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Original Poetry.

For the Advocate.

Lines to Pisgah.

Moses from off mount Nebo's top,
The promised land doth view,
His eyes, though growing dim with age,
Are sparkling now anew.

His head upraised, he looks beyond
The Jordan's seething foam,
And there in dazzling beauty sees,
Israel's long-sought home.

And now he bids adieu to earth,
With all its toilsome cares,
And ere God calls his spirit home,
He offers heart felt prayers.

He prays for those he leaves behind,
His friends, and kindred dear,
And God in answer to his prayers,
Comes down, his heart to cheer.

On Pisgah's dizzy height he meets,
His maker face to face.
And now his spirit takes its flight,
To seek a resting place.

While God in wisdom hides from man,
His body 'neath the sod,
And till this day, no one doth know
Where he is laid, but God.

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Asonville, N C. May 10th 1875.

Communicated.

For the Advocate.

The Year 1900.

Messrs. Editors: In a little over a year from this time the Great Centennial Anniversary of our national independence will have rolled around—and in order that the day and the event may be properly regarded, preparations are now going forward on a scale, that for expenditure, amplitude and magnificence, will probably eclipse everything of the kind that has hitherto been attempted in the world. Not only will this be true of our own nation; but the indications are that other nations will largely participate, and contribute to give interest, variety and magnitude to the occasion. It is a rather remarkable circumstance that the scheme, notwithstanding the project of a free people, and prompted by a desire to strengthen, enlarge and perpetuate republican principles—still commends itself to nations and people outside of us—many of whom might not be expected to sympathize with these feelings and purposes.

In the midst of the interest and substantial aid and co-operation that is being evoked almost everywhere to inaugurate and carry forward this grand enterprise—intended to be a befitting expression of a free people's appreciation, and an exponent of a free people's love for their government, and the principles upon which it is founded—one might well ask, "As a people or as a nation are we ready for it?" Do our people see and feel the full importance and bearing this centennial anniversary may have upon the nations around us?

These are grave questions, and if in their investigation it shall be found that we are not ready, that our nationality is marred by sectional divisions and internal strifes, or that our government rulers and officers in the administration of our laws are corrupt and impartial, or finally that our boasted freedom is abused and perverted until it exists only in name; if these things abound we will do well—nay, it is even now high time to inaugurate measures of reform.

All such abuses and wrongs would make a sad exhibit to the nations around us, and would not be calculated to call forth their admiration or respect for our government or its institutions, prominent among which, let it be remembered, is our Christianity.

However much our neighboring nations may distrust the policy of human freedom, the ability of men to govern themselves, as long as we profess to be a christian nation, relying more upon Divine direction than human wisdom, many of them are no doubt watching our progress with intense interest—and their ideas of our sincerity as well as in regard to the success of our policy, will for the future be largely measured and approved—or disapproved—according to the impressions we may make upon their respective delegations sent up ostensibly to participate in our approaching Centennial Celebration.

But then this is a day and an age of grand exhibitions, celebrations, &c.; even our own people, with wonderful unanimity and enthusiasm, are now hastening to celebrate an important historical fact of no less importance than the claim of the fore-fathers of our noble old State to the honor of being the *first* to break off the yoke of tyranny and enunciate to the world *that men of right ought to be free.*

The honor of being the first to resist and throw off the yoke of tyranny and oppression, to the maintainance of which they pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors," is a precious noble inheritance left us by our fore-fathers—and in view of the magnitude of the benefits it has secured to us, it is eminently appropriate for the people of the State, the heirs of so precious a legacy, to celebrate the day and the deeds that gave it to them.

As the wheels of time roll onward, and the nations and peoples of the earth give prominence to this and that day in their history—intended to signalize and perpetuate the events connected therewith—I have found my mind and contemplations running forward to the ushering in of the year 1900.

Judging from the present feelings of the nations of the earth as evinced by their desire to exhibit their industries—open up commerce and establish friendly intercommunications with one another,—may we not expect the ushering in of that event to be marked by grand events—more especially if in the next 25 years as great advances are made in the arts and sciences, improvements and inventions, education and morality, &c., as has been achieved in the past 25 years? It would not be wild speculation to anticipate that the ingress of the year 1900 will be heralded in and signalized by some grand projection—whose fame and influence will reach around the entire globe, and probably bring together representations from every nation and kindred of man.

