## Selected Doetrn.

From Old Song and New.

BY MRS. MARGARET JA PRESION.

## GOD'S PATIENCE.

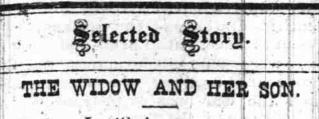
If all the attributes whose starry rays converge and centre in one focal light of luminous glory such as angels sight in only look on with a blench'd amaze, None clowns the brow of God with purer blaze

**VOL. 1.** r lifts His grandeur to more infinite height an His exhaustless patience. Let us praise th wondering hearts, this strangest, tenderest grace,

Remembering awe-struck, that the avenging rod

justice must have fallen, and mercy's plan Been frustrate, had not Patience stood between,

man, foiling, enduring, pleading,-calm, serenc or those who scorn and slight, is likest God



"Mother, I will be everything to you hat I can be; I promise you that." The boy lifted his head. 'A look of high resolve made the young brow man-

like in expression. Not yet had ten summers deepened the gold on those fair ocks. The carnest blue eyes looked fondon the faded face that bent over him. there was a world of love in his soul-a ove that was not only lip deep, but was proved by acts of self-denial.

The words are beautiful enough to be repeated. Henry Locke smiled, because as he spoke there came tears to his mother's eyes. He had that morning been promised a place in a country store, five neatness called for at her hands.



## CHARLOTTE, N. C., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1870.

"I have prayed earnestly; but I have given it all up now. I shall not meet him in this world."

"Have you put the light into the window ?" she asked, suddenly, earnestly, a Divinely meek: And let us learn that few moments after. "It is growing dark." Alas! it was not the light that was growing dark.

Her hands grew cold, Over her countenance came that mysterious shadow that falls but once on any mortal face. "Oh! my boy! my boy! she whis-

pered ; "tell him,"-they bent lower to catch her falling words-"tell him I will put a light in the window of heaven to guide him there."

The thrilling sentence was hardly spoken, when the shadow dropped from the sufferer's face, and it smiled in the God bless them, for their swarthy hands ealm majesty of death.

A funeral followed ; humble hearts at tended the body of one who was loved for her sincere goodness all through the hamlet; and on the hill-side, in a little graveyard, she was buried.

came into the port of a busy city. Among hearts and minds their Eden instincts. all those who stepped from the decks, none were more hopeful, more joyous than young Henry Loeke. He had pass our dear Lord Christ alludes to as the ed through the ordeal of a sea life, so far, perfect time, from which ever since man miles from the cot, or rather cabin, where unscathed. No blight of immorality had has been wandering farther and farther, they lived. It was but a small pittance; fallen upon him. He had kept himself as but of late the mother had grown so spotless as if at every nightfall his feet teeble that she could earn nothing; could had been turned towards his mother's to return. The Rev. Mr. Caird of Scotscarcely do the little that order and cottage. How his heart bounded as he land, preached before Queen Victoria a The question as to what is man's natural

THE WORKINGMAN [SELECTED.]

The noblest men I know on earth, Are men whose hands are brown with toil Who, backed by no ancestral graves, Hew down the woods and till the soil, And win thereby a prouder fame Than follows king or warrior's name.

The workingmen, whate'er their task, To carve the stone or bear the hod-They bear upon their honest brows The royal stamp and seal of God! And brighter are the drops of sweat, Than diamonds in a coronet!

God bless the noble workingmen, Who rear the cities of the plain, Who dig the mines and build the ships, And drive the commerce of the main Have wrought the glory of all lands.

> For the Southern Home. ECHOES OF EDEN.

