

THE COTTAGE VISITOR.

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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How Charlie Was Made Noble.

Laura was my school friend; but we had not met since the examination day on which we vowed eternal friendship, and parted, as we thought, with broken hearts. And I was very happy when last month, she sent for me to visit her.

I found my red cheeked, laughing friend, a dignified mamma with three children. The youngest, a boy of four, had stolen his mamma's smile and color. The second was a tall, slight, graceful, spirited-looking, but very gentle boy of ten; and the oldest, a sweet, frail, suffering, hunch backed girl of twelve years.

Charlie, kind to every one, and very careful of baby, was absolutely devoted to his 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 Lou is perfectly beautiful," and running my hand through his curls, I said, "My noble boy, God will bless you for it. Good-night!" and kissed him.

He ran out of the room. Before I was fully dressed, the next morning, he tapped at my door with, "May I come in?"

"Come in!" But a glance at his sad face made me ask, "What is the matter, darling?"

The Drunkard's Dying Child.

BY REV. JAMES B. DUNN.

Mrs. B. sat near a scanty pallet, on which was extended the suffering little Freddy, her bright and beautiful boy, reduced to skin and bone. His large, mysterious eyes were turned upward, watching the fitting of leaves and the filaments of sunshine that peered through the foliage of the multicaulis.

"Mamma," said Freddy, reaching out his waxen hand, "take me to your bosom."

"Yes, love! as soon as Maria is still."

"Mamma, if God had not sent us that little cross baby, you could love me, and nurse me, as you did when I was sick in Cincinnati. My throat is hot, mamma. I wish I had a drink in a tumbler,—glass tumbler, mamma, and I could look through it."

"Dear, you shall have a tumbler," cried Mrs. B., her lip quivering with emotion, and a wild fire in her eyes.

"Yes, mamma, one cold drink in a tumbler, and your poor little Freddy would fly up, up there where that little bird sits. Will papa come to-night and get us bread? You said he would. Will he get me a tumbler of water? No, mamma, he will be drunk. Nobody ever gets drunk in heaven, mamma?"

"No, no, my son, my angel!"

"No one says cross words, mamma!"

the many advantages of which he may be possessed—let him see I say, that he is loved for himself, and you make him your 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 to offer him those little words of consolation which lighten the burdens of life.

A Wonderful Finding.

How curiously coy happiness is. Where shall we find her? Has the man who has given his best years to the accumulation of capital, and now is rich enough to retire—a good so long, so steadily, so industriously aimed at, yes, and gained—is he happy?

"Ah," sighs the rich man, "I never was so happy as when I received my first earnings."

But the other day I found a happy man, or rather we read of one. The story is worth recounting. A few years ago, an old, white-haired, broken-down minister went West to find somebody to preach to; neglected, I dare say, by the well-to-do parishes of the East, which have a strange itching after young men.

At last, the wife of his youth and the faithful slaver of his burden went home, and he was left alone. No brother minister was near to help him bury his dead. He offered the last prayer over her dear remains, and consigning them to the grave.

A few months ago, a little church was gathered, the fruit of his faithful toils, and he was installed its pastor. Sitting at evening with some of his friends in the ministry, and recalling the ways in which God had led him through his missionary life, he said, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, "I am so happy! I don't know why, but I am afraid I am too happy!"

Too happy! think of that. Too happy! Does not that give us a glimpse of what the hundred-fold more in this life means? The soul's satisfaction, the soul's joy in that which alone can satisfy it; blessed foretaste of the believer's life in the great hereafter!

The Flower-Garden.

The flower-garden should not be forgotten even though it is laying time. There are odd hours when the owner can pull out the weeds, or if that cannot be done, set the hired man or boys at the work. If such help is not available, let the young ladies of the household engage in the work. What more honorable employment than this? Did not our kind Father place Eve with Adam in the garden to keep it? We can hardly overestimate the value of flowers and flower-gardens, especially where there are children. It seldom happens that those who cultivate flowers turn out to be bad men or women. Flowers have a softening, humanizing influence on our natures. Flowers have been given to us to enjoy, and let us make the highest and best use of the blessing.

The Devil's hold.

A singular fatality attends those whose money is dishonestly obtained, in that it appears to be utterly unproductive to them. They can't purchase with it genuine recreation and comfort, nor, if they attempt to trade with it, do their speculations ever succeed. When, after deflection, a defaulter tries to render an account to himself of the expenditure of the money, he finds it an impossible task, so swiftly has it passed through his hands. It is gone, and that is all he knows about it. Its possession and disappearance are like those stories we 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 defaulter, is said to have been utterly incapable of accounting to himself for the loss of more than two-thirds of the four hundred thousand pounds of which he had fraudulently taken possession.

The Heavenly Consoler.

How vain are all the consolations of this world when we come to stand by the death-bed of one we love.

Theodosia, the beautiful daughter of Aaron Burr, thus writes to her father on the death of her son:

"There is no more joy for me. The world is a blank. My child is gone forever. Whichever way I turn the same anguish assails me. You talk of consolation. I think Omnipotence could give no equivalent for my boy—no—none, none."

Such is bereavement without the Divine Comforter. Such the consolation which worldly wisdom gives to its devotees.

A Christian woman was once brought before the bloody Bonner, on trial for her religion. When the bishop threatened to take away her husband—

"Christ is my husband," she answered. "I will take away thy child," he said. "Christ is better to me than ten sons," was her reply. "I will strip thee of all thy outward comforts."

"Lottie, Lottie!" the voice seemed to say within her. The little girl threw herself on the bed and began to cry. She said, "Oh! I know I have behaved very naughtily to dear grandmother. I was quick and unkind. I am sorry, very sorry. I will run down this minute, and ask her to forgive me;" and Lottie did so: "Will you forgive my naughty behavior to you, dear grandma?" she asked.

I Love to Tell the Story.

Few of our readers but must be familiar with "The Old, Old Story," the simple strains of which have touched and gladdened many a heart. We need not quote any verses of a poem which has been circulated by hundreds of thousands. The author has sent the following lines, which she says may be regarded as "a postscript to 'The Old Story,'" but it is complete in itself:

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
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.

I love to tell the story,
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully 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,
I see the angels throng,
I'll tell the story of my
Savior, and His love.

Said the mother 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."

They make a minister very uncomfortable by finding fault because his wife does not visit the congregation, while she, poor soul, is busy nursing her sick children, or plying her weary fingers to eke out their scanty wardrobe, by all sorts of cunning devices, which she only knows how to invent. Instead of grumbling when she is not about, for they dare not do it in her presence, let these folk pay her a visit and see what the dominie needs to make him comfortable, and if they take her into their confidence, she will tell them, for she knows all about that matter; but for the sake of all that is gentle and lovely and of good report, let them not worry the poor pastor by complaining about his wife.

Watch and pray.

The eyes of the world are upon Christians to detect their frailties, inconsistencies and delinquencies, and thence drive an argument against the holy religion they profess. Hence it behooves them to be continually aware of this, and be circumspect, watchful and prayerful, that religion be not dishonored, their good influence diminished, and opportunity be given to the Lord's enemies to blaspheme.

Simple Faith.

When a child who had lost her mother was once asked, "What do you do without a mother to tell your troubles to?" she sweetly answered, "I go to the Lord Jesus. He was my mother's friend, he is mine." And in reply to another question, whether she thought Jesus Christ would attend to her, "Ah! I know," she at once replied, "He says he will and that's enough for me!"