The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1889. VOLUME XXXIV. NO. 5.

Fear Not.

Why should I fear to-morrow?
The Lord directs my way.
Why should I trouble borrow?
I live but for to-day.
Whenever I am weary
In God I find my rest,
And when my path seems dreary
I know it's for the best.

Why should I fear to-morrow?
I have a gracious friend
Who knows my every sorrow
And will my cause defend.
I see him near me smiling,
In trial and in joy,
My weary hours beguiling
In his own blest employ.

I will not trouble borrow,
There is a better way,
For when it comes, to-morrow
Will be another day.
Oh give me grace, dear Saviour,
Thy constant love to see!
To-day I seek thy favor,
To-morrow leave with thee.

Female Prophecies.

The April Lippincott says in its "Book Talk." There never was a female prophet." The man who wrote that had better confine his talk to books, and not mention women. Listen to the feminine prophecies—all fulfilled:

"He'll be sorry if he marries that woman."

"Those black stockings won't wash."

"You'll ruin your new stove pipe. It's going to rain."

"If you change your flannels you'll catch cold."

"If dinner isn't ready he'll raise the roof."

"You'd better get a man to do it. You can't put up a stove."

"It's no use planting those seeds in that place. They won't grow."

"If you eat that now before going to bed you won't sleep any to-night."

"Don't do it. You won't get your money back."

"If we haven't anything fit to eat company will come."

"Just so sure as I leave the house something happens."

"Now I will work steady all day and have nothing to show for it."

"That child will be spoiled.

"I told you so?"—Toledo Blade.

Barbarous Tunes.

The history of church music illustrates the proverb. "One extreme begets another." Years ago churches grew so tired of the old slow tunes, that they welcomed those barbarous but quick moving tunes wherein each part seemed to strain for mastery, and there were many suspensions and repetitions of the voices. The author of "Olden-Time Music" quotes from a newspaper of thirty years ago a description of the ludicrous effects produced by this sort of singing:

A verse of the hymn sung by the choir read:

"He careth for the fatherless,
He feeds the hungry poor,
And in the pious he delights."

The tune repeated part of the third line, so that it was sung in this style:

"And in the pi-
And in the pious he delights."

Another hymn had a verse which seemed to make the choir proclaim that they were engaged in hunting a flee:

"And we'll catch the flee-
And we'll catch the flee-
And we'll catch the flee-ting hour."

An old toper full of "John Barleycorn," was staggering home when his attention was attracted by the singing:

"Oh, for a man-
Oh, for a man-
Oh, for a man-sion in the skies."

After the singing had ceased, the drunken fellow leaned himself against a tree and gave the response:

"Oh, for a gal-(hic)
Oh, for a gal-(hic)
Oh, for a gal-(hic)lon of good old rye."

Equal to the refrain—

"Send down sa'-
Send down sal-
Send sal-vation to our hearts."

It is said that a man of poor memory once undertook to sing, "Jesus, my all to heaven is gone," but to the consternation of his hearers and their amusement as well, he rolled out, "Jesus, and all, from heaven is gone."

Misquoted Lines.

It is a peculiar faculty of human memory to misquote proverbs and poetry, and almost invariably to place the credit where it does not belong.

Nine men out of ten think that "the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is from the Bible, whereas Lawrence Sterne is the author. "Pouring oil upon the troubled waters" is also ascribed to the sacred volume, whereas it is not there; in fact, no one knows its origin.

Again, we hear people say: "The proof of the pudding is in chewing the string." This is arrant nonsense, and the proverb says: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof, and not in chewing the string."

Nothing is more common than to hear: "A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinions till." This is an impossible condition of mind, for no one can be convinced of an opinion and at the same time hold to an opposite one. What Butler wrote was eminently sensible: "He that complies against his will, is of his own opinion still."

A famous passage of Scripture is often misquoted thus "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." It should be: "Let him first cast a stone."

Sometimes we are told: "Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth," whereas St. James said: "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth," which is quite a different thing.