Six thousand years of sin and suffering Not many days after, a great ship, has not been able to crush out of our "In the beginning," is the period which until His coming, when we began slowly

thought of her! Strangely enough, he sermon, in which his forcible and beauti- food is explained in the first few chapters One dollar a week! It was a very never dreamed she might be dead. It did ful illustration of this truth so impressed of Genesis, where we are informed that attle sum but better, much better, than not occur to him, that perhaps her silver Her Majesty, that she ordered the sermon when God had created man and blessed Besides, Henry was to have looks were lying under the lid of the cof- to be published. One of his remarks was him, His first words to him were in rehis meals with his employer, and could, fin. Oh! no; he only thought of the this: "Reduce man ever so low in degra- gard to his food. He was informed that the chose, sleep there. But he did not pleasant light in the window, that dation, yet you cannot obliterate from his his food was to consist of the fruit of trees, choose. For a glad smile from mother; her hands had trimmed for him. So he inner nature the consciousness of falling and herbs seeding seed, while the brute's for the pressure of that feeble hand; for journeyed to his native town. Yonder beneath himself;-you caunot blot out food was to be the green herb. As soon as to take effect on Grant's Thanksgiving leave the court room in silence and disthe tender Christian words that came comes one who trudges on laggingly-a from his mind the latent reminiscence of man had sinned, he was informed that from those pale lips, he was bravely will- farmer in heavy boots and frock, his whip a nobler and better self, which he might part of his punishment would consist in illustrates splendidly his devotion to the ng, after the day's hard work, to walk in his hand. He cheers the lazy oxen, have been, and which, to have lost, is his being condemned to eat the brute's cause of what he considers "hand and guilt and wretchedness. So that, should food, the green herb. And after the the way was. Often he came bringing "I see you know me," said the young there ever be brought before a fallen Flood, when, notwithstanding the miracsome little delicacy that he had earned, sailor, smiling. "Well, farmer Brown, moral nature, in outward form and reali. ulous preservation, the imagination of little respect he can have for their interty, a being (like Christ,) the noble realiza- man's heart was still found to be only tion of its own lost spiritual excellence- evil continually, he was informed that ferent communities a gang of thieves world. If they can be proved, let the was curtained with clouds. The widow So-," his eyes drops, his mouth trem- the full, perfect, beautiful reproduction in "even as the green herb, every living whose punishment was imprisonment for purity of the judicial ermine be vindicated. actual existence of that splendor of moral thing that moveth was now given to him life, but who had only been imprisoned, Let the Chief Instice be arraigned for hilly road along which the hay-wagons "Yes, and glad enough to get back loveliness which was once its own-it is for food." As the giving of the green conceivable that the latent instincts of herb (in our translation, "herb of the the soul would be roused to recognize and field,") was a part of the curse, so was time. Yet the wily Governor says the decapitated-that justice may be done. than its wont: "He will not come to- hesitating way, that telegraphs ill tidings identify therein its lost original." If this the giving of every moving thing that majesty of the law had been fully satis- even though Richmond M. Pearson fall ! is true of spiritual things, it is also true liveth. Yet we call this a permission to fied !- Milledgeville (Geo.) Recorder. "Yes-is she well? Of course she is; of physical. That sweet, subtle, myste. eat animal food. It is very like the perrious thing, called poetry, is made up of mission to Cain to become a vagabond on "Your mother, Henry? Well-the old the echoes from our lost Eden. So that the face of the earth, and to Ham, to beagainst the clap-boards and threw the lady-." He plays with his whip, or one has beautifully said, "Where poetry come a servant of servants unto his rain as with a spite, over the little win- rather, strikes it hard on the dusty road. is, God s; where poetry is not, God is brethren. dows, sleeting them and making dreary How can he crush that happy heart ! not." Whatever the true poet loves most The echoes of Eden are found in our music. So the widow, quite confident "There, you need not speak!" cried the to describe, existed in Eden; whatever love for literature and landscape gardenthat Henry would not venture out in young man, in a voice of sudden anguish; his soul recoils from, has been brought ing. Our favorite Ruskin says that the that storm, read her Bible till her heart and he recoiled, almost staggering from into being by man's sin. Some may ob- human race may be properly divided by kindled with the holy words, and putting the farmer's side, and buried his face in ject to the truth of this remark by saying zoologists into "men who have gardens that such scenes as the cotter's Saturday and libraries, and men who have none;" "Henry, my poor lad, your mother night, and all other delineations of in-door and that "the former class will include all and farm life, existed not in Eden. The noble persons (except only a few who "Do not, do not !" cried the other, show- poetry of these scenes consists in the hu- make the world their garden or museum,) ing now a face from which all color had man love and human interests pervading while the people who have not, or what but listening intently, she heard, blending fled. "Oh! my mother! my mother- them, and in the natural rural scenes sur. is the same thing. do not care for librawith the wail of the wind, that cry, and she is gone, gone-and I coming home rounding them-and in nothing else. ries or gardens, but care for nothing but In the selection of food, how strong the money or luxuries, will include none but Instantly arising, she groped for a light, For some moments he sobbed in agony. Eden instincts show themselves in chil- ignoble persons." Thanks, dear Ruskin, unfastened the door, and behold, there How dreary the world had grown! The dren. How their eyes sparkle, and their for that idea-it is a brilliant echo from stood Henry, a pitcous sight, indeed, flowers had lost their fragrance, the sun little hands are stretched out to grasp the Eden. Landscape gardening was the ocdowny peach, the rosy apple, the purple cupation of Eden, for each tree was not grape, the golden orange, the luscious only good for food, but pleasant to the said the old farmer, wiping his eyes with cherry, and the rich. nutritious nut.- sight, and man's divinely appointed busi-Never would they ask anything else, ness was to dress them and to keep them. "A message for me?" it seemed as if could they have enough of this-Nature's As for libraries, we will substitute the first, best and only true human food .--- word "learning." The word "academy," "Yes; says she-so my dame told me. And it would be perfectly wholesome to so fraught with delightful associations and so the minister said-'Tell Henry I a healthy stomach, if it were not first means simply a "grove." The Greek will put a light in the window of heaven filled with farinaceous food (which emi- academies were the groves where the nent physicians tell us, a young infant schools of the philosophers met. Our "Did she; oh, did she say that! God can no more digest than a lion can grass) literature is but a faint and very diffused bless you for telling me! All my long and with flesh food, which gives a ten- reflex of their learning. "Landscapevoyage I have thought of the light in her dency to all inflammatory diseases. We gardening," says Bayard Taylor, "is to little window. I have seemed to see it know that fearful results often follow the the earth what a refined civilization is

