PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING,
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858. No. 21.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, mill be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Around her waist I put my arm—
It felt as soft as cake,
"Oh dear!" says she, "what liberty
You printer men do take!"
"Why, yes, my Sall, my charming gal,
(I squeezed her some I guess,)
Can you say aught my chick, against
The freedom of the press?"

I kissed her some—I did by gum—
She colored like a beet,
Upon my living soul she looked
Almost too good to eat!
I gave her another buss, and then
Says she, "I do confess,
Rather, kinder, sorter like,
The freedom of the press!" (O glory!)

For the Easton Gazette.

AUNT BETSEY SPRIGGINS TO HER NEPHEW LEX KEYSER.

BIG BRICK RESERVE,
May 4, 1858.

My Dear Lex: Owing to the late storms and the delay of the mails, I did not get the Gazette containing your dear letter until Saturday, and embrace the first moment to answer it. I am glad to hear that you are prospering in literary pursuits, yet my darling, you should not let wordly affairs engross your thoughts to the exclusion of heavenly things. Remember the race is not always to the "fast," but to the meek in spirit; neither is "note singing" the one thing needful. It is not safe to have too high an opinion of your gifts lest you should grow haughty and worldly minded, and give way to wicked temptations. The flesh is often weak when the spirit seemeth strong—as in climbing the steeps of Parnassus you cannot be too careful of your associations, "evil communications corrupt good manners," saye'th the old copy book. I am afraid that *idle Dandy Jim of Caroline* whom you have associated with you in your literary undertakings is a bad counsellor and calculated to impair your usefulness by such close a contiguity; you should avoid those addicted to the habit of "loafing around." Sneezing is catching, so idleness begets many vices; I tremble for the future happiness of my dear Alexis. If you must have a trumpeter—confide in one with more discretion. I hope you will take my advice in good part. Should a friend reprove you for your shortcomings, take the reproof kindly and do not give way to evil resentments. Remember that kind admonitions are intended for your temporal and spiritual welfare.

By all means look well after the *dust* and *cobwebs*, they should not be allowed to soil the *temple* of the most High. Evil speaking is one of the growing sins of the age, and your heart cannot be too closely guarded against it. An inconsiderate word spoken even in jest will sometimes bring great reproach on the cause of religion; writing wicked things of innocent persons and especially *libelling* the brethren and elders of the Church, for the amusement of the world is abominable. Excuse me my dear Lex for speaking with an old woman's earnestness. I have too good an opinion of my dear nephew, and know that his *professions* of piety are *too loud* to suppose for a moment that he would be guilty of such impious folly. From my girlhood I confess I have loved above all things, to observe the wits shoot folly as it flies; but there is a wide difference between showing up the folly and absurdity of *things* and personating and lampooning individuals; any donkey might do the latter, but it requires a keen sense of the ridiculous and an eye to discriminate between things wise and otherwise to do the former genteelly.—Should you ever concert that among the abundance of spiritual graces with which you have been endowed you possess the gift of satire, let me conjure you my dear Alexis never to write yourself down an ass. I am glad to learn you are rising so rapidly in the church. Should you ever be exalted to the mitre in the old Ship of Zion, it can never be said to your discredit that you entered the service through the cabin window; you have literally enlisted in the cause with *broom* and *coal hod* in hand and illustrate in your daily life the truth of the beautiful text, commencing thus: "It is far better to be a *sexton* in the "Big Brick" than to dwell on the shoe bench of wickedness." I hope my dear Lex you will not forget the important choice you have made, but will strive to make your "high calling and *election* sure." Let me implore you not to attach too much importance to the "note singing" but attend more carefully to the *fires* of grace; *sweep clean* the basement of unrighteousness; dust well the benches of impenitence; ring loud the *bell* of *warning;* keep your *lamps* trimmed; and above all *do not fail to keep a sharp look out for the cobwebs.* Give the elders no cause to doubt that you are thoroughly *qualified* for the work, and it is possible that in due time your zeal may be rewarded with a "license" to "travel."

