

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

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## TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, Editor.

Don't fall to come to the meeting of the Association. You will learn something, and go home a better teacher. It is to your interest; to come; it is to the interest of your patrons for you to come; it is your duty to come.

We had a visit last week from Col. A. Coward, State Superintendent of Education. We were pleased and highly profited by the many suggestions made by the Colonel, and hope, at the proper time, to submit his suggestions to the trustees and teachers of the County. He promises to attend our Teachers' Institute, and regrets that it will be impossible to be with us on 27th inst. We wish his visits were more frequent.

"Should teachers ever apologize to their pupils?" Certainly. A man ought to apologize to his servant if he wrongs him. By all means, apologize to the child entrusted to your care, if you have done him wrong. It is not low, or base, to confess a wrong; it is more than base not to confess it when one sees and feels it clearly. Only the noble can make a genuine apology to a subordinate.

Teach your pupils to be honest by dealing honestly with them. Never deceive them. If a question is asked which you cannot answer, if a subject comes up about which you are not posted, have the manliness to acknowledge it. Teachers are not expected to know every thing; be who expects to know it all is a fraud. Children are quick to detect the slightest phase of deception, and once you lose their confidence, you can never fully recover it.

The one thing needful with the majority of teachers is patience. Patience! More patience! Let us cultivate it. Are we not disposed to forget too often that we teach children, and not grown people? Children think as children; let that fact not escape you while endeavoring to impress some lesson upon the mind of your pupils. Don't take too much for granted, and don't hurry through with explanations as if you were talking to an audience of adults. Study your pupils more, and you may expect to do better work.

Don't make the fatal mistake of giving too little attention to the little ones. Many teachers break down just here. Of course it is more pleasant to teach the advanced classes, but your duty is plain and imperative. The little ones, the beginners, need more attention and will demand more patience of you than all the other classes. During the first two or three years of school-life the child needs more instruction than during all the succeeding years. Do your best work among the beginners, lay the foundation well, and then build upon it. Don't try to build upon the sand.

The greatness and glory of the art of teaching lies in the infinite possibilities afforded for its improvement. The Greek, it is said, reached the limits in sculpture, the Italian in painting, but in the grandest and noblest of all arts, the art of teaching, there are absolutely no limits; the very best teaching of today makes a demand through the conditions indeed for still better teaching in the next generation. The worst outcome and surest indication of poor teaching is the desire, no, positive conviction of many parents that their children shall be educated in precisely the same way and by precisely the same methods that were used to educate them. Civilization means progress. The barbarian has reached his ideal and sinks to savagery. That education which does not leave the possessor hungry and thirsty for something higher and better, mental and spiritual, is a miserable makeshift and so far a deplorable failure.

Primary education consists in the development of the power of attention; therefore the objects of thought and attention are matters of the highest importance. The things presented must be pure, good, and beautiful, for that to which we attend comes into the heart, and forms the basis of all our thinking and imagination; "Out of the heart the mouth speaketh." Where shall we look for the highest source of the good, the true, and the beautiful? To the thoughts of God in nature. The study of nature is the best and highest foundation for morality, and a preparation for the revealed truth that comes to the child later in life. Compare the drill upon letters, figures, empty words, and meaningless phrases, with the observation of trees, flowers, animals, and the forms of earth. The one stimulates thought, and fills the mind with ideas of beauty; the other crowds the mind with useless, ugly forms that cannot, from their very nature, stimulate it to renewed action. A child's mind, filled with that which is pure and good, has no room for wickedness and sin. The study of the natural sciences is one of the best means of bringing about this result.

We find we have but a few minutes in which to prepare this for the press. Our visit to the schools in a few Townships was in some respects gratifying. We found some teachers doing good work, others not doing much. Some schools are running in old ruts, cutting them deeper and deeper; others are grasping new ideas, new methods, and pushing them with commendable zeal. The great want is better teachers and better houses. We can have better teachers only through the Teachers' Association and the Teachers' Institute; we can have better houses only through the efforts of the citizens themselves. Many of the houses that are now mere shacks could be made comfortable and attractive at a very little cost. In any community, the patrons of the school could give at least three days' work, in the summer, to the improvement of the school house; cracked down

## SAM ON SPECULATION.

Brother Jones After the Chicago Exchange.

