The American Union

DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, DEC. 13, 1877.

lets, golden,
ed the vale below.'

lk white lilies,
om the fragrant hedge,
day with the sunbeam,
; their golden edge.

nes on the upland,
ight red berries rest;
ior pale sweet cowslips,
to me the best.

a little brother,
that were dark and deep,
f that golden forest
n peace asleep.

wn of the thistle,
winds that blow;
e beautiful summers,
rs of long ago.

the hills grew weary,
e autumn eves
little brother
yellow leaves.

le arms folded,
a meek embrace,
f the immortal beauty
vered his face.

e hours of sunset,
the tree tops bright,
s Saint-like beauty,
the gates of light.

f all the pictures,
g on memory's wall,
f the dim old forest,
best of all.

e O'Clock Noon.

—o—

years ago I was a young man.
young men I was hard up. I
sed my final examination, and
ly dubbed a lawyer. One day
dly reading the pages of the
poking out for something to
ross an advertisement setting
in glowing language the fact that, in
untry market town, within about thir-
iles from the city, there was a small
yer's practice (capable of great exten-
by an energetic young man, the ad-
sement averred) which was to be sold
a mere trifle. "There is a tide in the
irs of men which, taken at the flood,
ls on to fortune,' I remarked. There-
I at once wrote to the address indica-
in the advertisement. After a consid-
le amount of correspondence I became
purchaser of the practice; and after
ying for it found myself with five dol-
s hard cash, and thousands of dollars in
agination. I decided that it would be
wise to let the grass grow under my feet,
d so without losing any time I packed
my earthly treasures and started for my
stination.

In about half an hour I arrived at a
retty-looking country station, where I
lighted, and soon found myself in the
iddle of the town of H——. I immedi-
tely went to the lodgings I had previous-
y secured, and after being delighted with
heir cleanliness and neatness, I sallied
orth to inspect my office. In a few min-
tes I arrived at the place, and was usher-
d into my premises by a very young and
light-haired clerk, who kindly gave up his
pass time of sliding down banisters in order
to s show me over the office. Here, too,
eve y thing looked clean and business like,
and the number of bundles and papers os-
ten tatiously displayed all over the office
fill d me with bright picturys of the fu-
tur e. Having completed my survey, I
we nt to see the town. Here, at last, my
vis ions were fulfilled. The long, strag-
gli g street, planted with trees, and termi-
nat ing a large street filled with farmers'
and l agricultural implements, was almost
exactly what I had imagined in my day-
dreams. The next day was Sunday, so I
went to church. The sermon was, I have
but little doubt, an excessively telling and
practical one, but I did not listen to it; for,
to tell you the truth, a great change had
come over me since I arrived at H——. I
had fallen in love. She was sitting oppo-
site to me, dressed entirely in black. I
not describe her to you, and I would
f I could; but her pale, sweet face,
he graceful outlines of her figure so
ssed me, and called up all the good
gs in my nature that, without wait-
inquire what the deep crape she
meant or whether her affections were
y way previously occupied, without
slightest hesitation I gave her all my

a long time ago!
my dinner and thinking over
ents of the morning, I came to
clusion that it was the duty of ev-
an, and especially of a country law-
to support the church; and, accord-
gly, contrary to my usual custom, I again
went to church in the evening. She was
here. I forgot the text. After service,
had nothing particular to do, I—well,
know that it is worth while to beat
bush for an expression—I fol-
r home. She knocked at a large
lsome house, and after she had
ed by a man servant, I casually
t the door in an unconcerned
I noticed "Dr. Stanton" en-
the plate. Then I turned in for
ht, and the following day I settled
own to work, but I grieve to say that the
matter uppermost in my mind was how to
obtain an introduction to Dr. Stanton.—
At length I accomplished this. I forgot
exactly how it was done; but it was easy
enough, as you know, in a country town.
The Doctor was a very agreeable man, and
had a large practice; and after a week or
so of nodding and chatting about the
weather, the crops and the ministry, he
asked me to dinner.

