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Our Fulfill.

AMON, KING OF JUDAH.

A sermon by the Rev. Lansing Burrows, M.A., preached in the First Baptist church, Louisville, August 31, 1878.

And the servants of Amon conspired against him and slew the king in his own house.—2 Kings 21:25.

The patient investigation of the characters of men and their history results generally in the conviction of the unchangeableness of sinful human nature. No pen so faithful as that of the sacred historian; he presents to us men who lived and gloined in a semi-barbaric splendor, whom we seem to recognize as their memories are taken from the dusty crypts of dead centuries. We direct them of their Oriental garments, we disdain their imposing retines of decorated dependants, we bring them away from the golden glitter of their harem palaces, and lo! they are

His age at that time was but twenty and twenty, and his reign continued but two years longer. Then, a victim to the treachery of his own dependants, he was laid, a hacked and mangled corpse, in the sepulchre of the kings, in the garden of Uzza. This is his history: crowned, reigning, perishing within the space of two brief years; hounded out of the world, and leaving the momentous concerns of the Jewish people to the inexperienced hands of Josiah, a lad of eight years. Thus much does history afford us: what light can we obtain from the lamp of Reflection?

THE WISDOM OF A WASTED LIFE.

What is remembered of Amon is all that is positively known of the history of the Jewish nation for his time. Here is the mournful record of a life of responsibility and power: "He did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, as his father, Manasseh, did, and he walked in all the way that his father walked in, and served the idols that his father served, and worshipped them; and he forsook the Lord God of his fathers, and walked not in the way of the Lord." That is the record of a king! In the Chronicles it is asserted that Amon trespassed more than Manasseh, his father. It was a reign of idolatrous wickedness. He led the people—the miracles of divine mercy and forbearance—into a rejection of Jehovah! From the cruel and bloody scene came to him as he justified in believing his character as oppressive and tyrannical. When king's servants turn against them, the king must have given loose rein to his passions and gloried in arbitrary power. Here then is a wasted life. What advantages had this young man, according to absolute rule while yet

wounded? And do you remember his thoughts at the solemnity of this function? Manasseh, whose history is one of sin and vice, weeps to you the next more than the body? Weep for yourselves!

THE UTILITY OF EXAMPLE TO A PRAVED HEART.

And Amon's history teaches us the warning that the yielding sin affords the heart that it can profit by no example. He knew the history of his fathers; he had seen them fall through wickedness. Under the reign of Manasseh, the fearful apostasy of the Jews to idol worship reached a diabolical height. Its awful effects upon the morals of the people, his sure and lasting influence upon the national life, should have impressed an ordinary mind with the danger. Rather than be warned, this king practiced evil with greater meddity. "Amon trespassed more and more," say the Chronicles. What must have done to exceed Amon, his grandfather, who sacrificed his own child in the flames to Moloch, and Manasseh, his father, who provided a permanent place for the fiery worship of that deity? Under Manasseh, it is said that "the heart of the ancient religion had never before been so sharply and violently smitten;" yet Amon trespassed "more and more." The example of years of national decay was laid upon him. Upon his borders lay Israel, groaning beneath the captivity of the Assyrians, brought to their woeful condition by their idolatry. There were warnings of an individual character also. The dealings of God with Hezekiah were doubtless known to him; on every hand were monuments of the Divine

in his own servants, who made his life away from the bones. It is the whole history, and reading this fact to say the least, is a

THE CONSEQUENT OF THE CONQUEST OF THE FORTRESS.

It is not only the details of this conquest that remain in ignorance. We know them now, and we shall care to know them. Amon was not the only man who had defended his walls. Our full beneath the blow of his conquest; nor did he escape the progress of Sardanapalus. From the cruel and bloody scene came to him as he justified in believing his character as oppressive and tyrannical. When king's servants turn against them, the king must have given loose rein to his passions and gloried in arbitrary power. Here then is a wasted life. What advantages had this young man, according to absolute rule while yet

ing, angry, filthy mob. Passion laughs at the poor, debauched monarch—spits upon him, tramples him down, and glorying in his own degradation, flings into the mire the once beautiful organization, so shattered that men turn away in their disgust, and angels shudder at the spectacle.

Young friends, as much a king as Amon, King of Judah, are you. Not upon an ivory throne, wrapped in purple and wielding the destinies of a nation with absolute scepter may you be; but you have an empire—a nation of living things, mighty in power, delicate in susceptibility. Over it you are placed—a king! Menace of a mysterious realm, you raise that hand, whose causing mechanism none can fathom—that eye, rolling far beyond planets into the unfathomable depths of the aerial ocean—that ear, tuned to the melody of nature's varied symphonies. Glorious your vocation; grand your station; overpowering your sublime possibilities; beautiful the appointed task to bring this ingenuity into cordial subjection to the Universal Ruler, the Lord Christ. But were you, if through the mistaken idea of a worldly, temporizing policy, these servants rise up, ruled only by their own baseness, entering into the sacred precincts of the spirit to violate its privacy; and desecrate its holy sanctuary. Bound, the soul is cast into hell. Not when the disolving hand of death crumbles the frail tabernacle into dust, but while the vital spark lingers; causing the man to walk amid the scenes of earth and parents of mortal life, with a hell in his bosom darting out fiery tongues to scorch and devour the fair things round about him.

