## POETRY.

### "LEAD ME."

My Father, take my hand, for I am prone
To danger, and I fear to go alone.
I trust thy guidance. Father take my hand,
Lead thy child safely through the desert land,
The way is dark before me; take my hand,
For light can only come at thy command.
Clinging to thy dear love, no doubt I know,
That love will cheer my way where'er I go.
Father, the storm is breaking o'er me wild,
I feel its bitterness, protect thy child.
The tempest clouds are flying through the air,
O, take my hand, and save me from despair.
Father, as I ascend the craggy steep
That leads me to thy temple, let keep
My hand in thine, so I can conpuer time
And by thine aiding to thy bosom climb.
Father, I feel the damp upon my brow,
The chill of death is falling on me now.
Soon from earth's fitting shadow I must part,
My Eather, take my hand, thou hast my heart.
—*Regilter.*

### GOOD NIGHT.

Shadows are falling,
Echoes are calling,
Waters are rippling
In tranquil delight.
Perfumes are straying,
Flow'rets betraying,
Sunbeams grow pale
As they linger for night.

Breezes are sighing,
For daylight is dying,
Dewdrops are bathing,
The dreaming bird's wing.
Stars dimly glancing,
Beauty enchanting,
As light follows twilight
And silence is king.

From a lone dwelling,
Music is swelling,
Voices of children
Unite in the strain.
They sing of the manger,
Of angelic heralds
On Bethlehem's plain.

Now they are kneeling,
With reverent feeling,
The mother and children
Breathe softly a prayer.
Sin while expressing
Entreating a blessing
Through Jesus who lovingly
Proffers his care.

Good night in sweet kisses,
Infantine blisses,
Sleep will soon soothe
The eyelids to rest.
Rosy lips parted,
Dream happy hearted,
Mother keeps watch
By the side of the nest.

## A HEROINE OF THE PRAIRIE.

Joseph Thornton had travelled for days over the almost trackless prairie of the far West, sharing the kind hospitality of the poor settlers, without money or price; for their great hearts scorned to receive pay for a night's lodging, or meal of bacon and corn bread. Glad to see a strange face from the great world beyond, and learn of the news of the day they considered the favor conferred upon themselves.

Thornton had been speculating in land and was in quest of recent purchases. The season was growing late, and Fall storms were to be expected, impeding travel, if not making it dangerous; so each day he pushed on as far as possible in order to reach a certain point by the middle of November, where he proposed to dispose of his horse and return by the Pacific Railroad to his eastern home.

On the fifth of the month he had been riding through a drizzly rain, which toward night merged into a furious storm of snow and sleet, blinding both himself and horse, and making the exertion necessary for farther travel almost impossible. To stop or even pause would be certain death. So urged by the awful contemplation of freezing on the lonely prairie, with none to know of his fate, with his flesh to become food for the gaunt wolves, and his bones to bleach through long years, he drove on his weary horse with voice and spur.

He dismounted, groped his way, and found a little, low cabin, so small and wretched as to be scarcely more than a hut. No light being visible, he concluded it was untenanted, but on trying the door he found it fastened. His rap aroused the inmates, who held a whispered conversation, and then a female voice, broken by a racking cough, asked who was there?

'A benighted stranger who requests shelter from the storm,' he answered, in pleasant and reassuring tones.

A long pause followed, in which, he judged by the sounds, some preparation was being made for his reception. The fire upon the hearth was raked open, and supplied with fuel, which soon lighted the cabin and sent its rays through the interstices of the logs and the one little window. Then the door was unfastened with reluctant hands, and opened to admit him. He found the cabin so low as scarcely to admit of his standing erect. At one side of the fire-place, upon a rude settee, a woman half reclined, whose white face and attenuated form bespoke her the victim of consumption.

'I crave your pardon, Madame,' said Thornton, taking his place before the inviting fire, 'for intruding upon your hospitality, but being wholly unacquainted in this locality, I was forced to ask shelter for myself and horse.'

'We have scarcely that for ourselves, sir, and yet such as it is, I cannot deny you. A place in the corner and a buffalo robe is the best we can offer you.

This welcome the woman had given him, interrupted by fits of coughing, while he stood stretching his numb fingers over the fire. A young girl who had admitted him came forward at the moment and proffered him a rude home-made seat—half chair and half stool. He declined it, saying he would first attend to his horse, if anyone would show him shelter for the beast.

