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Md.

The American Union

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DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
DENTON, MD.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity, can be found at the office of G. M. Russum, Esq., unless professionally engaged. ap11-tf

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. ja4-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
DENTON, MD.,
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [Jan4-y

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,
OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,
DENTON, MD.
Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. [Jan1-y

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to collection of Claims, Sales of Real Estate, &c. [oct-5-1y.

GRAIN. FRUIT.
Gould, Dukes & Co.,
No. 102 Light Street Wharf,
Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.
GRAIN AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
WOOL. POULTRY.

T. WIRT FOUNTAIN,
—WITH—
G. W. Shallcross & Co.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHT'S,
328 North Delaware Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.
Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondents cheerfully and promptly answered. Reference if required. [3-30-1y.

Sales Reported Daily—Returns once a week.
J. T. & D. H. KENNEY,
WHOLESALE
Commission Merchants,
305 North Water St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
For the Sale of
EGGS, GRAIN,
POULTRY, LUMBER,
BUTTER, BARK,
DRY FRUIT, WOOL,
STOCK, OYSTERS,
GAME, HIDES,
FRUITS, &c. FUR, &c.
☞ *Reference*—CASH. Nov 7 tf.

HENRY IRWIN,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.
Offers his service to the public to call sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters himself, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [dec26-tf

John B. Isler,
Land Surveyor,
FEDERALSBURG, MD.
On Tuesday at the Office of G. M. Russum, Esq., Denton, Md. [2-24-1y.

N. L. DOBBS,
Bricklayer & Plasterer,
IS PREPARED to execute work in his line at short notice. Orders left at this office will be attended to. Address Greensboro', Caroline county, Md. [4-13-1y.

PAINTING and PAPER HANGING.
E. H. FURNISS,
Easton, Maryland,
TAKES pleasure in informing the citizens of Caroline county, intending to have
PAINTING OR PAPER HANGING
done that by calling on him and examining his large lot of beautiful
PAPER SAMPLES,
they can be pleased in both style and quality. Those furnished with wall paper who may desire to do their own work themselves and at the lowest prices.
Painting done by contract or otherwise.—Paints furnished when desired. Orders forwarded to me at Easton will meet with prompt attention. [apr12-8m.

TAILORING
J. W. Irving,
FORMERLY of Centreville and lately of Chestertown, has located himself in Denton, and proposes to carry on the
Tailoring Business
in all its branches, and hopes by strict attention to the same to merit the patronage of the public.
Cutting, Scouring and Repairing
done in the best manner, and all work made by him is warranted to give satisfaction.—To his former patrons of Queen Anne's, Kent and Caroline he returns his thanks, and should they need his services they will find him located opposite the Brick Hotel on Main Street. [oct19-tf.

J. L. STOLL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
GREENSBORO', MD.
IS PREPARED to cut and make entire suits in the latest style. Scouring and repairing done at short notice.
The latest Paris fashions regularly received. The patronage of the public is solicited.

CHOPTANK HOTEL,
Denton, Maryland.
HAVING leased the Choptank Hotel property, formerly occupied by Capt. Thos. E. Heather, I am prepared to accommodate boarders by the day, week or month, on reasonable terms.
LIVERY STABLE.
I also keep horses and carriages to hire on very moderate terms.
I hope by strict attention to business to receive a liberal share of patronage.
jan11-y ANDREW BAGGS, JR.

J. P. FIEROE,
CREENSBOROUCH, MD.,
MANUFACTURER OF
Saddles & Harness.
Patronage solicited of all who want anything in the above line. Prices and quality guaranteed to suit. [2-24-1y.

W. F. COOK,
Watch Maker
AND JEWELER,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Confectionery, Notions &c., &c.
MAIN STREET,
may18-6m GREENSBORO, MD.