Shall this poor deluded monarch appeal to you in vain out of the bloody cry of the past? If the end of his sinful heart beyond the power of the impress of example, the conquest of his life by those who should have served him appeal to you at all, they bid you carefully guard yourself. Need I repeat to you the means by which you may rest happy in the consciousness of safety? It is sin that comes like an armed man to the door of your house. It is Jesus Christ who alone can keep him from overpowering and destroying you. Amon forsook God. Your protection is in the embrace of that pardoning God. Come to him—through faith in him whom he has sent—come to him as a shield and hiding place—as a protector, friend, counselor; come, for he hides you—come, that he may lead you on until you mount to the everlasting throne, and the kingdom of the body be exchanged for the priestly kingdom of endless blessedness and peace.

Adiel Sherwood, D.D.

It is not our purpose to write a biography of Dr. Sherwood. There is ample material for the story of his life, and the task of telling that story is to be coveted. Another pen than ours will put in imperishable shape the incidents of a career which the young men of this and coming generations may study with profit.

Only a few lines must tell what we have to say of the venerable saint who so calmly fell on sleep. Monday evening, August 18th. He was born at Port Edward, Washington county, New York, October 3d, 1791. He graduated at Union College, Schenectady, under the celebrated Dr. Nutt, and at Andover Theological Seminary, where he was a pupil of Moses Stuart. Soon after his graduation, he went to Georgia and preached four years in Liberty county and vicinity. In 1836 he was elected to the professorship of Learned Languages and Biblical Literature in Columbian College, Washington City, and was also appointed general agent of the college. His efforts served the institution from financial ruin. In 1837 Dr. Sherwood returned to Georgia and was tendered and accepted the professorship of Sacred Literature and Moral Philosophy in Mercer University. A flourish

laking church was built up under his ministry in Penedaf, the seat of the university. July 7th, 1841, he was elected first president of Shurtleff College, and was afterwards, for a while, pastor at Pee Dee, S. C. Total country. From 1846 to 1849, Dr. Sherwood was president of the Marine College at Lexington, Md., an institution which was noted for its high standard of scholarship and excellent management. Among his pupils during this time was Colonel A. W. Stayback of this city, who speaks of his instructor in terms of warmest affection. Afterward he went to Cape Girardeau, where he remained some years. Freonious health necessitated a change of climate, and he removed to Griffin, Georgia, where he remained nine years. After the close of the war he returned to St. Louis, where, with three years at Kirkwood, he has resided till the time of his death. He lived to be nearly 88 years old, and was a Baptist minister 69 years!

Dr. Sherwood was an accurate and pains-taking scholar. His "Notes on the New Testament" are a permanent monument to his laborious research and critical knowledge.

In the years 1827-35 he was noted as a revivalist. It is said that 14,000 persons were baptized in Georgia, in meetings which were the outgrowth of the revival services he began. As a preacher, he was plain, earnest and evangelical. As a writer, he was terse, forcible and always to the point. As an educator, he was popular with those he taught, but never failed to secure good discipline among his students. None knew him thoroughly but to esteem and love him. He had a great heart. He was an Israelite in whom the

what were warnings to him? He shut his eyes from beholding them, and his ears from hearing them. He refused to understand the writing which the tracing hand of history unfolded before him. And so God gave him up to the wicked devices of his own heart.

Just as does he to all who disregard his messages, who despise his warnings, who condemn his warnings, and send his messengers away beaten, or at least empty. The history of man demonstrates it. There are many in every age who are given up of God to work out all uncleanliness with greediness, that they might believe a lie, and be damned. But who are they? Men who willfully alienate themselves from him by wicked works; men who scan the histories of nations and individuals, and perceive not the warning finger that is raised; men who begin in youth with the desire to "see life," and persistently turn away from the pleading of the gospel of Christ; men who look upon the blood of the Cross as it flows toward them, beautiful in its cleansing properties, yet trample upon it as an accursed thing. O, awful condition! when the warning trumpet peals upon a dead ear. O, fearful state! when the damned bodies of the lost rise in their agony to warn away the living from the awful abyss, yet wildly wave their skeleton hands before eyes that do not see. To a young man turning a willing ear to the evil whisperings, neglecting the wise counsels of the gospel to heed the diabolical suggestions of a carnal nature, the dark day speedily comes when warning example has lost its power. Their fellows perish around them, dying even as the fool dashes, rushing hopelessly into the wide waste of eternity; they stand for the moment shivering with apprehension over the grave that has swallowed so much of hope, and then turn away, choking their struggling thoughts into the same paths of sin and folly.

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But it is not always so. These household servants at times conspire against man; when rising up in rebellion they chain his spirit and make close prisoner of the will, when that most pitiable and degrading cry issues from the lips, "I can not help myself!" The appetites, delicately tuned to render pleasure like a harp of silver strings, untrained, are transformed into demoniacal intelligences, who, conspiring, play the royal master and install within the broken palace walls a maudlin, boastful, fostered trarerty of humanity.