I am afraid that you have not "*ambition*" enough to press yourself forward in the work—you should be fervent in spirit and diligent in the prayer meeting, wear a respectably long face and not over *inquisitive,* and you may overcome all obstacles. That is a capital idea of yours, to prepare yourself beforehand for future usefulness, by writing a card of sermons in advance; can't you send me one by the post, I should like so much to see a specimen. I do hope I shall get well of the rheumatism in time to hear you deliver your first sermon. You did not inform me whether you intended to preach extempore or to read your sermons. I think you had better write them as you write *remarkably well,* especially on the subject of "revivals." I was very much taken with your discourse in the Gazette; a half dozen more such point blank shots might clear the "amen corner" and leave you entirely alone with the mourners.—You might then joyfully sing—

"Here all night I mean to stay
And wrestle 'till the break of day."

I think you are quite justifiable in pounding on *somebody* in order to keep the profane from laughing at your "note singing." That mischievous fellow that dared to write about your singing deserved a Papal bull; and as we have no Pope in our church to set a big bull after offenders, I am glad that you had the promptness and courage to gore him with a *little bull.* And although you "shot in the dark" you were right in not wasting your precious ink on youths like yourself, who are of but little account, but it was a good idea to select as a target some one who had *grown grey in the service of the church.* When you bag a bird of this kind, you have bones to pick with some meat on them, and the devil will willingly assist you to pick it, and consider it an honor to catch the crumbs that fall from your table. There is nothing like young *aspirants* in your situation, being on the best terms with Lucifer. A few more discourses of the same kind preached through the Gazette (why did you not prefer the Star in order to look over your own proof sheet,) would no doubt aid your prospects wonderfully. Now is your time boy, by a single leap to reach the goal of your "*ambition.*" "There is a tide in the affairs of men," says Shakespeare, "which, when taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." The tide my dear Lex, is now in your favor; spread all the sales of your craft; strike hard among the elders and spare not; and if you do not display a superabundance of humility and *discretion,* you may convince the church and the world, that you possess *great talents.* There is nothing like young aspirants going it with a perfect looseness. But they should not drive so fast as to overlook the *cobwebs.* "Little things are no trifles."

Your aunt Polly and uncle Josh send their regards, and desire to be remembered in your prayers. Your cousin Joe, who is a great wag, says "tell Lex *he should always look before he leaps.*" Write often to

Your Affectionate
AUNT BETSEY.

MARYLYNDERS DISGRACING THEMSELVES.—The Waynesboro' (Pa.) *Record* says that on Saturday last, a party of Marylanders, with other folks from that vicinity, disgraced themselves badly in a horse race, on the South Mountain, near Montery Springs.—It is said rhat the rider of the Maryland nag whilst riding over the track whipped the other horse over the head with his cowhide, and that for this violation of the rules that govern "scrub racing," one of the other party took the liberty of knocking him down—a liberty to which he was certainly entitled, whereupon a regular melee ensued, in which knives, stones, clubs, &c., were freely used. After a protracted struggle, in which the whole party were badly whipped, they retired from the ground, to return to their families with blackened eyes and distorted countenances.

ROBBERY OF A CHURCH.—During Holy Week, at Valetri, Italy, a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, an image of the Virgin, with a mantle and gown of gold, was stolen out of the cathedral by some ruffians, who wrote to the bishop that for $500 they would send it back. The mob was indignant, when a voice cried out that "the Jesuits were the thieves," on which, by acclamation, an assault was made on their dwelling which was gutted, and they were roughly handled in the scuffle. Up to last tidings the palladium had not been recovered. A lot of silver and gold "*ex voto*" formed part of the plunder.