The influence it might exert and that would probably grow out of such gathering together of the nations of the world, having in view one common purpose would give an interest and importance to the centennial of the year 1900 of which at this day and distance we cannot have scarcely a faint idea—the mind staggers under its mere contemplation. Many of us who feel that we are nearing the threshold of that auspicious event would like to be permitted to live to see it: to see and hear what our civilization, freedom and our holy christianity had accomplished for the world up to that date—might well beget in us a desire to be there. But oh, we will not be there—our "three score years and ten" will have been told off; a large proportion of the human race now living will be hid away in the earth—and though that memorable day may be ushered in with the booming of cannon and the shouts of the nations till they reverberate in answering echoes around the globe. These will not hear it. But there are those now living, thousands of them, who will be there to join in the mighty shout—and upon whose shoulders will then rest the wonderful and ever-increasing destinies of an advanced and still advancing world.

The point I desire to make in this communication is to impress upon the minds and hearts of those concerned the important fact that the heaviest portion and largest measure of the duties and responsibilities of Society, of Church and State will fall upon the shoulders of the young men who are now filling our colleges and high schools, and those who have recently passed from the halls of learning into the more active and practical duties of life. These are now in the full vigor of youth—prepared or preparing themselves for the graver, heavier, duties and responsibilities of manhood. Twenty-five years hence will not only usher in, amid the acclamations of a world, the year 1900, but will roll upon the shoulders, the minds and hearts of our educated young men, the full meaning of duty and destiny.

An age which is even now preeminently practical and progressive—a humanity whose interests are becoming more and more identical—the dissemination of a christianity which alone can save the world, challenge our educated young men not only to great zeal and activity, but to an untiring emulation to be prepared for that event. If they would keep pace with the age in which they live—a large proportion of whose destinies are committed to their hands, and leave the impress of their character and example upon its history—there must be no lagging behind or loitering on the way. The wants of their fellow men—the voice of duty as well as the voice of God bids them, "Go work to day in my vineyard." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might—for there is no work, nor device nor knowledge nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

O that our educated young men and women would lay these things to heart—that they were fully awake to the magnitude of the duties and responsibilities that must so soon claim their attention, and will demand preparation, courage and persevering effort, if they would rise up to the full measure of a manhood, commensurate with the wants and progress of the age in which they live whose culminating glory will be probably seen in the episode in its history to which we have so imperfectly cast a prospective glance.

WATCHMAN.

Cedar Grove, May 1875.

Time is money, and many people pay their debts with it.

For the Advocate.

Newberne District Conference.

The 9th session of the Newberne District Conference commenced in the Methodist Church in Mount Olive. in Wayne co., 14 miles south of Goldsboro, on the W. & W. R. R. at 9 o'clock a. m. 6th May. Rev. E. A. Yates, P. E. in the chair, J. P. Simpson was elected secretary, and Thos. D. Gay, assistant.

1st. With two exceptions every charge in the District was represented. The attendance of Lay Members was not very large, but in numbers sufficient to make the session agreeable and profitable to our people

2nd Nearly every charge was reported in a good spiritual condition. Some had been visited recently, with a gracious revival of religion. The attendance upon the ordinances and social meetings of the church, indicated a general improvement. A decided advance was observable in the piety and morality of our people in respect of worldly amusements, and the use of intoxicating beverages—few comparatively of our members indulge in either of them. This statement is carefully and cautiously made up from authoritative reports of the Pastors in the District.

3rd. The subject of Missions received a careful consideration by an intelligent committee, and was freely discussed in the Conference. The resolutions relating thereto, adopted unanimously, indicate an advance step in the spirit and policy of the preachers and laymen of the District. The two most important are subjoined

Resolved; That the best success in this great work of the church demands good talents imbued with the Missionary spirit; and that we request the Bishop and his Council, through our P. E., to send as far as possible, men the most competent and full of holy zeal in charge of our "Home Missions."

