THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 20, 1872. NO. 35.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY*, the first day of *MAY*, 1871, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Worton station and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	Q.A.R.R.train
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25
" Morris',	8:15	1.40
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:10
GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8.00
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15
" Morris',	12.05	P.M. 8:25
" Massey's,	12;20	8:35
" Lambson's,	12:30	
" Black's,	12:40	
" Kennedyville,	1:00	
" Still Pond,	1:10	
" Lynch's,	1:15	
Arrive Worton,	1:25	

☞ Passengers from Worton and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M.

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

will run in connection with the cars at Worton, as follows:

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Worton on the arrival of the train, say 1:25 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their names at *Hall's Hotel* in the evening, will be called for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $3.30.

J. K. HINES,
April 30, 1871. Superintendent.

Attention

THE most elegant mode of *perfuming* clothing is by placing them in contact with odoriferous substances. This end can be attained by purchasing at the Drug Store of T. W. WICKES the most popular and prevailing perfumes now used. You can also find at his store a most elegant assortment of Combs, Brushes, Soaps, and Fancy Articles, all of the finest quality, and at city retail prices. The Bachelor Hair Dye, which is used so extensively in Europe and this country, and which has been satisfactorily proven by men of science and taste to be the best Hair Dye in the world, is sold by T. W. Wickes. Natural Mineral Waters for the debilitated, such as Vichy, Kissengen, Saratoga, and other waters. Spices, Ginger, Cloves, Cinnamon, Allspice, Mustard, Mace, Black and Red Pepper, Nutmegs, and *ground* Sage. Extracts for flavoring, of all varieties. Fine Cigars and Chewing and Smoking Tobacco. Jan. 7, 1871.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!

Excelsior Hot Blast Cook, Superb Cook, Ironside, Columbia Cook, Niagara, Continental, All Right Cook, Farmer, Champion Complete Improved, Victor Range, Reliance Range, Novelty parlor Cook, *THE IMPROVED MORNING GLORY*, Token Gas Burning Base, Token with Reflector, Parlor Light Base Burner, Magic Light Base Burner, Comet Air-tight Radiator, Myrtle Illuminating Base, Casket Air-tight, for wood or coal, Vulcan Egg, Tuscan Open Front, for wood, Union Air Tight, Woodland, Flame, Nine Plate Stove, &c. &c.

BIBB AND SEXTON'S HEATERS

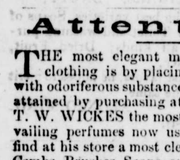
put up to heat one, two or three rooms, city prices, and repaired at moderate rates.

Call and examine our large stock of Stoves and be convinced that we are selling them as low as in the city.

Store opposite the Court House.

J. K. ALDRIDGE
Chestertown, Oct. 21, 1871.

New Firm in the Lumber Business



Having purchased the entire stock of Mr. Wm. Vannort in the Lumber Business, will intend to keep his old stand a full and complete assortment of

BUILDING MATERIAL;

AND A LARGE STOCK OF LUMBER

to which we invite the attention of consumers, comprised in part of Select Cullings, 4-4, 6-4 and 8-4 White Pine, 5-8 Siding. Yellow Pine Dressed Flooring, White Pine Scantling and Bill Stuff, Hemlock Joist, Scantling & Bill Stuff, White Pine and Hemlock Fencing, White Pine and Cypress Shingles, Laths, Pales, Window Sash glazed, and Window Shutters.

We hope, by attention to our business, to merit a full share of public patronage.

We will also continue the

CARPENTERING
AND
Undertaking

business with unabated vigor.

JOHN T. DODD & SON.
July 15, 1871—tf.

CIDER VINEGAR, RELIABLE FOR PICKLING, on hand and for sale by

THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, August 19, 1871.

THE
EUREKA
FANNING MILL.
The Greatest Invention
OF THE 19th CENTURY!
FARMERS, LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

THE attention of Farmers and Mechanics is particularly directed to the combined economy, utility and practicability of the Eureka Mill, and to the many other advantages it possesses over every other Fanning Mill which has been introduced to the public. It is the fruit of long and patient investigation by the inventor, who has made it his constant study for over twenty years. He has secured several patents for Mills, and has always been rewarded with the best of success. But not feeling satisfied with his former attainments, he determined to reach the climax, and he now believes that his new invention will warrant him in exclaiming in the joy of his heart, like the philosopher, Phythagoras, EUREKA, signifying in the Grecian language, "I have found it." This has given the name to this new Mill.

