The American Union.

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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. ja1-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan1-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.

GEO. T. MELVIN. M. S. MUTCHLER.

MELVIN & MUTCHLER

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

OFFICES: { Denton, Md. Greensboro, Md

Special attention paid to the collection of claims. [jly12-y.

W. F. COOK,

Watch Maker

AND JEWELER,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Confectionery, Notions &c., &c.

MAIN STREET,

may18-6m GREENSBORO, MD.

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.

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.

HOUSE CARPENTRING.

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 Wheelwighting 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. Barton'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.

Whitelock's Vegetator.

Reduced Price.

ALMONIATED SUPER. PHOSPHATE W. WHITELOCK & CO'S TRADE MARK VEGETATOR BALTIMORE 160 THE CROP PRODUCER

$3.50 per bag. $3.50 per bag.

Quality Guaranteed.

BEST MATERIAL USED.

NOT SOON EXHAUSTED.

Produces the Grain.

Can be Drilled.

UNIFORM IN QUALITY.

Discounts to Dealers and Clubs.

W. Whitelock & Co.,

No 44 South Street,

jun28-4mos. Baltimore.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted.—Outfit and terms free. 3-9-tf.] TRUE & Co., Augusta Maine.

DRUMMERS all killed out by B. G. STEVENS. Potter's Landing July 10th, 1877.

BARGAINS IN STORE at B. G. STEVENS.

Poetry.

AT THE WINDOW.

Sitting at the window
While the daylight dies,
And the blush of even
Deepens o'er the skies;
Sitting till the crimson
Fadeth into dusk,
And from gardens cometh
Eglantine and musk;
Sitting idly musing,
Till the stars appear
One by one in Heaven,
Beautiful and clear:
Building air castles
In the dizzy height,
Dreaming of the future
Only fair and bright;
Hears she not her lover
Pass the garden through?
Sees she but the shining
Stars in the depths of blue?

Lo, he comes and standeth
At the open door,
And his shadow falleth
On the moonlit floor.
Looks he with emotion
On her upturned face,
Lovely as Madona's
In its saintly grace.
How his strong heart yearneth,
He alone can tell;
Pausing there a moment
Ere he breaks the spell.
Near her now he stealeth,
Silently bends o'er;
And two shadows meet
Upon the moonlit floor.
Who will dare to listen
What those two will say?
Leave them at the window,
Gently come away.

MR. TURVYTOP.

Mr. Turvytop's coat had lost a buutton. Mrs. Turvytop was ill in bed, and must on no account be disturbed. Matilda was but a child, and had never sewed on a button, but thought she could if papa would only allow her to try.

But Mr. Turvytop was well aware that sewing a button on was no small matter—that to sew on a button—especially a coat button, well—required judgment to say the least.

So Mr. Turvytop decided to sew on his own button, with a little of Matilda's assistance perhaps.

Now, the first thing was to find a needle. That was easy enough, of course, for Mrs. Turvytop was a model of order, and her needle-book, which was in her work basket, up stairs, was sure to be plentifully stocked with needles of all sorts and sizes.

So Matilda went up stairs, tip-toed, into her mama's room, found the work-basket, the needle-book, and a needle, which she carried straightway to her papa.

"All right so far,' said Mr. Turvytop, "but thread will also be necessary, my little daughter.'

"Oh, yes,' Matilda had not thought of that, but the thread was in mamma's room, too; so she went softly up stairs again; again she tip-toed into her mamma's room, found the box of thread, and carried it down stairs.

"Very well,' said Mr. Turvytop, with an air of business; "now we have the tools, we will proceed to sew on the button. But first we will select some thread. Here it is in every variety: blue, brown, green; which shall it be, daughter?'

"Oh, black thread, I should think, papa, on a black coat,' said the child.

"Perfectly correct, said Mr. Turvytop. "Uniformity of color. Ahem! Yes. Very desirable; and here is the article in perfection; good, strong, black thread, which will defy every effort to detach my coat button a second time. But there seems to be something wrong with this needle, Matilda. It resists all my efforts to thread it.'

"Bite the end, papa,' said Matilda.

Mr. Turvytop bit the end, but succeeded no better than before.

