THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

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PRINTING.

CHARLES HARVEY & CO.,
Nos. 3 and 5 Post Office Avenue,
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WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

FRANCIS & WRIGHT,
GROCERS
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92 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

Particular 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.

GREAT BARGAIN STORE!

A GREAT BARGAIN STORE is now open on the corner of HIGH AND CROSS streets, in the "Burchinal Building," and every effort is made to sell Great Bargains to every customer who comes with the *CASH or cashable Produce.* All who wish to receive the value of their money, must come to the Great Bargain Store without fail, where they will find a general assortment of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
NOTIONS,
Ready Made Clothing,

Piece Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.

Come one! come all! and see for yourselves, and be convinced!

M. BALL,
Corner High & Cross streets,
Burchinal Building.

☞ ORDERS FOR SUITS to be cut and made, are respectfully solicited, and will be promptly attended to.

The highest cash price paid for Rags, old Iron, Grain and Produce.

Chestertown, Aug. 3, 1872.

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.

BIBLES,
PRAYER BOOKS,
HYMN BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
POEMS,
NOVELS,
ROMANCES, &c., &c.
At City Prices, FOR CASH ONLY.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
May 4, 1872.

COAL HODS, Shovels, Pokers, Seives, Stove Blacking, Brushes, &c., &c., for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Nov. 2, 1872.

Selected Poetry.

PRAY FOR US.

BY WHITTIER.

Along the aisle where prayer was made,
A woman all in black arrayed,
Close veiled, between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone:
"Pray for me!"

Back from the place of worshipping
She glided like a guilty thing;
The rustle of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard;
While, full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped:
"Pray for me!"

Back to the night from whence she came,
To unimagined grief or shame!
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul:
"Pray for me!"

Glide on, poor ghost of woe and sin!
Thou leav'st a common need within;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid:
Pray for us!

Pass on! the type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the common heart,
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander too and fro,
Humbly imploring as we go:
Pray for us!

Ah, who shall pray since he who pleads
Our wants perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain,
And Heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair:
Pray for us!

In vain remorse and fear and hate
Beat with bruised hands against a fate
Whose walls of iron only move
And open to the touch of love;
He only feels his burden fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all;
Pray for us!

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast;
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know;
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath need like thine;
Pray for us!

MANAGING A MAN.

Nellie Davis was the prettiest, sweetest, best, and dearest little girl in Massachusetts, and when Tom Carter fell head-over-heels in love with her, nobody blamed him in the least. And when the Parson gave his blessing, and they went to commence house-keeping in a cosy little house on the south side of the town, everybody prophesied all sorts of happiness for the pretty bride.

And, truth to tell, Nellie Carter was very happy. It is a pleasant thing to go into house-keeping for the first time, with every thing new and shiny; and if you have somebody you love for a companion, it is still pleasanter. Now Nellie did love that great big, blundering Tom Carter with all her might and main; and there was only one thing to disturb his perfect peace. She was the very pink of tidiness, and Tom was the most careless fellow alive.

He kept his person neat and nice—but he kept his personal belonging anything else. Tom would persist in tossing his slippers under the parlor sofa to have them handy. In vain did she gently suggest the rack in the hall was the place for his hat and overcoat. Tom would fling his overcoat, wet or dry, on her pretty, smoothly made bed, and drop his hat anywhere.

In vain did tidy Nellie make a place for everything, for Tom invariably tossed every thing down in some place. Now little Mies Nellie was only human, and Tom's slovenly ways annoyed her exceedingly. She was resolved not to spoil the peace of their cosy home by scolding, but bow to cure him she could not tell.

She bore with him with all the patience of an angel, until one morning, after he had gone to his office, she went into the porlor, and there lay Tom's heavy shawl right across the table, ruthlessly crushing beneath it the pretty trifles which lay upon the marble top.

"Now I can't stand this, and I won't!" said Nellie, as she carefully raised the shawl from the delicate treasures, and discovered the ruins of a favorite Bohemian vase.

"I don't know what to do, but this I won't have!" she continued, with the little bit of wiley snap, which every good wife must have if she expects to get on at all with that occasionally unreasonable animal—a man.

