great powers will yield to great industry. Tal-It will make mental powers, or, at least, it will work hard. Set a good example for the poor to ent is desirable, but perseverance is more so. strengthen those already made. Yes, it will make mental power. The most available and successful kind of mental power is that made by the hand of cultivation.

It will also make friends. Who will not befriend the persevering, energetic youth, the fearless man of industry? Who is not a friend to him who is a friend to himself? He who perseveres in business, and hardships, and disouragements, will always find ready and generous friends in every time of need. He who perseveres in a course of wisdom, rectitude, and benevolence, is sure to gather around him friends who will be true and faithful. Honest industry will procure friends in any community and any part of the civilized world.

Go to the men of business, of worth, of influence, and ask them who shall have their confidence and support. They will tell you, the men who faiter not by the wayside, who toil on in their callings against every barrier, whose eye is bent upward, and whose motto is "Excelsior." These are the men to whom they give their confidence. But they shun the lazy, the indolent, the fearful, and faltering. They would as soon trust the wind as such

If you would win friends, be steady and true to yourself; be the unfailing friend of your own purposes, stand by your own character, and others will come to your aid. Though the in a permanent business. An early choice of earth quake and the heavens gather blackness, be true to your course and yourself. Quail not, nor doubt of the result; victory will be yours. Friends will come. A thousand arms

of strength will be bared to sustain you. First, be sure that your trade, your profession, your calling in life is a good one-one that God and goodness sanctions; then be true for it, live for it; throw in your mind, might, strength, heart and soul into your actions for it, and success will crown you her favored child. No matter whether your object be great or small, whether it be the planting of a nation or a patch of potatoes, the same perseverance is necessary. Every body admires an iron determination, and comes to the aid of him who directs it to good.

It is God that arranged the law of precedence. Implead Him or be silent! If you have capacity for a higher station, take it. What hinders you? How many men would lave to go to sleep beggars, and wake up Roths-

has wrought from the marble block the exqui- ally get a crop. They that sow the wind reap

Work is the order of this day. The slow penny is surer than the quick dollar. The slow trotter will out-travel the fleet racer. Genius darts, flutters, and tires; but perseverance wears and wins. The all-day horse wins the race. The afternoon man wears off the laurels. The last blow finishes the nail.

Men must learn to labor and to wait, if they would succeed. Brains grow by use as well as hands. The greatest man is the one who uses his brains the most, who has added most to his natural stock of power. Would you have fleeter feet? Try them in the race. Would you have stronger minds? Put them. at rational thinking. They will grow strong by action. Would you have greater success? Use greater and more rational and constant efforts. Does competition trouble you? Work away; what is your competitor but a man! Are you a coward, that you shrink from the contest? Then you ought to be beaten.

Is the end of your labors a long way off? Every step takes you nearer to it. Is it a weary distance to look at? Ah, you are faint-hearted! That is the trouble with the multitude of youth. Youth are not so lazy as they are cowgion, which perseverance has wrought out and ardly. They may bluster at first, but they won't "stick it out." Young farmer, do you covet a homestead, nice and comfortable, for yourself and that sweet one of your daydreams? What hinders that you should not have it? Persevering industry, with proper economy, will give you the farm. A man can get what he wants if he is not faint-hearted.

Youth, learn this lesson: All real good is on the mountain top-you must go up there to get it. The greater the good, the higher the mount which it crowns; and the longer and greater the efforts necessary to secure it.

From the Due West Telescope.

Idleness.

