The Chestertown Transcript.

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Advertisements

Of TEN LINES Bourgeois (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, three Dollars: Six months, five Dollars: One Year, eight Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,
Cheap for Cash, and at short notice.

PATRONIZE
HOME INSTITUTIONS!

WE would respectfully inform our customers, that they are no longer under the necessity of going North or East to lay in their supplies of Stoves and Hollow ware, as they can be accommodated at the

BALTIMORE
Stove House,

from the largest and most varied stock, and on terms as low as any similar establishment in the United States. Our stock comprises in part Cooking and Heating Stoves, Parlor Stoves and Grates, Hot Air Furnaces, Argicultural Boilers, Tin, Sheet Iron and Hollow ware, etc. We call particular attention to our popular Re-improved OLD DOMINION, for wood or coal, which we are selling this season at reduced rates; also, our GEM AND GAS BURNER FIRE PLACE STOVES, which for beauty and efficiency are unequalled by any known Stove. A call is respectfully solicited by BIBB & CO.,
Baltimore Stove House, 39 Light St., Balt.
September 29, 1866—y

KENT COUNTY
MACHINE SHOP,
AT GALENA.

THE UNDERSIGNED beg leave to inform the Farmers of Kent and adjoining Counties that they are prepared to do all kinds of AGRICULTURAL MACHINE REPAIRING, at short notice.

They also put up in good order the celebrated *PENNINGTON IMPROVED REAPER*, which is of Central Draught, runs easy for four horses, and will cut from 25 to 30 acres per day; it cuts a 6 ft. 6 in. swath, and can have a MOWER attached in a few minutes. It gives general satisfaction, as has been certified to by many able farmers of Kent and Cecil counties.

They also build HORSE POWERS AND THRESHERS, of modern style, which in good wheat will thresh and clean from 4 to 6 hundred bushels per day.

They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 3 Pratt & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrowed Plows. Excellent model, and not surpassed in goodness or temper by any made or used in this State.

Mill Spindles, Shafts and Picks made and repaired to order, and in good style.

Cultivators and Cultivator Teeth, Farm Hinges, Harrows, &c., for sale wholesale and retail, and on reasonable terms.

WM. A. HYLAND & CO.
Galena, March 31, 1866—tf.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,
Dentist,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High Street, next door below the residence of Miss T. Bradshaw.

His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.
May 13, 1865—y.

Notice.

PURE CIDER VINEGAR, two years old, for sale at Kennedyville, by
Sept. 15. C. W. WARREN.

BERGER & BUTZ'S
EXCELSIOR
SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME.
AND
BERGER & BUTZ'S
AMMONIATED
SUPER PHOSPHATE OF
Lime.

Farmers and Dealers

ARE respectfully referred to the above FERTILIZERS as being prepared in the best manner, thoroughly reliable, and in every way calculated to give universal satisfaction.

They are extensively known, having been used with great success during the past six or seven years.

Read the following opinion of one of the best Chemists of this country:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
No. 108 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA,
April 10th, 1866.

During the last five years I have been in frequent consultation with Mr. George M. Woodward, Manufacturer of Messrs. *Berger & Butz's* artificial manures, in regard to the preparation of their Super Phosphate of Lime, etc. The materials used in these Fertilizers, are in all cases subjected to my examination and analyses before purchase. Being fully acquainted with their formula and methods of manufacture, I can assure those interested in the purchase and sale of Fertilizers, that their "*Excelsior*" and "*Ammoniated*" Super Phosphate of Lime are of such a character, as must render them of great value to the farmer, and place them amongst the best *Fertilizers* now in the market.

F. A. GENTH.

We guarantee these Fertilizers to be Unadulterated.

By the introduction of
NEW AND IMPROVED
MACHINERY
into our Factory, these articles will be much better prepared than formerly.

R. J. RUTH & Co.,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 16 Bowley's Wharf,
BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale by
THOS. DEC. RUTH, Chestertown;
THOS. D. BURGESS, Grey's Inn Creek;
JAMES SHUSTER, Buck Neck;
R. T. TURNER, Betterton;
JOHN CARSON, Crumpton.
Baltimore, June 30, 1866—y.

JAS. I. BARTON,
(Successor to C. B. KEYWORTH,)
Late of J. P. Hartman,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 276 West Baltimore St.
BALTIMORE.

OUR Stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of every grade, style and texture, which we are prepared to make up at reasonable prices, and in every variety of style to suit the occasion or taste of the wearer.