"Some way must and shall be discovered to cure Tom of such performances as this!" went on Mrs. Nellie, as she removed the ruins of the vase, and all morning she went about the house with scarlet lips closely compressed and a little flash in her brown eyes, which argued well for Master Tom's domestic subjugation.

Woman's wit, having a will, seldom fails to find a way. And when a determined little woman says "must" and "shall," masculine insubordination might as well surrender at once. Before Mrs. Nellie closed her bright eyes that night she had arranged her plans for the campaign against her liege lord, who slept the sleep of the innocent by her side.

But she meant to give him one more chance. So, after breakfast, when Tom drew on his boots and gave his slippers their usual toss under the sofa, she gently said, "Tom, dear, hadn't you better put your slippers in the passage or the bedroom?"

"No, let 'em alone, they'll be handy to-night," said Tom.

"But, Tom, dear, they look so untidy."

"Why, no, they don't. A thing looks as well in one place as another. What is the use of a man having a home if he can't keep things where he wants to?" said rebellious Tom.

"What's the use of keeping a wife and servant on their feet all day to pick things up after you?" asked Nellie, without the least show of temper

"Don't pick 'em up at all. Just let 'em alone, and then I can find 'em when I want 'em," declared Master Tom, as he gave her a kiss, and took himself off.

And the moment the door closed on him Nellie's red lips compressed again, and her brown eyes wore the same look they had worn yesterday.

"War it is, then!" she said to herself. "Now, Master Tom," we shall see who wins the field."

She sat quietly about the usual morning's work of a house where only one servant is kept; and when Tom came home to lunch everything was in its usual good order. It remained so, and Nellie busied herself with her needlework until nearly time for Tom to return to dinner.

Then she rose, put away her work, and prepared, as she said to herself, to "open the campaign."

First she put Tom's slippers where he always left them under the sofa. Then she tossed his shawl upon the piano, and his best hat on the table. Then she brought some of her dresses, and flung them across the chairs and on the sofa. Her furs reposed in Tom's own especial arm-chair, and her best bonnet kept Tom's slippers company under the sofa, while her own slippers lay upon the chiffonier.

And then, thinking that feminine ingenuity could make no greater sacrifice than her Sunday bonnet, she took a piece of crochet work and sat down.

Presently the door opened, and in walked Tom. He gave a low whistle of surprise as he glanced at the unwonted disorder, and at Nellie sitting calmly in the midst with her crochet work, and then came into the room.

"Haven't been putting things to rights, Nellie?" he asked.

"No, no. Why?" said Nellie, looking up in sweet unconsciousness.

"I thought may be you had been, that's all," remarked Tom, dryly, as he looked for a place to sit down.

Nellie quietly pursued her work.

Presently Tom said, "Paper come this evening?"

"Not yet," answered Nellie.

Tom gave a half sigh.

"Nellie, I met Granger just now, and he said he would call around this evening."

"Very well. Probably he won't come before dinner. It will be ready soon," said Nellie, working away in demure innocence.

"Hadn't you better put things a little to rights before he comes?" said Tom, glancing uneasily around the room.

"Oh, no. Just let 'em lie," answered Nellie, sweetly.

"But they look so bad," said Tom.

"Oh, no, they don't," said Nellie, as sweetly as before. "A thing looks as well in one place as another.

Tom's face reddened.

"I never saw your room look like this before," he said, hesitatingly. "I shouldn't like to have any one step in."

"Why not?" said Nellie. "We might as well keep things handy. What's the use of having a house if you can't keep things where you want to?"

Tom's face got redder and redder. He tried to look serious, and then broke out into a laugh.

"Oh, that's your game is it?" he said. "Trying to beat me with my own weapons, are you, little woman?"

"Well, don't you like the plan?" said Nellie, demurely.

"No, by George, I don't!" said Tom, "Well, then, I'll make a bargain with you. As long as you will keep your things in their places, I'll do the same with mine; whenever you don't——"

"Oh, I will!" interrupted Tom. "Come, Nellie, I'll confess like a man—you've beat me this time. Only just put things right in this awful room, and I'll never throw anything down again. There, now, let's kiss and make it up, as the children say."

