

POETRY.

Deacon Jones' Experience.

[ARKANSAS CONFERENCE.] 1874.

Ye'r right when yer lays it down, Parson.

That the flesh is weak and a snare; And to keep yer plow in the furrow When yer cattle begins to rare— Ain't no sure thing. And between us, The same may be said of prayer!

Why, I stood the jokes, on the river, Of the boys, when the critters found That I'd joined the Church, and the safe-ty

That, may be ye mind, went round, The day I sat down with the mourners, In the old camp meetin' ground!

I stood all that, and I recon I might, at a pinch, stood more— For the boys, they represents Bael, And I stands as the Rock of the Law, And it seemed like a moral scrimmage, In holdin' agin their jaw.

But thar's crosses a Christian suffers, As heint got that pretense— Things ez hez got no sense; Things ez, somehow, no profit Will cover their first expense.

Ez how: I was jist last evenin' Addressin' the Throne of Grace, And mother knelt in the corner, And each of the boys in his place— When that sneakin' pup of Koziah's To Jonathan's cat giv' chase!

I never let on to mind 'em, I never let on to hear, But drove that prayer down the furrow With the cat hidin' under my cheer, And Koziah a whisperin' 'sic her?' And mother a sayin' 'you dare!'

I asked for a light for the beathen, To guide on his narrow track, With that dog and that cat jest waltzin' And Jonathan's face jest black, When the pup made a ruse, and the kitten— Dropped down on the small of my back.

Yet, I think with the Lord's assistance, I might have contained them, If gettin' her bolt, that kitten Bedn't dropped her claws in me— when

It somehow reached the 'Old Adam,' And I jumped to my feet with 'Amem.' So, yer right when you say it, Parson, That the flesh is weak and a snare, And to keep yer plow in the furrow When yer cattle begins to rare— Ain't no sure thing. And between us, I says it's jist so with prayer.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

TELL YOUR MOTHER.—I wonder how many girls tell their mother everything. Not those "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and pictures with young men, who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame if they heard it.

All this, most credulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they will gaze at your fresh young face admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter what "other girls do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtations may end disastrously, as many a foolish, wretched young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be braided off in silly flirtations. Reader yourself truly intelligent. And above all, tell your mother every thing. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is strange that many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which is most important that she should know. It is said that indifferent persons know more about her young daughter than she does herself.—Washington Chronicle.

It must make a man feel mean to pay an old debt because he thinks he is going to die and then have the doctor pull him through all right.

THE EDUCATOR.

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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.

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 him, 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.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

A Christmas Legend.

It was Christmas Eve. The night was very dark and the snow falling fast, as Hermann, the charcoal-burner, drew his cloak tighter around him and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near, and was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and his four little children. He was thinking of them, when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have they left thee here all alone to face this cruel blast?"

The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here.—Thou would'st be dead before the morning."

So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrapped it in his cloak and warming its little cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut, he put down the child and tapped at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper," said he, leading in the little one, who held timidly to his finger with its tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said the wife. "Now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed round to welcome and gaze at the little new-comer. They showed him their pretty fir-tree, decorated with bright,

colored lamps in honor of Christmas Eve, which the good mother had endeavored to make a fete for the children.

Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear, blue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a brighter light in the little room; and as they gazed, it grew into a sort of hale round his head, and his eyes beamed with a heavenly luster. Soon two white wings appeared at his shoulders, and he seemed to grow larger and larger, and then the beautiful vision vanished, spreading out his hands as in benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming, in awe-struck voices: "The holy Christ-child!" and then embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the Heavenly Guest.

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the place where he had found the fair child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers, with dark green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann plucked some, and carried them reverently home to his wife and children, who treasured the fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them Chrysanthemums; and every year, as the time came round, they put aside a portion of their feast and gave it to some poor little child, according to the words of the Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Florence Scannel, in St. Nicholas for January.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.—Half the perplexity, annoyance and trouble that men have in the world, is in consequence of getting into debt. It seems to be natural for some people to buy and incur obligations without measure, so long as they can avoid paying ready cash. Give one of this sort a chance to buy on credit, and the questions of price and conditions of payment, are matters that he cares but little about. But what a crop of trouble springs up from the seed of debt! How many sleepless nights result from it! How many gray hairs it brings, and how often it shortens life—sometimes leading men to commit suicide or murder. And yet, how easy it is to keep clear of this terrible monster.