that the tale of the introduction of fire self known.

and nerve and muscle. We would sleep Work, brothers, work; work heart and brain out the hours appointed by Nature. An We'll win the golden age again. old tradition tells that when Methuselah was five hundred years old. an angel appeared to him (we fear it was not a good angel) and said, "Arise, Methuselah, and build thee a house; for thou shalt yet live five hundred years," and Methuselah replied, "If I have only five hundred years more to live, it is not worth my while to build me a house, and therefore

I will continue to sleep in the open air, as I have always done." According to the teaching of this tradition, houses were only used to sleep in, and those who expected to live as long as Methuselah, did

not even use them for that purpose. Without fire, we would live upon uncooked food, and as only natural food is palatable in an uncooked condition, we would therefore, use only natural food.

We fully agree with him, and we believe the incarnate God chooses to make him-

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upon earth by Prometheus, being punish- Landscape orchards, like those of Eden ed by Jove's sending Pandora with her kept free from noxious undergrowth of box containing all human ills to be dis- every kind, by the grazing of sheep, seminated amongst our race, means sim- would furnish ample food of the best and ply that the use of fire is the cause of most nutritious kind, for the whole hunearly all the physical ills from which we man race. Dust and dirt, disease and suffer. Without fire, our houses would want, would disappear from a grass-carbe colder than the open, sun-warmed air, peted,' tree-studded world. Nothing is and consequently we would spend all of needed but the keeping of sheep (Abel's our waking time out of doors. Without employment) and the culture of trees fire, there would be no "midnight oil" (Adam's employment) to make every burned at the expense of human brain desert blossom like the rose.