WHAT IT COSTS.—Court-martialing Gen. Twiggs, which has just been concluded at Newport Barricks, will foot up a comfortable little bill of expense. Davidg already cost between six and seven thousand dollars! The officers of the court and the witnesses are allowed one dollar per day, and ten cents mile travelling fees, both going and coming—and a part of the witnesses in attendance were summoned from Texas, and other distant points.—*Cin. Gazette.*

WESTMINISTER ELECTION.—The majority of R. R. Booth, American, for Mayor of Westminister, at the election held on the 3d inst, was 25—an increase of one vote over the previous election, though the aggregate vote was considerably smaller. The average majority for Councilmen was somewhat less. Nevertheless the entire American ticket was elected, and in thct growing city patent democracy can never take root.

SAD CATASTROPHE.—Last Friday night, Jacob Gregory, of Union Township, Luzerne county, Pa., while watching for some dogs which had been worrying his sheep, shot at a moving object, which he mistook for a dog. It proved to be his brother, Peter Gregory, who had left the house for the same purpose, without the knowledge of Jacob. The unfortunate young man died in less than twenty-four hours.

A down easter advertised for a wife in the following manner:

"Any gal what's got a cow, a good feather bed and fixens, five hundred in hard pewter, one that's had the measels, and understands keeping children, can have a customer for life by writing a billy dux, addresedZ——R——and stick it on uncle Ebenezer's barn hine side, jinin the hog pen."

"Patrick, you fool, what makes you steal after that rabbit, when your guns not loaded?"

"Hush, my darlint, the rabbit don't know that."

From the Episcopal Recorder.

THE FUNERAL SERMON OF REV. DR. TYNG OVER HIS DEPARTED SON.

The largest audience that ever filled Concert Hall assembled on Sunday night to listen to Rev. Dr. Tyng, who preached the funeral sermon of his departed son. The occasion will probably long be remembered in this city. For hours before the services commenced, multitudes of people came pouring to the portals of the hall, only to turn away at finding every inch of space already occupied. The narrow street at the rear of the building was also filled with people, many of whom waited in vain at the closed doors until long after the services had begun.

The evening prayer was read by Rev. Dr. Newton, after which Dr. Tyng announced the following text, from 1 Samuel, 1, 27, 28.

"For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him.

"Therefore, also, I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord."

In commencing his sermon, the reverend speaker said:—My friends, I shall make no apology in now addressing you a father's grateful tribute to a beloved son.—I shall but tell you of him as he was, and I must trust to your affection for him as my apology. I shall just speak as my poor wounded but thankful heart shall prompt me, and the Spirit of God shall give me power.

The 18th of April was the anniversary of the Sunday-school of St. George's Church of New York. With a view to bring out the subject of the spirtual welfare and education of the children. I had selected this text for my sermon on that occasion to be preached in the church. But God arrested my determination, and in his inscrutable providence brought me not into my pulpit to address the parents of the children, but to the bedside of my dear and suffering son. Many months ago I had promised him that this Sunday, the 25th of April, should be passed with him I had looked forward to a week of exceeding pleasure in revisiting the scenes of much happiness. I am, indeed, permitted to spend the Sabbath here, but oh, under how different circumstances from those which I had expected! But I am here, and now feel the divine call within me, and I must speak of him who has been caught up from us. I hear the word of God—the spirit of God that spoke to Ezekiel:

"Son of man, behold I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down.

"Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thy head upon thee and put the shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men."

I reply to the divine work, my poor bruised heart takes hold of the Psalm.

"I will go in the strength of the Lord God, I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.

"O God, thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

"Now, also, when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come."

I now, my friends, take the same passage from the word of God spoken by Hannah, over a child of prayer given to God; I would fain to use it too upon this occasion in commemoration of a son whose praises others, not *I*, must name.

