

POETRY.

Fate with Apple Parings.

Within the window, framed in white, A maid is sitting, passing fair. While sunbeams dance across her face, And play amid her golden hair. Beside her, on the high-backed chair, A dish of ripe red apples stands, But fast their ruby coats they lose Before her busy, nimble hands. The paring curl, and break, and fall, A rosy pile upon the floor; Miss Mollie, blushing, turns to see Tall Jedidiah ope the door. "Why, Jed!" she says, "how do you do? And how're the folks at home to-day? Just take a seat; I'm busy now; We all must work before we play." And faster still the dimpled hands Are skimming o'er the apples bright; While wrinkled parings tumble down, In rosy coils, to left and right. But slowly now, and carefully, She moves the knife, that ne'er a break Or blemish in the narrow stripe Her haste or lack of care may make. Uneasy in his chair close by Tall Jed is watching warily; And many a stolen glance from him Did pretty Mollie chance to see. But now she jumps up from her seat, As if by love of mischief led, And holds aloft the twisting peel, Then swings it quickly round her head. Now once, twice, thrice, she sweeps it round, While Jed and she with laughter roar Then throws it down to take its shape In rosette coils upon the floor. "Now Jed, be still, and let us learn What happy fate's in store for me, The name the letter here begins Will sure my future husband be!" So, stooping down and looking close, She spies the hemely letter "J;" And hastily, but blushing deep, She turns her merry eyes away; But not too quick for happy Jed To read the secret of her face; And stepping up he takes her hand, And says with homely warmth and grace, "Dear Mollie, what the Fates decree, You surely will not dare deny! So shall not we, who love so well, With Fate's decree at once comply?" "I have no palace for my home, My name no empty glory gives; But I've a heart as true to you As any man on earth who lives. And, Mollie, I will work for you, And earnestly will strive each day To bring new happiness and love To shed their light upon your way" And Mollie, blushing, hung her head; But then she did not tell him "Nay!" And Jed, with heart brimful of joy, Homeward rejoicing went his way. Red apples grew on Jed's good farm, Which Mollie pared for many a day; But ne'er without the thought that Fate Had wisely made that apple "J."

—Oliver Optics' Magazine.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Marks of a Good Sunday School Scholar.

- 1. Promptness. He, or she, is at school and in his seat on time. He does not hang round the door, or lag behind, or creep in after the exercises have begun. Punctuality is his motto, and he sticks to it. 2. Regularity. He is never absent unless for the best of reasons. 3. Readiness to take part in the exercises of the school. In singing, he sings, and sings heartily. In reading, he finds his place and reads distinctly. He is not afraid to have his voice heard. 4. Perfect lessons. His recitations show that he has studied, that he understands, and that he wants to learn more about them. 5. An attentive ear. 6. A tender conscience. 7. A willing heart. 8. Remembering his contribution money. If the school have a weekly penny collection, as I hope it has, he has his money on hand, and never forgets to bring it. 9. He is devout in prayer, and tries to make the words of the superintendent in prayer his own words.

THE EDUCATOR.

10. When the school closes, he leaves his class and the school in an orderly manner; not pushing, giggling, elbowing, or rushing, as some scholars do. He remembers that it is the Lord's day and the Lord's house, and behaves accordingly. 11. He cherishes a grateful and affectionate remembrance of his teacher and superintendent, and often thinks how kind it is in them to care for and take so much pains for his good. 12. He thanks God for his birth in a Christian land, knowing how many children in pagan lands have none of the opportunities which he has of knowing and loving and serving the Lord.

Have you these marks, my child? Examine yourself and see.—H. C. K.

A FACT FOR THE GIRLS.—The lives of ten thousand little girls have been saved in Northwestern India during the last two years. Saved from what? Cholera, scarlet-fever, small-pox, or what? Nothing of the kind. Saved from being murdered by their parents. It is dreadful to think of it even for a moment, that thousands and thousands of little helpless babies have been killed, and all because they were girls, just as if they could help being girls. God sent girls to be loved and cherished as well as boys. But paganism teaches a different story. It says little girls are to be hated, despised, trodden down, and killed.