4th The Sunday School is in some places very prosperous, in others it languishes. A very lively interest was elicited in an extended discussion of that subject, and the following resolution was adopted: that we hold a District Sunday School Convention, that the P. E. appoint the time and place, and that the Pastoral charges be requested under the direction of their Pastors, to send a delegate from each Sunday School in the circuits, and two or more from the Sunday Schools in the stations.

5th. The financial exhibit shows the District is advancing in providing for its Pastors, and in contributions to the support of the Institutions and Enterprises of our church. This District for several years past has been paying more per member than most of the Districts in our Conference. The reported statistics however, in our late minutes do not give a correct statement of its finances. All the charges are self sustaining, save one. There is but one Mission in the District. An average of two thirds of the membership support (by pecuniary contributions) our church Institutions. This proportion considering the peculiar condition of this people, is large, and it is believed will compare favorably with other Districts in our church. Two of our charges had lifted collections for Missions, and *one charge* had collected all the assessments for Bishops, Missions, and widows and orphans.

6th. The agents for Trinity and Greensboro F. Colleges, were present, and labored earnestly in the interest of their respective enterprises. The Conference by a series of resolutions pledged itself to the support of both Institutions,

7th. Rev. J. B. Webb, a local preacher from Kinston station offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Believing that our local preachers, may to a great extent accomplish the object of Domestic Missions, and that the knowledge of the labors and success of one would encourage effort on the part of others; therefore resolved; that all our local preachers within this District be requested to report either in person, or by letter, to this Conference at its next annual session, the extent and success of their labors."

8th. The Raleigh Christian *Advocate* was presented and the Conference unanimously passed the following in relation to its support and success:—

Resolved, That this District Conference is as much as ever persuaded, that the Raleigh Christian *Advocate* is an efficient arm of service in the operation of our church in the bounds of the N. C. Conference; and that we will endeavor, so far as practicable, to extend its circulation among the people in the bounds of our several Pastoral charges.

9th. The Secretary was directed to prepare (from material supplied by Rev. N A. Hooker) an obituary of Rev. W. H. Cunninggim, deceased, and spread the same on the minutes of the Conference, and furnish a copy for publication in our Conference Organ. Rev W. H. Cunninggim, a local elder in the M. E. Church South, was born August 10th 1804, and died September 22nd 1874. He joined the Methodist Church in 1830, and soon afterward obtained the witness of his justification before God. He was licensed to preach in 1830, and by his studious habits and methodical life, became a sound theologian and a practical and useful preacher. His piety was not a fitful glare; but a steady and burning light. He was a great help in the Pastoral charge in which he lived—and was useful to his pastors, as counsellor and to the people as a preacher. He was liberal in his pecuniary support of Methodism. His business habits were very judicious and economical. His integrity was above and beyond suspicious. He reared a large and pious family, and having finished his work on earth died in great peace and hope.

10th. The "Life Sermon and Speeches" of Rev. Numa F. Reid, were highly reccommended to our people.

Resolutions of thanks were unanimously passed in favor of the people of Mount Olive—our brethren of the Baptist Church, and the W. & W. R. Road, after which the 9th session of the Newberne District Conference ended in great harmony and good feeling.

In summing up the proceedings of the Conference, the Secretary may be allowed to say that the conduct of the Conference under Rev. E. A. Yates, the P. E., was very acceptable and highly approved by both preachers and laymen. The spirit of the Conference too, was in full accord with the design and requirements of the work upon their hands. Differences of opinion on questions of policy produced no acerbity of temper, but served only to promote a good spirit of emulation. Our venerable and revered brethren, Daniel Culbreth, Joseph H. Wheeler, and R. P. Bibb were actively employed in making the sessions of Conference pleasant and profitable. The Conference requested them to furnish as far as they could some reminiscences of their lives for the history of Methodism in N. Carolina.

The ministration of the Word was eminently evangelical, instructive and edifying. In tone, temper and doctrine it was Methodistic, spiritual, forcible and impressive.

The generosity and hospitality of the good citizens of Mount Olive was a large contribution to the interest and success of our District Conference. The village is beautifully situated; the streets are spacious and well arranged; the buildings are in good taste, and some of them are elegant; the yards and gardens are pretty evidences of woman's refinement and delicate skill; the people are hospitable, sociable and wonderfully clever. They are enterprising, thrifty and prosperous. Our Presbyterian and Baptist brethren and friends all showed us kindness and brotherly love.—Long live the people of Mount Olive to bless and encourage the ministers and laymen of God's cause and His Church! They are a people of good cheer—a happy social band of warm hearts and open hands.