Well, I went to dine with the Doctor,
and was duly introduced to his niece, Clara
Stanton. She was still in black and ap-
peared low spirited; but she received me
very kindly, and during the evening we
had a pleasant chat together. She was
well read, not at all bashful, and fortu-
nately, as I happened to have just finished
reading a book in which she was particu-
larly interested, we began talking at once.
Miss Stanton, I could see, was interested
in the conversation, and brightened up
considerably, so that on my leaving she ex-
pressed a wish that I would lend her the
book we had been chatting about, which,
as you may imagine, I was only too happy
to do, especially as it made such a good ex-
cuse for calling again. The Doctor was,
to all appearances, much pleased, and
hoped to see me there often. I said I
hoped he would.

As time went on I discovered that Miss
Stanton was an orphan, and had very little
money of her own. The Doctor was her
guardian, and appeared excessively fond of
her. I was a constant visitor at the house,
and my love increased more and more each
day. Clara always appeared pleased to
see me, and by a thousand little ways
showed an especial interest in me. I was
young then, and took all these "signs of
the times" in a straightforward way, and
thought that even if she did not love me
then, she was drifting that way. And so
a year passed by. I was happy in my love,
and was young; and the love and happi-
ness were quite sufficient to counterbalance
the anxiety that I suffered in another di-
rection.

The business was a delusion and a snare.
I was an energetic young man, but I did
not extend the practice. Not that it was
my fault; I should have extended the prac-
tice if there had been a practice to extend,
but unfortunately there was'n't. The light-
haired youth who, I subsequently discov-
ered, possessed the quality of lightness in
his head and fingers as well as in his hair,
gave me a most impressive and solemn
warning at the end of the week, and left
me alone in my glory a month after my ar-
rival. The papers turned out on examin-
nation to be as deceptive as the youth. I
grieve to expose the hollowness of man-
kind, but those papers were simply and
emphatically dummies. Like conjuring
tricks, when once you know them, "there
was nothing in them." And consequently,
at the end of twelve months I found my-
self minus money, plus love.

I determined to put an end to this un-
satisfactory state of affairs one way or the
other. Therefore one evening when I was
alone with Clara I told her how I loved
her. Miss Stanton seemed almost bewil-
dered when first it dawned upon her that I
wished her to be my wife; then, when she
fully understood my meaning, in a kind
yet firm manner she declined my proposal,
adding that I had been a good friend to
her since we were first acquainted, and she
regretted that I had misconstrued actions
which had been intended merely as tokens
of good will. She told me (and I can re-
member it to this day how her beauty and
grief affected me) that she had for some
months been engaged to be married to a
young officer in the navy, but that he had
recently been drowned during a heavy
storm which his ship had encountered.—
She explained to me that he was the per-
son for whom she always wore mourning,
and in broken accents told me how she
could never love another.

Miss Stanton's refusal of my offer, cou-
pled with the extremely discouraging na-
ture of my business, induced me to make
up my mind to leave H—— without any
delay. The business was not worth any-
thing, and so I had no trouble on my mind
as regards disposing of it.

One morning a few days after the event
I have just related, I was setting up a few
things in the office previous to my depar-
ture, when Dr. Stanton was announced.—
He entered, and seeing the nature of my
preparations he said:

"Why, you don't mean to say you are
going to leave us?'

"Yes,' I answered, "I am. The law is
very well, but if you don't have any of the
profits to counterbalance for proverbial de-
lay you fare rather badly. I've given this
place a fair trial for twelve months. I
don't particularly care about the business.
I have gained a good experience by the af-
fair, and at twenty-four one need not be
downhearted. I don't mind about the bus-
iness.'

"Then what do you mind about?' in-
quired the doctor: "for it is easy enough
to see by your manner that there is some-
thing the matter.'

I could not deny it; and as I felt horri-
bly downhearted and troubled, I made a
clean breast and told the Doctor all about
it.

He started, and, I thought, turned a lit-
tle pale at my story; but, quickly recover-
ing himself, he answered in a kindly man-
ner, "I am very sorry; I wish you had
consulted me first. But, however, the
least said on the subject the sooner mend-
ed. I shall not persuade you to stay in
town after what has occurred; but for all
that, you can undertake for me this busi-
ness on which I have called. I have often
regretted that I have hitherto been unable
to help you in your business; but at length
I can put something in your way, by which
you can easily make a hundred or so.'