All Goods and Garments warranted to be what they are represented, or returnable at the pleasure of the purchaser.

The citizens of Kent and the Eastern Shore counties are requested to give him a call. March 11, 1865.

$1,500 PER YEAR! We want Agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machine. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Sent on trial. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in the United States for less than $40, which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. All* other cheap machines are *infringements* and the *seller* or *user* are *liable to arrest, fine and imprisonment.* Illustrated circulars sent *free.* Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, at Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Ill. May 12, 1866—1y

WHEELER & WILSON
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
Sewing Machine!
W. MERRILL, AGENT,
Office 214 Baltimore Street.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.
SEWING MACHINES,
For Tailoring and Manufacturing,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
W. MERRILL, AGENT,
214 West Baltimore Street,
Jan. 7, 1865—y BALTIMORE.

CHESTERTOWN
CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

Having associated themselves with GEORGE E. LAMBERT for the Manufacture and Repair of Carriages in all its branches, respectfully inform the public that they have taken THE SHOP ON CROSS STREET, recently occupied by R. W. Caulder, and *Having laid in a Stock Of the Very Best Material,* are now prepared to build to order FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES *OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.*
TRIMMING, PAINTING
AND ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS
Neatly and promptly done.

Believing a good Carriage Manufactory will be sustained in our town, we respectfully ask the public patronage.

GEO. E. LAMBERT & CO.
Chestertown, March 9, 1867.

The Poet.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

BY MRS. ELLEN H. M. GATES.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged wrinkled hands,
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hand, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But O, beyond this shadow-land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,—
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

Farmers' Column.

EXPERIMENTS.

Farmers often find fault with those who experiment. They say of a neighbor sometimes, "he is rather experimental;" but they should remember that every new truth is an experiment, to all those who have not tried it. Some one must be the first to vary from the trodden path, or we should still use a crooked stick instead of a plow. There is a class, however, who, upon hearing of any novelty in agriculture, at once try it, not on a square yard, but on their whole crop; such men are not worthy of being styled experimenters. But should a farmer at this day call himself practical and judicious in his calling, who, after having heard that in many sections of country corn is cultivated flat, without hilling, and that potatoes are so cultivated, still continues to hill both without trying the experiment of flat cultivation even on a single hill, can such men be rated as judicious? Is such a man to be called a practical farmer? Is he practical who allows Lima beans to travel around a pole fifteen feet high, when the pinching off of the vine at five and a half feet high will produce double the crop of beans, and particularly before frost? Should he not try the experiment and see how it will answer? Many permit melons, cucumbers, etc., to run over the entire area of their soil, in long single vines, while others, by pinching off the runner-buds after the third rough leaf has formed, get their fruit early and of double size. Why should not this experiment be tried and adopted, if found true? Gooseberries mildew all over the country, but some have saved them by cutting every branch that is within five inches of another, and by mulching the surface with salt hay, or other cheap refuse material; is this not a fair experiment to try?

It has been frequently asserted that properly under-drained sub-soiled lands never suffer from drouth: who cannot name many farmers who lose their crops from drouth, at least once in ten years, and still have never experimented to know whether they can under-drain and subsoil their land, for one-tenth the value of their crops, or whether such sub-soiling and under-draining will save them from drouth entirely? And those who doubt this fact, should they not make the experiment, or visit the farms of those who have, to know its truth.

Thousands of acres of peach trees are grown by those who have never tried the shortening-in process, and cannot tell whether they will bear for a series of years longer for such practice, or not. Is it not a fair experiment to try this on a single tree at least? Are there not thousands of farmers in the United States who have never tried any other fertilizing material than barnyard manure? Should they not satisfy themselves by the experiment, whether or not others may not be more cheaply used, and produce more profitable results?

Continually we hear it said, that those who surface plow five or six inches, have another farm under it which they have not developed. Should not such farmers experiment with the sub-soil to know if this be true or false. A bushel of carrots and a bushel of oats, are said to equal in effect, when fed to a horse, two bushels of oats. Now as sixteen times the number of bushels of carrots can be raised on an acre, than can possibly be grown of oats, should not those farmers who have never raised carrots, try the experiment, and thus ascertain if these assertions are true? Those who use hoes, and forks, etc., for cleansing row crops of weeds, have heard that the horse weeder would do the work of forty men with hoes, and that many have repudiated the use of the hoe altogether for root crops, why should they not try this experiment? It is said that one mowing machine will do the work of twenty men with scythes, and that one threshing machine will do the work of a hundred men with flails; should not those who at present use flails, visit farms where mowing machines and threshing machines are used, to ascertain if that experiment will not warrant them in the purchase of such tools?

