THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

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PRINTING.

CHARLES HARVEY & CO.,
Nos. 3 and 5 Post Office Avenue,
BALTIMORE, MD.

STORE BILLS,
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Lawyers' Printing, of all kinds, also CHURCH PRINTING,
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CHARLES HARVEY & CO.,
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Sept 14, 1872—1y.

WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

FRANCIS & WRIGHT,
GROCERS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
92 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

Part'cular attention paid to all kinds of Country Produce on consignment.
Orders from the country respectfully solicited and promptly filled.
July 22, 1871—tf.

REMOVAL.

WHEN YOU VISIT THE CITY GO TO

W. H. RINGGOLD,
191 West Baltimore Street,
THREE DOORS ABOVE LIGHT,
AND BUY ALL YOUR
UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.
He can sell them
Cheaper than any one!
And you can
Pay your expenses in your purchases!
☞ DON'T FAIL TO GO: HE HAS THE VERY ARTICLE YOU WANT.
Do not forget the Number!
W. H. RINGGOLD,
191 W. Baltimore st., 3 doors above Light.
Baltimore, June 15, 1872.

To the Ladies.

MASSEY & HUDSON
HAVING completed their new Greenhouses, will be pleased to see their Lady friends at
RIVERBANK.
They offer a fine collection of Plants for
WINTER FLOWERS.
These will make your home bright after the
Frost King
has destroyed the beauties out doors.
They have
CARNATIONS,
ROSES,
BOUVARDIAS,
PLUMBAGOES,
LIBONIAS,
BEGONIAS, &c..
All of which are fine for window gardening,
Come and look at them whenever you are in town.
Chestertown, Sept. 28, 1872.

FERTILIZERS
For the Fall of 1872.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr., invites attention to the following well known Fertilizers:
TURNER'S EXCELSIOR,
PATAPSCO GUANO,
WHANN'S
RAW BONE SUPER PHOSPHATE,
TURNER'S
AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE,
BOWER'S COMPLETE MANURE,
delivered either at his store in Chestertown or at any Landing in Kent county, AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.
He has also for sale
Wattson & Clark's Super Phosphate.
☞ *Liberal arrangements can be made with him for time on any of the above articles.* Aug. 24, 1872—tf.

Notice.

WHEREAS application hath been made to the Orphans' Court for Kent county by a creditor, for letters of administration on the estate in Kent county, Maryland, of Samuel Riley, (colored), late of Kent county, deceased; Notice is therefore hereby given, that unless those entitled by law to administer aforesaid appear before the said Court or Register of Wills, within twenty days from the date of this notice and take out letters, the said will be granted to said creditor. E. CROUCH.
Sept. 28, 1872—4t. Reg. of Wills.

OILS.

LINSEED, LUBRICATING, WHALE, NEATS FOOT and LARD OIL.
C. F. STAM & BRO
Best Italian Guitar & Violin strings.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
January 27, 1872.

JOHN T. DODD & SON.
John T. Dodd. *John N. Dodd.*
Undertakers,
And dealers in all kinds of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shutters, Contractors and Builders.
Orders by mail will meet with prompt attention. Nov. 2, 1872.

NOT TO BE BEATEN.—1*st Young Lady*—(*with pride on her brow*)—Ah! *my* mamma has a carriage!
2*d Young Lady*—(*with more pride on her brow*)—Oh, that's nothing! *My* mamma can take her teeth out and put 'em back again!
3*d Young Lady*—(*smiling*)—Well, I can beat that! My mother has the Excelsior Cooking Stove, and can get up better dinners than any other woman in the town.
The Excelsior Hot Blast Cook is for sale by
Nov. 2. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Colin F. Stam. Louis K. Stam.
C. F. STAM & BRO.,
CHESTERTOWN,
DEALERS IN
Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery
AND
FANCY ARTICLES,
SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,
TRUSSES, ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS and SHOULDER BRACES.
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs,
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.
☞ Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared at all hours.

