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ORIGINAL.

A BACHELOR'S STORY.

A Day on Cherry Mountain Twenty Years Ago.

[Written expressly for the Vindicator.]

I wish you could have seen our little group. It reminded me of that old painting by Rembrandt Peale I bought at Genoa—"Cour De Leon on his death-bed." Paul's well-formed, manly proportions and handsome features, and his pale forehead with a mass of untaught curls clustering around it were not unlike the old "lion-hearted" knight, and the lovely girl clinging to my arm, trembling with mingled emotions of fear and modesty, would have rivaled the beauty of any warr or's "ladye fayre."

I shook the wan sleeper and called him loudly by name. He started up, and leaned upon one elbow, wildly glaring at us without a sign of recognition. All my efforts to sooth and recall his truant faculties seemed unavailing. The supernatural brilliancy of the maniac flashed from his eyes, and he began to grow so restless I motioned for Lillian to leave the room. She moved towards the door and her eyes were full of tears, but suddenly brushing them away and making a strong effort to subdue her agitation, she returned to the bed-side.

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Howard, Lillie Lancaster, whose life you saved at Cherry Mountain?"

The sweet silvery tones of her voice had many a time thrilled Paul's heart before, and they had not lost their power yet. He shuddered as if an electric shock had poured through every nerve. And then the wild phrenzy fled from his eyes, and a look of bewilderment succeeded. His expression betrayed the working of his mind. It was a painful struggle between his intellect and the disordered state of his physical organization for the mastery. His mind was trying to pick up the last links in the chain of circumstances that had caused his illness, but his eyes were fixed on the beautiful woman who had just spoken to him, and I was prepared to hear him reply:

"Excuse me, Miss Lillian, what was it you said? I fear—I think there must be something wrong. I am a little confused."

It was a low, almost piteous tone, but the husky hoarseness of delirium was gone, and we knew that reason had at least resumed her throne. I grasped his hand in wild delight.

"Thank God, Paul, its all right now! all safe and sound, old fellow! There has been an accident, you know, and everybody got hurt—that's all—nothing serious, I assure you."

"Where is mother?"

"Sure enough, I will go and call her!"

But Lillian gave my arm a sly pinch, and ran away herself, looking as desperately good-humored as ever I saw a little woman under such circumstances. Then there came a glad cry from Mrs. Howard's bed-room, and I hastened through one door just as Paul's mother clasped her darling boy in her arms. You can imagine how happy I was when I tell you that when I went into the front parlor, and Lillie came to meet me, I took her curly head between my hands and kissed her rosy lips before she could forbid me, and she never made any fuss about it afterwards, like a good girl as she was.

Well now, little niece, is'nt that enough of this story?

"No! want to know how it all came out!"

Ah! I thought you would not be satisfied without a love-scene, and a wedding, and all that sort of a thing. It's the way with most women! they must have the "nice young man" and the "lovely Miss Lancaster" dragged up before a crowd; ladies in silks and satins; gentlemen in tights and cut-away coats, while the Parson in religious regimentals gives permission for "the happy couple" to go home and make themselves as sociable as they wish now and for the balance of their natural lives—Amen!

But I ain't a going to sit here telling you such a chapter of nonsense! My pipe's out, and I must smoke before tea.

Just imagine that Lillie went home, and Paul recovered and was handsomer than ever, and everybody said there never was such another good, kind, brave, generous, splendid-looking fellow as Paul Howard, and I teased him about hiding that little bunch of English violets Lillian had left on his window sill. Then there came a note post-marked, "Laurens," begging sister Maude to come and stay a few weeks while old Col. Lancaster went to New Orleans, and sis agreed to go. And one day about a month after that there came another note from the Colonel himself, inviting me to "run over and pass a week or two with us, plenty of sport, ducks on the river, deer if you like to foot it, fishing, &c., &c.; and please give my compliments to your friend, Mr. Howard, (to whom I feel indebted beyond any calculation) and say that we shall be gratified to have him come with you. (The ladies join me in this.)"