"It's like my luck,' I answered. "If
this had only come a month ago! Howev-
er I thank you over and over again for all
your kindness to me.'

We shook hands sympathetically, and
then the Doctor told me his business. He
said that a friend of his had lately died,
leaving a large property which had de-
scended to him, he being the only male
representative of the family surviving.—
But he explained to me that there were
several distant relations who were far from
being well off, and as the property had
come to him unexpectedly, he had decided
to sell it all, and then divide the proceeds
between the poorer relations, of course
taking a fair share for himself.

I complimented him on his generosity,
but he cut me short by saying:

"The property is situated near to C——
which, as you know, is more than 200
miles from here. What I want you to do
is to go at once to C—— and make all ar-
rangements about the sale of the property,
and particularly to get a valuer to go over
it with you. You shall have the deeds on
your return to get the legal part of the
business ready.'

Then giving me the name of some first-
class auctioneers in C——, Dr. Stanton de-
parted.

Glad to do anything which might divert
my thoughts from the painful subject up-
on which they were concentrated, I at once
started for C——. It was late at night
when I arrived there, and as nothing could
be done then, I immediately went to bed.
Next morning I called upon the auction-
eers and explained my business. They
could not go with me then to survey the
property, but we made arrangements for
the ensuing day, and as I did not know a
soul in the place and had nothing to do, I
said, if they would direct me to the house,
I would go and look over it. They gave
me the keys, which were in their possess-
ion, and after a pleasant four miles drive I
reached my destination. There I drew up
at a substantially built lodge. The gate
was opened by an old man, who informed
me in answer to my inquiry, that there
was no one in the house. I drove up a
long, winding carriage-drive, and at length
pulled up in front of a large, square, old-
fashioned looking mansion situated in what
I may almost call a dell, inasmuch as the
garden and park rise up on all sides round
the house, and were thickly wooded with
shrubs. The whole looked deserted and
forlorn, and the bright, hot midsummer
sun, which shone with great power and
heat, seemed rather to add to the loneliness
than otherwise.

I placed the key in the door and with
some difficulty turned it. The door swung
back on its hinges with a harsh, grating
sound, and involuntarily I felt a horrible
feeling of loneliness come over me. Al-
most instinctively I turned round; nothing
met my eyes but the quiet country bathed
in the sunshine and then, laughing at my-
self for my cowardice, I entered the house
and closed the door after me. It was com-
pletely furnished, but all the furniture and
chandeliers were covered, and the carpets
were rolled up in a corner. I wandered
on from the hall to the dining-room, then
into the drawing-room, my footsteps echo-
ing through the whole building. I was
making memoranda in my pocketbook of
things I wanted to ask the auctioneer. I
looked at my watch and found it was half-
past 12; then I went up the lonely stairs
and stood on the landing. Opposite to me
was a long corridor of bedroom doors, at
which another passage crossed it at right
angles. There was little light in the pas-
sage I was looking down, but the other
passage was lighted by some windows
which were out of sight, so that the end of
the passage in which I was standing was
brightly illuminated.

No sooner had I ascended the stairs and
noticed the particulars I have before men-
tioned when suddenly I felt an involuntary
repetition of the feeling I had experienced
at the door, and by some horrible fascina-
tion my attention was fastened on the light
at the other end of the passage.

By heaven, I saw Clara Stanton come
out of one of the bed-rooms and walk
down the passage! I felt my heart give
one leap into my mouth, and then it seem-
ed to stop beating. My blood rushed all
through me with a hot flush, and then was
as cold as a stone. I grasped the banister
for support, and looked again. There was
no mistaking it. Clara Stanton was walk-
ing down the passage. Presently she
emerged into the light part at the end and
turned her face toward me. I have told
you that she always looked sad; but the
utter misery and wretchedness on her face
at that moment I shall never forget.—
Slowly she passed across the end of the
passage and then the wall hid her and she
was gone.

