

Many years ago an incident occurred in a neighborhood where the writer of this, then a boy, resided, which made an impression on his mind that will never be forgotten.

A farmer from one of the upper counties, Warren, Franklin or Granville, perhaps, had gone to the fisheries in the eastern part of the State to lay in a supply of herrings to eke out the meat supply for his family. Near the fisheries he had the misfortune to lose his horse. Then he himself was taken sick and lay several weeks before he was able to travel. By this time his money was exhausted and, as there were no railroads in those days, he started home on foot, depending upon charity for subsistence by the way.

Late one evening he arrived at a farm house by the roadside where lived a well-to-do, very pious, and exceedingly close-fisted, stingy old Christian farmer, whom we will call Smith. Bro. Smith led an exemplary life. He attended all the appointments at his church, occupied a seat in the "Amen corner," and always put in the orthodox groans in the right places. He held family prayers, too, and frequently had all hands, black and white, assembled around the family altar in the morning devoutly thanking the Almighty for bringing them to "see the light of another day" at least half an hour before that light was visible, especially in very busy seasons.

This was the man approached by the weary, sick foot-traveler, who told him his misfortune and asked to be allowed to stay over the night with him. "Well, my friend, I am really sorry for you, but our house is small and we have a large family; besides, we never take in strangers. There are several other houses along the road and I am sure you can stay at some of them." "How far is it to the next house?" "About a mile. Good by, my friend, God bless you," and Bro. Smith turned into the gate and shut it.

The next morning a neighbor who had made an early start to mill, discovered a body lying on the bank of a branch by the roadside, and on approaching, found it to be the dead body of a man—the man who had sought lodging with Bro. Smith the evening previous. An inquest was held and Bro. Smith was one of those who testified before it, giving in his evidence with all the placidity of composure of a conscience-propped good Samaritan, remembering, no doubt with great self-satisfaction, that the last words he uttered to the poor stranger the night before, was to call down God's blessing on him.

(Note. Bro. Smith always prayed with great unction and fervor that God would bless the poor and needy; that he would feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and take care of the fatherless and the widow.)

We give the above incident to exemplify the difference between preaching and practice. Here is another:

Some of our readers have, doubtless, read the little poem of the father and son on the subject of charity. The father prayed daily to the Lord to pity the poor and needy and to feed the hungry. Walking with his little boy through his fields just before harvest, which gave promise of

great abundance, he began to speak of the necessity of building new barns to contain his grain. His little boy seemed to be engaged in deep thought for a while, then raising his head he asked, "Father, don't you pray every night and morning that God would take care of the poor and needy, and feed the hungry?" "Yes, my son, I do." "Well, father, don't you think that, if the Lord had your wheat, he'd do it?"

The harvests all over this country are abundant this season. No doubt many of the owners of these abundant harvests pray at least every Sunday and, perhaps, some of them every day, that the Lord will bless the poor and needy, the widow and the orphan. Would the remark of the little boy to his father be pertinent in their case? "If the Lord had that big pile of corn, all those stacks of wheat and oats, those bales of cotton, barns of tobacco and bushels of potatoes, he'd do it?" God indeed has all these things, but he has placed them in the hands of his stewards to manage, to see which of them will prove "faithful over a few things," that hereafter he may make them "rulers over many things." If any of these stewards should prove unfaithful to the trust reposed in them, isn't there danger that they may be deprived of the little at first entrusted to them?

The Lord has a vast amount of property in the hands of his agents, in this country, in the shape of houses and lands, horses, sheep and horned cattle, corn, wheat, cotton, rice, tobacco, potatoes, manufactured goods, wares and merchandise, on which he asks but a very small percentage for their use and enjoyment. But this claim is only partially acknowledged by a few, and entirely ignored by the rest. He has placed his representatives here among us to receive the small pitance he demands as a token of ownership, yet these tenants often drive off these representatives and refuse to pay to them the rent, and try by all means to get their Lord's property entirely into their own hands and ignore him altogether as proprietor.

Well, he will return after a while and "begin to reckon with them," and who is ready for the settlement? "I was cold and in prison, and ye ministered unto me." "When? Where?" "Forasmuch as ye did it to these my brethren, ye did it unto me." But for a full explanation of the manner in which that settlement is to be conducted, and the points on which it is to turn, we refer the reader to the 25th chapter of Matthew.