"We also hear that "a miss is as good as a mile," which is not as sensible or forcible as the true proverb: "A miss of an inch is as good as a mile."

"Look before you leap" should be: "And look before you ere you leap."

Pope is generally credited with having written, "Immodest words admit of no defense, for want of decency is want of sense." They were written by the Earl of Roscommon, who died before Pope was born.

Parental Responsibility.

The duty of training children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord is one which the Bible lays upon the shoulders of parents. And this duty is supreme because fraught with temporal and eternal consequence. What is so important as to train children to be honest, to be God-fearing, to be law-abiding and neighbor-loving? Set before your mind a noble model and train your children to it. When an artist wishes to cut in marble a beautiful figure, he first gets an ideal model and works up to it. This practice may apply well to parents. Think what you would have your child be when grown and try to mould him to that ideal while he is growing. Would you have him be a man of deep piety? Then teach him the elementary principles of godliness. Would you have him be a man of intelligence? Then strive to give him a good education. Would you have him be a man of benevolence? Then train him to the habit of cheerful giving. You are the potter, he dlastic clay; mould him right.

Think what faithful mothers have done in shaping the future greatness of their children. Some writer says that Mrs. Wesley was the mother of Methodism, because she planted in the young mind of her son, John Wesley, the great principles which made him the founder of Methodism. The shining piety of Phillip Doddridge began at his mother's lap. The hand that rocks the cradle shapes the world. When a child opens his eyes in this world he finds it moving along under certain influences, which influences fall upon his soft nature and shape it accordingly. What power has he to resist the mould into which his native environments press his yielding mind and heart; Can the clay say unto the potter, what doest thou? Has not the potter of home and neighborhood influences the *power* to make one vessel into honor and another to dishonor? God is the potter in making man a being of an intellectual any moral nature, but parents are the potters to shape their characters, on which eternal destiny hangs.

Some Fatherly Advice.

[The following appears at the close of the proceedings of the "Lime Kiln Club," and is good enough to be given a place on this page.—EDITOR.]

"Ar' brudder Lightfoot in de hall dis evenin' ?" asked the President as he looked anxiously around.

"Yes, sah," answered the brother as he bobbed up with energy and dispatch.

"Please step dis way, sah. Brudder Lightfoot, I understands dat you has lately been callin' yo'self purfessor."

"Yes, sah. I plays on de fiddle."

"Oh; dat's it? You has also wearin' sumfin high collars."

"Yes, sah."

"Got good clothes?"

"Yes, sah."

"Takin' 'bout rentin' a box in de pos' offis, I h'ar?"

"Yes, sah."

"An' you is smokin' reg'lar cigars?"

"Yes, sah."

"Ar' dat a diman you has on?"

"N-quite, sah."

"An' dat watch chain all gold?"

"N-not all, sah."

"Now, brudder Lightfoot, look-a-yere. You is behind in your rent, head ober heels in debt, an' your chil'en hain't got shoes to go to school. I hear of you loafin' 'bout saloons an' standin' on de co'ners. I'm gwine to gin you jist one week to drap dat purfessor bizness an' hunt fur a job. If you do it, well an' good. If you doan' do it dis club kin dispense wid your presence. A purfessor ar' all right when he purfesses, but a purfessor who saws a fiddle fur beer while his wife rubs a wash-board for grub, am about de moas' onery critter on airth. De metin' am now disjourned."

Intelligent Crows.

You have often seen a great black crow. I will tell you some stories about them. They are great thieves and they are very smart. They say that a crow can count three and can count no more. This is how they found that out:

A man lost a great deal of corn from his fields, the crows having stolen it. He went out there and waited all day trying to get a chance to shoot them, but they would not come. Then he took another man out with him, and they two stayed there a long time, and after a while one of them went away, but the crows would not come down. Then he took three men with him, and after a while the three went away; and the crows came back and he shot as many as he wanted to. That seemed to show that the crows could count three but they could not count four.

