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Maxham & Wing

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THE TWO HEARTS.

A worthy man of Paris town,
Came to the bishop there;
His face, o'erclouded with dismay,
Betrayed a fixed despair.

"Father," said he, "a sinner vile
Am I, against my will;
Each hour I humbly ask for faith,
But am a doubting thief."

"Sure," were I not despoiled of God,
He would not leave me so;
To struggle thus, in constant strife,
Against the deadly foe."

The bishop to his sorrowing son
Thus spoke a kind relief;
"The king of France has castles twin;
To each he sends a chief."

"There's Montellery, far inland,
That stands in place secure;
While La Rochelle, upon the coast,
Doth sieges oft endure."

"Now, for these castles—both preserved—
First in his prince's love
Shall Montellery's chief be placed,
Or La Rochelle's above?"

"Oh, doubtless, sire," the sinner cried,
"That king will love the most
The man whose task was hard, to keep
His castles on the coast!"

"Son," said the bishop, "thou art right;
Apply this reasoning well;
My heart is Montellery fort,
And thine is La Rochelle."

GOLD AND DROSS.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

A gray old lady hung over the old town.
It snowed merrily, and mingled with a mist-
like, fearful rain, as if it bewailed its own fate
in falling on those dark, muddy streets and side-
walks. There were few people out—no pleas-
ure seekers or gaily dressed promenaders on
such a day; and Marion Graham sitting in her
sister's parlor turned her listless gaze from the
window with a little sigh of weariness, and
drew her chair still nearer to the cheerful open
fire in the low grate. Whatever the prospect
might be without, it was very cheerful within.
Bright roses looked out from the mossy green
of the carpet, and sunny pictures gleamed on
the walls. The chairs and lounges were tempt-
ingly cozy and comfortable, and scarlet and
white geraniums, with beautiful delicate ferns,
were grouped at the win low.

Opposite Marion sat her sister, Mrs. Wilmot,
with busy fingers showing white against the
crimson netting she was fashioning into a dress
for little Miss Nannie, and eyes wandering
smilingly now and then, to the corner where
the child was amusing herself with a squab
which she had borrowed from the kitchen.
She had abandoned her whole family of dolls
for this new object of affection, and was hugging
it in her arms, rejoicing in its size and its
"nice crooked neck." Presently Bridget's red
face appeared at the door.

"Ah, sure, Nannie darlint! an' ye've got the
punkin up here, an' me a sarchin' the house
over for it! Let me have it row till I'll make
the nice pie for dinner." And she seized the
prize and marched off with it, leaving the little
one gazing disconsolately after her.

"Well," said Nannie, recovering a little
from her astonishment, "I think it's a queer
country where folks' children can be carried
off and made into pies. I guess I'll go and
see her chopped up," she added, philosophically de-
termined to derive some pleasure from the
affair, and trudged off after Bridget.

The mother laughed, but a smile that flitted
over Marion's face was not altogether one of
amusement.

"Poor Baby Nannie!" she said. "That is
always the way! Our fairest ideals prove to
be nothing but squashes that must be converted
into dinner if we would live in this matter-of-
fact, eating world."

"Your drol moral is slightly twisted, my
dear," laughed her sister. "The trouble is
that we will persist in placing our affections
upon the squashes that were designed for din-
ner from the first. The chopping up follows
inevitably."

"Possibly. But I can't see that we have
much choice—it's squashes or nothing," retort-
ed Marion. "Oh dear! what a day it is! That
steady drip, drip, from every house corner
makes me nervous. It sounds like some mon-
strous funeral march; and as for that gray
sky, it really doesn't look as if the sun ever
could shine through it again."

Mrs. Wilmot glanced over the street where
the houses showed dim through the mist, and
the leafless trees trembled in the cold and rain.

"Thy lot is the common lot of all
into each life some rain must fall.
Some days must be dark and dreary!"

she quoted a little dreamily.

"Well, there is no particular comfort in that,
so far as I ever could discover," said Marion.
"I remember when we were children we all
had the scarlet fever at the same time, and our
old Irish nurse used to say to me—'Sure ye
mustn't fret so, dear; an' the other children
all down wid it, too?' But I couldn't see that
that fact made my headache any less, my fever
any lighter, or all the abominable doses any
easier to swallow. It may be poetic consol-
ation, but it isn't practical. Just fancy yourself
trying to summon up courage to have a tooth
extracted by the reflection that at that very
moment there are probably ten thousand differ-
ent persons, sitting in ten thousand different
dentist-chairs, with their ten thousand mouths
open, waiting for cold steel and agony!"