The Turks have a proverb which they often repeat—it is this: The devil tempts all other men, but the idle man tempts the devil. I hope none of my little readers will be idle; it is indeed now getting to be a common thing for children to do nothing. In old times children used to help their parents in the afternoons and on Saturdays; but now many children spend all their time in the woods fishing and hunting .-How much better would it be for them if they would help their parents, and work in the garden or in the field, or spend their time reading some good books. You never hear of a lazy man becoming a great man. I know some little boys who do not like to get themselves a drink of water. They would think it a disgrace to bring

a pitcher of water, or to cut a stick of wood, or make a fire. They consider work of any kind too low for them. Some of those little boys when they are grown will find it very hard to have to work for a living. And, instead of getting into some business they will try an easier plan, and go to the billiard table and win enough in that way -if not successful in that they will

How much better would it be for children to learn to work and to love it. The Lord requires in himself, to all the best interests of the people account of every idle hour you spend. When spent the day. What have you done for yourelf or for those around you? Do not let idle boys tempt you to go astray. Remember time forward to be something great. Be ashamed of nothing but sin. Remember your parents are hoping you will be an honor to them-disappoint them not. Those of you that are poor should not be idle, for if you do you will be a burden to your parents. Help them all you can and God will help you. Those of you that are rich, follow; it is good for soul and body. knows what station you may have to fill? Then be prepared by industry to fill any situation. In this land of liberty all are equals-then don't be idle. Shun the boy who is ashamed of hard work, 'Learn how to do every thing, and be always willing to assist in any thing, that may come in your way; nobody loves an idle boy. It was the custom of the Parthians not to give heir children any meat in the morning before they saw the sweat on their faces from some labor. If that was tried here I fear there would be many little children that would go without meat. There is not a more worthless being than a young man who does nothing for a living. ABBIE FERN.

BRIGHT HOURS AND GLOOMY .- Ah! this peantiful world. Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all grandness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off .-And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us, there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts nor on our hearths; and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad .- Longfellow.

Good Story .- The Chantauque Democrat tells a pretty good story concerning a circum-stance which lately occurred at the Post office little community of Christians in patient continin Westfield. A letter was put in the box, the appearance of which denoted that the writer was unaccustomed to the use of Post office here are stamps, and in this instance had failed to make one stick at all, evidently from bestowing too vainly tried, to elicit adhesive properties; but the inveterate portrait of Benjamin Franklin would curl up. At last, in despair, he pinned it to the envelope, and wrote just under it-'Paid, if the cussed thing sticks!"-He mani- complicated machinery. festly intended to relieve the Department of all responsibility in the case.

From the Southern Christian Advocate. Rides about Camden.-No. 3. THE DE KALB FACTORY.

O, busy, busy, busy, Is the Factory, alway? Hath it no time of leisure No quiet holiday? Thank God, there is a rest time For all its crowds within, A time when all are freed from Its labor and its din.

The holy, blessed Sabbath, The Sabbath of our Lord, It dawns upon the Factory O, be his name adored! To the weary, heavy laden It is indeed a rest, And sweetly it refreshes The poor and toil-opprest.

Tis good for soul and body, The sacred Sabbath day Its time for meditation, Its time to watch and pray; It may be sweet to others, But O, how blessedly It dawns upon the toil-worn, One day from labor free.

O, when they have the Sabbath Let not the poor complain, And when they have the promise The rest that doth remain, For all God's faithful people, Wherever they may be, A Sabbath never ending Through all eternity.

How precious the reflection The rest that is alway, That Sabbaths here prefigure In this our work-a-day: If sweet that word of rest is, Christian to you and me, How sweet unto the Christian Of the busy Factory!

M. M.

Yes, there is a Sabbath for the factory, as any one would be likely to adjudge, who has ever observed numbers of decently clad, healthy looking grown folks and children on Sabbath day, briskly threading their way along the road and through the woods, leading from the DeKalb Factory to church in Camden, and when there taking their free seats (thank God for free seats) as stated worshippers, their very faces reflecting the Sabbath day's screnity and repose. There is a Sabbath for the Factory as any might adjudge who might be so favored as we (and why might they not?) before morning service in the church to take a walk or ride of not more than a mile or so, and find themselves at a small pine log house, a little way into the woods, that skirt and screen the DeKalb Factory, and behold what might elicit an angel's delighted cognisance, what humanity might stop, on errand of mercy, complacently, to look in upon the Sabbath school of the Factory, and there linger and tarry, till taking her place in the midst, with the exclamation on her lips, this also, is mercy, and here, also, is my place, as she did in effect, when per-sonified by a Raikes and Wesley she first took a neglected child, by the hand, led it into the Sabbath school and taught it Jesus.