'There is a rude shed at the back of the house,' replied the woman, with another paroxysm of coughing. But as soon as it subsided she directed the girl to light a lantern. She did so, and handed it to Thornton in a timid and trembling manner, and the woman continued, 'You will have to be your own groom, sir. My daughter and I are entirely alone at present.'

He signified his willingness to wait upon himself, returned his thanks, conducted his poor, chilled horse to the shed, which he found well sheltered from the rapidly increasing storm. It was partially filled with the coarse hay of the prairie, and having made the best arrangement possible for his horse, he returned to the wretched cabin and was greeted by the savory odor of boiling coffee and the sight of a clean white cloth spread over a little table in front of the fire.

'Your supper is ready, sir,' said the girl, addressing him for the first time.

Her voice was low and musical, like that of her mother's, and she flashed upon him a pair of large, luminous black eyes, which had hitherto been veiled by long, dark lashes. He ate his supper with the relish of hunger, while his speculations concerning his hostess and her daughter became more confused and puzzling. He was half tempted to believe he was dreaming, but the hollow cough from the invalid's corner was convincing enough of the reality of his situation.

But what on earth could have brought these people so far from civilization? Why were these two educated women left alone, so far from any other habitation, at the mercy of any villain who might chance that way, or the more certain danger from bands of roving Indians?

After finishing his meal he resumed his seat by the fire, and began a conversation with the woman, while her daughter cleared the table deftly and quickly, washing the dishes and placing them upon shelves concealed by a white muslin curtain

'You have a very troublesome cough, I see, madame,' he said by way of commencement.

'Yes, sir, and I find it increases with the cold weather.'

'Can nothing be done to relieve you?' he continued in sympathetic tones.

The woman glanced at her daughter and shook her head as if fearing a reply might reach her ears. He took the hint and changed the subject to one of more interest to himself.

'You must find life here very lonely and rude?'

'Very,' was the laconic answer.

'I have been travelling for some weeks over the plains and shared the kind hospitality of its inhabitants, but never before have I met with any who were not born and bred to this kind of life—indeed who would have been lost and unhappy in any other. Therefore, pardon me if I express my wonder at finding yourself and daughter, delicately and tenderly nurtured, as you evidently have been, in these desolate wilds—and alone.'

'I marvel at it myself, sir, and almost doubt my own senses. But the hard realities are convincing enough, and since you are interested in knowing what adversities or fate brought us here, I will relate my story in a few words.

'As you all seem to have surmise, sir, this life is new to us. I was born and raised in one of the eastern States, in a home of luxury. Married at an early age, I went to my husband's home in a large city, where he was a merchant, and where this our only child was born and educated. Our home was all that money and taste could provide, until during one of the financial panics, that have become so common, my husband failed, and the little that remained he determined should take us West to the poor man's El Dorado, as we all thought. My health had gradually been failing, and a pulmonary tendency decided us in favor of Minnesota, where, after many privations and trials never dreamed of, we found ourselves in a little settlement. My husband opened a small store, and notwithstanding our hard life, we were in a fair way of doing well and retrieving our fortunes, when news of Indian troubles reached us. The light of burning dwellings in the outskirts of the settlement attested the truth of the rumor, and taking the only horse we possessed, I was placed upon it, with a few valuables and necessary articles, my husband loaded with others, and we started for the fort, some fifty miles distant. At midnight we looked back from a high ridge and saw the destruction of the settlement, and knew that death and plunder was rife amongst our once peaceful homes.

'The journey, which was necessarily a forced one, was too much for me. A violent hemorhrage of the lungs followed, threatening to put an end to my life at once. We were alone on the prairie—not a habitation within sight, and the anguish of my husband and child cannot be described. Covered with a blanket and propped with a pillow—which our forethought had provided—I was left with Grace until my husband could seek assistance. Imagine, if you can, sir, two women thus alone upon the open prairie, defenceless and surrounded by danger, the greatest of which was packs of hungry wolves. They came very near, and then at a shout from my daughter would retreat, until becoming bolder, neither screams nor gestures would keep them away. They were snapping and snarling on every side of us, and their flaming eyes, blood-red jaws and fang-like teeth told but too truly of death so terrible that despair made a complete prisoner of my soul. I could only close my eyes and breathe a short whispered prayer, until consciousness entirely departed.

"And now, sir, I must speak of the self-possession and bravery of my child." She glanced lovingly at the scarlet cheeks and tearful eyes of her daughter, and proceeded. 'When I awoke from insensibility I found her bending over me and holding a handkerchief wet with brandy to my mouth and nostrils. She had fired the prairie as a last resort, and it proved an effectual one. The bloodthirsty wolves fled before the flames like chaff before the wind, and the stifling smoke would have suffocated me had it not been for the forethought of Grace.