Mrs. Wilmot laughed and bent a quick,
searching glance on the fair face opposite to
her. There was a vein of bitterness under-
lying all this seeming lightness.

"What is it, Marion?" she asked. "It has
taken something more than this rainy day to
turn all your gold into dross."

Marion lifted her eyebrows as if about to ex-
press her inability to see what connection this
bore to her last remark, but a second impulse
prompted her to answer soberly.

"I don't know anything that has done it, Helen.
In fact, I don't know what is gold and what is
dross."

"Which means that you do not know whether
to answer yes or no to a question that was
asked you last night?" queried Mrs. Wilmot,
venturing upon a shrewd guess.

Only the sudden flush that swept over Mari-
on's cheek and brow told that she had heard
the question. She gazed steadily into the fire
for a moment or two, and then took up her
book again. Her sister watched her a little
anxiously. She felt sure that Marion had come
to a place in her life where two diverging paths
awaited her choice, and that to-day's unquiet
and unrest sprang from a heart ill at ease and
undecided. The offer that had been made the
young girl was a brilliant one—wealth, position,
power—and against the offer there was little to
be said. He was neither immoral, ungentle-
manly, nor disagreeable. In fact, his virtues
were nearly all negative ones, and it was this
very want of something positive about him—
deep convictions honestly carried out, an ear-
nest purpose in life—that troubled Mrs. Wilmot
most. Marion had both heart and soul, and she
wondered if she could be content to look
with him, merely on the surface of things; if
she would not starve on the husks that satis-
fied him?

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WATERVILLE, MAINE FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1872.

NO. 37.

Marion was pondering that question, too;
trying not to put it quite so strongly, however,
for the pomp of the place, and the glitter of gold
had blinded her a little. This man's friend-
ship was pleasant enough, but she did not love
him. He fell far below her ideal of a true no-
ble manhood. Through all his conversation
there came no ring of deep thought, of honest
opinions carefully formed; of a brave, earnest,
unselfish purpose in life. He could not sym-
pathize with, or comprehend, such things. But
Marion was trying to persuade herself that
what she could not find in him was not to be
found anywhere. He was no worse than oth-
ers. It was a selfish world at best, she said—
every one looking after their own comfort, and
seeking to advance their own interests regard-
less of others. Unselfishness, self-sacrifice and
great-hearted philanthropy were all very well
to weave beautiful dreams about, but they
were not to be found in practical, every-day
life. Heroes did not exist except in books
and fancy; and for the sake of visions and
dreams should she turn away from what the
most of her acquaintances would call won-
derful good fortune—a golden opportunity?
She would have wealth, and with it position
and influence, as this man's wife; yet her
cheek flushed at the last three words, even
though they were spoken in her own heart
alone—it seemed so much like selling herself.
Why should it though? she asked herself per-
sistently. If she did not love here neither did
she elsewhere, and no one would be wronged.
She could give all she asked or cared for—a
placid, good-natured liking. Deep, fervent
love, he would never require or even compre-
hend. That was one trouble, indeed; there
were depths in Marion's nature that he would
not know. She felt, even while she reasoned
with herself, that if she entered upon this path,
her old high thoughts of life and all its noble
possibilities, her best resolves and highest aims,
her truest self, must be put aside, or would die
in the atmosphere that would surround her.
It would be dwarfed and starved by the influ-
ence of a life that should be one with her and
yet would be altogether diverse. True it was
only what others were doing all around her,
and calling practical and sensible, but was it
not a deep sin against her own truth and wo-
manhood? Despite all the offered pleasures
it held out to her, would there not come many
days like this one, that would shut away the
world and force her back upon herself? Would
there not come many hours of loneliness and
forced introspection, when the life to which she
was looking forward would seem empty, worth-
less and false?

She was not ready to answer these questions
yet, and the busy thoughts that she could not
put aside weighed her. She could not interest
herself in the book she had taken up, and the
room seemed strangely silent now that Nannie's
merry prattle was gone. She was about to go
in search of the child, when Bridget once more
appeared at the door.