Now the Bible has gone to India with its good news of love. Jesus is there, who took little children in his arms to bless them. Jesus is there who raised the ruler's little girl to life after she was dead. Rays from the true Light are shining upon that poor, dark land; and the first thing which its rulers did after they began to see things in the light of the gospel, was to take tender care of the little girls. How much will they and how much do our girls owe to the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ; nor should we ever lose sight of it, but every day. "Thank the goodness and the grace Which on our birth have smiled."

The Farmer's Parrot.

One beautiful spring a farmer, after working busily for several weeks succeeded in planting one of the largest fields in corn; but the neighboring crows committed sad havoc. The farmer however, not being willing that the germs of a future crop should be destroyed by either fair means or foul, determined to drive the bold marauders to their nests. Accordingly, he loaded his rusty gun, with the intention of giving them upon their next visit a warm reception. Now the farmer had a parrot, as talkative and mischievous as those birds usually are; and being very tame it was allowed its freedom, to come and go at pleasure. "Pretty Poll," being a lover of company, without much caring whether good or bad, hopped over all obstructions, and was soon engaged in the farmer-like occupation of raising corn. The farmer with his gun sallied forth. Reading his cornfield he saw at a glance (though he overlooked the parrot) the state of affairs. Leveling his gun he fired, and with the report was heard the death-scream of three crows, and an agonizing shriek from poor Poll. On looking among the murdered crows, great was the farmer's surprise to see stretched upon the ground his parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled, and a broken leg. "You foolish bird!" cried the farmer, "this comes of keeping bad company."

On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed, "What did it papa? What hurt our pretty Poll?" "Bad company—bad company!" answered the parrot, in a solemn voice. "Ay, that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and beware of bad company." With these words the farmer turned round, and, with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever, but never forgot its adventure in the cornfield; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with its cry:—"Bad company—bad company."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

We respectfully invite any minister of the gospel to communicate to us promptly any items suited for this department of the EDUCATOR. Every minister should subscribe. Address

WADDELL & SMITH, FAYETTEVILLE N. C.

[From the BIBLICAL RECORDER]

Recognition in Heaven.

Mr. Editor.—As you have admitted into the columns of the RECORDER, on two occasions, articles in opposition to recognition in heaven; and, as the writer of those articles has complained that the subject has never been elaborated, by those who believe it, I ask permission to give my reasons, for my faith. As a starting point, we must have clear views of what we are; and what it is that constitutes us individual beings. Is it the gases and handful of matter that is in our bodies? Certainly not; for it is the souls, or spirit that thanks, loves, hates, and reasons. The spirit or soul, is the real man; it is this, that gives man his individuality, and personal identity. The men's body, is but the clothing the real man wears, the house in which he lives on earth, but it is no more part of him than the glove that covers his fleshy hand. It is not the body, that gives form and shape to the soul, or spirit; but the spirit that gives form and shape to the body; for we see every day, that mental suffering stamps itself upon the features. When a dead human body lies before us, we do not think the real man is dead; he is not put in the grave, but has gone to a spiritual realm, and only his covering, (body) moulders to dust. Man in earthly life is as much a spiritual being, as he ever will be; and all his individuality, and identity, belongs to him as a spiritual being, and not to his body. This can be seen everywhere in Scripture, for we are appealed to, to worship God "in our spirit," and to keep the body pure, for it is the Holy Spirit. When Jesus replied to the Sadducees, he said: "I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and the God of Jacob; but the God of the dead, but of the living." Mt. xxii: 32. If this language mean that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were still alive, and were living, not merely as saints, but as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. When Moses and Elijah, returned to earth, they returned as Moses and Elijah, and were so recognized, if we are to believe the record. If it is no proof of future recognition, it is proof that still retained their individuality and identity. We are told that in Mat. xxiii: 52: 53, "And many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the grave after his resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto Mary."

How could they be recognized, as saints if not recognized personally?