So, after a deal of argument *pro* and *con*, we both agreed to go, and never did two young fellows receive a warmer welcome. You should have seen Lillian's eyes sparkle when she met me, (she had seen Paul from the window) and I shan't undertake to tell you what grand times we had during the next fortnight. There were six of us, Lillie, Maude, and a lady from Charleston, Paul, the Colonel and myself; therefore you can imagine the sources of amusement we had.

But time flew very fast, and we had fixed a day for our return home, when one morning Paul came up into my room and swore me to secrecy for ——, "I want your advice."

"Say your say, *mon amie*, thy friend payeth sublime attention." The poor fellow turned almost pale, as he blurted out—

"I think you suspect that I have formed an attachment for Miss Lancaster!"

"That's so! by Joe! How did you guess it?"

"And"—

"Exactly!"

"And I wanted to ask your advice!"

"Precisely so; that's what you said before."

"But —. Now stop your nonsense. Do you believe she would accept a man so nearly destitute of property as myself?"

"How much are you worth? two cents?"

"I am not talking nonsense! If you desire to meet my friendly confidence with ridicule, let us not again refer to the subject."

"Come down off your stilts, Mr. Paul Howard! Haven't I told you you couldn't go through life on that vehicle? Now, then, let us understand the matter. I'm a lawyer you know. You love Miss Lancaster. (He blushed badly.) She loves you, or she is supposed to love you; or (if you insist upon it) she might without great detriment to life, and limb, and Cupid, and Venus, and"—

"Stop, if you please, you mistake me either wilfully or ignorantly."

"Just as *you* please, my friend, but here's my advice: mention the matter to the old gentleman. Whisper in his ear that you love his daughter better than old home, and if he looks severely at you just tell him you are prepared to embrace the first opportunity to embrace his daughter, if she will let you."

"I think you have been drinking to-day. Your remarks are disagreeable," and he left the room; but I noticed that he asked the Colonel to take a stroll with him that evening. As they walked off I called the ladies to the window.

"Look at that couple; one would think they were talking secrets from their manner."

And they went slowly down the lane past the old spring and along the river bank, but we could still see them, until suddenly Paul sprang towards the Colonel and grasped his hand.

And then there was a little jesture that told me all that I had suspected, and I burst into a loud peal of laughter. He had told the father of his love for his daughter, and asked permission to tell her so, and the Colonel said he was not prepared to give his decision on a question involving the future happiness of his only child; but, — – and then he paused —. "We will go home and Lillie shall decide." Of course I I did'nt hear all this conversation, but I heard of it afterwards.

So we stood at the window, watching them, until they returned. Lillian endeavored to appear unconscious and inquired what amused me so, but I only retaliated by asking her what she "supposed that foolish couple were shaking hands for?" And then the little woman boxed my ears and ran off up stairs.

When Paul and the Colonel came back, Paul was looking like a Prince, and the old gentleman twirled his golden-headed cane as if he owned all South Carolina.

"Call Miss Lancaster, Charles!" and they passed into the drawing-room.

It was now my turn to go out walking, and I went, and smoked up a half dozen cigars on the trip. Why? Ah! child; there was a strange—(puff) a strange sensation about your old uncle's heart in those days. Perhaps I may tell you more some day. Did they marry? Of course! Why should'nt they? for when I came home that evening Lillie came dancing down the long hall to meet me. "You dear good fellow, don't tease me!"

"It's all over then, is it?"

"In October."

Brain vs. Labor.

