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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. 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

CHAS. H. BLACKISTON,
—WITH—
Chas. W. Blake,
Watchmaker & Jeweler,
3 N. Charles St.,
BALTIMORE, Md.
Watches left with Mr. H. Blackiston & Son will be forwarded immediately when they will receive prompt attention.
All work guaranteed. [aug-16-tf.

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

Carriage and Dearborn Shafts, dressed—price $1 at
tf. S. G. STEVENS.

KELLER'S
VEGETABLE
LIFE
TRADE MARK.
DROPS

In the introduction of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops, a new departure has been instituted. Instead of appealing to the credulity and desperation of the sick, the judgment of all is addressed in "A Brief Manual of Purgative and Depurative Medicine,"—(to be had of druggists *free of charge*, and given with every bottle of the Drops.)—written for those who, having a perception of their diseases, can intelligently apply the principles therein contained, with the assurance of relief and cure of

Diseases of the Blood
LIVER AND STOMACH;—
INDIGESTION,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, &c.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops
by their peculiar alterative and purgative influence, act especially upon the BLOOD, purifying it, and removing such diseases as

Liver Complaint,
Biliousness,
Ulcers, Rheumatism,
Pimples, Skin Diseases,
Blotches, Neuralgia,
Boils, Eruptions,
Headache, Nervousness,
Jaundice, Fever & Ague,
Colds, Loss of Appetite,

and KINDRED DISEASES, resulting from impoverished or vitiated BLOOD.

DYSPEPSIA.
The possession of pure blood depends upon good digestion; for where derangement of the digestive function exists disease inevitably results, and Dyspepsia, with all of its terrors and tortures, becomes established.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops
are a specific for DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY, HEARTBURN, CHARMS, NAUSEA and VOMITING, Pains in the Head, Side and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Hypochondria, and all that class of diseases arising from Indigestion.

LIVER COMPLAINT.
When from any of the numerous inciting causes the Liver begins to act abnormally, the bile remains in the system, vitiating and perverting every vital process, and causing Boils, Carbuncles, Blotches, Pimples, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Dysentery, Kidney and Bladder diseases, and many other disorders, all originating directly or indirectly from the Liver. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops induce the healthy action of the Liver by providing for the removal of the biliary constituents by the Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

CONSTIPATION.
The suppression and retention of the contents of the alimentary canal produce Foul Breath, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Chronic Headache, Skin affections, and very many other diseases referable to the insidious influence of Constipation. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops promptly cure this disease, and all the bad effects attending upon or resulting from it.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops
are the safest remedy for those peculiar diseases arising from the structural differences between the sexes, and known as Female Complaints.

The use of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops has been thus only partially indicated; their range of application is very great, and their work is always more than satisfactory. Their remarkable efficacy, as already shown, is particularly exhibited in diseases of Blood, Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops are recommended as being the best and cheapest FAMILY MEDICINE ever offered, and are sold by druggists and dealers at 50 cents a bottle, or five bottles for $2.

W. L. KELLER, Chemist,
BALTIMORE, MD.

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

Poetry

From the Ansonia (Con.) Sentinel.

TO A BERIEVED MOTHER.

BY E. E. D.

Six little shining heads
Within the Golden Gate,
Six little angels there,
For you, do watch and wait.

Then grieve not, mother dear,
Though lost to you, on earth,
They bloom in heaven's sphere—
The land that gave them birth.

No sorrow, sin, or care,
Can their bright spirits know—
No shadow enter there
Of earthly grief or woe.

But safe in Jesus' arms,
Close folded on his breast,
Forever free from harm,
They find a blissful rest.

Tho' oft you miss them here,
Your heart is sad and lone,
Yet grieve not, mother dear,
For Jesus took them home.

"GOD'S MERCY."

JESSIE PIERSON.

He stands upon the deck of his own ship—this hero of mine, bold, stalwart and strong. It is midday, and the sun of a cloudless sky is shining down on his bronzed and weather beaten face, on the face that has nothing to mark it as beautiful, save the honest, frank soul shining out of his gray eyes. There is written upon it none of the soft, femanine centour of the Grecian beauty, nor yet is it chiseled in the firm, terseline of the Roman, but somehow, despite this lack, it is a face which would attract you amid a throng; for in lieu of the graces which critical taste has translated into manly beauty, nature has written with a bold pencil the distinct outlines of sturdy inner strength and calm equipoise, begotten of an incorruptible and self reliant manhood.

Five years ago he had been only 'Bob,' only a farm hand.

"Freckeled Bob,' they sometimes called him. Lillias Lighton said that he reminded her of a Guinea-pig.