A COWARDLY RADICAL ACT .-- Characteristic of the cowardly villain, Charles he derelict in his duty in allowing his Hayes, was his conduct in Eutaw during fellow citizens to be incarcerated when the negro riot that he inaugurated on the he might have prevented it? Did he in 25th day of last month. When a Demo- fact exhaust the judiciary power of the crat was in the act of shooting this hostis State? Did he shrink from his duty in sui generis, the latter caught up in his the protection of the great writ of right, arms his little orphan nephew-a boy and by such default permit some of the about ten years of age-and held him be- best men in the State, against whom tween himself and danger, at the same there was not the shadow of evidence, to time begging the aimer of the 'repeater be consigned to felon's cells? Was it his to spare his life! We have this from fault, that the writ of Habeas Corpus was several gentlemen who got it from reli- disregarded, trampled under foot, are, able eye-witnesses, and we vouch for its spit upon in North Carolina? veracity. Of course the Democrat lowered his weapon, as he was too noble to kill has been seen in a state of shameful inguilty Hayes at the expense of the inno- toxication on the Supreme Court bench, cent life of the poor little boy.

We notice that the Old North State and some of its correspondents are attempt-ing to palliate the conduct of Judge Pearson and to argue against his impeachment.

the Unier Justic

In our view, the crimes of Holden sink, comparatively, into insignificance, (if such crimes as Holden's can sink into insignificance,) when compared with those of Richmond M. Pearson. Of Holden, little better need have been expect. ed. He was known to be a corrupt placeman and a reckless politician-ove who would steep to any infamy and be guilty of any tyranny in order to compass his political ends. But that the Chief Justice of North Carolina should fall so low-that he should so stultify himself, not only in the eyes of the people of the State, but of the whole country, that he should "bend the supple hinges of the knee;" that he should lend his influence and his high and exalted position to aid a partisan Governor to carry out his flagitious scheme, is too heinous for palliation and too monstrous to extennate ! Such conduct should find no apologistsmuch less defenders. To say that such conduct is unworthy of the high position of a Chief Justice-that it is shameful, unprecedented and disreputable, is not enough-IT IS CRIMINAL!

The simple question for the Logislature to decide is: Can these things be proved? Is it a fact that Judge Pearson has been guilty of the crimes charged? Was

Again : Is it true that Judge Pearson attempting to discharge his official duties? And while in this condition did he make bimeelf the butt of ridicule and an object of contempt, and by his offensive and discourteous language cause honored Are these things so? They are openly charged in the public prints and generally believed. Let the whole matter un-If the charges cannot be established, let Tarboro Southerner.

the five miles, dark and tedious though but suddenly slops, amazed. and which was sweet to the invalid be- how is-" cause he brought it. One night the sky looked from her little window facing the bles-"so, you have got home." went on their way to the city, and said, as she saw the twilight deepening earlier

No; he would not surely come that The wind blew fiercely, and sent we are late by a month, full." night. the branches of the old apple tree rattling out her little light, went to her rest.

She knew not how long she had slept, when a voice awakened her. The sweet is\_" voice, so dear to her, was crying, "Mother, Mother !" At first she thought it a dream: a sound against the latch greeted her. so happy ! covered with mire, literally from head to its warmth ; his heart seemed dead. foot. His face was wet; but the honest, "Henry, she left a message for you." bappy smile was no ways abated.

"My boy, how could you come on such the sleeve of his frock. a night?" exclaimed the widow.

"Why, mother, storm could not keep the white lips could hardly speak. me away from you." was his hearty response. "I have had the greatest time; hough, you ever did see-lost my way, got into the creek, and it must be mid. to guide his footsteps there." " night; but I meant to come, for Sgave me a trifle over to-night, and I knew you needed it."

"My dear boy!" sprung from the mother's full heart, with a tear or two that trickled down her pale checks.

for you.