The following beautiful passage is by the Rev. J. F. Corning. It will be appreciated by all "brain-workers:"

"While I sit at my study-table with my pen in hand, the fingers moving with tardy pace at the beckon of brain, I hear right below my window, in the adjacent field, the monotonous ring of a laborer's hoe upon the corn hills. While he hoes, he whistles hour by hour till the clock strikes twelve, then with ravenous appetite repairs to his bountiful yet simple meal, to resume the task again and pursue it to the setting of the sun. As I stood at the window watching this toil, and turned again to my pen and paper, I asked myself how it happened that the man with the hoe will labor his eight or ten hours a-day with less fatigue than the man with his pen will toil his three or four. Hugh Miller was a great worker with the shovel and pick—would have made a good hand in a slated quarry, in grading a railroad, or digging a canal. But one night, as you know, he shot himself in a fit of nervous fever. What was the difference between the great geologist and the man with the hoe whistling under my window? Simply this, the former was a worker of brain, this man with the hoe lay dow his husbandry for a little while and set himself to studying one of the stalks of corn, or the chemistry of one of those hills of soil, and very likely he would soon learn what it is to lose one's appetite, and hear the clock strike nearly all the night hours in feverish wakefulness. And thus we get at a great organic law of our being to wit; that brain work subtracts vitally from the fountain, while muscle work only makes draughts upon one of the ramifying streams of life. It is estimated by scientific observers that a man will use up as much vital force in working his brains two hours as he will in working his muscles eight."—*Ex.*

Blackberry Wine.

MR. EDITOR: It may not be known to many of your subscribers that they possess in the blackberry, grown so unwillingly by them in their fields, the means at once, of making an excellent and a valuable medicine for home use. To make a wine equal to the Port, take ripe blackberries or dewberries and press them, let the juice stand thirty-six hours to ferment, skim off whatever rises to the top, then, to every gallon of the juice, add a quart of water and three pounds of sugar, (the brown sugar will do,) let this stand in open vessels for twenty-four hours, skim and strain it, then barrel it until March when it should be carefully racked off and bottled.

Blackberry cordial is made by adding one pound of white sugar to three pounds of ripe blackberries, allowing them to stand for twelve hours, then pressing out the juice, straining it, add one-third part of spirit, and put a teaspoonful of finely powdered allspice in every quart of the cordial, it is at once fit for use.

This wine and cordial are very valuable medicine in the treatment of weakness of the stomach and bowels, and especially valuable in the summer complaints of children. And this is the season for such disorders, and as the blackberry will soon be ripe, I have thought it well to make known these recipes. ECONOMIST.

Two English lords have married Boston heiresses.

The Gote.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

The gote is a hearty woollen sheep.

They have a split hoof and a whole tail.

They have a good appetite and a genuine digestion.

They swallo what they eat and will eat enny thing they kan bite.

Their moral kanacters are not polished.

They had rather steal a rotten turnip out of a garbage box than tew cum honestly bi a pak ov peas.

The male gote has tew horns on the ridge ov his head and a mustash on his bottum lip, and is the ping ugly of his naborhood.

A maskuline gote will ate anything from an elephant down to his shadder on a ded wall.

They strike from their but-end insted ov from the shoulder, and are as likely tew hit az a hammer iz a nailhed.

They ar a hi seasoned animal, as much so az a pound ov assifidity.

They are faithful critters, and will stick tew a friend az long az he lives in a shanty.

They kan klime ennything but a greast pole, and kno the way up a rock az natural az a woodbine.

They are az certain tew rise az young ones, sum familys are haff gotes and the other haff children. They ar good eating when they ar young, but they leave it oph az they git stronger.

They ar alwus poor in the boddy, but phatt in the stumick, what tha eat seems to all go to appetight. Yu mite az well agree to phatt an injun rubber over-shoe bi filling it with klam shells, az tew raise enny adipose membrane on the outside bust ov a gote.

A phatt gote would be a literary curiosity.

They use the same dialekt az the sheep, and the young ones speek the language more fluently than the parients do.

There iz only tew animals ov the earth that will eat tobakko—one iz a man and tuther is a gote, but the gote understands it most, for he swallers the spit, chaw and all.