He overheard her saying so as he came up the lane with the milk pails.

Well, what did it matter? He was only a cow boy. But when he was out of sight he drew his sleeve roughly across his eyes.

It was a little thing, only a girl's thoughtless speech, repented of in a moment, for Lillias was tender hearted, but upon what small events our lives are balanced—a chance smile, a chance frown—God knows if they be 'chance.'

But the boy had been restless and discontented in a vague way for months and now while his pride was still smarting under the wound her words had inflicted, a sudden and definite resolve formed itself in his mind. He would go to sea.

And thus it came about that when the Alsace sailed his name was numbered amongst those of her crew.

The sailors liked him; he was always ready, willing to do either of them a good turn. He was jolly too, told numberless jokes and laughed at those the others told.

But sometimes, on some watch, in the loneliness of the night, he looked up at the stars with a dumb longing that he had not been born "Freckled Bob.'

He had no refinement or learning; why should he have? His mother had died when he was born; his father—well, he had never known much of his father.

He grew up like the rest of the street boys. Wandering about by day, doing any little odd job that came to his hand, lying down at night in the garret of some crazy tenement house, when he was so fortunate as to have any roof to shield him from the rain and snow or shut out from his vision the cold far-away sky.

He was eighteen when he went to Leighton farm.

His life was different here.

He looked with such wonder on the white lives of these people, who had always lived under kindly influences.

Some innate purity in the boy's soul awakened in his new atmosphere—some longing to be purer, better—to leave the old life behind.

He went about his duties so cheerfully, he performed his tasks so faithfully that the farmer had more than once spoken in his praise, and even Lillias had given him many a kind little nod and smile.

She was an only child, loved and petted, a pretty, blooming girl of sixteen.

To the boy, unused as he was to gentleness or grace, she seemed like some shining star, some rare, sweet loveliness far above anything save adoration.

No thought of loving her with human love ever came to the boy, yet sometimes when she had passed he had knelt down with some quick impulse and kissed the print of her little feet.

So a year had passed by, and he had grown away from the old life—the vagrant wandering life.

But a vague discontent had come to him in the time—an undefined wish that he had been born something better than a farmer's boy.

And so at last these wishes, longings, hopes, had culminated in the decision of that June afternoon when the Alsace flitted from the harbor like some great white-winged bird, bound for strange lands across the sea.

A feeling of sadness oppressed the boy's heart as the land began to fade into a misty line of blue against the horizon.

Should he ever see those shores again—and how, or when?

Perhaps—some sudden hope made his heart throb—if he tried—if God *was* good—what? Should he ever come back and be not afraid to touch her hand?

Five years passed away. Fortune has smiled upon the poor boy of other days, and on the June morning of which I write he stands upon the deck of his own vessel, captain, and bound for home.

In all these years he had not once heard from Leighton farm. How fast his heart beats as his feet once again treads the old familiar road. It is night, and the stars are shining, the same stars that looked down on his dumb despair that night five years before, that shine down now on his grateful heart, and the tears in his eyes as he turns them to the glittering heavens—tears of thanksgiving and joy.

But suddenly he stands still in the road, the light in the skies paling before another fiercer glow that lights up the western horizon, and simultaneously he hears the cry of "Fire! fire!"

The flames leap up through the darkness. The sweet June night is filled with the clamor and clangor of bells—the shouting of voices.

He hurries on with some sudden terror growing in his breast.

Nearer—nearer—he can see the crowds of people, he can see the building wrapped in flames, the red light shining on the upturned faces. "My God!" he gasps, "it is the Leighton farm.'

He increases his speed. He is flying now along the road.

* * * * * * *

That afternoon had been one of excitement to Lillias Leighton.

The house is thronged with guests. In Lillias' room, spread out upon the bed, are a dress and a vail of misty white—for on the morrow she is to give her pure, young life into a man's keeping.

The flutter of dresses, the gay, girlish voices are all shut out now, and in her white robes Lillias kneels beside the window and looks out into the night with a happy heart.

A voice floats out from one of the rooms below:

"There's a fullness in God's mercy
Like the fullness of the sea.'

God's mercy! the me mercy that has been around her since her birth. The mercy that has so clothed her life with blessings and led her gently through pleasant paths up to this night in her life—this happy night.

Her heart is full of thanksgiving as she rises from her knees. The thought of that wide mercy seems all around her as she closes her eyes in sleep.

How long she slept she could not tell.—She is awakened by a dull roar, and the smell of burning wood. She springs in terror, and rushes to the door only to find the stairway in flames.

The smoke pours in volumes—it blinds, it stifles her. She flies to the window, her hands outstretched. She sees the crowd below with their faces red in the light of the fire, where only a few short hours before the starlight lay sleeping on the grass and flowers.