Men tamper with their passions. They regard not themselves as kings, nor their bodies as servants. They too frequently come down from their exalted stations, forgetful of the mighty difference between the body doomed to destruction and the spirit that is immortal. They forget that these things which we call senses—the touch, the taste, the smell, the sight, the hearing—are but the mind's instruments to communicate with the outward world; servants that stand as perpetual ministrants—standing before the gates of morning, and amidst the melody of groves, and by the borders of fragrance, and at the fount of nature, and wherever the pressure of breathing life and beauty come to ask admission to the soul. No! man thinks his body is himself. It is a grand harmonium strung with chords for all the music of nature. It is a living perception of things that no library can teach, of things that no language can describe. But with all its wonder and mystery it is not the man, but the retinue of servants that wait upon the regal being seated on his throne to direct and control them. If he guard himself it shall be well. But in some, those passions obtain unlawful ascendancy. Like Amon's servants, they conspire against him. They become his masters, and like all masters of kings, they become insatiable tyrants. When the lips demand drink, or the ungdy lusts rage, the enfeebled will is like a bewildered king basted by a foam-

and indignation with us. We see them assayed by appetites, allured by the glistening of worldly wealth, satisfied with the froth that leaps upon the beaker of life, prototypes of men with whom we mingle day by day. We see them glorying in absolute power, intoxicated by the flowing streams of crimson blood that hails them sovereign disposers of human life, and we behold the representatives of men whom we know, whose cratiness is stayed only because their life is hedged by law. We see them seated beneath their bespangled tents upon cushions of rustling silk, their senses stolen away by the soft music of trained maidens, the perfume of strange exotics, the tinkling of colored fountains, and in their life of sensual pleasure we recognize the devotee, debauched and temporizing, of our own day. When from his lofty throne a proud barbaric monarch seeks the dust, we think of others robbed of life and laid away to rot before their time, betrayed by like causes, ruined by like same ambitions. Outward conditions vary, but the heart remains the same. The peculiarities of human progress change the outward manifestations, but the man himself does not change. We are cognizant of Jesabels and Abaelons and Jems, howbeit the enormity of their offenses are enveloped by the beautiful folds of a modern civilization. So the experience of the past ages is invaluable to us. It is full of rich warning. The lessons taught by it deserve patient study. Thus let us regard one page of this ancient history.

We have before us the life of Amon, King of Judah. All that is recorded of him is contained in but eight verses of one book and five verses of another—the latter being a repetition almost word for word. All that men are concerned to know of this king is compressed into the smallest space. Yet there is food for thought in the brief record.

He was the fiftenth king who reigned over Judah, after the Jews were divided into the two different monarchies. The date of his accession to power was the year 843 B. C., and he obtained this honor through the death of his father, Manasseh.

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But it is not always so. These household servants at times conspire against man; when rising up in rebellion they chain his spirit and make close prisoner of the will, when that most pitiable and degrading cry issues from the lips, "I can not help myself!" The appetites, delicately tuned to render pleasure like a harp of silver strings, untrained, are transformed into demoniacal intelligences, who, conspiring, play the royal master and install within the broken palace walls a maudlin, boastful, fostered trarerty of humanity.

Men tamper with their passions. They regard not themselves as kings, nor their bodies as servants. They too frequently come down from their exalted stations, forgetful of the mighty difference between the body doomed to destruction and the spirit that is immortal. They forget that these things which we call senses—the touch, the taste, the smell, the sight, the hearing—are but the mind's instruments to communicate with the outward world; servants that stand as perpetual ministrants—standing before the gates of morning, and amidst the melody of groves, and by the borders of fragrance, and at the fount of nature, and wherever the pressure of breathing life and beauty come to ask admission to the soul. No! man thinks his body is himself. It is a grand harmonium strung with chords for all the music of nature. It is a living perception of things that no library can teach, of things that no language can describe. But with all its wonder and mystery it is not the man, but the retinue of servants that wait upon the regal being seated on his throne to direct and control them. If he guard himself it shall be well. But in some, those passions obtain unlawful ascendancy. Like Amon's servants, they conspire against him. They become his masters, and like all masters of kings, they become insatiable tyrants. When the lips demand drink, or the ungdy lusts rage, the enfeebled will is like a bewildered king basted by a foam-

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But it is not our purpose to write a biography of Dr. Sherwood. There is ample material for the story of his life, and the task of telling that story is to be coveted. Another pen than ours will put in imperishable shape the incidents of a career which the young men of this and coming generations may study with profit.