In this Mill are all the former improvements, to which have been added several more, adding still greater advantages than were at first anticipated, or even thought possible by the inventor himself. It embraces the three great essentials necessary in every invention.

It combines Utility, Economy and Practicability!

THE EUREKA MILL

Is small and lighter, and is capable of doing more and better work in a given time than any other Mill ever invented. It is the only Mill that will successfully remove from wheat such pests as Cockle, Garlic, Oats, Rye, &c.

Should an extra quality of grain for seed or gristing purposes be required, it can be so arranged as to catch in one box perfect grain, and in the other, grain fit for market or mill. Here is made a great saving usually lost sight of: for nearly one-quarter of the grain cleaned in the common Mills is lost when sown, on account of shrunken kernels and inferior grain. The Eureka Mill saves all this, and gives seed every kernel of which will grow when put into the ground, and this saving will, in a short time, pay for the Mill.

HINES & BURCHINAL,
Chestertown, Md.,

Owners of the Mill, are having them manufactured at the Sash Factory and Planing Mill of NOLAND & Co., Port Deposit, Md., which is a guarantee they will be put up in the very best manner.

June 17, 1871—tf.

"RISING SUN"
SALOON,

ON BRIDGE ST. NEAR CROSS, CHESTERTOWN

IS fitted up for the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen with all the delicacies usually found in the the Saloons of the city.

In the Ladies' Saloon, Ladies will be served with Cake, Ice Crem, Oysters in all styles of cooking, Terrapins, Crabs, Beef-Steaks, Fried Ham, all the delicacies of the season, at the short notice.

In the Gentlemens Saloons, Gentlemen will in addition be served with choice cigars.

☞ Parties will be supplied with everything needful for refreshment tables—and Ice.

☞ Families supplied with Oysters, Ice Cream, Water Ices, Custard &c., by the gallon upon reasonable terms.

ICE

in large or small quantities for sale, and delivered every morning to regular customers in Chestertown.

The long experience of the subscriber as a caterer, justifies him in asking a liberal patronage from the public.

WILLIAM PERKINS.
13-'68. Proprietor.

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY
AT

New Jersey; J. K. Hines, Chestertown; Lloyd Tilghman, Centreville, or the subscriber.

T. DEC. RUTH,
July 22—tf. Chestertown, Md.

B. C. BROOKER, JR. WM. B. LEWIS.

Brooker & Lewis,
AUCTIONEERS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 236 W. Baltimore street,
NEAR CHARLES,
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ Sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, &c., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M. Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Notions every Monday at 10 o'clock A. M.

Consignments respectfully solicited.

Out-door Sales of every description taken at lowest rates.

Cash advances made if required.

Baltimore, August 26, 1871—y.

Selected Poetry.

Telling Fortunes.

Two tall, twin lilies from afar,
Their fair heads towards her softly bowed,
As with her sweet cheek, like a star
That pillows on some sunset cloud,
She, in the shadow of the hills,
Lay low among the daffodils.

Even her silence seemed to speak
What dullest ear might understand,
As with her hair drawn down her cheek,
And shining in her milk-white hand,
She pulled the clovers from the mold,
And by their leaves her fortune told.

Sometimes from mouth to brow she smiled
With all a woman's sweetest grace,
But changing to a pouting child
Within a little moment's space,
Would toss her clover-flowers about,
As if she did the world misdoubt.

Now she would look, and now would list,
Till dew-drops fringed her silken gown,
And bars of scarlet crossed the mist,
And the low sun went dimly down.
Then all the frowns would change to fears,
That filled the eyes with sad, soft tears.

At length the moon rose, yellowing o'er
The banks of sea-fog, cold and white,
And up the black sands of the shore
The tide crawled slow. "O, cruel night,
Leave me," she cries, "of all the sky,
One star, to tell my fortune by!"

Hush! hark! and round her milk-white hand
She hath reeled the shining locks so fast;
She is on her feet—she hath reached the sand—
She is in her lover's arms at last!
The clovers strown like ashes round,
All the sweet fortune being found.

