## Oxame Countn ©bserver



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| ats |
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streamed down his cheeks as he leaned
there; those holy tears which come un-
bidden to wash tho heart or the dust that has gathered on its beauty.
Sudenty he started. $\Delta$ low, sweet
train fitted by on the evening breeze strain fitted by on the evening breeze,
and to his highly-wrought feelinge it seemed at first like the angel voice of
her he mounned. But he soon rallied
himeolf and liftening eloentv. Nivorned
that it came from a locust grove in a distant corner of the yard, nand he felt
intuitively that it was the night hymn intuitively that it was the night hymn
of the Lily sang over the grave of her
buried loves. He forbore to disturb the solemnity
of the spot y seeking the ecquaintance he desired, and so he tarned from the
stile, and passing on, threw himself on
a bank of violets beside the
was sooneam, and
wast iost in delicious revery. was soon lost in delicious revery,
"A beantiful spring night, sir," said A A beautiful spring night, sir," said
moice soon, and starting, up the
roung man found himbelf face to face
vith the aged pastor, on whose arm with the aged pastor,
leaned the fair young mourner.
"You are a stranger, sir, I take it
hiere. I noticed you in church, and here. I noticed you in church, and
shonld have spoken to you there, but I
iad no chance. We are plain, simple reople here, but mean to do our duty,
and if while you tatry I can be of ser-
vice, yon may command me," und if while you tarry can
vice, you may command me."
It was a contteous greetin It was a conrteous greeting, not sc
much in words as in the fatherly man-
nier of the grav-haired wer of the gray-haired man, and Reuben
.ffered his hand warmly and expresed fifered his hand warmly and expressed
his thanks for the kindness, and as L
walked back to the village with them. walked back to the village with them
charmed them with his high-toned thonghts, and the three were each re

gretful when the pastor's gate was | reached |
| :--- |
| "Let |

said he, as hee led the here Lily in, forrow, she
was his dove-like blessing, "or to-night Was his dove-ike blessing, or to-night,
even, if apart from home, a family altar should be longed for."
"I have longed for it since my mother "I have longed for it since my mother
died," said the young man with a touch
ing pathos. ing pathos.
"Come
w
few forms with us then, sir. We trust our hearts ar
for right;" and he ushered Reuben into the
little study and for a little study, and for a while they sat
ihere in the calm moonlight, not con ihere in the calm moonlight, not con
versing with each other, but uttering a
they chanced, the holy thongtits which they chanced, the holy thoughits yhic
begged for an expression.

he had selected a chapter, and the
passedit to the young man, saying:
"My eyes grow dim; let me borrow
 those glorions passages from St. John,
eommencing: "Let not your heart be
troubled." When he had closed, the pastor turned to Lily for the hymn. It
quivered on her lips, but the sacree
 the lofty words as he sung it throug
Then the aged man bent his knee an prayed. And. while he took in th
whole world in his petition, he ye pleaded earnestly and individually for the
gentle girl he had to gente girl he saai laken to wis heart
and for the stranger who worhipe
with them, and, subdued as his himan feelings were, the young man was
conscions of a sudden thrill of joy whe prayer with the beanteons Lily. Only snatches of sleepp came to him
that night; most of it was spent in
revery. And when he went ont on the revery. And when he went ont on the
ensuing morning, life wore a change look to him. It had put on a majest
that awed him, and yet that roused hin
to sublimer views. The divinity withi himt was aroused, not partially, but
thoroughly, and he resolved to heed
well its intuitive suggestions. He songht out the aged pastor and reveale
to him his previouns ife, its longings, i aspirations, its unquietness, and his
resolve, to sek him out a bride
shonld give beanty and bliss to life. shonld give beauty and bliss to life.
"When I saw Lily yesterday," he, "the poet's charming story, cam
vividly to mind, and I resolved to wo her as did the lord of the tale, in paint.
er's dress, aud bear her to a princely home when she expected but an humb
cottage. But better thoughts have bee
awakened io me, I would still wio he