This precious child was given to me at the parsonage, in Prince George's County, in Maryland, in April, 1825. I was absent from home at the time, engaged in toilsome missionary labors. Not less than thirty miles away. His mother was alone with another child, and no one near save a single servant, who slept in an adjoining outhouse. Obliged herself to arise, unlock a distant door, and summon her servant to go for aid—for the nearest neighbor remained a quarter of a mile distant—the servant had scarce returned with friendly aid, when this boy was given to her in full health.—Yet none who knew that lamented mother could doubt that, though alone, in all that time of pain and trial. Another, though unseen, was ministering to her.

His first four years were passed amid the beautiful scenery of our country home.—He early imbibed a fondness for the country, and drooped visibly in the confinement of a city. In May, 1829, it was the will of God that we should remove to Philadelphia. I then came to St. Paul's Church—a church in which we were almost without acquaintances. Yet we there made friends whose love has been undying; and there, too, God's spirit and influence have been shown in thousands of manifestations.—Here was my first experience in the Sunday school, and here, when almost an infant, Dudley, with other scholars, each Sunday surrounded the chancel to receive instruction. There are, perhaps, many here now who will remember well that blessed era in their existence—their first Sabbath school.

There he indulged with delight that love for song, which seemed to open with his very being, a gift which was his unspeakable joy. Never can I forget how our little ones united in our hymn of family praise each night and morning. At the first anniversary of the school he sang a hymn by Bishop Heber, then new, and published as a piece of music, beginning—

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!"

Never, never shall I forget that song. It was but the business of the last week, to teach it to *his* little boy, to perpetuate it in his memory.

In May, 1832, it pleased God to take from us one who lived the brightest light that ever adorned a home or beautified the earth. The mother of the little family left us for a home in heaven. Her last words were—"My dear, give yourself no anxiety about my children. God will bring them all to himself; that is his covenant with me." Here, too, was Hannah's faith. "For this child I have prayed, and the Lord has given me the petition which I asked of him. Therefore, also, I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord"

Oh! mothers, mothers, what a mission you hold under what a responsibility you rest! Can praying mothers ever be forsaken? Can faithful mothers ever be rejected?

The education of this dear boy gave us great delight. He was a child of promise. At six years of age he read Latin perfectly, and received from his teachers a beautiful copy of Virgil, as a prize for his proficiency in having read that author through. In 1839 he entered the Pennsylvania University, and graduated with distinguished honors, in 1843. This period passed without the development of any vices in his character, or any other faults than those incident to the temper of youth. But he was proud, and sensitive to insult. We endeavored to bring up our children in the love of God, and he has been pleased to bless us in them Oh, fathers, I can bear to you a testimony of the covenant God. Be ye faithful unto him, and he will be faithful unto you

In the winter of 1841, when but sixteen years of age, the appointed time came for his conversion, the instrument of which was a Christian lady, who made him a chosen companion, that she might point him to the Saviour as his friend. Late one night, after the family had all retired, and I was sitting alone in my study, I heard the soft sound of footsteps descending the stairs, and then the dear boy entered the room. "Dear father," said he, "will you pray for me? I am so sinful, I cannot sleep." And then I gave him counsel and prayed with him, and it pleased the Lord, who separated him from his mother's womb, to give peace and salvation to his soul, and ever afterward he enjoyed the Father's love!