TRUSSES A SPECIALITY,
A FIT GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES!
Trusses furnished at city prices, for cash.
C. F. STAM & BRO.

Coal Notice.

WE expect to commence laying in our Fall and Winter supply of Coal next week; and will fill all orders, from this date, until further notice, at prices ranging from $6.50 to 7.50 per ton of 2240 lbs. delivered at the boat.
☞ Desiring to do business upon a cash basis, no orders will be filled until arrangements are made for the payment of the same.
J. T. TWILLEY & CO.
Oct. 19, 1872—tf.

Notice.

I HAVE a plenty of water, and am making nice Flour and Meal: 40 lbs. of flour to the bushel of wheat. My friends and the public are invited to try me. I keep Flour, Meal and Chop, on hand and for sale at the store in town. W. BACCHUS.



FOR RENT, the ensuing year, the Dwelling House with the Out Buildings and Land, on the East side of the road leading from J. W. Corey's to the Mill. Also, one Tenant House and Lot on the South side of the pond. Apply to W. BACCHUS.
September 28, 1872—tf.

Furniture.

Parlor Suits in Rep or Hair Cloth	$45 to $150
Solid Walnut Chamber Suits	50 to 100
Fancy Painted Cottage Suits	22 to 50
Parlor Sofas and Tetes	16 to 45
Fine Home-made Bedsteads	7 to 40

CUT THIS PRICE LIST AND KEEP IT.
F. W. PLUMMER,
Successor to EASTMAN & ROGERS,
49 Hanover street,
[NEAR PRATT] BALTIMORE.
Oct. 12, 1872—y

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

THE subscriber gives notice to the Tax Payers of the Fourth Election District, that their taxes are now due, and their accounts made out. He will at once commence to deliver them, in all cases leaving the legal notice. After thirty days he will proceed to collect the same, so that he may be prepared to comply with the stringent enactment of the last General Assembly.
C. H. DAVIS,
Collector of Taxes for the 4th dist.
July 20, 1872—tf.

WATTSON & CLARK,
SUPER PHOSPHATE.
TRADE **W & C** MARK.
☞ The best and cheapest Fertilizer. For sale by all dealers.
OFFICE,
135 North Water Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Feb. 17, 1872—y

A Card.

I RESPECTFULLY inform my friends and the public that in the future I can be found at all hours, night or day, at my Drug Store on High street, where I will be at all times ready to compound medicines accurately, and with dispatch.
I take pleasure in showing my fine assortment of *FANCY ARTICLES*, which is varied and attractive. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.
Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage bestowed in the past, I would respectfully ask a continuance of the same.
T. W. WICKES.
P. S.—Persons wishing Medical advice will always find Dr. T. S. Holton in attendance, when not professionally engaged.
Feb. 3, 1872. T. W. W.

Selected Poetry.

Things that Never Die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse of a wordless prayer,
The dream of love and truth;
The longings after something lost;
The spirit's yearning cry;
The strivings after better hopes—
These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need;
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves the friend indeed;
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrows of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That makes up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust on high,
These hands have clasped, these lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but cannot tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to awaken love—
Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high;
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

IN AUTUMN.

The year grows splendid; on the mountain steep
Now lingers long the warm and gorgeous light,
Dying by slow degrees into the deep
Delicious night.

The fatal triumph of the perfect year,
Rises the wood's magnificent array;
Beyond, the purple mountain heights appear
And slope away.

The elm, with musical, slow motion, laves
His long, lithe branches on the tender air;
While from his top of gray, Sordello waves
His scarlet hair.

Where Spring first hid her violets 'neath the fern
Where Summer's fingers opened, fold on fold,
The odorous, wild, red rose's head, now burn
The leaves as gold.

The loftiest Lill—the lowliest flowering herb—
The fairest fruit of season and of clime—
All wear alike the mood of the superb
Autumnal time,

Now Nature pours her last and noblest wine;
Like some Bacchante, beside the singing streams
Reclines enchanted day, wrapped in divine,
Impassioned dreams.

