The Charleston Advocate.

"As ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them."

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Sunshine in the Heart.

When life seems dark and [illegible] are [illegible]
And heaven reveals no guiding star,
Let courage not depart.
Though clouds arise and tempests pour,
And stormy winds around me roar,
Serene I walk the sounding shore
With sunshine in my heart.

Thou who [illegible]
With stars that glow at evening's call,
Thy influence still impart;
But were thou [illegible] whose [illegible]
Suffuse with light those heavenly ways,
Still would we raise our song of praise,
With sunshine in the heart.

Barred from the [illegible] day,
What wretched [illegible] away,
From every [illegible] apart,
Beneath the earth [illegible]
[illegible]
Yet while they [illegible]
There's sunshine in their heart.

How many are [illegible]
To whom [illegible] the skies
Invisible [illegible];
Some that [illegible]
And some who blind in manhood grow,—
How dear to them, how [illegible]
The sunshine of the heart.

On beds of languishing [illegible]
What multitudes [illegible]
Unenviable part;
What thousands [illegible]
But there's a hold [illegible]
That clouds the portals of [illegible]
'Tis sunshine in the heart.

O child of penury and toil!
Though fate thy [illegible]
Let not [illegible] hope depart;
Why crave the [illegible]
Or pleasure's brief, delusive hour,
Glory or riches' empty dower,
With sunshine in thy heart?

Henry Ward Beecher in Charleston.

Many of our readers [illegible] the visit of Rev. H. W. Beecher to this city. We give the following extract of his report of the visit from the *[illegible]*:

As I walked from church to church and saw some that were burned out, I could not but feel that those that were intact were less holy than those that had been purged and purified by fire. I cannot tell you the depth of that feeling of horror that I experienced when I came to learn a little of the life of Charleston—of its luxury; of its prodigality; of its pride and pomp; of its wealth; of its oppressions; of its lordly ambitions. When I contrasted these things with the condition of God's poor, stripped, despised ones, the slaves, and thought of the cruelties that went unrebuked, and reflected that there were men who called themselves ministers of the Gospel that never dared or chose to open their lips against one of those barbarities, that stood saying, "I will not abate them," and that took the word of God to forge chains, I marvelled that it was left to the cannon to desolate these churches. I said within myself, "Why did not God's avenging lightnings strike them down?"

And yet, there was one church in which I ministered myself. It was my privilege to preach in Charleston on Sunday morning a week ago, at Zion church—the African church. About three thousand people were there. Enough of them were white to say that there were white people there. There were a number of officers, and a few strangers present; but the great body of the house was filled with the intelligent part of the colored population of Charleston. I know not that I shall ever preach with such sensations again. I have preached about slaves and slavery; but to stand in the midst of such a great audience, and feel, "Here they are, and they are now come to life and to light," struck me through with such sensations as I never had before. And, according to the measure that God gave me, I preached the Gospel to them.

One little incident was peculiarly charming to my feelings. I gave out, for the second hymn,

"Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head!"

You will find it to be an almost perfect description of Charleston itself. There sat, four or five pews in front of me, seven or eight old men that attempted to choir it—for they were going to be respectable, and sing as white folks do. I did not go to hear them sing so; I went to hear black folks sing in their own way, and was thirsty for the old negro melodies, the wild, wailing half-chant tunes which I had heard so much about. But I got only church music in the first singing. And I was obliged to line out the words. I repeated again,

"Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head!"

and looked down to see if they were going to sing, and, while these men were getting ready, there broke out on my left the voice of a young maiden, apparently twelve or thirteen years of age, in one of their characteristic plantation melodies. She went through the first line before another voice was heard. Everybody looked at everybody in surprise. On the next line a few voices joined hers. And on the next about a third of the audience took up the hymn and sang it to the end. I know not whether this young maiden thought that I had called her, when I said, "Daughter of Zion," [illegible]; but the style of singing in which she led off was just what I wanted to hear.