The male gote when he iz pensiv, iz a vennerable and phillosophic-looking old cuss, and wouldn't make a bad professor of arithmetick in some of our colleges.

They ar handy at living a long time, reaching an advanced age without arriving at enny definite konklusion.

How long a gote lives without giving it up, there iz no man now old enuff to tell.

Methuzeler, if his memory was bad at forgetting, might give a good-sized guess, but unfortunately for science and this essa, Methuseler aint here.

Gotes will live in any klimate, and on enny yittles, except tanbark, and if they ever cum to a square death, it iz a profound sekret, in the hands of a few, to this day.

I wouldn't like to beleave enny man under oath who had ever seen a maskuline gote actually die, and stay so.

Speeking ov Methuzeler put me in mind ov the fackt, if a man should live now daze az mutch az he did, he would hav to hav an addishun built onto the back ov hiz head tew stow away things into.

The female gote iz either the mother, or sister, or cuzzin ov the male gote, ackording tew the prevailing circumstansis in the case, or else I labor under a delusion, I forget whitch.

They giv milk intuitively about a quart, before it iz watered, in twelve hours, which iz the subjeckt ov nurrishment, in various ways.

This milk, whitch is extraxted from the female gote, iz excellent tew finish up young ones on, but iz apt tew make them bellyclose and fightful.

It iz not unkomon for a babe, while inhaling this pugnashus fluid, to let oph his left collecksbun or diggit and ketch the nurse on the pinnakle ov the smeller, and tap it for claret.

This iz a kommon fackt among Irish babes, and explains the reason whi, in after life, these same babes makes such brilliant hits.

In riting the history ov the malo and female gote, tew adorn the pages ov futer times, I flatter miself that I hav struck tew the truth, and havn't allowed mi imaginashun to boss the job.

A grate menny ov our best bilt historians ar apt tew mistake opynuns for facts, this iz an eazy mistake tew make, but when I strike a goose, or bed bugg, or gote, you notis one thing, I stay with them.—*Finis.*

CAUTION TO STRAWBERRY EATERS.—David Landon, of Jackson county, Michigan, writes:

"One of your lady subscribers gave me the following to send you for publication: Two years ago I gathered some large berries from small vines of Wilson's Albany. On examining one of the largest, I found three worms coiled up inside. I continued the examination in fourteen berries. I found *twenty-four* worms, very full of legs—usually called 'thousand-legged' worms—and more than an inch in length. There was no apparent scar on the berries. It has been stated that persons have died from eating strawberries put in tin cans. May not worms in the berries have caused their death?"

The daily bill of fare of the elephant Empress, in Central Park, is twenty-five four pound loaves, three hundred pounds of oats and bran mash mixed, and one hundred and fifty pounds of hay. This she washes down with forty pails of water.

An Awkward Predicament

Out in Missouri lives a Mrs. Hempdule who has of had a daughter named Laura, who loved a man named Jack. This man Jack she didn't like, but she was informed by a neighbor that Jack and Laura had arranged a plan of elopement.

Her mind was quickly made up, announced to Laura the next morning that she was going to Bellville on a vsit, to be gone two or three days, and that she must be a good girl, and not tear the house down while she was gone.

That night Jack knew of it, and as he read the nice little note that bade him "come over and stay till mother comes home," he smiled, knocked the ashes off his cigar, and resolved on the course he would pursue.

Jack went over, but there is no earthly use in our attempting to describe the delectable things he enjoyed; it was a sugar season at that plantation, sure.

Just before dusk, while Jack was running over full of the occasion, in rushes Laura's waiting woman with,

"Lor bress me, chil'n ef yer ain't missis at the gate."

"My God! Dinah, what shall we do with Jack?"

"Pop him in de closet, Miss Laura," and Jack was popped in the closet in a twinkling.

In stalked the lady, who, sharply scrutinizing the disconcerted and blushing countenance of Laura, felt sure that Jack had been there.