'After a time, which appeared interminable, my husband returned. We feared he must have perished either by fire or the wolves, but it was not so, and we all wept together over our miraculous escape. He informed us that he had found a deserted cabin in the edge of a pleasant grove, and near which was a clear running brook. It proved to be one we now occupy, and was to me a welcome refuge after so many perils.

'After that I was very ill and unfit to be moved. Accordingly, the place was made as comfortable as possible, and necessaries procured from a distant settlement, where my husband has now gone to see if I cannot be moved thither. We all dread to pass a winter in this isolated place, and besides, must do something to obtain a living. We should simply starve here.'

Thornton expressed his deepest sympathy—declared he would not forsake them until the return of the husband and father, and would do all in his power to assist them in their removal.

'You are very kind,' replied the woman. 'Surely heaven has sent you. Before you came we had not dared to keep a fire for fear the light might attract the Indians, if any should be in the vicinity. Our lives are full of anxiety. Mine is near its close, but before I die I would at least see those I love in safety.'

It had grown very late. Thornton wrapped himself in a buffalo robe and stretched in the corner assigned him, and was soon in the land of dreams, peopled by the dusky tribes of the forest and devouring wolves. The girl crept to the side of her mother, nestled in her arms, and slumbered also.

The morning dawned clear and bright, but everywhere the snow drifted into huge piles, and showed Thornton the folly of attempting his journey, even if he had been willing to leave the helpless women. So he made himself useful, brought wood and water, and gave cheerful words to the anxious wife. This was the day, at the latest that the husband was to return, and now the snow might impede his way.

But hourly the woman grew worse, and at night another hemorrhage came. All through the long dark hours they watched Thornton with tender and refined sympathy, and the daughter anxious and sorrowing. But at last he fell asleep in his chair, though how long he enjoyed oblivion he never knew. He was aroused by a sharp cry of terror, and opening his eyes and springing to his feet, he saw by the fitful firelight the figure of the girl kneeling by the low cot of her mother, and calling to her in accents of the most agonized entreaty.

"Mother, speak—oh! speak to me," she cried again and again as she chafed the icy hands. "Oh! sir, can you do nothing? My mother is dying—dying!"

Thornton bent over the poor woman and noted the swiftly glazing eye and failing breath. Then there was a convulsive grasp and she was dead? He gently but firmly removed the weeping child, closed the stiffening eyelids, composed the limbs, covered the ashy face. Then he lifted the orphan from the floor upon which she had fallen, and placing her upon a chair entreated her to be calm.

"Think, my poor child," he said, "that this great calamity might have befallen you when entirely alone. But you are not forsaken. Heaven has mercifully sent me to you. She whom you mourn is beyond all sorrow and misery. You would not have her here again here if it is best that she should be at rest. Nothing shall harm you. I will not leave you until the return of your father, which heaven grant may soon be, for your sake."

Grace breathed a word or two of gratitude between her tearful sobbing, and thus they sat until about mid-day. Then the sound of horses' feet drew near to the door and Grace was clasped to her father's heart, and weeping in his arms.

The sad truth was soon told. At sunset a grave had been prepared and the dead was deposited therein. Thornton taking upon himself the sad task though assisted by the bereaved husband.

After all was over and Mr. Norton had expressed the gratitude for the timely comfort and aid Thornton had rendered, the latter proposed immediate removal and plans for the future. They were at once acted upon, and Mr. Norton entered into business (assisted be Thornton,) who became in good time the husband of Grace—the heroine of the prairie—beloved and cherished, and a beautiful and happy wife. But the little cabin upon the lonely prairie is never forgotten, for very near is her mother's grave.

## FUN ON THE HIGHWAY.

The setting sun on last Thursday afternoon threw a halo upon a vast drove of hogs, sedately marching down the Olive street rock road, attended by two gentlemen, one garnished with a stick and the other embelished with a black-snaked whip. It was rather chilly—in fact cold—and as the gentlemen walked along in pleasant conversation, sometimes addressed to each other and sometimes to the hogs, they began to feel the influence of the raw atmosphere, the effects of which they tried to overcome at the bar of every tavern they fell in with. Encouraged with their success, they became hilarious, and in their good humor poked each other and the pigs in the ribs, in that familiar manner which characterized good fellows, charmed with each other's society. He of the black-snake cracked his lash until the air was full of snaps, and shouted and yelled in the fine exuberance of his spirits. As his enthusiasm arose, he pined for loftier deeds, and told him of the stick that the next traveller would make some fun for the party that even the hogs could enjoy.

