

THE DEMOCRAT.

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Change.

The morn was fair and pleasant true,
A day of sun in summer land;
And love was fond, and love was new,
With all of bliss it could command;
Then, sweet, I promised unto you
My love should true and steadfast stand.
The noon sun shone with fervid heat
Upon the land, upon the sea;
And you were by my side, my sweet,
But seemed not quite the same to me,
For you had changed—and it is meet
To own a change had come to me.
The sun sinks in a sea of gold,
Across the prairie reaching wide;
The tale of change I would withhold,
But cannot from you, sweet, my bride;
You're dearer now a thousand fold
To me than in the morning tide.

THE NEW PREACHER.

BY THE REV. A. S. ISAACS.

Most people would say that it was no new preacher at all; he had the same eyes, nose, mouth, and hair, was of the same height, and offered the same hands. But others who can read between the lines, and are thankful for the gift, declare that it was a new preacher. He had gone through some experience. His soul had changed. He had been born again!

The preacher sat in his cozy study in the afternoon hours. It was his "den," where he was secure from all interruption, and furnished with the luxury of a Sybarite. Soft rugs upon the floor, handsome vases on the low bookcases that encircled the walls, rare etchings upon the easel, costly engravings on every side, a cabinet of coins in one corner, and a poem in marble in another—it was no wonder that he felt a thrill of self-satisfaction as he glanced in every direction. And his sense of comfort was heightened by the roll of proof-sheets on his desk—his latest work almost ready for publication. There was a long row of volumes since his occupancy of the pulpit, but this was to be his crowning effort, and to increase still further his fame.

There were the books, the creation of his genius, on a long shelf all by themselves. The critics spoke highly of them; the learned world acknowledged their merit. History, biography, criticism, were his special fields. But his mind was so versatile that he could produce novels as well, and his poems had also a rapid sale. As a popular lecturer he always commanded a large audience. His travels in the East and his discovery of the missing tractate of St. Theodosius had gained him the doctorate from three Old World universities.

Yes, he had been singularly successful, and that, too, without stooping to any mean tricks. He was above sycophancy and self-advertising. He had made his way by hard pushing, by resolute work, by sheer stamina, he was wont to say. Not two decades in the pulpit, he had long outstripped preachers of his class in the seminary, and left them and older graduates far behind. He was known as the eminent, the distinguished, and he enjoyed the luxury of fame as only men of his character can. He had never done a low action; he had never driven over an adversary, but his talent and genius made a track for themselves from the very start.

It must be confessed that the preacher who was never idle, but always a miracle of industry, had one solitary failing—perhaps there were others—he loved to dwell upon his success, and go over in memory each step in his advancement. That afternoon he was just in such a mood, and his pride was attaining fever-heat.

"James!" It was the voice of his wife as she drew aside the heavy curtain that shut off the "den" from the hall of the parsonage.

"Well!" came a querulous tone from the preacher, disturbed in his reverie.

"The boy is here whom you wished to see."

"What boy?" he asked, in an impatient tone.

"Don't you remember? The boy for whom you were to secure a situation. You cannot, surely, have forgotten it. There was a shade of pain in her voice.

"Oh, let him come to-morrow, Edith; I cannot be bothered now. I have my thoughts busy enough with other matters. Let him come—say, this day next week."

"But, James," with gentle remonstrance in her tone—"James, his mother is destitute; she must have money."

"I cannot help it. Why am I always troubled by that class of people? It would tax the patience of Job or the purse of Croesus. Let him come next week; do you hear?"

The preacher's wife heard; she sighed as she turned away, and bade the boy come the following week. Then seeing him to the door, she gave him a trifle for present needs.

The preacher resumed his reverie, but found it difficult to regain his self-satisfaction. His nature was keenly sensitive, and the slightest cause would often produce the intensest jar. And now what had snapped asunder his pleasant fancies? What had vexed him at the moment of his exhilaration?

It was his wife's sigh—low, tremu-

long, scarcely audible—which had penetrated his soul and rankled there, as if imbued with physical potency. It was the sigh of his wife, gentle, patient, uncomplaining, that had stirred him from his dreams. He rose from his chair. He paced up and down the room. He never sighed. Why should his wife sigh? And why should that sigh produce such inward ill? Had he said aught unkind? Was he not always gentle to her?

His wife's sigh! She was not looking so young. There were streaks of gray in her hair, and her cheeks were not so full and round. His wife's sigh! Was it not her wealth that gave him leisure and independence? Was it not her influence that had spread his fame? Did her sigh imply regret at her choice, or her bitter disappointment?