One of the most affecting incidents of my visit occurred on the Saturday [illegible] ing this service. I was notified that a delegation of colored persons wished to call on me, and pay their respects to me. I was more than pleased. [illegible]. They were plain, ordinary looking women, with one or two exceptions; and all of them were pure African. One of them, that was to be the spokesman, was to make me, I understood, a little speech. What manner of speech it was to be I [illegible] not [illegible]. She was a thoroughly black woman, and was [illegible]; and yet she had, withal, a certain sweet and graceful way with her. She had a little bunch of flowers, which she presented to me. And then, instead of making a speech, she merely said that they came to express to me their thanks for my interest in their people, and to pray God that I might be preserved and blessed, and that I might go to heaven. She repeated this over in various forms. I was not tired of hearing it; but that was her little message. And when she had said what she had to say, I uttered some words of reply. And then I shook hands with each of them—for I honored them from the depths of my heart.

Four of these women [illegible] their bare backs, [illegible] in the night, stealing [illegible] prisoners [illegible] [illegible] One of them had received seventy-five lashes on her bare back for her [illegible] these suffering men. And now, since Charleston [illegible] they have been set free, [illegible] [illegible] though their poverty was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] these of their own color [illegible]. In other words, they put forth every effort to do such works of mercy [illegible] as God in His providence placed before them. They filled up their lives with good deeds that came as it were from their very blood and bones. And that is what I call true Christian benevolence. Here were these people so poor that they lived with their cheek upon the very cheek of poverty; and they gave their hours of sleep to earn a little pittance, by which to relieve some of the wants that existed around about them. They were martyr women.

On the Sabbath day, after the sermon, I saw some of these noble philanthropists rejoicing together. Forming little companies, and taking hold of hands, they sang "Roll, Jordan, roll," and other songs, weaving their bodies as they sang. That was their mode of glorifying and praising God, and enjoying their religion. I was not turned from it by any fastidiousness of taste, though it was not my manner of worshiping. They that had such hearts as I knew these persons had might employ whatever method of worship they pleased. It was acceptable to God, and it was sweet to me.

I may say that next to that in interest to me, was a scene that we witnessed on Monday morning, when we were preparing to leave the city. The streets were full of colored people. I supposed that they had just come in from plantations—for they were being brought into Charleston by hundreds and thousands by our soldiers returning from raids through the adjacent country; but they said they were going to see Mr. Garrison and Mr. Thompson off. And we could have found our way to the steamer by following this crowd. When we reached the wharf it was black; and yet it glowed like a garden. They had but little to bring as testimonials of their remembrance and gratitude; but what they had they brought. One had a little bunch of roses. Another had a bunch of jessamines and honeysuckles. Others had bunches of various kinds of flowers. I saw Mr. Tilton loaded down with these treasures that had been showered upon him, and struggling beneath his burden as he came on board. And they were thrown up on the steamer to Mr. Thompson, Mr. Garrison, and whatever person showed himself by the rail. And they lay about in bowls-full, and baskets-full, and heaps in the corners, so abundant that we knew not how to dispose of them. They were all that they had to bring by which to express their feelings towards those that they supposed had befriended them. No, not all; one poor, decrepit old woman came with a straw basket containing about two quarts of ground-nuts, which she wished to give us. A young woman came with some dainty little cakes that had been carefully prepared in some kitchen. There were various little delicacies brought for us that we might eat them and remember the givers. I shall not forget these scenes. I shall not forget the cheers and acclamations of that dusky throng, as speeches were made to them. And, when the boat moved off, I felt that we had left behind many of the Lord's elect, and that it were better for a man that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea, than that he should lay one finger of harm on these little ones of Christ.

Jesus Enough.

Pastor Harms had a rare power of developing spiritual life among his people, and not even Baxter's parish at Kidderminster gave such evidence of the power of the Gospel to mould a whole community to a noble [illegible]. The following incident which he relates, shows the simplicity and unreserved [illegible] which prevailed among them:

"A [illegible] ago I stood by the bedside of a sick [illegible] [illegible] wife and four children. He had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] all his means. Still he [illegible] while he [illegible] a [illegible] song of [illegible]. I asked him why he wept. Was he troubled with the thought of [illegible] from his wife and children. He looked [illegible] and answered:

"'Does not Jesus stay with them? Has not the Lord said that He is a Father of the fatherless and a Judge of the widow? Nor they [illegible]. I have prayed the Lord that He would [illegible]. Is it not [illegible]

"'Surely,' she replied, [illegible] Jesus, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] you with the children in His own time. Jesus will help us [illegible] through His Holy Spirit.'