"Fuzz it out, papa,' continued the child, interestedly.

Mr. Turvytop fuzzed it, or tried to, according to directions, but all in vain.

Then Matilda wanted to try. She had begun to do patchwork, and had learned to thread her needle beautifully.

"But you can't get this great thread through the eye of the needle, papa,' said the child, as soon as she had taken it into her small hands.

"Oh, then the fault is in the thread,' said Mr. Turvytop. "We must find something else,' turning over and mixing up the spools in a way that would have struck dismay to the orderly heart of his spouse.

But there was nothing else in black thread that would do at all—nothing, indeed, but some fine black silk, which Mr. Turvytop knew would be quite insufficient to hold the button.

Mr. Turvytop reflected. "After all,' soloquized the gentleman, "the color of the thread is quite immaterial. When the button is neatly sewed on the thread is not expected to be visible. Here is plenty of good, strong, white thread, quite capable of holding the button, and which I think will go through the eye of that needle. On reflection, Matilda, I think your mother generally uses white thread when she sews on a button.'

Matilda looked doubtful, but Mr. Turvytop proceeded to thread the needle with the white thread. But somehow it did not act right. In spite of Mr. Turvytop's most assiduous efforts the thread would split, and only half of it pass through the needle's eye.

"Something is wrong, I am convinced,' said the gentleman, after repeated efforts and failures. "Daughter, I think the fault is in the needle. It was probably designed for a smaller thread. Once more you may repair quietly to the mother's apartment, and see if you cannot find a needle with a larger eye.'

The child obeyed, and soon returned, bringing the needlebook in her hand, that her father might this time make his own selection, thereby displaying a degree of forethought which Mr. Turvytop considered as quite in advance of her years.

There was no needle to be found, however, with an eye large enough to admit the passage of the coarse black thread except the darning needle, which Mr. Turvytop knew would not do at all. He was well aware that it would be very unworkmanlike to sew on a button with a darning needle. But after several trials a needle was found, which Mr. Turvytop threaded with the white cotton with ease, and that gentleman breathed a sigh of relief.

"There is nothing like having plenty of thread when one sews on a button,' said Mr. Turvytop, as he pulled about two yards through the eye, doubled it, and tied a large, strong knot in the end. "There, daughter, every obstacle is now overcome, and we will have this button on in a trice,' said Mr. Turvytop.

But the button did not seem to want to be sewed on, for it kept slipping out of Mr. Turvytop's fingers, and twice it rolled quite across the room.

"There is something here that I don't quite understand,' said Mr. Turvytop, stroking his beard and looking puzzled as Matilda measured her length upon the carpet, while with the handle of the feather duster she tried to poke the button from beneath the secretary. "There must be some arrangement for holding a button in place while it is being sewed on. Did you see anything in the work basket, daughter, which would answer that purpose?'

Matilda having recovered the button, replied that she did not, but thought she could hold it on while Mr. Turvytop sewed.

"The very thing!' exclaimed the delighted parent. "Daughter, that little head of yours is worth as much to plan as my fingers are to execute. Between us both, this button will soon be fixed in proper position.'

But just at that juncture the needle slipped and went right into one of Matilda's poor little fingers. Of course she cried out with pain and dropped the button.

Whether Mr. Turvytop dropped it or not, he was unable to say. For a few moments that gentleman's habitual self-possession quite forsook him, and he was violently agitated.

Matilda must not be allowed to disturb her sick mother with her cries, and a bread and milk poultice must be immediately applied to the injured finger, as a precaution against lockjaw, but it was very evident to Mr. Turvytop that they might have done so if there had been any occasion for it.

When order was once more restored Mr. Turvytop prepared to resume his work, but ah! where was the button? It was not on the floor, where Mr. Turvytop had in his haste thrown his coat. It was not on the table, or under the sofa, or indeed anywhere. What was to be done? Mr. Turvytop wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his handkerchief and reflected.