Those who use barn-yards open and exposed to the winds and rains, and who permit the washings to run off to creeks and streams, have doubtless heard that with manure sheds, and properly arranged tanks retaining the drainage of the manure heap, and pumps, obtain better results than by the open barn-yard practice; should they not carefully review the operations of these experimenters, rather than satyrize that of which they have no knowledge? Experience is said to be the mother of wisdom —experiment is the father of truth.—*Ex.*

From the Baltimore Episcopal Methodist.

A Plea for the Children.

Don't expect too much of them; it has taken forty years, it may be, to make you what you are, with all their lessons of experience: and I dare say you are a fool-faulty being at best. Above all, don't expect judgment in a child or patience under trials, sympathize in their mistakes and troubles; don't ridicule them. I once saw a little restless, inquisitive child ask a grown person what he was doing? "Grinding pepper," the man said, "for the meat."

Not an idea had the boy of four years of the properties of that pungent spice.—"Let me taste it," he said, "and see what it is like?" "No, smell it," said the man, and the little fellow buried his face in a large box full. Of course his eyes were nearly put out, and this human brute laughed heartily. To this day the child regards him with the greatest detestation that no advances can conquer, and no wonder. Remember not to measure a child's trials by your standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth," says the inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unfailing sympathy with all her children's griefs. When I see children going to their father for comfort, I am sure there is something wrong with the mother. Men are poorly fitted for the care of little ones.—They lack not only the untiring patience, but the heaven born unselfishness of womankind. Do not judge their loving words and looks; the world may use them roughly enough in their passing through it, let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make it. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power.—We have often felt our temper rise to see how carelessly their little plans are thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a life-time. Lastly, don't think a child a hopeless case because it betrays some very bad habits. We have known children that seem to have been born thieves and liars,

[redacted]

naturalist, Herr Lindemann, has made the discovery that a microscopic parastic insect infects much of the hair of commerce with which fashionable ladies make up their chignons. This insect was first discovered in hair obtained from the filthy peasantry of the Mordwine and Burlake on the Volga, (Russia) and disseminates itself by contact with the warm hair of the wearer. This new parastic animalcule multiples very rapidly, falls from the false hair in the shape of dust, is breathed in by the wearer, or it falls in masses on her food and drink, finds its way into the blood, and finally into the minute tubes of the hair, on which it causes little knobs to form and finally destroys it; or if its growth has been accelerated, as is sometimes the case by the nutriment obtained in its passage through the veins, it forms its brood under the skin, producing inflammation and distress in the parts infected. May the ladies soon learn to shrink with disgust from the mounds teeming with disease and uncleanness, which they build up with false hair upon heads and necks already so lovely without the addition of charms borrowed from the destitute and vile of other lands, or shorn from the heads of dead paupers of our own country.

A Woman's Habit.

We find the following among the "Nebulæ" in the last Galaxy:

The eyeing of women by women is one of the most offensive manifestations of superciliousness now to be met with in society. Few observant persons can have failed to notice the manner in which one woman, who is not perfectly well-bred or perfectly kind-hearted, will eye over another woman who she thinks is not in such good society, and, above all, not at the time being in so costly a dress as she herself is in. It is done everywhere; at parties, at church, in hotels, in the street.—It is done by women in all conditions of life. The very servant girls learn it of their mistress. It is done in an instant.

Who cannot recall hundreds of instances of that sweep of the eye which takes in at a glance the whole woman and what she has on, from top-knot to shoe-tie? It cannot be a new fashion of behaviour; but the daily increasing pretence of people to superiority, because they can afford to spend more money upon their backs than others can, makes it at once more common and more remarkable even than it was ten or fifteen years ago. Men are never guilty of it, or with such extreme rarity, and then in their sex, that it may be set down as a sin not masculine or at least epicence.

But women of sense, of some breeding, and even of some kindliness of nature, will thus endeavor to assert a superiority upon the meanest of all pretences, and inflict a wound in a manner the most cowardly, because it cannot be resented and admits of no retort. If they but only knew how unlovely, how positively offensive, they make themselves in so doing, not only to their silent victims, but to every generous-hearted man who observes their manœuvre, they would give up a triumph at once so mean and so cruel, which is obtained at such a sacrifice on their part. No other evidence than this eyeing is needed that a woman, whatever be her birth or breeding, has a small and vulgar soul.