Tender Vows.

Yes, let them whisper tender vows
That wreathe the starry hours,
While sweeter with the plighting grows
The fragrance of the flowers.

The breeze that brought a sweet, soft song
From yonder murmuring rill
That dances down the mossy rock
Sings softer, sweeter still.

And we can with it, too, rejoice,
Though words may not take part—
A music for their wedded bliss
Now dances in each heart.

Love on, ye innocent young ones
Blest by Heaven's Seraph-Seven,
Your earnest wedded love will rear
More seraphs for that Heaven.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

[A prize of one hundred dollars, offered by the proprietor of *Wood's Household Magazine*, for the best Temperance Tale, was awarded to the following story, by a unanimous vote of the Committe.]

My heart ached for the wretched man. His debauch was over; his nerves unstrung; the normal sensibilities of a fine, moral nature quickened, after a brief torpor, into most acute perceptions. Such a haggard face! Such hopeless eyes! I see the picture now, as a haunting spectre.

"Let the memory of this hour, so burdened by pain and repentance, be as a wall of defence around you in all the future," I said.

He looked at me drearily. Slowly shaking his head, he replied:

"Such memories are of no use. My soul is full of them. When temptation assails, they fall away, and I am at the mercy of mine enemy, who rushes in, like a hungry wolf, to kill and to destroy."

"Is there no help for you, then?" I asked.

He shut his eyes and was very still. If an artist could have seen his face then, and faithfully caught its expression, those who looked upon the image must have felt such pity in their hearts as makes the eyes grow dim with tears.

"I fear not," he answered, after a little while, in a hopeless kind of way.

"It cannot be." I spoke confidently and assuringly. "No man is given over to utter ruin. There must be, and there is a way of escape from every evil."

"Except the evil of a bad and degrading habit—that vile second nature," he answered, "the steady current of which is forever bearing him downward, downward, toward a storm wrecked ocean. He may seize the oars in alarm as I have done scores of times, and pull against the current, making headway for a little while. But human strength avails not here. The arms grow weary, the spirit flags—it is easier to drift than to row, and down the current bears him again. It is the history of thousands and tens of thousands, and I am no exception."

"It cannot be," I answered. "There is help for every man, no matter how weak, nor how beset by enemies; else God's word must fail."

"It does fail, I think," he answered, in a gloomy, despairing kind of way.

"No! no! no!" Quickly and emphatically did I reject his conclusion.

"Have it as you will, I shall not argue the point." He spoke almost listlessly.

"Then, I say, there is help for every man, no matter where he is or what he is. We cannot fall so low that the Everlasting arms are not still beneath us, ready to bear us upward to mountain heights of safety."

"Oh, that those arms would bear me upward!" almost groaned my poor friend. "I have no strength in myself. I cannot climb. Unless lifted by another, I must perish."

"So bad as that?" I said.

"Just so bad," he answered slowly and bitterly. "This second nature I have made for myself, is my ruler. Reason, conscience, the love of my wife and children, my good reputation, pride, manliness—all human powers and virtues are its slave. And such a bondage!

There was not a ray of hope in the dreary eyes. "You must try again," I said, cheerily. "No man need be a slave."

"Easily said!" was his impatient answer; "while yet all men are slaves to some habit from which they cannot break."

"Say, rather, from which they will not break."

"You mock me with idle words."

"No; I speak only the words of truth and soberness. There is human strength, and there is divine strength. The Everlasting arms are always beneath and ready to bear us up, if we will but lean upon and trust them. Human strength is but as a broken reed; divine strength is sure as God Himself. It never fails."

There came into his heavy eyes a feble play of light. The stern rejection that sat upon his lips faded off.

"In our own strength, nothing," I said; "in God's strength, all."

I saw his hands moving in an uncertain way. Then they rested one against the other. Suddenly they were clasped together in a kind of spasm, while his eyes flew upward in a wild, half-despairing appeal to God, his lips groaning out the words—

"Save me, or I am lost!"

