

Highland Messenger.

A Weekly Family Newspaper: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Temperance, Education, Agriculture and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV--NO. 19.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1843.

WHOLE NO. 175.

BY McKEE & ATKIN.

TERMS:

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum in advance, or THREE DOLLARS within the year. No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Publishers, until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements inserted at ONE DOLLAR per square of twelve lines or less, for the first, and Twenty-five Cents for each continuance. The number of insertions desired must be marked on the margin, or the advertisement will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly. Court Orders will be charged twenty-five per cent extra.

Temperance.

Young Men.

"In the scenes of desolation that meet them in every town and village," says some writer; "in the images of poverty and disease, that rise up in every place; in the scores of broken-hearted wives and hapless innocents that crowd every mart in our land, the young men of our country see dangers that should warn them of the threatening danger that gathers around the inebriating cup." Young men are the flower of the country—the hope of the land. They are soon to assume important stations in the affairs of men. To them must be intrusted all that is sacred in our government. But if they are intemperate, what a curse will they be to their country and to succeeding generations! They should take warning by the calamities that have befallen those who have preceded them. With a commendable spirit worthy of all emulation, many of them have become the bold advocates of total abstinence. Go on, we bid you God speed. Thus much by way of introduction to the following beautiful and touching appeal to young men, which we select from the Christian Mirror:

"A stranger stood upon the shore of the mighty ocean that laves the coast of Holland. A storm had broken the barrier that confined its tremendous power within limits prescribed by man; the tides swept over the land, burying in one undistinguished ruin the labor and hopes of many years. Yet the possessors of those once fair fields did not sit down in hopeless despondency. Before the traveller left that scene of desolation, the young and old were banded together, with the firm purpose of making the ocean retreat before them. The stranger looked on with unbelieving wonder as he saw man in all his weakness daring to contend with that element on which his mightiest efforts had never yet left a trace of a foot-step. He left them, and when after the lapse of a few months he returned, the waters had disappeared, and verdure and beauty again bloomed in that region which once lately claimed as his own domain. What had accomplished this wonderful result? United, persevering efforts.

"Young men, such a task is yours. A tide more desolating has swept over our own fair land, whelming beneath its dark and turbid waters not national and individual wealth alone, but the domestic altar, the sweet charities of home, the cheerful firesides of America. Here and there this degrading vice has been stayed; but it is again rising in its fearful power, menacing destruction to all we hold dear.

"Dreadful post of observation, Made darker every hour."

"When the assiduous wife and tender-hearted mother watches its desolating progress, and waits with agony of spirit, the moment when the last barrier between her and utter hopeless misery is swept away; she sees how faint and feeble are the efforts to stay its course, and as she presses her little ones to her bosom, her soul sickens at the thought that those innocent ones in whom are gathered up all her earthly hopes, may tread in the footsteps of her woe."

"Friends, tell her not of such a friend," for her appealing looks are turned to you. She knows full well that you are to form the character and habits of our community, and that you will arise in your strength and consecrate to the cause of temperance the pride and vigor of your fearless and elastic spirits, or the warnings of the aged and the united influences of the physician, the jurist and the pastor will be unavailing. Much indeed has been already done. But ask that trembling mother whose first-born son, her hope and stay, had been enticed to taste the fatal cup that has already carried desolation into her heart and her home, and she will tell you that much yet remains to be done. She looks to you—and shall the appeal be made in vain? You did never yet refuse to respond to the call of your country, or of suffering, oppressed humanity. Here then is a cause worthy of freedom, of patriots, of those who would with hesitation pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, in defence of their native land."

A GOOD REASON FOR QUITTING THE RUM TRADE.—A tavern-keeper in Rensselaer county, N. Y., after being engaged in the business several years, abandoned the traffic, and was observed to feel deep regret whenever the subject was alluded to. A friend inquired the cause. "I will tell you," said he; "opening his account book, he said, 'Here are forty-four names of men, who have all been my customers, most of them for years—thirty-two of these men, to my certain knowledge, now lie in the drunkard's grave! Ten of the remaining twelve are now living confirmed sots!'"

A Rumrunner's Confession.

Some men are not so far lost to all sense of duty as to let the admonitions of conscience go entirely unheeded. As an instance we submit the following confession of a rumrunner. It is light shining out of darkness. God grant that none of our readers may ever be rumrunners:

"Sixteen years ago, I was the owner of a distillery and was doing a large business in the way of destruction and death. Although the business was at that time comparatively respectable, I must acknowledge that there was seldom a time I did not feel, in a greater or less degree, a sense of wrong doing. In proportion as this feeling increased, my interest in business declined, and the consequence was a failure, which brought me into reduced circumstances. I then commenced the retail grocery trade, including liquor of all sorts, and continued in this for some time, but could never get rid of a feeling of meanness, which seemed to me to attach itself to a business which I knew to be the cause of poverty and misery.