Here is the story of a very tantalizing crow:

Engineer Jack Ellis, of Williamsport, Pa., has a very large and wise crow. He is two feet long from the tip of his beak to the tip of his tail feathers, and is a scientific thief. A shepherd dog, chained to a kennel in the yard, is one of his worst victims. Whenever he sees the dog gnawing a bone he sneaks up behind him and grabs him by the tail; the sudden attack causes the dog to quickly wheel about to find out what's there, but the crow holds on, and goes around with the tail to where the coveted bone is, snatches it up, and in an instant is out of the reach of the angry animal.

The Bewitched Hen.

In the first quarter of this century a party of travelers was journeying down the Missouri on a flatboat. The river was covered with floating ice, and provisions were scarce, but the men were young, possessed of much more wit than money, and able to extract plenty of fun out of the danger and privation.

One evening two of them, a schoolteacher and a Frenchman, whose occupation nobody could discover, went ashore to buy provisions at a farmhouse. The teacher offered half a dollar to the farmer's wife for a motherly old hen that was scratching about the yard. She refused with a torrent of abuse.

His comrade, who was lounging over the gate, whispered, "Offer another bit."

"Five bits!" said the teacher.

The woman hesitated, when, to her amazement, the hen squeaked out:

"I'm not worth it! I'm four years old! I'm not worth it!"

The teacher started back in dismay; the farmer's wife, regaining her courage, chased the hen, and caught it up in her arms.

"Take two bits! It's all I'm worth!" it said flapping wildly in her arms.

She ran, pale with terror, to the Frenchman, and put it in his hands, screaming out: "Take it away! It's bewitched!"

The young men threw the money back to her, and carried off the hen.

Many years afterward, among the crowd in the east room of the White House which attended one of the receptions of President Fillmore, was the kindly old Signor Blitz, well known to all the children of the Eastern States as a ventriloquist. When he was introduced to the President, the two men looked at each other a moment, and then burst into a laugh.

"You never thought to see me here," said Mr. Fillmore. "Now, for the first time, I understand the mystery of the old hen!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A Word to the Boys.

If we are to have drunkards in the future some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am now writing, and I ask you if you want to be one of them? No, of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow. It never failed, it will never fail: and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it probably will come in this way: You will find yourself some time with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me!" Or will you take the glass, with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draugth bitter, and with a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies foir tself, and will keep doing so during all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

Dr. J. G. Holland

Destroying Typhoid Germs.

Typhoid fever is usually communicated through the discharges of typhoid fever patients. The germs of the disease find their way to wells, water-courses, and other sources of water supply, and thus other persons become infected. This means of spreading the disease would be wholly checked if the discharges of every typhoid fever patient were properly and thoroughly disinfected. A saturated solution of copperas, or sulphate of zinc, will probably destroy the germs of typhoid, but there are other more positive means of disinfection. We will mention two, as among the most valuable:

A solution of two drams of corrosive sublimate to the gallon of water will destroy all known germs. The objection to this disinfectant is that it is so poisonous that children, or others, are likely to be killed, by accidently swallowing even a very small portion of the solution.

Another and perfectly safe method which, by recent experiments, has been shown to be thoroughly effective, is the application of boiling water to the infectious discharges. Careful experiments show that the addition to the infectious material of four times its volume of boiling water will effectually destroy the typhoid germs.

This fact is well worth knowing, as boiling water can always be procured, while other disinfectants are not in every case immediately accessible.

[*Good Health.*

A Full Surrender.