Finally it occurred to him that one of the other buttons might be spared to take the place of the missing one. The top one, perhaps, which he so seldom had occasion to use. So, with his knife he carefully removed that button, congratulating himself on the neatness and dispatch with which it was accomplished. Then, unassisted, he recommenced the task of sewing on the button. In trying various experiments for holding the troublesome button in position, he finally hit upon the plan of placing it against the knee. That seemed to work admirably, and Mr. Turvytop felt his troubles were substantially over, sewing on a button would now be a comparatively simple affair.

One stitch! So far so good—but what could be done with all the thread; it did not draw through properly. Something was evidently wrong with the thread. It seemed determined to tie itself up in knots.

Matilda thought it might be too long; so Mr. Turvytop shortened it, and found it an improvement. Then Mr. Turvytop took another stitch, and drew the thread without difficulty. How many stitches would be required? Matilda did not know; so Mr. Turvytop thought best to examine the button to see how firm it had already become. He raised the coat from his knee, and the button fell to the floor. Astonishing! A close examination proved, however, that Mr. Turvytop had simply taken two stitches through the coat without affecting the button at all.

Mr. Turvytop sighed! He was becoming more and more convinced that it was a great thing to sew on a button. Still he did not despair. Mr. Turvytop was not the man to be discouraged at trifles. Again he placed the button in position; once more he pressed it against his knee, and the closely compressed lips of Mr. Turvytop would have proved to the bystander—if there had been any beside Matilda—his determination that this time his stitch should affect the button as well as the coat.

And we are happy to assure you that at length his persistent efforts were crowned with success. The button was on! Sewed on! And Mr. Turvytop had done it!

Matilda was afraied the white thread was going to show, but Mr. Turvytop thought not, at least after it had been worn awhile and become soiled.

"There, my daughter,' said Mr. Turvytop, triumphantly, "that button is on! It has taken time, to be sure—two hours, precisely by the clock—but it was time well spent. We have, both of us, had an opportunity to learn some valuable lessons.'

"We have learned what a great thing it is to sew on a button. If it is such a great thing to sew on one button, think what it must be to sew on eight buttons; then consider what it must be to make a whole coat; and then realize how thankful I should be for my coat.'

"Again, we have learned that almost anything can be accomplished by patient perseverance.'

"Again, we have felt the blessedness of having been able to assist your mother.'

"Yes, dear, yes. I know you have been injured, but it must be a satisfaction to suffer in so good a cause.'

"But I must now leave you for a short time. I have just time to go to the post-office before tea. I take a great deal of pleasure in putting on this coat,' continued Mr. Turvytop, as he donned the garment in question, "feeling that it has been repaired by my own hands, assisted by the active brain of my daughter. The air is keen, but I shall not feel it, for with the warm coat snugly buttoned over my chest—what—what—what—what—!' and Mr. Turvytop didn't button his coat, as he seemed about to do, but stood looking at it with a strange, puzzled expression on his face, from which the exultation of the previous moment had all passed.

"Why papa, what is it?' asked Matilda.

"Daughter,' replied Mr. Turvytop, in a subdued tone, "we have made a mistake; a sad mistake, a very sad mistake; we have sewed the button on the inside of the coat.'

Mr. Turvytop went to the postoffice with his Sunday coat on, with the collar turned up about his ears.

Mrs. Turvytop recovered in due course of time, and when she could collect the scattered contents of her work-basket, set about repairing Mr. Turvytop's coat—darning the hole that gentleman had made cutting off the top button, and restoring the severed member to its place, also replacing the missing button for which Mr. Turvytop sought so long and vainly, and which Bridget afterward discovered in the bread jar; and finally advising Mr. Turvytop if he ever lost another button not to go and make a fool of himself.

Mr. Turvytop preserved a dignified silence, but has never been known to sew on another button.

Divine Self-Existence.

I know how many are puzzled to prove the Divine Self-Existence. Paley's argument from the watch, we are told by some who misunderstand it, proves too much.—A design proves a designer? Yes. But must not God himself then have had a designer, and his designer a designer, and so on for ever. This inquiry is familiar to religious science under the name of the question as to the Infinite Series. Lyman Beecher once had some theological students who preached in a skeptical locality, and who heard that objection, and who came to him to obtain a reply. He did not know the best reply, or, at least, did not give it, but he was of swift wit, and yet possessed perfect reverence,—a mixture of traits rather incomprehensible to persons not gifted with both. He said: "Your skeptical friends say that there may be twenty Gods?' "Yes.' "Then you may tell them that if there is one God it will go hard with them, and if there are twenty it will go harder yet!'