Even now, memory gives back the thrill that swept along my nerves as his cry penetrated my ears. Never from any human soul went up, unheard, a prayer like that. He who has forever took on Himself our nature, and who was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin, and who is touched always with the feeling of our infirmity, stands close beside us, knocking at the door of our heart, that He may come in and help and save us. All hell is powerless before Him. Impure desires flee from His presence like nightbirds when the sun arises; and the cords of evil habits are broken, as the withes that bound the arms of Samson, at His lightest touch. I waited for a little without speaking, watching him closely, to see if he would rise to anything like confidence. Gradually, the hard, desponding look faded from his countenance, and I saw a calm resolve begin to show itself about his mouth.

"One more effort," he said, at last, speaking slowly, but very firmly: "One effort more, but not in my own strength. I have tried that too often, and shall never try it again. I give up the struggle as hopeless. If God fails me, I am lost."

What a fearful crisis! If God fail? He never fails—is nearer to us, nor stronger to help us, than at the moment when, despairing of our own strength, we turn to Him. The only danger lies in our not trusting him fully.

"But how shall I trust Him? How shall I get a transfer of His strength to my will? How is it that His power can supplement my weakness? I am away down in the valley of sin and shame: how am I to get upon the mountains of purity, peace and safety? Will He bear me up as on the wings of an eagle? or must I climb and climb, from day to day, until I reach the summit?"

"You must climb," I said.

"I cannot. I have no strength. I have tried it a hundred times and failed." He answered with returning doubt.

"And will fail again, if you trust in your own strength. But, with God-given strength, used as your own, the ascent is sure."

"Ah! I see!" Light broke all over his face. "I see! I see!" he repeated.—"God does not lift us out of sin and misery, but gives us divine strength, if we ask Him in all sincerity, by which we lift ourselves."

"Yes."

"It is very simple and clear." He drew a long breath of relief, like one who has a load taken from his mind.

"The law of our dependence on God for help," I said.

"Yes. And now I see the meaning of this sentiment, in an old hymn I often heard sung when I was a boy, and which always struck me as a paradox:

"When I am weak, then I am strong."

The Christian poet," I answered, "lifted into something of inspiration, often sees things in a clearer light than we who are down among the mists and shadows."

"Ah, me!" he sighed; "your closing words remind me of the depth at which I lie, and the almost infinite distances above me to which I must rise ere out of danger."

"And to which you may surely rise if you will," I answered, with cheerful assurance.

"By God-given streuth, only?" he spoke solemnly.

"Aye; never, never for an instant lose sight of that! Never, no matter how strong you may feel that you have grown, trust in yourself. In the hour of temptation, look upward, praying in the silence of your heart, for strength to resist."

"Best of friends!" he exclaimed, in deep emotion: "you must have been sent to me by God. Hope dawns on a night that has been starless. I see the way to safety—for me the only way. No one knows but myself how hard I have tried to reform, nor in how many ways I have sought to escape from a terrible thraldom. But all has been in vain. When this remorseless appetite that has enslaved me asserted itself, my will became as nothing."

Long time we talked, I saying all that I could to strengthen him.

On the next Sunday, much to my surprise and pleasure, I saw him at the church with his wife. I could not remember when I had seem him there before. At the close of the services, as I moved down the aisle with the crowd, some one grasped my hand and gave it a strong pressure.—I turned and looked into the face of the friend I had tried to save.

"Oh, Martin!" I said, as I received a glance full of meaning, and then turned his hand preasdre.

We walked for a few moments side by side without speaking, and then were separated by the crowd.

On the following Sunday he was at church again; and Sunday after Sunday found him in the family pew, that for years had seen him so rarely.

Three or four months went by, and Martin's feet were still in the paths that led upwards. But one day I was shocked to hear that he had fallen again. On careful inquiry I learned that he had been with his wife to an evening entertainment, given by a citizen of high worth and standing, whose name is on every lip as munificent in charity; but who, whatever may be his personal conviction, is not brave enough to banish wine from the generous board to which he invites his friends. And I learned still further, to my grief and pain, that the glass which broke down the good resolution of Martin, and let it in upon the fierce flood of repressed appetite, was proffered by the hand of this good citizen, as host.

I lost no time in going to my poor friend. I found him away down the valley of humiliation, his soul in the gall of bitterness. Shame and sorrow were in his eyes; but not despair. I took hopeful notice of this.

