As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak."--- "To the poor the Gospel is preached."

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of the paper will be inserted at 10 cents per line, for leaves and the filaments of sunshine that peer. shall we find her ? Has the man who has the first insertion, and 5 cents for each subsequent ed through the foilage of the multicaulis, given his best years to the accumilation of insertion.

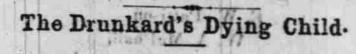
For announcing a candidate for office, ... \$8 Job work executed neatly, at prices correspond ing with the fimes invariably in advance.

How Charlie Was Made Noble.

Laura was my school friend; but we had cross baby, you could love me, and nurse me, miserable with ungratified "desires. And so not met since the examination day on which as you did, when I was sick in Cincinnati. on, and so on. /There is plenty of excitement we vowed eternal friendship, and parted, as My throat is hot, mamma. I wish I had a animation, bustle, hope, fruition, money, posiwe thought, with broken hearts. And I was drink in a tumbler, -glass tumbler, mamma, tion, fame, but how little genuine happiness very happy when last month, she sent for me and I could look through it."

NEAR HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., SEPTEMBER 3, 1869.

"But tell them," said Charlie, who came the many advantages of which he may be le pride in having a good flower-garden, and " Lottie !" the voice seemed to say in just as she said the last sentence, " that possessed-let him see I say, that he is the blessing of all, even the travelar who may within her. The little girl threw herself on didu't mean to' don't help her back a bit." loved for himself, and you make him your happen to pass that way, will rest upon yon. the bed and began to ery. She said, "OI



BY REV. JAMES B. DUNN. F. Blanker

Mrs. B sat near a scanty pallet, on which was extended, the suffering little Fred. of liter 18 ditt TO Main Alle dy, her bright and beautiful boy, reduced to skin and bone. His large, mysterious eyes

Advertisements compatible with the character were turned upward, watching the flitting of How curiously coy Happiness is. W

waxen hand, "take me to your bosom." "Yes, love ! as soon as Maria is still."

slave for life. Such a man blessed with a noble woman for his wife, capable of performing things that would discourage him had he not had some one totoffer him those little words of consolation which lighten the burdens

A Wonderful Finding.

An infant about a month old, meagre, weary capital, and now is rich enough to retireof its existence, lay upon her bosom, and goal so long, so steadily, so industriously aim she was in vain trying to charm it to re- ed at, yes, and gained-is he happy ?

"Ah," sighs the rich man, "I never was so "Mamma," said Fredly, reaching out his happy as when I received my first carnings." Is the lady happy in her beautiful parlor, surrounded by every thing that heart can "Mamma, if God had not sent us that little wish ? No, no. You are surprised to find her underlying it all. It is curious ; it is myster-"Dear, you shall have a tumbler," cried ions ; it is inexpressibly sad. lently taken possession. rather we read of one. The story is worth "Yes, mamma, one cold drink in a tumb- recounting. A few years ago, an old, whiteworld when we come to stand by the deathbed of one we love.

The Devil's hold.

A singular fatality attends those whose money I am sorry, very sorry. I will run down this is dishonestly obtained, in that it appears to be minute, and ask her to forgive me;" and utterly unproductive to them. They can't Lottle did so. "Will you forgive my naupurchase with it genuine recration and com- ghty behavior to you, 'dear grandma ?" she fort ;nor, if they attempt to trade with it, do- asked. their speculations ever succeed. When, after de "Yes, my child," was the reply ; " for tection, a defaulter tries to render an account there is nothing so acceptable to God as the to himself of the expenditure of the money, penitent teas" he finds it an impossible task, so swiftly has it So Lottie was fingiven for her fault, and passed through his hands. It is gone, and strove with success afterwards to restrain that is all he knows about it. Its possession the quickness of temper which was unhapand disappearance are like those stories we pily natural to her. read of in German legends, of people receiving from the devil a lump of gold over night, which they generally found turned into a log of wood or a few dried leaves by the next day. Nor is this the case of petty defaulters alone. It is just so with large ones. Pullinger, a great English defalter, is said to have been utterly dened many a heart. We need not quote incapable of accounting to himself for the

The Heavenly Consoler.

How vain are all the consolations of this

Theodosia, the beautiful daughter of Aaron

Burr, thus writes to her father on the death of

"I will take away thy child," he said.