But a few more drinks had been concealed, when they met a man in a buggy—a man who had been hunting, and who had some dangerous implements in the buggy. With a spring of the whip he grasped the reigns and brought the horse, man and buggy to a sudden halt.

'Stranger,' said the man in the buggy, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, 'Stranger, I wish you'd let that horse go.'

'Partner,' said he of the whip, 'I can't. I can't let that horse go. I want to know, partner, where you've been and where you'r going.'

'Stranger,' quoth the man in the buggy, 'I don't think that's any of your business. Really I don't.'

'I don't want to hurry you, partner, but you must answer my question, or you must slide outen that yer buggy, and dance a fling for us, right here,' and he snapped his whip uncomfortably close to the buggy man's countenance.

'You see, stranger,' said the man in the buggy, 'I don't think I can dance. My boots are too heavy.'

'You can take your boots off if you want to, partner. I ain't modest, and won't mind your bare feet; but I say, partner, you want to be quick, 'cause these hogs and this yer friend o'mine is getting mighty impatient.'

'Well, if you want to see a dance mighty bad, stranger, I reckon I must accomodate you. I've got some light boots in here, and when I get 'em on I'll show you how it's done,' and he fumbled under the buggy seat. In a moment he rose up with a huge revolver in his paw, saying: 'How will that do for dancing stranger?'

The next instant he was on the ground his left hand comprehending the throat of Black-snake and the pistol pressed tight to his forehead. The hogs looked at each other with raised eyebrows, and were all the more astonished when they saw him of the stick hoisting himself over a fence and sliding for peace on earth and good will among men behind a neighboring barn.

'Stranger, would you be so polite as to drop that whip?'

He dropped it.

'Now, stranger, we'll have that dance.'

'Well, partner, I don't know but what it's time that dance began.'

Just then Sam Ecker drove up, and the situation was explained to him. Samuel began a devotee of Terpischore himself, gravely considered that the dance should go on.

'You'll find it more comfortable, stranger, to dance without those boots, and I think you'd better take 'em off.'

'I estimate you're right about that, partner,' and down squatted Black-snake and disrobed his feet, and took off his coat.

It is said by those who saw him that Black snake is an excellant dancer. He has a keen appreciation of the fine points, and has a way of slinging his feet that many masters of the art have not acquired.

'warm; ain' tit, stranger?'

Black snake conceded it was a little oppressive, and he resumed his habiliments, after five minutes hard work.

'Good by, stranger,' said the buggy man

'Good by, partner—say, partner, don't mention this little thing in Lucas Market, will you?'

But, somehow, it war mentioned in Sam's House, and at billy Beek's and for a day or two Black-snake found no peace save in the society of his hogs.—*St. Louis Globe.*

## TEN RULES FOR FARMERS.

1. Take good papers and read them.
2. Keep an account of farm operations.
3. Do not leave implements scattered over the farm, exposed to snow, rain and heat.
4. Repair tools and buildings at a proper time and do not suffer a subsequent threefold expenditure of time and money.
5. Use money judiciously, and do not attend auction-sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because is cheap.
6. See that fences are well repaired, and cattle not grazing in the meadows, or grainfields, or orchards.
7. Do not refuse to make correct experiments in a small way, of many new things.
8. Plant fruit trees well, care for them, and of course get good crops.
9. Practice economy by giving stock shelter during the winter; also good food, taking out all that is unsound, half rotten, or mouldy.
10. Do not keep a tribe of cats and snarling dogs around the premises, who eat more in one month than they are worth in lifetime.

## RANDOM READINGS

What does a man see in the wild, wild waves? Sea foam.

"Speech is silver, but silence is golden"—Hence the expression, hush money,

Why is a pretty girl's foot like the letter Y? Because it is the end of beauty.

One who knows, remarks that wood will last much longer if left for the women to saw and split.

Advice to young housekeepers—Put your washing out, if you do not wish your husband to be put out.

It has now become a question as to whether a phrenologist can tell what a barrel contains by examining its head.

What is the difference between the plan of a battle field and a roasted pippin? One is a war map, and the other is a warm apple

A gentleman late one evening met his servant: "Hallo! where are you going to at this time of night? for no good I'll warrant." "I was going for you, sir."

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home, complained that he didn't kill anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your *legitimate business*," said the wife.

Said a pompous husband, whose wife had stolen up behind and given him a kiss—"Madam, I consider such an act indecorous." "Excuse me," said the wife, "I didn't know it was you."

