

# The Sumter Banner.

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"God—and our Native Land."

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From the Columbia Banner.

**FIRST PRIZE TALE.**

**MICHAEL ALLSCOT;**

—OR—  
**THE SHOT IN TIME.**

A STORY OF MARION'S MEN.

BY J. W. ERVIN.

CHAPTER I.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

Michael would fain have turned aside to seek a shelter from the storm in some of the scattered habitations that lay by the roadside, for the hurricane was now upon him in all its fury; but his past experience had taught him to act with cautious circumspection in a country where civil war had loosened the bands of society, and set neighbor against neighbor in bitter and exterminating strife. Well known through all that portion of the country as an active and uncompromising whig, he was equally an object of terror and bitter hatred to all who were enlisted against the independence of their country. Fearing lest in seeking a shelter from the storm he might unweariedly place himself in the power of the toadies, in whose hands his fate would soon have been sealed, he hurried by dwelling after dwelling, preferring rather to suffer exposure to the elements than to risk falling into the hands of bloody ruffians and unscrupulous men.

As the road, however, emerged from the forest into an open clearing of considerable extent, he found himself within a few rods of a house which lay upon his right, too dilapidated in appearance to excite any probability that he might there meet with dangerous adversaries. The rain too was nearly upon him, just as he reached the narrow lane which led down to the building. Hesitating only for a moment, he turned his horse's head and galloped up to the house, turning his horse into the shelter of an unoccupied stable, the door of which opened into the lane. Entering the gateway, where, half torn from its hinges, the gate hung obstructing his way, with a few hasty strides he mounted the steps of the piazza that tottered under his tread, and rapped loudly at the door for admittance.

Every thing about the place wore a deserted and cheerless aspect. The magnificent shade-trees, stood unpruned and neglected, with their jagged boughs descending within a few feet of the ground; the grass was allowed to cover the entire yard, and grew up even to the door steps, while here and there a refractory shutter, too rotten to be retained by its hinges, was kept in its place by a rail or pole cut from the woods and placed as a prop against it. The hand railing around the piazza was partially gone, and the pillars which supported the roof were nearly rotted away at the base. Although the building was as dilapidated and cheerless as if it had remained unattended for a whole generation.

His first summons failing to attract attention, Michael knocked more loudly than before, and in a moment after a firm and masculine step was heard advancing within the apartment—the door was thrown open, and he found himself face to face with a tall, athletic and powerful man of about forty years, who invited him to enter.

The furniture of the room into which Michael was ushered was of the most costly and luxurious description. Indeed, considering the time and condition of the country, it might have been esteemed elegant and tasteful. Rich carpets of rare manufacture yielded to his tread as he passed along, and polished mahogany tables, with skillfully carved oak chairs of oak, met his view on every side. A beautiful clock of a most costly style ticked upon the mantelboard, which was elegantly ornamented with vases of pure alabaster and costly *bijouterie* of exquisite workmanship. So richly indeed was the apartment furnished, that Michael could not repress a glance of surprise and wonder, when he compared the interior of the apartment with the mean and dilapidated appearance of

the building from without. His expression of wonder and astonishment did not escape the observation of his host, whose smile, as he remarked it, might have seemed to arise from gratified vanity, but for the expression of scorn and bitterness by which it was accompanied.

Advancing to a chair pointed out to him at the further side of the fireplace, Michael seated himself, while the individual who had admitted him into the house resumed his place at a table a few feet distant, just in front of the fireplace, and busied himself among a pile of papers which lay before him, with which he had been occupied before the entrance of our hero.

But these two were not the only tenants of the room. Immediately before our hero, on the opposite side of the hearth was a small, wiry, red-headed, pug-nosed, ferrety little individual, who from the first moment of the entrance of Michael, had fixed upon him his diminutive gray eyes, with an impudent wondering stare. His pantaloons, that seemed to shrink back instinctively from any kind of intimacy with the coarse and rude brogans that encased his nether extremities, so tightly encompassed his spindle shanks that his ever having established himself in them could not be accounted for by any process short of liquefaction or hydraulic pressure. For the scanti-ness of his nether garment, however, ample amends were made by the huge proportions of a large blue blanket overcoat, that hung about his body like a ship's sails around the mast in a dead calm.