HOUSE CARPENTRING.
—:o:—
HAVING PERMANENTLY located in Denton, I would respectfully announce to the citizens of Caroline county that I am prepared to contract for the erection of Houses, either by contract or by the day. My work shall be done in a faithful and workmanlike manner, so as to give entire satisfaction.
REPAIRING
old buildings or improvements added in any style of architecture when desired. Persons contemplating building or adding improvements are requested to call and see me and get estimates. I hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
Picture Frames of Walnut Gilt and all other kinds furnished to order.
My shop at present is opposite the Building and Loan Association.
WM. F. MURPHEY.
1-6-1y. Denton, Md

BLACKSMITHING,
AT LOW PRICES.
John T. Comegys.
I AM STILL engaged in the Blacksmiths Business at the old stand, but after the first of January next, I will discontinue the Wheelwrighting altogether, and continue the Blacksmiths business only.
I still continue at my old prices for Horse Shoeing.
Plain Shoeing - $1.00.
With Steel Toes - $1.25.
I have also the sole right of E. B. Burton's Sub-soil Pulverising Plow, for the 3rd, 4th and 5th Districts. This attachment can be attached to any Plow at a cost of only $5.—Satisfaction Guaranteed.
JNO. T. COMEGYS,
Oct-12-tf. Denton, Md.

CABINET MAKING
AND
UNDERTAKING
—:o:—
I GIVE NOTICE through this medium that I still continue to carry on at my old business stand
CABINET MAKING
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Undertaking A Specialty.
No pains spared in trying to give satisfaction.
Persons taking measures for coffins should give the exact length of the corpse.
A good hearse, nearly new, a gentle horse and a trusty driver.
All material of the best class.
I will also brick up graves when desired.
Scythe and cradles at shortest notice of white ash.
All work put up with sharp tools.
Forty years experience in the above business
I flatter myself that my work cannot be surpassed on this shore. In my absence my brother, Collison Pritchett, will be found at my house or shop.
Orders should be sent in early for Scythe and Cradles.
Our thanks for past patronage.
Respectfully the public's ob't. servant.
5-6-tf. EDWARD PRITCHETT.

Poetry.

THE WATER MILL.

Listen to the water mill
All the livelong day—
How the clicking of the wheel
Wears the hours away.
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves;
And a memory o'er my mind
As a spell is cast;
The mill will never grind
With the water that is past.

Summer winds revive no more
Leaves strewn over earth and main,
And the sickle ne'er can reap
The gathered grain again;
And the rippling stream flows on,
Tranquil, deep and still—
Never gliding back again
To the water mill..
Truly speaks the proverb old,
With a meaning vast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to yourself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by;
Youth is passing, too;
Strive to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring you back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last—
The mill will never grind
With the water that is past.

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of thought and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon your way,
All that you can call your own
Lies in *this*—to-day.
Power, intellect and health
May not always last—
The mill will never grind
With the water that is past.

ALWAYS THE WAY.

BY CHARLES A. SWEETLAND.

"I never will!"

"Will what?"

"I never will make myself ridiculous by marrying a man with a conspicuous name. My name suits me well enough as it is, and I had rather live and die an old maid than to be pointed at as Mrs. Jaybird or as Chipmunk's wife!"

The above words were pronounced emphatically, accompanied by a shake of a mass of auburn curls, and a proud uplifting of the speaker's upper lip, united with a pretty stamp of a dainty feminine foot.

Cora Olmstead, daughter of Hon. John Olmstead, of Dunkirk, N. Y., was the speaker. The balance of the party consisted of an elderly lady, Cora's aunt, and Mamie Jennings, her daughter, and consequently Cora's cousin.

The words were spoken to Mamie Jennings, on the pilot deck of the steamer Beauty, which was speeding through the green waters of Lake Erie.

Above them, and just behind, stood the captain of the boat—a tall man, dark whiskers, and a pair of piercing eyes; his hand shaded them as they looked ahead, for the last dying rays of the setting sun were glinting the rippling water, making it as dazzling as gold-ribbed armor. His practiced eye, gazing ahead, saw his course as a scholar cons a map; but to the casual vision of a young man reclining at his feet, and leaning lazily upon the rail, appeared naught but an expanse of monotony, tiresome to look upon.

As a matter of course, he heard the remarks of the young ladies standing so near him, and, with a smile, he looked up to the captain saying:

"Captain Olney, who are those young ladies just below us?'

Captain Olney lowered his eyes from his distant point of observation, and allowed them to rest for a moment on the fair passengers.

"Those ladies? Why, Arthur, do you not know them? They are the prettiest girls on board; one of them—the taller one—is the daughter of my old friend, Judge Olmstead, of Dunkirk; the other is her cousin—a Miss Jennings.'

The young ladies, tired at last, turned away and descended the narrow stairs to the cabin. As they passed the wheel-house they looked intuitively upward. Both saw the handsome face of the young man above them and dropped their eyes at the earnest, though mirthful, gaze of his full blue eyes.