President Nott, in his wise old age, once took a newly married pair aside and said, "I want to give this advice, my children: Don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on and do your duty and she will come to you."

John Bull, conversin with an Indian, asked him if he knew the sun never sets on the queen's dominions. "No," said the Indian. "Do you know the reason why?" Asked John. "Becausn God is afraid to trust Englishmen in the dark!" was the savage reply.

"Uncle, how do you do? Which would you like best, work for wages or part of the crop?

"Wall, I 'clar I think bofe the best, if you can only bring 'em togedder."

I am always afraid lest dogs should come to learn our language, If ever they do, they do, they will cut us entirely. Everything seems uncommonplace in a language of which you know but little, and this is why we appear such clever and interesting fellows to dogs. If they knew our language well, would any dog sit out a public dinner? Would any dog remain in the nursery, and listen to the foolish talk of nurses and mothers? says Arthur Helps.

Everybody remembers the lines of Sir John Denham—

"Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage: without o'erflowing full."

A writer in Notes and Queries says that they are stolen from a Latin prose letter of Roger Asehaam.

The man who walks the streets recognizing the excellencies of other men, and honoring them, will find his fellows conceding and esteeming his own virtue. He who gives helping sympathy, abundantly and warmly, to the suffering and sad, will himself have help and sympathy abundant and warm, when he suffers and is sad.

As we give the best we have, we get the best we can have. The most unmistakeable illustration of this general truth is in its highest application. The rarest donation any one can offer is himself, in the completeness of his nature and possession, to Christ; and when this is done, he receives in return the choicest blessing he can appropriate, the filling of himself with God. If you doubt it, try it and doubt no more.—*Standard.*

GIVE AND GET.—"I wonder what's the matter with the post-office!"

"Why?"

"I dont get any letter lately."

"Have you written very many recently?"

"Well, I don't know that I have: come to think of it, rather guess I haven't."

"What wonder, then? I suppose it is with letters as with most else in the world—we get as we give."

Do you think that's so."

"I do. It is the law of life. As we dispense, we receive, both in quality and kind. Shutting ourselves within ourselves we find all else shut out. Opening our life to other life, we find that other opening to us."

## THE ASHANTEE COUNTRY.

Familarity with recent events in the Ashantee country gives additional value to later discriptions of conditions existing in Western Africa, of which the following condensation of a paper in a late number of *Belgravia* is one. The writer says the town of Capa Coast, and indeed all the principal settlements of the Gold Coast, impress the newly arrived travellers with a scene of present ruin and past grandeur; and knowledge of their history by no means detracts from the corectness of this impression. The contrasts are striking. Side by side with the filthy little mud huts of the Fantees—very much like roofless Irish cabins, only dirtier, —stand the remains of residences almost palatial in their size and structure, but bearing generally painful evidences of their fall from their own high estate Shutters hanging from their hinges, rotting doors, broken stair cases, worm-eatsn furniture, and broken plate and broken crockery of expensive pattern all bear witness to the "days that are no more," of the time when Cape Coast was inhabited by princely merchants, keeping up a lavish hospitality to all comers, and when the fame of its luxury went abroad, even to England. Those days are now past; and, excepting one or two English houses, a host of petty swindling traders, white and black, sit in the high places, and ape European gentility. The costly mansions have gone to decay, and will soon be numbered like their owners, with the past. The country around Cape Coast Castle is composed of low hills, lining the coast, and covered with short stunted, impenetrable brushwood, the haunt of wild animals and snakes without number. These hills in their turn, give way as as the traveller proceeds inland, to forests boundless, and in many instances pathless, of which the timber is immense. Beautiful to the eye is nature in the vast solitude, but it is a fatal and poisonous beauty. Every breath is laden with malaria, and the luxurant exuberance of the vegetation is owing to a subsoil of rottiug vegetable matter, which accumulates continually and steadily from the falling leaves and decayed branches of the forest giants around. Through parts of these forests wind little narrow roads, or paths, about a foot wide and two feet deep, like drains; these are the only communication from village to village, and during the rainy reason are generally knee-deep in a compost of mud and water.