"Know you? why, how tall you are!

again. How is mother ?" "Your-mother," he says in a slow,

before they are told in words.

his hands.

streaming along, along down to the foot eating of fruits and nuts by young chil- to man."

she said musingly. "After this, I will window of heaven? Yes, mother, I will they are not "good wholesome victual;" world. Downing, another favorite, but put a light in the window. To be sure think you are still waiting for me. I could but that is always owing to one of two not so prized as Ruskin, says of them it will not show far; but when you get not see you in these long years; but I reasons-either the stomach is too far "There is a quiet pastoral beauty, a spato the top of the hill, it will be pleasant knew the light was burning. I cannot see removed by disease from its natural con- ciousness and dignity, and a simple feelto see it, and know that I am watching you now. but I know that the light is dition to digest what every natural in- ing of nature about them which no highly

burning.'

of the hill, till it grew brighter and dren. According to the immortal but English parks are the most perfect "I wonder I have not thought before," brighter, as I drew near. A light in the constitutionally unhealthy Mrs. Poyser, specimens of landscape gardening in the

stinct of the child calls for; or, as stated decorated, scythe-mown. pleasure grounds For three years the lamp was placed Slowly and reverently, he went to the before, it has first been gorged with Mrs. or garden scenery can approach. The Republican) is proving to be a very un-English park (kept smooth and polished ple often remarked it; and "as bright as and wept upon her lowly grave. But And how the natural Eden instincts of by the grazing of sheep,) is, in fact, the certain quantity in certain political prob- topher Columbus Delano, on becoming Mother Locke's little-window," became a not there he thought of her. A children makes them revel in the open poetical idea of Arcadia, a sort of ideal - sweet vision was vouchsafed him. All air and in God's blessed sun-light. How nature-softened, refined and ennobled, At the end of that time, young Henry robed in heavenly garments he saw the the most fretful, sickly, miserable little without being made to look artificial." was offered a good chance on board a beautiful soul he had called mother, and sufferer becomes soothed and eased and A little Eden, in short, kept mown and negroes enfranchised by it. But facts do and touching compliment to the Presiwhaling vessel, and he resolved to accept streaming from the brightness of her pacified by being carried into the open enriched by the same means employed voted in West Virginia at the recent elecit. It cost him, none knew what a strug- glorious home, a slender beam seemed to air. Their delicate organizations recoil by Abel, the keeping of sheep. Did our tion for the first time-not less than 6,000 gle, to part with the being he loved with come, trembling to his very feet. Then from the confined atmosphere, laden with readers ever consider why our Saviour, of them; and yet, for the very first time an almost worshipful affection. But he he knew that the light was in the win- carbonic acid, which fills every human Christ, selected the sheep-a lamb-as too, West Virginia goes Democratic in habitation ;- the more close and "com- an emblem of himself? It surrounds us spite of disfranchisement, the XVth fortable" the dwelling is, the more impure with pastoral, Eden-like beauty, by keephimself and for her; and a sailor's life where he had left her. Nothing was the atmosphere. No patented ventilators ing the grass short, smooth and verdant, Amendment and everything else. It can give us air equal to that of our Eden and by enriching the soil until every tree looks as though Radicalism was being course he was challenged and his vote heritage-the grass-carpeted, tree-shaded, and shrub becomes beautiful in its luxu. repulliated everywhere. flower-perfumed. sky-domed 'out-of-door.' riance of limb' and leaf and fruit and In the popular "prejudices," as we mis. flower. It furnishes us garments for our Aliegro was tried in Tunica county. bodies (as Christ's righteousness clothes Missesippi, for hog stealing, and acquitted. tion, we again find the sweet echoes of our souls) more beautiful and healthful He was immediately put on the jury to try Eden. Why cannot progressionists and than any other fabrics. as is shown by and sequit one of the negro jurors charged pleasant voice. O Henry, Henry, if I sen to a me and work of righteousdess. philanthropists succeed in persuading us the loops of Front hat cottage he went out into the philanthropists succeed in persuading us the loops of Front hat cottage he went out into the philanthropists succeed in persuading us the loops of Front hat cottage he went out into the philanthropists succeed in persuading us the loops of Front he loops of could but light you over the stormy world, carrying his gift as a sacred memo- that a life of toil is the most honorable the looms of France. Only the jury in this case, let it be observed. But the bench will follow in rial, but seeing always, wherever his work and ennobling to man-that the sunburnt Abel, the first righteous man after the led him, his waiting mother. AND THE brow, the bread, hard and horny hand, fall, sought and found a remedy for the time. Do we all note sufficiently the signs of and stooped shoulders of the laborer sin-discovered nakedness of the body, as are marks of distinction. Our Eden in- Christ seeks and finds a remedy for the times, and are we not content with the stincts will not acknowledge it; we pre- nakedness of the soul. (Our English Bifer and honor, and look up to the wealthy ble tells us that God clothed the first pair man of leisure, who walks calmly upon with skins. Might it not more properly his smoothly shaven lawn, and looks se- be rendered from skins ;- i. e. with the renely upon his ancestral oaks, and listens | wool from the skin of the sheep ?) Abel at his ease to the song of birds, and hum sought and found a remedy in sheep for widows of Malcolm Claiborne, deceased, of bees, and all the sweet sounds of Na- the "curse upon the ground for man's colored member of the Legislature from ture. In Eden, and in the Golden Age, sake" sterility, thorns and thistles, or weeds, Burke county. drawing pay from the painted by the classic poets, each person -for all these were removed by the keep- Treasury by Bullock's knowledge and led this kind of a life. We believe that ing of sheep. So Christ's grace removes approval. the Golden Age of Hesiod is a true the sterility from our souls, the thorns picture of the life led by the righteous and thistles and weeds of sin from our A crusty old bachelor says that wo- descendants of Seth, before the Flood. hearts, and enables us to bring forth much nounces himself a candidate for Tax Re-In that beautiful book, recently written, fruit in God's service. Sheep cleanse, ceiver, "having" as he says in his card, steps ? Will that feeble flame still burn who wishes to engrave his name on them Cox's Aryan Mythology, all the myths purify, fertilize and beautify the earth ;- "no other means of support for myself and

