

POETRY.

We were Boys Together

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.
we were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-house on the heather,
In childhood where we met—
The humble home, to memory dear;
Its sorrows and its joys;
Where woke the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.
We were youths together,
And castles built in air;
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weighed down with care.
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys
Foreshadow'd in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together;
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone forever more.
How blest to age the impulse given—
The hope time never destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys!

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 recitation 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.
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.

TWO SOMEBODIES.—I know somebody who always appears to be miserable; and this is the way she contrives to be so—think always about herself; constantly wishing for that she has not got; idling away her time; fretting and grumbling.

I know somebody who is much happier; and this is the way she contrives to be so—thinking of others; satisfied with what her Heavenly Father has judged best for her; working; caring for somebody else besides herself; and thinking how she can make others happy.

My little "somebody," which kind of a "somebody" are you?

Blessed to Give.

"Fifty cents to do just what you please with!" exclaimed little Allie Flint, her cheeks glowing, and her bright eyes beaming joyfully, "Oh, what shall I get with it? Oh, how splendid! I'll get me a picture book. Just think! Mother, can't I go to the store this afternoon, and get something with my fifty cents?"

"Yes, if you will be a good girl." "I will, I will! What shall I get?" "I would get something useful," said her mother.

"Well, I try." So after dinner Allie put on her cloak and hat and started off.

As she was walking along, happening to look over on the other side of the street, she saw a poor, ragged girl. She did not stop, but kept looking at the girl as if she was thinking about her, until she turned a corner which hid her from sight.

"I guess I know what I will get." She soon arrived at the store, and inquired how much print she could get for fifty cents.

"Five yards," said the merchant. "Well, I will take five yards of that, said she, pointing to a pretty piece of calico.

As soon as she had received the calico and paid for it, she ran back to the little girl on the side walk.

"This is for you," said she, putting the calico into her hands, and running away before the little girl had time to thank her.

The next Sunday, what was her joy to see her young friend come in to the Sunday school in her nice new dress. O, young readers, is it not more blessed to give than to receive! Oh, what blessedness there is in giving to the poor.—*Young Pilgrim.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

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A short Method with a Materialist.

The London *Spectator* tells a good story: A materialistic lecturer and a city missionary met before an intelligent audience to discuss the question of responsibility. The lecturer's main point was the absurdity of the scriptural notion of judgment to come for deeds done in the body, inasmuch as all the matter of the body changes every few years, and it is unjust to hold the new man, who is formed from the new matter, responsible for the sins of the old man, who has passed out of existence. Then arose the city missionary, whose wits must have been lively, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is a matter of great regret to me that I have to engage in a discussion with a man of questionable character—wich one, in fact, who is living with a woman to whom he is not married."

Up rose in wrath again the materialist. "Sir, this is shameful, and I repudiate your insolent attack on my character; I defy you to substantiate your charge. I was married to my wife twenty years ago, and we have lived happily together ever since. This is a mere attempt at evading the force of my argument."

"On the contrary," replied the city missionary, "I reaffirm my charge. You were never married to the person with whom you are living. Twenty years ago two other people may have gone to Church, bearing your names, but there is not one atom in your bodies remaining of those which were then married. It follows inevitably that you are living in concubinage, unless you will admit

that you are the same man who was married.

Prof. Tyndall in a Nutshell.

Prof. Tyndall's laborious address to the British Association may be readily summed up in the simple restatement of a very old argument. An egg contains all the material necessary to form a chick. It holds also, for a time at least, the force requisite to construct the animal out of its component elements. The only thing needed is to set the formative processive in action by the application of another form of force or motion, called heat. But this last must be supplied from without. The sum of Prof. Tyndall's researches is precisely analogous. He finds in matter "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," just as the naturalist and organic chemist find the organic materials of a chick, and the promise and potency to form one, within the eggshell.—But neither the philosopher nor the experimentalist can go one step beyond the facts. They are wholly unable to explain the something from without, in whose absence neither an eggful nor a world of life can be called into a palpable existence. This is the point at which philosophy again arrives—the old point at which it has been arriving by various paths ever since the first effort to penetrate an inscrutable mystery. The Egyptians symbolized the difficulty, and their inability to surmount it, by offering the mysterious egg reverently to their gods. They laid the unsolved problem of the finite at the feet of the Infinite. Prof. Tyndall and the British Association might learn wisdom, without humiliation, from the ancient idolaters, and emulate their not ignoble submission.—*London Globe.*

