

TOM'S THANKSGIVING.

"Pray, are you thankful," Margaret asked, "For all the blessings of your life?" Said Tom, "Ah! one thing yet I want— The blessings of a loving wife; And fill I find that precious gift I can not give thanks quite sincere."

"Not so!" cried he; "if you, my friend, Will only try to find for me A maiden fair, whose heart is mine, Devoutly thankful I shall be; But she must have—well, let me think— Eyes like your own, as soft and blue, And hair as golden, lips as red— In short, she must remember you!"

"That which you ask," she answered then, "I really dare not undertake." "What?" answered Tom, "have you the heart Thus a poor mortal to forsake?"

Low drooped her head before his gaze: "Oh, Tom!" said she, "what shall I do?" Said Tom, "I think—indeed I'm sure—I could be thankful, dear—for you!"

Satan and old Aunt Patience.

The unprincipled and dangerous attempt, here recorded to frighten an innocent person, was quite as culpable as the manner in which it was not was victorious. A writer in the New York Ledger says:

For an incarnation of true Christian courage, piety, peace, and real contentment, commend us to Aunt Patience Hutton, widow of Lovell, Me. She has passed to the better world, but not long since. Many who see this scrap will remember her, and surely none can remember her but with pleasurable emotion.

One cool autumnal evening, while a protracted meeting was in progress, a number of young men were assembled in the village tavern, and the conversation turned upon female courage, it was remarked that there was one woman in Lovell who could not be frightened.

"A regular vixen, eh?" said an incredulous one.

"No, right the opposite. She is one of the kindest, and mildest, and most tender-hearted, as well as one of the most truly devout and pious women that I ever knew. I allude to Aunt Patience Hutton."

But this thing could not be believed by the others, so they resolved to put it to the test. It was known that the old lady was gone to the meeting, and that in returning to her home she would pass through quite a stretch of lonesome woods alone. Mine host Kimball had that day slaughtered an ox, and, armed with the skin, the party set forth for the wood.

It was a bright moonlight night, and though the shadows were deep upon the wood-flanked stretch, yet objects could be quite clearly discerned therein. Arrived at the appointed place, Frank E.—clad himself in the ox-hide, with the enormous horns protruding from his head. Certainly, if anything on earth could have appeared utterly diabolical, at that time and in that place, it was that satyr-like masque.

By-and-by the unsuspecting old lady approached, and she was alone. She walked slowly, her oaken staff keeping time with her measured step. As she came near, the representative of his Satanic Majesty stepped forth from his hiding-place, armed with a huge pitchfork, confronting her with a sepulchral groan.

"Mercy sakes alive! Who be you?" asked Aunt Patience, stopping.

"Hast thou not eyes, woman? I am the Spirit of Evil—the Evil one himself!"

"Well, well," she said in a tone of sincere commiseration, "you're a poor, unfortunate creature, sartainly. But you never'd ought' been so proud and so obstreperous agin the Almighty. I can't help you!"

And she went quietly her way, nor had the young men the disposition to molest her further.

There was what we call an in-born and indwelling faith—a faith void of fear and guile, giving peace and comfort.

Unless (perhaps) the old lady's calm good sense enabled her to see through the shabby trick—which explanation enhances the wit without abating the wisdom of her words.

Horse Racing at Fairs.

A correspondent of the Indiana Farmer does not accept the opinion so often expressed by horsemen that, if it were not for racing, the Agricultural Societies would fail to take money enough at the gates to pay their running expenses.

There are many who really believe that it would be impossible to conduct a fair successfully without the fast ring. They further believe that the encouragement of great speed in horses is a legitimate work of agricultural societies. Neither of these propositions are true. The fact that the largest number of people are generally present on the day that the principal racing comes off is cited as evidence that it was the racing that drew them there. And to one who has given but little thought to this subject, or who has not been behind the curtains and seen how these things are managed, this is a plausible conclusion; but to one who knows how these things are managed, the argument is not so conclusive.

While the friends of the fast ring would have the people believe that the fast horse brought the crowd on the day of the racing, they argue differently when it comes to making out the programme. The reasoning then is, that the racing must come off on the day when it is almost certain the greatest number of people will be in attendance, so that they can have an opportunity of witnessing it. The argument stands in about this shape: The racing is arranged for a particular day, because that will be the most popular day, and the people are there on that day because the racing is to come off on that day.