"There's a man out here, ma'am, wants to
know does ye want any umbrellas mend'd?"
"No," Mrs. Wilmot answered carelessly.
"Oh yes, I do too!" she added with a quick
second thought. "Nannie broke one the other
day trying to use it for a balloon. Where is
he, Bridget?"

"Out in the hall, ma'am." And Bridget re-
turned to the kitchen, while Mrs. Wilmot hunt-
ed up the article with fractured bones, and car-
ried it out for inspection.

A little, spare, thin man stood there, leaning
slightly upon his bundle of umbrellas to afford
support to one limb that was shorter than the
other. His coat, a rather shabby one, was but-
toned closely round him, and his cap was drawn
down over his iron gray hair; but from under
this latter article a pair of keen bright eyes
were surveying his surroundings. A little boy
—a shy, pale-faced, sad eyed child, was with
him.

"Got something for me to mend, ma'am?"
The man asked as Mrs. Wilmot approached him,
and his voice sounded wonderfully cheery and
pleasant to come from such a person, and on so
formal a day. "Yes'm, yes, indeed; this is
easy mended. We'll have it all right in a hur-
ry, won't we, Johnny? if the lady can give us
a bit of a place to sit down, we needn't take it
away at all."

Mrs. Wilmot glanced at the child's little
hands blue with the cold, and turned involun-
tarily toward the bright, warm room she
had just left.

"It won't make much dirt, I suppose?" she
questioned, pausing for a moment with a house-
wife's regard for her carpet.

"Oh, no, ma'am! I dear no! nothing more'n a
piece or two of whalebone and a bit of wire at
the most."

Mrs. Wilmot was reassured, and throwing
open the door, she gave them comfortable seats
by the fire, noting as she did so, how eagerly
the two pairs of hands were held toward the
warming blaze.

"Trying to limber my fingers a little before I
begin, ma'am," the man said with a smile. "It's
a cold, bad day out, but I suppose you wouldn't
feel it much here," he added with an admiring
glance around the pretty apartment.

"Does you live a good ways off, little boy?"
queried Nannie, brushing the curls away from
her face, and making hospitable advances to-
ward a conversation with the young stranger.

But he only looked at her wonderingly, and
moved a little uneasily in his chair.

"Ho, now, Johnny! why don't you talk to
the little girl?" said the father briskly; and he
heint been out with me many times, you see.
I'm only just beginning to take him because
he can help me to carry the umbrellas some-
times."

"How many children have you?" asked
Mrs. Wilmot kindly.

"Only four, ma'am; Johnny, here, is the
oldest. We did have three older, but they're
gone away n w."

"Away—at places you mean?" questioned
Marion, not quite comprehending, and begin-
ning to feel interested in the odd, cheery, little
man, with his quick movements and his readi-
ness to talk.

He paused an instant in the act of lying
out his tools and looked toward her.

"Yes, ma'am, to the very best kind of a
place—up there, you know. There's no danger
that they'll ever want for anything, or ever be
turned away."

they were getting old enough to work and help
some. But then, as I said to Martha, what
more did we want than to see 'em do well?
and if I'd tried and worked my hardest I could-
n't have got 'em into no such good fortune as
they know now. It's better for 'em, so we
won't fret if it is a little harder for us, will we,
Johnny?"

"But it must be hard for you to take care of
four little ones, just in the way, with no one to
help you," Mrs. Wilmot said.

"Oh, I don't! Martha helps a good deal—
takes in washing and such things, you know.
It's pretty hard work sometimes, but still we
get along. I didn't take to this always, though;
I used to be a bricklayer before I got the fall
that lamed me; but I never could do much at
it afterward."

"You do not seem to be unhappy with it
all," commented Marion, coloring suddenly,
however, when she found she had spoken her
thoughts aloud.

But the stranger was not well enough versed
in the ways of society to perceive anything
strange in the remark, and he answered unhesi-
tatingly.