Only a few lines must tell what we have to say of the venerable saint who so calmly fell on sleep. Monday evening, August 18th. He was born at Port Edward, Washington county, New York, October 3d, 1791. He graduated at Union College, Schenectady, under the celebrated Dr. Nutt, and at Andover Theological Seminary, where he was a pupil of Moses Stuart. Soon after his graduation, he went to Georgia and preached four years in Liberty county and vicinity. In 1836 he was elected to the professorship of Learned Languages and Biblical Literature in Columbian College, Washington City, and was also appointed general agent of the college. His efforts served the institution from financial ruin. In 1837 Dr. Sherwood returned to Georgia and was tendered and accepted the professorship of Sacred Literature and Moral Philosophy in Mercer University. A flourish

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Dr. Burrows' side is a departure, to be dated in the apostasy; hence it is an old departure. It is a departure from the New Testament doctrine that the ordinance belongs to a priestly authority, and to a full church. Dr. Weaver's departure is a departure from Dr. Burrows' departure; it is a departure from the apostasy to the faith. As it is recent the good Doctor correctly terms it "Dr. Weaver's new departure."

In reply to the good Doctor, there are two things, and only two, which are indispensably to valid baptism: 1. A right candidate. To be a right candidate any one must give evidence of regeneration and willingness to "observe all things whatsoever;" etc. He must satisfy the church or an authorized administrator of baptism, of his qualification for baptism. When the matter does not first come before the church—as in the Branch's case—only satisfaction to an authorized administrator of baptism is necessary. By the authority conferred on every ordained minister, the authority to preach and baptize—he may baptize as well as preach—without bringing the baptism first before the church, inasmuch as he is amenable to the church for his conduct, this is not giving either unlimited or dangerous priority authority to the preacher's hands. Of course, where practicable, no minister ought to administer or preach without the approbation, sympathy and co-operation of the church. Our churches discourage a minister from the practice of preaching and baptizing without their co-operation, when practicable, not because those acts are unauthorized, but because they are inexpedient—tend to anarchy. Our churches, generally by vote, pledge their cooperation with an ordained minister in his preaching. In his baptizing, they vote for the same purpose. Yet, this pledge may be extended by any manifestation of sympathy. That Dr. Weaver, at his baptism, was a regenerate man, willing to "observe all things," no one will question. Inasmuch as he satisfied all the church with which he was ever connected, either as layman or pastor, and Dr. Boyce, of his fitness for baptism, surely no one can question his being a fit subject for baptism on account of the church not being satisfied. If a young convert has been approved by the church as fit for baptism—re-recognized and willing to "observe all things"—and if a young convert has satisfied his administrator of baptism of his fitness for it, surely Dr. Weaver has done so. And as Dr. B. thinks as much of Methodism as to believe it can administer baptism, he ought to be especially satisfied with the fitness of Dr. Weaver for baptism, since the Methodist preacher, by baptizing him, said he was a fit subject for it. So we have Christ's church and Wesley's, both approving of Dr. Weaver as a fit subject of baptism. His case not being formally brought before the Chestnut-street church for his baptism does not change the matter, since no one can deny that they in many ways, for many years, expressed their satisfaction with which he was converted and willing to "observe all things," and, especially, since the Baptist church, which first received him formally—by vote—expressed the same thing. Besides, Dr. Boyce was satisfied of his fitness and with his application, as was Philip with the English.

2. An authorized administrator. While the Scriptures require the church, before authorizing any one to baptize, to be satisfied of his conversion, call to preach, etc., they nowhere require that the church shall know—not mistake—his conversion, call, etc., genuine. Remember this, as each confessor here avires. There is a vast amount of difference between a requirement to be satisfied one is converted, called to preach, etc., and a requirement to know, infallibly, that the conversion, etc., are genuine. If the latter were indispensable to a valid administrator, few, if any, could infallibly know they were baptized, neither could any church know it has a valid administrator. The former is all that the Scriptures require; and it is perfectly practical. Inasmuch as Dr. Boyce is authorized—ordained—by a scriptural church to baptize, Dr. Weaver had been baptized by an authorized administrator. In Dr. Weaver's baptism we, then, have the two qualifications or conditions of valid baptism—a right candidate and a right administrator.

Dr. B.'s talk about succession does not touch the question. Inasmuch as the church that baptized Dr. Boyce is presumed a scriptural church, it is the law of succession, all law of evidence regarding Dr. Boyce, to prove it is no such church. Dr. Boyce is an authorized administrator. The burden of proof rests on Dr. Burrows. We must abide by the laws of evidence. Let the good Doctor, then, either prove Baptist churches unscriptural administrators of baptism, unscriptural churches, or cease to call in question those things—come to question their baptism. I suggest that Dittler shall assist him in this benevolent, hopeless task. Baptists are tired of being called upon, by their own men, to prove their churches scriptural administrators of baptism. For the aliens they are ever ready with this proof. The good Doctor says: "If an immersed administrator of baptism is essential to baptism, then none of us have been baptized, and there is no valid baptism in Christian churches." A. But who ever affirmed such an indispensability? Let the reader read above the qualification for a valid administrator. This places the matter under the position that the church is required to know that those whom it authorizes to baptize are converted, baptized, called to preach; whereas the requirement is to only be satisfied of these things. But the Doctor talks as if he had a revelation to prove there is no scriptural administrator on earth. It must be by revelation; for he says, that according to the position that valid baptism depends on a right administrator, "there is no valid baptism in Christian churches." Of this he speaks with authority. Let us await the Doctor's evidence, that his revelation is divine and not an alien one, as so much he is mixed with is alien.