"Come here, Laura. Now you can't deceive me. That abominable Plain has been here, and you and he have fixed upon a runaway match, to come off to-night; I know, you see."

Laura was silent, and the old lady continued:

"But you'll find that your mother is no fool, and too sharp for you, my lady. Sooner than you should marry that miserable Jack Plain, I'd see you laid in your grave. He is not going to squander my money, I assure you."

The old lady rose, and going to a clothes press returned with several comforters and a pillow.

Then walking up to the closet where Jack was concealed, threw them in, and said to Laura:

"Now march in here, miss; step along; I'll look out that you don't see that low-born mechanic this night."

Laura protested that she didn't want to, declaring that her mother might be sorry for it some day.

But, without paying any attention, her mother gave her a push, shut the door and locked it, put the key in her pocket and went to bed.

Early in the morning the old lady arose, and without waiting to dress took the key from her pocket, and opened the closet door to bid Laura come forth, gazed wildly for an instant, and uttered a most piercing scream.

Recovering very rapidly, she started away from the door and called faintly to Laura:

"Laura, dear, go into the kitchen and see about breakfast."

Then presently:

"Jack, I say, Jack."

Jack came forth with a son-in-law looking air, and answered:

"Well madame, what is it?"

"Do you know anything about a farm?" said she.

"Nothing to brag of, ma'am," said jack, humbly.

"Well, at any rate, Jack, I think that after breakfast you and Laura may as well go down to the city and get married, for I am tired of watching you, that's a fact."

Blackberries.

The people of many portions of North Carolina, says the "*Old North State*, do not seem to comprehend the great value of this crop which, grows spontaneously in such great quantities in almost all parts of the State. This year, we learn, the crop is most abundant, and will be of greater value than in previous years owing to the failure, in a greater or less degree, of the other fruit crops. The price of dried blackberries will certainly be very good this year, and if proper industry and energy is displayed in gathering and drying them they will bring into the State an amount of money which we almost hesitate to estimate lest we be regarded as a visionary. For several years past the little county of Forsythe has gathered and dried from $50,000 to $100,000 worth of this fruit, and there is not a county west of Raleigh, and perhaps not east, that cannot do as well. Suppose that sixty counties in the State gather and dry each $50,000, and this is a very low estimate, and the neat little sum of $3,000,000 will be realized to the people of the State from this source alone. And if all this is done the amount can probably be increased to $5,000,000. Just think of it! five millions of dollars wild in the old fields of the State which her people have but to reach forth their hands and gather.

NAIL IN THE FOOT.—To relieve from the terrible effect of running a nail in the foot of a horse, take peach leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, confine with a bandage. They cure as if by magic. Renew the application twice a day, if necessary, but one application usually does the work. I have cured both man and horse in a few hours, when they were apparently on the point of having the lock-jaw. This recipe, remembered and practiced, will save many valuable lives.—*Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

Death of Maj. John Gibson.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

Died suddenly, at his residence, in Callaway county Mo., Monday, May 24th, 1869, maj. JOHN GIBSON, in the 93d year of his age.

The subject of this notice had resided on the farm on which he died for the last half century preceding his death, and died much regretted by his neighbors and acquaintances. He possessed a strong elastic constitution, a kind and generous disposition, and continued active both in body and mind, up to the very day of his death.

