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ADVERTISING RATES.

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Poetry.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

The following parody on Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" is based upon the statement made by Dr. Cantine that, at a large religious meeting, he once attended, he actually counted six hundred people asleep: O'er their devoted heads While the law thunder'd, Stately and headless, Snored the six hundred. Great was the preacher's theme: Seren'd on was all the steam; Neither with shout nor scream Could he disturb the dream Of the six hundred. Terrors to the right of them, Terrors to the left of them, Terrors in front of them— "Hail, their president!" For e'er the truth to tell— Neither for heaven nor hell: Snored the six hundred. Still, with redoubled zeal, Still he spoke onward, And, in a wild appeal, Striking with hand and heel— Making the pulpit feel, Shaken and thunder'd— Called them the church's foes: Threatened with endless woes. "Volley'd and thunder'd!" (Proof of their sweet repose) From the united noise Of the six hundred. Summon of near an hour, Too much for human power; Prayers, too, made to match (Extemporaneous) both; Woefully blunder'd; With a service of music Fit to turn every pew sick— "Should he be wonder'd?" Churches that will not move Out of the ancient groove Through which they have slouder'd, If they would lag behind, Still must expect to find Heavers of such a kind As the six hundred.

Selected Story.

THE STORY OF THE GUN.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four-pounder, had got loose. This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail. A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seizes; meditates; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering-ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty. One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce, obscure retribution; nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate. The main mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the ax, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl abruptly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it? You can make a mastiff leap reason, astound a bull, fascinate a fox, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster, a cannon left loose. You can not kill it—it is dead; at the same time it lives. It lives with sinister life bestowed on it by Infinity. The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it, hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stare out on the vessel. How divide its awful gy-

ration! One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak has lightning imprisoned in its womb which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake. In an instant the whole crew were on foot; the fault was the chief gunner's; he had neglected to fix home the screw nut of the mooring-chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had been broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about. Conceivably, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass. At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glancing off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed toward the ladder—the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew accustomed to laugh in battle trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible. Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended. It was their passenger, the peasant, the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before. When he reached the foot of the ladder he stood still. The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine lantern oscillating from the ceiling added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom. It kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water-line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the frame-work; the solid tie beams resisted, their curved form giving them great strength, but they created ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of appalling ubiquity, striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The four wheels passed and repassed above the dead men, cut, carved and slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling damaged in several places, began to gap. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult. The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck every thing which could be taken and checked the mad rush of the gun—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and bales of false assignments. But what could these rags avail? No one dared to ascend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the gun upside down, and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation increased. There were gashes and even fractures in the masts, which, imbedded in the wood-work of the keel, pierced the decks of ships like great round pillars. The mizen-mast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water. The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward. Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable. They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster—a decision must be made—but how? What a combatant—this cannon! They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunder-bolt. Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville, "Do you believe in God, chevalier?" La Vieuville replied, "Yes. No. Sometimes." "In a tempest?" "Yes and in moments like this." "Only God can aid us here," said Boisberthelot. All were silent—the cannon kept up its horrible fracas. The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating. Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe, the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident—the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the catastrophe, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck. Then a strange combat began; a Titanic strife—the struggle of the gun against the gunner, a battle between matter and intelligence, a duel between the inanimate and the human. The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited. He waited for the cannon to pass near him. The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog. "Come," said he. Perhaps he loved it. He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him. But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question.—All stared in terrified silence. Not a breath expired freely, except, perchance, that of the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second. He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir. Beneath them, the blind sea directed the battle. At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied. "Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock. The struggle began—struggle unheeded of the fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul. The whole passed in a half-light.