Nellie arose, and laughing held up her sweet mouth for a kiss of peace. And then, under the magic influence of her deft fingers confusion was suddenly banished; and when Mr. Granger came round to spend the evening, he decided that nobody had a prettier wife or a tidier home than his friend Tom Carter.

Wise little Nellie having gained possession of the matrimonial field, took good care to keep it until Tom was quite cured of his careless habits. Sometimes he seemed threatened with a relapse; but Nellie, instead of scolding, only had quietly to bring something of her own and lay it beside whatever he had tossed down, and it was sure to be put away immediately, for Tom seldom failed to take the hint.

And if some other little woman, as tidy and wise as Nellie, takes a hint also, this little story will have served its purpose.

☞ The New York Evening Post tells us that "old sailors are never so much at sea as when they are on shore." Upon which the Louisville Courier-Journal remarks that "in this they are somewhat like henpecked husbands, who are never so much at home as when they are abroad."

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Is it, my boy? Marry it, and you will find it is very much the reverse.

[From the Delaware Gazette, 26th ult.]

Romance in Real Life.

Twenty Years of Waiting—A rare instance of Constancy and Devotion.

Years ago in Kent County, Md., resided a prosperous farmer, who numbered, among his family, a bright little girl of three or four summers, and a lad about six years older, the latter of whom he had taken to raise. Between this youthful pair, a childish intimacy sprang up, which advancing years served to strengthen and increase until they reached the years of manhood and womanhood, when their troth was plighted, and the day of their union joyously looked forward to, by two happy hearts.

In 1848, when the California gold fever was spreading like wildfire over the entire East, our hero, among others, was seized with the malady, and despite his home connections, and the fond entreaties of his almost bride, decided to bid adieu to home and friends, for a few years, and seek his fortune in the great El Dorado of the far West. No amount of persuasion could induce him abandon the project, and hastily making preparations, he bade adieu to the weeping maiden, assured her of his undying devotion and eternal constancy, and departed on his long and perilous journey.

Four years passed by, without any tidings of the absent one, and the conclusion was finally reached that he had fallen a victim to the many perils that then beset that region, and he was mourned for as one dead. During this interval, the farmer had moved to Wilmington, and established himself in business here. Among the circle of acquaintances which the family drew around them, was a young man of good connections and industrious habits, who soon became enamored of our heroine, and proposed for her hand in marriage. Though her heart was still faithful to her lost lover, she entertained feelings of the utmost respect for this latter suitor, and yielding to the solicitations of parent and friends, she decided to accept him, and the day for the marriage was appointed.

Almost on the eve of the wedding day, when all preparations had been completed and without a word of previous warning, the first lover appeared on the scene, rejoicing that he had safely reached home to claim his bride. His grief and astonishment on discovering the state of affairs can better be imagined than described.—But, with a nobility of mind and character that is seldom met with, he acknowledged to the maiden, who would gladly have returned to her heart's allegiance, that such a state of affairs was produced by his unloverlike negligence, in not acquainting her of his continued existence, and bravely stifling his inclinations, he obeyed the stern behest of duty and returned to his Western home.

The marriage ceremony was performed, and since then years of wedded happiness have been enjoyed by the then disconsolate maiden, who although her heart was another's, possessed the love of a loyal heart, and in the comforts of her home and family, found solace for her youthful grief. Children have been born to her, until now the comely maiden is a staid matron, with blooming daughters, the counterpart of the woman's former self. About two years ago her husband died, thus forming another link in the chain of curious circumstances which we are briefly chronicling.

During all this time the absent lover remained in California, where he succeeded in amassing a handsome fortune.—Occasionally, but very rarely, he would communicate by mail with his Eastern friends. A short time ago, in correspondence with his brother, in this city, in reference to some business affairs, he casually inquired for his former love, as to whether her marital relations were of a happy character. Back went the answer, 'She has been a widow for two years.'

