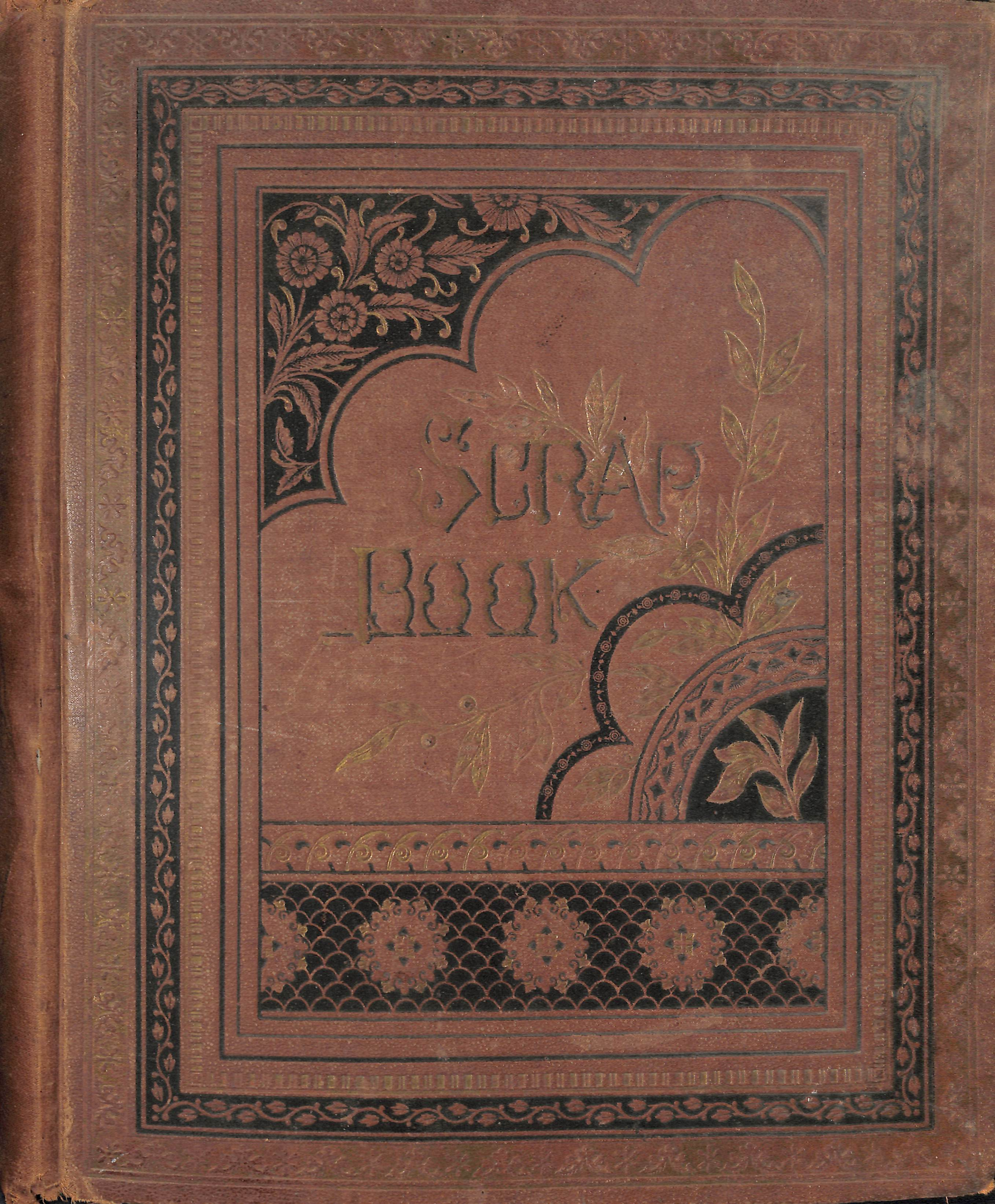


STRA
BOOK



677

Rn
100

WR 3
Dennis
Scrapbook

For Annie.



Jean Beasley.

Your faithful & affectionate friend
Ananda Elizabeth Dennis.

Wellsville

constantly, working

g life's stormy sea.

alm,
Sea



Not a soap, not a cream—Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather—needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable—shining with colorful natural highlights!

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—America's favorite shampoo—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

Another Ritter "Rare-Dish!"

Yes, Ritter beans-with-pork are packed in glass for just one reason... so you can see their wonderful quality at a glance. And just taste 'em! Plump, tender beans drenched in *bacon-flavored* tomato sauce! Try 'em once, and you'll always serve Ritter Beans to your family! These good beans are the basis for dozens of tempting, easy main dishes. Here's one everybody's sure to like:



RITTER BEAN-AND-HAM BAKE

1 cup sliced onion
2 tbsp. butter
1 3-oz. can deviled ham
1 tbsp. prepared mustard
1 tbsp. molasses
¼ tsp. salt
2 jars Ritter White Label Beans
¼ cup Ritter Catsup
2 tomatoes, peeled, sliced

Cook onion in butter till golden. Combine remaining ingredients except tomatoes. Alternate layers of bean mixture and onion and tomato slices in greased casserole. Bake in 350° oven 30 minutes. Garnish with additional tomato and onion slices. Serves 6 to 8.

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE BIG RITTER **R** LABEL

...on catsup (tabasco flavored or sweet), chili sauce relish, beans-with-pork, asparagus, butter beans, blueberries and other fine foods. For nearly 100 years they've been our pride, and will be yours, too, when you serve them.

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Today We Remember:

THIRTY-SIX years ago on Aug. 1, Germany declared war on Russia, embroiling most of the world in the grim struggle of World War I.

About a month earlier, on June 28, 1914, the seed of the conflict had been planted when a Serbian nationalist assassinated Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and his wife at Sarajevo in Serbia. Austria-Hungary countered by dispatching an ultimatum to Serbia, demanding satisfaction. Serbia, backed by Russia, sent a reply that was declared "unsatisfactory," and Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia. Russia, insisting she could not remain indifferent if Serbia were invaded, mobilized troops on her frontier. Germany demanded that Russian mobilization be canceled, then declared war on Aug. 1.

In rapid succession, Germany declared war on France, then on Belgium when the latter refused free passage of German troops through the country. Great Britain, in support of Belgian neutrality, declared war on Germany. Austria declared war on Russia, France declared war on Austria, Japan declared war on Germany—and World War I was under way. It was not until April 6, 1917, that the U. S. got into it, however.

ON THE COVER

IF YOU were to stroll into an old-fashioned garden on one of these hot summer days you would be sure to find some or all of the flowers shown here. This water color of petunias, phloxes, delphiniums and pinks was painted by Jean

Today



BEST IN TASTE - LEAST IN WASTE



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Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients that are specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

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REMOVES CORNS**



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your money back!

Freezone Liquid Corn Remover starts to cool, soothe, burning pain—and remove corns the instant it's applied. Then continued as directed, corns are painlessly removed or you get double your money back. Get Freezone® for your annoying corns and enjoy the wonderful relief that can be yours, today. At all drug and variety stores.

**Summer time
is especially
Tampax time**

Summer brings heat, humidity, perspiration—particularly trying to women on "those days"



When the temperature is somewhere around 86° and the humidity is 78%, that's when you feel the need of modernizing your method of monthly sanitary protection. The best advice is "try Tampax"

...Invented by a doctor for this purpose, Tampax has no outside bulk whatever to bother you. It's made of pure surgical cotton and is worn internally! No belts, pins or external pads—nothing to show through and make a bulge or ridge. No odor, no chafing, no embarrassment about disposal. Wear it during tub, shower or swim. Tampax

For Dannie.

As Time goes by, and the years grow old,
Full many a sheaf from the fields of gold,
You'll cull from the plentiful reaping;
Ah! gather the grain with a tender hand!
I was sown, perchance, at Fate's command
In bitterest pain and weeping!

For oft, we know, the Poet's song,
Though sweet, and clear, and brave and strong,
Holds hints of deepest sorrow;
And the saddest lips are those that pray,
In the sweet, wan light of yesterday,
For the beautiful to-morrow.

Culling the bud, and golden sheaf,
Full many a tiny, fragrant leaf
Of mine may bring you gladness:
Some wistful dream, some tender thought
Whose chiefest sweetness has been caught
From the heart's unspoken sadness.

And in the years to come, dear friend,
Their wistful sweetness ye may tend
To draw our hearts still nearer:
Fulfilled, or unfulfilled, each dream
Will add to life a fairer gleam,
And make our friendship dearer.