But where the painted leaves are falling fast,
Among the vales, beyond the farthest hill,
There sits a shadow—dim, and sad, and vast,
And lingers still.

And still we hear a voice among the hills—
A voice that mourns among the haunted woods,
And with the mystery of sorrow fills
The solitudes.

For while gay Autumn gilds the fruit and leaf,
And doth her fairest festal garments wear,
Lo! Time, all noiseless, in his mighty sheaf,
Binds up the year,—

The mighty sheaf which never is unbound—
The reaper whom your souls beseech in vain—
The loved, lost year, which never may be found,
Or loved again.

White as Snow.

"Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 17.

"White as snow!" Oh! what a promise
For the heavy-laden breast!
When) by faith, the soul receives it,
Weariness is changed to rest.

"Red like crimson," deep as scarlet,
Scarlet of the deepest dye,
Are the manifold transgressions
Which upon my conscience lie.

God alone can count the number
God alone can look within.
O the sinfulness of sinning!
O the guilt of every sin!

God's own law, so just and holy,
Proves my sin and shame and loss;
But what proves it still more clearly
Is the story of the Cross.

Heavy laden, worn and weary,
To the promise let me go,
"Though your sins may be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow!"

How do we Take Cold?

"By sudden changes of temperature, surely," is the answer ready upon the tongue of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who may read or hear the question that heads this article. But how do sudden changes of temperature give us cold? Too sudden contraction of the pores of the skin; sudden checking of the sensible or insensible perspiration, sudden change of circulation by which the blood is thrown, from the surface inward, upon the vitals, causing congestion, etc. All these are phenomena which may, some or all of them, be connected with too sudden or too great changes of temperature, but when all taken together, of accounting for that very ordinary, very amazing, and too often seriously injurious affliction, a bad cold.

Few of us but what can count scores of instances in which we have been exposed to very sudden and very great changes of temperature, from warm to cold, without other inconvenience than an uncomfortable chill, while we can also count many instances in which we have taken very severe colds without being able to tell how or where we came by them. The slight and almost imperceptible, frequently unobserved, causes of cold have not, perhaps, been as closely traced as they should and may be. It seems not so much the change as the kind of change which gives rise to the unpleasant result. The leaving off of an accustomed garment, even when the luck is not uncomfortably felt, the exposure of the feet to wet or chill, a few minutes with the head uncovered in the cool outdoor air, but above all, exposure to a draft of air, especially, as is generally believed, on the back of the head or neck, are all familiar examples, of which most of us have had melancholy experience. Of the last—the draft upon the back of the head or neck—the danger is proverbial. Witness the proverb, Spanish we believe it is originally: "If the cold wind reach you through a hole, go make your will and mend your soul." Or the Persian malediction: "May a cold wind blow in the back of your neck."

Indeed there seems to be, especially to peculiarly sensitive constitutions, almost a certainty of cold in such currents of air. There may be no chill, not even uncomfortable coolness, and yet the symptoms of a cold manifest themselves almost as suddenly and fully as decidedly as sneezing follows the introduction of some irritating substance, snuff, for instance, into the nostrils. By immediately heeding the warning of the first premonitory sneeze, and at once changing the position of things so as to avoid the cause, the cold may be and often is averted, But the danger is that the cause, being so slight and coupled with so little present annoyance, is apt to pass unnoticed or disregarded until too late.

We have all at some time experienced in ourselves exceptionally sensitive conditions under which it seemed impossible for us to avoid, as is said, sometimes "taking one cold on the top of another;" what a gentleman not long since in the presence of the writer called a "summer cold," in which one seems to take the more cold the warmer he is: it is a sort of sweating cold, one of the most disagreeable if not the dangerous class of these inflictions. In this condition, the slightest draft sets one to sneezing, and it seems impossible to avoid constant accessions to the malady. But why? The sudden change of temperature theory will certainly not explain those cases where it is hardly possible to preserve a temperature sufficiently even to prevent taking cold, and those cases where cold is taken unconsciously. No hypothesis but that of a direct irritant acting upon the mucous surfaces of the lungs and air passages seems to suffice for the phenomena of a certain class of colds. That there is such an irritant in the air, in quantities varying according to the meteorological conditions, is well known, but all its properties and effects are not yet perhaps fully understood.