The serious reply to all that tantalizing objection is, that intuitive truth guarantees the existence of a dependent being, and that there cannot be a dependent without an independent Being. There cannot be a here without there being a there, can there? There cannot be a before without there being an after, can there? There cannot be an upper without there being an under, can there? If, therefore, I can prove there is a here, I can prove there is a there; if I can prove there is a before, I can prove there is an after; if I can prove there is an upper, I can prove there is an under. Just so, by logical necessity, there cannot be a dependent being without an independent; I am a dependent being, and therefore there is an Independent or self-existent Being.—*J. Cook's Lecture.*

THE DRESSED UP BEGGAR.—Mr. Moody tells this anecdote of an artist who wanted a subject to represent the Prodigal Son.—He went to several institutions of charity, but could not find a fit subject. Finally he met a beggar that he thought would do. He made an appointment to meet him in his rooms on a certain day. At the appointed time the man appeared, and said to the artist: "I am here according to agreement.' The artist looked at him and said: "I do not know you; I never saw you before.' "Yes, said the man, "I met you at such a place, on such a day, and you told me to come here to day and sit for my picture.' "Oh,' said the artist, "that was a beggar.' "Well,' said the man, "I am that beggar, but I thought I would put on my new suit of clothes if I am to have my picture taken.' "Well,' said the artist, "you are not the man I want. I want a beggar—a prodigal.' Just so it is with God. It is the ragged sinner for whom the gates of heaven open.

Seed Time and Harvest.

The world has no store of bread laid up for years to come. Let the producing power of God which works in all the natural world, suspend its energy for a single year; let summer and winter pass, and no seed sprout, no buds burst, no verdure clothe the fields, no flowers adorn the plains, no fruits hang pendant on the boughs, and the larger portion of the human family must perish. One single unfruitful *year* throughout all the earth, would consign most of our race to a lingering and painful death. And how strange it is to the natural eye, that this event in the course of time should never occur. There have been local famines, where the cities and communities and nations have suffered, but always in some part of the world there has been bread enough and to spare. If Canaan suffers want, Egypt has corn in store laid up for her. If India feels the pressure of need, Europe has provision to supply her wants. But let those local dearths become universal, and the history of our race would soon be told. How wonderful that through all the years of wrath, sin blasphemy and rebellion, the bountious hand of God has still poured its gifts upon a lost world. Still he sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust; still he causes his sun to shine upon the evil and the good; still he opens his hand in bounty to those who despise his claims and neglect his messages of love; and through all the years, with unchanging tenderness and fidelity, he keeps that promise made to our race when they first entered upon the possession of the world as it emerged from the waters of the deluge:—"While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and the day and night shall not cease."

The world may not believe in God's love, but they must accept of his provision.—They may blaspheme his name, but they must eat of the bread his hand bestows.—They may despise the riches of his goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering, yet every hour they are pensioners on his bounty, they are creatures of his care.

Let the children of the Most High rejoice in the Lord their God. Let their hearts glow with thankfulness, as his hand bestows each good and perfect gift; and let them remember that while God leaves not himself without a witness, in that he does good and gives us "rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness;" yet it is for us, his children who know more of his love than nature reveals, to tell to a lost world the story of his divine compassion, and turn them from mortal vanities to serve the living God, and to wait for his Son from heaven. —*The Christian.*

Westward Ho!

This morning a little caravan consisting of two wagons, filled with everything necessary in the housekeeping line, drawn by two horses, with another horse hitched behind, passed through our borough bound West. The head of the large family on their westward track was A. W. Pingrey, from Federalsburg, Eastern Shore, Md., from whence he is traveling overland to Port Crescent, Huron county, Michigan, accompanied by his family, wife, seven boys and 1 girl. He at one time resided in Michigan, and followed his calling of preaching among the lumbermen of that State, being of the Methodist faith. He subsequently moved to Maryland, but is now on his way back to Michigan, where he has bought a farm for his boys, he again taking up local preaching in the neighborhood spoken of above.