"Cora,' said Mamie Jennings, "who is that young man whom we just saw on the wheel-house, with Captain Olney?'

"I don't know, Mamie—I wish I did,' answered Cora, wistfully; for, being 19, and three years older than her cousin, she considered all the young and handsome men her peculiar property. "I have not been introduced yet, but I shall ask Captain Olney to do me that favor to-night. Did you notice his eyes? They were very handsome.'

"Very. But what if he has your *bete noir*—a peculiarly conspicuous name, a Jaybird?'

"If he has, I shall hate him, that's all! But no—'a handsome name to a handsome man'—and I seek an introduction.'

After the young ladies had retired, the young man arose from his recumbent position and placed his head upon the brawny shoulder of Capt. Olney.

"Captain are you my friend?'

"Well, I think I am. I think it's hardly necessary to ask that question of one who trotted you on his knee when you were a baby.'

"You are right, old friend. It was hardly fair,' and the young man's hand grasped the more brawny one of the Captain. "I know you will do me this favor—I want an introduction to those two young ladies.

"Of course, my boy; I was like you, too, when your age.'

"But one thing more, and most important.'

"Two points, Lee!'

"Aye, aye, Sir!' came from below.

"What is it, Arthur?' the Captain asked.

The young man's answer was lost in the rattling of the chain and the swish of the waters.

"What for?' asked the Captain, who had heard him.

"But to please me,' answered Arthur; "I will tell you why later.'

"Very well; I will, my boy.'

That evening the two young ladies received an invitation to dine at the captain's table, which was nothing unusual, but where they had heretofore only met the captain, his wife, and the first mate, a young man named Charles Ward.

To-night, impelled by some irresistible influence, Cora arrayed herself in her most becoming toilet, and had obtained, by some bribery well known to the fair sex, from the steward, the only rose on board. This, with its verdant leaves, was arranged in her hair in a very becoming style.

She was repaid for her trouble, for upon entering the captain's room her eyes encountered the same bewildering blue ones which gazed upon her from the wheel-house. The gentleman rose upon the young ladies entering, and Captain Olney introduced them.

"Miss Cora Olmstead, and Miss Mamie Jennings, my friend, Arthur Vernon; Arthur, you must make our trip pleasant for my lady friends.'

"I'll try, sir,' answered he, as they returned salutations.

Cora looked up quickly at her cousin, and her eyes said: "I told you so.'

Mamie said nothing, but thought: "Cora is certainly struck now.'

The supper passed very pleasantly; brisk table talk interspersed the duties of the repast, and all at last arose well acquainted.

That evening Mamie's mother left her state-room for the second time since the steamer left Buffalo, and required the services of her daughter to assist her about the deck.

Thus Arthur Vernon was left to accompany Cora Olmstead, and relieve the silver setting of a moonlight walk. Very ably he executed his mission.

Days passed swiftly for the girls after that. No more tiresome hours—no more sighs and wishes for land. Captain Olney missed Arthur, though at the pilot house, and would say to himself: "Dear me, that boy is going to do just what I did; I know it.'

The vessel boomed merrily along, and soon the passengers had the pleasure of seeing the distant spires of the city of Milwaukee dimly appearing, and early one pleasant morning the steamer 'Beauty' entered the commodious harbor and discharged her animate and inanimate freight.

* * * * * *

Nearly a month later, and we will call with the reader at O——, Wisconsin. A pleasant party is seated on the portico of Silver Hall. Though the party is large, we have only to do with one group of it, which is composed of Mrs. Jenning, her niece and daughter. Mamie is deeply interested in a letter from—shall we tell it? the mate, Mr. Ward. She is young, but no matter, it's only a correspondence, and may never amount to anything.

Presently she starts and gazes down the well-filled porch.

"Cora, there comes Arthur.'

"Where?' asked Cora, starting up, and looking expectantly in the direction indicated by Mamie, sinking to her seat again as she notes his near approach.

Arthur Vernon, our friend of the steamer 'Beauty,' it was true enough. He came up betwen the chairs of Cora and Mrs. Jennings and placed a hand on the back of each, and after a pleasant greeting said:

"Mrs. Jennings, can I rob you of Cora's society for a time? I have a boat and the evening is going to be delightful for a row.'

"Oh, Arthur! take me too,' said Mamie, springing from her seat on the verandah railing, and thrusting her letter into her pocket.