A beautiful and expressive statement of true religious faith is found in Dr. Wheedon's comments on the sixth chapter of Romans. "The Christian faith," says he, "in its very essence and act, is an utter abandonment of sin, and a most entire and perfect self-surrender to holiness: that is, a self-surrender to Christ, who is the complete embodiment of perfect goodness." The person, therefore, who does not practice "an utter abandonment of sin," does not possess the "Christian faith" at all. Nor can he claim it until he adds to "an utter adandonment of sin," "a most entire and perfect self-surrender to holiness." This is no over statement of truth; for no penitent ever reached the experience of pardon until his abandonment of sin was "utter," and his self-surrender to holiness or Christ was "most entire and perfect." "Here, Lord, I give myself to thee," an expression embodying this "utter renunciation" and "self-surrender," has become stereotyped in the church's instruction to penitents; and a gracious state must be retained upon the same conditions. Now the mass of church members today do not claim that they have utterly abandoned sin of every form, and they take some pains to disclaim a "most entire and perfect self-surrender to holiness." They have made the doctrines, precepts and examples of the New Testament church "of none effect through their tradition," or substituting their own notions for the teachings of their churches and of Christ.

As heavenly mindedness, and not good works, constitutes the saint's passport to the heavenly world, so carnally mindedness forms the weight that sinks the sinner to the pains and sorrows of endless despair. Hence no true Christian will foster any sinful disposition by indulgence, but will ardently seek the elimination and removal of all depravity from his nature, and will zealously aspire to a taste of spiritual affinities and heavenly relishes suited to associations with angels and glorified saints. It is, therefore, one of the fearful omens of these times, that such a body of professed believers, in spite of the the feachings of their churches and their Bibles, will insist that they can voluntarily "make crooked paths," leave undone what they know they ought to do, and do what they know they ought not to do, yet insisting that they are pardoned, regenerated and adopted into the Divine family. The Lord break the delusion. Amen.

AMATEUR DRAMATICS.—Amateur dramatics, to please the world and put money in the purse of the church, silence the testimony of the pulpit against the stage, and even promote the interest of the theatre. The theatre has always been a school of immorality, from the time when the Creeks sang and danced around their wine-god Bacchus until now; and these performances are training schools for the play-house. A young man who had been employed in a Brooklyn theatre told me that he received his first training and taste for the stage in Sunday-school concerts. We can only present a little rude dramatic art, which whets the appetite for the real thing, breaks down barriers, and swells the throng of saints and sinners at the opera and the theatre. The church-theatre trains for the world-theatre. Indeed professionals are sometimes employed and books are printed by religious societies to promote this bastard business.

To clean copper rub it well with a cloth dipped in coal oil.

Proof-Reading.

If the readers of the newspapers understood one-half the difficulty in procuring accuracy, instead of wondering and scolding at mistakes, they would be surprised that there are not many more. How few persons appreciate the services of a proof-reader! He is one of the most important agents in the production of a correct literature, and the one of whom no reader thinks. His is one of the most thankless of all employments among men. Let him bring out paper without a fault for weeks and weeks in succession, and no body thinks of him; but let him allow an error to go uncorrected, and immediately he is known only to be censured. He has no thanks for his laborious patience, but is blamed if he be not faultless. He is certain of one of two things—forgetfulness or censure. In general, human life is much after this fashion. A man goes on through years of blameless living, and no one notices or thanks him; but an error, a mistake, a slip, will attract to him the attention of censure. None but God knows what struggles, what carefulness, what watchfulness, have been necessary to secure the prosperity which has marked his course for years; nor what circumstances of trial created the weakness which caused him to let go his hold for a moment. "God is not unmindful," is the blessed assurance of holy Scripture. Let us take he "proof" of last year, and correct for the new edition of the next. Let us be "pitiful" and forbearing toward the fault of others.

"What's done, we partly may compute,
But know no what's resisted."

Winning a Soul.

A workingman came to live in London, having obtained work of permanent kind. From his youth he had been accustomed to attend a place of worship. Not yet a Christian, he still loved the house of prayer, and resolved not to neglect it. Accordingly, on the first Sunday morning he went off in search of a place of worship, and having seen one with open doors, he went in, and, as no one was about, he took a seat in one of the pews. Just as the service began a pew-owner told him he could not sit where he was, and did so in such a manner that he left the building in disgust. After a Sunday or two he ventnred into another sanctuary, and the same thing happened. An interval of abstention followed, and then for a third time he went within the sacred precincts, and, alas! a third time he was turned out of his sitting. For twenty years he ceased to attend any place of worship, and then a curious thing came to pass.