The other individual, who sat with several papers scattered before him, which he was arranging, as he hurriedly glanced at their contents, was evidently a man who had seen somewhat of the world. Though not an ill-looking man, his physiognomy was certainly not an attractive one. His heavy brows, and a certain sinister expression in the glance of his eye, which seemed to shrink beneath the calm quiet gaze of our hero, caused him to regard him somewhat unfavorably. His eye fell whenever he casually encountered the glance of Michael. Our hero did not fail to remark that he started, and with an exclamation of surprise glanced hastily and suspiciously towards him, as his comrade left his seat, and hurriedly whispered a few words in his ear. A sense of insecurity and a presentiment of danger began to steal over Michael, for he was greatly apprehensive of having fallen in with unscrupulous ruffians, who were aware of his part in the contest with the mother country. Dissembling his uneasiness, however, he manifested no symptom of distrust or suspicion.

Meantime the storm was raging in all its fury. The old house rocked and rattled in the gale as though its decaying timbers were about to yield to the shock of the tempest and be riven by the storm.

As wild as was the contention of the elements, Michael felt that it would have been far more prudent and safe to have encountered the tornado upon the highway than to have placed himself in a measure, in the power of two reckless men, who might belong to that class of desperadoes, who under the name of loyalty to a distant monarch, perpetrated the most revolting and heinous crimes.

At the time of which we speak, there existed between the whigs and Tories the most unsparring enmity. The blood of war was shed in peace with cool and fiend-like atrocity; and the loyalists, as they termed themselves, asked no other excuse for their deeds of blood than that the victims of their sanguinary cruelty adhered to a political creed different from their own, and were animated by an unalterable devotion to their country's independence.

Michael already began to suspect that the two individuals before him belonged to that reckless band of marauding Tories that infested the country, and he well knew that if his surmise proved to be correct, his safety would depend upon his concealing from them the part he had taken in the struggle for independence. Such being his apprehensions, he was determined to take advantage of the first pause of the storm to withdraw from the shelter of a roof which offered so precarious a hospitality, and make his way at once to the end of his journey, where he might rest in safety.

"Well, my friend; began the better looking of the two individuals, thrusting his papers into a drawer, and taking his seat in front of the fire place, I see you have not escaped without a wet jacket. Join me in a social glass, and it will not be the worse for your health. Here, Stoker, set out our decanters and glasses upon the side-board."

were soon standing by the side board with their glasses filled.  
"I give you a toast," said Michael's host, with a meaning and malicious smile, as he raised his glass: "His greatest majesty King George the Third. Success to his banner wherever it is spread."

Michael laid down his glass and calmly regarded his host and his companion, while they tossed off the toast gleefully.  
"Permit me now to give you a toast," said he, raising his glass from the board, while his eye flashed with pride. "George Washington, the Continental Congress and American Independence!"

"That is a toast to which a freeman can drain his cup!"  
Little Bill Stoker, almost petrified with astonishment at the audacity of our hero, looked from his companion to Michael, and from Michael to his companion, as though looking to see the latter annihilate him for his temerity. That individual, however, so far from fulfilling the anticipations of his subordinate, bit his lip with mortification, and with an irresolute air passed his hand over his beard, yet at the same time casting a side-glance at the corner of the apartment beyond Michael, where a couple of rifles were leaning against the wall.—"The watchful eye of our hero at once detected the significance of his glance."

"But my friend," said his host, averting his eye from his fixed and steady gaze, "do I understand that you are not a friend to King George?"  
Michael's heart began to beat thick and fast. The name of that misguided king had become odious and hateful to every lover of his country, and our hero, of an impulsive and veiled temperament, was not one to disseminate his sentiments, especially when such dissemination involved a recantation of his political principles in the maintenance of which he would have suffered martyrdom. Sooner would he have torn his tongue from his mouth than have given utterance to so degrading and hypocritical an avowal as that of allegiance and respect for a king against whose power he had sworn to do battle while the breath of life was left him.