"It happened on one occasion, late at night in winter, a neighbor whom I knew to be very intemperate, called as usual with his jug, for a quart of poison. After it was filled and paid for, he asked me in an imploring way, if I would trust him for a loaf of bread. I replied in the negative, but told him I would take back the rum in exchange for a loaf. This, however, he promptly refused to do, and soon left the store.

My pity was awakened, and thinking his family might be in distress, I went into the house, and succeeded in inducing my wife to go into their miserable hovel and ascertain the condition of the family. She soon returned with the sad tale of misery. The drunken husband lay stretched and senseless upon a heap of dirty straw in a corner of the hovel, while the wife was bending over a single coal of fire, the remnant of the last stick of wood, and striving to quell the cries of their half-starved and half-frozen children. The storm howled fearfully without, and I thought of their miserable condition and felt that I was the cause of it all. It was enough. My eyes were opened, and I made an everlasting vow that I would never taste or sell another drop. Thanks to God, who has enabled me to keep that vow inviolable to this day. I now feel my duty to use all the influence I may ever have, to promote the glorious cause of Temperance, and if possible, to make restitution for some of the misery I have caused. But this I can only hope to do in part, and must look to God for forgiveness."

The Washingtonian Movement.

This has indeed been one of the most wonderful works with which the world has ever been blessed. Commencing with six intemperate men, at Baltimore, in April, 1840, it has spread over the country until it has been the means of reclaiming more than 100,000 drunkards and pouring upon their wretched families the richest blessings. Each reclaimed man has, with a heart grateful for his restoration, stretched out a hand toward a fallen brother and, by the relation of his experience, once an outcast and now as a restored man, interested his feelings and brought him to sign the pledge. "I have travelled," says John H. W. Hawkins, one of this number, "since March, 1841, over 17,000 miles, and delivered over 700 addresses, and am doing all I can in my weakness, for the poor drunkard. I have witnessed many, very many, happy scenes of reformation. My labor has been very great. But what is it for? Thanks be to God, for the thought, it is for the reformation of the poor drunkard and the ultimate salvation of his soul." Of the many thousands reclaimed, few comparatively have relapsed; while many have become useful husbands, fathers, citizens, and even consistent and valuable members of Christian churches. Every philanthropist, patriot, and Christian, must bid it onward until it shall result in the entire reformation of every drunkard on earth.

What can be more painful to the feeling of all the true friends of the temperance cause, than to be compelled to see any of their brethren break through or violate the sacredness of the pledge? and yet too frequently do we hear of Washingtonians among us, who having engaged in this enterprise, and for a season have done well, maintaining strict fidelity to the pledge, but in an unguarded hour they have been overtaken, all their good resolutions crushed in one fatal misstep, causing again the wife, father, mother, or children, to put on sackcloth, and go up and down upon the earth destitute and forlorn, or follow to an untimely grave a son or father.

We can most deeply sympathize with all such; and we would to heaven that our sympathy could bring them again to rectitude and fidelity, to sobriety, happiness and peace. Yet all these will be of but little use so long as they will associate with inebriates. They must avoid the company of the drunkard; they must keep away from all places where liquor is sold; hence we would say to Washingtonians, one and all, associate only with the temperate and virtuous. In the words of Solomon, "They that walk with the wise shall be wise; but the companion of fools shall be destroyed." The truly wise are temperate; and there is no greater human folly than drunkenness. —Troy Aquarian.

Practicalisms.

The Prairie.

BY L. F. THOMAS.

Not the least remarkable features in the Great Western Valley, are the prairies, which are found in every direction over the face of its vast territory. They are of two kinds, the swelling or rolling, and the level and flat. The former consists of undulating fields, broken into swells or reaches of various lengths and breadths, extending sometimes to an altitude of sixty or seventy feet. Between these swells are sloughs, or "sloos," which are generally marshy, and in many instances contain small lakes or pools, and some that are dry exhibit the appearance of funnels, and answer a similar purpose in carrying off water into the caverns beneath, the existence of which is indicated by the soil above. The flat prairies are plains of rich alluvion, grown with long rank grass, and occasionally presenting a lake, and often studded here and there with groves of wild crab apple, and clusters of forest trees, that look like emerald isles in a sea of waving green.