Lawyers' Tricks.

A French writer, in a sketch of Maitre Emmanuel Arago, a distinguished advocate of Paris, gives a curious illustration of the license which the members of the bar in that country occasionally allow themselves on behalf of their clients. The case in which M. Arago first made a reputation was the trial of a young man named Huber and Mlle. Laura Gouvelle, for a plot against Louis Phillippe. M. Arago, in defending the former, exclaimed, "Huber is a man whom I esteem, whom I love, whom I shall never forget as I hope he will never forget me—a man, gentleman, whom I could desire to be my brother. Surely you will give him back to me." And at the close of this singular peroration the impassioned counsel fell upon his client's neck and embraced him. The jury, however, took their own view of the case, and returned a verdict of guilty. When the prisoners appeared to receive sentence, M. Arago again hugged his client—while M. Jules Favre, who defended M. Gouvelle, fell into her arms and kissed her. "In fact," as the writer remarks, "there was a great deal of embracing in that case."

As a match to this we find the following in the Erie, Pa., *Dispatch*, which, that paper states, occurred the other week in one of the courts of that city:—

"A convicted violator of the liquor law was before the august judge for the purpose of receving his sentence. As counsel he had employed an Erie lawyer, who during the late term has quitted himself very creditably, and the counsel was urging a very light sentence on the defendant, giving several reasons, but dwelling most particularly on his being a woodchopper and having labored industriously, cutting timber on the farm of another legal gentleman, whom he designated and who was then standing by him. 'Blast him,' said the one referred to, in a whisper, addressing the liquor seller's counsel, he has been cutting timber on our land, but we didn't hire him, *he stole all he cut.*' 'Sh—keep still!' murmured the counsel, keeping one eye on the judge. 'Yes, your honor, this man has been chopping wood for Mr.——— here all winter, and has got a big family, and I hope your honor will let him off easy.' 'Your honor,' who had *not* noticed the little by-play that was going on under his nose, let the man off easy, the counsel meanwhile chuckling over the perplexed expression depicted on the face of his brother lawyer, who had lost the timber. *He*, however, was too magnanimous to expose this bare-faced perversion by the defendant's counsel, though he could not see just where the laugh came in."

Anecdotes of General Jackson.

Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, in early life a friend and neighbor of General Jackson, relates the following anecdotes of the old hero, illustrative of his organic will and character: The General had bought an old-fashioned long clock for his wife, such as forty years ago usually graced the corner of the family room of well-to-do sort of people in the South. When it arrived from Nashville, it was too long to stand upright in the low cabin he lived in. Mrs. J. was much annoyed by the circumstance, and in consultation with neighbors, about what should be done, some advised to cut it off at the top and others at the bottom. The old hero was evidently indulging in a sullen, discontented mood. Finally he said: "It shall go in as it is!" "But," said his wife and neighbors, "It *can't* go in as it is—it is too long!" "But it *shall!*" replied Jackson. He called up some of his negro fellows and directed them to go to a neighboring forest and bring some "poles" of a certain size and length. They soon returned, and to the astonishment of his guests, poised up the house, introduced the new logs, and very summarily accomodated the clock, to the delight of his good wife. On one occasion a bridal party passed his house, and the lady lost a valuable piece of gold on the bank of the river. She was troubled about it, and was delaying to hunt it.—"Go on, madam," said General Jackson, "I'll find it and give it to you on your return." She reluctantly consented.—When the party left he began his search and found it a much more serious business than he anticipated. He, however, persisted and finally recovered the coveted piece from the sand. In a few days the party returned. General Jackson met the lady with a smile, saying "Here is your gold piece, madam!" The lady was profuse in her acknowledgements of the obligation, but upon being informed of the trouble and loss of time its recovery had cost the great and gallant man, expressed regret that he had submitted to them on her account. "What, madam!" replied he, "do you think I could have given it up? I would have sifted all the sands of of the Cumberland River or had it."

THE SUNDAY MORNING'S DREAM.