CHICAGO, March 12.—Rev. Sam Jones to day said in his sermon: Chicago sets the keynote for the price of every pound of meat with which the poor African in the South and the poor white man in the North must perpetuate the lives of his family, and when men reach the point—I mean church members—if those who resist Christ want to gamble, let them rip; but, God bless you, if you are a member of your church I want to tear some of the bark off you to-night. You will catch it. The idea of a Christian man gambling in the bread and meat of negroes, and poor white people! If you don't mend, is going to throw out enough word to feed the Communist fires of damnation in this country. You mark what I tell you. You continue speculating in the meat and bread of poor people, and, God bless you, you will catch it some of these days. Mark what I tell you. I know the sentiments I am talking now. You say that is Communism. That is a lie, sir. I never uttered a Communist sentiment in my life. Never. I am down on it. I am doing my best to keep you, sir, from having buried up everything you have got some of these days. What right have you to speculate in the commodities upon which we live in this country? Righteous! I don't want any of that sort of money. I tell you, you pile up that sort of money for your children, it is going to ruin them after you are dead and gone. You mark what I tell you. I don't want to live in a house and raise my children with money that I have procured by means which, to say the least, are questionable from a Christian standpoint. I am going to lay, if I lay up a dollar at all, and I want to say I will never want to leave one of my children a cent. Why? If they are of any account they won't need it, and if they are of no account every dollar I give them will sink them. You know that. [Applause.] I would provide for my precious wife, if I could, against want as long as she might live. She has given her energy, and her all to my loved ones at my home, and if I could give my wife from want I would do it, but not a dollar for any child I have got. I tell you what, I would rather my daughters would sew for a living.

**Honey as a Medicine.**

There can be no question as to the value of honey for throat troubles. The most famous and successful patent medicine of the present day, for colds, coughs and consumption, depends to some extent upon honey as one of its soothing and healing ingredients. A recent writer makes no mistake in stating that while honey is a welcome food, it is also claimed to be a medicine, or at least may be employed as its vehicle. Those who have never tried it will be surprised to learn what relief a spoonful of honey will bring when one has a worrying cough, a sore throat or bronchial irritation. It is said those who have suffered intensely from asthma have found almost instant relief from a single teaspoonful of warm honey.

A professor of medicine has declared that honey disturbs the formation of fungoid growths, and has therefore been of great use as a preventive of thrush in babies. It is also claimed that an ointment made of honey and four is an excellent remedy for boils. The medical authorities claim that its internal use cannot be too highly praised. By its use incipient coughs, colds and catarrh, quincy in its early stages and diphtheria in its embryonic stage are destroyed by it, and also that it destroys bacteria and fungoid growth. When used continuously for diseases of the palate, throat and breathing organs, it is deemed infallible. It is believed that consumption and stomach complaints would be greatly hindered by its use. Every family should have a small quantity of pure honey in the house to use in case of a sudden cold.

## A Charming Little Story.

Several years ago a resident of one of the suburbs had the misfortune to become totally blind, a cataract forming over his eyes. While in this condition his wife died. A young German girl, whom the unfortunate man had never seen, was very attentive to the wife in her last illness, and, after her death, did what she could to make the grief-stricken husband and his two little children as comfortable as possible.

"Such devotion did not go unrewarded. The blind man proposed and was accepted. He married the faithful girl. Two children were the result of their union. During his years of blindness the sightless man never lost hope that some day he might again look into the beauties of nature and the loved ones around him.

A physician was finally consulted, who agreed to attempt the removal of the cataract. The operation was successful and he from whom the light of day had been shut out so many years, saw again. He was almost beside himself with joy. A friend, who was at once recognized, came, leading a lady, by the hand.

"Do you know who this is?" he said to the happy fellow.

"No, I do not."

"That is your wife," and then the pair, one of whom had never seen the other, fell into each other's arms, and a domestic scene of pathetic beauty ensued.

The two children were also brought in to their father. He clasped them to his beating heart, and all the miseries of the past were forgotten in the pleasure of that moment. This is a true story. The actors in this life panorama, covering a period of ten years, are all alive. The husband seems as well as he ever did, and is now in business in this city.—Cincinnati Sun.