As to the expediency—not lawfulness—of Dr. Weaver's baptism, that is questionable, since it offers occasion for the alien and their apologists to make a furor over nothing, and since the church and community ought to have witnessed the noble act. As to Dr. Weaver's ordination and church membership, that is answered by what I have said on the difference between a church being required to be satisfied of any one's conversion, call to preach, etc., and its infallibly knowing these things. According to this scriptural position, Dr. Weaver was an authorized administrator of baptism, but nevertheless both a member and an authorized administrator. So he is yet. All he ever baptized—be he authorized or ordained—were, of course, scriptural baptism. Here, it is not for such innovations as alien baptism, such questions could not arise. Whatever concern there is in that to the masses, call at the door of the alien conversion and innovators. Let us cease these alien things, and then we will have order. But as long as good brethren receive and apologize for them, there must be confusion.

Let us be "high church" Christians, high above all alienisms, Christians of men, the face of disorder, set on their hats, and the face of men, made churches and give light to the world. Won't you say amen, Doctor? W. A. JARREL.

A CLAM BAKE! I have been with all five senses I have observed. SHOUT! I saw the clams in their original condition as they were brought up out of the salt-sea creeks. Their were none of your common clam, round, rough, large, white, and hard-shelled. They were aristocratic, clam, small, oval, brunoite, delicate, and soft-shelled. There were about twenty baskets of them, each containing a bushel. I saw the altar upon which they were to be sacrificed. It was built of live rocks, and was of a round shape, about eight feet in diameter. Upon this altar was piled cord-wood. This cord-wood was all ablaze when I first beheld it. Presently the embers were raked off revealing the boulders white-hot. Then upon this incandescent altar the twenty bushels of living clams were poured. One top of them, in course, house, wider baskets, were deposited lobsters, blue-fish, green corn with husks on, chickens dressed, potatoes, onions, &c. Then quickly over all was piled a layer of wet sea-weed. Over the sea-weed was drawn a tight canvas tarpaulin. Above the tarpaulin was piled up more sea-weed, perhaps three feet thick. Screens were reared on the windward side to pre-

vent the brisk breeze from interfering with the compact covering. Silence reigned. Huzzah! Presently from beneath the mound of sea-weed sounded out a hissing-sizzling—a sort of undertone of tortured fire. The heat, had opened their mouths in clamorous murmurs, stifled, suppressed, but mournful and pitiful. I listened in reverie, speculating on the wondrous structure of shell-fish, and wondering whether roasting alive was very painful to the clams. But the theme was disagreeable, and, closing my ears, I dismissed it. STELLING! Savory fumes rose steaming up through the superincumbent mass, performing the air with a fragrance, different indeed from that exhaled by new-mown clover or japonica, but yet very agreeable and appetizing. It was a perfume that lingered not about the brain creating phlegmatic theories, nor about the heart awaking poetic dreamings, but perfume that passing all, commanded itself at once to the stomach, exciting a feeling of emptiness and yearning. The digestive faculties the "flut," were roused into potential activities by the steaming diffusive odoriferousness. TORCH! In huge tin pans, piled high, with open mouths, lie the steaming clams. The pans are flanked by dishes containing lobsters, blue-fish, chickens, corn, etc., etc. The bell rings, and an hundred guests, with flashing eyes, watering mouths and craving bowels, hastily surround the tables. An hundred left-hand thumbs and fore-fingers simultaneously clap each a clam. An hundred right-hand thumbs and fore-fingers simultaneously grasp each a clam. An hundred black necks of a clam, tossed from the shell, stripping off a short strip of outside which adheres, and solemnly draw the morsel between the lips and teeth, and as it disappears, each looks into his neighbor's eye and expresses his emotions by a prolonged *ah-ah-ah*, and stretches his hand to the pan for another. Around each plate soon rises a fanning plume of empty shells, which are rapidly pushed over to a neighbor's heap, to diminish the indications of enormous appetite, that would otherwise accumulate around the gourmand's dish. TASTE! All the other senses are simply subordinate and preparatory to this. The taste of these clams, so prepared, is peculiar, unlike any other, of fish, fowl, flesh or vegetable. It is light, delicate, tender, savory. It melts in the mouth like taffy. The teeth have no work to do with them. They pass by without any toughness or obstruction. They glide down to their appointed place, as if by magic, and lie there lightly as pander or banana. They pack themselves away into smaller spaces than any other sort of food, and awaken no discomfort. And then the lobster, blue-fish, corn, etc., are furnished as the desert, are all replete of the juices of the clam which have filtered and simmered through them. A clam bake, at Kintawa or Martha's Vineyard, is a luscious gastronomic memory—a joy forever. W. A. J. N.

ing another collision in a very few hours. The delay caused by the accident delayed the time, and they checked up just in season, to keep from crashing into each other. He closes his letter with quite a tirade against the carelessness of railroad officials, and an item in the ways and means of preventing further catastrophes. L. A. LORRIS, Tacoma, Chicago, Ill., August 17.