You'll read these lines with clearer sight
In the after-gleam of vanished light,
And hold me truer, dearer
For the wistful hope that reaches out,
Through the veiling mists of pain and doubt
To a day whose skies are clearer,
To a day whose tender light may bring,
Fulfilled, beneath its scented wing,
The wistful hope's full sweetness;
And the vanished years may lose their pain
In the happy thought of another's gain
Of another life's completeness.

Your faithful & affectionate friend
Amanda Elizabeth Dennis.

BY AMANDA.

I choose our way"—It must be right,
our shrinking footsteps halt and fall,
at daylight settles to sudden night,
in gloom and a tempest wail,
aching eyes are blinded with tears,
aching hearts are heavy with pain,
far-away ages gather the years,
and the dreams of life are all in vain!

I choose our way"—It must be best,
rough and lonely though it be;
God's own time a sweet, sweet rest
will come, dear love, for you and me,
his so; and yet, and yet,
our human hearts must learn the cost
many a fond but vain regret,
yet the net of life is crossed.

I choose our way"—I know 'tis right!
at the sweetness of life has faded away,
the brightness of day and the splendor
of night.

I choose our way"—but the world seems
wrong.

I choose our way"—but the world seems
wrong.

I choose our way"—I've wandered too long
the threshold of life's chosen way,
the prayers that I knew were wrong
in the folds of each passing day,
I choose our way"—It is right and best;
to ever sorrow, or pain, or ache,
to may life's beautiful rest,
it all for Faith's Sweet Sake.

Do the Dead Know?

BY AMANDA E. DENNIS.

know how the living,
of old days and years,
the passionate pain of remem-

a vanished hand?
a voice that nevermore
listening heart?
e that ne'er again
plenitude of wisdom?

ignore, how I wake in the

prayer upon my lips—
er that long, long years
frequency of pleading—
er the Father answered
e way—not mine—
ed you beyond all human need of
ng.

know, Mignone, I say, how I wake
old fond prayer upon my lips,
outstretched, agone within the
emble with the longing
e more within the clasping of your
n.

know, Mignone, how, through the
d-bright days,
with melody of singing winds
throated chorusing of birds,
ith longing too deep for passionate
ory,
oft, slow cadence of your voice.

I know, Mignone, how, through the
d-bright days,
long, silent watches of the night,
aches, hungry, and my eyes seek—
forgetfulness of surrounding things—
measureless distances, and magni-
ties ungaged,
chance, some blessed inner sight
e the portals of the grave
on your coffin face.

I know, then you know, Mignone!
nowledge can bring you naught of
glad thought! Oh, blessed truth!
may yearn for a death stilled voice;
er the touch of a vanished hand;
and break for sight of a face
ere the churchyard grasses grow!
essed dead, if they know all this,
om the pain our hearts must bear!

August, 1880.

ST. ELVO.

AMANDA.

here the sweet year slopes
s of the Sunset Land;
of its flickering hopes
ack with a wistful hand,
ust ye drift away?
lights, must ye fade?
e bliss-crowned day
ps gather the shade—
nder and low,
e, dear, dear, fair,
eatenness of beauty grow
beneath despair?

s vanished smiles
heart to-night;
s scented vales,
west and bright—
et and fair—
"I hold it, aye
jewel rare,
my wreath of bay!
matters not,
han our tears;
mon lot,
oil years.

delight;

Even-Tide.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

The glory of the "Sunset Hills" creeps up the
shining battlements of day,
And furls its golden banners on the watch-
towers of the night;

The nightly roll-call sounds athwart the sky,
And, one by one, the punctual starflash out
the answer, "Here am I."

The dusky pines grow dusky with the grow-
ing dusk;
And viewless fingers steal across their whis-
pering boughs,
And turn them into soft Aeolian harps
That mingle with their own sweet cadences—
A music of far-distant spheres and undulating
seas.

The winding paths, that lay athwart the white
breast of the day,
Lapse into silent sameness with the wide
stretch of the fields;
The white lights of the far-off town shine
through the vista
Of dim distances, like stars of fitful radiance,
Or lighthouse lamps that flash from rock-im-
periled coasts
And danger-haunted inlets of the sea.

And human voices—some with glad, triumph-
ant clarion calls,
And others dropped to minor cadences that
hold a hint of hidden pain—
Leap onward from the gathering dusk, and
mingle
With the hour's weird symphony of tender-
throated chiming.

And homeward footsteps fill the evening aisles
With restless echoes, that have much to tell
Of fireside happiness or ruthlessness of woe;
And children's faces press against the window
pane,
With peering eagerness that fain would pierce
The deepening duskiness of outer things,
To catch the first glad smile of home-return-
ing lips;

And women's eyes, with soft, expectant joy,
grow bright,
As, far away, the echoes faint of coming foot-
steps
Thrill athwart their listening hearts.

All this comes back from the days of the past—
From the Memory-land of "Long Ago."
When the Sunset Hills were my temples of
prayer,
And the singing winds were my harpers of
praise;
And the Even-tide was a lingering pause
In the busy routine of the day.

But the lapsing years have made me forget
To notice the charms of the Even-tide!
And I should not see, if I looked aloft,
The beautiful pageantry of the hour—
The Sunset Hills, and the valleys of light,
And the unfurled banners of sunset gold.

For the day and the night are all the same;
And the morning lapses to Even-tide,
And I make no note; I only hear them say,
"The sun is set!" and darkness deepens in the
room.

And I light the lamps, and go on with the
work
With automatic diligence and care.

And presently I hear, above the fireside hum
Of speech and laughter, the harpings of the
winds;
But their soft Aeolian symphonies are changed
To corraghs and threnodies of pain;
I know it without listening. But what shall
matter it?

The days and nights are all the same!

'Tis growing dusky in my room; I think
The Even-tide must be at hand. I cannot
see!

I close my hands and close my eyes submis-
sively,
And presently it all comes back again—
The even-tides that seemed like lingering
pauses

Dropped in the busy routine of the days;
The golden tabernacles of the Sunset Hills,
The soft Aeolian harpings of the winds,
That mingled with their own sweet minstrelsy
A music of far-distant spheres and undulating
seas.

And, harkening, I lean to catch
The nightly roll-call of the stars;
And, for one little space of wistful time,
I linger in the mist-land of the past;
And then arise, and light the household lamps,
And do the work that cometh next to hand,
With the same unspoken thought and passion-
less protest.

It does not matter now; I shall not mind!
And some sweet day an Even-tide shall come,
And fold me in its shadowy embrace,
And other hands will light the household lamps!

Wicomico, Md.

FRONTI NULLA FIDES.

BY AMANDA.

Judge not the heart by the laughing eye,
Nor the lips by the songs they sing;
A mountain bird may strive to fly
With the Fowler's shot beneath her wing.

A the sweetest song e'er penned, or sung,
well from the depths of an aching
heart;

And the gladiest smile that ever hung
On lips, red lips, hide sorrow's smart.

And the ready jest and repartee
My often hush a sigh, you know;
And the saddest heart in the world, may be
The one that makes no sign of woe.

Oh! judge ye not by the outward mien!
There's many a fate that's head to heart!
And the weakest heart in the world, I ween,
Is fain to hide a vain despair.

Ah! the golden years are glad and strong!
But the days—the days—are weary and
slow!

Charity.

AMANDA.

"Oft the charity
Of Christian charity
Under the Sun!"

I don't suppose Thomas Hood meant
the charity that puts food into the mouths
of famishing thousands and raiment upon
the shivering forms of those who grope
in the shadow; or even the cup of cold
water and piece of bread to the tradition-
al wayside mendicant. And neither do I—
A man or woman may give of his, or
her abundance, rich food and dainty ap-
parel, in generous profusion, and yet be
destitute of true charity.

Charity is kind. And when the temp-
est arises, the deluge descends, and some
fair name goes under a cloud, and some
sensitive heart is wounded, almost rents
death by the cruel breath of suspicion,
it is Charity, sweet Charity, that strives to
lift the cloud from the darkened flame,
binds up the broken heart, and pours into
the sorrowing soul the sweet balm
of consolation and Christian love.