The preacher had a conscience, and it was making a sharp fight. Jacob's contest of old with the warring angel finds its parallel in many an inward struggle of the human soul. The preacher's few minutes of agony seemed as long as the hours to the patriarch, and he too prevailed, and his heart was changed, like the name of his prototype.

"What would I like to see him so much?" The tones of a fresh, strong voice fell upon his ear as the curtain was drawn aside and a young man entered.

"Ah, doctor, I could not resist the desire to see you. I have heard of you so often, and your books are well thumbed at home. I have so much to say." His eagerness rang out in every word.

"You know I have chosen the ministry for my vocation. Oh, doctor, I feel so unfit for the task! My doubts are not of God, or religion, or the Good Book, or the lovely traditions and associations that blend with the faith. No, no; my doubts are of myself—my unworthiness, my littleness, my poverty of the Spirit. What can I do to cope with the task? How can I become a preacher to humanity? How shall I drive home the religion divine? How shall I impel men to follow the Master? The work is so sublime and I so insignificant. What can I do?"

The preacher heard him. It seemed that his features were familiar, and his voice was not strange.

"Oh, doctor, I do not care for books when struggling men and weak women and tender children are to be uplifted. I do not wish for fame. I do not look for success, measured by a large congregation, a princely salary, and a growing reputation. I would have the prophet's ideal realized in my life. Let the spirit of God rest upon me, however lowly my portion the spirit of wisdom and understanding. Let me not judge after the sight of my eyes, nor reprove after the hearing of my ears. These words of Isaiah always occur to me, doctor. I made them the text of my graduation sermon at the seminary a few weeks ago. I—"

"His graduation sermon," thought the preacher. "Why, it was my very text when I graduated!"

"Oh, doctor! doctor!" the young man cried, as the tears started in his eyes, "pardon my impulsiveness. I do not wish to be faithless to my ideal. So many start well and fail. I want to translate that text into life. There is so much to be done and so few to do it. Don't you recall those lines from Lowell?"

"The Lord wants reapers; oh, mount up—Before night comes and says, 'Too Late!' Stay not for tacking scrip or cup—The Master hungers while ye wait."

"Those lines—those lines," said the preacher to himself; "they were always in my memory. Why do I hear them now? Have I waited for scrip or cup while the Master has hungered?"

"I know no greater curse, doctor," continued the young man, with his cheeks all aflame with enthusiasm, "than to have my unfulfilled ideal rebuke me as I grow old. To have the spectre of the unrealized always around me; to hear the accusing voice of opportunity misspent and advantages misapplied; to feel that I have been disloyal and cowardly, and bent only on my own advancement while religion has hungered—the thought would drive me wild. And I have come to you, good sir, for kindly counsel. Tell me what I shall do. You sympathize with me. You too once were young like myself."

"You have come to me—to me—for counsel!" the preacher exclaimed, rising from his chair and advancing. "Do you know how faithless I have been to my youth's ideal? Oh, spare me—spare me!"

The preacher awoke. Was it but a reverie, after all? Had his youth come back to accuse him, like in Jean Paul Richter's dream?

"Edith! Edith!" he exclaimed, tearing aside the curtain, and folding her, as she came, in a passionate embrace.

"Edith! Edith! you shall never sigh again. It is still day for us. It is not too late, thank God!"

He told her of his wrestling spirit and his victory. And when the next Sabbath dawned he preached as he never had preached before. People noted the difference; he felt it; and with the seed of humility planted anew in his soul, his work grew to lovelier and more enduring proportions. —Harper's Bazar.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

M. Janssen, the French physicist, considers the camera a valuable addition to the instruments of the meteorologist.

Bournemouth, England, sprinkles its streets with sea-water, and finds that they keep moist just three times as long as when fresh water was used.

The "sea of down" of early morning, caused by the clouds, undergoes interesting changes through the action of air-currents set in motion by the sun.

The British naval armor, twin-screw, double-turret ram Nila, which was recently launched at the Pembroke, South Wales, dockyard, is to be lighted by about 500 incandescent and four large search lights.

In some experiments with ozone as a curative agent, an English lady, so far advanced in consumption that her case appeared hopeless has been treated with inhalations of this gas with curative results described as marvelous.

Many comets, of course, elude discovery, but the number of those detected has greatly increased during recent years, having been only fourteen in the decade 1827 to 1836, and forty nine in the decade 1877 to 1886.