Tuscaloosa Monitor.

GOV. BULLOCK'S GRAND JAIL DELIVERY. -Only 19 burglars were pardoned out of the Georgia Penitentiary on the 12th Nov. and distinguished members of the bar to day, the 24th of November ! Gov. Bullock gust ? glove" upon such occasions; and the people of Georgia may well reflect upon the dergo a thorough, impartial investigation. ests in thus turning loose upon their difsome few about 3 years, and the greater high crimes and misdemeanors-let the number for an average of about 2 years head of this high functionary be officially

The late murders at Donaldsonville, Louisiana, are beginning to be understood and the concoctors of the bloody work cannot long remain unknown. The New Orleans Times says "that for months previous to the election, the negroes in the neighborhood of Donaldsonville were lectured by Radical demagogues and pretended military organizers, and assured that the Democrats had for all time past been their task-masters and oppressors, and were still, in secret, forging chains for their enslavement, and schemes to deprive them of their most cherished rights. They were warned to combine for their protection; to arm themselves against the threatened danger, and, as an assured measure of success, to make themselves masters of the political situation. These teachings ripened into results on the day of the election. The negroes arose to enforce a Radical attempt to carry the ballot-boxes York, who has not yet attained her fifacross the river .-- Phil. Age.

of Georgia addresses the negroes of who is only twenty, of the responsibility Augusta as follows:

with your ballots and if any of you are graceless young scamp grew tired of her, hurt, I will hold Augusta responsible. and suggested a divorce. He is now un-We have enough kerosene ready to burn der arrest, and she is slowly recovering every bridge over the river, and we will from the effects of the poison.

shall be aided in doing so by the Augusta

This is Grant's policy in the Southern States, and it is he who ought to be punished rather than the darkies, who are stirred up to commit crimes by his agents .-- Kentucky Yeoman.