"Charity envieth not." But meek and
pure of spirit, and modest as the wayside
violet, feels no throb of discontent or
disappointment as rich and proud of earth
roll by in their soft, velvet-lined carriages;
and admires without envying the richly-
clad occupants, whose faces, fair, sweet,
gleam out brightly through the glittering
windows; or lean back against the soft
velvet, firm and proud, and coldly ob-
livious of all outward surroundings, while
the magnificent steeds in their gay trap-
pings, impatiently champ their silver
bits, as their twinkling feet seem scarcely
to touch the ground. Ah! no, Charity

envieth not the great and rich, but hideth
deep within her soul the dew of content,
and the peace of a Christian love.
The evil of the world, and the
Shadows of the future, and the
and untried mind, and the heart's
of a neighbor's line is pure and spotless
as snow, in her gentle eyes, and as soft
as the breeze that wafts upon the water
altars of Myth and History. Charity rejoices
at the prosperity and happiness of those
who are prosperous and happy; and is
not elated by the wealth and power and
and flattery, but she is a wayward
foolish and holds up the feeble hands;
strives to win from dangerous ways, those
whose lips—even at the time—wreath
with scorn at the pleading voice, whose
hands impatiently pay, and rarely strive to
extricate themselves from the clinging
fingers that would draw them back
from the path of duty and duty.

Charity beareth all things, even when she
continually rather than with pain,
the lips that sweeten to round, plump
Charity believes all things, and she is slow
that seem pure and true, and is slow
luctant to believe the contrary, even
when convinced beyond all doubt—
"Charity hopeth all things." Life's sun-
light may lose its gold, its sunny sky, its
brightness; but deep within the breast
where Charity hides her honored guest,
the shadows can never blot out forever
the heart's sweet sunshine.

"Charity endureth all things." Life has
in store for us many trials that will prove
heavy, and hard to bear; sorrow, with
pitiless hands, wears white threads
through and through our hair, er the
flush of youth has scarce left our cheek,
Care and sorrow beside us day by day,
and far into the night, friends best loved
and most trusted, turn away from our
yearning heart. Yet this year, strong
Charity endures all and does not
makes up signs, and the lips become no
compliment. "Charity beareth all things,"
even dark the shadows fall, heavy and
the task belongs to Christ, overhead,
and Charity in the heart, in the voice, in
the hand, in the eye, and in the feet,
life brightens, in the inner store melts
into the purest brightness of the gold-
en Beyond. Ah! my dear friends, now
that the New Year is with us, let us gather
er this sweet Charity, close within our
hearts and hold it there, as Jesus for this
our Year! It will ease our eyes to the
calumniation's tale, and the slanderer's
insinuations; it will close our eyes to the
covert sneer, the smile of derision, and
the suspicion which the mouth of some
naïf will call to the eyes of lips of some
whom we meet day by day, and will soften
and sweeten our voices, and make us
more ready to forgive, and more ready to
forgive, and will strengthen the bonds of
friendship and love that bind our hearts
to those we love most and best. And
will brighten and beautify anew,
this dear, beautiful world (that is already
so beautiful) not only for ourselves, but
for countless others.

We may not realize it, but the great
Hereafter will bear on its faithful record
each fragrant flower, each sweet fruit,
each love and kind and gentle deed, that
we have done for others.

Every man has three characters—that
which he exhibits, that which he has, and
that which he thinks he has.

MISJUDGED.

BY AMANDA.

Time was if you had taken the hand
I held to you, in friendly grasp,
No woman e'er had truer friend—
More faithful and more tender.
No pain should e'er have touched your life
Through any thought, or wish of mine.
And I—I should have been so glad
To call you friend in those old days!
You had in your power to make me love
you

As woman ne'er was loved before,
And yet, you thrust aside, as something
unworthy for possessing.

The love that would have crowned you
With a dearness not your due by sacred right
of self.

You had no right to judge me for what
Your selfish nature could not comprehend.
Far greater hearts and true and those who
knew me best—

Ne'er gave me word of censure, or reproach,
But, from the white soul's spotless truth,
Adjudged me honorable and free from
blame,

And gave me fullest meed of honor and
esteem.

By thought, or act, or wish of mine,
No darkness ever gloomed your sky—
I'd sooner far have held my palm
Within the red flame's fiery glow,
Than brought one conscious sorrow to your
heart.

I would, even now, although the love,
That longed to hold you to my breast,
Is lying very cold and still,
With not one flower within the poor, pale
hands

That ne'er will crave your friendship more.
So be it, you and I will go our separate ways,
The dear Lord judge between us—not you,
or I.

There is no hardness in my soul, and yet,
If I were dying now, and one should say
Your love would save me, and be mine for
asking,

I would not lift my dying hand to lay
within
Your palm, and thus win back the life you
robbed of all its sweetness:

For, when, with cold assumption of disdain,
You spurned the friendship I was glad to
give,
The warmth and loveliness of life, grew
strangely cold and dim.

And the olden sorrow swelled above the
brightness of the fair, white day.
But, be it so; I'd sooner bear, in loneliness
and silence, aye,
Whatever sorrow Heaven may send,
Than harbor, in my breast, your hardness
and disdain.

The dear Lord judge between us—never more
Shall hand of mine reach forth to win your
friendship—
But the olden prayer will not forget
To fold your name somewhere within its
daily breath,

Though your hand and lips, and hands, may seem
To have learned, too well, the lesson of
forgetfulness!

Through the Years.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Softly, noiselessly, fall the days;
Softly, noiselessly, glide the nights;
Wreaths of bay, and palms of praise,
Measure the grand years' royal heights;
Prayers o'erclouded with hope's unrest;
Passion of pain that never sleeps;
Silent griefs that lie unguessed,
Measure the grand years' solemn deeps.

Softly, noiselessly, day by day,
Softly, noiselessly, night by night,
The stately seasons go their way,
Strong in the faith of their royal might;
Day by day the sun goes down,
Night by night the stars arise,
The cypress mocks the laurel crown,
And laughing lips the wistful eyes!

Softly, noiselessly—"Watch and wait!"—
Faith's royal watchword guards the years!
Voice of Heaven, or hand of Fate,
Dearth of smiles, or seas of tears
Matters little, 'twill matter less,
When we hold the years full told,
If, upon their true impress,
Truth is stamped in dimless gold!

Softly, noiselessly—Ah! me, ah! me!
But the years they tore my dreams to shreds—
And the magic patterns were fair to see—
Such gold lights hid in their silken threads;
And yet, you tell me, "Watch and wait!"
And faithfully act life's braver part,
While life is cruel and cold as Fate,
And the years have broken my heart!

Slowly, noiselessly—oh! slacken your speed!
Slowly, noiselessly—oh! years, forbear!
Touched with depth of our human need,
The heaven and wine of sweet life spare!
Slowly, noiselessly—joyance, or tears!
Slowly, noiselessly—God knows best!
Over the ruin of sorrowful years,
Falls, at last, Death's beautiful rest!

Wicomico, October, 1881.

Every man has three characters—that
which he exhibits, that which he has, and
that which he thinks he has.

BY AMANDA.

What are the names and addresses
of the writers and poets?
What a beautiful influence
mother's love has over our in-
fancy, and how it grows and
grows, and grows, and grows,
that blessed name mother—the
sweetest name on earth, and the
sweetest name in Heaven—mother—
mother—the voice that calls to us
from the heart, and the heart
from the heart.

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What are the names and addresses
of the writers and poets?

Rev. D. W. Austin

Dec 25th, 1883.

In that city unseen there's a home for me,
If I sink not in crossing life's stormy sea.

At Your Grave.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

I knelt beside your grave, dear love,
One little precious breath of time,
The slanting sunbeams glowed above,
The winds were sweet as vesper chime.

But I saw not the sunlight fair,
Nor heard the sweet winds plaintive air,
I only knew the long years' prayer
Was answered as I knelt me there.

I had so longed to touch the mold
That hid you from my yearning sight,
However dark and dank and cold,
It held for me love's fairer light.

Once, only once, I prayed that I
Might see your grave before I died,
But weary years limped slowly by
And weary miles were dark and wide.

AY, years had grown to heavier years,
And brought no hope to light their pain,
No solace for their woe and tears,
And the sad heart's prayer seemed all in vain.

'Til in some lonelier hour of pain,
Sad words revealed the heart's despair
To listening ears, that not in vain,
Were touched by sorrow's hidden prayer.

And from the tender, listening heart
Leaped words with precious promise
Sweet words that o'er life's hidden smart,
A veil of blessing softly wrought.

And journeying with the dear, true friend,
I sought, at last, the hallowed ground,
Where nodding grasses long will bend
Above your narrow, dreamless mound.