"'Why did you weep then?' [illegible] beautiful here, O how beautiful will it be when the angels help [illegible]. I weep for joy that His blessedness is so near.'

"Then he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"'For he then must have these that they may know how to die [illegible].'

I turned to his wife [illegible] and said:

"'We have talked it all over already. When every thing had been reckoned for the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] remained.'

"'And what remains for you?'

"'The Lord Jesus,' she replied.

"'And what do you leave for your wife and children?'

"'The Lord Jesus,' he said, and whispered in my ear, 'He is very good, and [illegible] [illegible]'

"So I took [illegible] [illegible] and laid them in the mission box [illegible] [illegible]. It had been a great struggle for me! [illegible] them away. But if they had not been paid away the dying man's wish would not have been fulfilled.

"That night he fell asleep. And [illegible] his wife wept, nor his three older children, neither in the church nor at the grave. But the youngest child, who [illegible] the body, wept bitterly. I asked him afterwards why he wept so bitterly at his father's grave, and the child made answer: 'I [illegible] sorry that father did not take me with him to the Lord Jesus, for I begged of him all my whole heart that he would.'

"He said, 'I would like to go to Jesus, and would like to grow up, that mother might live with me.'

"'Now, then,' I replied, 'say to the Lord Jesus that He must [illegible].'

"'That is what I will,' he said, and was greatly delighted and [illegible]."

A King Honoring the Sabbath.—It would be well if all in authority had as much reverence for the Sabbath and respect for those who keep it as George III. An exchange says:

When George III was repairing his palace at Kew one of the workmen was peculiarly noticed by his majesty. On Monday morning the king went as usual to watch the progress of the work, and not seeing the man in his usual place he inquired the reason of his absence. It was at first answered evasively by the workmen; at last, however, they acknowledged that not having been able to complete a particular job on the Saturday night, they had returned to finish it on the Sunday morning, which this man refusing to do, he had been dismissed from the employment. "Call him back immediately," said the king; "the man who refuses to do his ordinary work on the Lord's day is the man for me."

The Kindest Master.

I was talking one day to a very cheerful old man, who was fond of speaking of the masters whom he had served. It was a pleasant thing to hear him tell of how many kind, good masters he had worked for.

"Had you never once a *hard master?*" I said.

"Well, maybe I had, but I forgot that sort; there's no pleasure in thinking of *them*."

I thought as I left him, how much better it is to try and remember about the good, rather than the evil that has troubled our past lives; and thinking of masters, put me in mind of the best of all masters. "One is your master, even Christ." Our earthly masters provide us work; give us leave to toil, pay us wages for our industry, and we thank them, and serve them diligently; but our Heavenly Master not only gives us freely the health and strength that enable us to toil, he provides that we shall *rest* from our labor. He gives us one day in seven as a time for *rest* and refreshment. He calls us to him, and says, "*I will give you rest.*" Do we think of that kind Master as we should? Are we grateful that he has so tenderly thought of us as to provide for our repose and rest? We know that "he giveth his beloved sleep"—that great restorer of man's physical energies; but not merely does he give rest to sleep, he provides for us a day of waking rest. On his holy Sabbath we can "rest in the Lord"—enjoy the sweet calm of a day when all labor shall cease—when the tired world, weary with its six days of anxious care and toil, can peacefully compose itself to rest. O, dear brother workmen, let no vain desire for earthly pleasure or profit make you unmindful of the claims of the best of masters; for "his yoke is easy and his burden is light."

Recollections of Grant.

Rev. J. L. Crane, the chaplain of the regiment of which General Grant was colonel, gives the following interesting reminiscences of his private and military character:

General Grant, he says, is about five feet ten inches [illegible] and will weigh one hundred and [illegible] [illegible] indicative of reserve, and an indomitable will, and persistent purpose.

In dress he is indifferent and careless, making [illegible] pretensions to [illegible] or fashionable [illegible] display. Had he continued colonel [illegible] I think his uniform would have lasted [illegible] this day; for he never used it except [illegible] and then seemed to regard it [illegible] as David did Saul's armor.

[illegible] body is a vial of intense existence;" and [illegible] when a stranger would see him in a [illegible] he would never think of asking his [illegible]. He is no dissembler. He is a sincere, plain, *real* man.

[illegible] is always cheerful. No toil, cold, heat, [illegible], fatigue, or want of money depresses [illegible]. He does his work at the time, and he requires all under his command to be equally prompt. I was walking over the camp with him one morning after breakfast. It was usual for each company to call the roll at a given hour. It was now probably a half hour after the time for that duty. The colonel was quietly smoking his old meerschaum, and talking and walking along, when he noticed a company drawn up in line and the roll being called. He instantly drew his pipe from his mouth and exclaimed, "Captain, this is no time for calling the roll. Order your men to their quarters immediately." The command was instantly obeyed, and the colonel resumed his smoking and walked on, conversing as quietly as if nothing had happened. For this violation of discipline those men went without rations that day, except what they gathered up privately from among their friends of other companies. Such a breach of order was never witnessed in the regiment afterward while he was its colonel. This promptness is one of Grant's characteristics, and it is one of the secrets of his success.

On one of our marches, when passing through one of those small towns where the grocery is the principal establishment, some of the lovers of intoxication had broken away from our lines and filled their canteens with whiskey, and were soon reeling and ungovernable under its influence. While apparently stopping the regiment for rest, Grant passed quietly along and took each canteen, and wherever he detected the fatal odor, emptied the liquor on the ground with as much nonchalance as he would empty his pipe, and had the offenders tied behind the baggage wagons till they had sobered into soldierly propriety. On this point his orders were imperative; no whiskey nor intoxicating beverages were allowed in his camp.

In the afternoon of a very hot day in July, 1861, while the regiment was stationed in the town of Mexico, Missouri, I had gone to the cars as they were passing, and procured the daily paper, and seated myself in the shadow of my tent to read the news. In the telegraphic column I soon came to the announcement that Grant, with several others, was made brigadier-general. In a few minutes he came walking that way, and I called to him:

"Colonel, I have some news here that will interest you."

"What have you, chaplain?"

"I see that you are made brigadier-general."

He seated himself by my side and remarked:

"Well, sir, I had no suspicion of it. It never came from any request of mine. That's some of Washburne's work. I knew Washburne in Galena. He was a strong Republican and I was a Democrat, and I thought from that he never liked me very well. Hence we never had more than a business or street acquaintance. But when the war broke out I found he had induced Governor Yates to appoint me mustering officer of the Illinois volunteers, and after that had something to do in having me commissioned colonel of the 21st regiment; and I suppose this is some of his work."

And he very leisurely rose up and pulled his black felt hat a little nearer his eyes, and made a few extra passes at his whiskers, and walked away with as much apparent unconcern as if some one had merely told him that his new suit of clothes was finished.

Grant belongs to no church, yet he entertains and expresses the highest esteem for all the enterprises that tend to promote religion. When at home he generally attended the Methodist Episcopal Church. While he was colonel of the 21st regiment, he gave every encouragement and facility for securing a prompt and uniform observance of religious services, and was found in the audience listening to preaching.

Shortly after I came into the regiment our mess were one day taking their usual seats around the dinner-table, when he remarked:

"Chaplain, when I was at home, and ministers were stopping at my house, I always invited them to ask a blessing at the table. I suppose a blessing is as much needed here as at home; and if it is agreeable with your views, I should be glad to have you ask a blessing every time we sit down to eat."

What the Minutes Say.

We are but minutes, little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on [illegible]
We are but minutes: each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares;
Take patiently the minutes of pain,
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes: when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while yet you may,
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes; use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes has hours to use;
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.

The Love of the Beautiful.

There is a class of beings who seem especially gifted with beautifying eyes—

"With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold."

They possess an unconscious power of idealizing whatever they look upon in nature, in art, in humanity. They deck the granite hardness of reality with the tender clinging ivy of sentiment, and cover the sharp angles of bare facts with the velvety mosses of imagination. With them there is ever an undercurrent of poetry flowing beneath life's turgid stream of tritest prose. They are the world's true poets, though perchance they cannot lay claim to the smallest foothold of territory in Parnassus, and have never been impelled by the stirring of the "divine afflatus" to pen an inspiration. They are the true artists, though they paint no pictures, for they have the artist-instinct throbbing within, and a living panorama of graceful forms, symmetrical outlines, and glorious scenes, is ever passing in long procession before their mental vision. Better still, they are constantly moved by an irresistible impulse to make Beauty and Use clasp hands. Linnæus constructed a dial out of flowers, and by the expanding and closing of delicate blossoms, told the time of day as accurately as if it had been chronicled by the intricate machinery of a watch; so the passing hours of those who inherit this beautifying temperament are marked by the blooming and folding of life's choicest flowers.—*Mrs. Ritchie.*

Life in New York.

Oliver Dyer, in his account of New York life, relates the following incident:

"I wish to mention another incident, which shows an entirely different phase of New York life than any I have mentioned. Old Uncle Zeke is the hero of it—a poor old negro, who lived down in a cellar in Pearl street fifteen years, and made baskets down there by candle-light; because, being a fugitive slave from Kentucky (this was before the great rebellion had broken the bonds of the slave) he was afraid to come out in the daylight, for fear he would be found by some slave-hunter and taken back to servitude. The old fellow used to work down in the cellar and make baskets by candle-light, and his old wife would go out at night and sell them. They were very fearful lest somebody should recognize them and send them back to slavery. It was not long before the old wife found a good friend, who would take all her baskets and keep her secret. One day, on the approach of winter, a friendly gentleman went down to ask Uncle Zeke if he had not better apply to the city for coal. The city distributes a certain amount of coal to poor people every winter. Uncle Zeke—poor old basket maker as he was, replied: 'What! I ask charity of the city? No, I is an American citizen. I earn my own living.' And there the old fellow worked away. And when Thanksgiving time came, the same gentleman thought he would try and impose a turkey on old Zeke, in some form or other. He took the turkey himself (he did not dare to send a servant) to old Zeke's cellar; but Uncle Zeke was inexorable. 'I ask no charity,' he said. Finally, the gentleman said: 'I simply wish to leave it with you as a token of my esteem and respect for you; and if, on consideration, you choose, you may pay me for it.' Zeke saw daylight through that; and so he finally accepted the turkey, *out of sympathy for the gentleman.* That poor old basket-maker and his poor old wife survived the riots, and are now able to walk forth in the broad light of day; and Uncle Zeke can make his baskets now in an upper room, with none to molest or to make him afraid."

Touching Incident.

A speaker at a recent Sabbath-school conference, related an incident of a little girl, seven years of age, who having been taken sick, was carried to a hospital to die.

"The last night," said the speaker, "nothing was heard to break the silence but the ticking of the great clock in the hall, as the pendulum swung backward and forward. Then it would strike the hours—e-l-e-v-e-n, t-w-e-l-v-e, one o'clock when there came from the couch of the little sufferer a voice of sweet melody. It was one verse of a Sunday-school hymn:

'Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all our guilty fear,
And turns our hell to heaven.'

"Then all was silent again, and nothing was heard but the ticking of the great clock [illegible]

'Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but speak his name;
Preach him to all, and sing in death,
Behold! behold the Lamb!'

"The nurse hastened to the bedside of the little sufferer, but it was too late. The angels had been there before her, and carried away that little Sabbath-school girl from beholding the Lamb on earth to his bosom in the sanctuary above."

Awaking with a Smile.—It was lately my privilege to read a father's "In Memoriam" of his son, printed but not published. The son was an artist of subtle skill in crayon drawing, and eminently useful in a painful but sacred branch of his profession, namely, taking likenesses of the dead. But nothing that the father fondly told of his son's happiness in and devotion to his art, of his high ideal, of his happy life, not even clouded perceptibly by chronic disease, touched my heart so sensibly, seemed to me so individual, so remarkable, as the fact that "He always awoke with a smile."

"Could I Keep the Good News?"—A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her. They said, "Why go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten up by your own people—everybody will have forgotten you." "What!" said she, "do you think that I could keep the 'Good News' to myself? Do you think I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they may get it, too? I would go if I had to swim there!"

Silent Men.—Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up confused and abashed. In framing the Constitution of the United States, the labor was wholly performed in committee of the whole, of which George Washington was day after day, the chairman, but he made but two speeches during the convention, of a very few words each. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that had it not been for his personal popularity and the thirty words of his first speech, pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it.

Simplicity.—It is with our thoughts as with the flowers—those that are simple in expression carry their seed with them; those that are double through richness and pomp charm the mind but produce nothing.—*[illegible]*