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ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

For the Union.

A TRIBUTE.

To the Memory of Departed Worth.

Died, at the residence of his father in Salem, Dorchester Co., Md., on the 7th of March, 1877, of Pneumonia, WINFIELD S., eldest son of Truston and Julia A. Davis, in the 30th year of his age.

Cousin Winnie is dead! Alas! alas, how the sad words came home to our heart;—how unnatural it seems, that the true, kind friend of our childhood, and maturer years, should, in the bloom of youth, the strength and beauty of early manhood, fall a victim to the ruthless Destroyer, and join the dreamless sleepers of the tomb. The subject of this memior was always thoughtful and serious far beyond his years. He became a recipient of renewing grace, in early life, connected himself with the M. E. Church in Salem, Md., and continued a member thereof until summoned to the Church triumphant. He was a gentleman of sterling good sense, and possessed many virtues, the earth life for him was far from being all brightness and sunshine, and the gloom and sorrow, the manifold temptations and besetments, to which he sometimes alluded with such touching pathos, fully attested that he was endued with the finest sensibilities, but those momentary shadows of sadness, made him more watchful and prayerful, and they doubtless enhance his happiness in the spirit land today. Whatever tends to the glory of God and adds to our Eternal felicity should always be regarded as a blessing be it ever so darkly disguised. Nature had few more ardent admirers, and the analogies he would draw between the natural and Spiritual world, were both interesting and instructive. From one, of the many letters with which he has favored us, we give the following extract: "The Autumnal winds to-night remind us of Bryant's beautiful poem, "The death of the flowers," yes, the melancholy days have come, and I can scarcely realize it is so. Oh! how time flies! Only a few weeks ago, and all nature was fresh and green, with nothing to indicate the approach of Autumn. But now the orchard's are brown, the flowers are dead—though some few still linger as though life were sweet,—and the green wavy corn is stripped and bare! Yet I love September's dreamy days, and October's faded leaves of russet and gold."

You know Cousin, that Autumn is my favorite Season; 'tis true we see everywhere stamped the sad words "Passing away," but I love Autumn best. It makes me think of the mellow days of the aged Christian, and the last hours of life, and my fitness for the change that will so soon come, when like the beautiful flowers, I must fade and die under the chilling touch of death. I hope that I shall be ready, my sins covered with the blood of Christ, and my work accomplished when that hour shall come upon me." This hope was fully realized in the closing hours which came so soon. To the touching inquiries of his devoted mother,—whom he ever regarded with a fond anxious affection—he assured her that his prospect for future happiness was good, and to a friend who was solicitous for his eternal interests he remarked: "I have no fears whatever in regard to the future." His death has cast a dark shadow upon the hearts of those who knew him best, and loved him most. May they seek to emulate those virtues which characterized his earthly career, by following the footsteps of "Him who is meek and lowly in heart" that these golden links of sundered affection may be indissolubly united throughout the numberless years of Eternity.

Rest thee, dear Winnie, the earth-life is done,
The battle is fought, and the victory won,
Sweet be the sleep, of thy form 'neath the sod,
While the freed Spirit reposes with God.

Song birds of Summer will sing o'er thy grave,
Sunbeams will glisten and sweet flowers wave
Stars will beam kindly, and zephers float free,
Yet all may a'ike be unheeded to thee.

But this we deem, that from out thy bright home,
Thou wilt watch for thy loved ones and beckon them on,
Home to the City transcendently fair,
Home to the bliss of the "new over there."

Fierce was the battle, continuous the strife,
So faithfully met, in the Springtime of life,
Teardrops will fall as we bow 'neath the rod,
Knowing but this—'tis the sweet will of God.

Fare-thee-well Winnie, the earth-life is done,
The battle is fought and the victory won,
Sweet be the rest of the form 'neath the sod,
While the pure Spirit reposes with God

Father in Heaven, Oh! send, send relief,
To the hearts thou hast smitten with this sudden grief,
Grant us thy wisdom, thy peace, and thy love,
Save us at last, with our dear ones above.