The flames are coming nearer—nearer. Will no one see her? Will no one hear her?

Evidently in the excitement and confusion she has not been missed.

Over the road comes a figure—the figure of a man.

He is bounding along—his breath coming gaspingly from between his parted lips.

Nearer—nearer. He sees her white dress in the flame-light. He shouts to the crowd—they will not hear his voice; it is drowned in the roar of the flames.

He remembers her room—her room. He sees her face; oh, God! the face that has been with him through all his wanderings, that has never left him in all these years. The face that he has seen shining down on him from the clear, cold arctic heavens and the soft Italian skies; the face that has been the one bright star that has led him on and up to this night, this golden summer night, that but an hour ago held for him such perfection of joy.

He sees the little white hands stretched out for help, for salvation from a cruel, cruel death.

He does not heed the crowd, he has pushed his way through with frantic haste.

The east corner of the piazza is still standing. A moment, and he is climbing the frail latticed work clinging to the stout vines that twine around it. The smoke blinds him, the heat is intense. Great drops stand out on his forehead, but he heeds nothing, sees nothing but that white despairing face. His hands are torn and bleeding, but he goes steadily on and on.

He has gained the roof, and now the crowd see him, and a great shout goes up from below, for every heart is filled with the man's daring and peril; and from him their eyes wander to the window, and then a cry of hopeless terror rings out through the night air, for standing there they see a a little whiterobed figure with pleading outstretched hands, a woman's slender figure, and a white hopeless face framed in by rippling golden hair that shines in the light of the flames that are drawing nearer and nearer every moment eager to enfold her in their fiery embrace.

The old father is wringing his hands.—The man who was to have been her husband on the morrow stands mute with agony, and on the roof that slight figure creeps along.

He has reached the window, and now he has balanced himself on the cornice above and leans over, steadying himself with one hand, while the other arm is stretched down to where she stands, pale and trembling.

"Misss Lillias,' he says, in a hoarse voice, "step out upon the window sill. I will save you.'

She obeys, and in another moment his strong arm is around her, and he has lifted her up to the roof above.

It is done almost as if by a miracle, and cheer upon cheer rent the air.

And now he is climbing slowly back with his precious burden slowly along the dizzy height.

He has reached the corner—he has begun the descent—when suddenly there is a crash!

He feels a sudden blow upon his head. He knows that he is falling—falling—and then the true, brave heart is at rest from earthly sorrow.

God's mercy has overshadowed him.

And Lillias—as if by a miricle she had been saved. She had been caught in the arms of the crowd when the arm that had rescued her had relaxed its hold in death.

She had fainted while falling, and the shock had been so great that it was many days ere its effect had passed away.

The old home was a mass of charred and blackened ruins, but before it was rebuilt there was a quiet wedding in the village church, and then Albert Maxwell took his fair bride to his city home.

In a quiet corner of the church yard is a grave that is always decked with flowers. Hither at evening an old man often comes, and tears dim his eyes as they rest upon the spot where sleeps all that is left of the brave young life that was sacrificed for his only child.

And here, whenever she visits her childhood's home, come Lillias, and her little children play in the soft green grass, and gather daises to lay upon his grave.

God's mercy! She feels that it is ever around her, and she wonders in grateful awe sometimes why God should have given this brave life for hers.

We cannot always understand God's providences.

"My ways are not as your ways, neither are my thoughts as your thoughts.

Making His Own God.

So it is among the heathen. Their gods are of their own workmanship. Some make them of wood and stone, of gold and silver; and some form to themselves gods of their own imagination. Nor is it otherwise with many in Christian lands, where the Bible is possessed and the only living and true God is revealed. Not all accept this God. He is not a God according to their liking. There are attributes represented as belonging to him, that do not please them; and he is represented as doing things, and as engaging to do things, that do not comport with their ideas of what is meet and proper for God to do.—And so they take the liberty to make such changes in regard to him, as to make him such a God as in their opinion he should be—such a God as befits men of sense. It is a principle with them, that there should be nothing in God that is mysterious; nothing that they cannot comprehend; and that there should be nothing in his ways that is above their ways. Their God should do nothing that they themselves would not do. The charge, "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself,' is applicable to them. They would bring God down to their level; or infinitely beneath his own level. The God of the Bible is not the God with whom they have to do. He is not the God whom they love and worship, and obey; and in whom they trust.