Three weeks ago a stranger arrived in this city, and stopped at the Washington House. Inquiring for a City Directory, he eagerly scanned its pages, until his eye alighted upon the name for which he was searching, when he immediately seized his hat and started for the place of residence designated. What the emotions of our hero—for it is needless for us to say that the stranger was none other than he—must have been, as he stood upon the steps of the residence, and rang the bell, it is hard to imagine. After twenty years of patient, constant devotion, he once more appeared among the scenes of his youthful days, to stand again in the presence of the object of his life's affections, and sue for the happiness which cruel fate had so long denied him. The door was opened by the widow herself, who, however, failed to recognize, in the bronzed and bearded stranger who stood before her, the one upon whom the affections of her youth had been lavishly bestowed. But when he addressed her, the well remembered voice, from which the musical cadence of youth had not yet departed, caused memory to flash rapidly back through all the long years which had elapsed, and the recognition was instantaneous and complete.

But little more remains to be told.—Yesterday morning, our now happy and contented hero, accompanied by his equally joyous bride and her four children, started for his Western home. Here we leave him, with the sincere hope that a constancy and devotion so rare will be rewarded by its full mete of wifely devotion and domestic happiness.

In conclusion, and to show that this sketch is no 'flight of fancy,' we publish the following marriage notice, taken from yesterday's *Gazette*, feeling sure that all who recognise the chief characters of our sketch, will join with us in wishing them all the happiness imaginable:

BOWERS—KIRKMAN.—In Philadelphia, Oct. 15, by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. SAMUEL BOWERS, of Forbes Town, Butte Co., California, to Mrs. MARY KIRKMAN of Wilmington, Del.

Care of Horses.

The London Horse Book says: All horses must not be fed in the same proportions, without regard to their ages, their constitutions, and their work; because the impropriety of such practice is self-evident. Yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of diseases of almost every kind.

Never use bad hay on account of its cheapness, because there is no proper nourishment in it.

Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious, it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases.

Chaff is better for old horses than hay, because they can chew and digest it better.

Mix chaff with corn or beans, and do not give the latter alone, because it makes the horse chew his food more and digest it better.

Hay or grass alone will not support a horse under hard work, because there is not sufficient nutritive body in either.

When a horse is worked hard, its food should chiefly be oats—if not worked hard, its food should chiefly be hay—because oats supply more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other kind of food; hay not so much.

For a saddle or coach horse, half a peck of sound oats and eighteen pounds of good hay are sufficient. If the hay is not good, add a quarter of a peck more oats. A horse which works harder may have rather more of each; one that works little should have less.

Rack feeding is wasteful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay, from a manger, because the food is not then thrown about, and is more easily chewed and digested.

Sprinkle the hay with water that has salt dissolved in it, because it is pleasing to the animal's taste, and more easily digested. A teaspoonful of salt in a bucket of water is sufficient.

Oats should be bruised for an old horse, but not for a young one, because the former, through age and defective teeth, cannot chew them properly; the young horse can do so, and they are thus properly mixed with the saliva and turned into wholesome nutriment.

A Gentleman.

Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion, but in the mind. A high sense of honor—a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom you have dealings—are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a gentleman. People who have risen in the world are too apt to suppose they render themselves of consequence in proportion to the pride they display, and their want of attention towards those with whom they come in contact. This is a terrible mistake, as every ill-bred act recoils with triple violence against its perpetrators, by leading the offened parties to analyze them and to question their right of assuming a superiority to which they are rarely entitled. A gentleman must never forget himself. Even when thrown (at races, meetings, public dinners, or other occasions) into miscellaneous society, he can maintain his own position without either succumbing to the aristocracy or descending to the vulgarity by which he may be surrounded. It has been said that "there is a gentlemanly way of being a blackguard;" we do not advocate the morality of the maxim, but we quote it in order to show how well grounded is the idea that gentility can be preserved even under the most disadvantageous phases of our actions. A true gentleman is one whose mind is elevated and enlightened, whose education or acquirements are liberal, whose manners are easy and polite, and whose conduct is honorable. As an honest man is the noblest work of God, so is a gentleman the finest achievement of civilization.

Talleyrand and Arnold.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the reign of terror, stripped of every vestage of power and property, he secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a wanderer to a strange land to earn his bread and labor.