And kneeling there I touched the sod,
With trembling hands that longed to lie
Close folded 'neath the same grave-cloth
That sheltered you from sorrow's sigh.

The weary years may come and go,
The sweet days weave their golden thrall,
The sweet winds whisper soft and low,
The sunbeams' glory cover all.

Kind friends will keep your dear grave green,
Fond hands with blossoms deck it o'er;
But in the shadow, or the sheen,
I'll kneel beside it never more!

I prayed to kneel one moment where
You sleep the long, long, dreamless sleep;
To fold one tender wordless prayer
Above your slumbers calm and deep.

To gather from the tender trust,
O'er which fond memory folds her wings,
One measure small of hallowed dust
To hoard among my treasured things.

The prayer was answered—close and dear,
I hold it 'gainst my beating heart,
No aftermath of pain and fear,
Shall break its sacred links apart.

I thank the dear Christ, day by day,
I bless the dear friend's tender care,
The years may go their lonely way,
I have for aye, my answered prayer.

—Wicomico, Md.

GROWING Christians are little in their
own eyes—grown Christians are less than
nothing.

Quinque Decades.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Five decades—like fair-plumaged birds
Estray from far Utopian climes,
Or fleet-stepped couriers from the Palace of
the Years—

Have come to us, and thrown their brightness
And their shadow full athwart our way.
Across the still, wide sea of shoreless waves,
The loving winds have brought us argosies of
costliest things;

And many a ship, deep laden with a freight of
different kind,
Has come across the still, dark waves, and
dropped

its heavy anchors in the harbor, where
Our happier ships lay moored—
And with the silent flowing out—the wistful
ebb-tide of the years—

We've sent full many a fair-built craft,
And trusted it and all its precious freight
To the mercy of the loving winds, and the
tender care

Of that dear One who holds the loving winds
Within the hollow of His hand!

But some we knew went down—
Down—down beneath the still, dark waves,
Ere yet they scarce had left the shore—the
shore

Where we had stood, and watched them with
such loving eyes;

And our hearts grew still with heaviest aching,
And our eyes grew dim with heaviness of un-
shed tears.

(And yet the Father knew 'twas better so!)
But others sailed away—away—away,
Like phantom ships upon a phantom tide;

The loving winds blew out their shining sails,
And sped them swiftly on their silent way,
And we shall find them, some sweet day, fast
anchored

In a harbor of untroubled calm,
Their precious freight undimmed by rust of
time,

Or marred by wrath of elemental strife.

Five decades! Year by year we've kept us on
our way,
In storm and shine, in stress of heat and cold.
Life is not made of fairy dreams; and we have
wept

Beside the bier of many a cherished hope,
And kissed the lips of many a dead beloved,
In fifty years ago!
But love and faith have touched our lives
With vivifying warmth and light;
The sweetness of a common hope lies deep
Within our hearts—a "fountain of perpetual
youth!"

With the shade and sheen of fewer decades on
my head

Than these white pages have recorded here,
This willing hand will never weave again
A birthday benediction of quaint conceit,
And wistful imagery of rhythmic thought;
For, ere five decades more shall pass,
These tired hands shall lay, death folded, in
the long, long rest!

But, perchance, in that far time, some happy-
hearted one
Will find these quaint old lines, and read them
o'er,
With some sweet thought for her who wrote
them

In that time so far away—so far away—
Five decades long within the past!

Wicomico, Md.

For Miss Emma's Scrap Book.

There's many a song from the golden clime
In the rhythmic run of the Poet's rhyme,
That garlands the scented pages;
And many a ray from the stars sublime
That glow on the deathless hills of time—
The sentinel Hills of Ages.

And over the heights of the golden stars
And beyond the gleam of the sunset bars,
Where the fields elysian glimmer
The singers roam by the lucid streams
Whereon the radiant summer beams
Fall in a golden shimmer.

And over the ruin and wreck of years
The spirit's surcharge of sorrow and tears,
Their sweetness clings and closes
As the happy dreams of childhood's day,
And the shattered vase, retain, for aye,
The scent of summer roses.

Have you ever thought of the wistful pain
That flows perchance through the gladdest
strain
You sing in your girlish fashion?
Oh! gather them tenderly, maiden fair!
Each one is a threnody, psalm, or prayer
From the heart's unsounded passion.

And for this treasure of rhythmical rhyme
You ask me to garland a thought sublime
With the Poet's fatal dower—
Semper Fidelis—tender and low—
The words come back from the Long Ago,
With their old resistless power.

And tenderly slow, like a breath of prayer
I fashion them into a garland, where
Your gaze may often wander;
And through the years, be they brief or long,
Clouded with tears, or bright with song,
The motto sweet may ponder.

Semper Fidelis—pansies of thought
Garland the fancy my dreams have wrought
With birds of rarer beauty—
Semper Fidelis—Life is so fleet!
Semper Fidelis—motto so meet!
To God, to Love, and Duty!

AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

To most, waiting is harder than working.
Patience is a difficult virtue, and in this
busy, overstrained age it is becoming
somewhat scarce. Oftentimes it is the best
service that can be rendered. "For they
also serve who only stand, and wait."
Away from the glare of the world in the
privacy of home, waiting not in idleness,
nor in disappointed pride, but in faithful
performance of the small duties which
come hour by hour, the soul's love to
God is proved, its strength is nourished,
and if a call comes to higher work it is
not found wanting. "He that is faithful
in that which is least is faithful also in
much."—Rev. J. M. Campbell.

"To be covetous of applause discovers
a slender merit, and self-conceit is the or-
dinary attendant of ignorance."

"KNOWLEDGE COMES, BUT WISDOM LINGERS"

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers:"

For our aching hearts are slow

To render up the hidden treasures

We have loved and cherished so.

Folded in the heart's recesses

Knowledge fain would hide her pain.

"Wisdom lingers" where the brightness

Of the treasured things has lain.

"Knowledge comes"—our eyes are startled

By the glare of sudden light

Dazzled, blinded, pained, bewildered,

Shrink we back in vague affright—

"Wisdom lingers" whispering faintly

Like a soft æolian wind

Far adown the dim, dim future,

With the sweetness left behind.

"Knowledge comes,—our hearts are wounded

By a page of hidden lore,

All the bloom of life is faded

From our hearts forever more!

"Wisdom lingers" softly forging

Links to form a memory chain,

Heedless that each link is holding

In its strength, a hidden pain.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,"

And the world goes on the same,

Cypress wreaths, or laurel blossoms

Aching hearts or deathless fame—

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,"

'Til our hearts are tired and sore,

And we've learned the old, old lesson—

"Love is love forevermore!"

AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

[Written for The Methodist Protestant.]

Our Eva.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Once more my tender, mournful Muse
Takes up her plaintive strain,
And weaves, with wistful tenderness,
A soft and sad refrain—
A soft, sweet melody of love,
For her who sleeps beneath the sod
Upon the hill side green.
Sweet Flower! faded ere the noon
Of summer's golden sheen
Had crowned the heights above
Our Eva!

Across the sweet Year's golden bloom
A wistful shadow lies;
And Sorrow veils, with sombre wings,
The brightness of the skies,
And life seems very sad and drear!
We knew not how our hearts had twined
Around that life so frail,
Until we stooped, with aching heart,
And kissed the forehead pale—
The pure, pale brow, so fair and dear,
Of Eva!

And, as we left her sleeping there,
Upon the hill-side green,
Our hearts forgot the sweet, glad bloom,
The summer's golden sheen;
We only saw that new-made mound—
The lengthening shadows stealthy tread—
The bright Day's sad decline—
But, in our heart of hearts we felt
The touch of love Divine,
That reached from heaven and closed around
Our Eva!

And so, we hush our sobs to rest,
And leave her—"Dead in Grace!"
The soft, sweet light of God's own love
Upon her dear white face;
His restful calm upon her soul!
And, where her tender feet shall tread,
Oh! may our steps incline!
And may our restless hearts grow calm
Beneath the spell Divine,
That held, beneath its sweet control,
Our Eva!

Ah! may our onward journey prove,
The brighter for this gloom!
Our lives the truer, for the life
That perished in the bloom
Of golden spring-time fair and sweet!
And when our tired hearts fall asleep,
Along the weary way,
Oh! may we find in Paradise,
A fair and gladsome day,
And in its fadeless bowers meet
Our Eva!

July 27th, 1884.

Our Neighbor at Leafy Nest.