Every young man should form a fixed and unalterable determination, before commencing his active business career, not to incur one penny of indebtedness, under any circumstances. Never buy anything, unless you have the money to pay for it at once. Pay no attention to "splendid opportunities," "bargains," "rare chances," and the like. Such are only traps set to catch victims. If you see anything that you would like to accept, look first at your money pile, and make the answer depend upon that. Always pay as you go. If you are short of money, gauge your demands accordingly.

THE STRICTNESS OF RIGHT. There is a line beyond which we may not pass, unless we wish to join hands with Satan himself; and, young man, young woman, keep on the right side of that dividing line; do not touch it, even with the hem of your garment. Remember the children of true faith are the salt of the earth. But if the salt have lost its savor, there is nothing wherewith to season it; it is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Can we not watch one little hour? Surrounded by every blessing, can we not tread the short pathway so the grave steadily true to the faith of our fathers?—American Rural Home.

PEOPLE WHO WHINE.—There is a class of persons in this world, by no means small, whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor, or if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because they "have no luck," and others' prosperity exceeds theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are still living; they whine because they have aches and pains, and they have aches and pains because they whine; and they whine, no one can tell why. Now a word to these whining persons. First, stop whining—it is of no use complaining, fretting, fault-finding and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures that ever lived! Do you know that it is a well-settled principle of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.—Exchange.

SET THY HOUSE IN ORDER.—"Died suddenly!" How often these solemn words meet our gaze in the newspapers! They suggest most important inquiries to each one of us. Reader:

1. Is your business in such shape that if you should die to-night it might be settled by your survivors without unnecessary loss to your estate? Immense sums litigation are involved, by improperly kept account-books, and the neglecting of full memoranda of unfinished business.

2. Is your will made? In the event of your pulse ceasing to beat before to-morrow morning, would no injustice be done to your heirs, and those objects of Christian benevolence which it is your intention to promote after your death? Died intestate! is often the precursor of jealousies, and heart burnings, and injustice, which might have been prevented by a few strokes of the pen.

3. Have you paid all your debts? Or have you made arrangements that your creditors shall not be wronged? There may be some balances against you which you acknowledge yourself morally bound to meet, but against which no legal claim can be presented. You intend to pay them after awhile. You have the ability now, but you are neglecting them. Take heed lest death, coming when you did not expect him, shall put it forever beyond your power to justify.

4. Are you on amicable terms, as far as you can be, with everybody?—You spoke an unkind word, and wounded a sensitive heart. Have you tried to repair the damage? That brother, that sister, that neighbor, toward whom, in a moment of excitement, you acted an unchristian part, deserves better treatment. You are conscious of having wronged them. Had you not better ask their forgiveness and gain reconciliation now?—To-morrow there may be no opportunity. You know not what shall be on the morrow.

5. Have you made God your friend? If not you have no time to lose? He waits to be gracious now. You will soon stand before Him. "This night thy soul may be required of thee." Take Jesus at once to be your Mediator and Savior. Set the house in order.—Christian Intelligencer.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.—They have sweet Christmas music in Norway—Norway, that far-off country, with the steel-blue sky and frozen sea. It is a song in the air. The simple peasants make the birds that inhabit those rude coasts and icy valleys so very happy on this one day of the year that they sing of their own accord a glad coral on Christ-

mas morning, and all the people come out of their houses and rejoice to hear it.

On Christmas Eve, after the birds have sought shelter from the north wind, and the still night is bright with the stars, the good people bring from their store-houses sheaves of corn and wheat, and tying them to slender poles, raise them from every spire, barn, gate-post and gable. Then when, after the long night, the Christmas sun arises, crowning the mountains with splendor every spire and gable bursts into sudden song.

The children run out to hear the old churchspire singing; the older people follow; the air is filled with the flutter of wings and alive with carols of birds fills every village with happiness, and to this living, grateful anthem the people respond in their hearts, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good-will to man."—[From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas for January.