'Is there an American staying at your hotel?' he asked the landlord of the hotel. 'I am bound across the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World.'

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then replied:

'There is a gentleman up stairs who is either an American or Englishman, but which I cannot tell.'

He pointed the way and Talleyrand, who in life was bishop, prince and prime minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant he stood at the stranger's door—knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly-lighted room sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes gazed into Talleyrand's face from beneath his downcast brows with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will; his form vigorous, even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a rich and distinguished costume,

Talleyrand advanced—confessed that he was a fugitive—and that, under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind and feeling offices. He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

'I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or hope. You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter, that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes in Paris have filled me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France.—You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has, doubtless, many friends.'

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his head still downcast, his eyes still looking from behind his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backwards, and his voice was full of meaning:

'I am the only man in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say:

'I have not a single friend, not one, in all America.'

George Eliot's Sayings.

The commonest man, who has his ounce of sense and feeling, is concious of the difference between a lovely, delicate woman and a coarse one. Even a dog feels a difference in their presence. The man may be no better able than the dog to explain the influence the more refined beauty has on him, but he feels it.

It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

Let evil words die as soon as they're spoken.

As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that, any more than the old church steeple minds the rooks that are cawing about it.

I like breakfast time better than any other moment in the day No dust has settled on one's mind then and it presents a clear mind to the rays of things.

When what is good comes of age and is likely to live, there is reason for rejoicing.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.

A man can't very well steal a banknote unless the banknote lies within convenient reach; but he won't make us think him an honest man because he begins to howl at the banknote for failing in his way.

A man can never do anything at variance with his own nature, He carries within the germ of his most exceptional action; and if we wise people make eminent fools of ourselves on any particular occasion, we must endure the legitimate conclusion that we carry a few grains of folly to our ounce of wisdom.

When I've made up my mind that I can't afford to buy a tempting dog, I take no notice of him, because if he took a strong fancy to me, and looked lovingly at me, the struggle between arithmetic and inclination might become unpleasantly severe. I pique myself on my wisdom there.

Consequences are unpitying. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, that are hardly ever confined to ourselves. And it is best to fix our minds on that certainty, instead of considering what may be the elements of excuse for us.

There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you cannot isolate yourself and say that the evil which is on you shall not spread.—Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease.

JOSEPHINE was one of nature's Queens—she was divorced, says her biographer, but her love did not cease; in her retirement she enjoyed all Napoleon's success, and prayed that he might be saved from the fruits of his ambition. When his son was born, she only regretted that she was not near him in his happiness; and when he went a prisoner to Elba, she begged that she might share his prison and relieve his woes. Every article that he used at her residence, remained as he left it. The book in which he had last been reading there, the page doubled down, and the pen that he had last used by it, with the ink dried on its point. When her death drew nigh, she wished to sell all her jewels, to send the fallen emperor money; and her will was submitted to his correction. She died before his return from Elba; her last words expressed the hope and belief that 'she never caused a single tear to flow.' She was buried in the village church of Ruel, and her body followed to the grave not only by Princes and Generals, but by thousands of poor, whose hearts had been made glad by her bounty. Her marble monument bears only this inscription, 'Eugene and Hortense to Josephine.'

A SHREWD FORTUNE-TELLER.—A fortune-teller was arrested in Paris, and carried before the tribunal of Correctional Police.

'You know how to read fortunes?' said the president, a man of great wit, but rather too fond of a joke for a magistrate.

'I do sir,' replied the sorcerer.

'In this case,' said the president, 'you know, the judgment we intend to pronounce?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, what will happen to you?'

'Nothing.'

'You are sure of that?'

'Yes; you will acquit me.'

'Acquit you?'

'There is no doubt of it.'

'Why?"

'Because, sir, if it had been your intention to condemn me, you would not have added irony to misfortune.'

The president, disconcerted, turned to his brother judges, and the sorcerer was discharged.

PAPER CUFFS.—Newspaper attacks.

THEN AND NOW.

BY MRS. A. M. PHILLIPS.