The prairies are of various extent, from a mile to hundreds of miles. The largest are in the far off west—the home of the buffalo and the red hunter. "Wherever they are partly cultivated, as most of them are in the 'States,' and where the annual fires are discontinued, they soon grow up with timber. Their soil is, with very few exceptions, entirely alluvial, and yields immense crops of Indian corn and other coarse grain. When they exist in the neighborhood of settlements, they afford excellent pasturage for horses and cattle, and fine ranges for swine, and are traversed by herds of deer, the number of which increases near the plantations, when not in too close proximity, as their greatest enemies, the black and prairie wolves, decrease as cultivation advances. Wild turkeys, ducks, prairie fowls or grouse, quails and rabbits, also abound on the prairies, and afford great amusement to sportsmen. Numerous other animals, as the gopher, the opossum, the racoon, &c., are found in them or on the borders.

The wayfarer over these wide savannahs will sometimes be startled by a sound as of bounds in the hunt, and anon, a noble buck "of ten times" will leap past him, followed by a pack of hungry wolves, yelping as they run in hot pursuit; but he will look in vain for the sportsman of the field, and he can but fancy that invisible hunters, "Horsed on the viewless couriers of the air," are tracking their game, and urging the wild chase.

Some theorists believe the prairies to have been, very anciently, the beds of the lakes or of the sea; this opinion finds arguments in the alluvial character of their soil, and in the marine shells that are invariably found imbedded in the limestone of adjacent bluffs.

When the grass is thoroughly ripe, in the fall, towards the close of November, most of the prairies are burned. The fire sometimes originates by accident, but more often from the design of the hunters, to facilitate them in the destruction of game. The dry grass, which is often as high as the head of a man on horseback, burns with a fierce and terrible rapidity, and extends the flames for miles in a few minutes, impressing the beholder with the idea of a general conflagration. If the wind chances to be high, tufts of the burning materials dart like flaming meteors through the air, and far as the eye can reach, a pall of black smoke stretches to the horizon and overhangs the scene, while all below is lighted up, and blazing with furious intensity, and ever and anon, flaming wisps of grass flash up, revolving and circling in the glowing atmosphere, and lending to the imagination a semblance of convict-spirits tossing in the lake of fire. The birds, startled and bewildered, scream wildly, and tumble and roll about above the flames; the affrighted deer leaps from its covert and scurries madly away, and the terrified wolf, forgetful of the chase, runs howling in an adverse direction.

When an experienced hunter finds himself upon a prairie to which fire has been applied, he immediately kindles a fire near him, (as did the old trapper in Cooper's novel of the "Prairie,") and the wind bears the flames onward burning a path before him, which he follows to a place of safety, and thus escapes a horrible fate, that but for his sagacity would have been inevitable. A prairie on fire can sometimes be seen at a distance of fifty miles. The fire continues until the grass is all consumed, and not unfrequently, it is carried by the wind into the adjacent forest, which it blasts and devastates until checked by a water course. Early in the spring the prairies renew their verdant clothing, and long before their next autumnal burning, all vestiges of the preceding conflagration are gone, unless, perhaps, some worm-eaten and sapless tree, in one of the island-like clusters, may show, by its blackened trunk and leafless branches, that the flames have been there.

In no possible condition can the prairies be seen without exciting feelings of a peculiar and lively interest. They are gloriously beautiful or awfully terrible, according to the times and seasons in which they are beheld. When viewed in the broad glare of day, they seem like large lakes, gently undulating in the breeze, and their variegated flowers flash in the sun, like phosphorescent sparkles on the surface of the waters. Seen by moonlight, they ap-

pear calm and placid as the lagoons of Venice, and the beholder almost wonders why they do not reflect back the starry glories of the sky above them. In storms, the clouds that hang over them seem "To come more near the earth than is their wont."

In other places, and the lightning sweeps closely to their surface, as if to mow them with a fiery scythe, while, as the blast blows through them, the tall grass bends and surges before it, and gives forth a shrill whistling sound, as if every fibre were a harpstring of Aeolus. In the spring, they put forth their rich verdure, embossed with the early wild flowers of many hues, spreading a gorgeous carpeting, which no Turkish fabric can equal. At this season, in the early dawn, while the mists hang upon their borders—curling in folds like curtains through which the morning sheds a softened light, "half revealed, half concealed," by the vapory shadows that float fitfully over the scene—they appear now light, now shaded, and present a panorama ever varying, brightening and darkening, until the mists roll up, and the uncurtained sun reveals himself in his full rising. In the summer, the long grass stoops and swells with every breath of the breeze, like the waves of the heaving ocean, and the bright blossoms seem to dance and laugh in the sunshine, as they toss their gaudy heads to the rustling music of the passing wind. The prairies are, however, most beautiful when the first tints of autumn are upon them; when their lovely flowers, in ten thousand varieties, are decked in their gorgeous foliage; when the gold and purple blossoms are contrasted with the emerald-green surface and silver linings of their rich leaves, and all the hues of the iris, in every modification, throw themselves on all sides, to dazzle, bewilder and amaze. Bleak, desolate and lonely as a Siberian waste, the prairie exhibits itself in winter pathless and trackless, one vast expanse of snow seemingly spread out to infinity, like the winding sheet of a world.