As the time for the holding of the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church approaches, the newspapers are beginning to foreshadow the action of the Conference in reference to the election of new bishops. The general opinion seems to be that the good of the Church requires the election of four new bishops, who shall be in the prime of life and in robust health. Several Western newspapers have published lists of the prominent clergymen who are spoken of in connection with the Episcopacy. The lists include the following distinguished ministers: Dr. E. R. Hendrix, of Missouri; Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald, of California; Dr. R. A. Young, of Tennessee; Dr. T. C. Carter, of Louisiana; Dr. N. H. D. Wilson, of North Carolina; Dr. J. S. Key and W. H. Potter, of Georgia; Dr. W. W. Bennett and P. A. Peterson, of Virginia. While none of these ministers are candidates in the political sense of the word, it is said that many friendly letters are being passed between delegates to the Conference and the leading clergymen.

A Henry County farmer came to Clinton on the late cold wearing a coon skin overcoat. A west side grocer inquired: "Why don't you wear the hairy side in instead of out?" "I reckon the coon knew which side was the warmest when he wore it, didn't he?" replied the farmer.—Clinton Advocate.

English life insurance companies charge an extra per cent. on old bachelors.

## BILL ARP.

He Writes of the Death of His Mother—Dying Bedside Scenes.

Atlanta Constitution.

"The city of A and the city of B." Sometimes when I feel sad and do not wish to feel otherwise, it is a comfort to mingle with the thoughts of others who have been sad before me. It is a good sign for a man or a woman to appear happy whether they are not. Solemn faces are poor company, and sad ones are unwelcome, but sometimes when we are all alone we can indulge ourselves in a kind of tranquil melancholy that does us good. I was in that mood to night and so I opened my table drawer and drew from it some of the treasures that I keep in store for such occasions. It was not the "Tale of Two Cities" by Dickens, for that would bring no comfort now, but it was the two cities that Blackley wrote about—the city of A and the city of B, a beautiful little poem of thought that no one could have written so well as Logan E. Blackley. It begins in this way:

"The one is a city of life,  
Of labor and love—of anger and strife,  
Of weeping and laughter and jest,  
The other a most wretched beast,  
A city of silence and death,  
A city in peace and at rest."

To each other so sigh—the sole reason why  
Is the people of A are destined to die,  
And the people of B await them hard by."

The learned judge, the counselor,  
The lover of nature, the hermit of the mountains,  
The philosopher, the poet, the friend of humanity, who always meets you with a kindly smile, still finds time and inclination to ponder the poetry of life and of death and to teach us lessons we should learn but find would not.

Our motto is: Faith and I know your readers will forgive me for paying tribute to her who gave me birth, and has loved and cherished me all the days of my life. For many days we have lingered and waited and watched. It seems now like she has gone on a long journey, and her farewell was sad and solemn and sweet. The last head of our house has gone—the good shepherd whose flock have in the last hours. As they gathered around her bedside how lovingly she whispered, "Good children, dear children, how good you have all been to me," and then her lips moved in silent prayer for the blessing of God upon her offspring. Filially her mind wandered from earth to heaven and heaven to earth. One time we heard her as in a whispered dream repeating the Lord's prayer—"Our Father which art in heaven"—with trembling utterance she recited the familiar words, and her voice weakened and lingered as she said, "forgive us, forgive us our trespasses," and then for a moment paused and began again, "forgive—us—our—trespasses."

Too weak, too faint, she seemed to wait for help, and the prayer was finished for her.