That ozone is such an irritant is a well understood fact; but to what extent colds, in the head, throat and lungs, are due to its agency is an open question.

M. Houzeau, describing in *Les Mondes* a process for the instantaneous oxidation of pure alcohol, in which process ozone is the principal agent, says in conclusion: "I cannot too strongly recommend the greatest caution to chemists in the use of concentrated ozone; inhaled, even in small quantities, it occasions suddenly an inflammation of the mucous membranes, which, as I have had occasion to witness, may cause spitting of blood." Such being the undoubted effect of concentrated ozone, it is certainly a plausible theory, to say the least, that currents of air containing this substance in unusual quantity, may cause such an irritation to a greater or less degree, and thus be the cause of colds. In support of this theory is the fact, well known to physicians, that colds are frequently almost epidemic when there is no remarkable change in the weather, while again very great changes may be comparatively unattended by them. Said an experienced physician: "When I have one patient afflicted with a certain kind of cold in the head, I always expect more cases of the same kind." Hence the term *influenza*, or influence, supposed to be in the air. Is this influence ozone?

But if colds in the head, throat and lungs, are caused by the presence of a direct irritant upon the mucous membranes, why should unwonted exposure, often in a very slight degree, give rise to colds, or why should a current of air upon the back of the head or neck be proverbially a cause for it? If breathing highly ozonized air is the cause, we should expect it to be most effective when taken directly from the front. Or may it not be possible that the phenomena of cold-taking have not been carefully observed, and that we are to a certain extent dealing with traditional assertions, rather than actually observed facts? There is nothing more unreliable than the observations and deductions of unprofessional people with regard to the causes of their ailments. Yet it seems to have been taken for granted that the causes, of this annoying and in many cases distressing and dangerous malady, are understood by everybody, while, to the mind of the writer at least, there are, in the list of ills that flesh is heir to, few that have more mystery about them than this, perhaps the most frequent of all.—*Scientific American.*

How Axes are Made.

In order to withstand the severe usage to which they are put, axes are almost always made from superior qualities of metal. The bit or cutting edge is usually of the best English steel, while the head is formed from the better grades of iron.

If our reader will now imagine himself to be with us in our late visit to one of the largest ax manufactories in the country, that of Messrs. Weed, Becker & Co. in Cohoes, N. Y., we will endeavour to lead him through the many workshops of the establishment, and thus trace the making of the ax from its first reception in the shape of bar iron and steel to its final packing in finished form, and its shipping to the trade.

The iron portion of the head is cast in a mold, but its shape is far from resembling that which it will attain when finished. The eye, in which the handle is inserted, is there, but instead of the metal tapering off to an edge it is formed in two branches, so that the casting is in fact an ax, split from its edge to the eye. As we enter the foundry, a large number of these rough pieces are being removed from the flasks; beside them lie the pieces of steel which are to form the edges, so that the process we are about to witness is the welding together of these two portions and the first shaping of the tool. A smith seizes one of the iron castings with his pinchers, heats it in his fire, and, holding it under a powerful trip hammer, welds the separated edges together. He then passes it to an other workman, who again heats the piece to redness and then fits to the edge the bit or piece of steel, in the side of which a groove is cut. Another heating takes place, more hammering with the trip hammer and by hand, and the shape is complete, both steel ond iron being firmly welded together. The edge is now rounded, smoothed, flattened and the ax is placed under a swage die from which it receives its peculiar rounded or convex form. This is all termed the 'cutting process' and, as nothing more can be seen in this workshop except perhaps the different manipulations necessary to form the axes of varied shapes, we pass to another smithy where the holes or eyes for the handles, which the previous hammering has nearly closed, are opened and made into proper shape, and where the head or butt end of the ax is hammered square and even. This is done by heating and pressing on flat stones, so that, when finished, the tool is perfectly true and square at all its angles.