Soon my senses returned to me, and,
shouting "Clara!' I ran to the bedroom
door from which I had seen her come. I
had expected to find it open; but it was
locked, although I knew I had seen her
come through it. Again the supernatural
dread caught hold of me, and without a
moment's thought I ran out of the house.
It was hours before I recovered my equa-
nimity, and even then nothing could have
again persuaded me to have anything to do
with that lonely house, and so by the next
train I returned to H——.

The following day I sent a note over to
Dr. Stanton, and asked him to call at my
office; but the messenger returned with
a reply to the effect that the Doctor was
unable to come. Miss Stanton had died
suddenly on the previous day. My feel-
ings had been so wrought upon that I can
hardly say the news surprised me, although
you may imagine my sorrow. I immedi-
ately hastened to the Doctor, and found
the good man in the greatest trouble. I
told him what had happened to me, and he
turned as white as a sheet.

For some moments he could hardly
speak. At length he managed to ask me,
if I recollected the time when I had seen
Miss Stanton. I told him half-past twelve
at noon.

"That was exactly the time when she
died,' he answered.

Then he told me her story. The prop-
erty which had descended to the Doctor
belonged to the young naval officer she
had loved. They had known each other
from childhood and were fondly devoted.
When the young man came of age they
were formally engaged and there had
been great rejoicings at C—— among the
tenantry. Clara had taken part in them.
It had been arranged that her lover should
go for one more voyage before they were
married, and that voyage was his last.—
The day she had died, and on which I
saw her spirit, was the anniversary of the
day when she had heard of her lover's
death.

There is nothing more to tell. The
Doctor sold the property, but I had
nothing to do with it. What it was I
saw, I don't know; why I saw it, I don't
know; but never assert again that it is
impossible for a ghost to appear by day-
light. I know it is possible because I've
seen one.

In the Bowels of the Earth.

The following incident was related by
the late President Hitchcock, in a sermon
preached in the College Chapel, Amherst,
Mass. on "The Moral Dignity of the Chris-
tian Character.'

"I had descended a thousand feet be-
neath the earth's surface, in the coal pits
of the Mid Lothian Mines, in Virginia, and
was wandering through their dark subter-
ranean, passages when the voice of music
at a little distance broke upon my ear. It
ceased upon our approach, and I caught
only the concluding sentiment of the
hymn,"

"I shall be in heaven in the morning.'

"On advancing with our lamps, we
found the passage closed by a door, in or-
der to give a different direction to the cur-
rents of air, for the purpose of ventilation;
yet this door must be opened occasionally
to let the rail cars pass, loaded with coal.
And to accomplish this, we found sitting
by the door an aged blind slave, whose
eyes had been entirely destroyed by a blast
of gunpowder, many years before, in that
mine. There he sat, on a seat cut in the
coal, from sunrise to sunset, day after day;
his sole business being to open and shut
the door, when he heard the rail cars ap-
proaching. We requested him to sing
again the hymn whose last line we had
heard. It was, indeed, lame in expression
and the poetic measure very defective; be-
ing, in fact, one of those productions
we found the pious slaves were in
it of singing, in part at least, impromptu.
But each stanza closes with the sentiment,

'I shall be in heaven in the morning.'