His reason for traveling by wagon is for the benefit of his health, he deeming it to be more healthful than by rail. The whole distance is nearly 700 miles, 100 of which he has already traversed, camping out wherever nightfall happens to come upon them. He expects to be about one month on the road, averaging about 25 miles per day.

He is a very pleasant man, and has an agreeable family, none of whom as yet appear to be any the worse for their jaunt.—They stopped a short time at the depot to have two large trunks shipped to their destination, thus relieving their jaded horse of considerable burden, and after inquiring their road, with which they are but little acquainted, continued to "go west" and grow up with the pines of Michigan.—*West Chester News.*

WOMAN'S AFFECTIONS.—Washington Irving wrote: As the dove will clap its wings to its sides and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.—With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirts, quicken the pulse and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshments of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, "dry sorrow drinks her blood," and her feeble frame sinks under the last external assailant. Look for her after a little while and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, wondering that one who had so lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty should now be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low; but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

Christ as a Man.

It is Christ rather than God, whom Christianity has held up to believers as the pattern of perfection for humanity. It is the God Incarnate rather than the God of the Jews or of nature, who, being idealized, has taken so great and salutary a hold on the modern mind. And, whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left; a unique figure, not more unlike all his precursors than all his followers, even those who had the direct benefit of his personal teaching. It is of no use to say that Christ, as exhibited in the Gospels, is not historical, and that we know not how much of what is admirable has been superadded by the traditions of his followers. Who, among his disciples or among their proselytes, was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Gallilee; as certainly not St. Paul, whose character and idiosyncracks were of a totally different sort; still less the early Christian writers, in whom nothing is more evident than that the good which was in them was all derived, as they always professed that it was derived, from the higher source.

About the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality combined with profundity of insight, which, if we abandon the idle speculation of finding scientific precission where something very different was aimed at, must place the Prophet of Nazereth, even in the estimation of those who have no belief in his inspiration, in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius of whom our species can boast. When this pre eminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer, and martyr to that mission, who ever existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life.

Religious Cheerfulness.

Assuredly if there is a being in the universe that has a right to be joyous, it is the Christian. He is an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. His treasures are "laid up." His privileges and his inheritance are transcendently glorious. He has sources of joy that angels may not claim. He may call the Saviour his elder Brother, and approach the awful presence of the infinite and eternal God with assurance of acceptance and pardon and peace. The mission of the Comforter, is to him, and the word of Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, is pledged, that "neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate him from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' His joy is an ocean that is boundless, that has no ebb in its flowing. He is to rejoice evermore. The arm that he leans upon is tireless; the fountain of love from which he draws is absolutely measureless in its depth. Though the earth shall dissolve and the heavens pass away, the Christian knows that his hope is sure, and that all things, pain as well as pleasure, the discipline of toil and privation and suffering patiently borne, no less than the sunshine of prosperity and the stimulus of earthly joys will all "work together for good, to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose."

IT is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature that, when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may these patient angels hover around us watching for the spell which is soon forgotten.—*Dickens.*

Though eternity be the most solemn object that can engage the attention of man, next to the Eternal One, yet there is no object on which our views are more limited or defective. Infinite duration is beyond our grasp, as everything infinite is; and when we begin to measure eternity by millions of ages, we are no nearer an estimate of eternity than when we began the effort.—*Dr. Chembers.*

Eternal salvation is the great purpose of life. Get what you will, if you lose salvation, you have lost the purpose of your existence. Salvation includes all the riches of grace and glory; and oh, how shall we escape if we neglect it? The Lord grant that old and young, who have not yet accepted it, may do so now while it is called to day.—*J. Burnett.*

LESSONS FROM A LAMP.—Live to be useful. Live to give light. Live to accomplish the end for which you were made, and quietly and steadily shine on, trying to do your duty. For those who are enabled through grace to shine as lights here shall, in the world to come, shine as suns and stars forever and ever.

The police of Kansas towns have orders to shoot all potato bugs found running at large without a muzzle on. This is important if true.