A GREEK LEGENT.—When Bacchus was a boy he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia; and as the way was very long, he grew tired and sat down upon a stone to rest. As he sat there with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him; but, as the sun was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it, and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird's skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton with the plant in it into the bone of the lion. Ere long however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass larger still than that of the lion; so he put it into the lion's containing the bird's skeleton and the plant, into the ass's bone, thus made his way to Naxia.—When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton; and the lion's bone, and the ass's bone, and as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came up speedily, and bore to his great joy the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to man to drink. But behold a miracle! When men first drank of it, they first sang like birds; next, after drinking a little more, they became vigorous and gallant like lions; but when they drank more still they began to behave like asses.

FAITH.—It is said that one day, when Bonaparte was reviewing some troops, the bridle of his horse slipped from his hand, and the horse galloped off. A common soldier ran, and

laying hold of the bridle, brought the horse to the Emperor's hand, he said to the man:

"Well done, Captain!" "Of what regiment, sire?" inquired the soldier.

"Of the Guards," answered Napoleon, pleased with his instant belief in his word.

The Emperor rode off, the soldier threw down his musket, and though he had no epaulets on his shoulders, no sword by his side, nor any other mark of advancement, he ran and joined the staff of commanding officers. They laughed at him, and said: "What have you to do here?"

"I am the Captain of the Guards," he replied. They were amazed, but he said: "The Emperor has said so, and there fore I am." In like manner though the word of God. "He that believeth has everlasting life," is not confirmed by the feeling of the believer; he ought to take the word of God as true; because he said it, and thus honor him as a God of truth, and rejoice with joy unspeakable.

Ten Rules to Farmers.

1. Take good papers and read them.
2. Keep an account of farm operations.
3. Do not leave implements scattered over the farm, exposed to snow, rain and heat.
4. Repair tools and buildings at a proper time, and do not suffer subsequent threefold expenditure of time and money.
5. Use money judiciously, and do not attend auction sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is cheap.
6. See that fences are well repaired, and cattle not grazing in the meadows, grain fields or orchards.
7. Do not refuse correct experiments, in a small way, of many new things.
8. Plant fruit trees well, care for them, and get good crops.
9. Practice economy by giving stock shelter during the winter; also good food, taking out all that is unsound, half rotten, or mouldy.
10. Do not keep tribes of dogs and cats around the premises, who eat more in a month than they are worth all their life time.

LARGE REQUESTS.—A story is told of a poor woman who went to a Governor and told him a very moving tale of her poverty and her need. The Governor was touched, and said to her, "My good woman, how much do you think would be necessary to meet your wants? I wish very much to help you."

"O, sir," she said, "if I only had a hundred dollars, I should be perfectly happy. That would buy all I want."

"Now think," said the Governor, "are you sure you do not want any more?"

"O yes, sir, I am perfectly sure that a hundred dollars would be enough for me."

The Governor generously gave her the sum she asked for, and for a time she was full of ecstacy. But after awhile she began to think that she might have had more for the asking, and she said, sadly, "ah me! why did I not say two hundred?"

When our God, the possessor of infinite resources, whom giving does not impoverish, says, "Ask and ye shall receive," we ought to make large requests. "Open wide thy mouth," says He, "and I will fill it."

PANTHERS, LIONS AND SNAKES.—There was great excitement in New York, last week, by a newspaper hoax announcing that the wild beasts of Central Park had got out. The story grew until our own servant, with white cheeks, told us that "two

thousand people had already been "killed, and they were still shovelling them up." It was probably got up by a reporter who had been taking a little too much the night before. It is said that bad whiskey taken in undue quantities will make a man see a whole menagerie, even when there is nothing there.

But there are snakes, panthers, and lions innumerable on every street, in the shape of bad books and unclean newspapers. Anthony Comstock has shot more of them than any other hunter. We wish we had many like him to throw body, and mind, and soul into the efforts for knocking out the teeth and extracting the sting of these cobras. Let parents especially be armed. See that none of those vile creatures hide in your children's trunks. Be watchful that not so much as a scrap of a bad newspaper come in bound round a parcel of dry-goods. One drop of foam from a mad dog's tooth may produce hydrophobic convulsion. One picture evily suggestive, or a sentence charged with double entendre, may do the work of moral devastation. Where are our police and mayors that they pass up and down perpetually in presence of news-stands reeking with the vomit of hell? Surely the sewers of the lost world have broken loose. Glad would we be if nothing worse than panthers, lions, and snakes were ranging the streets.—*Christian at Work.*

Disappointment and Disgust.