"Unhappy? No, to be sure I ain't. Why,
dear me, I haint got no reason to be? You'd
think so too, if you could just see the misery
there is in this world." He worked busily a
few moments, and then added, as if his thoughts
had been wandering away to the many scenes
of suffering he had witnessed. "You haint any
idea! Nobody can have unless they've seen.
There's some that's better off I am, that's
sure; but there's many that's enough sight
worse. I've seen a good deal tramping about
this way, ma'am."

"Many of those that are better off are not
as contented and as cheery as you are," said
Mrs. Wilmot, giving utterance to a thought
that held some self-reproach in it.

"Well, I don't know. I ain't no ways extra-
ordinary that way myself—not like I ought to
be—but I do like pluck and good spirits, I tell
you! I ought to be better'n I am, because I've
had chances, you see. We'd have a hero in
our family once, ma'am."

"Who was it?" asked Marion, amused.

"My brother, younger'n me. He was a real
out-and-out hero, wasn't he, Johnny. You see,
Miss, I've told Johnny so many times that he
knows about as well as I do myself. David,
his name was; he was a bricklayer, too," he
continued, answering the question in Marion's
eyes. He wasn't a bit like me. He was a
great, tall, strong, good-looking fellow, with
just the heartiest laugh you ever heard—a
prime workman too! No danger of his being
out of work; he could always get it, and good
wages besides, so he and Mary—that's his wife
—lived as snug as could be for two or three
years. Everybody liked him, and that was
the beginning of the trouble—they liked to
well. He must go here, and there and every-
where, with the other men, and he liked to
please 'em. Then he must treat once in a
while, for he made more money than the most,
and it would seem mean if he didn't; that's
what he thought, and so he got from buying it
for 'em, to drinking it with 'em. I expect I
needn't tell you so much how things went after
that; you know how one thing follows another
on that track. He wasn't one of the sort that
keep on that way for years and never show it;
it told on him fast. Why, his hands, that used
to be so strong, would shake like a leaf, of a
morning before he got his bitters. That would
steady him up a little, and he managed to do
considerable work for all. He wasn't ever
cross and quarrelsome, and he never got dead-
drunk, but he would drink every day. It wor-
ried me dreadful, and I don't know how his
wife stood it. 'David, I'd say to him, 'You're
going to ruin just as fast as you can take your-
self there.' 'I know it, but it ain't no use to
talk; I can't help it,' he'd say, and so it went
on."

"One day there were a few men sent out on
the railroad to see about taking some work two
or three miles out of town. David was one of
'em, and not hardly so steady as usual, even.
After the train got going pretty fast he went
out on the platform, and tried to step across to
another car. He staggered and slipped, and
just saved himself by one hand from going
right down between the wheels. It was a min-
ute or so before he got right to his feet again;
but when he did he was sober, and knew how
near he had come to being crushed to death
under the wheels. The idea of an awful sud-
den death like that, and going into the other
world drunk, as you may say, too meet every-
thing to do to come, is enough to make any
man stop a bit and think. It did him. He
didn't talk much to anybody the rest of the ride,
and the first thing he did when he got home
that night, was to hunt up one of them tem-
perance societies and take their pledge."

"Well, we were pleased enough when we
heard it, and you never did see such a glad
woman as Mary. But David couldn't work
the next day—he was so shaky without his
spirits—and the day after it was the same thing.
We thought he'd got over it in a few days, and
get used to going without; but he didn't. I
s'pose it took too deep hold on him, and he just
got weaker and weaker. The doctor told him
it was stopping so sudden, and that he'd have
to take a little liquor along to keep him up
till he'd get stronger. But David only shook
his head and walked off. The doctor tried it
over and over again—I s'pose he meant well,
too—and he said 'twas the only thing 'twould
help him; but David wouldn't give up—I
swore, says he."

"A bad promise had better be broken than
kept," says the doctor.

"It's the best promise I ever made," David
tells him.

"Well," says the doctor, "I don't say you ain't
right to want to stop drinking; it's the way
you do it; that's the matter. You'd ought to
stop by degrees—a little to day and a little less
to-morrow, and so on."

"You've learnt a good deal, doctor, and I
think a good deal of your opinion, but you
needn't ever tell me that a man can get rid of
a sin by holding fast to it. I know what I am,
and what the first drink of liquor'd make of
me. I've sworn I wouldn't touch it and I
won't," says David.

"Then my man you'll die," says the doctor.