"It is very hard for us, all but God forsaken wretches!" he said bitterly, after the first formal sentences had passed between us. "Mr. ——— is a man of generous feeling. He gives, in a princely way, to churches and to charities; is one of our best and most liberal citizens; and yet, after I have taken a few steps heavenward, he puts a stumbling-block in my way and I fall back toward hell!

"You could not have fallen over any stumbling-block man or devil might place in your way," I answered, "if you had been walking in divine, instead of human strength."

"Well do I know that," he replied.

"And so," I said, "let this sad fall keep you in a more vivid remembrance of human weakness. Never for one instant trust in yourself. Stand perpetually on your guard. The price of your liberty is eternal vigilance."

"It is a hard fight," he said, with a sigh, despondingly.

"Life is a warfare," I replied. "We are all beset with enemies, who know too well our vulnerable places—enemies that never sleep; implacable, cruel, ever seeking our destruction. I, you, all men have them. Trusting only in human strength, no one gains a victory; but in divine strength the issue of battle is sure. And so, my friend, gird up your loins again, and be wary and valliant." Hope and courage came back into his heart.

"Beware of ambush," I said, as I passed from him that day. "The enemy, coming on you unawares, is more to be dreaded than when he forms his line of attack to the sound of trumpets. Seek no conflicts; keep off his ground; but when he comes forth to meet you, giving challenge, do battle in the name of the Lord."

A few weeks afterward I was present when a gentleman of large wealth and good standing, both in church and society, said to him:

"I didn't see you at my house last evening."

"No," was the rather curt reply; "it is safer for me to keep off the devil's ground."

"I don't understand you, sir!" replied the gentleman, with a flush of sudden anger in his eyes, for he felt the remark as a covert insult.

Martin's face grew sober, and he answered with a calm impressiveness that caused the anger to go out of his listener's eyes, and a thoughtful concern to take its place.

"I am fighting the devil," he said, "and must not give him the smallest advantage. Just now I am the victor, and hold him at bay. He has his masked batteries, his enchanted grounds, his mines and pitfalls, his gins and miry sloughs; and I am learning to know the signs of hidden danger. If I fall into any of his snares, I am in peril of destruction; and though I struggle, or fight my way out, I am weak or wounded, and so the less able to meet the shock of battle when he rushes upon me as I stand on guard, ready in God's name for the conflict. His enchanted ground is a social company, where wine flows freely. I speak of what it is to me, and call it, so far as I am concerned, the devil's ground. He caught me there not long ago, and had me at his own advantage. But, I will not again set foot thereon. If you, good citizens, make of your homes, in mistaken hospitality, places where the young find temptations, and the weak, stumbling-blocks, men, such as I am, must shun them as the gates of hell." His manner had grown more and more impressive.

"Is it as bad as that?" remarked the gentleman, in a voice that showed both surprise and pain.

"Just so bad!" Martin answered, impressively; "I believe Reigart's oldest son was at your house?"

"Yes."

"It was the devil's ground for him.—An hour of two ago I saw him coming out of a saloon, so drunk that he could not walk straight. And only three days ago, his father told a friend that his boy had certainly reformed, and that he now had more confidence in his future than he had felt for a long time."

"You cannot mean what you say?" the gentleman exclaimed, in visible agitation.

"I have told you only the sad and solemn truth," was Martin's answer, "and if I had accepted your invitation, I might now be lying at a depth of misery and degradation, the bare thought of which makes me shudder!"

The gentleman stood for a little as if stunned.

"This is frightful to think of," he said, and I saw him shiver.

"It is the last time," he added, after a pause—"the last time that any man shall go out of my house weaker and more degraded than when he came in. If my offering of wine cause my brother to offend, then will I not offer it again while the world stands."

"Ah, sir!" answered Martin, "if many more of our good citizens would resolve, hundreds of young men, now drifting out into the current of intemperance, might be drawn back into safer waters; and hundreds of others who are striving to make head against it, saved from destruction. I speak feelingly, for I am one of those who are struggling for life in this fatal current."

The way of safety for a man like Martin, is very narrow and straight. If he steps aside into any of the pleasant paths that open on the right hand and on the left, he is in the midst of peril. If he grow confident in his own strength and less dependent on that which is given from above, the danger of falling becomes imminent.