Christ was dining with Pharisees—upper ten
Of Bethany—saintly and solid men,
Too pure for the touch of guile;
And a woman, a sinner they called her there,
Brought as an offering—maybe as a prayer—
Sweet ointment; and the while

The lowly Nazarene sat at meat
She bathed his weary and wayworn feet,
In grateful and penitent tears;
Poured on them the ointment whose rare perfume
Pervaded the ample and gorgeous room,
And kissed them despite her tears.

But Simon knitted his brows. "How's this?
If he is a prophet, there's something amiss—
He'd know her at once for a sinner;
Nor would suffer a woman to touch him so;
Would straightway rebuke her and bid her go,
Nor mar our immaculate dinner."

The guests were indignant—some making haste
To be rich, declared it a wanton waste;
While others opined they should
Have given the same to the needy poor.
Jesus answered, "Why trouble her more?
She hath done what she could."

It was Pharisee then, it is Presbyter now,
Ever ready to drive the churchly plow
In uprooting mortal sin;
Its banner not love, but a mighty creed;
To the work of the kingdom—man's utmost need—
It only may enter in.

And jealous of power, the thought that dares
Dissent from his dogmas it sternly declares
To be heretic, infidel, sinner;
Yet the Master most lovingly says that "the last
Shall be first, and the first shall be last,"
And Humility always the winner.

Next it forages Scripture all over to find
The narrowest promise for weak womankind,
The broadest for man—
Forgets, as it gathers the wherefore and why,
The words of the Savior directly imply
She may do what she can.

So let woman go preach, let Woman go pray,
Nor heed for a moment the critic's say,
Be it Pharisee, Presbyter, See—
For the vineyard is wide and the laborers few,
And the Lord of the Harvest hath need of the true,
Co-workers with Him to be.

Go lift the fallen, the lowly teach,
Inspire the prisoner within thy reach
With hope of the life above—
"For whatsoever thou doest to please
The lowest, the meanest, the least of these,"
Is done to Eternal Love.

Dare always to work, if need be to fight,
Building thy thought with thy utmost might,
So it be true and good—
For our Lord will rule in the Judgment Day,
And knowing thy service will tenderly say;
"She hath done what she could."

How is This for Pedigree.

A very searching investigation was carried on a few days ago, in the north of England, by two families who were hunting up their respective ancestry.

The strife was great between them, each one determined to look back into antiquity farther than the other.

One of the families whose name was Spencer, employed an artist to paint a historic scene representing the building of the ark, and the loading up of the ship of Noah and his sons, with its multifarious cargo.

On the gang-plank leading to the deck of the ark two men were seen rolling up a huge box, on one side of which was painted in large letters, 'Relics, insignia, and papers belonging to the Spencer family.'

This was considered a *coup d'etat* hard to beat, but the other family, not to be out-done in the antediluvian pretensions of their name, prepared at great cost and research a record of their name, and antiquity.

By describing the exploits of one of their ancestors at a very early day, who was represented a man of great authority, this remarkable passage occurs:

'*During this year Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise!*'

A Pleasant Anecdote.

Rev. Thomas Alexander, of the English Presbyterian Church, in Chelsea, recently died of apoplexy. A London correspondent of the Presbyterian vouches for the truth of the following anecdote:

'This winter Mr. Alexander observed a curate frequently passing his window in the cold mornings without a great coat, cold and uncomfortable, with that look of genteel penury which too often attaches to the poorly-paid curates of the English Church. He went out to his tailor:—'Can you make a coat without seeing the man who is to wear it?'

"That was doubtful.

"'Can you make the coat if you see the man, without measuring him?'

"The tailor thought he might.

"'Then be ready when I call for you.'

"The next day, accordingly, when the curate was approaching, Mr. Alexander hurried out to the tailor, and the two walked for some little distance behind the unsuspecting man.

"'Now take a good look; make sure of your measure. Are you satisfied?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then,' said Mr. Alexander, 'make that poor fellow a good coat, of good cloth, at once. Ascertain his home, and send it to him; but mind you, if you give him the slightest inkling that I sent it, you shall never do me another stitch.'

'So the two parted. Mr. Alexander lived to see the curate often go by his house with the great-coat on, an excellent fit, and well buttoned up in welcome warmth."

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