"It was sung with a clear and pleasant
voice, and I could see the shriveled sight-
less eyeballs of the old man rolling in their
sockets, as if his soul felt the inspiring
sentiments; and really the exhibition was
one of the most affecting that I have ever
witnessed. There he stood—an old man,
whose earthly hopes, even at the best, must
be very faint; and he was a slave—and he
was blind—what could he hope for on
earth? He was buried, too, a thousand
feet beneath the solid rocks. In the ex-
pressive language of Jonah, "He had gone
down to the bottom of the mountains; the
earth with her bars, was about him forev-
er.' There, from month to month, he sat
in total darkness. Oh, how utterly cheer-
less his condition! And yet that one bles-
sed hope of a resurrection morning, was
enough to infuse peace and joy into his
soul. I had often listened to touching mu-
sic; I had heard gigantic intellects pour
forth enchanting eloquence; but never did
music or eloquence exert such an overpow-
ering influence upon my feelings, as did
this scene. Never before did I feel the
mighty power of Christian hope. Never
before did I witness so grand an exhibition
of sublimity. Oh, how comparatively in-
significant did earth's mightiest warriors
and statesmen, her princes and emperors,
and even her philosophers, without piety,
appear! How powerless would all their
pomp and pagentry and wisdom be to sus-
tain them, if called to change places with
this poor slave! He had a principle with-
in him superior to them all; and when the
morning when he longs for shall come,
how indefinitely better than theirs will his
lot appear to an admiring universe! And
that morning shall ere long break in upon
thy darkness, benighted old man! The
light of the natural sun, and the face of
this fair world will never, indeed, revisit
you; and the remnant of your days must
be spent in your monotonous task, by the
side of the wicket gate, deep in the caverns
of the earth; but that bright and blessed
hope of a resurrection morning shall not
deceive you. The Saviour, in whom you
trust, shall manifest himself to you, even
in your deep darkness; and at the appoint-
ed hour, the chains of slavery shall drop
off, and the double night which envelopes
you shall vanish into the light and the lib-
erty and glory of heaven. And just in
proportion to the depths of your darkness
and degradation now, shall be the bright-
ness and the joy of that everlasting day.

"I would add, that on inquiry of the
pious slaves engaged in these mines, I
found that the blind old man had a fair
reputation for piety, and that it was not
till the loss of his eyes that he was led to
accept of a Saviour. It may be that the
destruction of his natural vision was the
appointed means of opening the eye of
faith within his soul.'

The Last Reason.

Little Eddy on his way to school, fre-
quently loitered by a small stream which
he was obliged to pass, to witness the gam-
bols of his playmates, while bathing—the
water being of sufficient depth in some
places for that purpose. Fearing some ac-
cident might befall him, his mother had
told him never to venture *near*, and in
strong terms not to go *into* the water.—
One day, however, being overcome by
temptation, and the urgent solicitation of
boys older than himself, he yielded to their
importunities and his own wishes, and for
an hour entered into their aquatic sports
right heartily. But as ill luck would have
it, while dressing himself, by some mis-
management, he put on his little shirt
wrong side out, entirely unnoticed by him
at the time; but the quick eye of his moth-
er detected it, and divined the reason at
once. Before retiring for the night it was
customary for the little boy to kneel by
by her side and repeat his little prayer.—
While on his knees she took the opportu-
nity to reprove him for disobeying her
commands:

"Edmund, how is it that the buttons
are on the inside of your shirt collar?'

"I don't know. Isn't that the way,
mother?'

"No, my son. You have disobeyed me,
I am sorry to see. You have been in
swimming, else how could you have turned
your shirt?'

The little boy felt that his mother had
spoken the truth, and was for a mo-
ment, silent. However, the satisfactory
explanation, as he thought soon occurred.
With a triumphant look and bold voice he
replied:

"Mother, I—I—*guess I turned it getting over the fence!*"

"All Busted to Death."

About nine o'clock yesterday morning a
boy ran up to a policeman standing on
Monroe Avenue, Detroit, and called out in
an excited voice:

"Come on—come down here—hurry
up!"

"What's the row, boy?' calmly inquired
the officer.

"Man busted all to death down here!'

"Shoo!'

"Yes'r! He drank two glasses of soda
water, and busted up like a biler! I stood
right there and saw the whole 'splosion.'

"Now, boy, you go back and see if you
were not mistaken,' said the officer. "If
there's a dead man there I'll go down. See
if the coroner is there, and if any officers
are around.'

The boy ran back, and after being absent
about fifteen minutes he returned at a
slouchy gait and explained:

"I got the facts a little mixed. The
fellow called for two glasses of soda, put
'em away as fast as he could, and then
didn't have money to pay. I thought the
soda busted him up, but 'twas the soda
man who did it. He hauled off, and he
drew back, and shut his jaws, and he bus-
ted the stranger in memory of '76. He
just came to his senses as I got there, and
he's rolling his eyes around and sticking
out his tongue and purtending that he's
made at least nine cents out o' the perform-
ance. You'd better go down and draw
him in for forgery.'

Saving Faith.