Philadelphia, April 1877. SALLIE.

Crowing boy on the fence to boy on the walk: "You ain't got no baby at your house." Sneering boy on the walk to boy on the fence: "I don't care, our dog has got six pups, aha-a."

There is nothing dispels the dreams of youth and shatters the ambitious hopes of the noble boy like having a young lady remark, in his hearing, that he would make with study, a good hat-rack.

A man wrote a note, requesting the loan of a *noose* paper "to read about his friend' marriage."

THE TWO JONESES.

A STORY OF ST. DAVID'S DAY.

CHAPTER I.

It was the 1st of March, in the year of our grace 18—. In a merchant's office, not far from Cheapside, a little man sat at a high desk, trying hard, apparently, to keep one eye on the rows of figures before him and the clock. Failing in this, his glances traveled from the one to the other with pendulum-like regularity. At last the clock struck the wished for hour of six; and the little man shut the big ledger with a bang, and after locking it up carefully in the office safe, dashed into a dark cupboard, and began a hasty but careful toilet, involving great splashing of water, and much violent exercise with a stumpy nail brush. Evan Jones was nominally managing clerk, and really general factotum, to the firm of Borwick & Brown, hard-wood merchants. He was fifty years of age, short, fat, and good-natured, though a little peppery at times. He had a numerous family, whom he found it anything but easy to feed and bring up on his modest salary of fifty shillings a week. With strict economy, however, he managed just to make both ends meet. Not for him were the breezy sands of Ramsgate or the chestnut avenues of Hampton Court. Not for him were the mild Havana or the fragrant cigarette. He had no vices and desired no luxuries. One indulgence alone, in the course of the year, did he permit himself. He was a Welshman to the backbone, and herein lay his one extravagance. Come what might, and however depressed the condition of the domestic money market, he was always present at the dinner of the "United Welshman" on St. David's Day. The necessary guinea was to Jones as much as a hundred to many of the other guests who assembled at the banquet in question—a sum to be saved and scraped together by infinite sacrifice and self-denial. But

"Though back and sides go bare,
Though hands and feet go cold,"

as the old song says, scraped together it must be, by hook or by crook. For nearly a week prior to the present occasion, Evan's dinner had consisted of a saveloy and a penny roll; and on the day of our story he had taken no food whatever since his frugal breakfast, intending to compensate himself handsomely for his abstinence at the expense of the "United Welshmen." He had, in truth, gone so long without food as to feel a little exhausted; but he consoled himself with the thought of the splendid appetite he should carry to the festive board; and having at last completed his toilet, he shut up the office and started for the hostelry where the dinner was to be held, reeling at least six feet high, and humming *Ar hyd y nos* with patriotic energy.

At almost the same moment when Evan Jones started on his journey, a tall, handsome man, in faultless evening attire, stepped out of a West End mansion, outside of which a brougham was waiting. A graceful little lady, with a bright girlish face, accompanied him to the hall door.

"You won't be very late, Owen, will you?" she said, coaxingly.

"Not very early, I am afraid, pet. We 'Welshmen' are rare fellows for keeping it up; and if I come away before all the national toasts had been duly honored I should never hear the last of it."

"Very well, dear; then I suppose I mustn't expect you till I see you. I hope you will have a pleasant evening. Don't take too much wine," she continued laughingly.

"Can't answer for myself on such an occasion," her husband responded. "The —— Tavern," he said to the coachman, and kissing his hand to his wife, in a few moments was whirled out of sight.

CHAPTER II.