The negro vote (says the St. Louis

"BUNNING WITH THE HOUND AND PLAY-

ING WITH. THE, HARE."-Gov. Rufus B. Ballock and others going to Andersonville last Spring to do honor to the graves of the Federal soldiers by decorating with flowers, garlands and immortelles, delivering orations &c,-and the same Rufus B. Bullock and the same "others" marching (exofficio, of course) in a procession, purposely formed and purposely intended as a mournful participation in the last sad obsequies of Robert E. Lee, and to listen to a eulogy from the lips of a rebel officer, in honor and praise of that great hero! It is not often we see extremes meet-but in this instance we think they have been made to lap.

"Under which King, bezonian? speak or die."-Milledgeville (Ga.) Recorder.

A young wife, at Glen's Falls, New teenth year, attempted to commit suicide, a few days ago, by swallowing an ounce One of the carpet-bag State Senators of arsenic, in order to relieve her husband, of maintaining her. They had not been "You must go up to the ballot-box married quite three months, when the

> Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton admits going with Theodore Tilton to see Marie Seebach in the Taming of the Shrew, and adds "She played Kate so admirably looked so happy and beautiful in her wifely subjection, that I went home in despair of my sex."-Boston Post.

shell Augusta from the hill, and hope we Arsenal."

in the little window every night. Peo- hill-side graveyard, and there he kneit Poyser's "good wholesome victual." favorite saying.

knew the time had come when he must dow of heaven.

go forth into the world to do battle for was his coveted calling.

waters !"

The long voyage was ended-but another voyage was to end before that .--The widow Locke was taken ill. Yet with unfailing regularity, with feeble step and tremulous hand, nightly, the dear woman trimmed the little lamp and placed it in the window. Still, when the bended form could no longer totter about the cottage, when she lay helpless upon the bed and the neighbors came in to care for her, she would say, "Put the little lamp in the window; my Henry will be thinking of it."

Night after night, and even until her eyes grew dim, she would watch the radiance of the flickering light, only saying when my life's light is gone out ?" "I have longed to see him," she said ; cessful.

Once more he knelt in the little room moved, but oh ! how much was wanting ! "It seems to me, Henry," said the There, on the window sill stood the little mother, when with a tremulous lip she lamp -that brought the tears afresh. parted from him, "as if I must still put a But he took his mother's well-worn Bilight in the little window. I shall think ble, and, kneeling by her bed-side, as if takenly call them, of our whole populasometimes I hear the sound of your foot- she could hear him, he consecrated him-

LAMP IN THE WINDOW OF HEAVEN.

An editor, who was evidently insane, o had a strong and vivid imagination, recently got off the following :

When every thing was still; 1 dreamed that each subscriber Came up and paid his bill, Each wore a look of honesty, And smiles were round each eye, As they handed out the stamps, Saying "How is that for high!"

CAN THIS BE TEUE?-The Atlanta Constitution is informed that there are two

Washington Patriot.

Samuel Grub, of Atlanta, Ga., anmust use diamonds, or he will not be suc- of the ancients are represented as true, Christ cleanses, purifies and beautifies the family." It is evidently all a question the young girl said when she sent the old but true only as allegories and metaphors. soul. "THE LAMB" is the title by which of grub with him.

The first official act of the Hon. Chrisadopted for the purpose of increasing the Mr. John S. Delano (his son) chief clerk Republican strength by the votes of the of the department. A more beautiful Courier-Journal.

> It is said that while the voting was going on in Eufaula. Ala., a Newfoundland dog walked up to the managers with a Democratic ticket in his mouth. Of rejected. The writer of the story thinks he knew what he was about quite as well as a great many voters whose ballots were received at the same election.

> A Boston young woman, who is teaching colored youths at Atlanta, Georgia, has to board herself, because none of the in-Labitants can stand her more than a week, she has such an appetite. One man wants to know if all Boston women have an appetite like a cross-cut saw.

New York Exchange. The avocation is sufficient to give them an appetite for almost anything.

A disconsolate widower in Delaware. after much reflection, evolved the following epitaph for his wire's tombstone:

> "Thou hast gone before me, To thy last long sleep; Tears can not restore thee, Therefore I weep!"

"What is home without a mother " as

I had a dream the other night,