When we entered the school, it beginning earlier (of which we were not aware) than those in town, we found it in full exercise, and in excellent order, properly classed off, well supplied with teachers and superintendent, this latter, a host it of you, dear children, and you must give an of the Factory. We were introduced to the school and heard some of the classes recite with great credit to scholars and teachers, who, though themselves might have occasionally to spell out a long word, yet, had done their best, therefore had done nobly. They had taught many to spell out their charters to Heaven from God's own book. Many of the learned and noble, on retrospecting life's work, might desire to say, they had done as much. The minister now addressed the school before its close. With what earnest and devout attention he was listened to, was gathered from every indication of countenance and manner. O, whispered one of the teachers to me, we are all so pleased at this .-You must some time again steal away from your Sabbath school in town, and visit us. The superintendent informed us that bating the scantimess of the library (and might not this soon be remedied for them?) the school was in a very prosperous condition. We judged as much, from the numbers, order, and attention. We judged as much from his untiring devotion to its interests. O, what a lesson to us, who, idly luxurious, refuse an hour on Sabbath morning to such a work, we, who have in the week, so many hours untaxed and unemployed, he who has so few minutes, giving this time, like the widow's mite, his all. Let us take care lest "from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

DeKalb Factory, a little to the Northeast of Camden, is situated on a bold and beautiful sand hill creek, which gathered into a large lake, propels its machinery. It is intended, I believe, chiefly for the manufacture of coarse cotton goods, for which it finds ready sale, and, if I am not misinformed, is doing a prosperous business. Its operatives are all whites. They are comfortably housed, their temporal and spiritual interests are both well cared for. They are near enough town to enjoy the privilege of stated worship with the congregations there. They are mostly members of the Methodist and Baptist churches. The Methodists have a class of about thirty; their leader is also the superintendent of the Sabbath school, one in whose piety they have the utmost confidence, whom they all respect and love, who so leads them by his life uance of well-doing though hoping, hereafter, to obtain "glory, honor, and immortality," and yet,

"Content to be little and unknown, Loved and praised by God alone

nearty a lick on its back. He had tried and This good brother of the Factory conducted us through the establishment, and gave me a tolerable clear insight into the philosophy of so much motion, albeit, my head is prone to whirl a little, with the wheel within a wheel mystery of

In this room, said he, all you see are spinners. I soon recognised some of my Sunday school acquaintances. Do you keep healthy here, said I, RATHER HARD ON THE DUTCH .- A good to one? O yes, generally, we do, was the reply, old Dutchman and wife had set up till gaping "there have been a few ailing." "Do you receive time, when the latter, after a full stretch in the attention when you are sick?" "A great deal above operation, said, "I vish I vas in heben." more now than we used to; when we are sick, Rome, who were rigid systematizers. Hans yawned and replied, "I vish I vas in de we have only to let the visitors of the female befort of this, is, that we can depend upon it, for

before, though sometimes we did get attention, yet there was a chance about it, which kept us uneasy. O Mrs. C. and Miss E. are good ladies, they are a great blessing to the sick out here." "How much do you earn per month?" "Ten dollars and 14 cents, but the weavers make more, about 16 or 17 dollars per month," and that, observed one of them, with a prepossessing face, with whom I had now entered into conversation, that is more than I could make any other way. Some folks, continued she, look down upon factory folks, but I have had to work hard all my life, and I think a female better paid for work and less exposed here, than any where else she could get it. This is pretty constant, but it is not so hard as field work. I am thankful, to be the fatal source of all that is pernicious and deas well off, as I am. I look to Christ all the time, and we can do anything Christ strengthening us. I felt the force of the couplet,

Labor is rest, and pain in sweet, 3 If thou, my God, art here,

All in this room, with but one exception, are Methodists, said our good cicerone; the one you have been speaking to, is sister S., one of the excellent of the earth, a faithful christian she is. I could wish the world filled with the like of her. I thanked God that I had beheld the practical working of our holy religion and the blessed fruits of the Spirit, in the Factory, and my heart went up gratefully and adoringly to Him, who though rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty, might be rich, rich, ay, even as these rich—God's poor of the Factory. COMPAGNON DU VOYAGE.