The "United Welshmen" had finished their dinner, and had made considerable progress with their dessert. Each man wore attached to his button-hole a wonderful composition of green and white satin and silver filagree, which was supposed (by dint of making believe very much indeed) to represent the "leek," sacred to the occasion. A perfect hurricane of *n's* and *m's* and *p's* and *l's* and *w's* flew about the room, only ceasing for a few moments when the Chairman rose to propose a toast or the bards at the far end of the banquet hall tuned their harps for some Cambrian melody. Evan Jones was seated at the festive board, but, alas, no longer the spick-and-span Evan Jones who had but a couple of hours earlier left the office of Messrs. Borwick & Brown. His carefully brushed hair was now rough and disheveled, his face red, his shirt-front limp and crumpled, his utterance thick, and his general appearance that of a gentleman who had dined "not wisely, but too well."—Poor Evan had been by no means immoderate in his potations, but he had so weakened himself by long fasting that the little he had taken had an exaggerated effect upon him, and he was rapidly becoming argumentative, not to say pugnacious. It was an article of faith with him, even in his sober moments, that he was in some mysterious way connected with the last of the Welsh Kings, and in his present elevated condition this idea took possession of his mind with redoubled emphasis. He had more than once commenced a sentence beginning, "As a 'scendant of Llewellyn," but without getting any further. At the second failure his left hand neighbor, to whom the observation was addressed, replied profanely, "O blow Llewellyn!"—Evan Jones looked at him for a moment with an expression of immeasurable scorn and disgust, and then turned to his right hand neighbor: "'S a deshendant of Llewellyn, 'pears to me—as a 'scendant—of Llewellyn—" and then stopped again.

"Cwm nog lwyn bora dwmnah owlyd llimach bah,"* replied his right hand neighbor.

"Dwyllog lwmmo gwlloch y dina nos," remarked another of the party.

"Cwlla gwyn dwlleth dym da y cwi bala llewelly caerloc," responded Jones, whose tongue was loose enough in his native Welsh, and would probably have continued in the same strain for some time, had not the chairman requested attention for the "March of the Men of Harlech," which was about to be given by the choir. Jones sat still during the chorus, with head and hand keeping tipsy time to the measure; but his soul waxed hot within him under the influence of the inspiring strains, and no sooner had they ceased than he wildly got upon his legs, and said in a loud thick voice.

"Mis'r Chairman, I shay! 'S a humble represe'tive—I mean ancestor—I mean 'scendant—of Llewelly, I don't think this 'spicious occasion—I shay I don't think this 'spicious 'casion——"

Here there were loud cries of "Order!" "Chair!" "Sit down!" and Jones was pulled violently down by the coat-tails by one of his neighbors. The gentlemanly looking man to whom we have alluded in our first chapter was Jones' *vis a vis* at the table. The scene was so ludicrous that he would not repress a smile, which was observed by Evan, whose choleric temper fired up instantly at the supposed affront.

"What th' devil you grinning at, look you!"

"Did I smile? I really beg your pardon; but I am quite sure I was not 'grinning,' as you call it."

"You did, Sir; you grinned like—like Cheshire cat, Sir. I appeal to th' gen'lmen present. You've 'sulted me, Sir—'sulted me grossly. Name's Jones; very good name; 'scendent of Llewellyn; and I 'mand 'sfaction of a gen'lman.'

"My name is Jones, too, though I haven't the honor of being a descendant of Llewellyn. There is my card, Sir; and if when you come to your sober senses you desire to apologize for your unseemly behavior, I shall be happy to see you.'

Evan's right-hand neighbor thrust the card which bore the inscription

MR OWEN JONES,
99 *Winslow-square,*
Belgravia, S. W.

into Evan's waistcoat pocket, and the owner, by no means desirous of being involved in an after-dinner brawl, moved away to another part of the table. By dint of a little humoring those around managed to soothe the fiery Evans into comparative tranquility, and after a few more desultory observations, wherein his descent from Llewellyn still played a prominent part, he leant back in his chair, and was speedily fast asleep.