The next Conference is to be held at Kinston.

The following named brethren were elected Delegates to the next ensuing session of the N. C. Conference: A. B. Thompson, W. F. Kornegay, Willie Arendall, and Rufus W. Bell. Rev. J. B. Webb and Thos. D. Gay were elected Alternates.

JAS. P. SIMPSON,
Secretary.

For the Advocate.

Revivals—No. 2.

If Christianity is God's work, why is it that its diffusion is subject to so many fluctuations, sometimes advancing as a storm, at other times apparently languishing? This is a pertinent question, and one that must be met in the struggle between the friends and enemies of revivals

The promotion of Christianity in the earth is God's work and man's work. God uses man as the agent, and his word as the instrument by which the work is to be carried on.—Men are to be brought to God by the preaching of the gospel. This is God's appointed means for awakening men's minds. The success is in proportion to the energy with which the work is carried on, provided the workers are all in the spirit of their master. A zeal for extending party lines may be very energetic, but it is not in the spirit of true Christianity. Names may be enrolled, but sinners not converted. Conversions take place under a spiritual ministry. The minister, who, like Barnabas, is "a good man, and full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," will "add many to the Lord." The minister that lacks these qualities has a spiritual languishing under his ministry. Hence it is that while the church rejoices in one place, it mourns in another. The difference is in the spiritual power used in the energies put forth. A man full of the Holy Ghost will accomplish more in building up the church of God, with less apparent effort, than ten men whose might is merely in argument and eloquence, yet lacking in the spirit of the Master's work.

It seems strange to worldly minded men, that such great results should attend such simple means as those often used by a very spiritual minded minister. There is a hidden power in a spiritual ministry that becomes a puzzle—it cannot be explained by ordinary principles. For this reason such men become the subjects of envy and vindictive rage. In this way we account for those malicious attacks of the London *World* upon the present movement in England. The movement is called "a poor compliment to civilization," and the chief actors are denounced as dangerous humbugs," and many scurrilous epithets are applied. One high-churchman fulminated his holy thunder from his pulpit, declaring that, "revivals were the pest of the age"

These vindictive sentiments have found an echo in the brains of numerous editors on this side of the Atlantic. There is manifestly a restless desire to destroy the influence of religious awakenings. They do not allow the sleeping conscience, that sweet undisturbed repose that sin had promised its possessor, and formal Christians feel that the line of distinction is made too wide between the *form* and the *power* of Godliness.

Revivals have always been subject to such malice. It is the same spirit that crucified Christ; that stoned Stephen; that buffeted and martyred the apostles; that kindled the fires around the martyrs of the reformation; that threw stones at Wesley and Whitfield, and now spits venom upon all who earnestly endeavor to hasten the time of salvation to all men. A cowardly ministry will yield the field to strong influence in the opposition, but one who feels his master's presence, will face the foe, whether he be weak or strong, for if God blesses the work, worldly influence for or against is of but little effect.

The work then is in the hands of God's agents, and the slow or rapid progress it makes is according to the efficiency of the agency. From the general awakening, exhibiting signs of a greater and deeper work of grace all over Christendom, we conclude that the work will advance, and by constant and fervent prayers for its spreading influence we should look for but one result—a steady onward march of the revival spirit, until the millenium dawns, and the struggle between holiness and unholiness is closed by the final triumph of the redeemed.

E. L. P.

For the Advocate.

The Beautie's of Nature.

BY M. B. H. B.

There's beauty in the firm gray rock,
There's beauty in a flower;
And all along through life we see
New beauties every hour.

There's beauty in the violet,
The lillies blue and white;
The wood bines climbing o'er the door,
So green, so fresh, so bright.

The cedar in its dress of green,
The lilac's purple bloom,
The dew-kissed lips of roses red
Yield such a rich perfume.

The stately oak, the stern old pine,
The grand old forest tree;
Among whose branches now doth play
A gentle April breeze.