In April following he was confirmed, and in the August ensuing, I received him at the table of the Lord. Thenceforth his whole character was changed. He became in our habitation a sweet and a gentle light from Heaven. He loved intensely, and in return was intensely loved. His heart was immediately directed to the ministry, and he went for a theological education to the seminary of Virginia. At the end of a three years' course he was fitted for the work. A fellow student of his has written to me since his death, that while in the seminary his light shone bright around him, as in his home. In July, 1846, he was ordained in Alexandria, by Bishop Meade.—He assisted me in my Church for about eight months, when he received his second ordination at Columbus, Ohio, at the hands of Bishop McIlvaine. But he panted for a country life, and removed in a few years, to Charlestown, Virginia. From thence he went to Cincinnati, and from there came to Philadelphia, at the pressing solicitation of those whom he believed to be his friends. But of this I may not speak—I must not speak. May God avenge his own elect by pouring blessings upon the heads of those who persecute them. *You* know how holily he lived, how winning and earnest and gentle were all his ways. Nor of men sought he glory—neither of you or others. You know how he went in and out among you. I have surveyed his course, with intense concern, and with as much gratification in the hour of his darkest trial as in his rejoicing, and the God in whom he trusted has vindicated him, and crowned him with justification. His judgment he has left with his God. Reviled, he reviled not again.—His affectionate devotion to his flock, was a cordial to his spirit in time of trial, and men will now rise up to call him blessed. The obligations which he was under to this Church, God will abundantly discharge to you, and Jesus will bless you. Not a cup of cold water which one of you has given shall be forgotten by him who is the rewarder of the just. Ah! a stricken father's heart can better tell than any other how he will bless you.

A delineation of his public ministry I shall not undertake. But I could not do otherwise than admire as a man his fearless independence—I could not but praise God as a Christian for his boldness in proclaiming the truth. Oh, what a cordial it now is to my heart, that no man ever heard from him a trumpet having an uncertain sound! But ah, the suddenness with which this ministry was terminated! Yet I received the tidings but as the fulfilment of the promise my covenant God had made to me. I have not been allowed to have one single doubt as to the wisdom of the dispensation. I have been able to bow to God's will, and feel that, like Abraham, I could take the Isaac I have loved and yield him up obedient to the Lord.

Oh, God! Oh, God! Thy holy will—not mine—be done! Already berore *me* the clouds are breaking, and light is streaming in upon my mind. In the honors paid to his name, in the sublime spectacle presented by the multitude who attended his funeral—he who had scarce dwelt three years in the place—in the crowd which blocked the streets at noon in the season of their earthly engagements—in the testimony of the ministers of Christ, and in the fruits of the Spirit, we see the effect of the dispensation. Already we hear of young men turning to God, impelled by the words spoken by him 'ere his spirit winged its departure. Oh, I have not a doubt that this remarkable death is to bring many souls to Jesus. We shall know the reasons for this Providence in the result, and my sorrow is turned into joy in this sweet assurance of God's fidelity.

As to the manner of his death I have little to say. With regard to any doctrine of human chances, the means which produced it would be pronounced impossible.—I have myself tested it, and I procured the presence of a skilful mechanician, who, on examining the implement of death, pronounced the case unparalled. An examination of his poor wounded body, too, satisfied us that the original wound must have terminated in certain death, and that no surgical aid on earth could have averted it.—The removal of the limb had the happy effect of prolonging life perhaps for forty-eight hours, and gave an opportunity for him to bear his dying testimony, and to soothe and comfort his grief-stricken and anguished friends, before his wonderful departure. But for this dispensation God had evidently been preparing him. His limb was amputated on Saturday. On the Sunday previous he rode home from church, and found his wife sitting up for him. He said to her, "I have enjoyed the ride home so much—I have had such sweet communion with God, and my soul is so filled with peace! God was with me all the way home." Ah! this was the key—this the provision for his approaching journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death! A coincidence here, too, occurs. On entering his house he found his wife in solitude, reading the life of Summerfield. She had been deploring the early death of that young minister, little immagining that another was soon to be called away like him in the morning of his usefulness.

Through his last suffering his calmness was unbroken. His symptoms, though encouraging to himself, were marked with great languor. The most skillful medical aid and the most tender nursing were there, recalling in the most tender assidutities, what has been said of the ministry of angels, but the mark of the Lamb of God was plain upon him. He had come to the place where two ways met, and Jesus had need of him. Early on Monday morning he said to his mother as she was bathing his poor wounded body, "Mother dear, you are caring for my poor body, but angels are nursing my torn and wounded soul." At nine o'clock he began rapidly to sink. I now saw that his end was fast approaching. He still expected to live, and longed yet to be useful in the church around which clung all the full affection of his heart.—Yet he had already delivered up the charge of all his earthly concerns. He said to me "Will you take charge of them?" And receiving a reply in the affirmative, added, "Then I will think no more concerning them."