BY REV. EDGAR A. RAND.

"The Rock that is Higher than I."

BY AMANDA.

When stormy clouds gather, as gather they must
For all who inhabit frail temples of dust;
When tempests roar madly, and winds wildly rave,
Oh! who shall be able to succor and save?
Above the wild moan of the billowy sea,
A whisper sweet, drifts through the darkness to me,
And I fear not the waves, or storm-voices high,
But steer for "the Rock that is higher than I."

When doubt like a vampire shall prey on the heart
And force the sweet spirit of faith to depart;
When lips dumb with anguish, can murmur no
prayer,
And eyes seared and tearless, are dim with despair,
Oh! who shall apply the sweet balm of relief,
And who shall afford us a surcease of grief?
Through clouds of despair, I still dimly descry
The Rock, the dear Rock that is higher than I.

When weary and sick with the turmoil of life—
"The fever of life"—the unequal strife—
The longing for rest through the wearisome day,
And the perils unseen that crowd round the way,
Oh! whose hand shall steady the footsteps that fail,
And whose love shall brighten the lips that are
pale?
Though fainting and weary, "on God I'll rely,"
And rest in the Rock that is higher than I.

When Death from the caverns of Sheol shall come
To woo me away to his terrible home;
When over my pulses he breathes a cold chill,
And bids the quick heart cease to pulsate and thrill;
When over the day comes the shadow of night,
And earth fades away from my wavering sight,
I'll not fear the waves, though they roll mountain
high,
But cling to the Rock that is higher than I.
Powellsville, Md., August 21, 1870.

THE best outfit for a successful, happy
life is a good knowledge and faithful prac-
tice of Bible teaching. Integrity to truth
is far better than any amount of smart-
ness.

For Me.

BY AMANDA E. DENNIS.

In Bethlehem's sky, long ages ago,
There was a bright Star whose radiant glow
Reached down from heaven to light the way
That led to where a tender babe lay;
His cradle a manger, where beasts were fed,
A few wisps of straw His pillow and bed.
Long years have passed to the echoless shore,
But still it shines on undimmed as of yore:
For me—for me, its light now is given
To light my soul to the portals of heaven.

In a lonely garden an anguished prayer
Once broke the sweet hush of the slumbers air;
The pitying dews bathed the lips with their breath
That were e'en then chill with the dampness of death,
As He prayed alone in the solitude dim
That the cup of bitterness might pass from Him.
Then His lips grew dumb and His white face wet
With the ghastly dew of His bloody sweat.
That prayer in the garden, that gory sweat,
Were for me and mine—can I e'er forget?

A crown of thorns, platted by hands unblest,
Once drew from the brow it cruelly pressed,
Great drops of anguish whose deep crimson stain
Was but a foretoken of Calvary's pain.
Methinks I can see on the pallid brow
The cruel dark thorns and drops of blood now;
The tears of years have not washed them away—
They deepen and darken each passing day.
For me they were shed, and their sanguine dye
Will wash my robes white for the feast on high.

On Calvary's brow, blood-crimsoned for aye,
A shadow fell darkly one sorrowful day;
The veil of the temple was woven in twain,
And darkness hung low where the sunlight had lain.
The stern rocks, convulsed with sudden affright,
Shrank back appalled from the terrible sight
Which loomed up, ghastly and streaming with gore,
A strange, awful scene, ne'er witnessed before.
That death on the cross was suffered for me,
And that wounded side my refuge shall be.

There are beautiful lights, I know, whose gleam
Reaches far over life's turbulent stream.
To pilot the ships that float on its breast
To a haven fair—"the haven of rest,"
Over whose bosom no tempest-winds sweep,
On whose calm waters no death shadows creep.
God swept its waves with the wings of His love,
When He passed from the cross to the Eden above
Undimmed and unshaken those harbor-lights gleam
To guide me safe over life's turbulent stream.

There's a beautiful city, I know not where,
But its gates are of pearl, and wondrous fair
Are its broad streets, paved with glittering gold;
Its shining walls many precious gems enfold.
There is no death there, neither sorrow nor tears,
And night never darkens the uncounted years,
For the city is lit with the light that adorns
The brow of its King, who was once crowned with
thorns.

In that city unseen there's a home for me,
If I sink not in crossing life's stormy sea.

Written for the BACHELOR. SUMMER BREEZES.

BY AMANDA.

Oh! Summer Breezes, shy and sweet,
I hear the echo of your feet
Along the banks of sunbright rills,
And o'er the mist-crowned Autumn hills,
Falling fainter, day, by day:
Oh! Summer Breezes, pause awhile!
The skies are bright as mid-June's smile;
The Autumn fields are trimmed with gold,
The air is fraught with sweets untold,
Why need ye hasten thus away?

Ah! wist ye not how still and slow
The long, long days will come and go?
How the dreary nights will wax and wane;
And hearts grow sick with untold pain;
And eyes grow dim with weeping?
Ere from the South Land's radiant bow'rs
Ye come with breath of orange flow'rs.
And the golden Sunshine's ardent glow,
And the cool, dark waters' soft, sweet flow.

Where our Summer buds lie sleeping.

Dear Summer Breezes, shy and sweet,
Oh! stay your restless, flying feet!
Oh! lay your soft palm on my brow,
And let me feel its coolness now,
To still this weary aching—
The long, bright days limp slowly by,
The nights creep up athwart the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars arise and set,
The world goes on, and hearts forget
The old, old pain, in some new aching.

Oh! Summer Breezes, shy and sweet,
I hear the echo of your feet—
Ye may not stay; but, as ye go,
Your voices drift back soft, and low,
A whispered comfort lending;
I hush my murmurs—check my tears—
Take up the burden of the years,
And hide this new pain out of sight;
It cannot crush me with its might,
While with such sweetness blending.

At the Beautiful Gate.

All through a long, long, golden dream,
That drifted o'er my soul last night,
A visioned glory, not of earth,
Lend me my raptured sight.
The "Gate called Beautiful"
Wandering feet had come at last,
And there I watched a throng
White-robed spirits gliding past.

Early gates were opened wide
To let the white-robed pilgrims through;
Beyond, the fields were fair and green;
The bending skies were soft and blue,
The "mansions fair" were strong and sure,
And from a throne of gleaming white,
Between the streets of shining gold,
A crystal river wound its light.

Above the crystal waves, drooped low,
Green branches, heavy with their store
Of living fruits, whereof to eat
Is pain and hunger never more!
And oh! from out the portals bright
Such music drifted, sweet and clear,
At heaven's bright stars forgot to move
And entering souls, half-paused to hear.

Food, spell-bound, enraptured, awed,
Watching the pilgrims, clothed in white,
Lying within the gates of pearl,
And roaming o'er the fields of light—
Great a throng! and still they came,
From lands of suns, from lands of snows,
With eyes once dimmed by earthly tears,
And cheeks once paled by earthly woes:

Little pilgrims, on whose brows
Passions of earth had left no stain;
Youthful feet grown tired of earth,
Ere life's sweet morn began to wane;
Man and womanhood's full prime
Seeking for a happier land;
Aged pilgrims, silver-haired,
Tottering, halting, staff in hand.

Each one at the "Beautiful Gate,"
Waiting for an entrance there;
Entering within the peace and light,
Leaving without the pain and care;
Each face growing glorified
Within the light of God's dear love;
Each one dropping the earthly life
To grasp immortal life above.

And, as I stood with wistful eyes,
Half-dazzled at the strange, bright scene,
Behold! there lingered at my side
A being clothed in radiant sheen,
And stooping down if whispered low,
"Dear child, be patient yet awhile;
Thy time is not yet come; trust on;
Life's pathway brightens 'neath God's
smile!"

AMANDA E. DENNIS.

Christ Church Bells.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

The sunset weaves an amber veil
And folds it lovingly about the sweet day's
tender face—
One radiant star floats out—a silver shallop on
a sea of waveless gold—
And the evening shadows steal from out
The stately pine-tops' odorous gloom,
And furl their dusky pinions on the far hori-
zon's golden rim—And, the day is done!
The silver shallop that so lately floated on its
sea of waveless gold,
Floats on in calm serenity; but, the sea has
lost its golden glow;
And a million million stars have joined the
radiant first—
A vast, vast fleet of shining silver ships
Afloat upon the bosom of the waveless "up-
per deep."

And, across the stretch of luminous miles
That lies between the city's lamp-illuminated
streets
And the dusky shore-line of the star-lit sea,
Comes, on the wings of love's fond memory
of youthful days,
The soft, melodious chiming of Christ Church
Bells.