THE RUSSIAN BLACK SEA FLEET.—The *Borsen Zeitung* gives a description of the first vessel of the future Russian Black Sea Fleet, the monitor *Norgorod*. It resembles a huge circular kettle of more than 100 feet diameter, and only rises a foot and a half out of the water. In the midst of it is a turret a fathom high and seven fathoms in diameter, with two 11-inch steel guns fitted to a moveable plate form. The *Norgorod*, is set in motion by six screws, and in the trial trip it moved at the rate of six and a half knots an hour. When fully equipped, it draws 12 feet 4 inches of water at the stem, and 13 feet 4 inches at the stern. The total cost of the construction of this new sea-monster and of its conveyance from St. Petersburgh, where it was built, to Nikolajeft, is 2,500,000 roubles Since the naval review held by the Emperor of Russia last August, at which eighteen ironclads, including six frigates, and three turrets, the *General Admiral*, has been launched at St. Petersburgh. The engines of this vessel are stated to be of 6,300 horse-power, and its plates were constructed in the factories of the Russian Admirality.

MESSRS. CALEB GATES & CO, *Dear Sirs*—I am going to give you this testimonial of my appreciation of your most invaluable medicines, and the wonderful satisfaction that I have experienced from their use. I was troubled with liver complaint for a number of years, and by times was not able to work In March 1872 was taken very sick, was thought by my friends to be going with consumption. I was very weak with a bad cough, pain in my lungs and left shoulder, was unable to turn in bed; tried everything that was recommended, but found no relief; and having a catalogue of your medicines in my house, sent and got two bottles of your Bitters and Syrup, and used them; and am happy to say that I am hearty and well, through the use of the same. They also have cured me dyspepsia, which by times troubled me much. I have also used your Eye Relief, and believe it to be the best preparation for weak eyes in use. No family should be without your medicines; for by their use they will escape a vast amount of suffering. You are at liberty to make this public if you wish, for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Believe me, yours, truly,
DAVID FREEMAN.

Sworn to at Kempt, October 2d, 1872, before me,
Chas. H. Ford, J. P.

January 5th —1mo

## THE ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

BROTHERS.

Ye are the children of one father, provided for by his care; and the breast of one mother hath given thee suck.

Let the bonds of affetion, therefore, unite thee with thy brothers; that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house.

And, when ye separate in the world, remember the relation that bindeth you to love and unity: prefer not a stranger before thine own blood.

If thy brother is in adversity, assist *him*: if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not.

So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race, and his care be continued to you all in your love to each other.

WISE AND IGNORANT.

The gifts of the understanding are the treasures of God; and he appointeth to every one his portion, in what measure seemeth good unto himself.

Hath he endowed thee with wisdom? hath he enlightened thy mind with the knowledge of truth? communicate it to the ignorant for their instruction; communicate it to the wise for their own improvement.

True wisdom is less presuming than folly: the wise man doubteth often, and changeth his mind; the fool is obstinate, and doubteth not; he knoweth all things, but his own ignorance.

The pride of emptiness is an abomination, and to talk much is the foolishness of folly; nevertheless, it is the part of wisdom to bear the impertinence of fools, to hear their absurdities with patience, and pity their weakness.

Yet be not puffed up in thine own conceit, neither boast of superior understanding; the the clearest human knowledge is but blindness and folly.

The wise man feeleth his imperfections, and is humble; he laboureth in vain for his own approbation. But the fool peepeth in the shallow stream of his own mind, and is pleased with the pebbles which he seeth at the bottom: he bringeth them up, and sheweth them as pearls; and with the applause of his brethern delighteth himself.

He boasteth of attainments in things of no worth; but where it is a shame to be ignorant, there he hath no understanding.

Even in the paths of wisdom he toileth after folly; and shame and disappointment are the reward of his labour.

But the wise man cultivateth his mind with knowledge; the improvements of arts is his delight; and their utility to the public crowneth him with honor.

Nevertheless, the attainment of virtue he accounteth as the highest learnings; and the science of happiness is the study of his life.

RICH AND POOR.

The man to whom God hath given riches, and a heart to employ them aright, is peculiarly favoured, and highly distinguished.

He looketh on his wealth with pleasure, because he affordeth him the means to do good.

He protecteth the poor that are injured; he suffereth not the mighty to oppress the weak.

He seeketh out objects of compassion; he enquireth into their wants he relieveth them: with judgment, and without ostentation.

He assisteth and rewardeth merits; he encourageth ingenuity, and liberally promoteth every useful design.

He carrieth on great works: his country is enriched; and the labourer is employed; he formeth new schemes, and the arts receiveth improvement.

He considereth the superfluities of his table as belonging to the poor, and he defraudeth them not.

The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune. He rejoiceth therefore in riches, and his joy is blameless.

But woe unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance, and rejoiceth alone in the possession thereof.

That grindeth the face of the poor, and contidereth not the sweat of their brows.