They were recognized as believers in Christ, before their or His death; and this is the reason they were called saints. Here, these saints had retained, not only their individuality, but their personal appearance. Paul speaking of being caught up into the third heaven, says: "whether in the body or out of the body, I can not tell;" but there was no doubt in Paul's mind, in regard to the fact that he Paul, did go, and saw "unspeakable things."

I think these extracts from the Bible are sufficient to show, that the real man in the spirit, and that to it, belongs all the individuality and identity; and the body is but the house, or home in which man lives while on earth. In my next, I will try to present what evidence the Bible furnishes of future recognition.—LAYMAN.

How Mike rode the Bull.

One of the most laughable stories of a bovine kind that has ever tickled the ribs of "the only animal that laughs," is the one in which Mike Finch describes his ride in the "natural state," on Deacon Smith's Taurus. We defy a cynic, in fashionable trowsers, to read it and not burst a button or two off the places to which suspenders are hitched. It is simply "enormous."

Mike took a notion to go in swimming, and he had just got his clothes off, when he saw Deacon Smith's bull making at him. The bull was a vicious animal, and had come very near killing two or three persons, consequently Mike felt rather "jubilant." He didn't want to call for help, for he was naked, and the nearest place from whence assistance could arrive, was the meeting-house, which was at the time filled with worshippers, among whom was the "gal Mike was paying his devotion to." So he dodged the bull as the animal came at him, and managed to catch him by the tail. He was dragged around till he was nearly dead, and when he thought he could hold no longer, he made up his mind that he had better "holter." And now we will let him tell his own story. "So looking at the matter in all its bearings, I cum to the conclusion that I'd better let some one know whar I was. So I gin a yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it wan't long before I seed the Deacon's two dogs a coming down like as if they war seeing which could get ther fust. "I knowed who they war arter—they'd jin the bull agin me. 'So, sez I, 'old brindle, as ridin' is as cheap as walkin' on this route, if you have no objections, I'll just take a deck passage on that ar' back o' yours.' So I wan't very long getting astride of him. "Then if you'd been ther, you'd have sworn ther war nothing human in that ar' mix, the sile flew so orfully, as the critter and I rolled round the field—one dog on one side, and one on the other, trying to clinch my feet. "I prayed and cussed, until I could not tell which I did at last—and neither wan't of no use, they were so orfully mixed up. "Well, I recon I rid about half an hour this way, when old brindle thought it war about time to stop to take in a supply of wind and cool off a little. So when we got round to a tree that stood thar, he naturally halted, so sez I, boy, you'll lose one passenger sartin. So I jist cum up a branch, kalkalating to roost till I starved, afore I'd be rid round that ar' way any longer. "I war making tracks for the top of the tree, when I heard suthin' a makin' an orful buzzin' overhead. I kinder looked, and if thar wasn't—well, thar's no use in swearin'—but it war the biggest hornet's nest ever lit. You'll gin in now I recon Mike,

'cause thar's no help for you.

"But an idea struck me then that I stood a heap better chance a ridin' the bull than whar I was. Sez I, old feller, if you'll hold' on, I'll ride to the next station, any how, let that be whar it will. "So I jist dropped about him agin and looked aloft to see what I had gained by changing quarters, and, gentlemen, I am a liar, if thar war'n't nigh half a bushel of the stingin' varmints ready to pitch into me when the word 'go' was gin. "Well, I recon they got it, for 'all hands' started for our company. Some of 'em hit the dogs—about a quart struck me, and the rest charged on brindle. "This time the dogs led off fust, dead bent for the old Deacon's, and as soon as old brindle and I could get under way, we followed, and as I was only a deck passenger, I had nothin' to do with steern' the craft; if I had, we shouldn't have run that channel anyhow. "But, as I said before, the dogs took the lead—brindle and I next, and the hornets directly arter. The dogs yellin—brindle hollerin', and hornets buzzin' and stingin. "Well, we had got about two hundred yards from the house, and the Deacon heard us and come out. I seed him hold up his hand and turn white. I recon he was prayin' then, for he did't expect to be called for so soon, and it war'n't long neither afore the whole congregation—men, women and children—cum out, and then all hands went to yellin'. "None of them had the first notion that brindle and I belonged to this world. I jist turned my head and passed the whole congregation. I seed the run would be up soon, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from a fence that stood dead ahead. "Well, we reached that fence, and I went ashore, over the critter's head, landing on the other side, and lay thar stunned. "It war'n't long afore some of them as was not scared, cum runnin' to see whar I war, for all hands kalkerlated that the ball and I belonged together. But when brindle walked off by himself, they seed how it war, and one of 'em said— "Mike Finch has got the scum-mage one in his life!" "Gentlemen, from that day I dropped the courtin' bizness, and never spoke to a gal since, and when my hat is up upon this yearth, thar won't be any Finchs, and it is all owing to Deacon Smith's brindle bull."—Exchange.