Maj. Gibson emigrated from North Carolina in the year 1809, to what was at that time the Territory of Louisiana, and located near to Femme Osage, within the present limits of St. Charles county, where he resided on his little farm until the commencement of the war of 1812, when he joined the Northwestern Army and continued in active service during the entire war. Much of his time was occupied in secret service, as spy, a very hazardous employment, and in view of his intimate knowledge of the Indian character, together with his quick discriminating mind, was always much relied on by his commanding officers. He was with Gen. Howard (in Col. Alexander McNair's regiment), in his memorable campaign to Peria Lake, and marched in the expedition from Fort Mason, near the present village Saverton, Ralls county, August 12th, 1813, Gen Howard having reorganized his command at this fort. He participated in several battles with the indians, and amongst others was in the battle of Loutre (three miles below Lick Montgomery county), when Capt. James Callaway, whose honored name the country of Callaway perpetuates, was defeated and lost his life. Capt. Callaway, was his company and mounted rangers, was stationed at Fort Clempson, situated on the bank of the Missouri river opposite to the present town of Hermann, and commanded by Col. Dan'l Morgan Boon, son of the old pioneer. During the stillness of the night in the summer of 1814, the Kickapoo Indians made a descent on the horses around the fort and succeeded in capturing a considerable number. Col Boon immediately ordered Capt. Callaway with his company, and Maj. Gibson, to commence pursuit of the Indians next morning at daylight, and if possible to repossess the captured horses. The vegetation being very strong, they were unable to follow the Indian trail at a gallop. The pursuit continued for about forty miles, when suddenly they came up with the horses, all abandoned. On their return to the fort they were surprised and defeated by the same Indians they had been pursuing. The Indians being very familar with the country, had returned and intercepted them at a favorable point of concealment, and made a furious attack on them. The result was that Capt. Callaway, with several of his men, were left dead on the battle-field. Maj. Gibson's horse having been shot dead under him, he saved his life by snatching the reins of the horse of one of his fallen-comrades as the horse dashed by him, and jumping in the saddle, plunged into Loutre river and swam to the opposite shore, amidst a shower of bullets. He also took an active part in the battle of the "Sink Hole," 24th of May, 1814, in what is now Lincoln county, Capt. Darkford, of the United States Rangers, commanding. After the loss of several men on each side, the Indians retreated to a large sink-hole, and there made a desperate stand, and were only routed by the use of a breast work constructed on waggon wheels and pushed by the soldiers near to the sink-hole. The loss on the side of the Indians in killed and wounded was heavy. Here Maj. Gibson very narrowly escaped death by approaching a wounded Indian supposed to be dead, with his loaded gun by his side. The Major often said he never so narrowly escaped death at the hands of the enemy as in this instance, and only saved his life by almost superhuman effort. * * *

The New York *Tribune* says: "Our Government must be republican or despotic, and that a rule based on the proscription of a full third of the adult males—this third comprising two-thirds of the property, with a very large share of the natural ability, experience and intelligence, which are presumed to fit men for a responsible participation in politics—is questionably republican. It may do—nay, it must—in the immediate presence of a formidable rebellion; it cannot be maintained indefinitely after that rebellion has thrown down its arms. Our Southern Republicans are quite free in telling us what they must have, and how impossible it is they should live under rebel rule; we tell them, in turn, that it is impossible that we should perpetuate a rule over the South, in which the people of the South, or any considerable share of them, are denied a voice. If we should attempt to do it, we should simply sacrifice our ascendancy in the North, and they can judge where this would leave the Republicans of the South. We can do and dare much here for equal human rights. We are a shorn Sampson whenever we shall undertake to argue and insist that a part of the Southern people ought to be disfranchised and powerless evermore. We know that we can maintain no such position, and we are nowise inclined to attempt it."

Poisoned ice-cream cut short the pleasures of a Tennessee picnic party the other day.

Sut Lovegood at a "Candy Pullin."

I had a heep ab trouble last Krismas and Ile tell yu how it happened. Deken Joneses gals give a candy pullin, and I a stool as tha sa in North Karliny and so over I goese. Sister Poll and me went together, and when we got to old man Joneses the house was chuck full. Dog mi kats ef thar was room to turn around. Thar was Suze Karlitts—sheze as big as a skinned hoss—and six other Karliness and all the Scrogginess, and Williamses, and Simmonses, and Peddigrews and the school master and his gal, besides the old Deken and the Dekeneses and enuff little Dekenses to set up a half duzzen young folks in the famili bizness.