Martin fell again. Alas! that this should have to be told.

"Was that Martin who passed us?" asked a friend with whom I was walking.

"No," I answered in a positive voice; and yet, as I said the word my heart gave a throb of fear—the man was so like him.

"It was, I am sure. Poor wretch!—He tries hard to reform; but that cursed appetite is too much for him. I'm afraid there's no help. He'll die a drunkard."

I turned back quickly and without response, following the man who had passed. Just as I came up to him, he had stopped at the door of a drinking-saloon, and was holding a brief parley with awakened appetite.

"In God's name, no!" I said, laying my hand upon him. He started in a frightened kind of way, turning on me a haggard face and blood-shot eye. I drew my arm within his, and led him away, passive as a child. Not a word was spoken by either, until we were in his office, which was not far distant, and the door shut and locked. He dropped into a chair with a slight groan, his head sinking upon his chest. He was the picture of abject wretchedness.

"He leaveth the ninety and nine that are safely folded," I said, speaking in a low, tender voice, "and goeth out into the wilderness to seek that which is estray." He did not answer.

"You have looked to the strong for strength," you have prayed to Him for succor, and He has come very near to you and helped you. Because you again went out of the fold, His love has not failed. He has found you out in the wilderness and brought you back to a place of safety. Only trust in Him and all will be well. He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. His is a love that never fails." I waited for him to reply, but he kept silence.

"It must have been no ordinary temptation," I said. Still he was silent.

"The enemy must have come on you unaware, I added, after a brief pause. "The bolt must have fallen ere you saw the warning flash."

"I was taken at a disadvantage; but I had time to know my enemy, and should have given battle in God's name, instead of yielding like a craven." Such was his reply. It gave me hope.

"Tell me the whole story," I said.

He raised himself to a firmer attitude; and I saw lights beginning to flash in his dull eyes.

"Wounded again in the house of a friend," he replied.

"What friend?"

"One on whom God has laid the special duty of saving human souls—our minister!"

"Not Mr. L——!"

"Yes."

I was confounded.

"I went to him for help," continued Martin, "and instead of the counsel and support I then so much needed, for my old enemy, appetite, was gathering up his strength, and setting his host in battle array! I was tempted and betrayed. I should have gone to God, and not to man. With his Divine Word in my thought, and prayer in my heart, I should have opposed the awakening enticement of desire, as I have so often done and prevailed."

"Tell me how it happened," I said.

"As I have just told you," he replied, "I was not feeling very strong. That old restlessness of which I have just spoken, had come back upon me, and I knew what it meant. So I said to my wife, 'I think, Mary, that I'll step around and see Mr. L——. I'd like to talk with him." She looked at me with a slight shadow of concern in her face; for she had learned to know the signs of a coming hour of darkness, when the powers of hell renew their direful assaults upon my soul. 'Do,' she answered: and I went.

"I found Mr. L—— in his library, but not alone. Mr. E——, the banker, had called in to have a talk with the minister about a college for theological students, in which both felt considerable interest. Funds were wanted in order to give the Institution the required efficiency; and the ways and means of getting funds were earnestly discussed by Mr. L—— and the capitalist. After an hour's talk, and the arrangement of a plan for securing the object in view, Mr. L—— rang a bell. To the servant who came in, he said something in a low voice, that I did not hear. The servant retired, but came back in a few minutes, bearing, to my surprise and momentary consternation, a tray with wine and glasses. I saw a pleased light in the banker's eyes, as they rested on the amber-colored wine. 'Some fine old sherry,' said Mr L——, 'sent me by a friend abroad. I want you to taste it.' And he filled the three glasses that were on the tray, handed one to his guest and another to me. In myself—my poor, weak self!—I was not strong enough to refuse. If I had looked up to God, instantly, and and prayed for strength to do the right, strength would, I know, have come. But I did not. I took the glass, not meaning to drink, but to gain time for thought. To have refused would have been, I then felt, to set myself up as a rebuker of these men; and that I had not the courage to do. No, I did not mean to taste the wine. But, as they lifted up their glasses, drank and praised the fruity juice, I, in a kind of mesmeric lapse of rational self-control, raised my glass also, and sipped. A wild, fierce thirst possessed me instantly, and I drained the glass to the bottom! A sudden terror and great darkness fell upon me. I saw the awful gulf on whose brink I stood. 'I will go home,' I said to myself; and rising, I bade the two men an abrupt good-night and left them. But I did not go directly home, alas for me! There were too many enticements by the way. Indeed, I don't know how or when I got home. Of the shame, the anguish, the despair of this morning, I cannot speak. You don't know what it means—have no plummet by which to sound its depths of bitterness. I left home for my office, feebly resolved to keep away from temptation; how feebly you know! If the good Lord, who is striving to save me, had not sent you to my rescue, I would now be—oh! I cannot speak the frightful words."