The toasts came to an end at last, the bards packed up their harps, and the last of the guests departed, leaving Evan Jones still sound a-leep in the chair. A council of waiters was held over the slumbering hero and endeavors were made to rouse him. They shook him, they punched him—but all in vain. He couldn't or he wouldn't wake up. They succeeded in getting out of him that his name was Jones but to a further inquiry as to where he lived he only murmured 'scendant of Llewellin,' and relapsed again into still deeper slumbers. "You'll have to give him a shake-down among empty bottles, William,' said one.

"He might wake up in the night and walk off with the spoons. No, we must find out where he lives, somehow. Some of you just look in his pockets will you? Perhaps the gent has a card case about.'

No sooner said than done.

"Here's a card,' said one, diving into one of Evan's waistcoat pockets. "Mr. Owen Jones, 99 Winslow square.'

"That's him right enough; he said his name was Jones. He don't look much like a Winslow square sort does he? But there's no accounting for these Welsh gents. Just as well he had his pasteboard about him, though, wasn't it? or he wouldn't have got home to-night.'

* * * * * *

It was a little after eleven o'clock when a four-wheel cab drove up to the door of No. 99 Winslow-square.

"This is Mr. Jones's ain't it said the cabman to the smart parlor maid who answered his knock at the door.

"Yes, this is Mr. Jones's answered the maid.

"That's the name right enough. Here's the card they give me: 'Mr. Owen Jones, No. 99.' Well, look here, Miss, I've brought your master from the Welsh dinner. He's been enjoying of his wine a goodish bit, I should say, and I can't wake him up nohow.'

"You don't mean to say he's taken too much?'

"Well Miss, that depends. I don't think myself, in a general way, a gentleman can take too much; the more the merrier, I says. But he is pretty far gone, anyhow.'

The maid rushed in to her mistress, who was sitting in the dining-room.

"O ma'am here's master come back in a cab from the Welsh dinner, and the cabman says he's fast asleep and quite tosticated.'

"Nonsence, Mary!' said her mistress angrily, and advancing into the hall; "there must be some mistake.'

"No mistake, me'm,' said the cabman, touching his hat respectfully; 'I've brought the gent from the Welsh dinner, and here's his card.'

"Good Heavens!' said Mrs. Jones, recognizing her husband's card 'it is too true.—O dear, however shall I survive this shocking disgrace? Mary, go down stairs; I know I can rely upon you not say a word of this dreadful misfortune to the other servants.'

Mary retired accordingly, and Mrs. Jones continued:

"Cabman I must ask you to assist Mr. Jones up to his bed-room; it is the front room on the first floor; you will find the gas ready lighted. I can give you no help, for I think it would kill me to see him in such a condition.'

"Lor, don't take on so, ma'am,' said the cabman, good naturedly; "It ain't nothing when you're used to it. Why, some o'them nobs does it every night. My old horse'll stand steady as a church, and I'll have the gentleman up stairs in a jiffy.'

Poor Mrs. Jones returned into the dining-room, holding her handkerchief to her eyes; after a moment's pause she was made aware, by a sort of scuffling in the passage, accompanied by the exclamations of "Woho, 'Hold on," and other ejaculations of a horsey nature, that the cabman was assisting Mr. Jones up stairs. After an interval of about ten minutes, which seemed an age, he reappeared at the diningroom door, and said in a confidential manner:

"I've got the gent into bed quite comfortable, mum. He was a little orkard to ondress, but I done him at last proper; and he's sleepin like a baby.'