I know of a man who, being obliged to
sleep in the upper story of a lofty building,
keeps a fire escape in his room in the shape
of a stout rope ladder. He believes *in*
that ladder. That is, he has perfect confi-
dence in the stoutness of the hemp, the
strength of the wooden 'rounds,' and the
ability of that ladder to bear his weight.
But on some dark night let the cry of 'fire'
ring through that edifice, and let him put
the grappling-irons fast to the window
casement, and swing himself out into the
air, and he will believe *on* that rope lad-
der. He will *trust* himself to it. When
he has done that, he will have exercised
saving faith in his fire escape. Not be-
fore.

Thousands keep Gospel truth coiled up
in their memories as my friend kept that
rope ladder coiled up in one corner of his
room. They have heard and read of Je-
sus, the Atoner for sin; they admire Him,
they believe in his divine qualities, love,
etc., and vaguely expect, at some future
day, to get to heaven by Him. But they
never for one moment trusted their
souls to Jesus. They never have even
attempted to escape out of their guilt
and danger, by resting their whole weight,
on what Jesus has done for the sinner, or
on His omnipotent grace. Perish they
must, if they are. Perish *you* will, my
orthodox sinner, if you never have any
other kind of faith than your mere
to Gospel truth, and good opinion of
You have got to leap out of that sta
guilt, and foolhardy trespassing on
forbearance, and have got to cling for
life to Jesus Christ. Else you are lost
The act of resting *on* the crucified Jes
saves. That must be continued as long
you live. The moment you quit your hol
you fall. Strength to hold on you will get
from God, and as much as you require.—
That is the main thing to pray for, and
your strength will come, "equal to the
day.' Faith, saving faith, is simply *let-
ting Christ Save you by clinging to
Him.—T. L. Cuyler.*

The Two Valleys.

BY MRS. SALLY A. HUMES.

The valley of humiliation is very unlike
the valley of blessings. It is full of sharp
points, and when we are least expecting
it, we step on something; or an arrow
from behind pierces us. Sometimes on
our right, the friend with whom we took
sweet counsel, sends in a poisoned dart,
while on our left, dear ones hurrying to the
grave with the idol of our heart. At the
door stands adversity in rags, with cold,
frosty winter at her heels, and still the
valley deepens, as down lower we see the
mistakes of other years grinning as they
clutch our property with the strong hand
of the law. O how we long for a friend,
but not one is in sight. "Then his disci-
ples forsook him and fled.' We are where
Jesus was; how every thorn stings, how
every unkind word wounds, how every
wound bleeds. When every sorrow has
been stirred, and every action weighed, we
find that after all the balances were just.
"We had been thinking more highly of
ourselves than we ought to think.'

We imagined no flaw could be found in
our reputation, and lo! the companion of
our bosom charges us with short comings.
We stood upright, and an enemy takes ad-
vantage of a mistake, that was not sin,
wrests the law from the side of right, and
carries away property and friends, leaving
us alone in our humiliation and sorrow.
Up to this point we have only grieved over
our disappointments and losses, but here
self-examination begins. Pride, our for-
mer stronghold, is all gone. Reputation
is not reliable since our nearest friends
mistake our motives. Integrity has failed
because of a human infirmity, and a care-
ful view of all the causes which have
brought us down, will help us "to see our-
selves as others see us,' and much of the
pity with which we viewed our situation
will give place to severe criticism and firm
resolve to profit by the lesson we have
learned. After this review we begin to
ascend. Here and there a friend appears.
From the grave of our loved one we look
heavenward; and we find wounds of a
friend are better than the kiss of an ene-
my. Adversity had a mission for us and
we can sympathize with those who are in
want; and from the valley of humiliation
we step out in the valley of blessings.

Two Sides of Life.

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

Life has two sides; one is sunny, the
other shady. Many persons, from morose-
ness of disposition, or a wrong habit of
thinking, dwell more or less within the
shadows, and incline to see everything in a
gloomy aspect. To such the clearest sky
is portentious of a nearing storm; the calm-
est sea has folded billows; the serenest at-
mosphere envelops a tempest; and the fair-
est moon is surely gathering mists of frown-
ing clouds. Their brows are dark with
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Few are the pleasant words they speak, till
the voice grows harsh, like some discordant
instrument, and the whole being seems out
of tune with the sweet-flowing harmonies
of the material and spiritual universe.