"Christ is better to me than ten sons," was

"I will strip thee of all thy outward com-

her son :

I know I have behaved very nantily to' dear grandmother. I was quick and unkind.

NO.

Sandard

I Love to Tell the Story-

Few of our readears but must be familiar with "The Old, Old Story," the simpla strains of which have touched and gladany verses of a poem which has been cirloss of more than two-thirds of the four hund- culated by hundreds of thousands. The aured thousand pounds of which he had fraud- ther has sent the following lines, which she says may be regarded as "a postscript to 'The Old Story,'" but it is complete in itself:

to visit her.

I found my red cheeked, laughing friend, a Mrs. B____, her lip quivering with emo- But the other day I found a happy man, or dignified mamma with three children. The tion, and a wild fire in her eyes. youngest, a boy of four, had stolen his mam-

years. Charlie, kind to every one, and very care- body ever gets drunk in heavin, mam- sionary society, and asked for a place. The ful of baby, was absolutely devoted to his ma?" ailing sister. He watched all her needs, and ran to anticipate her slightest wish.

The third evening that I was there, I spoke of it to his mother. " Charlie's devotion to Lon is perfectly beautiful;" and running my hand through his curls, I said, "My noble boy, God will bless you for it. Good- waters.' night !" and kissed him.

He ran out of the room. Before I was fully dressed, the next morning, he tapped at streams down the mother's pale cheek. my door with, " May I come in ?" " Come in !" But a glance at his sad face made me ask, "What is the matter, darl ing ?"

Choking back a sob, he said, "You called big fountain. Oh mamma, don't cry. Do with those who rejoiced kneeling at the bed- her reply. 'me a 'noble boy;' and it made my heart people cry in heaven ?" ache all night. My sister cannot live long "Oh, no, sweet one; God wipes nway all hopes beyond the grave-year after year the forts." and never can be well any more; and its all tears," replied the weeping mother.

" All you ?"

"Yes, ma'am ! Four years ago we were playing and I pushed her against the kitchendoor, and the sharp bandle stuck into her back. She fainted, and I screamed; and mamma tan out and carried her, and laid her on the sofa; and grandma brought some camphor and auntie some water ! and mamma gave them to her, and she opened, her eyes and I thought she was all well, or would be in a day or two But in a day or two, manma sent for the doctor, and he said her spine mas broken, and she would never be well any more. I cried before a great deal; but then .it did not seem as if I had cried half enough and it don't seem as if I had begun to cry Half enough yet; but it's no good." And

" Were you p'aying ?"

ma's smile and color. The second was a tall, ler, and your poor little Freddy would fly up, baired, broken-down minister went West to slight, graceful, spirited-looking, but very up there where that little bird sits. Will pa, find somebody to preach to ; neglected, I dare gentie boy of ten; and the oldest a sweet, pa come to-night and get us bread? You say, by the well-to do parishes of the East, frail, suffering, hunch backed girl of twelve said he would. Will he get me a tumbler of which have a strange itching after young

" No, no, my son, my angel! "No one says cross words, mamma ?"

" No, bless your sweet tongue." silver cups ?'

"And it never gets dark there ?" " Never, never !" and the tears fell is -the old man and his wife. There was his

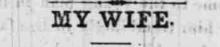
"And nobody gets sick and dies ?" " No, my loye !"

"And the angels kiss them off, s'pose. "Who, my son ?"

"You know, mamma,-papa."

yourself." "Oh my throat! Dear me, if I only had a A few months ago, a little church was little water in a tumbler, mamma; just one gathered, the fruit of his faithful toils, and he little monthful."

"You shall have it;" and, as the mother with some of his friends in the ministry, and said this the poor child wassed away into the recalling the ways in which God had led him arms of Him who shall evermore give it of the through his missionary life, he said, with the bright waters of everlasting life .- National tears coursing down his cheeks, "I am so hap-Temperance Advocate.