Mrs. Jones dismissed the man with a fee beyond his wildest expectations, and resumed her seat, feeling as if her peace of mind was forever lost. She felt that she could never have the same respect for her husband again. He, who had always been a model of all that was dignified and gentlemanly, a very pattern husband, to come home helplessly drunk from a tavern dinner! It was incredible; and yet the fact was beyond question. Surely there must be some mystery about the matter. Could he be ill? But no; he had never been in better health than when he left her a few hours previously, and to send for a doctor would only be to publish his disgrace.—Could his wine have been drugged? But surely at a public dinner, at a first-rate place of entertainment, this was equally out of the question. There seemed no alternative but to suppose that, carried away by the excitement of the occasion, Mr. Jones had fallen into one of those sudden frailties to which poor human nature even that of the noblest is subject. At first, the weeping wife had felt as if the offence was beyond all pardon; but gradually a softer feeling came over her, and she felt that, though the wrong could never be forgotten, it might in time be possible to forgive it. And then she mentally rehearsed the painful scene which would take place between herself and her erring husband on his return to consciousness and self-respect; and she had just arranged a few little speeches, to be spoken more in sorrow than in anger, when suddenly a latch key was heard in the door, and in walked Mr. Jones himself, calm and unruffled, without a hair out of place, or a crease on his snowy shirt front. Mrs. Jones gazed at him a moment, scarcely believing her own eyes.

"Owen!—and sober!" she exclaimed; then flung herself into his arms, and went into a fit of decided hysterics.

"My darling wife, what on earth is the matter?"

"Oh, Owen, I am so thankful!" said the little wife, as soon as her sobs would let her speak. "I am so thankful! But then, who is the man in our bed?"

"The man in our bed?" said Mr. Jones.

"Whatever do you mean?"

"O, Owen dear, you cannot tell what I have gone through. A cab came half an hour ago, and brought you home from your dinner; at least the cabman said it was you, very tipsy and fast asleep, and he had your card; and so I told him to put you—I mean to say him—in our room and there he is now."

"The devil he is!" said Mr. Jones. "I must have a look of this double of mine;" and seizing a candle he strode up stairs.—Presently he again entered the room.

"I think I see how the mistake happened," said he. "This fellow up stairs was at the dinner to-night, and had more than was good for him at an early period of the evening. He was rather rude to me; but it was no use to be angry with a man in such a condition; so I merely handed him my card and told him when he returned to his senses he might come and apologise, though I can't say I had much expectation that he would. What became of him afterwards I can't say. I smoked a cigar with our friend Griffiths, and then walked leisurely home. Meanwhile, I suppose this fellow was too drunk to answer for himself; and finding my card about him, they assumed it was his own, and sent him here accordingly. The only thing that puzzles me is that you did not find out the mistake."

"Well, dear, to tell you the truth, I was so shocked and horrified that you should be, as I supposed, in such a condition that I would not even see you, or let Mary do so either; so I sent her down stairs, and told the cabman to take the wretched man to our room. But whatever shall we do now? The idea of a filthy drunken wretch in our bed! It's too horrible."

"We musn't be too hard upon him, dear. I could see at a glance that he was one of our poorer brethren; I dare say a hard-working, sober man in a general way, but the temptation of a good dinner and unlimited wine was too much for him.—Besides, dear, we must consider the occasion. It is the immemorial privilege of every Welshman to get drunk, if he likes, on St. David's Day. Some of us waive it, but that's not to the purpose. We must move into the spare room for to-night, that's all. You had better give Mary orders accordingly; and at the same time it will be as well to restore my blackened character by showing her that I am not quite so far gone as she imagines."

Mrs. Jones rang the bell.

"O, Owen," she said, kissing him fondly, and still wavering between smiles and tears, "it *is* such a relief, I can't tell you. I am so thankful it wasn't you."

Mary's face, when she opened the door, was a picture.

"Lor, ma'am! Lor, Sir!" she said, looking from one to the other.

"It is all right, Mary," said her master. "You will be relieved to hear hear that the gentleman up stairs is another Mr. Jones. There has been a little mistake, that's all; and your mistress and I are going to sleep in the spare room.

CHAPTER III.

Evans Jones woke on the morning following the eventful dinner hot and feverish, with a tremendous headache, and an agonizing feeling of thirst.