We next passed to a room containing several large grindstones, which, kept constantly wet, are in rapid revolution. Here the ax is smoothed and the roughness and scale on its surface removed by pressing against the stones. This completed, we follow the tool to the temperer. Each workman stands before a small coal fire, which is contained in a very narrow though long grate. Above the hot coals are bars on which the axes rest while being heated Taking each tool separately, the temperer heats it to redness, and then suddenly plunges it into a pickle of brine and then into a tub of cool water, to wash off the salt which adheres. In this condition the ax is entensely hard; the metal is crystalized and brittle, so that it would probably snap in pieces at the first blow. It is necessary, therefore, to 'draw' this temper, and the process is one involving considerable skill on the part of the operative. The ax is again placed over the coals, and as we watch it we notice its color change from white to straw color, and finally to what is termed 'pigeon blue,' when it is suddenly plunged in the cold water, and the temporing is complete.

The ax is now ready to be ground, and in oader to witness the process, we pass through a dense cloud of dust into the grinding room. Here are forty immense grindstones driven at a fearful rate of speed. Above each stone is the saddle or piece of wood, one end of which is fastened to the frame of the grindstone, while the other is held up by a strap suspended from the roof. Across this saddle sits the grinder, who inserts the ax under the end or pommel of the saddle and bears it down with his whole weight against the stone. The labor requires considerable practice and no small degree of skill, as it is absolutely necessary that every tool should be gound perfectly even at all portions. The men engaged at this work were mostly French Canadians. We were informed that all were more or less unhealthy, and that it is common for them to die of consumption after a few years' labor as grinders. The air is filled with particles of metal and grit which they constantly inhale; this irritates the lungs and eventually causes acute disease. Polishing is the next process, and is performed on wheels covered with emery and oil. Each ax, after having gone through this operation, shines like polished silver. Inspection of the most rigid kind follows. We find a workman sitting before a small anvil, taking up the axes, one at a time, and tapping them with his hammer. Nothing passes his observation. An ax, which appears to us perfectly sound at every point, rests on his anvil. A blow or two with the hammer and his quick ear detects a difference in sound. Picking up the axe, he dashes it against the anvil, away flies a corner of its edge, proving that the temper was unequal. Another is thrown aside for a minute, almost imperceptible, crack. A third yields too readily to the file; and thus the inspection goes on, the rejected tools being, if possible, made over, or else finding their way to the scrap heap.

Now comes the painting and labeling. Passing into another department, we find hundreds of finished axes hanging on frames. Some are red, others black, others bronzed, in order to suit the varied tastes of the market. From a room below, we hear the whirr of lathes, and looking down, we see the great logs of hickory rapidly cut up and then placed in machines nearly resembling the lathes used for making shoe lasts; and we thus see the finished handles turned out with incredible rapidity.

Meanwhile, around us, men are engaged in branding and boxing the finished tools. Here are axes, hatchets, adzes, mattocks, turpentine tools for North Carolina, and hammers of every description. Huge spanish axes destined for the hands of the Indians of South America to hew their way through the forests of Peru and Equador, odd shaped hatchets for the hunters and the bush rangers, marked for Australia, and dozens and dozens of other tools, all painted, labeled, and ranged in their cases, are strewn around ready for distribution throughout the whole civilized world.

The works, our inspection of which concludes in the last mentioned apartment, cover a area of five acres of ground, and furnish employment for 250 workmen. About 150 dozen of axes and other tools are daily produced, at a yearly valuation of over $400,000.

The Brussels Aquarium.