It was on this wise. His child attended the Sunday school of a popular preacher, and what she said made him resolve to try for a seat once more.

"In time we see the craggy drops
The craggy stones make soft;
The slowest snail in time we see
Doth creep and climb aloft."

And he, after twenty years, would try again. This was what happened. He entered the beautiful chapel, and to my knowledge the chapel stewards here are alert, polite, resourceful men, one of them remarkably so. Well, for a moment he was absesnt from his post, and the poor man sat down in the end seat—no pew doors on them—and in the seat of a very cantankerous person! The steward, glancing along the aisle, saw the poor man had poached on a very strictly preserved seat, but he resolved not to disturb him. No, he watched the owner of that sitting, arrested his steps in his gentle way, begged him not to disturb the poor wayfarer, and managed to pilot him into another seat. It was a great feat of Christian diplomacy, and had its reward. That poor wayfaring man is now a member of the church, and I heard the happy chapel steward tell the story.

Let us Help One Another

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped in every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced not only in every household but througout the whole world. By helping one another we not only remove the thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts knowing that we are doing a duty to our fellow creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, a kind voice whispering: "Don't be discouraged; I see your trouble; let me help you!" What strength is inspired! What hope created! What sweet gratitude is felt! And the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen the weak; and lift the burden of care from the weary and oppressed that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and he whose willing hand is ever willing to help us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters."

Solid Sense.

Every time I tell the truth I add to my strength of character.

Every time I oppress a servant I am guilty of sinning against God.

Every time I spend a dollar foolishly I am opening a pauper's grave.

Every time I pay rent I am taking that much away from a home of my own.

Every time I buy an article I am encouraging the manufacture or the producer.

Every time I refrain from speaking in defense of a friend I prove that I am not a friend.

Every time I speak a kind word I am adding a brick to my temple of manhood.

Every time I pay a debt I am doing right and helping to put money in circulation.

Every time I refuse to do a favor when I can as well as not, I prove that I am growing meaner.

Every time I speak cross and impetuously I am weakening my nerve power, and adding to the misery of some one.

How many men are called supercilious because they are timid, ill-mannered because they are shy, ill-natured because they love their fellows too well not to seek to benefit them at their own cost? How many again are pronounced generous because they are selfish, wish because they have stolen other men's ideas, and able because they have placed themselves under other men's conduct?

John Bright's Appeal Against War.

The following is a passage from one of the speeches of the late John Bright in opposition to the English participation in the Crimean war:

"I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born was slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the no ble the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal."

Teachers a Pattern for Their Scholars.

While we may be slow to acknowledge it, we are their patterns as well. They imitate us at home—our ways, our words—array their little brothers and sisters or friends and their dolls before them, and calling themselves by our names tell what we have told to them, and as nearly as possible, assume our manner. Would it be quite safe for them to follow us as we follow Christ?

Just here I am reminded of a little anecdote I met with many years ago. A lady who had presented each of her house-maids with a pair of her cast-off slippers found on her mantel a slip of paper with these lines inscribed upon it:

"How careful should our mistress be
The narrow path to choose,
When all the maids within her house
Are walking in her shoes!"

The application is obvious. The Lord then is saying, "Bring, lead these children to me." Are you doing this? Are you? Am I? This is a solemn question; let us ask it of ourselves, here, now, and on our knees before God.

Herald of Peace.

DR NOTT.

One of the resolutions of the forty-six Workingmen's Societies of Italy at the Milan meeting wisely raises the question, "Who furnish the chief proportion of the young men, who, by serving in the army, have to offer themselves as food for cannon? It is we—always we. Therefore if we, the workingmen, have to pay, with our money and our blood, for this iniquity of war, it devolves upon us also to cry out to the rulers of nations, 'We protest against war. We abhor the divisions which it creates between kindred peoples, peoples who only wish to live in peace with each other.' Our real enemies, those which we are called upon to fight against, are ignorance, injustice, and misery."