"And his is not all, sir. I wonld learn
of you a pastor's anties. My life thus
far has been an aimless one. I need not
work, for $I$ have wealth at my command
 hing. My spirit has ever ch
letters I have thrown about it
mtangle it and antangle it, and let it have its will. And
at your feet, sir, I would study earnest. y, falthtully, and pray that your lips
may ask God's blessing on me as I some "here kneel before my chosen people."
"My son," said the old man, solemnly "yon have chosen well. Heaven hath and a stulent for me. These fifty years
I have ministered here. I knew mi strength was failing and my senses grow-
ing dim, but I could not bear to leave ing dim, but I could not bear to lear.
my people with one who served their
Master from other than the holiest mo tives, and so, tremulously I have per formed my duties for a year or more.
My son, you shall commence this day My son, you shall commence this day
your studies. You are well trained and learned, and your heart is right. It will
not take you long to fit yourself tospeak to theses simple, truthfrul Christians. 1
hhall be spared to stana bestre you first preach to them, and then I shail be content to go. Come, let us begin.'
And from that day Reuben was an in mate of the parsonage, and that he pros.
pered fast was no wonder either, for pered fast was no wonder either, for he
had, as he said, an angel and a saint for and hanghty words in his aristocratic
home, when his proud relot home, when his proud relatives heard had turned student of divinity and Would settle in an obscure village, and
there was much wonder among his fash there was much wonder among inis fash-
ionable friends. But nothing could win
the young man from his holy vors win the young man from hill holy vows, an did he lean over his deak, that he might the sooner be prepared for the pastor: place, his only recfeation being his
walkypnd talks with the gentle Lily. Two years from the day he first en
tered the littlo ehurch as a stranger to all, he was solemnly set apart to hiz

with quivering lips he ordained him,
Ciristian minister; and the same low lute-jike voice that entranced him then


At sunset, the holy Sablath sunset or lefore the altar stood the youthfn e that bade him "love and cherish till death did them part,", the gentle bein
who unconsciously had woke his soul t the sublimer view of hfe-a vow tha
while it changed the "girlish thing" to pastore, the Lily of the Glen, as she w

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 he had ever met.

NOTES AND COMIEETTS. Fretich Jontice of the Pemoa, Adroser
and a butcher in the market ajjusting


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the
At 4 metsion or the origiual Aloli
tionists in New York, the story was told about an attempt to break up the mect ing at the Broadway Tabernacle fifty
years ago by Capt. Isak Rynders. The captain, who is now about 80 years old says the story told was not true, and
says:-" I got mad at Garrison because says:- I I got mad at Garrison because
he was an infidel, and he made some He also used some insnlting langang abont Pesident Taylor. $I$ would no
asten withont protest to listen withont protest to their blasppiem
ous lang guage. I did jump on the plat ous langinage. I did jump on the plat-
form and grab Garrison by the collar, no gang with me, and ne for any o
ized attack on the meeting there none, except what was doue by ma
alone."
A notable drensiard who recenti a record of his potations for half a cel tory, so that mankind have an or portmin.
ity of eatimating the amount of abun 1ty of estimating the amonnt of abuse
which a phenomenal organization is abie to eadure. His daily allowance of wine was four bottles, so that in fifty years b.
emptied a total of 73,000 bottles. He could never, eat until he had triken-
dram of absinthe, aud The he had three dram of absinthe, aud sas he had three
meals a day he must bave swallowed 54,750 drams of that poison during the
fifty years. But in addition to all this fifty years. But in addition to all this
he found it convenient to drink daily about twelve small glasses of hiqnor, or a aboul 219,000 ginaseses in the half century.
total of
His odest zequaintauces deciaro that Hhs onerer saw him perfectly soler. A
thiy nearer certainly for this ninetecath
fine century of grace:
a Chicago nacrinas, who has a pleas ant face and winning ways, has, accord
ing to the Clicago Herald, gnined 840,000 from his businces in the past tea
years. His eye falls on a country ma: visit to the city. The hackman engage
to how the atragger around town for a to show the etranger around town for a
doinar. Ere they reach a clothing itora new suit of clothes, and then the tw
mnst necessarily po to a shomakeris
get boots to match. And no the hack. get ioots to mateh. And no the hack
man trots his man around nuti the city grateful to the man who has taken s,
much mains with him. In the evening the hackman goes th
draws his commiss
The censers oo
population of Austria and Hungaty at $37,786,216$, of which number Hungaty at belong to Austria and
Hungary. Divided into nationalitien. the population of the two conntrica con.
eists, in rannd numbers, of 10,000 (000) Germans, $7,000,000$ Czechs and Morav-
iana, $6,200,000$ Мagyarr, $1,200,000$ SorvoCroata, $3,300,000$ Poies, $3,200,000$ Ruthenians, $2,500,000$ Poumanians, $1,200,(0 x)$
Slovenians, and 650,000 Italians.

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th
Roman, Greek, and Oriental Churehte.
$3,450,000$. Orbodox Greeks, $2,130,000$
Pren Protestants of the Helvetic coufocosics,
$1,450,000$ Protentants of the Auguburg 1,450,000 Protentants of the An g
confesaion, med 1, 10,000 Ircelive Hus Biax.-Over the door inmo beilding in vhich coolored family
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