Observe with what love and respect the the great sobs could be kept back no long- good man and worthy husband speaks of

water? No, mamma, he will be drunk. Not men. He knocked at the door of a home mis-

"There is no more joy for me. The world brethren in consultation shook their heads, is a blank. My child is gone forever. and were afraid he was not "the man" for any Whichever way I turn the same anguish asplace out there. They did, however, think sails me. You talk of consolation. I think of somewhere, and the good man accepted Omnipotence could give no equivalent for my " And there is nice cold water there, and the appointment ; though to find it he travelboy-no-none, none."

ed by railway as far as railways went, by Such is bereavement without the Divine "Ob, yes, my child, a fountain of living stages as far as stages went, by horses as far Comforter. Such the consolation which. as horses went, and at last pitched his tent wordly wisdom gives to its devotees.

A Christian woman was once brought among the outmost clearings of civilization before the bloody Bonner, on trial for her work for the master - preaching pardon and religion. When the bishop threatened to peace in humble cabius ; riding sixty and take away her husband-"Christ is my husband," she answered.

seventy miles to commemorate the love of his "If they were to, God would let the angels dying Lord ; attending funerals far and near , bring them water, I know he would, from the weeping with those that wept, and rejoicing ;

> side of the dying, and pointing them to better old man toiled on.

"Yes, but Christ is mine," she answered, At last, the wife of his youth and the faith- trimphantly; "you can not strip me But tell me," mamma, will he come there?" ful sharer of his burden went home, and he him."

was left alone. No brother minister was near That precious assurance bore up her head. to help him bury his dead. He offered the and gave her peace to her soul under all her "Hush, Freddy, dear, he still; you worry last prayer over her dear remains, and consign- trials.

> Said the mether of Leigh Richmond, as her beautiful babe lay dying before her --the result of an accident caused by the nurse's

carelessness : "If I cease praying for five minutes, I am ready to sink under this unlooked for distress; but when I pray, God comforts and upholds me. His will, not mine, be done." py ! I don't know why, but I am afraid I am

"God, in taking away my son," said another, minister s wile; " revealed to me his own Son, a thousand They make a minister very uncomfort-Too happy ! think of that. Too happy times more precious."

Does not that give us a glimpse of | what "the hundred-fold more in this life" means ? The ment what it is to have Christ for our Comfort- soul, is busy nursing her sick children, or soul's satisfaction, the soul's joy in that which er.-Sunday-School Times. alone can satisfy it ; blessed foretaste of the

Lottie and the Voice.

I love to tell the story Of unseen things above; Of Jesus and his glory, Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story, Because I know it's true; It satisfies my longings As nothing else would do.

I love to tell the story More wonderful its seems 4. Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story ; It did so much for me; And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee. love to tell the story

'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell - More wouderfully sweet,

I love to tell the story ; For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own Holy Word.

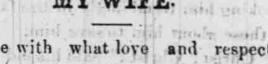
I love to tell the story ; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory,

able by finding fault because his wife does May we all prove in our times of bereave- not visit the congregation, while .she, poor plying her weary fingers to eke out there scanty wardrobe, by all sorts of cunning devices, which she only knows how to invent.

de them to the grave.

was installed its pastor. Sitting at evening





that dear creature whom God has given

him for a companion through life. Note "Yes, un'and. We were being good but his actions and observe has better half, and

I was a careless, iough boy, and she must you will see that her image is reflected in saffer for it. Oh ! if I could bear it myself him. I care not how great a man he may Maybe, if you would write it, some rude lit- be; I care not how austere and strong the boy who is always doing something he minded he may be; so that he loves her. did not mean to, might read it before he Her influence is felt every day, and femin- even though it is having time. There are wanted. Eli said he lid not call him, and tell them, for she knows all about that mat-

not like it to be put in the paper. let anybody blame God or Charlie."

"What do you mean, dear ?"

NU CARALLA The Flower-Garden.

You remember the story of little Samuel. Instead of grumbling when she is not about, One night, after he had gone to bed, he heard for they dare not do it in her presence, let a Voice, saying, "Samuel, Samuel !" He these folk pay her a visit and see what the thought it was Eli calling hum. So he got domine needs to make him comfortable, and, The flower-garden should not be forgotten up and went to Eli, and asked him what he if they take her into their-confidence, she will

killed his only, little darling sister." And he ine dependence exerts a power within him odd hours when the owner can pull out the told him to go and lie down again. Samuel ter; but for the sake of all that is gentle which otherwise might have slumbered weeds, or if that cannot be done, set the hired heard the Voice a second time, and a third and lovely and of good report, let them not I spoke of it to Lou, as I thought she might unknown and forgotten. In the language man or boys at the work. If such help is not time. Then Eli thought it was God speak- worry the poor pastor by complaining about of Bulwer, "her image glossed, in his soul, available, let the young ladies of the household ing to Samuel ; and he told him, when he his wife.