The traveller of the "Rocky Mountains" may rise with the early morning from the centre of one of the great prairies, and pursue his solitary journey until the setting of the sun, and yet not reach its confines, which recede into the dim, distant horizon, that seems its only boundary. He, however, will hear the busy hum of the bee, and mark the myriads of parti-colored butterflies, and other insects, that flit around him; he will behold tens of thousands of buffalo, grazing in the distance, and the savage, but now peaceful Indian, intent upon the hunt, and he will see troops of wild horses speeding over the plain, shaking the earth with their unshod hoofs, tossing their free manes, like streamers to the wind, and snorting fiercely with unbridled nostrils; the fleet deer will now and then dart by him; the wolf will rouse from his lair, and look askance and growl at him; and the little prairie dog will run to the top of its tiny mound and bark at him, before it retreats to its den within it. No human being may be the companion of the traveller in the immense solitude, yet will he feel that he is not alone—the wide expanse is populous with myriads of creatures, and in the emphatic language of the red man, "The Great Spirit is on the Prairie."

The Grave.

The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with shuddering disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection arises, purified from every sensual desire, and returns like a holy flame to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow of the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming bursts of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave!

It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!—Washington Irving.

The Teeth.

The prevalence of defective teeth in this country is the general subject of remark by foreigners; and whoever has resided in Spain and Portugal, is struck with the superior soundness and whiteness of teeth in those countries. Though not a cleanly people in other respects, they wash their teeth often, and by means of tooth-picks, carefully remove all substances from between them, after meals. A little silver porcupine, with holes all over its back to insert tooth-picks, is a common ornament on the dining-table of Spain and Portugal. The general use of them creates so large a demand, that students at Coimbra sometimes support themselves by whitening tooth-picks, which are sold, tied in small bunches, like matches. They are made of willows on account of its toughness and pliability. Tooth-picks of metal are too hard, and are apt to injure the gums. There is the same objection, in a less degree, to quills. But willow tooth-picks are preferable to all others; and they have the advantage of being the most cleanly, for they generally break in the using, and are thrown away. Few sights are more offensive to a person of any refinement, than a tooth-pick that has been much used; it is moreover uncleanly, and, therefore, not healthy for the teeth. Food allowed to remain between the teeth, particularly animal food, is very destructive; it should be carefully removed after every meal, and the mouth thoroughly rinsed. This may seem to many like a great talk about a small matter, but these are simple precautions to take, and very slight trouble, compared with the agony of aching teeth, or a breath so offensive that your best friend does not wish to sit near you. A bad breath is such a detestable thing, that it might be a sufficient reason for not marrying a person with otherwise agreeable qualities. It is moreover, perfectly inexcusable to transform oneself into a walking sepulchre.—Nobody needs to have an offensive breath. A careful removal of substances from between the teeth, rinsing the mouth after meals, and a bit of charcoal held in the mouth, will always cure a bad breath. Charcoal used as a dentifrice, (that is, rubbed on in powder, with a brush) is apt to injure the enamel; but a lump of it held in the mouth, two or three times a week and slowly chewed, has a wonderful power to preserve the teeth and purify the breath. The action is purely chemical. It counteracts the acid arising from a disordered stomach, or food decaying about the gums; and it is this acid which destroys the teeth. A dear friend of mine, had, when about twenty years of age, a front tooth that turned black gradually, crumbled, and broke off piecemeal. By frequently chewing charcoal, the progress of decay was not only arrested but nature set vigorously to work to restore the breach, and the crumbled portion grew again, till the whole tooth was as sound as before! This I know to be a fact.

Every one knows that charcoal is an antiputrescent, and is used in boxing up animals or vegetable substances, to keep them from decay. Upon the same chemical principle, it tends to preserve the teeth, and sweeten the breath.