It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle. A soul—strange thing; but you would have said that the cannon had one also—a soul filled with rage and hatred. This blindness appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was one might have fancied so at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It became some gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then fall back on its four claws, and dart anew on the man. He—supple, agile, adroit—would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc. An end of broken chain remained attached to the cannonade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech-button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun, and added to the danger of its blows. The screw held it like a clinched hand, and the chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon—a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle. Nevertheless the man fought.— Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless. Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end!" and it passed. One felt the approach of the crisis. The cannon, as if in suspense, appeared to have, or had—because it seemed to all a sentient being—a furious premeditation. It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard; then seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped. Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then as if blind, and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the planks of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching. The gunner held his hands in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost.— The crew uttered a simultaneous cry. But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignments, and at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped. It staggered. The man, using the bar as lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong, and passed the slipping noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster. It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pigmy had taken the thunder-bolt prisoner. The marines and sailors clapped their hands. The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed. The gunner saluted the passenger. The old man had resumed his impassable attitude, and did not reply. "Sir," he said to him, "you have saved my life." The man had conquered, but one might say that the cannon had conquered also. Immediate

shipwreck had been avoided, but the corvette was by no means saved. The dilapidation of the vessel seemed irremediable. The sides had five breaches, one of which, very large, was in the bow. Out of the thirty carronades, twenty lay useless in their frames. The carronade which had been captured and recharged was itself disabled; the screw of the breech-button was forced, and the leveling of the piece impossible in consequence. The battery was reduced to nine pieces. The hold had sprung a leak. It was necessary at once to repair the damages and set the pumps to work. The gun-deck, now that one had time to look about it, offered a terrible spectacle. The interior of a mad elephant's cage could not have been more completely dismantled. However great the necessity that the corvette should escape observation, a still more imperative necessity presented itself—immediate safety. It had been necessary to light up the deck by lanterns placed here and there along the sides. But during this whole time this tragic diversion had lasted the crew was so absorbed by the one question of life or death that they noticed little what was passing outside the scene of the duel. The fog had thickened; the weather had changed; the wind had driven the vessel at will; it had got out of its route, in plain sight of Jersey and Guernsey, farther to the south than it ought to have gone, and was surrounded by a troubled sea. The great waves kissed the gaping wounds of the corvette—kisses full of peril. The sea rocked her menacingly. The breeze became a gale. A squall, a tempest perhaps, threatened. It was impossible to see before one four ears' length. While the crew were repairing summarily and in haste the ravages of the gun deck, stopping the leaks and putting back into position the guns which had escaped disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck. He stood with his back against the mainmast. He had paid no attention to a proceeding which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier La Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on either side of the mainmast, and at the whistle of the boatswain the sailors busy in the rigging stood upright on the yards. Count du Boisberthelot advanced toward the passenger. Behind the captain marched a man haggard, breathless, his dress in disorder, yet wearing a satisfied look under it all. It was the gunner who had just now so opportunely shown himself a tamer of monsters and who had got the better of the cannon. The count made a military salute to the unknown in pleasant garb, and said to him "General, here is the man." The gunner held himself erect, his eyes downcast, standing in a soldierly attitude. Count du Boisberthelot continued: "General, taking into consideration what this man has done, do you not think there is something for his commanders to do?" "I think there is," replied the old man. "Be good enough to give the orders," returned Boisberthelot. "It is for you to give them.—You are the captain." "But you are the general," answered Boisberthelot. The old man looked at the gunner. "Approach," said he. The gunner moved forward a step. The old man turned toward Count du Boisberthelot, detached the cross of Saint Louis from the captain's uniform, and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner. "Hurrah!" cried the sailors. The marines presented arms.—The old passenger, pointing with his finger toward the bewildered gunner, added, "Now let that man be shot." Stupor succeeded the applause. Then in the midst of a silence like that of the tomb, the old man raised his voice. He said: "A negligence has endangered this ship. At this moment she is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to face the enemy. A vessel at open sea is an army which gives battle. The tempest conceals, but does not absent itself. The whole sea is an ambuscade. Death is the penalty of any fault committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage ought to be rewarded, and negligence punished." These words fell one after the other slowly, and solemnly, with