"SUCH AS I HAVE."—At the installation of Rev. William Caruthers over a church in Calais, Me., the other day, Rev. S. P. Fay, of Bangor, delivered the charge to the people. Among other things he urged them to be considerate of their pastor, saying that there many little kindnesses that would comfort and encourage him. He spoke of his own experience, at one time receiving a pumpkin from one of his parishioners, given with such kind words and intention that he felt happier for a week after. The next morning the newly-installed pastor found at his door two squashes, with a note in which was written: "Such as I have I give unto thee. We did not raise pumpkin this year."—Selected.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is a Divine institution, a hallowed fount of blessedness, whose crystal streams fertilize the mental and moral soil, causing flowers of virtue, honesty, peace and concord to spring forth in fragrant loveliness, beautifying the social world. A true and happy marriage is an invisible soul union, and not a visible compact; the marriage ceremony is simply a public acknowledgement, but the real, sweet marriage of the heart took place in those grand and beautiful hours of wooing. The tie which binds man and woman together in married life is not a mere impulse that lasts but for a day, but as the rootlets of an oak strike deeper into the soil when hurricanes shake its tranches and bend its stalwart trunk, so genuine love takes firmer hold of hearts in union when the agitated waters of life's ocean roll high, and the storms of adversity sweep past. It is the glory of our earth life, for without it, life is a lingering death; and death, in its absence, a welcome friend.

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.—The pearl of great price which the merchantman found made him rich forever. Poor, and blind, and naked before, after that he was rich beyond all the necessities of time and eternity.—Getting a competent portion of the good things of this life is right and a duty, since slothfulness is everywhere reprov'd and Christians are exhorted to be "diligent in business," but to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness" is the great duty and the highest wisdom. He who has the treasure of earth, with the treasure laid up in heaven, is still a poor man.

One of the wretched lunatics confined in the poor-house of Milwaukee is a telegraph operator, and she spends most of her time in telegraphing to her husband in Ireland, her finger being worn down to the bone in her constant tappings against the wall, in her imaginary dispatching.

A true vein of lead ore is supposed to have been struck at Newburyport, Mass.

NEARER HOME.—Fear not, thou that longeth to be at home. A few steps more and thou art there. Death to God's people is but a ferry-boat. Every day and every hour, the boat pushes off with some of the saints, and returns for more.—Soon, O believer, it will be said to thee, as it was to her in the Gospel, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee!" When you have reached the boundary of your race below, and stand on the verge of heaven and the confines of immortality, then there will be nothing but the short valley of death between you and the promised land; the labors of your pilgrimage will have nothing to do but to entreat God as Moses did—"I pray Thee, let me go over, and see the goodly land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, Lebanon."—Toplady.

Advice to a Girl Who "Finished."

GETRUDE, you tell me that you have been two years in a boarding school, and have just finished your education and want to know what you shall do next.

Listen, my gushing Gertrude, and I will tell you.

Get up in the morning in good season, go down into the kitchen, seize a potato by the throat with one hand and a knife with the other, skin the potato, and a dozen more just like it, stir up the buckwheat batter, look in the oven and see how the biscuit are doing, bustle around generally, step on the cat's tail, and help your good old mother get breakfast.

After breakfast put up the young children's luncheon for school, help wash up the dishes, sweep, put things in order, and sumtime during the day, nit at least two inches and a half on sum one ov yure brothers' little blue woolen stockings for next winter.

In other words, go to work and make yourself useful, now that you have bekum ornamental, and if you have enny time left, after the beds are nil made, and the daks have been fed, pitch into the pianna, and make the old rattle box skream with musk.

Do this for one year, and sum likely young fellow in the naberhood will hear ov it, and will begin to hang around you, and say sweeter things than you ever heard before, and finally will give you a chance to keep house on yure own hook.

You follow mi advice, Gerty, and see if he don't.—Josh Billings.

A SLY FELLOW.—If you say to a man, "you are a sly fellow," he will shrug his shoulders and not feel very bad about it. But if you tell him that you saw him prying open your letter and reading its contents, he will be ashamed. You say to a notoriously dishonest man, "You're not very particular how you get your money," he will laugh with you; but you say bluntly, "You have stolen my money, and I can prove it," and he is touched at once. Forty needles in a bunch are blunt enough; each one used separately pierces. If you make callous men repent in a bunch their repentance will be superficial.—Becher.

The shah of Persia won't introduce street cars "because that would be allowing the poor to ride as well as the rich." A struggling young man has no chance in Persia.

It may be that "a woman in Berlin, Germany, has forty-nine children." It wouldn't dim one bright star in the shield of American freedom if she had one hundred and forty nine.

The young man who addressed a young lady as "the priestess of his soul" began life as a calm vender.

The London Lancet pretends to know how a man feels when his head is cut off.