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The Family Circle.

THE THURSDAY YEAR.

When I was about eighteen years old (I speak of a very distant year) I used to go on Saturday afternoon, during the beautiful season, to spend the Sunday with my mother, who lived at V—, some five miles from my place of labor. I usually went on foot, and was sure to find sitting under an old oak on the route, a great fellow, who always called out to me in a squeaking voice: "Can you give a poor man a little something, my good sir?"

He was pretty sure to have his apparel answered by the clinking of a few coppers in his old felt hat.

One day, as I was paying my tribute to Anthony (for so he called himself), there came along a good-looking gentleman, to whom the beggar addressed his speaking cry.

"Can you give a poor man a little something, my good sir?" The gentleman stopped, and having fixed his eyes on Anthony's money, said:

"You seem to be intelligent and able to work—why do you follow such a mean vocation here? I should be right glad to draw you from it, and give you ten thousand dollars a year."

Anthony began to laugh, and I joined with him.

"Laugh as much as you please," replied the gentleman; "but follow my advice and you'll have what I promise you. I can show it to you also by example: I have been as poor as you are; but, instead of begging, I made out of an old black dog, sack, and went from house to house, and village to village, and asked the people to give me, not their money, but their old rags, which I then sold readily to the paper-maker. At the end of a year I did not lack the rags for nothing, but paid the cash for them; and I had, besides, an old horse and cart to assist me in my work. Five years afterwards, I had six thousand dollars, and I married the daughter of the paper-maker, who took me into partnership with him. I was but little accustomed to business, I confess, but I was young and active; I know how to work and undergo privation. Now, I own two houses in the city, and have earned my paper-mill mill to my son, whom I really taught to labor and endure hardship without murmuring. Now, do as I have done, my friend, and you will become as well off as I am."

Saying this, the old gentleman rode on, leaving Anthony so absorbed in thought that two ladies passed without hearing his old father's application: "Give a poor man a little something, if you please, to-day?" Twenty years afterwards, I had occasion to enter a bookstore for some purchases. A large and well-dressed gentleman was walking the store, and giving orders to some half-dressed clerks. I looked at him, and he looked at me, and, without being acquainted, seem to have some faint impression that they met before.

"Sir," said he to me, at the further end of the store, "were you not in the habit, twenty years ago, of walking out to V— on Saturday afternoon?"

"What! Anthony is it you?" cried I.

"Sir," replied he, "you see Anthony; the old gentleman was right. He gave me ten thousand dollars a year!"

Love After Marriage.

The lack of love after marriage, writer says, is due to the lack of friendship before. Friendship is the soil upon which the plant of love grows; the silken cord that binds who other ties are severed. Treat your wife, then, as your best friend (I do not say) that she belongs all to the tenderest love are hers by right. Feed her hungry heart with the food that belongs to it, and you need never fear for the honor of your name or the happiness of your home. Ignorance for both parties, and the loss of the husband's interest through the wife's ignorance of him, what special grace was it that charmed your husband must before marriage? You ought to know what is your mutual ability? or what your bright, cheerful laugh, or sparkling, witching eyes? Was it your sound, practical common sense? Whatever it was, use it as much as you can before marriage. That which charmed him first will charm him ever; and man's love is a shirt perpetually needing new buttons. He is just as queer a compound as you are, with just as many whims and vagaries. He likes you to be dependent upon him; and the greater your dependence the better he likes it. He's fond of comparing himself to the cat and your reply, "He is a selfish, ungracious, egotistical animal; and you must make a man of him; and you can not do it with the bald-headed end of a broom. He is to be worn with the same arts and wiles with which you won him, if you wear him at all. You make his home, and his happiness depends as much on you as on him. Swift says, "All men are happy, because ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." Is that the truth, ladies, or a libel?

ling, witching eyes? Was it your sound, practical common sense? Whatever it was, use it as much as you can before marriage. That which charmed him first will charm him ever; and man's love is a shirt perpetually needing new buttons. He is just as queer a compound as you are, with just as many whims and vagaries. He likes you to be dependent upon him; and the greater your dependence the better he likes it. He's fond of comparing himself to the cat and your reply, "He is a selfish, ungracious, egotistical animal; and you must make a man of him; and you can not do it with the bald-headed end of a broom. He is to be worn with the same arts and wiles with which you won him, if you wear him at all. You make his home, and his happiness depends as much on you as on him. Swift says, "All men are happy, because ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." Is that the truth, ladies, or a libel?

The corner-stone of love is respect. A man's sweetheart is a gem that tarries with handling, and too heavy an ornament to wear perpetually around the neck. Hands off, hands off, and a proper regard for decorum after marriage, reverences and perpetuates esteem. Depend not so much for your husband's love on the beauty of your face, or the elegance of your attire, as on the sweetness, truth, and intellectuality of your mind. "Virtue is a jewel best plain set"; therefore do not hide its luster by too many ornaments.