How soft, and slow the well-remembered
melody
Falls on my listening heart!—the outer senses
Have no cognizance of silver-throated chime,
Or, long, long stretch of luminous miles—
How tenderly the dear, old peal floats out upon
the throbbing air!

Now, sweet, and low like wistful sighs of soft
eolian winds—
Anon, to sadder, slower strains, as if
Some human heart's unspoken pain
Had touched the sweet bell's silver tongue—
And, anon, to grand, triumphant notes
That float, like white-winged seraphim,
Up, through the star-lit corridors of air,
To heavenlier courts than ours.

Oh! soft, sweet chime of Christ Church Bells!
The old-time love of thine evening peal
Amid the starry stillness of the "evening
dews and damps"

Of a home that lies too far away to catch
The silvery chiming of the Bells that charmed
my childish ears!
And, along the stretch of weary years,
I turn and look with wistful eyes,
And marvel that the old-time love still holds,
Through all the heart-ache and the sorrow of
the past,
Such tender memory of thy silvery chime.

Oh! soft, sweet chime of Christ Church Bells!
I sit, to-night, with folded palms, and wistful
face turned listening, as if
The billows of the Bay were but a span of
sparkling spray,
That hides the City's radiant lights, and drowns
The glorious chiming of thine evening peal.

And, anon, upon my waiting heart, the soft,
sweet music drops its tender spell,
And, I seem, once more, the little dreamy
child
Who used to seek, at set of sun, the lonely
attic pane,
And wait, through hours of deepening soli-
tude,
The first, faint chime of Christ Church Bells.

Alas! for dreams of childhood's days! They
turned
To ashes on my lips—only the fair, sweet,
childish Faith—
The old, fond, silent Love grew stronger with
Hope's swift decay—
And, the years went on their hurrying way.

But, whatever comes, or doesn't come—
Or, howsoever long the years may be,
The old-time love will often hear,
Through distance dim, and silence lone,
The soft, sweet chime of Christ Church Bells.
Wicomico, Md.

To One Who Will Understand.

BY AMANDA.

I thank thee, friend, for those fair sweet words
For the fair sweet thoughts those words awoke
I will fold them away with my treasured things
And cherish them long for the writer's sake.
We may never meet in this pilgrim life—
Our hands ne'er clasp, in the old, sweet sign,
Whose silent magic binds the souls
Of those who meet at Friendship's shrine.

But let the years go circling on
With rapid strides,—a giant band—
Between us, let the way grow wide
With leagues of waves or miles of sand,
My dreamful spirit yet shall hold
Some strange, sweet intercourse with thine—
The saddest dream that fills thy soul
Shall find an echo soft in mine.

And one more name shall go to swell
The list of friends, already dear;
Nor Time, nor Space shall ever mar
The fair sweet Faith that reck's no fear,
But finds amid life's checkered scenes
Much that is pure and truthful still,
To hold within her sunny heart
And bind beneath her own sweet will.

We ne'er may meet—our separate ways
May wider, wider drift apart;
Sometimes with brightest flowers o'erstrewn—
Sometimes with buds of pale sort.
We each will drink at Sorrow's fount—
Our feet grow weary by the way;
But take it all in all, *ma chere*,
There is not more of night than day.

"The better far to give," my friend,
Thou'st proved the ancient maxim true;
Oh! 'tis strangely comforting
To have some blessing sweet and new,
And to be able to give it to thee."

Rainy Sunday.

BY AMANDA.

Ah! who doesn't love a rainy Sunday!
"I don't!" says some pretty, winsome
maiden of sweet sixteen, or sweet eigh-
teen perhaps, or perhaps older still, with
rosy cheeks and sweet brown, tender gray,
or laughing blue eyes, and soft brown or
golden curls.

In this age of "water-falls," "rats,"
"switches," "plaits," and curls that don't
grow there—and the numerous other
fixings (utterly unknown to me) with
which our ladies are wont to get up such
"loves of heads," I confess to an intense
(you'll perhaps say *old-fashioned*—well,
perhaps I am a little *outré*) admiration
for natural curls; especially upon the
heads of very young ladies; and they are
not *unlovely* upon the heads of ladies
who are not so young as they have been,
and last but not least, by any means, they
are *beautiful* when they peep out from
a snowy cap-border—not much whiter
than themselves, and lovingly shadow the
pure and calm brow of a sweet, and moth-
erly-faced woman whose sands of life are
nearly run out. But I digress; and I
fear you will think I am writing a disserta-
tion on hair, or more properly curls.

What did I begin to say? Oh! yes,
I remember, I began by asking, who
doesn't love a rainy Sunday? when some
bonnie-faced little girl interrupted me
with that doleful "I don't!" Well, dear,
I don't blame you a bit; for I know you
wanted to go to church and wear that
bewitching new hat, that lovely new
poplin, and that black velvet wrap which
makes you look so dainty and trim.—
Well, why not *compromise* (I don't
know, hardly, what *compromise* means,
but I'll let it go) and wear your last win-
ter's walking dress—it is quite pretty
yet; and short enough to swing clear of
the muddy pavements—your old hat and
water-proof, take an umbrella, and above
all don't forget your over shoes; for you
are too sweet and pretty to fall a victim
to that arch-enemy of American women
—Consumption—and go to church! I'd
go myself, but I'm a country sister, and
tho' the church isn't far, I'd have to
wade ankle deep in mud and water, and
then run the risk of not getting in the
church on my arrival.

But I do love rainy Sundays, tho'
candor compels me to admit that I do
not always pass them happily, but that
is always owing to something else, than
the fact of its being stormy. I am never
lonely rainy days. The Wind and Rain
are old friends of mine; and I love the
clouds better than some people seem to
love their nearest friends.

The winds come from the pines that
are only a few yards away, and tell me
many things that are marvelous, and
sweet to hear. Do you ask how this
can be? Well, I don't know; the wind
and I have been such dear friends for so
many years, that we understand each
other very well. And then the rain taps
against the window pane with cool moist
fingers, and tells me in that sweet musi-
cal voice, beautiful tales of the Cloud-
land, which lies so far above, that I only
catch glimpses of its magnificent pala-
ces, glittering minarets, and fair broad
Seas flecked with fairy isles, and ships
with sails of purple and gold, and decks
of pearl, when the sunset shakes out her
banners athwart the western skies. And
so I often steal away by myself to listen
to the wind and rain, and watch the
clouds: to be sure the clouds are rather
sombre and sad-looking, but then, there
is a rather deep vein of melancholy un-
derlying my usual cheerfulness and pas-
sionate love of the bright and beautiful,
which draws me irresistibly toward any-
thing which seems imbued with any very
perceptible degree of sadness. I love
wild, sad music, sad-looking pictures, and
I've seen some human faces, especially
some human eyes that seemed so full of
sadness that it made my heart ache to
look at them, and still I could not keep
my eyes from following wherever they
went. And I have wept many a time,
when I could not see the life of me t—

A rainy Sunday brings such a sweet
restful feeling. The wind and rain bring
neath their wet wings so much that
strengthens and comforts. I sometimes
God sends them to me with the
tales that I so well understand, to
rt me for any pain I may have
in the days just past, and to strength-
en for what the new days will bring,
whatever it is, I thank God for it
and gratefully take whatever of peace
comfort, or rest that cometh to me;
it in the voice of the wind, in the cool
palm of the rain, in the sad gray
of the overhanging cloud or in the smile
of the sweet warm sun-light.

WAITING.

BY AMANDA.

Waiting, softly waiting
While the light comes up in the east,
And Hesperus trims his taper
Like some holy, Jewish priest
On the steps of the sunset;
And the purple tints,
And the amber lights grow dim,
And the moon's pale face
Tells his mournful, yester hymn
In the old moss-covered, peat-tree.
Waiting, softly waiting!

Waiting, softly waiting
For the breaking of the day,
And the golden sunlight
On the billows far away
Where Aurora holds her court;
All the evanescent splendor
Of the evanescent throne,
And the pearl and garnet glories
To our Western skies unknown—
In their ofaline array—
Waiting, softly waiting!

Waiting, softly waiting
Through the day and through the night,
Be it cold, and bleak, and dreary,
Be it fair, and warm, and bright,
Always waiting, softly waiting;
For the good will come some time,
Sorrow will not bide for aye,
Joy and peace will fold their pinions
Softly in the heart, some day—
Some fair, joyful day—
Waiting, softly waiting!