A young man who was in Covington on Friday, in the interest of a new heating apparatus, heard that Maj. P.— was building a new house and speedily hunted up the veteran.

"I heard you are building a new house," he said to Mr. P.—

"I ain't exactly building one," said the major in the tone of a man who don't care to commit himself; "I have built it."

"Exactly! Glad to hear it," said the agent. "Have you made any arrangements for heating the new building?" and the agent looked anxious.

"Well, no," muttered the major with a stare, as if the heating of the building was a subject that had entirely slipped his mind.

"So much the better for you," exclaimed the agent, "as I think I have just the article you want, combining economy, heat and cleanliness. We have sold thousands of them throughout the country, and have yet to hear of a single failure on the part of the heater to do all that is claimed for it. It is the sum total of every excellence yet produced in the numerous devices patented for heating buildings, and I am confident that I can demonstrate to you the superior advantages which the heater enjoys over all others?" Where is your house?"

"On Essex street," said the major. "Suppose you jump in the carriage with me, and take a drive over there I should like to see it."

The major consented, and getting his overcoat he mounted the seat with the hopeful and eloquent agent and they drove off. On the way the agent rapidly went over the many favorable points of the admirable heater, and was much gratified at the impressions he had evidently made on his companion.

Arriving in front of the new building, a large and rather unpretending structure, the agent said:

"What are you going to do with this, major? Make a tenement or a boarding house of it?"

"Oh no," said the major, as he carefully reached the ground and looked innocently around, "it's an ice house."

"What?" screamed the agent. "It is an ice house," replied the Major blandly.

The last seen of that agent he was applying the lash to his horse, and tearing out of the neighborhood at a marvelous pace.

A Romance of Two Continents.

Fifty years ago a young English officer named Hendricks was traveling with his sister in Italy, where he met, wooed, won and run off with the charming daughter of a rich and proud nobleman. Even as the father of Desdemona disowned her, so the Italian count swore never again to acknowledge his recreant daughter. Nothing disturbed thereat, she accompanied her husband to the British dominions in North America, thence to New York, where, after giving birth to a daughter, she died. Hendricks, having thus lost his wife, gave himself up to dissipation, but was so far mindful of his motherless infant as to marry a German woman who had taken a fancy to the child. The girl grew to maidenhood, receiving little education, for the family was poor, and when still young was married at Vincennes, Indiana, to an Ohio river mate named Hiram Tins. They lived happily enough until Tins died, when she removed to Louisville, where she led a desolate life. Now the count, her grandfather, has yielded to heaven his vital trust, as sole lineal heir she has gone to Italy to claim his title and his wealth. The fortune which thus falls to her is variously estimated from \$200,000 to \$800,000.

A MEXICAN GROTTTO.—Among the recent discoveries of ancient ruins in Mexico is that of an artificially executed grotto, fifteen miles from Tancitaro, in the state of Michoacan. The grotto is represented to be of immense depth and vast extent, the remains of walls and arched corridors are still to be seen, and many curious specimens of the handicraft of an unknown race has been brought from this subterranean palace.—Two citizens of a neighboring village recently penetrated into the cavernous depth of the grotto and lost their way. Three days and nights were spent in wandering through the labyrinthine passages of this wonderful place before they found an outlet from their strange imprisonment. Subsequent to this competent persons made a more thorough examination of the grotto, when the fact that at some unknown period in the past it had been shaped by human skill, and walled in on every side by human hands, was revealed. It is a dark labyrinth, surpassing in extent and intricacy the fabled one constructed by Daedalus. The walls are of masonry, and the passage walls, which connect vast chambers, are arched over with stone. These evidences of human labor and contrivance lead to the supposition that it is the work of an aboriginal race which long ago perished.

One of the jurors in a late murder trial, after being excused from service because of his opposition to capital punishment, was asked by a neighbor how he came to get out. He answered, "Oh! I'm opposed to capital punishment." "Are you indeed? Why what would you do with a man who should deliberately waylay and shoot down one of his neighbors?" "Hang him, sir! I'd never send him up to the capital to be punished."

RESISTING FALSEHOOD.—When the immortal Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood, by denying his handwriting, he answered, "When God hath brought me into a dilemma, in which I must assert a lie, or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty; which is to prefer death to falsehood.—*Gray.*