What a mystery is memory. When on the very verge of death how proudly it returns to the joys and the loves of youthful days. The aged one becomes young again. Our good mother would sometimes forget that we were near and thought she was once again a young and happy mother with an infant at her breast—a child she lost near sixty years ago. Gently would she talk to her babe and nestle it to her bosom and soothe it to sleep. Her eyes were closed, but perhaps she saw her child—who knows? Again, she saw, or thought she saw, a little grandchild by her bed, another infant from the spirit land, and called her with loving names. She commended with the loved ones who had gone before, and they comforted her. And so from day to day, and night to night, she lingered between the living and the dead. If mortals are ever ministered unto as they near the dark river; if angels meet them at the shore; if such an escort—a comfort—is vouchsafed to them, it is to the loving, long faithful mothers, whose children have gone before. Fathers may forget and the love of brothers and sisters grow cold to the dead, but a mother's never. Her offspring is part of her life, and by day and by night when no one knoweth sweet memory steals away to the child that once nestled in her bosom and looked lovingly in her eyes. Blessings on the good mothers of the land, for there are thousands of them, thousands who live and love and cherish, who have suffered and wept and still were strong—in faith and hope and charity. When a great soldier dies eloquent voices from the thousand pulpits sound his praises, and the text is, "Know ye not that a good man and a prince hath died this day fallen in Israel?" David said this of Abner, his enemy, but our mothers are our dearest friend, and their victories are won every day for years and years, and are clean of blood. Patiently the good mother suffers and endures. Sometimes she dies that her child may live. She weeps and smiles. Her love is constant and unchanging; beginning with our life and ending with her own. Times without number, in all ages, has the world paid tribute to her devotion, and times without number let mourning and continue to bring tribute. It is her due, but cannot pay the debt. Let us do what we can—burn incense upon her altars and streff flowers upon her grave.

Now we are talking about the conditions of Christianity, and I believe honesty is the bed-rock upon which we build, if we build at all. It is downright honesty, and I know what I am talking about. Righteous. I don't believe in your honested nor your bankrupt laws. God bless you, brother, I have been where I paid the last dollar I could pay, and was still hundreds of dollars in debt. I never took a honested though, never took the benefit of bankrupt law. I tell you another thing. When I started in a poor, starving church down in Georgia men who could have held me up said they would have more confidence in the fellow if he would pay his debts; and my precious wife, though raised far above that plane, was doing her own cooking, her own ironing, all her own housework, and I was cutting her wood, and doing everything I could for her; and out of my poor meagre salary I saw my wife reach the point where she didn't have a good dress to wear to save her life, and I didn't have a whole coat to my name, but I would go and pay \$2.50 at a time on a note; and thank God, I paid the last dollar—100 cents on the dollar. [Applause.] And you can do it, too, if you try. If you can pay your debts, and you don't pay them God will put you in hell for it, and you need not mouth us here on any other proposition. [Applause.] Now, if you cannot pay your debts, do your best, and if you cannot pay 100 cents pay a copper cent. Do your best and pay every nickel you can, and God will bless you and take you to Heaven, no doubt. But He don't take those people to Heaven in debt, would they could pay their debts and would not. Righteous! Righteous! Here we will drop back a moment. I have already talked for about fifteen minutes, and I will get through now as soon as I can. It will take another night to get through with this text. It is a good one, and there are fish in this stream, too—big fish. Hear! Talk about honested and bankrupt laws! What is the matter? A fellow down in Georgia swaps his home in Heaven for a little, old, poor honested he can hardly make a living on if he owned it. I am sorry for that, sort.

—What are you waiting for, little boy? I acquired a kindly old gentleman of a street urchin, who was watching each passer-by intently. "Waitin' for a long-whiskered gent smoking a seegar. 'Den I'll feller him an' git 'em the steb." "Do I long-whiskered men smoke better cigars?" "Naw, but dey don't smoke 'em so short."

—Coffee is said to cause almost as much heart trouble as opium. Both have grounds for it.

## FRIENDS IN NEED.

BY AN EX-REBEL.

A few days before the battle of Stone River I was ordered by General Bragg, then at Murfreesboro, to proceed to Nashville and secure information regarding Rosecrans' intentions. This information was supposed to be in possession of certain people in the city friendly to the Confederate cause, and I had but to call upon them and receive it.

About half a mile from the Union pickets lived a farmer who supplied a milk route in the city. He was thoroughly rebel, and after an hour's conversation I fixed it with him that I was to drive his rig into the city, using his pass, deliver milk to regular customers, and then send the outfit back by a person he named. I paid him \$20 in gold for this exchange, and left his home an hour before daylight. He lent me the coat and hat he usually wore, and I had no fear of being halted by the pickets. When I reached the out-post I was challenged and asked for my pass. I handed it over, but it was hardly looked at, the officer saying:

"Oh, it's you, eh? Well, I shan't object if you fill my canteen."