Tell your husband often that you love him. He knows it, but they are to him the sweetest words of "tongue or pen," a word of which if he loves you he never tires, a drink far which he is ever thirsty. And Bembo, never let the cherries on your wife's plis drop ungathered. A kiss is often more to a woman than a crown.

The Enemies of the Farmer.

The enemies of the farmer are almost innumerable. They have increased largely of late years in numbers and destructiveness. They have become so formidable that measures should be taken by the government for their repression. These enemies are: 1. The locusts, which have done much of late years in numbers and destructiveness. They have become so formidable that measures should be taken by the government for their repression. These enemies are: 1. The locusts, which have done much of late years in numbers and destructiveness. They have become so formidable that measures should be taken by the government for their repression. These enemies are: 1. The locusts, which have done much of late years in numbers and destructiveness. They have become so formidable that measures should be taken by the government for their repression.

Our Little Folks.

When the lamp was lit in the evening and the children were fastened tight, and the mother who the household patterned was very warm, and bright.

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who indulge in this habit are incapable of carrying on a rational conversation on any useful topic, and they indulge in this way of covering their retreat and hiding their ignorance. Never interrupt a conversation by interjecting remarks, however appropriate and witty they may seem. All sensible people will respect you, and conclude you have good sense, and know how to use it to the best advantage.

Fast Findings.

Napoleon said that the man who never makes a mistake never makes war. Those who content themselves with standing aloof from revival and temperance work, and devote their energies to pointing out the mistakes and blunders of those who are in the groove, are making themselves the greatest of all blunders. Nothing is lost so fast as finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, are required to set up in the grumbling business.—Robert West.

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was no end to his mischief, and another was too gentlemanly to permit himself to make him stay away. I set my mind to do to him what he had done to me, and I set myself upon my revenge. I set myself upon my revenge. I set myself upon my revenge.

The opportunity soon offered. John Buford was taken sick with inflammatory rheumatism and for a long time after he was able to sit up was confined to his room, where his sole amusement was to recount from the window all the pranks he meant to play upon us when he got about again. One afternoon, your mamma and I were in the attic, and one of us advanced to push her head against the little trap-door which led out on the roof. This suggested a train of thoughts which was soon followed out.

It was only the work of a few minutes to persuade your mamma to join me in the task of transforming ourselves into ghosts; and very horrible ghosts we made, notwithstanding Nellie's confidence to the contrary. I should never have known she shoots down her broom's black cap, while round our heads we had tied our own black luster aprons, which finished the attire of two very frightful glowing ghosts indeed.

Very carefully we climbed out on the roof and down into our neighbor's attic, and it was only the work of a moment to reach down the attic stairs and peep to see if John was in the room by himself.

We heard his mother singing in the kitchen and we were soon both of us down in John's room with broom handles crossed at the door to prevent his running out.

Never till my dying day shall I forget how John Buford jumped up out of his chair and threw up his arms. I should never have known any child so scared, but then I took a different view of the matter, and really enjoyed seeing him suffer.

I was the speaker of the occasion and made him get down on his knees and say his prayers, and promise never, never more to tease Bessie and Amy Stafford. Then we made him promise to go to Sunday-school.

"So help my genius," and, finally, never, never to tell that two ghosts had been to see him. On these conditions we promised to go away and never come back; but if he broke a single promise, then all his days and nights were never to be peaceful again: dreadful goblins should pursue him, and those two special ghosts on missions of torments should make his succeeding days and nights miserable.

"I'm frightened," he cried, but promised, and the two ghosts took their departure.

John Buford got well, and strange to say, the influence of his ghostly visitors remained with him. The Stafford dolls and cats became objects of wholesome horror, if not of respectful attention. The promise to go to Sunday-school was kept, and he went to it with knowledge, to John Buford's children.

"Don't you think so, John?" and here my conversation was directed to my brother-in-law, who had just entered the room, and was laughing immoderately at the last part of my story.

"Why? What has my papa do with your ghost story, Aunt Bessie?" said little Nellie.

Everything, kitten, laughed her father, "don't you know that Aunt Bessie has been telling a story at the expense of your papa?" Your two grandpas still live in the double tenement houses, and if you had been watching Reuben and Harry you might have guessed that the bad boy was John Buford Hunter, for it was your papa's papa enough.

My little Nellie, the lines of thought on her fair face, deepening not a little at the idea that her papa had ever been a very bad boy. "I imagine that you must have been a good ghost after all, for you made papa do good things."

"Yes, indeed," responded papa, "goblins do not often turn out so well, but inasmuch as I believed they would come and take me off bodily if I did not mind them, I concluded to obey their commands. Your Aunt Bessie was rather hard on me, but as the only ghosts I have ever known gave me such good advice, I can not help having a high opinion of them. But come, kitten, mamma

is impatient for supper, and I will only stop to add the moral which my ghost story has always left on my mind, and that is, that if all the good stories which have scared little people and big people with their horrors, would be followed out to their legitimate root and beginning, they would have no better foundation than Aunt Bessie's true ghost story that she has told you to-night.