"A friend to King George!" he exclaimed with honest indignation, "Nay, God forbid that I should be the tool of so odious and despicable a tyrant. Look around you, and neglected fields, ruined homes, and a vast host of bleeding martyrs proclaim his tyranny. No, I am a foe to him and to his government; and God grant that his contemptible and bloody tools may meet with the fate they so richly merit!"

"My good sir," answered his host, "you suffer yourself to speak too freely. Such language might not prove agreeable to every company into which chance might throw you."

"And what signifies that?" answered Michael bluntly. "Think you I am knave or poltroon enough to fall in with the humor of the hour, and measure my language to suit the ears of traitors and cravens. On my soul, I shall ever speak as I think, even if stood I before the tyrant George himself."

"But have you no fear of the failure of your rebellion?" asked the other, reddening with irritation—"so visions of halts in perspective to such of you as the sword may spare?"

"Rebellion, sir! do you talk to me of rebellion!" responded Michael, while an angry flush began to burn upon his cheek; "and who are you who presume to brand our holy resistance to tyranny with the name of rebellion?"

"The eye of the tory—for such he indeed was—quailed before the firm and angry glance of Michael, and for a moment he looked around at his companion, hesitating and doubtful as to the manner in which he should reply to the peremptory and menacing language of Michael.

"I might well object to the tone and manner in which you demand my name," answered the other, shifting, as it usually, his position, so as to place himself between Michael and that corner of the apartment where the firearms stood, "but since you appear urgent for a more intimate acquaintance, know that my name is Robert Harrison. Nay, you need not introduce yourself," he continued, observing our hero to start at the mention of his name, and wishing if possible to intimidate him by following—"you need not introduce yourself; you are already well known; so as Michael Allscot, the rebel follower of a rebel camp, now by a lucky chance known to the hands of those who will deal with you as a traitor!"

Little Bill Stoker was overcome with joy at the surprise which the tory leader, Harrison, had prepared for Michael, and seeming to anticipate that he would fall upon his knees to plead for his life, in the extremity of

bodily terror, he clapped his hands gleefully and shouted aloud with laughter.

Michael was indeed, in sailor phrase, taken aback, and astounded at finding himself thus unexpectedly in the power of a merciless and malignant foe, whose savage deeds had made his name a by-word of cruelty among both friends and foes; but as swift as lightning, and before his intention could have been suspected, he seized upon a chair which fortunately stood within his reach, and dealing his lightning-like blows to the right and left, laid the panic-stricken Tories stumped and prostrate at his feet. Then rushing from the house, he mounted his horse, was firmly seated in his saddle and far beyond the reach of pursuit before his discomfited foes had recovered from his stunning blows sufficiently to follow in pursuit.

"Up, Bill, and to your horse!" gasped Harrison, in a voice hoarse with rage so soon as he had regained his feet. "As I live the rebel shall hang for this, though I follow him to the ends of the earth!"

As great as was the rage of the tory leader, and as sharp as was the spur of anger, it was nevertheless already deep twilight when with his confederate in guilt he sat out in pursuit of our hero. He had determined upon collecting to aid him in the pursuit and capture all of the tory party who were in his immediate neighborhood.

"By the Gods of Olympus, he shall not escape me," hissed Harrison between his closed teeth, as he mounted his horse. "I know full well the rebel's haunts, and before midnight he shall be dragged from his bed and swung for this."

A deep gash had been inflicted upon the cheek of the tory by the sudden blow of our hero; the blood had flowed profusely from the wound, and the bandages in which his face was enveloped were stained with his blood. Impetuous and bitterly vindictive, the angry passions of Harrison raged in his breast like the flames of a volcano. He had vowed revenge, and he was not a man to be appeased until he had compassed it.