He handed it up and I filled it. I saw him looking me over with sharp eyes, and noted especially that he fastened his eyes on a finger ring of peculiar make which I had stupidly forgotten to remove. However, nothing further was said, and I drove on. I was stopped twice more before entering the city, but the pass took me through, and I entered upon the work of delivering milk soon after daylight.

I was not only perfectly at home in the city, but the milkman had carefully located each customer for me. Some of the servants looked curiously at me as they came out, but others gave no heed, and I got through with the work in a couple of hours without any feelings of uneasiness. I left the horse at the place agreed upon, notified the party who was to return it, and then set off, satchel in hand, to hunt up a certain person I had been recommended to stop with.

The people whom I came to see could not be approached until after dark, and although the city was a beehive of bustle and excitement, I did not want to take any chances by exposing myself. While making for the haven mentioned I stopped for a moment to make a small purchase at a store. I was walking for a change when I heard a soldier say to a citizen at the door:

"Have you seen a man wearing a black slouch hat, a brown coat, and having a satchel in his hand pass here?"

"Seems as if I did. Who wants him?"

"I do."

"Oh! you belong to the provost guard?"

"Yes, we suspect the fellow is a spy."

"Well, I think he passed here five minutes ago, going towards the market house."

The young man behind the counter was looking me square in the eyes. He knew I was the man wanted. Presently he said, speaking in low tones:

"My friend, you had better go out by the back door! You'll surely be shot if they catch you!"

I bowed my thanks and bolted for the alley. I got safely out on the street, and had traveled three blocks, when I heard a yell behind me and saw three cavalry men coming. Right at hand was a house with a basement, and the basement door was open. I dashed into the place, shut and locked the door and boldly struck out for upstairs. There was no one in sight on the first floor, and I ascended to the second. There was now a great noise in the street, and men were pounding on the doors. As I reached the upper hall a woman came out of a bedroom.

"Who are you, sir?" she demanded, not seeming to be in the least alarmed.

"A rebel spy! I am just from Gen. Bragg."

"And the men below are after you?"

"Yes."

"Go in there. You will find clothing. Change as speedily as possible. You are my brother George, from Illinois."

While she went down stairs I pushed into the bedroom. There was a closet full of male attire, and I wasn't over three minutes making an exchange.

In a place of a coat I put on a morning gown, clasped a smoking-cap on my head, and when I had thrust my feet into a pair of slippers I disposed of my old clothes by thrusting them up the fireplace chimney. There was a loaded pipe on the mantel. I lighted it and marched out into the hall just as the woman came up stairs at the head of half a dozen Federals.

"What is it, Lucy?" I asked in a voice not so anxious.

"These men are after some one, and they say he came in here."

"We were at his heels when he entered the basement and locked the door on us," said the sergeant in command.

"What a bold fellow! And you think he is in the house?"

"I know it!"

"Well, let us make a thorough search. Sister Lucy, where is the cook?"

"Gone to market."

"Ah! The man may have secreted himself in the lower part of the house. Come on."

I headed the soldiers in their search, and as my imagination it was a useless one. We looked into every place where a man might have concealed himself, and the sergeant finally became discouraged and observed:

"It is possible that he went out by the back door."

"I thought so from the first," I replied, "but I wanted you to be satisfied."

"Opening the back basement door, and showing him a yard with the alley gate open, I continued:

"The man doubtless passed out that way, and is now two miles away."

"I ought to be kicked for a fool!" he growled. "Well, I am very much obliged to you, and hope you will excuse this interruption."

"Who is the man you are after?"

"A spy from Bragg's headquarters, or

## good friends and live for God and their country, or will they not? Will the government we live under stand sure with its liberty and its blessings, and protect our children's children, or will corruption and the love of mammon undermine and destroy it, and our offspring become the prey and the slaves of tyrants? God knoweth.