BE KIND TO YOUR WIFE.—Friend, your wife loves neatness; now, when you enter that home which she is trying to make attractive to you, see that you show a correspondent desire. You like to see your wife neatly and tastefully dressed at home; follow her example, and throw off, with the care of the world, your soiled garments and be clean and tasty. When you take your paper to read do not read to yourself and leave her to lonesome thoughts while sewing or mending, but remember that she, too, has been working. Read to her whatever interest you, so that her interest and opinions may grow with yours, and that she may comprehend something besides love stories, of which too many have read more than they should.

TRIP TO TAR RIVER ACADEMY.

On Saturday last we took out a company of orphans to give a concert at Tar River Academy, eight miles from Oxford. We had a very good audience and a pleasant time. Rev. Mr. Ferrall opened the exercises with prayer, and afterwards made a very feeling appeal in behalf of the orphans. The substantial farmers and the true-hearted ladies of the neighborhood responded liberally to the appeal by contributing to the wants of the orphans of the bounty with which Providence has blessed them the present year. We are unable, at present, to give an aggregate of the contributions, but we will say that the amount of flour, wheat, corn, potatoes and other things pledged, will help us along for some time. We were so well pleased with the good people of that region and our short visit among them, that we are determined to go again when a fitting opportunity presents itself.

OCTOBER THOUGHTS.

It is sometimes considered strange that, with the month of October we always associate the idea of cheerfulness and mirth and light-hearted labor. It would seem as if exactly the contrary effort would be produced on us by his crisp airs and his threatening tokens. The dreary season of short dark days, gray weather, and storms is approaching, the imprisonment of the snow, the black winter cold. The flowers are gone, the leaves are going; frost is already upon us; the summer's sauntering is over, the moonlit stroll, the sunset sail, the winds are keen and nipping, the ground is damp and sodden, and one might suppose it debatable whether it were best to keep alive or not, instead of rejoicing ourselves over the circumstances of life, as if, under such conditions, it were the boon worth the having.

And yet such is the perversity of human nature that not when Spring rustles all her promise of perfume and blossom, of warmth and ease and beauty, when the sap mounts and the blood bubbles and the year opens with renewal of youth's freshness, are we half so cheerful as when this red October hangs out his banners. We take no heed then of the future, and we forget that all the splendor of his array changes presently, like fairy money, to ashes.

Bright yellow red and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts,
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts!

ghosts whose apparition does not give us a joy apprehension. The dazzling color is enough for us now; and with the golden sunshine of the elms and beeches, the royal purple of the ash, the dull crimson and brown of the oak, the superb and scarlet flaming of maple and tupelo and sumac, the whole atmosphere is full of splendor, and we catch the spirit of jubilee—perhaps a battailous and triumphant jubilee—as we march out to conquer the coming hosts of winter.

Red leaves, falling,
Fall unfolding,
Dropping, sailing,
From the wood
That, upright,
Stands defiant,
Like a giant
Dropping blood.

How much of this cheerfulness is due to the bracing influence of the October air, which is apt to work like iron in the veins, and

how much to the effect of light and color upon the nerves, is not quite easy to determine. By the bracing atmosphere of the seaside or of the mountains, however, we are not always made particularly cheerful, but by that of the sunny October days, other things being equal, the happy change seldom fails to be wrought, and we may proudly imagine in ourselves an unguessed and unconscious susceptibility to beauty that is able to work miracles and turn even dead leaves into the brilliant jewels of the trees in Aladdin's garden.

There is such an illumination present every where, such an airy splendor lifting the woods themselves, such a field of the cloth of gold set among all dead ferns and brakes and stubble, there is such a lofty soaring of the lighted sky above us and around, that the will of beauty must be wrought unaware upon the veriest dolt and clown among us. Far off, too on the horizon such hazes brood, with their soft deep violet tints, now and then letting a sheet of sunlight through to sift upon the scene, leading into the unknown and borrowing of the infinite, and giving a certain satisfaction in the view; for wherever any suggestion of the infinite is given, comfort is to be found by those mortals to whom the idea of mortality is heavy with gloom.