He thriveth on oppression without feeling; the ruin of his brother disturbeth him not,

The tears of the orphan he drinketh as milk; the cries of the widow are music to his ears.

His heart is hardened with the love of wealth; no grief or distress can make impression upon it.

But the curse of iniquity pursueth him; he liveth in continual fear. The anxiety of his mind, and the rapacious desires of his own soul, take vengence upon him, for the calamities he hath brought upon others.

O! what are the miseries of poverty, in comparison with the gnawings of this man's heart!

Let the poor man comfort himself, yea, rejoice; for he hath many reasons.

He sitteth down to his morsel in peace; his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers.

He is not embarrassed with independents nor treazed with the clamours of solicitation.

Depart from the danties of the rich, he escapeth also their diseases.

The bread that he eateth, is not sweet to *his taste?* the water he drinketh, is it not pleasant to his thirst? yea, far more delicious than the richest draughts of luxurious.

His labour preserveth his health, and produceth him a repose, to which the downy bed of sloth is a stranger.

He limiteth his desires with humility; and the calm of contentment is sweeter to his soul than acquirements of wealth and grandeur.

Let not the rich therefore presume on his riches, nor the poor despond in his poverty; for the providence of God dispenseth happiness to them both; and the distribution thereof is more equally made than the fool can believe.

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

Repine not, O man, that thou serveth another; it is the appointment of God, and hath many advantages; it removeth thee from the cares and solicitudes of life.

The honour of a servant is his fidelity; his highest virtues are submission and obedience.

Be patient, therefore, under the reproofs of thy master; and when he rebuketh thee, answer not again: the silence of thy resignation shall uot be forgotten.

Be studious of his interests; be diligent in his affairs; and faithful to the trust which he *reposeth in thee.*

Thy time and thy labour belong unto him; defraud him not thereof, for he payeth thee for them.

And thou who art a master, be just to thy servant, if thou expectest fidelity; be reasonable in thy commands, if thou expectest obedience.

The spirit of a man is in him; severity and rigour, which create fear, command his love.

Mix kindness with reproof, and reason with authority; so shall thy admonitions take place in his heart, and his duty shall become his pleasure.

He shall serve thee faithfully from gratitude; he shall obey thee cheerfully from love; and fail thou not in return to give his diligence and fidelity their just reward.

KING COFFEE SUES FOR PEACE.—We hope he will not get it. Peace should only be dictated, by the British, from the ruins of Coomassie. This very proposal of peace and idemnity from the Ashantee King has been expected for some time, as his one last resort too save his capital town from subjection and destruction; and by anticipation the "Times" correspondent protests against it. To accept these offered terms now would be very like the paltering foreign policy which has to often prevailed in England; but it is to be hoped they will not be accepted. To accept them would be to make a lame and impotent conclusion to an expedition which has purchased in treasure blood and trouble a far greater sucsess. It would be to leave the coast still at the mercy of a treacherous and ferocious chief who would consult but his own interests in fulfilling his engagements. It would be to let him go free from punishment save what has been inflicted in actual fight on the coast and in the woods. It would be to leave him possession of all his offensive powers, and all his defensive measures and weapons. It would be to convince him that the British were tired of the war, or hopeless of success. It would not impress upon the savages the guilt in which he stands, judged from the English standpoint; nor would it render him one whit less likely to oppress and murder the cowardly Fantees. There should be no peace till Coomassie had been taken and destroyed. The success of the Abyssinian expedition was in its thoroughness, its promptness, its persistence and decisiveness. There has been no trouble in that quarter since. If King Coffee could be taken and hanged in the sight of his tribe, that would be perhaps the most satisfactory termination of the war. These savages only understand force, and dread power, and suffer through fear of punishment. Diplomacy is not a power in which they are very proficient; and keeping faith is not one of their good qualities,


JOYFUL NEWS
# FOR THE AFFLICTED!
## LIFE of MAN BITTERS
—AND—
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CURES,

Dropsy in its worst form; Liver Complaint; Jaundice; Swelling of the Limbs and face; Asthma, of whatever kind; Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Consumption, Spitting of blood, Bronchitis, Sick Head-ache, Running Sores Erysipelas, Stoppage of the Menses, Kidney and Gravel Complaint, Measels, Fevers, Sea Sickness, Heart disease, Pleurisy, Piles, Worms, Rheumatism, Spinal disease, or Affection of the Spine, Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough, Diptheria and Sore Throat, Pains in the Stomach, Diarrhœa, Dysentry, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Toothache and Ague, Sprains, Strains, Felons, Chilblains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Sore Eyes, Lame Back and Side, Cuts and Cracked Hands, &c.