"You may write as you please, only don't lures him on to those inspiring toils by engage in the work. What more honorable heard the Voice again, to say, " Speak, Lord; which man masters men," Our greatest employment than this ? Did not our kind for thy servant heareth."

too happy 19 77 118142 start start

believer's life in the great hereafter !

Watch and pray. heroes all attribute their success in life to the Father place Eve with Adam in the garden to God does not speak to children these days, "Some say, God ought not to punish me potent influence of either a wife or a mother's keep it? We can barily overestimate the as he spoke to Samuel. We cannot hear His for Charlie's carelessness. But it is just love. The eyes of the world are upon Christiansvalue of flowers and flower-gardens, especial voice with our cars. He does not say, "Phil- to detect their frailtes, inconsistencies and. right. You see Charlie is being punished. Man must have, something to love, some- ly where there are children. It seldom hap- ip, Philip!" " Mary, Mary !" But God does delinquencies, and thence drive an argument every day, and it makes him very gentle and thing to stimulate him and raise him from pens that those who cultivate flowers turn out not pass by without speaking. No; I am against the holy religion they profess, Hence unselfish, and you said the right word- the state of thraldom in which the cares to be bad men or women. Flowers have a sure He does not do that. God speaks to it behooves them to be continally aware of "noble," When he grows to be a man, won't and anxieties of an every day life usually plunge softening, humanizing influence on our na- us; for He loves us. He whispers to us by this, and be circumspect, watchful and prayerhe be just solendid ?" and her eyes shone him. tures. Flowers have been given to us to en- His Spirit, in a still small voice. with the great love in them. "And maybe What friend can take a wife's place; who joy, and let us make the highest and best use There was a little girl named Charlotte. good influence diminished, and opportunity.

if I had got all well soon, he would have but she can administer consolation which of the blessing. ----They called her " Lottie." Lottie once be be given to the Lord's enemies to blaspheme. grown up selfish and harsh, like a great is ever free from the suspicions, the hope The gatilen, to give satisfaction, must be came very angry with her grandmother, many boys I see. Mamma says, God has got of interestedness, other than that of a kept in good condition ; no weeks should be She spoke unkindly, and threw a towel to her,

a great work for Charlie to do in the world, holy desire and deep anxiety to make you allowed within its limits. Stir the soil occas instead of bringing it willingly and patently, and this is the way he is fitting him to do it. happy? Let all the world forsake and ionally for the benefit of the plants. Stake as a little grandchild should.

And everybody has lots of trouble here, or abandon you; let trials come upon you and up the gladiolus, dablias, and whatever will be "Lottie!" said a still, small voice onced asked, "What do you do without a they would forget God; and mine comes calamities befall you, yet in her. presence likely to be injured by the wind. If transp- within, her. Lottie heard it She heard it mother to tell your troubles to ?" she sweetly now in sickness and pain; but it is not very and loving affection you may always find a lanting is to be done, perform the work to above the angry voices which were in her bos- answered, "I go to the Lord Jesus. He was hard with so many to love me so, and it's harbinger of love, truth and devotion, wards night, and better just before a rain. om, and she knew whose it was. She knew my mother's friend, he is mine." And in nice to think I may, by my pain, make Men have a yearning of disinterested If the garden has not been properly dressed it was God's. She saw that her feelings and reply to another question, whether she thought Charlie perfect; for he is just perfect, you love. Once convince a man that he is be- and the plants small and lack vigor, just hoe conduct must grieve her heavenly Father. Jesus Christ would attend to her, "AILI see. Don't forget to write that, or that he lofed for himself alone, independent of his in a little superphosphate, around them and it She felt so unhappy, that she ran out of the know," she at once replied, "He says he will wealth, this riches and his station, or any of will give them a good start. Take a lit- room, and np stairs. and that's enough for my !" baidiner to sause off bas

to Praise's feel of the Anisette St.

GENERAL COMMINTER :

Simple Faith,

Due side dans der affenter a rele gach alle aus