Each day that comes, new beauties bring,
To tell us of "His power."
Who can create and then unfold
New beauties every hour.

Who could such power and beauty place
Upon this sin-cursed sod,
But he whom we so much adore
And who is "Nature's God?"

A MAN became entangled in a fast revolving water-wheel in a mill at Georgetown, Ky., and was whirled around at the rate of eighty revolutions a minute. He was unconscious when rescued, but was not badly hurt. He said that his sensations while being carried in a circle at such a velocity were very peculiar. At first he was terribly frightened, expecting instant death, but his perception was perfectly clear. Then he grew dizzy, and it seemed to him that he was rising higher and higher in the air. Next he felt as though in a dream, with a dim sense of imagining that he was being transported to the moon at a terrible speed. That was the last he remembered. A calculation showed that he had been carried an aggregate distance of thirteen miles in about eight minutes.

In reply to a recent anti-Papal manifesto of Karl Blind, Garibaldi writes: "I believe there is not in all the world a country less Catholic than Italy. Government and the upper classes affect a Catholic devotion which they do not feel. As to the masses of the people, they neither do believe in Catholicism; and in the Popish churches one only sees bigoted old women."

For the Advocate.

The Co-operation of Parents in the Sunday-School.

What can the fathers and mothers do to help in the Sunday-school interest? Much every way.

In the first place, many of them have the qualification and time to be active workers in this department. Their experience, age, and weight of character would give dignity and power to the influence of the School. Too often our schools are left entirely to the management of the younger portion of the church.

Secondly, much can be done by the parents creating at home a Sunday-school influence. Speak favorably of the importance of the work—impress on the minds of the children its high value—induce them to study the lessons assigned them by the teachers—train them to punctual, obedience to the rules of the school, and never suffer them to stay at home when it is possible for them to be at school. Indifference on your part to these things will have a freezing influence on the school—will tend to break it down in spite of the efforts of the teachers.

Thirdly, let the influence at home *co-operate* with the efforts of the pastor and Sunday-school teachers in getting the children converted. There is much lost right here. Too many parents seemed to be afraid of Sunday-school revivals and the early conversion of their children. They say in acts and some times in words, that they don't want their children to profess religion while young. "Let them wait," they say until they become old enough to know what they are doing. This is foolish and dangerous. Suppose the son of a shepherd comes in and says: "Father, I have found a lamb out in the woods, shall I bring it in and put it in the fold?" "No," says the shepherd, "let it remain in the woods, and if the cold does not kill it, and the wolf does not devour it, and it proves itself able to take care of itself, then bring it in the fold and feed it." But how foolish and cruel. If the lamb can live in spite of the wintry snows, can escape the prowling wolf, and grow up without the shepherd's care there will be no necessity of bringing it in *then*. It is in the age of its tenderness, and for this reason needs most the shepherd's care.

The command—*Feed my lambs*—is based upon this fact. Children are buds—buds of immortality—and are easily blighted by the biting frost of neglect.

Nurserymen know when to graft their scions with trees—it is just that season when the bark slips easily and the sap flows to nourish the engrafted twig. They know too, that there is but one period in the year when this work can be effectually done. But parents are slow to learn, that the best time for engrafting their children into the great vine of Divine life, is while they are young and tender. Being engrafted at this age, they grow up more readily into Christ, blossom more beautifully in the fragrance of youthful piety, and bear fruit more richly in after life. The sapling bends easily to your hand, turning this or that way as you will. But when the summers of fifty years have turned its juices into hard wood, and built it up into pillared majesty and storm defying strength, what giant's arm can bend or break its sturdy trunk? That tree symbolizes the pliancy of childhood when young, and the unyielding stubborness of manhood when old. How easy it is to turn the bleating lamb when standing around the gate into the green pasture, but if this lamb is kept out side, and allowed to wander away over the hills and mountains, and remain there where it contracts habits of wildness, how exceeding difficult it is to get it back into the home pasture, and keep it there! So it is with children. When lambs, they can be easily turned into the green pasture of Gospel grace, but when grown up into sinful habits and worldly love, how hard is the work of conversion with them.

"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks run rivers, rivers run to seas."