Well, bymy-by the pot begun to bile, and then the fun begun. We all got our plates ready and put flour on our hans to keep the candy from sticken and then we pitched into pullin. Wozzent it fun? I never saw sich laffin and cattin for Em. Simmons. Her and me expex to trot in double harnis one ov these daze. She made a candy goos for me. Wozzent it fun? Then we got to throwing candy balls into one another's hair and running from one side of the house to tuther and out in the kitchen, till everything on the place woz gaumed all over with candy. I run till I woz out uv breth and sot down to rest a spell. I sot on a pine bench and Em. Simmons sot close to me. Wozzent it fun? Suze Harkess, confound her pickter, throwed a candy ball sock in one of my ize. I made a bulge to run after her and heern sumthin rip. My stars a live wozzent I picked? I looked around and thar woz the gaubull eend uv my bran nu briches stickin to the pine bench. I backed up against the wall sorter crawfish like and grinned.

'Sut,' sez sister Poll, 'whot's the mattes?"

'Shet up' sez I.

'Sut,' sez sister Poll, 'cum awa from that wall. Yu'le git all over greezy.'

'Let her greeze,' sez I, and I sot down on a wash board that was lyin across a tub, feelin wuss than an old made at a weddin. Purty soon I felt somethin hurt and purty soon it hurt again. Ice—whiz! I jumpt 10 feet hi, kiekt over the tub, out flu oid Joneses Krismus turki and you ought to seed me git. I cut for tall timber, now, you jist bet. I jumped stake and rider fenses and smashed down bresh like a runawa herikane till I got home and went to bed and stade thar tudaze. Ef old Dekens Joneses barn burns down next winter and I'm arrested fur it an enny boddy pears as a witness against me Ile bust his doggaund head! Thems missentyments.

SUT LOVEGOOD.

N. B.—Wozzent it fun?

A Cloud Dispelled.

A faithful minister of Christ one day overtook an aged saint, who, in reply to a question regarding his welfare, said: "I know how it is, but I have been much disquieted of late. It is now nearly sixty years since the Lord Jesus found me in my sins and spoke peace to my soul; and I had then such unquestioning repose in his love, such assurance of hope, and such joy in believing, that it seemed heaven begun on earth. But now, such darkness has come over me, that I am sometimes tempted to doubt whether I ever knew him in truth, and to think that it was all a pleasing dream in which I deceived myself.

"And the reason of that is," replied the minister, "that sixty years ago, when the Lord found you, you knew that you were nothing but a hell-deserving sinner; you never thought of finding any good in yourself; but you looked away from sinful self to Christ, and you found all that you needed in him. You were satisfied with his finished work. His blood spoke peace to you. You saw him as made unto you God's wisdom, even righteousness and sanctification and redemption. You desired nothing more; there was nothing more you could desire. But now you are beginning to say with yourself, 'If I'm a child of God'—and there is darkness in that if. 'If I have been a subject of divine grace for sixty years, then surely there ought to be abundant fruit to his praise, and great spiritual attainments.' And you have turned away from Christ to seek satisfaction in your life or in your own heart, and all is darkness, for the earth does not become a luminous body, however long and clearly the sun may shine upon it. The Lord is dealing mercifully with you, and will not permit you to find rest in self. He will have you turn again to Christ as fully as ever—and will have you end where you began; rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh at the end as at the beginning, a sinner saved by grace."

A cloud was lifted from that venerable countenance as the old man stood for a few moments wrapt in thought, and then exclaimed: "Thank God! you have the mark. Christ is all—Christ is all to me."

May the same grass which caused the light to break through that cloud, bless this record of the incident to some other saint traveling in darkness, because turning away from the light.

Anthony Trollope's last novel, "He Knew he was Right," is just finished. It turns out at last that he owned he was wrong on his death-bed by kissing Mrs. Trevelyan's fingers.