"O, my poor head!" he groaned. "Betsy, my gal," imagining his wife was beside him, "for mercy's sake give me a drink of water, there's a good soul."

There was no answer.

"I s'pose she's gone down stairs. O, lor, my head!" and he tried to settle himself to sleep again, but his parched throat was unbearable. "I must have a drink of water, if I die for it;" and he unwillingly opened his eyes, and dragged himself into a sitting position. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell on his unaccustomed surroundings. "Where the deuce have I got to, and how on earth did I come here? Why, it's like a fairy tale. I must be a nobleman in disguise, or one of them foundling hospital chaps come into a fortune. Jones, you old fool, you're dreaming? I ain't, though. Lor, what a bed! and lace curtains and marble tables; and what a lot 'o looking-glasses! 'Pon my word, I should like never to get any more. I must have a glass of water, though.—Let's see, what was yesterday? Yes, it must have been yesterday that I went to the Welsh dinner. I remember going, but I don't remember coming away; and I must have been uncommon screwed. And I haven't been home all night. My eyes, what'll Betsy say? I shall never hear the last of it to my dying day."

At this moment our hero's reflections were interrupted by a knock at the chamber door.

"Come in!" he shouted incautiously;—"at least, no; don't come in—I mean, what is it?"

The voice of Mary, the parlor-maid, replied:

"Master's compliments, and he says breakfast is ready for you, Sir, whenever you can come down stairs."

"My respects to your master, and I'll be down directly, Miss," answered Jones.

"Well, that's a comfort, anyhow," he soliloquized, "for 'pon my word, I didn't know whether I mightn't be given in custody for sleeping in the other people's beds under false pretences; or embezzling another gent's house, or something of that sort. How the deuce did I get here, that's what beats me!'

Still vainly trying to solve the enigma, Evan made a hurried toilet, and finally, with his head still aching as if it would split, and looking a wreck of yesterday's greatness, he left the room, and crept softly down stairs. The evidences of wealth and luxury on every side, so unlike his own humble belongings, quite awed him, and having found his way down, he would not venture into any of the sitting-rooms, but modestly took his seat on a chair in the hall, and waited for developments of events. Here he was found after a few moments by Mr. Owen Jones, who wished him a friendly good morning.

"I've seen you somewhere, I know, Sir,' said Evan; "but I can't for the life of me tell where.'

"Can't you?' said his host, smiling.—"We were both at the Welsh dinner last night, and one of us took a little too much.

A light suddenly flashed across Evan's mind.

"I remember now, Sir; I'm afraid I was very rude to you.'

"Well, you were a little plain spoken, and I gave you my card, and told you if you wished to apologize you would know where to find me. I must say I didn't expect you would have come so soon, though. The fact is, you were brought here by the mistake of a cabman, who supposed my card was your own.'

"I'm sure I humbly beg your pardon, Sir,' said poor Evan, completely crestfallen. "I can't think how I came so to disgrace myself; but to tell you the truth, Sir, I'd had to pinch a bit to buy my ticket, and all day yesterday I hadn't tasted a bit or sup since breakfast, and when it came to dinner-time I was that faint and weak that the very first glass seemed to set my head all swimming like. I'd let it go too long, Sir, that's what it was. I humbly ask your pardon, I'm sure, for the trouble I've caused, and I thank you kindly for giving me a night's shelter. I feel I don't deserve your kindness. Sir; but I'm greatful, I assure you.'

And with tears in his eyes Evan moved humbly to the hall-door to depart.

"No, no,' said Mr. Owen Jones; "you mustn't think of going without your breakfast. We are all Welsh here; and if a brother Welshman does take a glass too much on St. David's Day, we know how to make allowances for him. Come, step in here. We have had breakfast an hour ago; but Mrs. Jones is waiting to give you yours.'