There is no danger in swallowing it; on the contrary, small quantities have a healthful effect on the inward system, particularly when the body is suffering from that class of complaints peculiarly incident to summer. It would not be wise to swallow that, or any gritty substance, in large quantities, or very frequently; but once or twice a week a little would be salutary, rather than otherwise.—A bit of charcoal, as big as a cherry, merely held in the mouth a few hours, without chewing, has a good effect. At first, most people, dislike to chew it, but use soon renders it far from disagreeable. Those who are troubled with an offensive breath, might chew it very often, and swallow it but seldom. It is peculiarly important to cleanse and rinse the mouth thoroughly before going to bed; otherwise, a great deal of the destructive acid will form during the night.

If these hints induce only one person to take better care of the teeth, I shall be more than rewarded for the trouble of writing. I am continually pained to see young people losing their teeth merely for want of a few simple precautions; and one cannot enter stage or steam car without finding the atmosphere polluted, and rendered absolutely unhealthy for the lungs to breathe, when a proper use of water and charcoal might render it as pleasant and as wholesome as a breeze of Eden.

Judge Story, in a late charge to a grand jury in Rhode Island, said—"Carry with you, in your hearts, gentlemen, to the grave, the principle that next to the duty you owe to God, there is none higher and more sacred than that which you owe to your country."

EDUCATION.—A wealthy farmer in Kentucky says, "I would rather be taxed for the education of the boy, than the ignorance of the man. For one or the other, I am compelled to be."

Knowledge of Fire.—According to Pliny, fire for a long time was unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Exodus, the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them, they were absolutely in raptures.

The Persians, Phoenicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledge their ancestors, were without the use of fire; the Chinese confessed the same of their progenitors. Pomponius, Meli, Plutarch, and other ancient authors, speak of nations, who, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just learnt it.—Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations.

The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1521, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the descent of Magellan on one of their islands. At first they supposed it to be some kind of an animal that fixed itself to, and fed upon the wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our days, some nations in this deplorable state.—Parks' Chemical Essays.

THE WORKING MECHANIC.—We cannot say too much in behalf of the working mechanic, who is constantly striving to make himself known, not only in becoming proficient in his business, but who is every day raising himself to eminence by the course of his habits. A young man who has nothing to depend upon but his character and the labor of his own hands, for his elevation in the world, can, notwithstanding, arrive at the highest grade of national honor.—And when we remark thus, we are happy to place to the credit of the mechanic, the fact that he ranks with that class of citizens who are the most likely, with judicious management to become the welcome possessors of American popularity in every grade and form it assumes. Roger Sherman was once seated upon a shoemaker's bench, and it was there, doubtless, that he first ruminated upon his first adventures.—Are you a young mechanic? Determine, at once, to trace his history, and resolve to make yourself a greater man even, than Roger Sherman.—American Farmer and Mechanic.

MAJOR GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.—A remarkably intelligent officer, who recollected this distinguished leader before the revolutionary war when serving in a civil capacity as an officer of the country, gave some years since, this sketch of him: I was then a little girl of nine or ten years old, but I remember him well as he appeared at my father's, with several other persons, on business of the county. His form and figure were noble—his manner graceful—and I remember as he used to ascend the place where the commissioners sat, there was a lightness of step and a dignity in his air, very composing, which I shall never forget. At the table, Mr. Wayne carved the turkey; I can see him as if it were now, tucking in the ruffles that were over his hands, for he dressed in the most elegant fashion of the olden times, and when he applied the carving knife, the bird seemed to fall apart without effort. He was a man severe in application while business was transacting; but that over he was full of humor, and sang his song with the merriest of the company.

MARRIAGE.—I never knew a marriage expressly for money, that did not end unhappily. Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe that men more frequently marry for love than women, because they have a free choice. I am afraid to conjecture how large a portion of women marry, because they think they will not have a better chance, and dread being dependent. Such marriages, no doubt, sometimes prove tolerably comfortable, but a greater number would have been far happier single. If I may judge by my observation of such matters, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living.—Mrs. Child.

At Berlin and London the longest day has sixteen and a half hours. At Stockholm and Upsal the longest has eighteen and a half hours, and the shortest five and a half. At Hamburg, Dantzic, and Stettin, the longest day has eighteen hours, and the shortest seven. At St. Petersburg and Tobolsk the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours; at Toronto in England, the longest day has twenty one and a half hours, and the shortest two and a half; at Wandobus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d July, without interruption, and at Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three and a half months.

USEFUL HINTS.—Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapor.

The day closes in darkness, the year fades in desolation, and man sleeps in the dust, but there is a morning and a spring time for all. Youth that is cut down in its loveliness, like a monarch flower, shall bloom afresh in the garden of God, and age that shines in righteousness, till it sinks beneath the sod, shall rise again in glory, like the sun in the firmament.