"Can't Mamie, upon my word; every boat is taken but a small one, and that will only accommodate Cora and me.'

"Oh, you mean Arthur! you are only saying that to be rid of me. I understand your tricks.'

"Mary, stop bothering Arthur; said Mrs. Jennings. Certainly, Arthur, you have my permission. I trust you will row in before it becomes damp.'

"I certainly shall; come, Cora.'

Cora, who had taken no part in the conversation, was by no means an uninterested listener, and, at Arthur's last words, wrapped her light shawl around her, and taking his arm, skipped gleefully down the long verandah to the boat-house.

During the month that had passed, Arthur Vernon had not been idle. He had stopped a day or two in Milwaukee, on business, and had joined the pleasure party at Silver Hall. It had become tacitly understood that he was paying attentions to Cora Olmstead, although naught had ever been said to warrant the deduction.

To-night, with the full-faced moon shining upon them, Arthur Vernon rowed up and down the beautiful lake, whose waters reflecting the moon's bright rays, seemed but a bed of molten silver.

At the risk of overturning the boat, Arthur soon stopped rowing and moved to the stern, and, reclining in the bottom, on the Turkish rug which lined the boat, took Cora's hand.

"Cora, it seems almost useless for me to tell you what my eyes have said each moment since we met, but, knowing that they speak the truth, you certainly will not be surprised when I tell you that I wish you for my own—my wife; that I love you with a pure and earnest love, as should be given to one fitted to be to me my other, better life. You do love me, don't you Cora?'

"Yes, Arthur,' she answered timidly.

"Do you care for me—myself or do you only care for Arthur Vernon?'

"I do not know what you mean, Arthur.'

"I'll tell you, Cora. I once heard a remark of yours which I have always remembered. It was heard before I was introduced to you, on the pilot deck of the Beauty. You said: 'I never will marry a man with a conspicuous name. I had rather live and die an old maid than to be pointed at as Mrs. Jaybird, or as Chipmunk's wife.' Now I do not wish you to feel that I am willing to make you, my dear, appear in the least ridiculous.'

"Why, Arthur, your name is not conspicuous, I like Vernon.'

"Cora, that is not my name; my name is Arthur Vernon Chestnut, asked Captain Olney to omit the Chestnut, as I heard you say that you disliked a conspicuous name. I could not ask you to become my wife without first telling you the truth.'

"I have learned to love you as Arthur Vernon, but I know I cannot cease to love you as Arthur Chestnut.'

"Do you think you could be happy married to a Chestnut?'

"I am willing to risk it.'

Some surprise was manifested at the disclosure of Arthur's real name, but cheerful and hearty were the congratulations given the engaged pair.

Silent Forces.

"Because several of those phenomena in nature which betoken great power are accompanied with violent sounds, we are apt to fall into the notion that sound and display are universal attributes or accompaniments of power. It is true that some of the sublimest exhibitions of power have also the most impressive accompaniments of sound. The roar of the ocean is as notable as the force of its waves. The voice of the wind is as sublime as the power which it exerts. The flash of lightning goes forth to the sound of thunder. The detonations of powder, in the quarry where it tears out mighty ribs of rock, or on the battle field, or on a man of war, are as striking as the force which it exhibits.

"But, after all, the mightiest forces of nature are silent. The prodigious work which the sun performs, by light and heat, is wrought in silence. The functions performed by a single tree, if wrought by human energy would fill the neighborhood with clamor. The forces which are at work in the grass field, the lifting power of bush and shrub, the chemical forces which are elaborating the tissues, would, if expressed by sound, in any such manner as in wind or wave, turn the world into a hideous roar of wild noises. Grand as are the impressions produced by the royal sounds of nature, they do not affect a sensitive soul as do the silences of nature.

"Round the whole northern zone, in one night the air chills. With no word of sound, every root feels the command and all growth ceases. The frost key is turned summer is shut out, and winter reigns.—Myriads of snow flakes descend. All night they have been falling. Not a babe awaked. They marched without sound. Still they come, covering all things, laying an embargo on sea and land, and burying the world. What an infinity of motion! what white darkness fills the air! What gentle irresistibleness! It takes all sound from the ground and from rock and tree, and hushes the world.'