edge to anything good under the sun, and you turn with eagerness to the gentler nature that, though not so sparkling perhaps, is more just and may be as witty. It is a singular fact that many who write easily cannot converse with pleasure either to themselves or to their listeners. Give them pen, ink and paper, and their thoughts flow rapidly; just, quip and repartee, gush with a delicious freedom; memory throws upon her well lined chambers, and calls out every radiant gem that will enhance the beauty of the subject they are handling. Fancy, like a willing hand maid, stands on the *quai vive*, to throw in all the bright sparkles needed—reason, by her solid beauties, is at her side eager to do duty, and wit will guide the pen. But place the same persons in company, and nine times out of ten, all these faculties play them false, and they stammer and stammer through some disconnected unmeaning or silly speech, whose obscurity brings the blush to their cheek as they think it over afterwards. Coleridge, one of the most noted conversationalists, or rather monologists of the literary world, is said to have almost lost the ability to write well, before the development of his grand conversational powers, and after they were so strongly marked he wrote little or nothing. The persons who can listen well, and yet who can offer ready suggestions throwing in here and there a remark that will bring out all the capability of those around, are often deemed interesting talkers, when in reality they possess of drawing out the powers of those with whom they are in contact; and they are generally popular, for every one who can talk at all, likes a good listener. A close reading of good authors, an apt memory, a graceful ease in bringing in a happy quotation, an observant eye, quick to catch what may be passing around, and travel, constitute all the ingredients necessary to make a really brilliant conversationalist.— Though one may be eloquent with all these elements, no one can converse well who has not thought thoroughly upon some subject. The mind must be trained to analyze, decompose and reconstruct, and then the language with which the thought is clothed will be eloquence. Conversation can be, and should be, cultivated as an art. Like any other accomplishment, it can be acquired with more or less trouble, according to the natural capacity for it; and like reading aloud with expression and ease, it is something that cannot cost too much trouble in its acquirement. These two stand at the topmost round of the ladder of elegant accomplishments, for music itself must yield the palm to them. Some converse freely with all alike; others cannot talk well without congenial spirits around—like the fire in the flint, it must be struck with antagonistic steel, to flash; but these talkers are often the most witty and original, and when once in full vein, are well worth listening to. In reading, that it may be of service in conversation, do not read as a pastime, but reflect and digest thoroughly the idea the author wishes to inculcate, and weigh its merit; compare it with other writers on the same subject, and do not fear to read and re-read; then put your thoughts up in it in words, and speak them to some friendly critic. In this manner, you will acquire the art of conversation. [See *Coleridge Times*.]

THE ART OF NOT HEARING.— The art of not hearing is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much time and money are expended. Some people feel so very anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them, they set about searching it out. If all the petty things said of one by the heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whose petition you have rejected; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from not a little apparent condescension in disagreeable conversation.—*Exchange*.

NEWSPAPER PATRONAGE.— We copy the following from the *Selma Times*, but we hope nobly will have the hardihood to say we endorse it: There appears to be many different ways of understanding the true meaning of newspaper patronage, as it is called, and as an interested party, we give place to a disquisition on the subject, by one who knows whereof he speaks. It will serve, perhaps, as a mirror in which certain parties may see themselves as others see them. Many long and weary years of experience in the publishing business has forced the conviction upon us that newspaper patronage is a word of many definitions, and that a great majority of mankind are either ignorant of the correct definition, or are dishonest, in a strict biblical sense of the word. Newspaper patronage is composed of as many colors as the rainbow, and as changeable as a chameleon. One man comes in and subscribes for a paper, and pays for it in advance, and goes home and reads it, with the proud satisfaction that it is his. He hands in his advertisement, asks the price, pays for it, goes to his place of business, and reads the advantages thereof. This is patronage. Another man asks you to send him the paper and goes off without saying a word about the pay. Time passes on, and you are in need of money, and ask him to pay the sum he owes you. He flies into a passion, perhaps pays, perhaps not, and orders his paper stopped. This is called patronage. Another man has your paper for a long time, and becomes tired of you and wants a change. Think he will have another paper. But he don't pay; oh, no! he has to keep your money to buy another paper. Pay comes when you see him. Such may be called newspaper patronage. One man brings in a fifty cent advertisement and wants a two dollar pay throw in, and when you decline, he goes off mad. Even this may be called newspaper patronage. Another man don't take your paper—it is too high priced—but he borrows regularly and reads it. And that could be called newspaper patronage. One man likes the paper; he takes a copy and pays for it, and gets his friend to do the same; he is not always grumbling to you or others, but has a friendly word.— If an accident occurs in his section, he informs the editor. This is newspaper patronage. Another man has taken the paper several years, but has not paid for it, and in he comes with an advertisement which he wants inserted free, because he is "an old patron." This is called patronage. One hands you a marriage or other notice, and asks for extra copies of the paper containing it, and when you ask him to pay for the papers, he looks surprised— you surely don't take pay for such small matters. That is called newspaper patronage. One man, it is good to see such, comes in and says, "The year for which I paid is about to expire, I want to pay for another." He does so and retires. This is newspaper patronage. Now, isn't newspaper patronage a curious thing? In that great day when the gentleman in black gets his dues—as he surely will—how many of the patrons enumerated above will fall to his share? While it will be seen that while certain kinds of patrons are the very life and existence of newspapers, there are other kinds of patronage that are more destructive than the "steadily night shade."

PARABLE FOR LITTLE GIRLS.— Naomi, the young and lovely daughter of Salathiel and Judith was troubled in spirit, because at the approaching feast of trumpets, she would be compelled to appear in her plain undyed stola, while some of her young acquaintances would appear in blue and purple and fine linen of Egypt. Her mother saw the gloom that appeared upon the face of the lovely child, and taking her apart, related to her this parable: A dove thus made her complaint to the guardian spirit of the feathered tribe: "Kind Genius, why is it that the hoarse-voiced and strutting peacock spreads his gaudy train to the sun, dazzling the eye of every passer-by, whilst I, in my plain plumage, am overlooked and forgotten by all? Why ways, kind Genius, seem not to be equal towards those under thy care and protection?" The Genius, listened to her complaint, and thus replied: "I will grant thee a train similar in richness to that of the gaudy bird thou seemest to envy, and shall demand of thee but one condition in return." "What is that?" eagerly inquired the dove, overjoyed at the prospect of possessing what seemed to promise so much happiness. "It is," said the Genius, "that thou consent to surrender those qualities of meekness, tenderness, constancy, and love for which thy family have been distinguished in all time." "Let me consider," said the dove. "No; I cannot consent to such an exchange. No, not for all the gaudy plumage, the showy train of that vain bird will I surrender those qualities of my family from time immemorial. I must decline, good Genius, the conditions you propose." "Then why complain, dear bird? Has not Providence bestowed upon thee qualities which thou admires? Art thou discontented still?" A tear started in the eye of the dove at this mild rebuke of her guardian spirit and she promised never to complain. The beautiful girl who had entered into the story with deep and tender emotion raised her fine blue eyes to meet her mother's gaze, and as they rolled upwards, suffused with penitential tears, she said with a sudden tone, with a smile like that assumed by all human nature when the bow of God appears in the heavens, after a storm. "My mother, I think I know what that story means. Let me for your dove, let me but have that ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and I am satisfied to see others appear in rich and gaudy apparel." To-day and To-morrow.—To-day we gather bright and beautiful flowers—to-morrow they are faded and dead. To-day a wealth of leaves shades us—to-morrow, serene and fallen, they crumble beneath our tread. To-day the earth is covered with a carpet of green—to-morrow it is brown with the withered grass. To-day the vigorous stalks only bend before the gale—to-morrow leafless, sapless, a child may break the brittle stone. To-day the ripening fruit and waving grain—to-morrow the land is taking its rest after the toil. To-day we hear sweet songsters of meadows and forest, the buzz and hum of myriad insects—to-morrow—breathless, silent—all nature is hushed and still. To-day a stately edifice, complete in finish and surrounding, attracts the passer-by—to-morrow a heap of ruins mark the site. To-day there are cattle upon a thousand hills—to-morrow they fall in slaughter. The fashion of the world passes away. But let Christ dwell within us, and though we may pass away like the faded leaf and sapless stalk, we shall "arise to newness of life." "Where everlasting spring abides And never withering flowers."

RAPID GROWTH.—It has been only a little more than five years since the order of 1000 Templars was started in England. Now it has 8,900 Lodges, and a membership of over 200,000. Of the 3,800 Lodges, 2,800 have been organized within the past two years. The order is very acceptable to the people in England, and is taking a deep hold upon their hearts and minds. So much progress, active, energetic, earnest, progressive workers. What might be accomplished in this country there is no telling, if men would but hold of the thing in earnest, and prosecute it with vigor.—*Temperance Advocate*.