And yet, wherein have they made any improvement? Who of all these god-makers have formed one that is superior to the God of the Bible. If we cast aside this God, then we have none in regard to whom we have anything fixed. No two persons who make their own gods will make them alike. They will make them as unlike as the gods of the heathen. We have no reliable God but the God of the Scriptures. And what ever mysteries there may be in respect to him and his ways, he is worthy of our supreme regard. And probably there has never been given a better definition in regard to what he is, than that of the Catechism. "God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth."

IN all ages men have made, and they still make, the most egregious mistakes about religion. The world is full of curious practices. Of all these sad mistakes there is no one so fatal as that which places religion in the outward—in some form or doctrine. And yet this is the precise mistake into which multitudes have fallen.—Though the Bible clearly sets forth genuine religion as a state of the heart, an inward life, an experience of pardon and of communion with God, men, and even whole sects, still abide in the husk of the Gospel. With them religion is still an opinion, or a form—an outside matter, that can be defined in articles of faith or set down in ritualistic services. To them as to the carnal Jews, the glad tidings are meat and drink, are something to be handled or spoken, and not that inner life of God in the human soul. Satisfied with the outside, they never go in to the center, the germ, the heart of the system, and so never learn the divine beauty and intense delectableness of it.

The Devil's Pulpit.

BY REV. G. FLAVEL HUMPHREYS.

The Devil is not only wicked but *smart*, and when Milton pictures him as a wide browed angel, fallen, he rightly estimates that he is a spirit of surpassing powers.—Sacred literature thirty-four centuries old tells us that in the history of Job, almost a drama it becomes in its sharp and vivid delineations, the Lord declares Job to be an upright man, but the devil insinuates it is because God has set his heart upon him, hedged him about with prosperity. The devil asks the priviledge of preaching an illustrated sermon to him boasting he will make of him a cursing convert. Job is a rich land holder—high position, a beautiful family, happy, holy, prosperous man; but the sermon opens with a tragic prologue. The vast herds of oxen, sheep and camels fall a prey to destruction, and finally, his feasting household of children are buried together in tragic death by the wind. A pauper bereft of wealth, position, household, Job disappoints the devil as he says: "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." But the devil is not discouraged, he has a mighty persistence. "All men have their price," he says, in effect, to God; "put Job into my power, I will irritate his selfishness, and he will blaspheme. 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.' The devil has sharp insight into human character. The illustration of this argument has slain its millions. Job at last sits down in the ashes, smitten with a living death; his wife deserts him; his friends unite in applauding the devil's work and saying Amen to the sermon; yet Job, disconsolate, despairing, asking for death, cries out in the darkest hour: "I know that my Redeemer liveth,"—a sublime faith shaping itself into eloquent works; and the devil loses his desired convert.

Goethe in 'Faust,' has depicted a history with similar notes but less happy results. Dr. Faustus, selling his soul to the devil, fulfills the larger type of life. Job's unswerving faith is remarkably infrequent in the world. The devil has a constant revival. Every gin palace, every house of infamy, every bad book, is the devil's pulpit. Wit, music, art, he seizes as ministering spirits to do his work; genius flowers into Byron and poisen lurks in the fragant exhalation; venom conceals itself in Burns' highland music. The devil delights to debauch great souls. Clad as an angel of light, eloquent, popular, he leadeth captive the world.

Job's history and Faust's tragedy are being enacted over and over again. Let us remember, "we contend not against flesh and blood," and never be beguiled by one of the devil's sermons.

Thoughts For Thinkers.

Principles will penetrate where the bayonet of armed men cannot; they ride upon the elements, and defy the whirlwind and the storm.

It was the saying of an old saint that he was more afraid of his duties than of his sins; for the one made him proud the other made him always humble.

Afflictions make a divorce between the soul and sin. It is not a small thing that will work sin out of the soul it must be the spirit of burning affections sanctified.

Hcart and tongue must go together; work and work; lip and life; prayer and practice must echo to one another, or else the prayers and thy soul will be lost together.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.

I like educated people, but I detest intelligent ones. I can only endure intelligence of the second generation, when it has been softened down into the habit of knowing.

It is safer to affront some people than to oblige them; for the better a man deserves the less they will speak of him.

People say, 'Do not regard what he is saying now, he is in liquor.' Perhaps this is the only time he ought to be regarded.

It is good to respect ancient foundations, but we are not on that account, to neglect founding something in our turn.

Vanity, like laundanum and other poisonous medicine, is beneficial in small, though injurious in large quantities.