Thus also the realm of moral forces, the grandest works are wrought silently and unpreceived. "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.' The world brawls and babbles on. The Pharisee sounds his trumpet, and the warrior waves his flag; but all unseen, unnoticed and unknown, souls are born of God, children are trained for glory, and at length from some lowly cottage there is launched upon the world an unknown man who, coming from the solitudes of the wilderness shakes the nation with his mighty cry, and calls men to "Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand.'

How quiet was the cottage of Nazareth, and the carpenter's shop where Joseph and where Jesus wrought! Oh let us not put our trust in noise and show, in sounding brass or in tinkling cymbals, but let us look to him "who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working,' and who has taught by precept and example that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men.

Led As by a bridle.

The following incident is related of William Edmunson, one of the old time preachers in the Society of Friends: He had gone one day with his brother to transact some business at a fair at Antrim, and, not being able to leave until a late hour, they proposed to spend the night at a place called Glenavy. But before arriving there, William Edmunson felt a strong conviction that his shop was in danger of being robbed, and consequently resolved to return home without delay. Yet a little while after they had left Glenavy, he believed that a heavenly intimation was given him to turn back towards the town of Clough. No wonder that in this perplexity he should feel what he terms "a fear of a wrong spirit." He earnestly prayed for guidance, and was answered by the belief afforded him that the influence which now drew him back would also save his shop. The night was, after all, spent at Glenavy, but William Edmunson's doubts in relation to the course he was taking, prevented him from obtaining much sleep. Towards the evening of the next day he arrived at Clough, and rode up to an inn where he found that two Friends, who were ministers from England, were lodging; one of them, Anne Gould, was ill, having undergone much hardship whilst traveling on foot. She was in a despairing state of mind, being tempted to fear that God had forsaken her, but when she heard that William Edmunson—whom she knew by report—was come, her heart was cheered. He at once saw why he had been guided to Clough, and did not hesitate to tell the Friends that he had been brought there "by the good hand of God—led as a horse by the bridle." With great thankfulness and joy they received his visit; Anne Gould was enabled to see that her trial was in reality a grievous temptation, and was delivered from it. On his return home, William Edmunson found that, during the night he had spent in Glenavy, his shop-window *had* been broken in, but had fallen with so much noise as to awaken the inmates of the house, and drive the robbers away for fear of detection.—*Friends Quarterly Examiner.*

A Sunny Temper.

You gain nothing by fretting; you only waste your strength by it. Choose your work, plan as skillfully as you can, put your whole heart into what you are about to do, and leave the rest to a kind Providence that overlooks not a single one of us. Do you know how many years of your life and happiness are *mortgaged* by this habit of worrying? And after all, what does it accomplish? How does it help you on? How much strength does it bring to you in your labors and exertions? None, none whatever. A ruffled temper all the time throws to the surface the "mire and dirt" of the nature; it does not combine the best elements, and help them to work together to the best advantage, but only the worst, and gives them alone all the chance. A beautiful, sunny temper is no sign of a weakness, as many suppose, but of strength and harmony of character. It shows that there is a power seated at the centre of the being, that knows how to administer the government.

Lord Clarendon wrote of anger, that it is the most impotent passion that occupies the mind of man; it affects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is posessed by it more than any against whom it is directed. He knew the human heart.—The worst of anger is if you give the reins to it for once, it is still more difficult for you to keep them yourself the next time. But a cheerful temper is like the genial sun, in whose warm rays all men like to bask. The posessor of such a disposition may not, perhaps, make as many stare and tremble at his barbed phrases of satire or scorn, but will certainly make more devoted and loving friends, and what is more, be sure to *keep them.*

No Armor For The Back.

Let me advise you to wear no armor for your back, when you have determined to follow the track of truth. Receive upon your breast-plate of righteousness the sword cuts of your adversaries; the stern metal shall turn the edges of your foreman's weapon. Let the right be your lord paramount, and for the rest be free and your own master still. Follow truth for her own sake; follow her in evil report; let not many waters quench your love to her.—Yield to no established rules if they involve a lie. Do not evil that good should come of it. "Consequences!"—this is the devil's argument. Leave consequences to God, but do right. If friends fail thee, do the right. If foemen surround thee do the right. Be genuine, real, sincere, true, upright, godlike. The world's maxim is; Trim your sails and yield to circumstances. But if you would do any good in your generation, you must be made of sterner stuff, and help to make your times rather than be made by them. You must not yield to customs, but like the anvil, endure all blows, until the hammers break themselves. When misrepresented, use no crooked means to clear yourself. Clouds do not last long. If in the course of duty you are tried by the distrust of friends, gird up your loins and say in your heart: I was not driven to virtue by the encouragement of friends, nor will I be repelled from it by their coldness. Finally, be just and fear not; "corruption wins not more than honesty;" truth lives and reigns when falsehood dies and rots.—*Spurgeon.*

Hush money—the price of a family cradle.