An enthusiastic Englishman, Lord Thurlow, is said to have recently expressed the conviction that in six years' time there will not be a gas lamp in the streets of any town in England, and that electric light would be the universal illuminant.

An argument against allowing children to drink milk in the summer time is drawn by Dr. V. C. Vaughan, of the University of Michigan, from the liability of the fluid to develop the poison-typhoid toxin—which is supposed to be the immediate cause of summer diarrhoea.

In concluding a paper in Science upon the question whether forests influence rainfall or not, Henry Gannett says: "It seems idle to discuss further the influence of forests upon rainfall from the economic point of view, as it is evidently too slight to be of the least practical importance. Man has not yet invented a method of controlling rainfall."

The theory that the increased brittleness of human bones with advancing years is the result of an increased percentage of inorganic salts, is contradicted by the experiments of Mr. Mason. From determinations of the ash in bones of fifty subjects of different ages, he has found that after reaching manhood no variation in the quantity of ash takes place with increasing age.

Dr. Jeneman, an Austrian chemist, claims to have invented a fluid of most destructive properties. This fluid, when brought into contact with the air after the explosion of a shell in which it had been contained, is transformed into a gas which, being heavier than the air, descends to the ground, killing all men and animals within its reach, and, moreover, destroying iron, bronze, and other metals, as well as setting all inflammable things on fire.

The highest peaks in northern Europe, with their heights in feet from the latest determinations, are thus given by Professor Mohr Galdhoppigen: South Norway, 8399; Gitter Tind, 8379; Snehaetten, 7596; Orasfajokull, 6427; Sulltelma, Northern Norway, 6178; Petermann's Spitze, East Greenland, 11,418; Beerenburg, Jan Mayen, 8350; Mount Misery, Bear Island, 1785; Hornsund Tind, Spitzbergen, 4590; Niehofen Mount, Franz Joseph Land, 5184.

How She Endured Dissipation.
An observant and thinking Washingtonian, says the Detroit Free Press, while on the subject of the hard work which society women at the capital are compelled to undergo, tells a story of a debutante that is worth a re-reading in the Detroit Free Press. There was a pretty girl, Miss X—, just the girl for Washington to kill off in one season. Her mother knew it, and it was that mother's knowledge and devotion that saved the girl. The mother watched her darling Chloe all winter with the faithful constancy of a pious nurse in the case of a helpless patient. She sent another (and an elder) member of the family into society with her, and she (her mother) staid at home and did heavy work. She kept everybody still and compelled favorable and soothing conditions, so that her precious charge could sleep till noon. Then she lifted her out of bed, carried her to the bath, bathed her and never permitted her to make the least exertion in her own behalf. She rubbed her with dry towels, clothed her, fed her with nourishing food, and in the afternoon made the grand rounds as her escort. At 5 o'clock she brought her charge home, fed her and put her carefully to bed. An hour before the time of setting out for the night's whirl she gave her another bath and prepared her for the conflict. She kept that girl going by constantly grooming her with exactly the same care that a professional pugilist's trainer bestows upon his charge before a fight, or that a jockey gives a race horse; and in the spring, when everybody else was jaded out and sick and ready to drop, Chloe was as spry as a cricket, and she captured the best catch of the season.

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Four hundred acres, two and one-half miles from the beautiful town of Scotland Neck. About two hundred acres in cultivation. One good Dwelling House, one good Gin House, and other out-houses. Good orchard and good water. Location desirable.

PRICE \$4,500.

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Two hundred and seventy-five acres, two and one-half miles from Scotland Neck. One hundred and twenty-five acres in cultivation. Good Dwelling House and good water.

PRICE \$2,750.

FARM NO. 3.
Two hundred acres, two miles from Scotland Neck. Eighty acres Fresh Land. Good Dwelling, some out-houses and orchard, and good water.

PRICE \$2,500.

ALSO.
Two Storehouses, and one Dwelling House in the town of Scotland Neck.

The farms described above are all well adapted to the production of corn, cotton, wheat, oats, peanuts, field peas, potatoes, and vegetables of all kinds.

Three good churches in the town of Scotland Neck, Methodist, Baptist and Episcopal, and a Primitive Baptist church near the town, together with two of the best and most flourishing academies—male and female—in the State, make this one of the most desirable sections in North Carolina. The proposed establishment of an oil mill and a canning factory will soon add much to the advantage of owning property in this community.

Any and all the property described above may be bought for one-fourth cash, with as much time as desired on the remainder.

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And Well Fitted

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And we feel confident it would be both pleasant and profitable for them to visit our town frequently.

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