Waiting, softly waiting
For our own time in everything;
Loving faith and patient waiting
Will their own sweet blessings bring,
Fair twin-weanlings of our trust.
Waiting, softly waiting
Though the full heart aches, and aches—
Heaven is just beyond the billows
And their rhythmic murmur breaks
Softly on the Golden Shore—
Waiting, softly waiting!

The Lifting of the Fog."

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

As through the gleaming rifts
That cut, like golden threads, the veiling
mists,
We sometimes catch the radiant glow
Of Orient meadows sunshine-kissed,
So, in the veiling mists of pain
There comes sometimes a tiny rift,
Through which, like waves of molten gold,
Dear Heaven's sunbeams softly drift.

And, faint and worn with waiting long,
We hold the transient amber gleams
Sweet promises of happier things
Beyond a world of empty dreams.

As with the lifting of the fog
Levantine splendors gleam anew,
So shall the veiling mists of pain
Drift by and leave us clearer view.

And fairer isles, mayhap for us
Lie just beyond the cold, gray mists;
Only the loving Father knows
What the patient spirit lists.

God's sunlight gilds the happy hills
Beyond the veiling mists of time—
The fog is lifting from our souls,
We'll see at last the heights sublime.

STRENGTH.

BY AMANDA.

Always ready, to do or to hear,
Whatever Fate, or Fortune
bring;
The heaviest burden of sorro-
care—
The homeliest toil—the bitter
thing—
If only at last I shall reap some gain—
Some, lasting gain—some sweet
sweet gain—
Some heavenly solace for all I
pain.

Always ready! there's nothing to
I may shrink at first, but will
fail;
And the heart may ache, but the
tale tear
Will leave no trace, tho' the c-
may pale;
For the one, sweet thought, tha-
knows
In my waiting heart bides a
guest
With the promised boon of a
rest.

Always ready; for the Father
How much I can bear, ho-
can do;
He will not burden with pi-
Or labor, beyond my sta-
due.

So I leave it all to his sov-
His tender, omnipote-
will,
And trust his love and good-
Always ready; for well we
The sun shines brighter
And hope is fairer, born of
And joy is sweeter gain
pain,

Then, always ready—foul
With heart that brooks
pain.
I bear my share of toil and
Always ready, to do, or to
Whatever Fate, or F-
bring;
The heaviest burden of
care—
The homeliest toil—th-
thing—

If only at last I shall reap some
Some sweet, sweet gain—some
ing gain
Some heavenly solace for all
pain.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY AMANDA.

Over the River, the skies are bright
Over the River, the flowers are fair
Sorrow and pain can nevermore
The beautiful rest that will come
Over the River, our loved ones wait
Watching the lights on the mystic
Holding ajar, the beautiful gate,
White hands beckon our frail boat

Over the River, our weary feet
May roam through pastures fair
Close by the waters, cool and sweet
That flow through vales of fading
Over the River all are free,
Over the River, all are blest:
For o'er the waves of the jasper m-
Falls no shadow of vague un-

Over the River—after a while,
We may walk where the flow'rs
And sit in the light of the Saviors
Under the Tree of Life's fair shade
Over the River, little Mande,
Are many mansions, fair to see,
Kept by the hand of a loving God—
One may be kept for you and me

Over the River—Savior divine,
Pilot our frail boats over the tide
Safe, till we wait—where the harbor
The grate of the keel, on the other
Over the River, my fair, sweet friend
Life's beautiful rest shall know
Heaven's peace flows without gau-
And eyes never weep and hearts

Over the River, the skies are bright
Over the River, the flowers are
Sorrow and pain can nevermore
The beautiful rest that will come
Over the River, our weary feet
Shall roam through pastures
Close by the waters, cool and sweet

"Our Missionary to Japan."

AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

He has bidden adieu to his native land,
And gone, with his bonny bride,
To find a home in the distant isles
That sleep on the azure tide,
Like a dream of shadow and sheen.
But over the waves of opaline light,
Lading the whispering wind,
Come sweet echoes, softly borne,
To the dear ones left behind—
A mystical bridge fond hearts between.

And we look on the fields in their autumn
pride,
On the woods in their autumn sheen,
And wait a prayer to the sunny isles
O'er the waves that roll between
His olden home and the distant new.
A prayer for the Master's untitled fields,
For the barren slope and plain,
Awaiting the patient laborer's hand
To scatter the golden grain—
A prayer for the dear heart brave and true.

And the patient love that never tires,
Though the Master's work be slow,
Shall find, amid those alien fields,
The sweet stream's rippling flow,
The budding blossoms' radiant sheen.
And for the long day's patient toil
The evening's breath of balm
Shall bear upon its scented wings
Its own sweet heavenly calm.
Glad retrospect of joys serene!

For the Master's fields are growing fair
'Neath the hand of love divine;
His vineyards are bathing the purple hills
With the dew of their golden wine,
And the "Star of Hope" shines fair and clear.
Ah! the golden fruitage comes at last
To the heart that works and waits;
And the breath of prayer is the golden key
That opens the "Pearly Gates,"
And brings the "Land of Promise" near.

Then, to thy tender care and keep,
Dear God, we give our absent friend;
The golden seed his hand shall sow,
Thine own dear love shall watch and tend,
Thine own good time the fruitage bring.
Oh! heart of time beat on, beat on!
Love's soft reveille marks the dawn;
The shades of night are drifting by—
Oh! heart of time, beat on, beat on!
And the isles with sweetest echoes ring!

Oh! heart of time beat on, beat on!
There's light beyond the blue waves foam,
And happy hearts beat glad and high
Within our distant "Mission Home,"
And the "Star of Hope" shines fair and clear.
God's promise spans the bending sky;
God's love shall shield our absent friend,
And the precious seed his hand shall sow
God's tender love shall watch and tend
'Till the golden harvest time is here!
Wicomico, Md.

TIREDI

BY AMANDA.

Tired, so tired! yet, the fair young Day
Has scarce put off her garments gray;
And brushed the foam from her amber
hair,
And decked her brow with jewels rare.
As I look across the dew-wet fields,
My weary spirit almost yields
In tame submission to the pain
That steals the strength from heart and
brain
The hot, bright hours, keep beating on,
Their old, fresh bloom, and sweetness
gone!

Tired, so tired! but the Morn is past!
The noon-tide sun is over cast
With cool, gray clouds, from toward the
Sea

That come to rest, and strengthen me.
The clustering boughs of the green robed
trees

Imprison the coy, coquetish breeze—
But I labor on in a weary way,
Too tired to think, too tired to pray,
While the prisoned Zephyr's fitful sighs
Drift upward to the wistful skies!

Tired, so tired! but, the Noon is past!
The Western pines, long shadows cast;
The Sun dips low, in a barque of gold,
The clouds swing high—the day grows
old.

Across the fields, long shadows fall;
The dew-beels sound their vesper call;
The wild bird seeks his sheltered nest;
The wind sleeps on the billow's breast;
The fire-fly trims his fitful lamp
And the rushes, dark, and damp.

Tired, so tired! but, the Night is here
The blessed Night, so still and clear,
The Moon rides high, in a silver car,
Each shining steed, a fair, white star.
The Whip-poor-Will's low, fitful strain
Drifts softly through the open pane;
The Roses sleep against the wall—
And watch the moon-light fall

And watch the bright field's dewy length—
Night brings rest, and peace, and
strength.

LET not any man deceive himself with
the thought that because the general spirit
of his life is right, his minor shortcomings
shall bear no bitter fruit. No man sins
and does not suffer for it. Towards our
infirmities God has infinite tenderness;
but He never lets us do wrong and escape
the evil. This is His kindness toward us
—that by His chastisements He forever
seeks to turn us back into the way that
leads us to blessedness.

Letter from Jewellville.

JEWELLVILLE, Mo., Oct. 17, 1877.

Mr. Editor—Ah! well, I said I didn't
think I would write again 'til after elec-
tion—what have I to do with that?—
you see I've changed my mind. We fem-
inines are allowed that delectable privilege
—or we take it and can change our mind
twenty-four times in as many hours if we
choose. Commenced writing last night, but
had just written one line when the clock
striking nine awoke my baby, niece, who
lifted up her voice and wept—and I thought
I should ditto. I was taking care of her
while her mother was at church. Of course
all thoughts of writing had to be dismissed,
and I set myself to the task of attending
to the little lady.