With his renegade follower he put foot in stirrup, consumed with a thirst for vengeance, and soon the old crazy building, the scene of their late discomfiture, was left behind them cheerless and unattended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From the Keowee Courier.

**To the Stockholders of the Blue Ridge R. R. Company.**

The Directors of the Blue Ridge Rail Road Company have respectfully to report, that since the meeting held in this place, their labors have chiefly been devoted to the organization of the several Companies that were essential, in junction with this, to complete the great chain of Rail Roads to connect, through this portion of the country, the waters of the great West with those of the Atlantic. At the session of the Legislature of South Carolina immediately following the organization of this company, a memorial was presented, asking a charter and the aid of the State for a Rail Road from Anderson, C. H., to connect with the Blue Ridge Rail Road at its southern terminus, and the Directors are gratified in stating that the charter was promptly granted and aid furnished by an agreement on the part of the State to endorse the bonds of the Company to the extent of \$1,250,000 on certain conditions.

The City Corporation of the City of Charleston was also memorialized, and on reference of the subject to the people, a subscription on the part of the Corporation was made of \$500,000 to the Blue Ridge Rail Road Company in South Carolina, and \$540,000 to the Blue Ridge Rail Road Company, or in other words it was agreed on the part of the Corporation to assume the stock which had been subscribed by a few of its citizens to secure the charter. Soon after this period, say in the month of July last, a contract was made with Messrs Bangs & Co., of the State of New York, for the construction and equipment of the entire line of Rail Road from Anderson, C. H., to the State line of Tennessee; and the Hon. W. H. Thomas (under authority to him as President) acting for the Tennessee River Rail Road Company, agreeing to unite his company with the Company in South Carolina and to place the construction of the road under the contract made with Messrs Bangs & Co.

The contractors have agreed to receive in payment for the construction and equipment of the several roads one half in cash and the other in the bonds and stock of the several companies united in equal amounts of one fourth each. It was further agreed that the work should be commenced on the 1st day of November last, but this time was, by agreement, extended to the 1st day of January, 1854. The Legislature of South Carolina

was again memorialized for farther aid at its session in November, with a view of obtaining a subscription on the part of the State in addition to its endorsement of the Company's bonds as before granted. The bill introduced for this purpose passed the Senate, but failed in the House.

The hopes and expectations of the Board of Directors, however, were, and are by no means dampened by this disappointment, as these were causes which contributed to the result which they are assured will not exist again; and it must not be inferred that the vote in the popular branch of the Legislature is conclusive that the people of South Carolina are opposed to legislative aid to this great enterprise, in some more substantial form than the endorsement of the Company's bonds. There were several projects proposed to us the last session, which it is believed will not oppose us again. Many thought that we should enter more thoroughly on our work, and make more progress before asking for further legislative aid, and others that our surveys and estimates were too general, and not sufficiently minute and in detail to judge satisfactorily of the cost of the road.

As the entire line in South Carolina is now under contract, except the Tunnel at the Stump House Mountain, and as this as well as the entire route through Georgia, will also be under contract in a few days, this objection will soon be removed; and, in relation to the last, the entire line being finally located between Anderson and Franklin (except a small portion adjacent to Clayton kept in abeyance with a view to consult the interests and wishes of its inhabitants) and as the remainder of the route through North Carolina and Tennessee to Knoxville, (the Knoxville and Charleston Rail Road having also been brought into union with the other Companies and under the contract with Messrs Bangs & Co.) will be finally located also in the next few weeks; and moreover as the surveys and estimates through South Carolina and Georgia, (where the most difficult portions of the work are located) have had the confirmation of B. H. Latrobe, Esq., the distinguished Engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, this objection will also be speedily removed.

The Directors, therefore, feel warranted in the opinion that the leading objections to a State subscription being removed, the Legislature of South Carolina will no longer withhold its liberal and decided aid to an enterprise so important to every interest in the State, and to her future welfare and position in the Union.