When the physican came, he said, "Doctor, they think that I am dying!" Is it so? *After a brief examination he was told it was too true: upon which he exclaimed,* "It is all right—just as it should be—I would not have it otherwise." And then said, in words that were too sacred to go abroad, but which having appeared in print, ought to be correctly reported, "Doctor, I have loved you much as a friend; I long to love you as a brother in Christ Jesus. I cannot repay the obligations I am under to you, unless I am permitted to bring you to a Saviour's feet. Let me entreat you now to come to Jesus, that you may be to me forever a dear brother in Christ, and that you may be far more useful than I have been."

Then, referring to his approaching departure, he said to us, as we stood by, "Father, dear, I dearly love you all, but would rather be with Jesus than with my dearest ones on earth. Lay me strait in the bed and cover me up, and I will wait my father's time." We arranged the bed as well as we could, and then stood around him watching his changing countenance. He spoke fully and frequently to those beside him. He bade farewell to his wife, and kissed and blessed each of his little ones.—I then asked him if he had any message to send to his brothers in the ministry. He said, "Not now, I am too weak." After a few moments' pause, he said, "Now, father, I am ready; I want to send a message to my church. I love that church. I love the principles in which it was established. I want my people to go on vigorously and unitedly, and fully establish it"

He again lay awhile, collecting his exhausting strength, and then said, in substance: "Tell my brethren in the ministry to stand up for Jesus. Let them have the spirit of Jesus, and let them bear a united testimony to the perfection of the work of Jesus, and the *completeness of his salvation.*" He rested for a time, and then said, "Sing! sing! can you not sing!" Ah, it was impossible, sorrow had choked our utterance, we could not sing. But as he lay he sang the words "Rock of ages cleft for me;" and following him, we sang the first two verses of that beautiful hymn. His voice then failed and ours were silent.

After this, he said, "Now, dear father, kiss me once more;" and soon after this his mind wandered. It was then twenty minutes to eleven. His thoughts, however, were with his church, and he fancied himself addressing a multitude of people. But all his ungoverned imaginations were connected with his church, and his expressions even then were beautiful and affectionate. He had an hour of imaginary contest with some persons who detained him in the church, and would not release him, crying to them, as his mind roamed, "Dear brethren, Oh, this cruel—you will kill me: that Sunday night's sermon of an hour and a half, killed me—let us go home—why will you all kill yourselves?" Then again, as if a crowd was waiting,—"Open the doors and let them come in!"

I never spoke to him. During this period even, he knew us and would answer us with perfect intelligence, constantly begging us to "go home," and I could only put him off in peace by telling him that at 12 o'clock we would go home—Your Father's time would come. He seemed at last to pass this contest, and I said to him as he lay down, relaxed and prostrate.

"My dear son, have you been surrounded by enemies?"

"Yes, father."

"But," said I, "Jesus was with you, darling."

"Oh, yes, certainly."

"And are you now at rest?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Is the prospect bright before your eyes?"

"Oh, yes, it is glorious."

After a time he seemed unconscious, and I attempted to rouse him. I asked if he heard me, and he said "No." "Do you see me, my dear son? He said "No." I then asked "Do you know Jesus?" He answered in a full voice, remarkably distinct and clear, "Oh yes, I know Jesus. I have a strong snd perfect confidence in him—a strong and perfect confidence."