Thus it is not impossible that out of the mere affairs of the fancy, the hues of leaf and sky and landscape, a positive happiness is wrought quite equal to the happiness usually given by what are reckoned more substantial things. It is well known that among the most cheerful sensations produced by externals are those produced by the various degrees of red, especially the shades of cherry, carnation, and deep crimson. The coquette understands this as she knots a red ribbon in her hair, and the beauty, too, whose dainty pink blush is her chief ornament; the crimson-carpeted room is the one which instantly reminds us of warmth and pleasure, and in which any great fall of spirits from a high temperature seems impossible; it is the gray sea picture into which Turner thrusts the vermilion-colored loamy, and transforms it; it is the russet-colored autumn that nature enlivens with the scarlet leaf. And yet these reds are the color of blood, the signal of battle, the exponent of slaughter and of fire; and why a color that is the very flag of war, and the representative of cruel wounds and death, should give us pleasant and comfortable sensations is only explicable by the supposition that in itself the rosy ray acts as a stimulant upon the nerves, exciting these comfortable sensations. There is, indeed, something rather flattering to our vanity in the belief that we are thus strongly affected by such aesthetic forces; but if it is supposable that the most of us have souls, the idea is neither very extraordinary nor fantastic.

But quite apart from this merely intellectual or nervous action upon our batteries in this matter of October cheer is the much more earthly and solid content occasioned by the completion of harvest and harvesting, the knowledge that the round world over the laborer is reaping his reward, that the earth has again paid her dividend to the race, that nature has done her duty and kept her promise, that the Great Guardian still sees that neither seed-time nor harvest fails in its season. Indeed, if the bursting of the April

leaf and flower makes one feel that God is alive in His world, then the ripening of the broad fields from east to west of the planet, the filling of the vast granaries, the gift of the year's food to man and beast, give one even firmer assurance that the great pulse is beating through the days and nights, and that the eternal life and the eternal love go hand in hand. What wonder, then, that, although we do not pause to consider it, the consciousness that we are so surrounded by the Divine care that no malice of the fierce elements can reach us should make us light-hearted enough to go forward gayly to meet the icy darts that winter slings, secure in our power of protection, and delighting to turn old Januarius from an enemy to a friend? Who, indeed, can be anything but gay, unless there are some facts of actual care and sorrow and pain to supervene and strip away all the bright glamour from life, when the world around is so gay that nature seems to make holiday and to hold him a clown who refuses to join the revel—the revel where the noon sun hangs in an azure sky, and soft breezes curl, and resinous balms inform the air, and splendid colors set the scene? And then, as twilight hangs in the heaven, ready to fall, and a soft solemnity of twilight takes the place of jollity, it seems rather a sacrifice of praise and thanks, on whose altar has been shed the heart's blood of the year. And in that who is it, whether full of bliss or full of pain, that has no part?

Thus we see that after all, there is nothing so singular in this October cheerfulness, and that, indeed, a contrary spirit would be a singular thing, while few fruits could be greater, having this charming presence, than to ignore it through fear of tomorrow, and that it is wisdom as well as pleasure to enjoy this bright October day while it lingers, here.

Believe to me that's all
Cold winds may rise, and spreading shall we
dun
Obscure the scene; yet shall those fading
hues
And better fans than lordliness trace
into the mind, and ignomy shall burn
The painting in of her cancelled hues
In underlying colors.

DANGER OF BLOW-OUTS.—Kerosene lamps. — On Tuesday night about 11 o'clock, a large, bright-colored, from Waynesboro, was on a visit to F. L. Jordan, her brother-in-law, here, was about retiring, she turned down a kerosene oil lamp supported on a bracket against the wall. As the blaze was not turned entirely out, she blew in the chimney to put it out. The lamp instantly exploded, burning her face and breast dreadfully. Taylor Jefferson and his wife ran in and threw a blanket over her, smothering the flames, his wife getting her hands badly burnt in the attempt. Dr. Reese was called in and rendered the necessary medical attention. — Stanton Visitation.

A good man addressed a Sunday-school in Zanesville, Ohio, recently. He told them of the better world in tones so pathetic, and with tears so sincere, that he seemed to touch the chords of finest feeling in their gentle young bosoms, and concluding his eloquent harangue he requested them to sing "Jordan." But, instead of "Jordan's Stormy Banks," he was astonished to hear shouted in one unbroken chorus, "Jordan on a hard road to travel."