

E. F. YOUNG, Manager.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

C. K. GRANTHAM, Local Editor.

VOLUME I.

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A SONG OF CHANGES.

I sang in the sun the whole day long, I sang in the sun a merry song, I would not believe in grief or wrong; I sang in the sun the whole day long.

—E. C. White, in Lippincott

THE LITTLE GOLD NUGGET.

A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.

It was given to Effie to take care of. It was not a great prize, for it weighed only seven ounces; but it represented the only result of a strong man's toil for many weeks, and, as nuggets go, it was considered by no means a bad "find."

John Archer decided that the nugget would be safer in his little daughter's keeping than in his own. There were thieves and lawless men in this new gold rush, as at all new gold rushes, and they would know of his prize.

It was ten o'clock, and darkness and quiet reigned in John Archer's hut. Over among the tents behind the wattle gums a few gamblers and heavy drinkers were still awake, and their voices, raised in anger or ribald merriment, might occasionally have been faintly heard from the hut.

For this she prayed very earnestly before she lay down to sleep, and she did sleep at all that night. She never quite knew, but she thinks that it was then that she first experienced that terrible, purgatorial condition which is neither wakefulness nor sleep, when the body and mind are weary enough to bring the profound sleep which they require, but which the brain is too overladen and too cruelly active to allow, when dreams seem realities and realities dreams.

It was all so real, so beautiful, that the child lay still, and during to breathe, lest the vision should melt away; and when in her dream came the voice of her father, with the words, "Speak, or I'll fire," her lips refused to open.

To remain still for a few minutes would have meant inevitably falling asleep. Effie felt this, and remembered the little gold nugget. If she slept, some thief might come and take it. And so she put on her hat, and, forsaking the seductive cool and shade of the hut, went out into the brightness and heat.

Archer's hut stood on the edge of the valley, over against the foot of the blue, heavily-timbered hills. About fifty yards distant from it, hidden among the trees, was a high moss-grown rock, at the base of which Effie had discovered the smallest and sweetest of natural springs.

She was still laughing at King Billy as she opened the old work-box to take another peep at the yellow treasure, and to make quite sure that the heat hadn't melted it away. And it was quite slowly that she laughed at the pretty eyes and mouth—quite slowly, because of the moments it took to realize and accept a misfortune so terrible—when she lifted the coarse socks and looked and saw no little gold nugget—saw nothing.

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REV. DR. HARRIS.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Plague of Infidelity."

"Let God be true, but every man a liar."—Romans 1:25. That is if God says one thing and the whole human race says the opposite, that would accept the Divine veracity. But there are many in our time who have dared arraign the might of God, and say, "Infidelity is not only a plague, but it is the mother of plagues."

It seems from what we hear on all sides that the Christian religion is a huge, solid, and an absolutely large enough to throw all nations into rolling gutters; that Adam and Eve never ate of the forbidden fruit; that there never was a miracle; that the Bible is the friend of cruelty, of murder, of polygamy, of all forms of base crime; that the Christian religion is woman's tyrant.

It is a noble book, he was dropping into his pocket when Theodore Parker declared in Music Hall, Boston, "Never a boy or girl in all Christendom but was born by the great Creator of the world, coming very weak minded; that it is something to bring a blush to the cheek of a superior intellect, when those who are of African independence, declared, 'The Bible is the best book in all the world;'"

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I'll read you a pamphlet against James Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anesthetic, and against Dr. Agnew and Hamilton and Hosack and Mott and Harvey and Abernethy. But says the man, "I must have some anesthetic." "No," says the doctor, "I will not give you any." "But we have got something a great deal better." "What is that?" "Fun."

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of the Bible, and see which pictures are the more honored. Here is Eve, a perfect woman; as perfect a woman as could be made by God. Here is Deborah, a woman with her womanly arm hurling a host into battle. Here is Miriam, leading the Israelites back on her bosom and her country. Here is Abigail, kneeling at the foot of the mountain until the four hundred wrathful men, at the sight of her beauty and prowess, turned back and departed.

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suppose you count them on your ten fingers. "Oh," you say, "not quite so much as that." Well, then, count them on the fingers of one hand. "Oh," you say, "not quite so much as that." Suppose, then, you count them on one finger the name of any institution founded by infidelity, supported entirely by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet touting to make the world better. Not one!

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