On the other side dwell those who have
the sunshine of cheer in their souls. Dark
foreboding shadows flee at their presence.
Although clouds, somber and dense, lower
upon the mountain tops, they know there
is a "silver lining,' and that the glory be-
yond will shift the darkest scene. Anon
the tempestuous tide of time sweeps by,
but leaves ever a calm sweetly enjoyable.
Fierce winds may mar and blight the per-
ishable, yet tranquil the mind reposes amid
the wreck and ruin, while peace succeeds
the war of adversed elements. Dense mists
of gathering vapors may obscure the mel-
low light of night's fair queen, and all the
shining hosts that silent tread the ether
space; yet still they gleam, and only their
glorious beaming.

This world is full of pleasant things, if
we would only keep on the sunny side.—
"Light is sown for the righteous, and glad-
ness for the upright in heart.' There are
pleasant words to speak, genial smiles to
give, kindly looks to bestow, sweet notes
to harmonize, pure gifts to mingle, loving
deeds to perform, patience to exercise, cha-
rities to scatter, and blessings to gather.—
Love is the sun of the soul; let its emana-
tions radiate through heaven and earth, till
the fullness of its blessing shall be realized
by all God's creation.—*The Shaker.*

OLD WHEAT MAKES A SPEECH.—I was
made to be eaten, and not to be drank; to
be thrashed in a barn, not soaked in a
tank; I come as a blessing when put thro'
a mill, as a blight and a curse when run
through a still. Make me up into loaves
and your children are fed, but if into
drink I will starve them instead. Then
remember the warning, my strength I'll
employ—if eaten, to strengthen; if drank,
to destroy.

other kind of faith than your mere
to Gospel truth, and good opinion of
You have got to leap out of that sta
guilt, and foolhardy trespassing on
forbearance, and have got to cling for
life to Jesus Christ. Else you are lost
The act of resting *on* the crucified Jes
saves. That must be continued as long
you live. The moment you quit your hol
you fall. Strength to hold on you will get
from God, and as much as you require.—
That is the main thing to pray for, and
your strength will come, "equal to the
day.' Faith, saving faith, is simply *let-
ting Christ Save you by clinging to
Him.—T. L. Cuyler.*

The Two Valleys.

BY MRS. SALLY A. HUMES.

The valley of humiliation is very unlike
the valley of blessings. It is full of sharp
points, and when we are least expecting
it, we step on something; or an arrow
from behind pierces us. Sometimes on
our right, the friend with whom we took
sweet counsel, sends in a poisoned dart,
while on our left, dear ones hurrying to the
grave with the idol of our heart. At the
door stands adversity in rags, with cold,
frosty winter at her heels, and still the
valley deepens, as down lower we see the
mistakes of other years grinning as they
clutch our property with the strong hand
of the law. O how we long for a friend,
but not one is in sight. "Then his disci-
ples forsook him and fled.' We are where
Jesus was; how every thorn stings, how
every unkind word wounds, how every
wound bleeds. When every sorrow has
been stirred, and every action weighed, we
find that after all the balances were just.
"We had been thinking more highly of
ourselves than we ought to think.'

We imagined no flaw could be found in
our reputation, and lo! the companion of
our bosom charges us with short comings.
We stood upright, and an enemy takes ad-
vantage of a mistake, that was not sin,
wrests the law from the side of right, and
carries away property and friends, leaving
us alone in our humiliation and sorrow.
Up to this point we have only grieved over
our disappointments and losses, but here
self-examination begins. Pride, our for-
mer stronghold, is all gone. Reputation
is not reliable since our nearest friends
mistake our motives. Integrity has failed
because of a human infirmity, and a care-
ful view of all the causes which have
brought us down, will help us "to see our-
selves as others see us,' and much of the
pity with which we viewed our situation
will give place to severe criticism and firm
resolve to profit by the lesson we have
learned. After this review we begin to
ascend. Here and there a friend appears.
From the grave of our loved one we look
heavenward; and we find wounds of a
friend are better than the kiss of an ene-
my. Adversity had a mission for us and
we can sympathize with those who are in
want; and from the valley of humiliation
we step out in the valley of blessings.