As I looked around upon my mother's offspring and counted all, both present and absent, I ruminated over the possibilities of population. It is a curious problem. I have now in mind an aged couple who still live to overlook and bless more than one hundred and fifty descendants. How it honors and dignifies their gray hair to look away back through more than three score years of wedded life with his humble beginning across the ocean, and now upon the four generations that surround them here in their adopted land. I have heard of a woman in South Carolina who was married when sixteen years of age, and had twelve children, when she was thirty-five, and died when she was one hundred and four, and it was said that she had, when she died, over one thousand descendants. This was not only possible, but probable, and if her children and those who came after, were equally fruitful, the number would have been three thousand, instead of one. Almost any school boy can do the sum. But such is not life as we find it. If it were so, the world could not long contain its people or give them standing room. A thousand to one in a century is more than earth could hold long sustain, and would soon precipitate new heaven and new earth which will surely come. The city of A is lively and fast growing full. The city of B takes little room for its people, and this is well, for if the dead required as much space as the living, the whole earth would be a charnel house. If all the millions who have died in the ages past were given a separate grave upon its surface, it would be but a step from one to another now. Ten feet square would cover each one of them. The city of B is a good place to visit sometimes. Go there alone or with a friend, and commune with the dead, and ponder the ways of God to man. Go there sometimes and learn the way and be familiar with the place; for we must, sooner or later, and we should not go as strangers. It costs nothing to go or stay.

"How costly is life. What countless expense  
To temper the blood and comfort the senses,  
And nourish the mind and chasten the breast,  
And keep the heart roused in its stormy unrest.  
But death unto all is offered so cheap,  
That's nothing to pay, save falling asleep,  
Just closing the eyes and ceasing to weep."

**BILL ARP.**

A Deserted Wife Marries Twice And Returns To Her First Love.

Some time ago Rufus Warren Nye, of Sodus, Wayne county, N. Y., married Miss Olive Rose, of Sodus Center. A boy was born to them one year later, and soon afterward the father in a fit of anger over some domestic misunderstanding, abandoned his family and went to Michigan. No one knew where he had gone, and the suspicion that he had been foolishly dealt with spread itself through the community. Months passed by and years, and still he did not return. Mrs. Nye mourning him as dead, listened to the suit of a Mr. Hiller, who had courted her previous to her marriage with Nye, and in 1874, allowed him to lead her to the altar. This second husband died two years afterward, and the woman, in 1881, again threw off her mourning weeds, and was married to a man named Kerns, with whom she lived happily until his separation, a few days ago.

Nye, meanwhile, instead of being dead as his wife and all his other relatives supposed, had been accumulating a fortune in the logging business among the wilds of Michigan. About two weeks ago he took it into his head to indulge himself in a pleasure trip, and bought a ticket from East Saginaw to Suspension Bridge and return. When he touched the boundary of New York State the memory of bygone days rose strong within him, and he resolved to proceed as far as Syracuse and hunt up his brother James, who was living there at the time of his departure. He arrived at that city only to find that his brother had long ago moved to Troy. He hurried on to that place, and after some difficulty, succeeded in finding James. He listened to his brother's entreaties, and Saturday last started with him for his old home in Wayne county. They reached Newark late at night, and went to the house of H. M. Fowler, a relative, with whom Nye's son has been living for the last two years. Next morning Nye started on horseback for Sodus, where, with the exception of a few months spent at Buffalo, his mother had continued to live since her first husband's disappearance and told her that his father had returned. That afternoon (Sunday) Mrs. Nye-Hiller-Kerns drove to Newark and met the man she had so long thought dead. A reconciliation took place. Mr. Nye went to Sodus the next day and had an interview with Mr. Kerns, who recognized his priority of claim to the woman and after disposing of his household effects to the new found husband, started for Buffalo. Mr. and Mrs. Nye, with their son, started next evening for East Saginaw, where they intend to spend the remainder of their lives.

—A man falls in love the same as a mule goes down with a sinking bridge: simply because he can't help it; but it seldom does him any permanent injury. The shape of a nose, the sweep of an eye or the wave of a curl trips him up and settles his hash without an instant of warning, and there he is, the bluest kind of a captive, until marriage or some new fascination breaks the charm that binds him. He is pretty sure to love like a burning bush he while he is about it, but the trouble is, his flame is too ardent to be durable. He will wear a blue-eyed spirit that he loves her for all eternity, and within three months he will slide up to some other hour, in total forgetfulness that he ever loved a woman, and will be lying in love before.—Chicago Ledger.