Looking very shamefaced and repentant, Evan Jones followed his namesake into the breakfast-parlor, where Mrs. Jones, who had heard his humble confession and apology, gave him a kindly greeting, and he was soon seated before a snowy table-cloth and, as well as his headache would let him, enjoying a plenteous repast. During the meal his entertainers quietly drew him out, and were speedily behind the scenes as to his daily life and his hard struggles to keep the wolf from the door; and when he finally took his leave a well-filled basket was waiting for him in the hall to take home as a present to the children. Nor was this by any means the last which found its way to the same quarter, sent by the same friendly hands; and I am sorry to say that of all days, that held in the highest veneration by the little Joneses is the "day when papa got so dreadfully tipsy at the Welsh dinner.'

* * * * * *

I feel that there *must* be a moral to this story somewhere, but I can't quite see where it lies. You can't call it exactly a temperance stoy, because, you observe, Evan Jones got a good night's lodging, and made a couple of kind friends by getting drunk—which is not poetical justice by any means. After much anxious consideration, the only safe moral I can see is, that a married lady should never order any gentleman, however tipsy, to be put into her own bed without making *quite* sure, in the first place, that he is the gentleman who rightfully belongs to her.—*London Society.*

Mr. Spurgeon at Home.

After an absence of several weeks, on account of the state of his health, Mr. Spurgeon resumed his labors at the tabernacle, preaching once on the 18th ult. His text was 2 Thes., 3: 16,—"Now the Lord of Peace Himself give you peace. Always by all means. The Lord be with you all." His sermon is described as one of unusual eloquence and power of illustration. The third division of his text he appropriately called the very heart of it, and that was to observe from whom this peace must come. Why, it was the Lord of Peace Himself who gave it. Yes, it was Jesus! Born when there was peace, over all the world. It was just a little interval in which the gates of the Temple of War were shut, and Jesus came to Bethlehem to establish an empire of peace which should be universal, and in whose reign they "would hang up the useless helmet high," and learn war no more. Yes, Christ was the Promiser. He it was who in His departure made this the great, grand legacy of His will and testament: "Peace I leave with you—my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you." Finally, Mr. Spurgeon drew the attention of his hearers to the wide sweep of the Apostle's prayer, "Give you peace always." Some were in the habit of saying they found peace in this, that and the other—at prayer meetings on this occasion and the other; but the believer ought to be always at peace.—Everything in his case ought to be all right—the covenant signed, sealed and delivered. There could be no mistaking the means by which God gave His children peace. He could give peace by the bitter as well as by the sweet; by the storm as well as the calm; by loss and by gain; by death as well as by life.

A Picture.

We call upon all sensible people to mount this picture, and hang it on their walls:

Where is the common sense of our American people?

Survey the picture, the rum fiend, has hung up before the vision of the people;—200,000 liquor saloons would form a street from New York to Philadelphia; 900,000 inebriates, who, five abreast, would make a procession equally extended; four saloons to every school in the nation; four venders to every minister of Christ; 1,200 funerals of drunkards every week; an amount of liquor annually distilled that would fill a canal one hundred and twenty miles long, by fourteen feet wide and four feet deep, a vast army of fathers, sons, brothers and husbands filling into prisons, asylums and graves, and the ranks decimated; the drunken incendiary's torch illuminating nightly the heavens; blood shed by intoxicated assassins, reddening night by night the ground; a long procession of widows and orphans made such by the drink demon; startling statistics of crime and poverty looming up before the drowsy eye-balls of the people like the pillars of cloud and flame; an appalling panorama of sqandered fortunes, crushed hopes, broken hearts, desolated homes, and the curse licensed and protected and defended by professed Christian men.

Importance of Prayer.