My first day of returning health, after many weeks of severe illness, was a bright Sunday in June. I was well enough to sit at an open window in my easy chair, and as our house stood in a pleasant garden in the suburbs of London, the first roses of the year scented the soft breeze that fanned my pale cheeks, and revived my languid frame. The bells of our parish church were just beginning their chimes, and the familiar sound awakened in me an intense longing to be with my family once more a worshipper in the house of God. I took up my Bible and Prayer-Book, which had been placed ready on the table beside me, intending to begin to read when the hour of the eleven o'clock service should be announced by the ceasing of the bells; and, in the mean time closed my eyes, and soothed my impatient wishes by picturing to myself the shady avenues of blossoming limes that led to our church, and the throngs that would now be entering it for the public worship of the day.

All at once I seemed to be walking in the beautiful church-yard, yet prevented from gratifying my eager wish to enter the church, by some irresistible though unseen hand. One by one the congregation, in their gay Sunday dresses, passed me by, and went in where I vainly strove to follow. The parish children in two long and orderly trains defiled up the staircase into the galleries, and except a few stragglers, hurrying in as feeling themselves late, I was left alone.

Suddenly I was conscious of some awful presence, and felt myself addressed by a voice of most sweet solemnity, in words to this effect: "Mortal, who by Divine mercy hast just been permitted to return from the gates of the grave, pause before thou enterest God's holy house again; reflect how often thou hast profaned his solemn public worship by irreverence, or by inattention, which is in his sight irreverence: consider well the great privilege, the unspeakable benefit and blessing of united prayer, lest by again abusing it thou tire the patience of thy long-suffering God, and tempt him forever to deprive thee of that which hitherto thou hast so little valued."

Seeing me cast down my eyes and blush with conscious guilt, the gracious being continued in a milder tone: "I am one of those angels commissioned to gather the prayers of the saints, and form them into wreaths of odorous incense that they may rise to the throne of God. Enter now with me, and thou shalt, for thy warning, be enabled to discern those among the devotions about to be offered which are acceptable to Him, and see how few in number, how weak and unworthy they are."

As he ceased speaking I found myself by the side of the angel still, but within the church, and so placed that I could distinctly see every part of the building.

"Observe," said the angel, "that those prayers which come from the heart, and which alone ascend on high, will *seem* to be uttered aloud. They will be more or less audible in proportion to their earnestness—when the thoughts wander, the sounds will grow faint, and even cease altogether."

This explained to me why the organist, though apparently playing with all his might, produced no sound, and why presently after, when the service began, though the lips of many moved, and all appeared attentive, only a few faint murmurings were heard.

How strange and awful it was to note the sort of death-like silence that prevailed in whole pews, in which as was thus evident, no heart was raised in gratitude to heaven. Even in the Te Deum, and Jubilate, the voices sometimes sunk into total silence. After the Creed there was a low murmuring of the Versicles, and then, distinct and clear above all other sounds, a sweet childish voice softly and reverently repeated the Lord's Prayer. I turned in the direction of the sound, and distinguished among the parish children a very little boy. His hands were clasped together; as he knelt his eyes were closed, his gentle face composed in reverence; and as the angel wrote on his tablets the words that fell from those infant lips, his smile, like a sunbeam, illuminated the church for a moment, and I remembered the words of holy David, where he says: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

Presently I was again reminded of a Scripture passage—the Prayer of the Publican. A wretched-looking man, who swept the crossing near the church, lounged into the centre aisle during the reading of the lessons, his occupation being for the hour suspended. The second lesson was the 24th chapter of St. Matthew; some verses attracted his attention; he listened with more and more seriousness, until at length he put his hand over his face, and exclaimed aloud: "What will become of me at the day of judgment? Lord, have mercy on me a sinner!" That prayer was inserted on the angel's tablets. Oh! may it not stand alone, but be an awakening of better things. May God indeed have mercy on such poor neglected ones as he, and raise up some to teach them, and care for their immortal souls.

After this, growing accustomed to the broken murmurs and interrupted sounds, I followed many an humble Christian through large portions of the Litany; though often, while I was listening with hopeful attention, a sudden and total pause showed but too plainly that the thoughts of the kneeling suppliant had wandered far away, and that he who appeared so earnest in his devotions had become languid and silent like the rest of the congregation.

"Thou art shocked at what thou hast observed," said the angel; "I will show thee greater abominations than these. God is strong and patient; he is provoked every day. Listen now, and thou shalt hear the *thoughts* of all these people; so shalt thou have some faint idea of the forbearance God continually exercises towards those who draw near to him with their lips, while their hearts are far from him."