A good old elder of a church, who was given to extravagant exaggeration, was at last called to account for his offense in that respect, and admonished not to give way to the besetting sin in future. The good old man received the admonition meekly and said, "I know Low prone I am to the fault, my brethren, and it has given me tortures of pain; and night after night I have shed barrels of tears over it." The meeting adjourned in silence.

A gentleman at Lake George, after waving his handkerchief for half an hour or more at an unknown lady, whom he discovered at a distant point on the shore, was encouraged by a warm response to his signal to approach his charmer. Imagine his feeling when, on drawing nearer, he saw that it was his own dear wife, whom he had left at the hotel but a short time before. "Why, how remarkable we recognized each other at such a distance, exclaimed both in same breath, and then they changed the subject.

Girls, as you value your lives, don't get up and get breakfast in the mornings. A young lady attempted it one day last week, and was burned to death. Show this to your mamma.

Yearly contracts with large advertisers made on very liberal terms.

LETTER WRITING.—Letter-writing is no longer an accomplishment. It has even ceased to be a pastime. It has sunk of late into a foolish habit which the discovery of the lithographic processes has made absolutely dangerous. The shrewd man keeps his thoughts to himself or reveals them only in words which cannot be photographed. In setting down his secret feelings for the eye of one, the writer can never be sure, nowadays, that his letter may not some day be spread with all its crooks and dashes and blots before the eyes of the thousands for whom it was not intended. If it contains disclosures of guilt, how ugly they look in all their nakedness. It gives merely the overwrought expressions of an excited man, how suspicious a little skillful construction can make them. You write to a mutual friend that your speech the night before "set the house on fire." Years afterward he becomes a mutual friend only on one side and prints your letter with proper omissions; and you find yourself compelled to prove to some one you never committed the crime of arson! Or perhaps you d.d. commit some fault or sin, and now that private letters have ceased to be a safe property, you do not know at what hour you may become the property of the printers. The old politician, who is a tradition in the West, would never write his name on a card for fear of committing him to something, and who would always rather walk a day's journey than write a note, has his like in many a lobbyist who goes to Albany or Washington at considerable expense to say what could be less safely said by the aid of a three cent stamp. But sometimes the men with bad reputation are as careless as those with good. "It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he may see asleep." "I think," returned the other, that it would be much better for the sexton, whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching to wake you up. Don't forget to subscribe to the EDUCATOR only \$2.00 a year.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

We are reminded by the changing season that it is time to pause in our daily avocations, and offer thanks to Almighty God for the mercies and abundance of the year which is drawing to a close. The blessings of free government continue to be vouchsafed to us, the earth has responded to the labor of the husbandman, the land has been free from pestilence, internal order is being maintained, and peace with other Powers has prevailed. It is fitting that at stated periods we should cease from our accustomed pursuits and from the turmoil of our daily lives, and unite in thankfulness for the blessings of the past and in the cultivation of a kindly feeling toward each other. Now, therefore, recognizing these considerations, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do recommend to all citizens, to assemble in their respective places of worship, on Tuesday, the 26th day of November next, and express their thanks for the mercies and favor of Almighty God, and laying aside all political contentions and all secular occupations, to observe such day as a day of rest, thanksgiving and praise. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this twenty-seventh day of October in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the ninety-ninth. U. S. GRANT, By the President: HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State,