If the working classes of all the nations of Europe will seriously and generally take up and act upon the course thus suggested, they will be able effectually to restrain the disastrous military influences of courts and camps.

NEW YORK HERALD.

Foreign Words in Sermons.

(Cumberland Presbyterian.)

Some one has said, "The cheaper the hotel, the more French there is on the bill of fare." The same remark may be made about sermons—the poorer they are, the more foreign words they contain. The best evidence you can have that a preacher is a learned dunce is his use of Greek and Hebrew in his sermons. It is still true that it is better to speak five words with the understanding than ten thousands words in an unknown tongue. Greek and Latin have their place, but that place is not the pulpit. The minister has no more use for them than a doctor has for his *materia medica* in the sick room. Talk to the people in their own language, and not in the language of theology or philosophy or science.

PROPER TIME FOR MILKING.—The question is often asked, "How many times should a cow be milked daily?" United States Dairyman replies: "As a rule, and with ordinary cows, twice milking suffices, and it is as often as it can be profitably done in conjunction with other farm work. But there are extraordinary cows that ought to be milked three times a day—once every eight hours. This would not only be profitable, but add greatly to the cow's comfort. It would also stimulate nature to an increased flow of milk to meet the extra demand. There would therefore be a greater quantity of milk. The quantity would also be improved, or rather, the milk would not be so of the fats after it is secreted. Repeatmuch impoverished by the absorption ed experiments show that the longer the interval between milkings the poorer the milk. If milked as fast as secreted there is reason to believe it would all be 'stripping.'"

In relation to New Jersey and North Carolina, Barnabas C. Hobbs says: "Robert Barclay and other Friends associated with him in the government of New Jersey maintained these principles, and that colony was kept in peace; and John Archdale, of North Carolina, gave the people a constitution that brought peace to that State; and the blessing of that constitution in North Carolina are there to-day, and in Tennessee, and have kept the people in a peculiar condition, so that in the late rebellion, North Carolina and Tennessee were the last to go out of the Union, and when the war closed up, with General Johnson's army on one side, and Sherman's on the other, it left North Carolina Yearly Meeting right between them; showing that the Lord still had his wing over that people that were holding up the principles of peace. It was a most remarkable thing in connection with our late war."

Learn to be one man; that is, learn to live and act alike, for while we act from contrary principles, sometimes give, and sometimes defraud; sometimes love, and sometimes betray; sometimes are devout, and sometimes careless of God, this is to be two men, which is a foolish aim, and always ends in a loss of pains. No! says wise Epictetus; learn to be one man; thou mayest be a good man, or thou mayest be a bad man, and that to the purpose; but it is impossible that thou shouldst be both. And here the Philosopher had the happiness to fall in exactly with the notion of the text:—Ye cannot serve two masters.

A coal dealer in the suburbs was called upon at his office by a poor, hard-working woman, and requested to send a basket of coal to her home. "We do not deliver so small a quantity," was the merchant's reply. "It is our invariable rule never to deliver less than a quarter of a ton." "But I cannot pay for so much," was the pitiful confession, "and I have left my little children at home in a fireless room. What am I to do?" "Well," returned the dealer, a kindlier light beaming in his eye, "I cannot depart from my rules as to the quantity." Then turning to his clerk he continued: "John, have a quarter of a ton of coal sent to the woman's address as soon as possible." "But I cannot pay for so much," she expostulated. "I already understand that you can't, so I will charge it to the children. Give yourself no more uneasiness about the debt. Good-morning."

The best legacy you can leave your children is the memory of a happy home, of pious living, of godly admonition. Careful observers testify that to at least three-fourths of the inheritors of large fortunes, their wealth proves a curse and not a blessing. If they that "make haste to be rich" are endangered by reason of the snares and pitfalls that lay in wait for them, how much greater the danger of those who immediately came into the possession of great riches. Teach your sons and daughters that idleness is a crime; that it is better to lay up treasures above; to invest in heavenly securities; that gold and silver belong unto the Lord, and they are but his steward; but if riches increase they are not to set their affections upon them; that a good name is infinitely more valuable than diamonds, and, that more to be desired than riches, is a pure life, a hope of immortality, and a conscience void of offence toward God and man.