"There's nothing else'll save you."

David looked out of the window a minute
kind of steady like, and then smiled.

"Well, I'll die a sober man," says he, "and
I'll keep my pledge, shan't I, Mary?"

"Her face was most as white as his, ma'am,

but she just said—'Yes, David,' and they
stuck to it, both of 'em. We could all see how
it was going after that, but he never changed
his mind; he'd only be troubled a little, some-
times, when he looked at Mary."

"Can't help you any. I've killed myself,
Mary," he'd say, 'but still it ain't so bad as it
might have been. Read to me what the Bible
says about him that overcometh.' And she
read to him all about the star, and 'white robe,
you know."

He died in a few weeks. The doctor said
he was a fool, but I never could believe it was
looked at just that way up yonder. Mary and
me, we called him a hero. She saved money
by sewing and one way and another to buy a
little white stone for his grave, and I'll tell you
just what she had put on it—Faithful unto
death!"

The little man looked steadily into his um-
brella for a few moments, and hammered vig-
orously at a rivet. Presently he raised his
eyes again, clear and bright, to Mrs. Wilmot's
face.

"I used to think, ma'am, that when the Bible
spoke about the great number up there that
had 'come out of great tribulation, and washed
their robes in the blood of the Lamb,' it meant
just the martyrs and such. But I tell you I
know now that there's a good many sorrows
worse'n death, and to live for Him is harder'n
it would be to die for Him sometimes. But
there's a good many brave, true souls that's
doing it—more than most people think for, only
they keep up such cheery faces, some of 'em,
that nobody but God will ever know they did
come out of great tribulation. There, ma'am,
your umbrella is mended—done good and
strong, if I do say it myself, and likely to last
a good while yet, and go through a good many
storms," returning the repaired umbrella for in-
spection. "I often wonder what sort of errands
they'll go on—those that I mend—and who'll
go under 'em."

"Both glad ones and sad ones, no doubt,"
Mrs. Wilmot answered, smiling a little at the
fancy. "What is the price?"

"Thirty-five cents—thank you, ma'am. Come,
Johnny, my boy, we must move on. Much
obliged to the lady for giving us such a nice
warm place to rest in, ain't we? Good morning,
ma'am." And the little man shouldered his
bundle of umbrellas, and limped away, followed
by Johnny.

Marion stood at the window as they went
down the street, and watched them with
thoughtful eyes. Some things that she had
been that morning trying to persuade herself
were far off and visionary, seemed suddenly to
have grown near and real. Gold and dross
were not the same; there was coming a fiery
test that would try them. Truth, nobleness
and earnest life were something more than a
name or fancy. The "great multitude that no
man can number," to which the finger of reve-
lation pointed, proved that. There were many
brave, patient hearts, pressing steadily for-
ward, as the old man had said; and she?—No,
she would not barter her faith, fetter her soul,
and lower life from its highest aims, for any
place the world could offer.

She stole away to her own room to write the
answer that let her true to herself and to God;
and the old umbrella-mender went on his way,
and never dreamed that he had been Heaven's
messenger to a fellow pilgrim.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE SOUTH.—A Southern
paper says: "One of the greatest evils of
Southern journalism is, that the South has at
least twice as many papers as she will support.
She could support the number she now has,
but she does not, and judging the future by the
past she will not. There are several reasons
for this. The South has never been educated
to support newspapers. This lack of the proper
appreciation of the power and value of journal-
ism is one of the curses entailed upon the coun-
try by her old slavery system and slavery civiliza-
tion. Under that system and civilization
the masses, in a great measure, took their opini-
ons of public affairs, and cast their votes ac-
cording to the wishes, and too often, the dicta-
tion of the wealthy planters, and the politicians
their interests, whims or prejudices led them to
support. People thus led had no particular use
for newspapers. And then, the South not being
a free school country, there was not sufficient
education and taste for literature and culture
to cause newspapers to be sought after. The
same classes equally as poor, and having to
work harder to make a living in the North and
in Europe, read newspapers eagerly, and high-
ly valued them, because popular education had
disseminated a taste for reading and a thirst
for knowledge."