—A young lady wrapped up in herself is a delicate parcel.

He writes of the death of his mother—Dying bedside scenes.

Atlanta Constitution.

"The city of A and the city of B." Sometimes when I feel sad and do not wish to feel otherwise, it is a comfort to mingle with the thoughts of others who have been sad before me. It is a good sign for a man or a woman to appear happy whether they are not. Solemn faces are poor company, and sad ones are unwelcome, but sometimes when we are all alone we can indulge ourselves in a kind of tranquil melancholy that does us good. I was in that mood to night and so I opened my table drawer and drew from it some of the treasures that I keep in store for such occasions. It was not the "Tale of Two Cities" by Dickens, for that would bring no comfort now, but it was the two cities that Blackley wrote about—the city of A and the city of B, a beautiful little poem of thought that no one could have written so well as Logan E. Blackley. It begins in this way:

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The learned judge, the counselor,  
The lover of nature, the hermit of the mountains,  
The philosopher, the poet, the friend of humanity, who always meets you with a kindly smile, still finds time and inclination to ponder the poetry of life and of death and to teach us lessons we should learn but find would not.

Our motto is: Faith and I know your readers will forgive me for paying tribute to her who gave me birth, and has loved and cherished me all the days of my life. For many days we have lingered and waited and watched. It seems now like she has gone on a long journey, and her farewell was sad and solemn and sweet. The last head of our house has gone—the good shepherd whose flock have in the last hours. As they gathered around her bedside how lovingly she whispered, "Good children, dear children, how good you have all been to me," and then her lips moved in silent prayer for the blessing of God upon her offspring. Filially her mind wandered from earth to heaven and heaven to earth. One time we heard her as in a whispered dream repeating the Lord's prayer—"Our Father which art in heaven"—with trembling utterance she recited the familiar words, and her voice weakened and lingered as she said, "forgive us, forgive us our trespasses," and then for a moment paused and began again, "forgive—us—our—trespasses."

Too weak, too faint, she seemed to wait for help, and the prayer was finished for her.

What a mystery is memory. When on the very verge of death how proudly it returns to the joys and the loves of youthful days. The aged one becomes young again. Our good mother would sometimes forget that we were near and thought she was once again a young and happy mother with an infant at her breast—a child she lost near sixty years ago. Gently would she talk to her babe and nestle it to her bosom and soothe it to sleep. Her eyes were closed, but perhaps she saw her child—who knows? Again, she saw, or thought she saw, a little grandchild by her bed, another infant from the spirit land, and called her with loving names. She commended with the loved ones who had gone before, and they comforted her. And so from day to day, and night to night, she lingered between the living and the dead. If mortals are ever ministered unto as they near the dark river; if angels meet them at the shore; if such an escort—a comfort—is vouchsafed to them, it is to the loving, long faithful mothers, whose children have gone before. Fathers may forget and the love of brothers and sisters grow cold to the dead, but a mother's never. Her offspring is part of her life, and by day and by night when no one knoweth sweet memory steals away to the child that once nestled in her bosom and looked lovingly in her eyes. Blessings on the good mothers of the land, for there are thousands of them, thousands who live and love and cherish, who have suffered and wept and still were strong—in faith and hope and charity. When a great soldier dies eloquent voices from the thousand pulpits sound his praises, and the text is, "Know ye not that a good man and a prince hath died this day fallen in Israel?" David said this of Abner, his enemy, but our mothers are our dearest friend, and their victories are won every day for years and years, and are clean of blood. Patiently the good mother suffers and endures. Sometimes she dies that her child may live. She weeps and smiles. Her love is constant and unchanging; beginning with our life and ending with her own. Times without number, in all ages, has the world paid tribute to her devotion, and times without number let mourning and continue to bring tribute. It is her due, but cannot pay the debt. Let us do what we can—burn incense upon her altars and streff flowers upon her grave.