DO IT NOW.—"I read once of a boy," says some one in the *Presbyterian Banner*, "who drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have the doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with the boy. But there the fact was; he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languidly, and his mother was distressed. The doctor was nonplussed.

"'What does your son do? Has he any work?'

"'No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring. But that he dreads all day long, and does not bring it until just before dark.'

"'Have him bring it the first thing in the morning,' was the doctor's prescription.

"The mother tried it, and the boy got well.

"'Putting it off made the job prey on the boy's mind. 'Doing it now' relieved him."

A touching story is told of the late Prince Napoleon. He had joined the English army, and was one day at the head of a squad riding horseback outside of the camp. It was a dangerous situation. One of the company said: "We had better return. If we don't hasten, we may fall into the hands of the enemy."

"Oh," said the prince, "let us stay here ten minutes, and drink our coffee."

Before the ten minutes had passed, a company of Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish the prince lost his life. His mother, when she was informed of the facts, in her anguish, said:

"That was his great mistake from his babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to arise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak, he would lift up his too little hands and spread out his ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes more. On this account I sometimes called him 'Monsieur Ten Minutes.'"

The good old minister of Blairmally in no stickler for etiquette, and likes his visits to the members of his flock to be as informal and as homely as possible: but he has a great regard for truth, and is invariably down on those whom he detects in any deviation therefrom. Recently calling unexpectedly on a widow who lived in a cottage on the outskirts of the village, he surprised her in the midst of washing a lot of clothes. She hurriedly hid behind the clotheshorse, and told her little boy to say that she was out. The visitor knocked at the door. "Well, Jamie," he said, "and where's your mother?" "My mother's no' in; she's doon the street on a message," replied the lad, with promptness. "Indeed." replied the minister, with a glance at the bottom of the screen, "well, tell her I called; and say, that the next time she goes down to the village she might *take her feet with her.*"

If my opinion will be of any use, I give it most cheerfully in favor of making the Bible a text-book in the school, the academy, the college, and the university. To say nothing of its literature, which, in my judgment, is unrivalled; it contains not only the purest system of morals, but the soundest maxims of political economy, and the most exact delineations of human nature to be found on earth. There is more in it to make a man *great* as well as *good*, than there is in any other volume. Men cannot be well educated without the Bible. It ought, therefore, to hold the chief place in every institu tion of learning throughout Christendom; and I do not know of a higher service that could be rendered to this republic, than the bringing about this desirable result.

A grand banquet was given at Rome a few days ago in honor of the great Catholic University founded at our National Capital by the munificent donation of Miss Caldwell. One remark made by Bishop Keane on the occasion was significant. He said "that while the Pope was pastor of the universal church, and loved the entire flock with a father's heart, he loved America with special affection, because in New World he recognized the special work of God's providence, where perfect liberty was granted to the church in her spiritual work, though it was refused to her in so many countries of the Old World." If it had not been for the assistance which Providence gave to Protestantism in the great struggle for possession of the New World, there would be no more liberty here for Catholicism than there is in the European nations which it has helped to keep in bondage.

Appropriate Dishes,

The tailor—Roast goose.
Builder—Plum-pudding.
Druggist—"Pizin" things.
Base-ball man—Fowl.
Carpenter—Plane food.
Stock-raiser—Bred.
Printer—"Pi."
Actor—Supe.
Singer—Oyster Patti.
Quaker—Peas.
Prisoner—Cell-ery.
Acrobat—Turn-ups.
Smoker—Pipe plant.
Real-estate man—Coffee-grounds.
Dry goods clerk—Flannel cakes.
Public speaker—Toast.
Funny man—Chestnuts.

FRANKLIN'S FAMOUS TOAST.—Ben Franklin was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen, when one of them said: "Here are the nationalities represented; I am French, and my friend there is English, and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let us each propose a toast.

It was agreed to, and the Englishman's turn came first. He arose, and in the tone of a Briton bold, said:

"Here goes to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all nations of the earth."

The Frenchman was rather taken back at this, but he proposed:

"Here's to France, the moon, whose magnetic rays move the tides of the world."

Our Ben then arose with his air of quaint modesty and said:

"Here's to George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they stood still."

WHOSE FAULT?—In a famous ecclesiastical trial in Virginia, a number of years ago, it was said by some one that the preaching of the party on trial "had no more effect than pouring water on a duck's back."

Quick as a flash, the reply came, "Is that the fault of the water, or the duck?"

There is food for thonght in that home thrust; and so let us all go to church, next Sunday, praying for the preacher, and asking God to "open our hearts," as he did the heart of Lydia, that we may "attend unto the things that are spoken."

In great straits, it is natural, seeking every soul knows its own bitterness, to believe its trials peculiar. Were they not beyond the relief of human assistance, they would not answer the purpose of impelling the tired mind to its Maker for help. But hear the great apostle: "There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted about that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

Let the world see, by your heavenly lives, that religion is something more than opinions, or a task of outward duties.

The daughters of Henry W. Longfellow tell the story of a remarkable request once sent to their father. Mr. Longfellow, as is well known, was a very kindhearted, generous man, and when he received a letter from a young woman in a distant part of the country, who said she wanted a piano, and felt sure that Mr. Longfellow would be glad to encourage youthful talent and send her one, the family were really afraid that he would respond; but he decided not to do so, on the ground that a girl who was so lacking in delicacy and self-respect could not appreciate music.—*Boston Gazette.*

The *Christain Register* says: "You may break, you may shatter the 'vase' if you will, but the various ways of pronouncing it, according to locality, will cling around it still."

If you "place"
Call it vase;
English laws
Make it vaws;
With some it has
The sound of vas;
For the sake of rest
We suggest
Change of base—
Call it vase.

ANOTHER EGG TEST.—Here is a very simple test which the French use for telling whether eggs are fresh or not. Dissolve two ounces of salt in a pint of water. When a fresh-laid egg is placed in this solution it will descend to the bottom. If the egg be three days old it will float in the liquid, and if more than that age it will float on the surface, projecting above the latter more and more as it happens to be lighter with increased age.

The sweeping tempest and the beating surge teach the mariner to prize the haven where undisturbed repose awaits his arrival. In like manner afflictions, crosses, anxieties, teach us to long for those happy mansions where all tears will be wiped away, and nothing, nothing subsist, but the "fullness oi joy and pleasurer for evermore."

He who desires to become a spiritual man must not be ever taking note of others, and, above all, of their sins, lest he fall into wrath and bitterness, and a judging spirit towards his neighbors. O children this works such great mischief in a man's soul as it is miserable to think of; wherefore, as you love God, shun this evil temper, and turn your eyes full upon yourselves, and see if you cannot discover the same fault in yourselves, either in times past or nowadays.

I know no better augury of a young man 's future than true filial devotion. Very rarely does one go morally wrong whose passionate love to his mother is a ruling force in his life, and whose continual desire is to gladden her heart. Depend upon it next to the love of God, this is the nobleet emotion. I do not remember a single instance of a young fellow going to the bad who was tenderly devoted to his parents.

From mere thoughtlessness the finer graces often vanish from our homes. It is not enough that we be truthful, honest, industrious. If we would deliver ourselves with best effect upon those with whome we come into daily contact, we must also be gentle, kind, and courteous. In the family circle, above all places on earth, the spirit of pure, thoughtful, unselfish love must display itself.

A friend says: "I wonder if it is generally known what a wonderfully soothing effect rubbing or stroking the sole of the foot has in that terrible nervous uneasiness that many invalids suffer from? It also will oftentimes prove of great relief in severe nervous headaches. Only try it, and you will find the relief wonderful."