One of the most successful fairs of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture was when no premium was offered on speed alone. Not long since the Ohio State fair was a grand success without any premium exclusively on speed. The New York State fair held last fall realized \$40,000 receipts—\$10,000 more than at any previous fair, yet no premium was given on mere speed. Various county societies have held their fairs without the presence of the fast ring, and, other things being equal, their success has been as great as when their fairs were largely given up to racing and gambling.—N. Y. Observer.

Childhood is like the mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips, may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon a polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after-scouring can efface.

A Preacher's Power.

Second to Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Guthrie was the lion of the modern Scotch pulpit. Many anecdotes are told illustrating the power of his eloquence.

The following is in the words of an eye-witness, Rev. George Hay, for many years missionary in the congregation. During one of Dr. Guthrie's powerful appeals to the unbeliever to close with the free offer of salvation through Jesus Christ, he described a shipwreck, and the launching of the life boat to save the perishing crew, in such vivid colors that the dreadful scene appeared actually to take place before our eyes.

Capt. C—, a young naval officer sitting in a front seat in the gallery, was so electrified that he seemed to lose all consciousness of what was around him. I saw him spring to his feet and take off his coat when his mother took hold of him and pulled him down. It was some time before he could realize where he was. He told me a few days after, in his mother's house, that he became oblivious to everything else; that the scene described appeared so real that he was entirely carried away, and rose to cast off his coat and try to man the life-boat!—Life of Dr. Guthrie.

A Score of Impolite Things in Which Young People Render Themselves Disagreeable.

- 1. Loud and boisterous laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking, or chewing.
6. Cutting finger-nails in company.
7. Leaving a church before public worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
12. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself the hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
16. Joking of others in company.
17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
20. In not listening to what one is saying in company—unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker. A well-bred person will not make an observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself to it.—Educational Repository.

The skeleton of a mastodon was discovered last week, at Lisle, Binghamton, N. Y., which Prof. Comstock, of Cornell University, with assistants, have been engaged in exhuming. They have taken out one piece of tusk 7 feet 3 inches long, and a length of 2 feet of the others; a humerus 38 inches long; one rib 49 inches long, and 21 shorter ribs; the atlas, 10 by 17 inches, and several tail vertebra. The skeleton is well preserved.

The Sparrows.

Dr. Carpenter, who is a distinguished man of science, says he knows that the following story about sparrows is true:

At a ladies' school near Bristol, it was the rule, on every day of the week but Sunday, for the girls to go into the play ground at twelve o'clock, and there to eat their luncheon. The sparrows soon found out the crumbs the girls dropped on the ground, and used to gather in large numbers one the garden walls a little before twelve, and wait there till the play-ground was again empty of human beings. Then down they came to feast upon the crumbs. This used to happen as regularly as the clock struck, except on Sundays.

On Sundays the girls attended public worship, and there was an early dinner indoors, instead of a luncheon in the playground. Those persons who happened to stay at home on Sunday mornings were greatly amused to notice that the sparrows knew Sunday as well as any young lady in school. They never came and twittered about on the garden wall a little before twelve on that day; for they had found out that on it there was no toast of crumbs. It seems that they had also their own way of finding out when it was a few minutes to twelve.

FESTIVAL.—Whenever or wherever is heard the wail of the needy, there will be found lovely, noble women, willing and ready to lend a helping hand. With the chilling winds of autumn comes the cry of the little orphans at Oxford for food and clothing, and no sooner is it heard in Greensboro, than the women begin to canvass the subject of raising funds to supply their pressing needs; and knowing that the shortest road to a man's heart and pocket is through his stomach, they naturally suggest a festival. And we are authorized to say that at an early day the combined efforts of the ladies of the city will be put forth in a grand festival for the orphans.—Greensboro Patriot.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has received the £10,000 bequeathed by Mr. Matthews—£5,000 for the college, and £5,000 for the orphanage.

Committees of Subordinate Lodges Appointed under Resolution of the Grand Lodge, to raise Contributions for the Orphan Asylums.

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We ask every present subscriber to get us at least one additional name before the meeting of the Grand Lodge, but one need not be considered the limit.

August 25th, 1875.

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