"He never leaves us nor forsakes us," I answered. "He is always going out upon the bleak mountains, to the hot desert, and into the wilderness of wild beasts, seeking His lost and wandering sheep. If they hear His voice, and follow Him, He will bring them into His fold, where is peace and safety."

"Good Shepherd of souls," my friend said, audibly, lifting up his eyes, that were full of tears, "save me from the wolves! They wait for me in all my paths; they spring upon me in all my ungarded moments; they hide themselves in covert places, thirsting for my life; they steal upon me in sheep's clothing—they beset me everywhere! Good Shepherd! I have no help but Thee!"

Breaking the deep, impressive silence that followed, I said—

"In Him alone is safety. So long as you hear His voice, and follow Him, no wolf can touch you with his murderous teeth. But, if you go out of His sheepfold, and trust in your own strength to overcome the wild beasts that crowd the wilderness of this world, destruction is sure."

A few years have passed since then, and Martin holds in divine strength, the mastery of appetite. The vile second nature he had formed unto himself, and which bore him downward, for a time, in its steady current, grew weaker and weaker, as the new life, born from above, gained strength. In the degree that he resisted and denied the old desires, did they grow weaker; and in their place God gave him purer and healthier desires, so that he became, as it were, a new man.

"The wolves are not all dead," I said to him one day, as we talked of the present and the past. He looked a little sober as he replied:

"No, my friend. I often hear them howling in the distance; and I know full well that if I leave my Shepherd's side, and stray off into the wilderness, vainly trusting in myself, that I shall be as powerless to stand against them as a helpless sheep. For me, I am not safe for a moment, except when I trust in God's strength to supplement my weakness. When I do that, all hell cannot prevail against me!"

THE COW'S INTELLIGENCE.—That cows have memory, language, signs, and means of enjoying pleasant associations, or combining, for aggressive purposes, has been recognized, but scarcely to the extent the subject merits. Traveling in Italy many years ago, we visited some of the large dairy farms in the neighborhood of Ferara. Interposed upon much low lying, unhealthy land, remarkable for the prevalence on it of very fatal forms of anthax in the summer season, are fine undulating pasture lands, and the fields are of great extent. We happened to stop at a farm house one fine summer afternoon when the cows were about to be milked. A herd of one hundred were grazing homeward. The women took their positions with stool and pail close to the house, and as the cows approached, names were called out, which we thought addressed to the milk-maids, at first! Rosa, Florenza, Gilio, Sopsa, and many other names which were noted by us at the time, were called out by the overseer, one of the women, and we were astonished to see how cow after cow ceased feeding or chewing the cud, and made direct, sometimes on a trot, for the woman who usually milked her. The practice, we found, was not confined to one farm; all the cows on each farm knew their respective names, and took up their positions in the lot just as readily as the individual members of some large herd in the country, returning from the fields, take their places in the shed.—*Milk Journal.*

☞ The following bit of good advice is from the *Working Man*, and is worthy the attention of all our readers:

Lay it down as a fundamental rule, that you will be "faithful in that which is least." Pick up the loose nails, bits of twine, clean wrapping paper, and put them in their places. Be ready to throw in an odd half hour's time when it will be an accommodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. Though not a word be said, be sure your employer will make a note of it. Make yourself indispensible to him and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you.

Those young men who watch the time to see the very second their working hours is up—who leave, no matter what state the work may be in, at precisely the instant—who calculate the extra amount they can slight their work, and yet not get reproval—who are lavish of their employer's goods, will always be the first to receive notice the times are dull, and their services are no longer required.

There are 80,000 different shades of ribbon.

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