Camden, S. C., July 5th, 1853.

Liberty of Speech.

The editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, the organ of Bishop Hughes, speaking of Gavazzi, says:

"We say further that any man who should nwillingly or accidentally, hear the Italian booby make use of such language, and not forthwith oreak his mouth, must be possessed of very little of that pardonable exuberance of irascible mettle that distinguishes the man of honor from the

It is very strange indeed, that these priestly foreigners who have been cherished by our institutions, and who for the first time have become acquainted with the sweets of liberty by setting foot on our soil, should be the first to cry down the liberty of speech and the press.

Gavazzi has just as much right to speak and write as Bishop Hughes or any of his sattelites, but because they with all their priestly hypocrisy, happen to be the object of attack, forsooth, they must talk about "breaking his mouth."-Upon the same principle, Bishop Hughes and all his ghostly advisers should have their mouths broke for railing out against our institutions .-Let us illustrate the position of these men.

Suppose a company of men erect, at much expense and trouble, a magnificent and extensive palace, furnishing it in splendid style, with every thing the heart could wish or the eye desire, and not being able to fill all the apartments, they should say to poor and oppressed neighbors who surround them, come, occupy these well-furnished rooms, they are at your service. We so frame the instrument of compact that you with us may enjoy the like freedom and privileges. They and their little ones fleek in and thus live in the best style, having great great freedom and enjoyment unknown in their former history. In the course of time these benevolent philanthropists pass round to inquire after the health and prosperity of these new occupants, who have been so munificently cared for. But, instead of being received with demonstrations of joy and kindly feelings, they are frowned upon, despised and denonnced as heritics.

They refuse to let their children associate together; they rail out in bitter words against the very compact itself, which has afforded them an asylum, and even go so far as to make the insane effort to wrest away all right and title to the premises from this benevolent company.

Now, we ask in all candor, what sort of condemnation should be visited upon the heads of such cold-hearted and unfeeling wretches? And vet, strange as it may appear, Bishop Hughes and his priestly advisers stand in just this position to these United States.

We have erected a magnificent temple of liberty, at the price of patriotic blood and treasure, and in our constitution, we invite the op-

pressed of every nation, to come over and share he priceless boon of liberty. In trooping thousands, they sit down under the tree of liberty; they occury our well-furnished and richly stored apartments, and in return for all our munificence, we are denounced as

herities; the Bible upon which we planted and based our liberties, is reviled and burned; our free institutions are sought to be destroyed, and when one of their own number throws off the clandestine vows that bind them together and exposes the baseness of their purposes, and tears off the mask that covers their dark plots, they forsooth must talk about "breaking the Italian booby's mouth." Yes, they would make the liberty they enjoy the means of destruction itself. The eyes of the people were partially opened in your bitter attack upon our free schools. One more such blunder and you will cause the people, in the majesty of outraged liberty, to lrive the plowshare of destruction through the whole system of priestly domination and tyranny. A little more rope, and the noose about your necks will be securely fastened by suicidal hands.—Southern Organ.

METHODISTS.—This term, now designating a very numerous body of Christians, originated in 1729, at the University of Oxford, where John Wesley and his brother Charles were students at the time. They, with a few of their fellowstudents who were intended for the ministry, formed the most rigid and severe rules for the regulation of their time and studies, and for their religious exercises. The ardent piety and strict observance of system in everything connected with certain new opinions displayed by the Wesleys, and their adherents, as well as in their college studies, which they never neglected, attracted the notice and excited the jeers of the a waste of materials to put five dollar's worth various members of the University, and gained for them the appellation of Methodists, in allusion to the methodici, a class of physicians at

Girls who rise early and walk apace, But they who lie in bed till ten, Aurora studis them back again.

The Bible and the Family.

The Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, at the anniversary of the American Bible Society, of which he is President, delivered the following address, which merits specific attention, as the Bible, we fear is too often neglected as a book

"We can never adequately estimate the valne or trace the relations of the family to the

for the family:

State, and of the Bible to both. "The family form the basis of the social community, and effectively reaches the larger spheres of the government and the State:-When pure, it is the copious fountain of all that is good and hopeful, as it is, when corrupt; structive.

"The recollections of childhood, the father's counsels, the first prayers of the mother, often hallowed by the thoughts of hereavement and the wastes of the grave, meet and glow together in manhood to exact the agency coming from the family among the most eventful on the character and destiny of man-

"The sagacious observer of men and influence who deem the ballads of a pastoral people of so much moment, could with roore truth have saie, Allow me the open way to the fansily; grant me to pour upon the household, at the fire-side, at the social table, at the bone-coming of labor from its toils; the light and power I may bring to shape the mind, to mould the will and guide the thought, and, and der God, I will hold the reins of public sentiment, and first the total and account to the sentiment, and first the total and account to the sentiment, and first the total and account to the sentiment, and first the total and account to the sentiment. ment, and fix the standard of character, and the law of conduct. Yes, he might add, with fearful truthfulness, I will make or unmake any people by such permitted agencies.
"It was of the Divine purpose to clothe the

family with energies of peculiar power, and that it should be, through all time, the germ of social existence and character. He well knew how soon the seeds sown there would spring up to life, and how fruitfully the blossom would ripen to the harvest. He constituted this domestic relation on the very first days of creation, while Eden still bloomed in all its into-cence. "I will make him a help meet for him-and they shall be one flesh. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave nuto his wife." They shall be one in joy, and sorrow, and sympathy—one in thought, and purpose, and counsel. And with it the Bible holds inseparable communion.— There is no law but in God's Word that can preserve the family in healthful condition. All history skows that there is no other bond that can bind together its various interests. Let that green and verdant spot where childhood and youth yield so freely to first impressions, and are moulded into the man and the citizen -let that be neglected or perverted, and no egrets or reproaches can repair the mischief. As well might we expect grapes of thorns, as rirtuous and honorable manhood from neglected and wicked youth. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The whirt-wind for the wind is as true for nations as for man, and the harvest will show the seeds that are sown. It is a universal law and sways all creation. Wicked parents and lawless children will grow into corrupt communities, and at last overthrow the wisest systems of social civil order ever raised by the wisdom and skill of men. The family is benignantly designed and fitted to be the nurse of virtue; and to be such, the Bible must rule the family. The authority of God, and the influence of his Word and Spirit, must fence around this sacred place against hostile intrusions and corrupting temp-, tations. The charities of home must be guarded and cherished by the doctrines and precepts: of the Bible.

"There can be no stronger plea for the Bible, and especially here, with our free institutions, the work under heaven of our hands, and with laws the fruit of our own legislation. We. must have the Bible, in its power, and glorified course, bearing light and purity and peace into every cottage and neighborhood, and dwelling place, or the tides of evil that threaten us will very soon roll over us in volumes of overwhelming desolution. And the American Bis ble Society is honored by this blessed instrumentality. God in his merciful providence has raised up this institution for these great ends; and we would devoutly acknowledge the goodness which has given to it so much favor and crowned it with so many tokens of His appro-

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD .- It is an exmisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotton .- Dickens.

WHAT IS A FOP !- Mr. Stork in a lecture before the Young Men's Association of Troy. N. Y., gives the following definition : "The fop is a complete specimen of an out-

side philosopher. He is one-third collar, onesixth patent leather, one-fourth walking stick, and remainder gloves and hair. As to remote ancestry, there is some doubt; but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes extatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of a tai'or's bill gives him the nightmare. By his hair, one would judge he was dipped like Achillies; but it is evident that goddess held by the head instead of the heels. Nevertheless such men are useful. If there were no tudpoles, there would be no frogs. They are not so much to blame for being so devoted externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it does seem of beaver on five cents' worth of brains."

"Wonderful things are done now-a-days," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." said his lady, many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either.