TAKING WOOD ON TRAINS AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.—The machine consists of a flexible platform elevated a few inches above the height of the tender, upon which the cord-wood is piled. As the train passes, by the use of a lever, the engineer throws out a catch which takes the course of a groove in which a band that revolves the rollers underneath the platform is caught, and the platform is passed around the rollers, moving towards the tender, into which the wood is thrown. After the wood is discharged, the platform recedes and escapes the cars, which fly by and no time is lost. If there is any occupation in which time is truly money, it is in the railroad business, and the ten or fifteen minutes lost in loading wood by hand, every fifty or seventy-five miles of railroad route, soon count up into days and weeks and months. During such lapses of time many hundreds of miles and many thousands of dollars are lost, which can be saved through the use of this invention.—*San Antonio Express.*

Seeking Rest.

It was rest he wanted. Rest, lasting, inward peace. There was always something within fretting, disturbing, craving. It was not that he had done anything morally wrong. He was honest, and upright, and good natured, and altogether a pleasant fellow. And yet, deep down beneath the surface, he was not happy. It was not because he was in debt or distress about money matters. He was a prosperous man. His tens had grown by sober hard work into hundreds, and his hundreds were smilingly swelling into thousands.—He was the envy of many. But, in his innermost heart, there was a buried misery. It only now and then made itself felt. For he was a busy man, and business so absorbs the mind that it leaves little time for feeling. Then the laughing joys of home (for he had a merry family) covered *for a* time the sad sensation within. But still it was there. He went to church regularly. He thought this was the right thing to do, and this thought comforted him a little.—And the solemn service, the music, the prayers, soothed him. He found some consolation, too in saying his prayers privately, and reading his Bible on Sunday. But still the old misery would keep coming up.—What was it that troubled him? It was not morbid feeling, nor sentiment, nor temperament. It was conscience.

Thank God, sinner, thank God, before you read another line, that you have a living conscience. He might have been happy without God if it had not been for conscience. The eye of God is on the heart. The law of God has to do with the thoughts. The judgment of God is for "every secret thing." His great life-long sin was that, though he was living well, he was not living for God. He would have been just the same if there were no God.—And he often wished there were none.—But he knew that he had to do with God. This was the misery he tried so hard not to think about. But he found rest. Yes, real, lasting rest in his very conscience. I will tell you how. Jesus said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He came, as he thought, to Jesus; but there was no rest. Because there was still one little sinful thing in his life which he had not cast out. So conscience could not rest. He cast it out, and came once more to Jesus. He trusted the sin-atoning Lamb of God. And now he had peace. Conscience was satisfied. His heart rested, rejoiced. In true repentence he had turned from sin; in child-like faith he relied upon the deaths and merits of Christ. And in Christ he received perfect, enduring, gladdening rest.—*Rev. J. E. Sampson.*

The Land of the Pharaohs.

The past lends to Egypt a charm more entrancing than its cloudless skies and delicious climate. Go where you will, antiquity meets you at every turn. Around you lie the ruins of cities whose very names have been obliterated in the silent march of the ages. Before you flows the sacred river upon whose waves floated centuries ago the little ark of the outcast Hebrew infant, and the golden barge of the gorgeous daughter of the Ptolemies. Time was when this old Nile was the highway down which many successive nations rushed to conquest: for the Ethiopian, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Roman, and the Saracen have all lorded it in turn in this ancient realm of the Pharaohs. Now vexed no longer with the fleets of rival monarchs, the mighty river rocks with slumberous swell the lotus lilies on its lonely banks, which have rung so often in days gone by to the shrill pæans of triumph, the palms the sultry noontide throw their long shadows athwart ruined temples and colossal statues, grand in execution and faultless in detail, which reveal in every outline the perfection to which the arts of architecture and sculpture were carried in this their earliest cradle. The soil is strewed with fragments of broken columns and defaced colossi. Buried beneath the drifting sand of the Desert lie the glorious and yet grotesque masterpieces of the Egyptian chisel. Serene, grave, majestic, inundated with a flood of harmonious light, the calm features of the once inscrutable Sphinx look down upon us, as many centuries ago they looked down in their grand repose upon the wondering Father of History. Time has pressed lightly on the these Titanic temples and vast tomb palaces, but from their shadowy portals the worshippers have gone for ever. Desolate and state-fallen, they open now only to admit the curious stranger.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A POOR, lame boy, who had become converted, whose home surroundings were very unfriendly, said, when relating his experience? "Once everything went wrong at our house; father was wrong, mother was wrong, and sister was wrong; but now that Jesus is mine it is all right. I know why every thing went wrong before—it was because I was all wrong myself." Everything will go wrong with us if we are not right in Christ. Every heart has enough within it to make disquiet, unrest, and unhappiness, until the love of Christ dwells there, turning out all enemies to happiness and peace.

A youngster being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body selected that which unites the head to the body: "A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats the corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up. This is pretty much all I can think of about necks."