Childhood is a silver fountain of immortal existence, that can be easily turned to flow into the "dead sea" of wickedness, or into the river of Gospel salvation, that flows to spread beauty and fruitfulness over the earth. But the work must be done when the crystal stream is manageable, or it will soon swell into the rushing torrent of youthful impetuosity, thence into the river channels of settled manhood, and then hurling down all opposition, it goes as a resistless flood carrying havoc and death before it.

Again, It is sometimes said—"Ah, what if our children should fall away after they make a profession, and disgrace the church.' But why not suppose that they would do well, if properly cared for? The majority of early conversions become the most fruitful christians. Look at the fruitfulness of David, Joseph, Josiah, Daniel and his three companions who maintained their purity amid the seductions of a heathen court, and many that might be mentioned. What fruitful trees of righteousness, they are, standing in the garden of the Lord! Along the sides of great rivers there lie alluvial lands, rich in all the elements of fertility. Far back in former ages, great floods swept the glens and hill-sides and carried in their muddy waters wealth to these bottoms On these flat lands, the farmers gather year after year bountiful crops. And so when parents lay line upon line, precept upon precept of holy instruction upon the minds of their children, and sow the seeds of eternal life into this rich soil, and bestow upon it careful cultivation, they will see ample harvests of righteousness growing there year after year until angel-reapers gather these golden sheaves into garners of the skies. Will parents then cooperate with the pastor and teachers in using all possible means to get their children converted and established in the faith? We ought to have all the children in the Sunday-school, and thence into the grace of the Gospel. It is the young recruits that make the best soldiers—the early apprentices the most skillful mechanics, and the best christians are those trained by such mothers as Lois and Eunice who trained Timothy "from a child" to know the Holy Scriptures.

H. T. HUDSON.

Sermons and Stupid People

The biographer of the late Dr. Bloomfield relates that on one occasion, while yet a curate, he preached in a Suffolk village church from the text, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God;" and having, as he supposed, made himself very intelligible, and wishing to ascertain the effect of his discourse, asked one of the intelligent hearers, as he left the church, what he thought of the sermon, receiving for answer, "Well, Mr. Bloomfield, arter all you have said, I do believe there be a God!" "One of the brightest of our New England pastors," says the Independent, "preached a carefully-written sermon the other day, in which he argued that the spiritual realm has its own facts and laws, and that they are just as clear and legible as the facts and laws of the material realm; and, therefore, that the attempt of modern scientists to rule out all the subject-matter of faith, is an impertinence. The sermon was undoubtedly understood by people of average intelligence; but the perverse stupidity of a class that has its representatives in all our congregations found expression in a comment of one hearer made to the pastor after the service, 'I was very much interested in your sermon, Brother X., but I can't help thinkin', after all, that mind *is* superior to matter.'" If there is no excuse for such perverse "hearers" of sermons, how much less for people who read printed discourses, about which, one would think, there could be no mistake, and understand the authors to mean the very opposite of what was said. If this be the state of mind of many of the hearers and readers of sermons, what wonder that preachers make so little impression! Thoroughly stupid people are certainly very trying to those teachers who have ever so little sense.

HELPING OTHERS.—It seems a strange thing, but it is nevertheless true, that sharing another's burden will lighten our own. If you begin doing little things for your neighbor, it will very soon be easy for you to perform great deeds in his behalf. No man is sufficient unto himself. Trust in Providence is nothing but higher belief in humanity. You may feel very much depressed some day, discouraged and well nigh despairing, when some kind friend happens in—God sent, and you are soothed, cheered and encouraged; the veil is lifted, and you are happy once more. Many are able to give substantial help to those who are in need; money, to tide over some financial trouble; food, to keep a family from starving; gifts that nourish the heart with assurances of love something that may be a trifle in itself, but helps make up the sum of human happiness. But perhaps you cannot do this; you have a large family and limited income, or are otherwise prevented from making the hand the almoner of the heart. Well then draw on the spiritual treasury. Give kind words to those who need them; comfort those who are bowed down; speak lovingly to little children, and encouragingly to those who faint for this support. Stand ready to help everybody.

The California *Advocate* says that at a lovefeast and sacramental service held at the Chinese Methodist Episcopal Mission in San Francisco, over fifty persons were present, and all seemed deeply interested.