Nellie's Birthday.

When I was a child I was very fond of tree dozes—the fact that one was not true took from it all the charm for me; and so, judging that all children are the same, I am going to tell you a true story:

It was Nellie's birthday; she was ten years old. In the kitchen, sundry preparations were going on. Her mother was there most of the time, and the odor of cakes and cookies was very pleasant; but Nellie was not allowed there, neither did she suspect what it was all about for, childlike, she could not, or at least did not, reckon time, and therefore had no idea of the near approach of that eventful season. Still she had many questions to ask; and after dinner her mother, wishing to be rid of her for a time, gave her permission to visit a friend who lived about a quarter of a mile from home, but charged her particularly not to stay to tea.

So, after many promises and kisses she dragged off as happy as a queen for Nellie loved Ella Clark very much, and was perfectly happy in view of the visit. Ella was delighted to see her, and they played very harmoniously together.

Quickly, and before Nellie had idea of its being tea-time, Mrs. Clark called them to tea. Nellie replied that her mother had her to come home to tea; but Mrs. Clark urged her so very much that at length she yielded and stayed.

Of course it was not polite for her to go home right after rising from the table; her mother had told her so once; she must stay a little while (so she reasoned in her mind); but somehow things did not go quite as smoothly as they did before tea. Ella and Nellie did not agree as well, especially so before long Nellie started home. She ran along until she came in sight of the house, and then, shaking her fair face, she began to wonder what her mother would say and to fear that her mother would scold her.

To her surprise her mother met her as usual at the door, but her smile of welcome was rather sad. She took Nellie's hand and led her to the dining-room, where stood the table from which the family had just eaten, and said, "This is your tenth birthday; you see, Nellie, the extra pains and care I took in preparing this tea for you. I thought my little daughter loved her mother better than to disobey her thus."

No other word of reproach was uttered, but Nellie's heart was almost broken, for she did love her mother, and was usually very good to obey.

Nellie is now grown to be a woman, but the remembrance of that birthday has never passed from her memory. She has since then been able many a time to prove to her mother by her obedience how much she loved her.—Young Reporter.

Short Prayers.

I laid my baby in her bed last night—she is only a year and a half old—and this was her prayer. Looking up into the blue sky through the window she waved her little hand, and when I said, "Now I lay me," she added, "Downy sleep. Amen. Good night!" That was all.

It was a very little prayer to be heard say up heaven, but I do believe Jesus listened and was pleased to hear it.

Cousin Choate is older, four years old. He is always glad when the hour for morning prayer comes, and when his grandfather is from home he never fails to call the family together and to repeat his own little prayer, for he is the "head of the house," he thinks, when grandpa is gone.

One day grandpa was sick away one day, and Choate went for a little visit to his room. "I'm sorry you're sick. Don't you want me to pray for you, grandpa?" he said. Then kneeling down by the bed he prayed, "O Lord, my grandpa is sick, please

make him well. For this is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amen."

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REMITTANCES should be made by post-office money order, check or registered letter; the money may be carefully mailed the proceeds of the post-master, and sent at our risk. If either of these precautions be observed, the money is at the risk of the sender. If the date on the address label should not be changed within three or four weeks, there is danger that the remittance was misdirected. Write to the publisher, Scott, Wells & Co., Louisville, Cincinnati, or New York.

ALWAYS give the name of your post-office when the paper is received, in sending orders of kind to the publisher.

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Growth and gain.

For Waters Records: In Western Kentucky... Whitley county is not of the best in material...

County Agents.

The following agents have been appointed to represent the Department... JOHN A. GIBSON, JR., County Agent...

Schools and Colleges.

Georgetown College. GEORGETOWN, KY. J. M. FORD, D.D., President...

Business Directory.

DRUGGISTS. J. M. FORD, D.D., President of Georgetown College... J. M. FORD, D.D., President...

Female Seminary.

Female Seminary. This well-established institution will open its doors in September, 1873...

Family School.

Family School. A small number of pupils, girls or boys, will be received...

United States Mail.

United States Mail. Adams Express Steamers. Louisville to All Points West...

Kentucky Items. The growing crop of tobacco is the finest ever raised in Graves county...

Wheat. Resulting from the unusually fine wheat crop harvested in Kentucky this year...

Wheat. The Chief Inspector of Grain at Chicago assembled on Saturday the twenty-first of August...

Baptist Library. THE BAPTIST Church, Louisville, Ky. has a large and complete library...

Bethel Female College. Bethel Female College, 1873-74. The Fall Session of 1873 will open on Monday...

Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Louisville, Ky. Theological course and complete English...

Male & Female College. Male & Female College, New Castle, Ky. The next session will begin Sept. 1st...

General Items. Florida expects a large orange crop this year. The length of N. C. Observer says...

Wheat. Resulting from the unusually fine wheat crop harvested in Kentucky this year...

Wheat. The Chief Inspector of Grain at Chicago assembled on Saturday the twenty-first of August...

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Wool Market. The firm tone which we noticed last week has continued, and at the values that established a very...

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