A SERMON FOR THE TIMES.—The trouble
lies back of all theories, all talk of reform and
liberty and law and what not. The advocacy
of easy divorce, or whatever form this horror
of the day assumes, is only possible when one's
apprehension of life is false from the beginning.
They talk about one's life being blasted by an
uncongenial union; of falling into to accomplish
the purposes of one's life; of an empty exist-
ence—as if a life teeming with duty could be
by any means called vacant, as if a career
could be blasted by infelicity, or an existence
fail of its true purposes because of the burden
laid upon it! Who shall limit the purposes of
his existence? Who shall force, a coward, from
the cross laid upon him, and declare that he
does well? Surely not he who believes that
giving is gaining; that only he finds his life
who loses it.

The modern world is coming back to the
first principles in the means of attack, the art
of defence, in the building of ships, bolts,
earthworks, fish-shaped hulls, and in many
other things—the newest is the oldest. So in
religion the reformers are preaching the ancient
worship of that godless of self and sense; and
the unselfish Christ, as of old, puts these false
propheies to shame. [From "The Old Cab-
inet," Scribner's for March.]

MISS SARAH F. SMILEY, the Quaker preach-
er who is now creating a sensation in New York,
is 42 years of age. Her father is Daniel Smiley
of Vassalboro', where Miss Smiley was born.
She was educated mostly at the Quaker school
in Providence, R. I., was teacher of a select
school for girls in Philadelphia for a number
of years, and is a fine scholar. She left her
class in Philadelphia to teach the blacks in
Richmond, Va.; from thence she went pretty
directly to England to preach. She has now
returned home to this country, and her resi-
dence is in Baltimore.

A BRAHMIN ON THE BIBLE.—At a read-
ing-room in one of the Indian cities a Brahmin
asked leave to speak, and leave being granted
he proceeded to eulogize the missionaries for
what they had secured to India. He asked:

"Now what is it makes him do all this for us.
It is his bible. I've looked into it a good deal,
at one time and another, in the different lan-
guages I chanced to know. It is just the same
in all languages. The bible—there is nothing
to compare with it in all our sacred books, for
goodness and purity, and holiness, and love,
and motives of action. Where did the Eng-
lish speaking people get all their intelligence,
and energy, and cleverness of power? It is
their Bible that gives it to them. And now
they bring it to us and say, 'This is what raised
us; take it and raise yourselves.' They do not
force it upon us as the Mohammedans used to
their Koran; but they bring it in love, and
translate it into our languages, and lay it be-
fore us, and say, 'Look at it—read it—examine
it, and see if it is not good. Of one thing
I am convinced. Do what we will—oppose it
as we may—it is the Christian's Bible that will
sooner or later work the regeneration of this
land."

WANTING TO BE AN ANGEL.—"I want to
be an angel," Bobby kept singing at the top of
his voice, except when he was teasing the cat,
spilling his milk, contradicting Bridget, or
making mud pies; "I want to be an angel, and
with the angels stand."

"That is all well and good when the time
comes," cried Bridget at last, quite out of tem-
per; "but before you can get to be an angel,
Bobby, you must want to be a good boy. Good
children is the stuff angels are made of; mind
that, sir. Put it this way, 'I want to be a
good boy and with the good boys stand.' Then
folks can know how much you mean it."

Bobby did not like Bridget's view of the
case, so he made up a lip and walked off.

The note of Lord Granville has been an-
swered in terms equally amicable, so as to
leave no doubt in English minds of the friendly
feelings of our Government, and of its desire
to have a full, final, and perfect settlement of
all claims through the means specified in the
treaty, namely: Either by arbitrators, who may
award the sum in gross, or by assessors, who
are required to subscribe to a solemn
declaration that they will impartially and care-
fully examine and decide to the best of their
judgment, and according to justice and equity
in all matters submitted to them. Of course,
should the arbitrators end the question by
awarding a sum in gross, there would be no
occasion to resort to the alternative of the
assessors; thus the U. S. Government adheres
to its position as heretofore indicated, and sees
no occasion to modify its statement of the case.
Having in good faith submitted the questions
involved to the arbitrators or assessors, it will,
as required by the treaty, abide by the result.