The gigantic aquarium, recently erected in the Zoological Garden at Brussels, Belgium, is the most complete and splendid specimen of its kind ever seen, surpassing even the costly institutions of Paris and Berlin. The huge grotto is roofed with immense stalacities, divided into some half-dozen caverns. Inserted in the side walls of these caverns are large glass reservoirs, or tanks, of fresh and salt water, containing every variety imaginable of sea and water fish, mullucks, marine plants, and all these strangely formed animate freaks of Mother Nature, who seems to have given herself *carte blanche* in eccentricity of form and combination of color when she set out to work under water. There are curly-tailed sea-horses, with prickly manes, and a motor, in the middle of their backs, that strongly resembles the fly-wheel of a musical-box; there are queer, pink little crabs, shuffling along at a great rate, with others housed upon their shoulders; stately soles, waiving themselves forward, only a degree less majestically than the lordly turbot; little flounders bustling about; grave craw-fish, looking like demon spiders of a nightmare; bass, with an evil expression of countenance; grey mullet, oysters, crabs; small, spotted-fish, all head and back-fin, too grim to look at. Upon the exquisite tints of the marine flora it is almost useless to expatiate, for house-aquaria have familiarized most people with their wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten beauties The collection of anemones, etc., is the largest in existence; while the opelet, one of the most exquisite wonders of the sea, is to be seen here in perfection. This flower resembles much the German China-aster, and a description of it is not out of place here. It has the appearance of a large double aster, with a quantity of petals of a light green color, glossy as silk, each petal tripped with rose color. Those lovely petals are never still, but wave about in the water, while the flower clings to the rocks—so innocent and lovely looking, no one could suspect it of eating anything; and certainly a bit of rainbow or drop of dew if it did eat. But those beautiful and waving petals have to provide food for a large mouth, which is most cunningly hid deep down among them. And they do their duty famously; for, as soon as a silly little fish comes in contact with those rosy tips, he is struck with a poison quick and fatal as lightning. He dies instantly, and the beautiful arms wrap themselves about him and drag him into the greedy mouth. Then these lovely petals unclose, and float innocently on the water like a harmless waterlily. This flower was long ago talked of, but its existence doubted until the last century — Now the opelet is known to be a thing which really exists, and this description is obtained from the most reliable source.—In a small paddock under the central dome of this enchanting grotto are three mammoth crocodiles; while in a basin cunningly hollowed out for their accommodation are two fat, comfortable-looking seals, sneezing at one another and the public in the friendliest way. The visitor at Brussels cannot find a better place to spend a happy and amusing day, for we have scarcely named one-half of the wonders of the deep that are to be seen in this grand aquarium.

Hard Times and the Cause.

We are fast becoming a nation of schemers to live without genuine work. Our boys are not learning trades; our farmers' sons are crowding into cities, looking for clerkships and post offices; hardly one American girl in one hundred will do housework for wages, however urgent her need; so we are sending to Europe for workmen, and buying of her artisans millions worth that we ought to make for ourselves. Though our crop of cereals is heavy, we do not grow our own hemp; though we are overrun with lads who deserve flagellation, we import our willows. Our women (unless deceived) wear European fabrics; our men dress in foreign clothes; the toys which amuse our younger children have generally reached us from over the sea Hence it is that we plunge deeper and deeper in debt to the Old World We are like the farmer who hires his neighbor's sons to cut his wood, feed his stock and run his errands, while his own boys lounge at the grog-shop, playing billiards, and then wonders why, in spite of his best efforts, he sinks annually deeper and deeper into debt, till the sheriff cleans him out, and he starts West to begin again. We must turn over a new leaf. our boys and girls must be taught to love labor by qualifying themselves to do it efficiently. We must turn out fewer professionals and more skilled artisans, as well as food growers. We must grow and fabricate two hundred millions worth per annum, that we now import, and so reduce the foreign debt that we have so long and successfully augmented year by year. We must qualify our clever boys to erect and run factories, furnaces, rolling mills, tanneries, machine shops, etc., to open and work mines, improve and fashion implements, and double the present product of their father's farm. So shall we stem that tide of debt that sets steadily against our shores, and cease to be visited and annoyed by hard times.

