# The FRien OTTEMFRANGE. 

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY

Original Storn.
THE BROKEN PLEDGE; wHose was The sin ?


## $\mathfrak{S e l e c t e d} \mathfrak{S t o r n}$.

 hasband, laying aside che daintt
vitation cardas as he heoke. 'Y
wouldn't care seat

## you Be chidd care,

## chile care, carer wer wo Po

we ge
Place
goon
gint
tant
gnch




## 

$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
streaming from a ghastly wound in hio

shattered into a thonsand fragmen
spread terror and destruction. spread terror and destruction.
My lady friends, a word to you.
The degradation, shame and mise

But pretty Berenice, with her peach-


And Brace Dunbar, with his ward the far off summer eky, asking
hoaven to give him strength to begin the new life he intended to live And the strengtk must have been
vench-safed to him ; for in five years more he was one of the first men in
his native town ; and if ever any fem-
nive weakness or temptation assailed the strange prayer. Jack Fanney. He had a comfortable soon as the big gate opened, his
so ohildren, Mlily and Robe ran into
house, excluiming nd there they etayed untilit they wa rdered to bed. There was no olpp
ping of hands, no ruby lips turnedi $u$ up
 the frrst one who came in his way. neen backed until his neive cart was
pushed into a deep gater and broken. Jack sprang from his seat and began
to beat the horses most uumercifuly with his whip-aandie, while oathl-atiee
oath rolled from his tongue, calling on $A$ little boy had been rolling when he heard the pavement, but caught his hoop in his hand, and
stopped. Stopping ap to Jack, while
 Jaok turned in perlệct astonishment "Obl" continued the littlo fellow, you ask God too damn your soon? Oh ore God hears it
An impatient exclamation was
only reply, and tho
Iitlo boy
walked bout Jack's heant that he had sernees own the street, he saw that the littlo fallow walked slomly along, forgetting
orol his hoop, and then a strange mistiness crept over his eyes.
Aht the fow kind words of that lit. him feel his sintulness as ge had never repentance, and made him a changed Ah! little reader, a bright star will kingdom of heavan, for his words wore
beosed to the esang of the precious
soul the worst man in the village. the silver bells.
In Eastern poetry they tell of a wor
drous tree, on which grow
 golden apppeses fell, and thower of thing those
they chime
himed and tinkled forth theis airy ravisbmant. On the gospel trea
here giow molodions blossoms s sweet
 oly feelings, weaven taught joys mhere the wind bloweth where he
listeth, the sooth wind waking, when
the Holy spirit braathes upon thati
 dors all around, and the the gaid
weeteast mosic, where gentle
 o define thene joss are on that ac-
count but the emore delighttal. The sweet sense of forciveness ; the con-
cious exercise of all the derout affee

 ing sense of hee security or the well-
oraderad covenant t the gilaneess of
surety, righteounsoss, and the kind pirit of adoption", encouraging to say,
"Abbs, Father," all the delightfal feel "Abba, Father," all the delightful feel-
ing which the spirit of Goo increases
or creates, and which are summed up in that comprehnnsive word $\rightarrow$ "Joy in
he Holy Ghost."