HINTS TO PREACHERS.—Do not get excited
too soon. Do not run away from your hearers.
Engine driving wheels whirled fast on an icy
track, but when they draw anything, they go
slower. Do not scold the people. Do not
abuse the faithful souls who come to meeting
rainy days, because others are too lazy to attend.
Preach the best to the smallest assemblies.
Jesus preached to one woman at the well, and
she got all Samaria to hear him the next
time. Ventilate your meeting-room. Sleeping
in church is due to bad air often rather than
to bad manners. Stop preaching, and talk to folks.
Come down from your stilted ways and sacred
tones, and become as a little child. Tell stories;
Jesus did, and the common people heard him
gladly. Relate your experience; Paul did,
and you can hardly do better than he.

STORY'S SEMIRAMIS.—A letter from Rome
gives the following notice of Story's new statue
of Semiramis:

It is one of the boldest things he has ever
modelled, and one of the most beautiful. The
figure is seated, the legs crossed; on the right
side the drapery is most cunningly managed;
it falls around the crossed knees and thighs in
folds that are half archaic, but a few touches
break up the lines in places and make you feel
sure of the long panther-like limbs beneath.
The face is a summing-up of the character
given to Semiramis; it expresses cruelty, pas-
sion, intellect and coldness with that peculiar
beauty Story gives to the Syrian faces he mod-
els. The eyeball is full, the setting hollow be-
tween it and the brow; it is a little drawn too
at the sides; it all suggests the thin skin around
the eye of a bird of prey. The mouth is full
and cold; the cheeks are lean, not meagre, in
short it is the face of one of those beautiful
tigerish women history tells us have existed,
have sinned, ruled and made humanity suffer.

"In Western Africa, the Church Missionary
Society have a school for poor negro children.
It is related of a little girl who attended that
school that, when one of her fellow-pupils had
beaten her, she was asked: Did you beat her
again? She answered: No; I left that to God."

That was indeed a good answer, especially
as it came from such a source. This poor crea-
ture gave evidence that she knew something
about her religious duty. She no doubt had
learned what God has said: Vengeance is
mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. It was a
good rebuke to those who return evil for evil.

THE Death Rate in Europe is nearly double
what it is in the United States, averaging yearly
one out of every forty-three inhabitants, while
in this country it is only one for every eighty-
one. Of the leading countries of Europe France
leads in its mortality, the average being one
death to every thirty-two of the population, and
England appears to be the most healthy, the
deaths being one to every forty-six. The life
tables for the United States show a much wider
range, from Arkansas, where the annual deaths
are one to every forty-nine, to Oregon, whose
death rate is only one to every two hundred and
nine.—The Northwestern States average the
most healthy, and the Gulf States the most
sickly. Next to these latter rank the New
England States, in which the death rate aver-
ages one to every sixty-eight.

The London Times recently declared in an
editorial article, that there are more people in
London uninterested in any kind of Christian-
ity, than all the denominations put together can
pretend to have converted among the heathen.

DEAD-HEADS.—The following, from the pen
of Wm. T. Tinsley, of the Lyons (N. Y.) Re-
publican, will be appreciated by newspaper
editors who have been victims of the nuisance
of which the writer complains.

MISCELLANY.

A ROYAL RACE.

BY JAMES M. CARROLL.

Among the fine old kings that reign
Upon a simple wooden throne,
There's one with but a small domain,
But mark you, it is all his own.
And though upon his rustic towers
No ancient standard waves its wing,
Thick, heavy banners flaunt with flowers,
From all the fragrant cedars swing.
And here, in royal homespun, bow
His hat brown court at night and morn—
The bronzed field Marshal of the Plough,
The Chancellor of Wheat and Corn.
The Keeper of the Golden Stacks,
The mistress of the Milling Fall,
The bold Knight of the Hugging Axe,
The Herald of the Sounding Hay,
The Ladies of the New-Down Flax,
The Master of the Spade and Hoe,
The Minstrels of the Glorious Lay,
That all the sons of Freedom know,
And thus, while on the seasons roll,
He wins from the loom the spinning wheel,
The brawny arm and noble soul,
That serve his country and his God.
—[Evening Post.]