Religion Not a Restraint.

People talk about religion being a restraint upon men. And so it is, in one sense; but it is a very small sense indeed. There are in man certain destructive tendencies—passions that make him their sport; appetites which coerce his better judgment; and religion puts a curb upon these, and reins them in. But religion has other and larger uses than this. Fetters and cords and gags do not represent it. It diverts more than it dams up; it germinates more than it stamps out. God purifies the soul very much as we air our rooms.—We do not keep the doors and windows shut, and throw in chemicals, trusting that they will master and renew the vitiated elements. We open all the doors and windows and ventilators, and let God's pure air flow in from without—a strong, crisp current through every door and window—and thus we purify our chambers. So it is with God. The purifying influence comes from without, not from within. He throws open all the windows of the soul—the windows of feeling, of impulse, of imagination, of purpose—and sends a strong current of vitalizing grace sweeping through them, until every element of our nature is re-oxygenized and made healthy and bracing.—In reality religion no more cramps a man than wings do a bird, or fins do a fish. It supplies him with propelling power. A Christian man should be an active man—active in every fiber, vibrating with energy. Great injury has been done religion by allowing people to regard it as a mild form of slavery—a kind of bondage to goodness, in which people consented to be tied up, that they might not hurt themselves or others. But there is no such religion as this; at least not in the New Testament. The Gospel Christ taught and Paul preached is a Gospel of liberty, and not of slavery. The more that faith in Christ works out its legitimate effect in man, the more is he emancipated, the freer he becomes.

"Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage."

A Short World.

This is a short world. We may praise it or despise it; we may love it or grow weary of it; but however we may esteem it, its course is very brief, compared with the vastness of the world to come, the glory of the endless ages that stretch themselves before the saints of God. Compared with the mighty possibilities of the everlasting state, how brief, how transient, how uncertain is the state in which we live. Our life is a vapor that vanisheth away; our days are swift as an arrow's flight; time hastens on with restless strides; and the great, grand future of eternity rolls steadily onward to meet us as we pass the boundaries of this transient world.

Oh, that we who have been charmed by earth's beauties, and entangled amid its snares, could learn how brief its story is; how soon its pomp shall fade;—how soon its joys shall pass away. "The life that now is,' is like one grain of sand as compared with the wide reaching shore; and the joys and pleasures that have here engaged our thoughts are but motes in the sunbeam, when compared with the enduring glory which shall fill the eternal existence of God's redeemed with brightness and gladness perpetual as the years of heaven.

This is a short world; whether it be filled with joy or sorrow, light or shade, it matters little. Here we are to work and wait, but soon all will be over; and the eternal day will dawn,—the clouds and shades and storms will pass; and oh, that we when the morning breaks may "as children of light,' be found watching and waiting, prepared for the bright, and everlasting day.—*The Armory.*

TRANQUILITY.—A good man thus speaks: "The sources of all pleasures are in our heart; he who seeks them elsewhere outrages the Divinity. Truth is my compass, and moderation my helm. The clouds arise and the clouds descend in rain without causing me any inquietude. When they conceal the sun from me by day, I try to look at the stars by night. Golden roofs do not keep out sleeplessness and care; and were the country shaken by an earthquake, how easily I can gain my humble door! When it is very hot I cool myself in the shade of a tree; and when it is very cold I warm myself by working. Old age is coming upon me, but my children are young, and will repay me for what I have done for them. If they always observe truth and moderation, a hundred years will not cost them a sigh. Whatever tempests may arise, tranquility is a port always open to the innocent heart. Hail, tranquility of the soul!—sweet charm of life! Kings would sell their crowns if they knew thy value. Complete thy benefits—thou has helped me to live well, help me to die well.'

When you have nothing to say, say nothing; a weak defense strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

"Miss," said a young lady, "what a pity that you are not a mirror!" "Why so?" "Because you would be such a good looin (g)lass."

A druggist says of the man who came in and borrowed his mortar, and forgot to return it, that he's a pestle-lent fellow.

A young man has sued his barber for cutting off his mustach. The barber says he didn't see it.