Household Anxieties.

BY B. A. L., D. D.

The gravest care of a parent is not in the early days of *His* children. True, they must be watched then with incessant vigilance; they cannot be suffered out of sight; there are so many pairs of little feet to be guided, so many little pairs of hands to be filled, so many restless little spirits to be occupied and entertained; and the day is quite long enough for this affectionate but wearying ministry, and the hushing twilight comes none too soon. It will be a comfort to have this young charge grow up and take care of itself. Ah! there may come a day when the parent will wish and vainly wish that his children were young again; that he could fold them from all evil in his sheltering arms; that he could hold their clasped hands in his for an evening prayer, and brood them still as fledglings in the early nest. When their feet begin to elect their own paths; when they adopt principles for themselves, and require habits and choose companions, and come under other influences than those of the home, then he will know a mightier and more anxious care.

The worst grief of a parent may not be in an early bereavement. A little form taken away leaves a great, sad vacancy in the house and in the heart. But there may be a history of living sons and daughters over which the stricken heart of a father or mother will moan: 'Oh, if they had been taken away from us in their sweet infancy, we could better have borne the sorrow of their death, than the shame of their life!'

The growth and maturity of children always take the parent by surprise. To him they seem yet as but babes, when they are already thinking and acting for themselves, and putting on a fixed type of character. *He* calls them still by the abbreviated pet names of their childhood, while others outside salute them by their surnames, or prefix some titue of courtesy. They are young men and young women with settled habits of life, before he knows it, or dreams it.

Even with the most assiduous early training the first independent development of character is very likely to be in a wrong direction. A friend of mine built a cottage in the country, and laid out a lawn in front of it, and sowed it with the seed of English lawn grass. The first growth was a crop of rank and idle weeds. 'What does this mean?' he said to the gardener: 'where did you get that seed? it proves worthless.' 'Not at all sir,' was the reply. 'The seed of the weeds was in the soil. They germinate and grow fast. But the grass seed is there also, and it will come up and crowd out the noxious growth.' And it was so. We need not to be too much overwhelmed with surprise and grief if the seeds of mischief in the soul produce the first harvest. There may yet be from early seed-sowing a later and a better harvest.

But the waiting may be a long and hard strain upon our patience and our faith. When a son or daughter goes wrong, what sorrowful self-questions there are in the parent's heart. A mother, whose daughter had come to shame said to me: 'I dont know I might have been too strict with her. I was brought up strictly: and she was so full of life and so fond of excitement: I am afraid I did not make her happy at home. Or the reflection may be, 'I have been too lax, and have flung the reins loose on the neck of my child.'

Let us pray for all this household life. Let us take all these and sorrows on our own hearts to-night, and make them the burden of our intercession before God.

Something's Got to be Done.

By a squall in the Delaware Bay a short time since, while sailing in a yacht, two young men were overtaken. At the Nazareth Methodist Episcopal Church, on Twelfth street, Philadelphia, at public worship they had occasionally been present. From the way things looked the capsizing of their shallop was very near inevitable.

'Bill,' said one to the other, 'this is a serious business; can you pray?'

'No, I can't; I've heard Joe Quinn do it, and I've listened to Bill Post, but I can't do it myself.'

'Well, you can sing a hymn, can't you? For God's sake do something.'

'No, I can't sing here. How can I sing when this boat at any moment may drown us both?'

'Well, we must do something religious. If you can't pray and can't sing, let's take up a collection.'

To this Bill assented. In his companion's hat he deposited three pennies, a corkscrew and a broken bladed knife. As he did this the wind lulled and the shallop made a successful landing.

An Irish peddler asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls. 'Six shillings, sir.' 'In my dear country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence a *paci*.' 'Why don't you remain in your own dear country then?' 'Case we have no *sixpences*, my jewel.'

Contentment is better than riches.

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