☞For Certificates, &c., taken before Justices of the Peace, see Pamplets which can be furnished at the Agencies.

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Dec 1, 1873.

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ONE placed in the mouth dissolves slowly with effervesence, relieves the most intense thirst, at the same time obviating the frequent desire for taking fluids. They can be carried in the waistcoat pocket, are always ready for use, agreeable, perfectly harmless, may be given to the most delicate child, and are strongly recomended to Clergymen, Singers, Actors, and Public Speakers.

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City Drug Store.

Victoria Building, Aug. 4, '73

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200 Bbls. No. 1 CANADA FLOUR,
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SHANKS & SMITH.

Jun 30, 1873.

## Charlottetown Woollen Factory Co.
### ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the above Company, will be held in the Athenæum, on Tuesday, the 27th inst., at 2 o'clock, p. m., for the election of Directors and the transaction of other business.

All Shareholders should either be present or be represented by proxy, as the business of the Company is about being brought to a close.

ALBERT SIMPSON.
Sec'y. & Trea

Ch'town, Jan. 26. 3in

## To Whom It May Concern.

I hereby certify that Mr. George Foster has satisfied the amount due me on the Bill of Sale given by him in my favor, during the monthof February, 1873.

ARTEMAS LORD.

Ch'town, Jan. 24, 1874. [jan26]

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### The Latest Novelty!

Every person should have one. Wears equal to gold; and the difference in quality can only be detected on the closest scrutiny. Warranted to keep correct time for TWO YEARS without cleaning, or the money returned. Thousands are now in use throughout Great Britain. Price, only TWO DOLLARS. Sent, post-paid, on receipt, to any part of the Dominion. State whether Lady or Gentleman's size required.

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Our premises have been greatly enlarged and are now the

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A few Large Mantle Mirrors and Pier Glasses, Cheap.

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Poles, Rings and Cornices, Rollers, Shades Blinds, Tassels, Cords, &c.

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New patterns, in Damask, Repps, Terry, Plushes, Poplins, Brocatells, Fringes Gimps, Buttons, Tufts, &c., cheap.

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*a Great Variety, Cheap.*

A few of the celebrated Iron Bed CHAIRS, —it makes a Bed, an Easy Chair, an Invalid Chair, and a Lounge in a few seconds, very durable. No house should be without one.

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Strongest CHAIRS and BEDSTEADS.

Most beautiful and durable Drawing Room, Dining Room and Chamber Furniture, in suits.

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## George Woods & co's.
*CELEBRATED*
# CABINET ORGANS
FOR SALE—CHEAP.
## JOHN NEWSON.

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## PIANOS, ORGANS, MUSIC.
## THE CHEAPEST & BEST.

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December 1, 1873.—3m

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Aug. 1873 tf

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WHITE Sugar, and Granulated Sugar, in barrels, just the kind and quality for private families.

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## Rubber Boots & Shoes,
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IS warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, acquired or constitutional, Gravel and Pains in the Back. Sold in Boxes, 4s 6d each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

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October 13, 1873. 1y

## Salt. Salt.

3000 BAGS Liverpool SALT, for Sale. To arrive per S. S *Prince Edward*, due here on the 3d July.

PEAKE BROTHERS & Co.

July 7, 1873.

## REMOVAL.
### SMALLWOOD & BOVYER.

Have removed from their Old Stand on Kent Street, to their

### NEW MACHINE SHOP AT HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,

Where with increased facilities, they will be enabled to carry on their business more extensively.

They are prepared to manufacture Rotary Saw Mills, improved self-acting Shingle Machines, Lath Cutters, Cross-Cutting Machines, Circular Saw Spindies, Threshing Mills, Fanners, Jig Saws, Boring Machines, &c.

Iron and Wood Turning, and general machine Work, done to order.

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50 do Gingerett,
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Quarter " Sherry
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300 Sides Sole Leather
For sale low.
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July 28, 1873 tf

## Sacks. Sacks. Sacks.

4 BALES 3 Bus. Grain Sacks, containing 250 Sacks each,
FOR SALE,
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EDINBURGH REVIEW, (*Whig.*)
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Nov. 24, 1873.—3m

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.—See Deuteronomy, Cap. xii., verse 23.

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For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities, cannot be too highly recommended

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Aug. 11, 1873. tf

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May 14, 1873. 1y

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Chalottetown, Sep. 22, 1873,