Half an hour afterward I asked him "Are you happy, my son?" His answer was "Perfectly, perfectly," the very words which last moved the lips of his mother, twenty six years ago, before her spirit winged its flight to the bosom of our Saviour. From that moment he gently sobbed away his life like an infant who had fallen asleep in crying. His sobs became fainter and fainter, until the last one gently passed, and *all was quietness and rest.* The same tender, faithful ones who had nursed him, and bathed his fevered head night and day with such uninterrupted devotion, as gently closed his eyes in death, and placed his lifeless head back upon the pillow, a pattern of the tenderness of affection, and endurance of fidelity which adorns the nearest relations of human life.

Thus, my beloved friends, thus have we all agreed to lend him to the Lord as long as he liveth. He was a child of prayer from his birth. Longsince, a mother's inwrought fervent prayers were turned to praise; but who shall dare to say a Christian mother's love can die, or her maternal interests refuse to embrace every possible advantage which God may grant unknown to us, in continued prayer?

A father's poor prayer continually offered through all this brilliant life and youth and energy and grace—a Christian wife, united in the heart-felt intercession in all her power of union with his cares and labors—hundreds of souls brought to a knowledge of a Saviour's love through his ministry by the Holy Ghost, have had their part in this advocacy with God. Thousands and tens of thousands of Christians in spiritual fellowship have combined, especially in these last suffering days, in this united sacrifice of prayer. Oh: I have no comfort, perhaps, greater than this. My life-long prayer and effort has been in labors that all the people of Christ might be one. In nothing did I love the unity of my dear boy with *me, so much as in his solemn, cordial purpose to work with me in this great line of* Christian duty.

I bless every praying soul that has thought of *him.* Oh, beloved Christians, think of me. Sometimes breathe a prayer for this poor shattered tabernacle, that it may yet fulfil the work that God hath graciously assigned it, and be laid aside with equal faith and equal hope! that he may be made conqueror—that he may triumph in the power and glory of the Lord whom he loved—that Jesus may be honored in him, and his Gospel advanced by him, has been the prayer, the heart's desire of us all. "For this child we prayed, and the Lord hath given us our petition which we asked of him." He has carried him through a triumphant path to a glorious result. He has made those who opposed him flee from him. He has given him rest from affliction, usefulness in the church of God and a spotless reputation to leave after him among men—glory everlasting with Jesus and his saints.

What could we ask more? Therefore, "We have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord?"

Mine! oh, yes, *mine* forever, to lend to Jesus! I would loan him every child I had, to be gathered in such a harvest of grace and truth and glory! We shall go to him, he will not return to us; his life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ who is his life shall appear, then shall he also appear and be with him in glory."

Oh, beloved! This is enough! This is enough! It compensates for every care; it pays for every labor; it removes every sorrow; it explains every mystery; it wipes away every tear; it fills the heart with joy unspeakable! Nearer, still nearer, oh, my God, art thou bringing us to thee! Nearer, still nearer, does this poor suffering soul desire to come! And, though he was the breath of my nostrils—the annointed of the Lord, under whose shadow I had hoped to pass my weary age, and to be gathered to my tomb beneath his ministry around me, with unspeakable delight, in the knowledge that he should stand in gaps that I have left, I have nothing to say, I have nothing to say, but "Bless the Lord, Oh, my soul! and all that is within me, bless his holy name! "Let the House of Aaron say, his mercy endureth forever." Yes! my House of Aaron shall say so, by God's blessing, with a thankful heart!

How I thank him that I have been permitted this night to do his work; that he has so strengthened me that I am now carried through, when I hardly dared to hope that I could stand here and utter anything of what I have been permited thoroughly to proclaim. Oh God is with me! God is with me. His everlasting arms are under me. His eternal righteousness—it abideth forever.

We lately heard of a housemaid, who, about to leave a family rather unexpectedly, and urged to give a reason for it, simply said:

"I can't stay, the ladies speak such bad grammar."

"Jerome! Jerome!" screamed Mrs. Butterfield, the other day, to her biggest boy, "what are you throwing to those pidgeons?"

"Gold beads, mother, and the darned fools are eatin' 'em; s'pect they think it's corn."