In the final location, the length of the Road through South Carolina has been reduced to 50 1/2 miles, through Georgia to 17 1/2 miles, through North Carolina to 21 miles, and the estimates are brought within those founded on the earlier surveys. The first 34 miles from Knoxville have been found on actual surveys to be much more favorable than was expected, but the more difficult portions of this Road have not yet been reached.

As the Blue Ridge Rail Road is only one of a chain of Rail Roads that is destined to unite the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi with the Atlantic seaboard, it will not be out of place here to state that charters have been obtained in Kentucky and Tennessee to complete the connection between Knoxville and Lexington or Paris, from which latter points rail roads are already in the course of construction to Cincinnati and Louisville.

That portion of the line in Tennessee having received the most liberal legislative aid, will, it is understood, be very soon put under contract, and the best assurances are given that funds will not be wanting to construct the line (some 80 miles) through Kentucky.

The organization of the companies, and the certain completion of the roads, render the several lines known as the Blue Ridge Road a matter of necessity, which nothing but the most short sighted ignorance can now defeat.—Bringing, as they will, not only the interior of South Carolina and her seaboard, but a large portion of Georgia and Savannah nearer to Cincinnati and Louisville, than these great centres of commerce are to any other city on the Atlantic, and passing through a mineral region of untold wealth and extent, the business of this road cannot fail to be otherwise than large beyond any calculation of limit, as the other great trunk lines that have scaled the mountains here already proved.

With these prospects, therefore, to the Road itself, and looking to the vast and incalculable benefit which it must confer on all the States through which it will pass, not only in our day, but much more so in the future, it is an enterprise not only of choice, but of necessity, demanded by the wants, the genius, the enterprise and the spirit of our people, and due as well to poster-

ity as to our own honor.

Let every man, therefore, contribute to its support by his unceasing efforts—and by his sympathy. And those to whom you have entrusted the management of this great and magnificent enterprise will, before many years, be enabled to congratulate you on its triumphant achievement, as they do now on its auspicious commencement.  
HENRY GOURDIN,  
President Blue Ridge Rail Road Co.  
For the Board of Directors.

**American Young Men.**

Our history presents many remarkable instances of young American men taking prominent parts and occupying commanding positions at an early age, that would be thought in other countries too young. We give a few examples from the list of those who have taken an active part in our history:—

At the age of 29, Mr. Jefferson was an influential member of the Legislature of Virginia. At 30 he was a member of the Virginia Convention; at 32 a member of the Continental Congress; and at 33 he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Alexander Hamilton was only 20 years of age when he was appointed a Lieut. Col. in the Army of the Revolution, and Aid-de-Camp to Washington. At 25 he was a member of the Continental Congress; at 31 he was one of the ablest members of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; at 32 he was Secretary of the Treasury, and organized the branch of the government upon so complete and comprehensive a plan that no great change or improvement has since been made upon it.

John Jay, at 29 years old, was a member of the Continental Congress and wrote an address to the people of Great Britain, which was justly regarded as one of the most eloquent productions of the times. At 32 he prepared the Constitution of the State of New York, and in the same year was appointed Chief Justice of the State.

Washington was 37 years of age when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat and the same year was honored by an appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces.

Joseph Warren was 29 years of age when he delivered the memorable address on the 5th of March, which aroused the spirit of patriotism and liberty in the section of country in which he resided; and at 34 he gloriously fell in the cause of freedom on Bunker Hill.

Fisher Ames, at the age of 27, had excited public attention by the ability he displayed in the discussion of the questions of public interest. At the age of 30, his masterly speeches in defense of the Constitution of the United States, had exerted great influence, so that the youthful orator of 31 was elected to Congress from the Suffolk District, Mass., over the revolutionary hero, Samuel Adams.

Joseph Story entered public life at the age of 26; he was elected to Congress from the Essex District when he was 29; was the speaker of Mass.achusetts House of Representatives at 32, and the same year was appointed by President Madison a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

De Witt Clinton entered public life at 28; Henry Clay at 26. The most youthful signer of the Declaration of Independence was William Hooper, of North Carolina, whose age was but 24. Of the other signers of the Declaration, Thomas Haywood, of South Carolina, was 30; Elbridge Gerry, Benjamin Rush, James Wilson, and Matthew Thornton were 31; Arthur Middleton and Thomas Stone were 33.