THE STUPIDITY OF IGNORANCE.—Some three years ago, the Commissioners of the Central Park, New York, at the instance of some of our leading scientific men, undertook to establish a paleontological museum, where the pupils of the public schools and those interested in the study of natural history might find specimens of the earliest animal creations, now extinct, and acquire useful knowledge of their forms and habits. For this purpose Mr. B. Waterhouse Hawkins, one of the most learned and talented of professional men, was empowered to construct the restorations, and upon them he labored assiduously as means were provided for nearly two years, when a political change took place, by which a new set of Commissioners came into power. These men were under the control of an Irish politician, the head of the notorious gang known as the Ring, by whom the city treasury was plundered of so many millions.

One of the first acts of these blundering and ignorant Commissioners was to annul the contract made with Mr. Hawkins, and arrest his work. He recently stated that all he had done during twenty-one months to restore the skeletons of the extinct animals of America (of the Hadrosaurus, and the other gigantic animal, which was thirty-nine feet long), was destroyed by order of Mr. Henry Hilton, late vice president of the Commission, on the 3d of May last, with sledge hammer, carted away and buried. The preparatory sketches of other animals, including a mammoth and a mastodon, and the molds and sketch models were also destroyed. Mr. Hilton did this, said Mr. Hawkins, out of ignorance, just as he had a coat of white paint put on the skeleton of a whale which Mr. Peter Cooper had presented to the Museum, and just as he had a bronze statue painted white. Mr. Hilton told the celebrated naturalist, who had come from England to undertake the work, that he should not bother himself with "dead animals," that there was plenty to do among the living. This illustrates the policy of having such ignorant men as Hilton at the head of one of the most important departments of the city government. A new and more intelligent set of Commissioners having recently come into power, the skeletons were dug up again, but they were found broken in thousands of pieces. Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, when he heard of this piece of barbarism, would not believe it. "Why," said he, "I would have paid them a good price for the work." Mr. Hilton, however, preferred to destroy the work of the naturalist, which has cost the city at least \$12,000.

Does it not look as though the folly of this ignorant commissioner found its parallel in the action of our legislature when it abolished the county supervisorships?

There's a great difference, little folks, between reading and studying. Many a great reader is a very poor student. There are many persons who eat a great deal, and yet are never well. Some of them, in fact, eat too much. No it is possible to read more than will do you good. Some children boast that they have read a whole book through in a single afternoon. There was once a man who ate twenty oysters in one evening. He was a great glutton, and we believe he died from the effects of his gluttony. The boy or girl who reads a whole book through at one sitting is a gluttonous reader. Such reading will do more harm than good.

It is to be feared that many read the Bible in a very loose, careless way. If we read a chapter, or a dozen chapters, right through, without stopping to think of the meaning, it will do us no good. It is better to read a few verses, and understand them and remember their meaning, than to read many chapters which are neither understood nor remembered. The Bible is a book to be studied as well as read.—[The Methodist.]

A FIERCE contest is going on in New Brunswick in respect to the free school system instituted by the last Legislature. The law has been put into operation and has stirred up the bitterest opposition of the Catholic priests and their adherents, who are laboring for the repeal of the "Godless School Bill." The St. John Freeman, a Catholic organ, has stated that Professor Agassiz had on a public occasion denounced the free schools of Boston as having a demoralizing effect upon the young and furnishing recruits for houses of ill-fame. The Boston papers, in the absence of Professor Agassiz, positively refute any such statement, knowing that he is an ardent friend of free education. Persons who were present on the occasion alluded to say that the Professor made no comparison between public and private schools, and made no remark that could be construed as unfriendly to the school system of Boston. The New Brunswick conflict discloses the real enemies of popular education and the causes that produce their hostility.

The London Watchman says that long ago the aged and blind Dr. Dixon, on a watch-night occasion, said: "I seem to stand like a man in a mighty valley, down which a flood has carried its catastrophe. Habitations, men, families, scenes have been swept away. I stand almost alone, and everything around is changed; but above the same old stars are shining." This is sublime—sublime even than Schiller's famous verse: "Homer's sun shines o'er us still."

F. A. WALDRON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

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Kear's Hill, Me., Feb. 9, 1872.

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NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have been appointed Executors of the last will and testament of CAROLINE M. SMART, late of Waterville, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, and have undertaken that they will carry out the last wishes of said deceased, and have taken and filed in the probate court of said county, a true and correct copy of said will, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to said Executors.

ALBERT M. HARRIS, Executor.

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Jan. 22, 1872.

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