Why is our knowledge of divine truth so often at best but as the moonlight of a frosty night, clear, but very cold, instead of resembling the cheering, warming, gladdening, as well as brightening radience of the summer sun? Why does our love for the Savior induce so little self-denial and sacrifice for His sake—so little devotedness to His service, and still less conformity to his example? Why have we so little of the mind and temper that was in Christ Jesus? Why do we search the Scriptures and attend all the ordinances of divine grace, and run from lecture to lecture, and sermon to sermon, with so little holiness? Why, in a word, is there so little seperation from the spirit as well as society of the world; so little love of God in our hearts, or the peace of God in our bosoms, or the image of God in our lives?—To all this I answer, chiefly because we ask so little of God in prayer—because we talk so much about God in public, but so little with God in private and thus the blessings of the Holy Spirit not being abundantly vouchsafed, because not fervently implored a withering blight comes over all of our doings, and we read, and hear, and talk, and labor, to little purpose, if not altogether in vain.

PLAYING THE DEVIL."—This phrase is commonly used in the figurative sense, but it is literally descriptive of an occurrence which recently took place in the north of Spain. An individual who was about to die refused to receive the consolation of religion, and the parish priest who had been sent for, when the man refused to see him, departed with the declaration that the devil would come in person to carry off the hardened sinner as soon as he was dead. Not long after, as the family were watching by the dead body, the door was burst open with a great noise and there appeared on the scene a personage arrayed in red, decorated with a long tail, and smelling strongly of sulphur. The apartment was speedily vacated by the mourners, who withdrew in great terror. A man servant in another part of the house heard the noise and went to the room. Mastering his fears he fired three shots from a revolver at the apparition, who had just taken the body in his arms. The supposed devil fell to the floor, and on examination turned out to be the parish sexton, who, by the order of the priest, had undertaken the part of Satan. He was quite dead when picked up, and four priests, who were suspected of having planned the masquerade, have been taken into custody.

PRIVILEGES AND PROMISES.—The promises are so many we are astonished as we enumerate them. God might have given us but one, and required implicit confidence. But he has enumerated them and made them meet the demand of every condition in life. The sinner has promises, the Christian priviledges. The secret place of the Most High is for the sanctified heart.

Sinners claim your promises, search for them; you will find something to meet your case. Christians, study well your priviledges. Leave the first principles, and go on to perfection. "Grow in grace.'

Find the secret place of the Most High. When you get to the atmosphere of God sin and Satan will not follow you. While you abide under the shadow of the Almighty, you are safe from the worst enemy.—He cannot touch your soul, though he burn it from your body, though he take down the earthly tabernacle piece by piece.—The life he seeks is hid with Christ in God, and can never be blown out by the fiercest whirlwind that wicked men and devils can hurl against you.

BREAD contains eighty nutritious parts in 100; meal thirty-four in 100; French beans, ninety-two in 100; common beans, eighty-nine in 100; peas, ninety-three in 100; lentis, ninety-four in 100; cabbages and turnips, the most aqueous of all vegetables compared produce only eighty pounds of solid matter in 100 pounds; carrots and spinach produce fourteen in the same quantity; while one hundred pounds of potatoes contains twenty-five lbs, of dry substance. From a general estimate it results that one pound of good bred is equal to two pounds and a half or three pounds of potatoes; that seventy-five pounds of bread and thirty of meat may be substituted for 300 pounds of potatoes. The other substances bear the following proportions: three parts of turnips to one of potatoes; two parts of carrots and spinach to one of potatoes; and about three parts and a half of potatoes to one of rice, lentis, beans, French beans, and dry peas.

CERTAINTY OF DEATH.—All successions of time, all the changes in Nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and call us to look and see how the old sexton, Time throws up the earth and digs a grave, where we must lay our sins or our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or intolerable eternity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE memory is a store-house, to be filled for future use. We fill it in youth and draw on it in advanced age. Will you fill with the worthless and perishable, and draw out sorrow and pain? or with what is good and substantial, and that which shall be a source of satisfactory enjoyment? Fill up with the best, while you may.—God's word stored in the young mind grows more and more valuable as time advances.

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*We cannot warrant the purity of the author's Welsh.—EDS.