Now we are talking about the conditions of Christianity, and I believe honesty is the bed-rock upon which we build, if we build at all. It is downright honesty, and I know what I am talking about. Righteous. I don't believe in your honested nor your bankrupt laws. God bless you, brother, I have been where I paid the last dollar I could pay, and was still hundreds of dollars in debt. I never took a honested though, never took the benefit of bankrupt law. I tell you another thing. When I started in a poor, starving church down in Georgia men who could have held me up said they would have more confidence in the fellow if he would pay his debts; and my precious wife, though raised far above that plane, was doing her own cooking, her own ironing, all her own housework, and I was cutting her wood, and doing everything I could for her; and out of my poor meagre salary I saw my wife reach the point where she didn't have a good dress to wear to save her life, and I didn't have a whole coat to my name, but I would go and pay \$2.50 at a time on a note; and thank God, I paid the last dollar—100 cents on the dollar. [Applause.] And you can do it, too, if you try. If you can pay your debts, and you don't pay them God will put you in hell for it, and you need not mouth us here on any other proposition. [Applause.] Now, if you cannot pay your debts, do your best, and if you cannot pay 100 cents pay a copper cent. Do your best and pay every nickel you can, and God will bless you and take you to Heaven, no doubt. But He don't take those people to Heaven in debt, would they could pay their debts and would not. Righteous! Righteous! Here we will drop back a moment. I have already talked for about fifteen minutes, and I will get through now as soon as I can. It will take another night to get through with this text. It is a good one, and there are fish in this stream, too—big fish. Hear! Talk about honested and bankrupt laws! What is the matter? A fellow down in Georgia swaps his home in Heaven for a little, old, poor honested he can hardly make a living on if he owned it. I am sorry for that, sort.

—What are you waiting for, little boy? I acquired a kindly old gentleman of a street urchin, who was watching each passer-by intently. "Waitin' for a long-whiskered gent smoking a seegar. 'Den I'll feller him an' git 'em the steb." "Do I long-whiskered men smoke better cigars?" "Naw, but dey don't smoke 'em so short."

—Coffee is said to cause almost as much heart trouble as opium. Both have grounds for it.

## in front of me, by the folding doors, was a coffin, and I knew then that it was the presence of death in the room that had sent such a chill through every fiber of my being. At this crisis, my boy, I realized the criminality of my conduct to the fullest extent. In some form or other it always comes home to everybody but the most hardened and depraved; and my opinion that somewhere, or even there are brought to an ending of the torture they have upon others.

"I must look and see how I can shut away from sight in the room; but how could I? They are great crises people sometimes feel, quick and awful glimpses of done in their lives. I seem to be everything my mother has been to me, all her kisses, her tears, her heartless, every mean end. I had been spoken, every disobedience. I had not rob her, and had found her. But perhaps it might not be impossible that some one of those house could have died, I told myself. But no! Some agonizing intuition seemed to tell me that it was my mother, and I had killed her. God forbid that I should not be able to do some good with the terrible experience! I have faced some dangers since, been in some tight places; but there is nothing new or unseen that would ever be to me what it was to strike that one remaining match and open that coffin lid. With a desperation which no pen or tongue can describe, I forced myself towards the folding doors, and then, after a pause in which the beating of the heart sounded in my ears like the roar of artillery, I ignited the match and raised the lid; but the little blaze only flashed out for a second; leaving me in total darkness again. Then the lid fell from my hand with a sharp click, and a moment afterwards my eldest brother and a friend rushed in and discovered me.

"Mother!" I gasped, pointing in my unutterable agony to the coffin.

"Alive and well," was the joyful answer; and that was the last I knew for several days.

"The poor lifeless body that had shown me where I stood in reference to my mother, as well as in the category of crime, was that of a distant relative who had fallen ill and died at our house.

"I made a clean breast to my mother, and she forgave me, and loved me and petted me as only mothers know how to. And now, my boy, I want to ask you to go home with me to morrow and see my mother, the loveliest old lady on the continent; and let me telegraph to your mother in the morning, and then you can go back with me on the next trip. What do you say?"

"I'll do it, sir, and may God bless you for your kindness!" the boy answered, wiping away the tears that rolled down his face like rain during the telling of this true and tragic story.—*Etanor Kirke, in Boston Budget.*

**IN THE PILOT HOUSE.**

"You might as well come inside here, Johnny," said the pilot of one of our large steamboats to a boy who stood shivering on the hurricane deck. The lad turned a pale, anxious face, and with a pitiful attempt at a smile, said: