

# THE

VOL. III. NO. 18

THE  
**Charlotte Messenger**  
PUBLISHED  
Every Saturday,  
AT

**CHARLOTTE, N. C.**  
In the Interests of the Colored People of the County.

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the county, and it will contain the latest and best news of the day.

The Messenger is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights of the colored people in the Piedmont section of the State. It is published for the proprietors at the office of the Messenger, No. 100 North Third Street, Charlotte, N. C.

It is reported that P. H. Winston is now running for Congress as a Democrat out in Idaho. *O tempora, O mores!*

Rev. E. H. Collett the new pastor at the Graham street M. E. church arrived last week and occupied his pulpit last Sunday.

Zion church gave a festival and fair at Carson's Hall on Thursday and Friday nights to aid in raising the general funds of the church.

We are glad to learn of the promotion of Mr. A. B. Lind from a \$900 to a \$1200 position in the Treasury Department at Washington.

Miss Ella Cantey is suffering severely with a wounded foot. She stepped on a nail a week ago that pierced the foot, making a serious wound.

The long prayed for rain came last Tuesday. We had a slight shower in the morning, and in the afternoon we had enough to make all happy.

Mr. W. J. Tucker of Raleigh, was in the city this week posting bills for the colored fair week after next. He reports the outlook very encouraging.

Another of the best of our graded school teachers has resigned. Miss Victoria Richardson has left us to accept a position in the Asheville normal school.

The rain prevented a full meeting of the Oriole last Tuesday night. The members are all requested to meet at Bishop Lomax' next Tuesday night to elect officers.

The Central N. C. Conference of the A. M. E. Zion church has been postponed till the first Wednesday in December. It meets at Lincolnton, and Bishop Hood will preside.

An extra term of the Superior court has been ordered for this county to convene on the 22nd of November. It will continue two weeks and try civil cases only. Judge Montgomery will preside.

Mr. and Mrs. Albery Sutton have the sympathy of their many friends in the loss of their child. It was about nine weeks old and died last Wednesday morning. Mrs. Sutton is still very ill.

Montgomery and McTea is the name of a new firm just opened in the grocery business in Concord. G. V. Montgomery and Robt. McTea are well known citizens of Cabarrus and ought to succeed.

The dust is now laid, the weather pleasant, cotton coming in nicely, money circulating, all our people looking forward to the fair, and all are happy except the independent, and he "cares for nobody."

W. E. Mayo is the Knight of Labor candidate for Congress from this District. He is in good standing in the order, and some one will be made to suffer after this election for slandering the character of a brother knight.

Among persons going to the colored fair in Raleigh, we mention Mrs. Della Evans, Misses Mary Barner, Anna F. Hayes, and Eliza Houser, Dr. J. T. Williams, Messrs. J. M. Goode, L. P. Perry, J. H. Ratley, J. F. White, and Frank E. Henry.

We regret our inability to attend the marriage of Miss Bettie Archibald to Mr. G. V. Montgomery, on last Wednesday night at Mrs. Eliza Montgomery's. They have our best wishes for health, happiness, prosperity and long lives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith gave a very pleasant social on Thursday night, complimentary to Miss Richardson. We all regret to see Miss Torrance leave us, and hope she will find her new field both pleasant and profitable. The good people of Asheville are to be congratulated on the addition to their town.

A Deal is the ring leading incident. He is too narrow minded to for if he was not a "good democrat," not fit for a Legislator.

That all the candidates are democrats, in this county except, and Salmord, let honest colored men, their manhood and vote for the best man if they vote for any one. Candidates are no good.

A Deal is the man who goes to his to gather up personal accounts to wish against men. It was he that wished Brown with the amount we Jones. Will the readers of this paper vote for such a man?

Mr. George Sutton returned home from Charleston last Sunday. He gives the same horrible account of the great wreck there by the earthquake. He thinks it will take months and months of work by many hands to repair the city. A number of masons and plasterers are there from this city, all doing splendidly, making from \$3.50 to \$5.00 per day.

The Yelpling henchmen in this county say that if you refuse to vote at all it is a vote for the Democratic ticket. Is it true? Dr Mott tells us to refuse to vote the Republican State ticket; will that be a vote for the Democratic State ticket? Will the great mogul advise true Republicans to vote the Democratic regular ticket? Ah, gentlemen, we are free men. Let us be independent once and vote as we please.

Colored men, go to the polls next Tuesday morning and vote for men of principles. If there are none there to represent your principles, then leave with a clear conscience that you did not vote for men you are ashamed of. Vote the Republican State ticket. Vote for T. K. Salmord for Sheriff. Vote for Eli C. Hinson for the Senate. Vote for Cato Thomas for Constable. The balance are "all good Democrats," and you have no business voting for them. No one will ask you to vote the Independent ticket except hired strikers or candidates. The time is now on us when we should exercise our manhood.

Our former typo, Mr. W. C. Smith, of the Charlotte, N. C. Messenger, having taken Bishop S. T. Jones to task for certain remarks capable of a construction disparaging to education, is bearing himself nobly in a double contest against the bishop and the Star of Zion. Stand up, brother Smith! don't let them give you any better than you send.—Washington Advocate.

Thanks, Bro. Cromwell. It is not only a double fight with the "ablest back bishop" and the "only man in Zion fit to edit the Star," but we have a number of little "yelpers" in this city trying to follow the examples set by men of God—personal abuse. Dancy dodges behind the church and school which we do not care to injure.

**What Does It Mean?**  
The Messenger may think it strange that the leading Zionites are disposed to watch his actions, but when it remembers what part its Editor played with regard to Zion Wesley College, &c., it will think they have good reasons to watch. We desist from further mention.—Star of Zion.

Mr. Dancy has promised by letter to explain the above in this week's issue of the Star. If he does, all well, if he does not satisfactorily, we will demand satisfaction. Such innuendoes are not very good, and we hope brother Dancy will not indulge in such again.

**A Card.**  
A little personal difficulty between L. D. Wilson and myself has been magnified into a slanderous rumor, by some designing and wicked persons, who were only actuated by enmity and hatred. There is no foundation for such a report, but what was constructed by the wicked hearts and tongues of these designing slanderers. The people who pay attention to the said report waste valuable time and breath for nothing, and those who do not, thereby show their wisdom. L. D. Wilson will testify to the correctness of this statement.  
Z. HAUGHTON, JR.

**Off For Liberia.**  
There was a great scene at the Central depot last Tuesday evening. Two coaches were loaded with colored men, women and children. There were about one hundred aboard on their way to Liberia. They were from around Curetons Store, Lancaster county S. C. and they expected to be joined by fifty others at Norfolk and go to New York and from there sail to-day, twelve, for Cape Palmas, Liberia. Their leader is Mr. R. A. Massey, an intelligent young man who seemed interested in the comfort and welfare of his passengers. Many citizens were at the depot to see them off, and it was sad to think of the perilous voyage before them. We noticed in the pander old gray haired sages, strong young men and women, and children of all sizes. We can only hope they will be happier and more prosperous there than here. The Messenger went along with them and we expect to hear from them soon after their arrival.

**They Seem Hurt.**  
Some things that appeared in this paper last week seem to have hurt several parties pretty severely. Well, when men go upon the rostrum as speakers or put themselves up as candidates before the people, they may expect adverse criticisms and some hard blows now and then. When a fellow undertakes to defend himself, he must be careful of the language he uses against his antagonist. If a fellow can't take hard words he must not give them, or he may have to take harder things than words. All sorts of lying, abuse and ostracism has been expended on the Messenger. We know how to take and we know how to give in a manner that makes the animals move around like vermin with hot embers poured on them.

We have no apology to make to any of the candidates or henchmen, but we ask the pardon of our readers for allowing certain names to appear in our paper last week. The offense was against the reader and not the parties whose names are of no special service to this paper or this community.

**MARRIAGE.**  
Mr. Editor:—Please allow me space in your paper, to say that the Rev. A. E. Torrence a graduate of Lincoln University, was married to Miss Sarah L. Smith, Oct. 20th '88. The marriage took place promptly at 9 o'clock p. m. in the Second Presbyterian church of Davidson College. The church was crowded to its overflow with colored and whites. A. F. Graham officiated in the marriage ceremony. About the middle of the ceremony the Rev. D. S. Baker of Davidson College offered up a brief prayer, invoking the blessing of God to rest upon them, and make them sensible of the religious obligations and vows which they were about to make. After which the ceremony was completed. Then a fervent prayer was offered up by the Rev. J. A. Rainey, which left a long impression. Then part of the crowd left for their homes, and part remained to participate in the banquet. The table was loaded with dainties too numerous to mention. All that participated in the banquet could return to their homes feeling as if they had been to the King's table. After supper was over many valuable presents were given to the parties by their friends. On the next morning the Rev. A. E. Torrence, and wife left on the 10 o'clock train for their field of labor in the South. We hope the blessing of God will follow them, and help them in their field of labor.

**A. F. GRAHAM**  
Rev. Edward Eagles died yesterday morning at ten o'clock, after a protracted illness.  
Mr. Geo. Johnson was married last Thursday to Miss Maggie C. Cloyd, at Sandifer.

**SELECT SIFTINGS.**  
In old calendars the saints' days were marked with red letters. Any lucky day is now called a "red letter day."  
A European economist reckons that there are on the face of the globe 4,500,000 head of cattle and 105,000,000 sheep.  
At the conclusion of the play, or of the epilogue, it was formerly customary for the actors to kneel down on the stage and pray for the sovereign, nobility, clergy, and sometimes for the commons.  
An artisan well at Lemoore, Dak., sunk for railroad uses, is attracting attention on account of its medical qualities. It is said that its continual use will put an end to a desire for alcoholic drinks.  
Three hundred natives of the West Indies of both sexes were sent to Spain as slaves during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. This was an act of retaliation for the murder of Spaniards in the New World.  
The one place in the country where the most railroad trains pass is said to be the Union Depot, Elizabeth, N. J. A man was put on for the purpose last week, and counted up 3,355 as the total, and in one day of twenty-four hours, 900. It is a crossing at the street level, too.  
A London paper says: "Eighteen hundred and eighty-six began on a Friday, will end on a Friday, and contains fifty-three Fridays. Four months in the year have five Fridays. Five changes of the moon occur on a Friday, and both the longest and shortest days in the twelve months are on Fridays. This might, indeed, be termed a Friday year."  
In England high treason was once punished by dragging a the horse's tail, through the streets from the prison to the place of execution; or by plucking out and burning the entrails, while the prisoner was yet alive; or by hanging by the neck, so as not to destroy life; also by beheading, quartering, and the exposure of the fragments of the body in such places as the king should direct.

It has been found by Dr. Tait that the ear in women can perceive higher notes—that is, sounds with a greater number of vibrations per second—than the ear of men. The highest limit of human hearing is somewhere between forty one and forty two thousand vibrations per second. Few persons have equal sensitivities to acute sounds in both ears, the right ear usually hearing a higher note than the left. The lowest constant sounds have about sixteen vibrations per second.  
A poodle was buried under a grain sack in San Joaquin County, California, for to r weeks. It had existed during that time without food or water. By careful nursing the dog has been placed in a hearty condition.

## SHOT BY HIS OWN TROOPS.

### A VIVID ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Fired Upon by Mistake While Returning from the Front at Chancellorsville—His Last Moments.

Captain James Power Smith describes Stonewall Jackson's last battle in the *Century*. From his article we quote the following: "When Jackson had reached the point where his line now crossed the turnpike, scarcely a mile west of Chancellorsville, and not half a mile from a line of Federal troops, he had found his front line unfit for the farther and vicious advance he desired, by reason of the irregular character of the fighting, now right, now left, and because of the dense thickets, through which it was impossible to preserve alignment. Division commanders found it more and more difficult as the twilight deepened to hold their broken brigades in hand. Regretting the necessity of relieving the troops in front, General Jackson had ordered A. P. Hill's division, his third and reserve line, to be placed in front. While this change was being effected, impatient and anxious, the general rode forward on the turnpike, followed by two or three of his staff and a number of couriers and signal-sergeants. He passed the swampy depression and began the ascent of the hill toward Chancellorsville, when he came upon a line of the Federal infantry lying on their arms. Fired at by one or two muskets (two musket balls from the enemy whistled over my head as I came to the front), he turned and came back toward his line, upon the side of the road to his left. As he rode near to the Confederate troops just placed in position, and ignorant that he was in the front, the left company began firing to the front, and two of his party fell from their saddles dead—Captain Boswell, of the Engineers, and Sergeant Canliffe, of the Signal Corps. Spurring his horse across the road to his right, he was met by a second volley from the right company of Fender's North Carolina Brigade. Under this volley, when not two rods from the troops, the general received three balls at the same instant. One penetrated the palm of his right hand and was cut out that night from the back of his hand. A second passed around the wrist of the left arm and out through the left hand. But a third ball passed through the left arm half-way from shoulder to elbow. The large bone of the upper arm was splintered to the elbow-joint, and the wound led freely. His horse turned quickly from the fire, through the thick bushes, which swept the cap from the general's head, and scratched his forehead, leaving drops of blood to stain his face. As he lost his hold upon the bridle rein, he reeled from the saddle, and was caught by the arms of Captain Milbourne of the Signal Corps. Laid upon the ground, there came at once to his succor General A. P. Hill and members of his staff. The writer reached his side a minute after, to find General Hill holding the head and shoulders of the wounded chief. Cutting open the coat sleeve from wrist to shoulder, I found the wound in the upper arm, and with my hankerchief I bound the arm above the wound to stem the flow of blood. Couriers were sent for Dr. Hunter McGuire, the surgeon of the corps and the general's trusted friend, and for an ambulance. Being outside of our lines, it was urgent that he should be moved at once. With difficulty litter-bearers were brought from the line near by, the general placed upon the litter, and carefully raised to the shoulder. I myself bearing one corner. A moment after, artillery from the Federal side was opened upon us; great broadsides thundered over the woods; hissing shells searched the dark thickets through, and shrapnel swept the road along which we moved. Two or three steps farther, and the litter-bearer at my side was struck and fell, but, as the litter turned, Major Watkins Leigh, of Hill's staff, happily caught it. But the fright of the men was so great that we were obliged to lay the litter and its burden down upon the road. As the litter-bearer ran to the cover of the trees, I threw myself by the general's side, and held him firmly to the ground as he attempted to rise. Over us swept the rapid fire of shot and shell—grape-shot striking fire upon the flinty rock of the road all around us, and sweeping from their feet horses and men of the artillery just moved to front. Soon the firing veered to the other side of the road, and, I sprang to my feet, assisted the general to rise, passed my arm around him, and with the wounded man's weight thrown heavily upon me, we forsook the road. Entering the wood, he sank to the ground from exhaustion; but the litter was soon brought, and again rallying a few men, we essayed to carry him farther, when a second bearer fell at my side. This time, with none to assist the litter carrier, and the general fell to the ground, with a groan of deep pain. Greatly alarmed, I sprang to his head, and, lifting his head as a stray beam of moonlight came through clouds and leaves, he opened his eyes and weakly said: "Never mind me, Captain, never mind me." Raising him again to his feet, he was accosted by Brigadier-General Pender: "Oh, General, I hope you are not seriously wounded. I will have to retire my troops to re-form them, they are so much broken by this fire." But Jackson, rallying his strength, with firm voice said: "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir," and so uttered his last command on the field."

**Both Waiting.**  
There's a flush in her satin cheek to-night,  
And her heart is palpitating,  
And her eyes are filled with love's sweet light;  
For her heart the maid is waiting.  
Ah! would that a friend the youth would wait—  
The visit he'll dearly rue—  
For he'll go with a club behind the barn  
Is awaiting his coming, too.  
—Boston Courier.

There is a wise dog in Morden, Manitoba. He slipped his collar the other day, and when his master called refused to come, evidently y'f' ailing punishment, but in the night he returned, manage to get the collar over his head, and in the morning was found chained to his kennel, wagging his tail in conscious virtue.

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

Venetian beads in great variety are coming in favor.  
Black silk stockings are very stylish with red checks.  
In Paris most of the bonnets are worn without strings.  
Colored bows to match the stockings are worn on slippers.  
Flower and insect designs in jewelry are as popular as ever.  
The moonstone grows in favor for brooches and hairpins.  
Velvet for mantles has bead tassels arranged in various designs.  
Short plumes tipped with pearls are revived for millinery purposes.  
In fancy work there are two ways of using color—in harmonies and by contrasts.

A new industry in Gotham is the stealing of cats, their skins being sold for fur.  
The hair stripe is seen in all sorts of fabrics, plain or rich, and is the leading fashion.  
Cashmere and camel's hair overdresses are worn with skirts of watered or brocade silk.  
Russian crash in fine qualities is used in making bed spreads. It is a good background.  
Bay rum is now said to be the cure for freckles; a little borax is added to the bay rum.  
All strictly fashionable bracelets are either in narrow flexible bands or loops of slender wire.  
Beaded capes are worn by young girls. They reach nearly to the waist and are of fine net work.  
At Fargo, in Dakota, good wives be- wall because housemaids are not to be had at \$1 per day.  
Aunt Susie Grubbs, an old lady of eighty-five, took the prize for dancing at a recent picnic in Indiana.  
Hair ornaments are combinations of ribbon loops thickly massed and surmounted by herons' aigrettes.  
Fur will be much used for trimming both house and walking costumes, light, soft fur taking the precedence.  
Rich black faille Francaise, plain or covered with beads or satin pendants, will be much used for mantles.  
Mrs. Lucy Wood, of Barre, Vt., will be 101 years old if she lives until January. She is now in the best of health.  
A Michigan man has invented a hair-pin which cannot become loose or fall out, and is confident of making a fortune with it.  
Mrs. Sunderland, of Washington, because of the brilliancy of the precious stones she wears, bears the title of the Diamond Queen.  
Umbrellas with a glass look-out in front are new and of Parisian make. They come in black and brown, and have elaborate sticks.  
Rough-looking, camel's hair materials, either plain or in pekin stripes of two shades of color, are among the favorite tissues of this autumn.  
New mantles are very short in the back, but have longer fronts, and striped, beaded and gold shot studs are preferred for these first fall wraps.  
Striped and brocade velvet will be much employed this season for dressy toilets. It will be combined with silk, plain faille and corded silk.  
Philadelphia has eight woman physicians who have each an annual practice of over \$5,000, and a dozen or more woman dentists who make large sums.  
Goods with clearly defined blocks, bars and plaids in various colors promise to be popular among ladies who can afford to have one or two striking costumes.  
Soft woollen stuffs are frequently made up with full bodies, the pleats or gathers crossing over the bosoms and joined to the skirt draperies in a looped sash or plastron drapery.  
The residence of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, in process of erection at Great Barrington, Mass., will have a state dining-room, forty by sixty feet, two stories in height, with a roof of glass.  
The midnight sun is not a wearing attraction. Mrs. Scidmore, of Washington, who has been at Beven, Norway, writes that she has seen it, and would give \$1 for a dark night and an honest sleep.  
Buttons are in great variety. Those of metal either have etchings and raised designs or are of filigree work. The old-fashioned way of covering button molds with the material of the dress is again revived.  
Spirits of salts, with powdered salts of lemon, in proportion to half ounce of the latter to one of the former, will take out ink spots after they have dried. When the spots are removed wash in cold water.  
It is a great mistake to clean brass articles with acid, as they very soon become dull after such treatment. Sweet oil and putty powder, followed by soap and water, is one of the best mediums for brightening brass and copper.  
For washing embroidery in crevels or silks, pour a galon of boiling water on one pound of bran. Let it stand for twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; strain and use. A decoction of soap bark is also excellent for the same purpose. Simmer a handful of soap bark in a quart of water until the bark is perfectly soft; strain the decoction, dilute with water, and wash the articles in it.

**A Persian Judge's "Joke."**  
A soldier had been stealing a melon of a peasant. The peasant ran complaining to the Fil, telling him the soldier had refused to pay for the melon—five shahs—three and a half cents. The Fil ordered the soldier to be brought before him. "Now I'll test this matter," he said to the peasant. "If this man has melon in his stomach you'll get your five shahs. If not, go your head." The soldier was cut open, the melon found, the peasant got his five shahs and went on his way rejoicing. Turning to the remains of the soldier he said: "I throw this thing out." This rince is very fond of practical jokes, and this is the kind he likes to play.—*Wa Farou Saibbrand*

Mrs. Mry, the wife of Owen May, of Dahlonega, Ga., lost her life, a few days ago, from the sting of a hornet on the end of her nose. Her face, head and neck were dreadfully inflamed, and the lady died in excruciating pain.

## RELIGIOUS READING.

**God Knows Best.**  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife  
And for each mystery find a ready key.  
But not to-day. Then be content, and heart!  
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white  
unfold,  
We must not tear the tender leaves apart;  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed may rest;  
When we shall clearly know and understand  
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."  
—Garry Him to His Mother.—2 Kings

The father of old led forth his young son at morning amid the reapers; but when the noontide came, and Syria's sun beat fiercely down up the young child's head, he drooped and was sick; and the father said, "carry him to his mother." How true a picture of every day's experience is this! The father, with joy and pride, leads forward the young, healthful, exultant being and glories in his beauty and strength; but when the buoyant footsteps falter and the cheek grows pale, he surrenders him to other and tenderer guardianship—he is carried to his mother. And how constant is this instinct in the heart of childhood. Its young companions, its pleasures, any novelty will allure it from its mother's side while health lasts, but the first touch of illness throws it unhesitatingly into its mother's arms, as if there, alone, were comfort and peace. Her presence and attention are all that the childish spirit needs.

Among all that blooms and fades in life's pathway, the mother's love stands alone in undying beauty and freshness. The world grows cold and forgets her cherished one, a calumny is busy with its fair name, disappointment folds its sad-attired robe around it, but the mother is true to her trust, loving the more, the more her love is needed. It seems infinite in strength and tenderness.

And what is the mother's recompense for such a flood of affection, poured unreservedly upon her child's head? Not unmitigated joy by any means. Such love is too full of fears, too suspicious of the world's tenderness. Could she always keep her treasure by her side and stand between it and unkindness and scorn, this would be all her prayer, but not such is God's will. He prepares the furnace of affliction, and takes the child's hand from the mother's and leads it through the fiery trial. His purpose veiled. His decision inscrutable.

He requires of her to believe that His love surpasses hers, even while he holds the chastening rod, and that in due time she shall reap if she faint not. When her child suffers, how hard the lesson of resignation; and when it dies young, how difficult to say, in the remembrance of all her sufferings, toils and sacrifices, "Thy will be done." She almost feels that she has earned the right of that young spirit's safety and continuance with her, and her anguish seek to swallow up the remembrance of her joy.

"Carry him to his mother!" Aye, that is a sweet recompense to her. She can sooth when no other is able; her presence can bring the only gleam of joy that visits the sufferer. If slumber came at all, it will visit the weary one pillowed upon her breast, and her cool hand upon the burning brow is like benediction from the God of mercy.

The poor exile sinks beneath disease where foreign skies bend over him, and stranger faces greet him. Wealth lured him from the covert at home, from his mother's counsels and prayers, from his father's guidance, and he went forth manfully to win a position among his fellow men. Disease tracked his footsteps and death lurked for his prey; and while contending for life, a voice within that will not be silenced, calls for the friend that shielded his childhood and prayed and wept for him as no other friend might do. "Carry him to his mother!" but it is too late; he must await her in heaven.

Let not, then, that love be slighted which is so precious, so enduring, so unlike all other love in its absolute usefulness. As year by year departs, the once elastic step becomes slow and heavy, the once bright eye dim; but the heart never withers, never forgets. It carries to the tomb the same spirit of self-sacrifice that watched unwearily by the cradle of the tender infant; it bears into eternity the same yearning fondness that blessed youth and manhood.

Let the young seek to strengthen that love by every endearment, by every virtue. The Saviour's example is left us. He obeyed his mother, and in the agonies of a cruel death commended her to the one He much loved; and they alone are blessed who followed Him in this as in all other of His righteous ways.

**Love For Something.**  
Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? O man immortal live for something! Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of Heaven.

The sunlight falls upon a clod, and the clod drinks it in, is itself warmed by it, but lies as black as ever, and sends out no light. But the sun touches a diamond, and the diamond almost chills itself as it sends out in radiance on every side the light that has fallen on it. So God helps one man bear his pain, and nobody but that one man is a whit richer. God comes to another sufferer—reverent, unselfish, humble—and the lame leap, and the dumb speak, and the wretched are comforted all around by the radiated comfort of that happy soul.