It will be observed that we have confined our illustrations to persons under 25 years of age, and have only alluded to those with national reputations.

**Origin of the Names of the State.**

The New York Sunday Times, at considerable trouble, has collected the following information relative to the derivations of the names of the States:—  
Maine was first called Marvoooshen, but, about 1623, took the name it now bears from Maine, a province in the west of France. The name is originally derived from the Cononani, an ancient Gallic people. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory granted by the Plymouth Company to Capt. John Mason by patent, in 1630, and was derived from the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.—Vermont is from *verd*, green, and *mont*, mountain. Massachusetts was named from a tribe of Indians in the vicinity of Boston. Roger Williams says the word signifies blue-hills.—Rhode Island was so called in 1644, in relation to the island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. New York was

named in honor of the Duke of York to whom this territory was granted.—

Pennsylvania was called after Wm. Penn. In 1664, the Duke of York made a grant of what is now the State of New Jersey, to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret and it received its name in compliment to the latter who had been Governor of the State of New Jersey. Delaware was so called in 1602, after Lord De La Ware. Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 3, 1632. Virginia was called after the virgin Queen of England, Elizabeth. The Carolinas were named by the French, in honor of Charles IX., of France. Georgia was called in 1692, after George II.—Louisiana was named after Louis XIV., of France. Florida received its name from Ponce De Leon, in 1512, while on his voyage in search of the fountain of youth. He discovered it on Easter Sunday—in Spanish Pascoe Florida. The State of Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Arkansas, and Missouri, are all named from their principal rivers, and the names are of Indian origin, excepting, perhaps, Kentucky—and their meanings involved in some obscurity. Tennessee is said to signify a curved spine; Illinois, the River of Men; Mississippi, the Whole River, or a river formed by the union of many. Michigan was named from the Lake on its borders. Iowa is an Indian name; also, Texas—signifying beautiful. California was thus named by the Spaniards at a very early day.

**THE HOME MOTHER.**—Some one, writing for the "Masonic Mirror," has drawn a charming picture of a home-loving, child-loving mother:—  
"We must draw a line, aye, a broad line, between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who flits from ball to opera and party, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train as low and heartless as herself. She who, forgetful of the holy task assigned her, neglects those who have been given in her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusements.

"Not so our home-mother! blessing be on her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How patiently she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some articles of use or adornment for her little flock! And how much she pleased is each little recipient of her kindness! How the little face glows with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter, as mamma decks them with her own hands in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel, if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but her can warm the mitts and overshoes, or tie the comforters around the neck.

"There is a peculiar charm about all she does, the precious mother.—They could not sleep, nay, for that matter, she could not, if she failed to visit their chamber, and, with her own soft hand, arrange them comfortably before she sleeps! Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator, as she looks on those sweet blooming faces, and, when their prayers are done, impresses a good night kiss on each rosy little mouth. It may be, too, a tear will start for one little nestling, laid in its child's narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descend, and the wild winter winds howl around its head. It needs no longer her tender care! A mightier arm enfolds it! It is at rest! She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the Hand that sped the shaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left for her to love. How tenderly she guards them from every danger, and with what a strong, untiring love, she watches by their bed-side when they are ill! Blessings be on the gentle, loving home-mother. Angels must look with love upon her acts. Her children shall rise up and called her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will unfold her as a garment."

**SPARE MOMENTS.**—Spare moments are the gold-dust of time; and Young was writing a true as well as a striking line, when he taught that "sands make the mountains, and moments make the year." Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

Though we may have a hard pillow, yet it is only sin that can plant a thorn in it; and even though it may be hard and lonely, yet we may have a sweet sleep, and glorious visions upon it.—It was when Jacob was lying upon a stone for a pillow, that he had glorious visions of a ladder reaching to heaven.