ELEPHANTS live for two hundred, three hundred, and even four hundred years.

The Grave of "Highland Mary."

The Rev. Dr. Cuyler gives the following sketch of a jaunt in Scotland:

"One more hour brought us to the Tontine Hotel, at Greenock. This morning we sailed out through the rain to visit the one spot in Greenock which every man or woman who has a soul must visit—the tomb of Burn's Higland Mary. This poor dairy-maid—immortalized in the sweetest of all love songs—came from Montgomery Castle to Greenock, died here and was buried in the Presbyterian kirkyard, just out of Crawford street. We soon found the tomb, to which a well trodden foot-path leads. A graceful marble monument, twelve feet high, covers the gentle lassie's dust. It bears a sculptured medallion which represents Burns and the young lady clasping hands and plighting their troth, he holding a Bible in his hands. Beneath is this inscription:

ERECTED OVER THE GRAVE OF
HIGHLAND MARY
IN 1842.

O Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?

"These lines are from the impassioned verses, 'To Mary in Heaven,' and have been read through tears by many an eye. Wonderful is the charm of genius which could beat a pathway trodden by thousands of feet to the grave of an humble dairy-maid who lived nearly a hundred years ago."

BE EXACT.—I have seen very serious mischief done through some one's want of care in answering questions. But instead of mentioning serious cases we will take a small one. Suppose a father is going to take two, of his children out for a ramble. They are to start by a train at a certain minute, and they are going to botanize at a place where they will be glad to have brought some refreshments with them. The father is working till within a short time of the start. All in good time he tells Bob to ask Jessy to pack the sandwiches, the cake and the coffee in a certain satchel that they well know. 'Tell her at once," says he, and Bob does. Within a short time of the hour for starting the father says to Bob: "Has Jessy made up the satchel?" and giddy Bob answers: "Oh, yes." But at the last moment it is found that Jessy has not packed the satchel; the train is missed and the little holiday has to be put off. What Bob meant to say was that, he having told Jessy to pack the satchel, he took it for granted she had done so.

Now that is not only a little case; it is purely imaginary. Yet things of the kind happen every day, and some of them are very awkward.—*Good Words for the Young.*

A country paper gives the following advice to a correspondent: "We shall have to decline your article on the 'Decline of Aristocracy." We have left out several of our own articles this week, and yours is worse than any of them. Take our advice, and write a few short pieces; write plainly; write only on one side of the sheet; and then take your pieces and burn them in the kitchen-fire." That editor must be a real Diogenes, or else he must have had some sore temptation of a sort with which we are not unacquainted.

THE Nashville Advocate says:

We were amused in reading in an obituary notice, the words "he was a pillow to the Church." Of course "pillar' was meant; but in many instances with what propriety may it be said that one zealous member is a pillow to the Church—for all others seem to rest upon him. Then on the other hand, how often is it that the Church is a pillow on which many recline, instead of being a field in which to work. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" If we had fewer pillows and more pillars, the cause of God would be better sustained.

DON'T be above the work that is at your hand. Some people think that, in order to sustain their professional or official dignity, they must not stoop to certain kinds of work. Did Chalmers injure his dignity when he went with a few earnest Church members and held little meetings for religious conversation and prayer in some lowly and poverty-stricken homes of Edinburgh? We need never fear of stooping in the doing of the service of Christ, however humble it may be. We advise those whose backs are somewhat stiff from the effect of that kind of dignity, to read now the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel by St. John.

"O gracious, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat to Mrs. Quoggs, raising her hands and speaking in a very excited tone. "She was so ill when her new bonnet came home that she couldn't get up; but, dear sakes! Jane, that didn't matter nothing, for she just put her hat on, and lay with her head out of the window the whole afternoon."

Yesterday as an old citizen was nailing a "To Rent" card on a vacant house, a pedestrian halted and remarked that "howze" was not the right way to spell "house." "How long have you lived in Detroit?" asked the old citizen, scowling savagely. "Fifteen years," was the reply. "Well, I've lived here for thirty," continued the old man, "and I guess I know how to spell as well as you do."—*Detroit Free Press.*