Two Sides of Life.

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

Life has two sides; one is sunny, the
other shady. Many persons, from morose-
ness of disposition, or a wrong habit of
thinking, dwell more or less within the
shadows, and incline to see everything in a
gloomy aspect. To such the clearest sky
is portentious of a nearing storm; the calm-
est sea has folded billows; the serenest at-
mosphere envelops a tempest; and the fair-
est moon is surely gathering mists of frown-
ing clouds. Their brows are dark with
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power. Hearts
and sinners are
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life, the soul, the
success. Without
ing; with Thee the
Spurgeon.

Our En

Everybody of any a
has enemies.

If there is such a thin
the earth as a man wit
must be a nonentity so
his birth is not registered a
and he can shuffle off t
whenever he chooses, and n
the wiser for it.

As a general thing the more
an individual is the more enem
People are jealous of successfu
they are tickeled to death when
anything to their discredit. Wh
so, only the original doctrine of
pravity can explain.

Plain John Smith, the cobb
friends in plenty, and John is ins
model husband—"so kind to his w
so thoughtful about the kindling, and
ing the potatoes, on cold mornings.'

Now let John, by a turn of fo
wheel, be elected to Congress, with al
perquisites which go to make rich me
paupers in a few years, and behold
change.

It will not be a month before it is noi
around that John drinks and swears, and
cheats at cards, etc.

And why is it?

Simply this—his popularity has brought
him enemies.

The higher we raise in the social sphere,
and the more the world thinks of us; the
more enemies we shall have.

The Methodist Episcopal Church.

From the "Christian Advocate,' official,
published at New York, we glean the fol-
lowing items of interest for the year 1877:

There are eleven bishops, annual confer-
ences 91, being an increase of four. Itin-
erant preachers 11,256, showing an increase
of 184. Local preachers 12,883—total
preachers 23,839, increase 110. Lay mem-
bers on probation 200,281—total lay mem-
bers 1,673,287. Increase 21,775. Deaths
of members, 19,724. Baptisms of adults
76,540, children 56,292—total 132,832.—
Church edifices 16,099, increase 283.—
Parsonages 5,334, increase 122. The total
present valuation of church edifices and
parsonages is $79,298,720. During the
year 140 preachers located and 119 died.
The Methodist Episcopal Church has lost
by death during the last ten years an aggre-
gate of 168,656 lay members. Baltimore
Annual Conference meets in Cumberland,
Md., on the 27th of February, 1878; Rev.
Bishop Ames will preside. The missionary
treasurer acknowledges as the receipts for
the year $226,086,94 from the Baltimore
Conference, Delaware $693,64, Virginia
$484,36, Washington $1666,09, West Vir-
ginia $2,892,67. Sunday schools 19,775,
increase 84. Sunday school officers and
teachers 216,274, increase 7888. Sunday
school 1,490,383, increase 37,200; teachers
and scholars 1,896,557 increase 44,508.

THE following singular advertisement
appeared in one of our Western exchan-
ges:

Wanted, a man—to elope with my wife.
Must be a man of courage, and strong as
an ox. He must be one with a healthy
constitution, and able to do with little
sleep. A sailor would suit best—one that's
been accustomed to big blows. My wife
has many good points for a man who could
appreciate them. I cannot. She can talk
faster than lightning can travel, and louder
than a railroad whistle can scream. She
doesn't care much for the amenities, but is
very powerful on the ascerbities of life.
She would be a good assistant in a vinegar
factory, she's so sour, and would be a no-
ble companion for a man living in a coun-
try where there are plenty of bears, she's
so powerful in huggin. To any man who
feels like enticing my wife to elope with
him, I will pay $50 and the expense of the
elopement. Should my blessing be consid-
ered of any consequence, I'll throw it in.
For further particulars apply to.

HENRY JINKS.

WHEN four women are walking abreast
on a pavement, they will break ranks for
nothing except a man with a paint-pot.