As the angel spoke, my ears were deafened with a clamor which would have been shocking in a public meeting, but which here in God's holy house was awfully profane. The countenances remained indeed as composed and serious as before; the lips moved with the words of prayer, but the phrases they uttered were of the world and its occupations.

"How shamefully late Mrs. Slack always comes," said one woman, who, looking over the edge of her Prayer-Book, saw her neighbor and a train of daughters bustle into the next pew. "What an example to set to her family; thank goodness no one can accuse me of that sin." "New bonnets again already!" exclaimed the last comer, returning the neighborly glance from the other seat, ere she composed herself to the semblance of devotion. "How they can afford it, heaven only knows; and their father owing all his Christmas bills yet. If my girls look shabby, at least we pay our debts."

"Ah! there's Tom S.," nodded a young man to his friend in the opposite gallery, "he is growing quite religious and respectable I declare. He has been at church two Sundays running; how much longer will the devout fit last?"

These were shocking and striking examples of irreverence; there were happily not many such, the involuntary wanderings of thought were more common.

I was much interested in a young couple near me, whose attention for a considerable part of the service had been remarkable. From the dress of the young man, I judged him to be a clergyman; the lady wore deep mourning; they were evidently betrothed—they read out of one book. Gradually he forgot the awful presence in which he stood, his eyes wandered from the Bible to her gentle face, and fixing there, called off his thoughts from heaven. "How good she is," he began to say, "how attentive to her prayers, as to all other duties! what a sweet wife she will make! how happy I am to have won her love!" By this time the countenance of the young girl wore an expression which showed that she felt the earnestness of his gaze; her eyelids trembled, her attention wavered; and though she looked at the book some moments longer, she too began to murmur of earthly things, and I heard her say: "Oh! how he loves me—even here he can not forget that I am beside him." It was many minutes before either of them returned in spirit to their devotions.

As the service proceeded, the attention of the congregation flagged more and more —the hubbub of worldly talk increased. One man composed a letter he intended to send, and even altered whole passages and rounded elegant periods, without one check or recollection of the holy place where he stood. Another repeated a long dialogue which had passed between himself and a friend the night before, and considered how he might have spoken more to the purpose. Some young girls rehearsed scenes with their lovers—some recalled the incidents of their last ball. Careful housewives planned schemes of economy, gave warning to their servants, arranged the turning of a gown, or decided on the most becoming trimming for a bonnet.

To me, conscious of the recording angel's presence, all this solemn mockery of worship was frightful. I would have given worlds to rouse this congregation to a sense of what they were doing, and, to my comfort, I saw that for the involuntary offenders a gentle warning was provided.

A frown from the angel, or the waving of his impatient wings as if about to quit a place so desecrated, recalled the wandering thoughts of many a soul, unconscious whence came the breath that revived the dying flame of his devotions. Then self-blame, tears of penitence, and bitter remorse—of which those kneeling nearest knew nothing—wrung the heart shocked at its own careless ingratitude wondering at and adoring the forbearance of the Almighty, while more concentrated thoughts, and I trust more fervent prayer, succeeded to the momentary forgetfulness.

In spite of these helps, however, the amount of real devotion was small; and when I looked at the angel's tablets, I was shocked to see how little was written therein.

Out of three hundred Christians, thought I, assembled after a week of mercies, to praise and bless the Giver of all good, these few words are the sum of what they offer!

"Look to thyself," said the angel, reading my inmost thoughts, "such as these are, such hast thou long been. Darest thou, after what has been revealed to thee, act such a part again! Oh! could thy mortal ears bear to listen to the songs of the rejoicing angels before the throne of the Almighty, thou wouldst indeed wonder at the condescending mercy, which stoops to accept these few faint wandering notes of prayer and praise. Yet the sinless angels veil their faces before Him, in whose presence man stands boldly up with such mockery of worship as thou has seen this day. Remember the solemn warning, lest hereafter it be accounted to thee as an aggravation of guilt."

Suddenly the sweet, solemn voice ceased, the glorious angel disappeared, and so oppressive seemed the silence and loneliness, that I started and awoke. My watch pointed to the hour of eleven; it must have been the stopping of the bells that interrupted my slumbers; and all this solemn scene had passed before my mind in the short space of a few minutes.

May the lessons I learned in those few minutes never be effaced from my heart; and if this account of them should aid in recalling one wandering thought in the house of prayer, or teach any to value more highly and cultivate more carefully the privilege of joining in the public worship of our church, it will not have been written in vain.

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