You are a married man, I believe, con-
sequently know something of the porten-
tousness of "Mamma's darning," especially when
Mamma is gone, and you are left the all-
important and delightful task of taking
care of the pet. Well, I tried every meth-
od known and unknown to quiet my hope-
ful namesake, but when I was laboring in
vain, I rocked her, walked her up and
down the floor, trotted her to "London"
and back again, and sang every thing I
could think of from Windham to Dixie.
I most forget but believe I essayed to
whistle the latter by way of change. —
Then tried to coax her with all the delica-
cies I had ever heard were grateful to br-
by palates, but she wouldn't "harmonize,"
and I succumbed in sheer despair and
weariness. Finally thought, "Tired Na-
ture's sweet restorer" restored things to a
blissful calm very grateful to my injured
feelings. Think I deserve a vote of thanks
from her parents for not giving her a good
shaking. Guess I must have been in a
patient mood though for I didn't feel much
inclination to shake her—perhaps mem-
ory and tradition were at work striving to
impress upon my beclouded mind the fact
that I was not always as large as now and
that once I was just such another—only
more so—as my poor little niece. But it
pears mighty queer you know and I don't
remember much about it.

Suppose we change the subject. Heigho!
Tired, so tired. Been to work wondrous
hard to day. Am not going to tell you
what I've been doing. Pray you'll think
I'm bragging or what's worse, telling lies.
But really was afraid I should take the
Greenham Bend before night. Do feel a
little crooked or hump-backed any way.
Perhaps it will pass away after a good night's
sleep though. Mother has been sick for
a week and I'm boss. You wouldn't
want a proficient in the art of housekeep-
ing and tending the sick I'm getting to be
Think I'll be ready to graduate soon.

Mother's asleep now and the rest are at
church. That's why I'm writing. Was
lonesome and too tired to sew, so concluded
to write a little to rest and brighten me up
a little. Was invited to a slight wedding
one night this week, but couldn't leave
Mother. The "good work" commences
early this Fall. Hope 'twill continue 'till
some half a dozen people in the neigh-
borhood that I've known all my life, are
safely landed in the Promised Land. Don't
see any use for so many old maids and
older bachelors. Yes, old maids are some-
times a heap of use, and some of them are
just the nicest people in the world. But
old bachelors I never could see of what use
they were or are. Now could you?

Now I hear our people coming home
from church and I don't know how I'll
manage to finish this. For they'll talk,
talk, talk 'till I shan't know what I'm do-
ing. And 'twill be all about the hateful
old election. Which it was ever and done
with. I do wonder if the women when
they get to voting—will keep such a fuss
and to do, about election time, as the men
do? Now you're sniffing your nose very

knowingly and saying, "Yes, and great deal
more." But you're mistaken. No I
guess not, for women have a way of being
awful funny sometimes. But I want to
know, if they are allowed to vote (which
is to be devoutly hoped they will not)
who'll stay home and take care of the things
while they go to the polls? You know the
men won't, to save their precious necks!
And the hired girls won't, for they'll vote
if they live. I don't see how its all to be
done. But I suppose "where there's a
will there's a way." And when a woman
says she will, she will, you may depend
upon it. When the women vote—oh!
dear, but they can't make a fellow (we'll
all be fellows then) vote unless she wants
to, can they? If they can and make me
(I'd like to see the one could make me)
why I'll put on pants and a coat when I
go to the polls. I'd be a hamed to go with
a dress trailing after me, 'twould be in the
way too, if I should take a notion to give
another fellow a black eye and have to
take French leave in consequence. But
they're all gone to bed and I'm going too.
For 'tis near the hour when the witches are
said to be abroad. And if I sit up here
by myself I might see a spook. Good
night.

Yours truly,

JESUS came to save His people from
their sins, and not in their sins. The
professed Christian who is profane, gets
drunk occasionally, gets angry, etc., and
puts up the plea that he can not control
himself, may well fear that he is not under
the influence of grace, but rather under
the influence of unconquered self and of
the evil one.

O SORROWFUL GREAT GIFT.

BY AMANDA.

Conferred on poets of a two-fold life,
When one life has been found enough for
pain.

O great gift and sorrowful indeed!
O mystic symbol of a mystic creed!
O passionate joy and desolate pain
Forged into the links of the selfsame chain!
"O sorrowful great gift," so great, God's love
Drifting down from the courts above,
Must gadden the heart to hold its light;
Must strengthen the heart to bear its blight.
We are only men, not demigods!
And fight the fight 'gainst such fearful odds.
We weave song-garlands and wreaths of pray-
er.

And tie with a bit of blue-spun air;
And the nations praise and sing our songs;
But we hear the cheers of the mingled throngs
Like the far-away music of far-away waves
Astr in the depths of the coraline caves.
And we go away where the lights are dim,
With a nameless pain, and a wordless hymn
Strangely commingling in our souls;
And watch the stars in their stoles
Gathering fagots aflame with light
As sentinel fires on the hills of Night.
And our restless spirits throb and burn
A thirst for a draught of bliss eterne.—
And the thoughtless envy! How blind, how
blind!

But Allah is great, and the Fates are kind!
Ah! me, if you knew! I were happier far
To love a bird than a shining star,
And happier too, to wait in the shade
Than to try the paths our feet have made.
There are thorns up here, and thirst and cold
And a world of pain, unguessed, untold,
And aching hearts, and weary feet,
For all our songs are glad and sweet!
But would we step from the palace walls
Of these weird courts to the earth-wrought
halls!

Of wealth and fashion, pomp and pride
And drift with the crew in their silver tide?
Ah! me, I think not! Fame has taught
To do with the dreams of hearts have wrought.
We walk abroad in the sun's fair light,
The world is ours by royal right.
We climb the heights of the silver stars
And weave their gleams into shining bars,
We go where the waves are blue and cold
And spin from their murmur threads of gold.
We gather the Love and Art of the world
And hold it close, like a banner furled,
Against our hearts to still the pain—
The ache, the tumult and the strain
Of this strange life, two-fold unguessed
That surges in the poet's breast.

Ah! me, perhaps I'm wrong, I scarcely know,
I stand where the hills are all aglow.
But the vale below seems fair and sweet
And the grass would cool my fevered feet—
We could not choose! Were the gift not ours
We'd be content to gather flowers
In the vale below. We could not choose!
O sorrowful great gift! O sad-eyed Muse—
How great your gift would be, how full of woe!
O sorrowful great gift, we hold it fast!
And when we've sung and wept our last
We'll fight our hands, at rest—at rest!
Our great heart secret still unguessed.

A Summer Sabbath.

BY AMANDA E. DENNIS.

A sea of quivering sunshine,
An arch of quivering blue,
With here and there a fleck of white,
Asleep in its azure dew.
A plain of waving emerald,
A slope of gold-lit green,
A royal, radiant pageant
Of summer-woven sheen.

Oh! fair and glorious vision!
Oh! golden Sabbath dream!
No fairer fields, elysian,
Bloom by life's mystic stream.
I try to gather the sweetness,
To cull the radiance bright;
But my heart, my heart is drunken
With dreams of scented light.

And I only sit and listen
The song-bird's happy tune,
While my heart, my heart is weaving
A soft melodious tune—
Too sweet for earthly music,
Too sweet for song of birds,
Too sweet, too sweet for hoarding,
Too sweet for human words.

A sea of quivering sunshine—
I drift with the amber tide;
An arch of quivering azure—
I float where the white flecks glide.
My sweet thought follows my spirit—
I bind its pinions, white,
With bands of gold and azure,
And rays of diamond light.

But I cannot weave the pageant
Into words of human ken,
Tho' the weird, ecstatic vision
Comes again, and yet again.
For my heart, my heart is drunken
With dreams of scented light,
And my spirit wanders, silent,
Through a dream-land of delight.
July 9, 1876.

SUMMER BREEZES.

Oh! Summer Breezes, shy and sweet,
I wait the coming of your feet;
For spring time came a month ago,
And crowned the trees with fragrant snow,
And told me you were on your way.
But ah! the trees are emerald now,
And on each graceful, swinging bough,
Rich clusters hang within the glow—
Fair promise of the fragrant snow
That crowned them in the early May.

In faultless robes of glorious sheen,
The forests stand with stately mien,
Their graceful arms uplifted high
Toward the pure, o'erarching sky,
With patient faith, awaiting you:
The flowers lift their starry eyes
With questioning looks of mute surprise;
They wonder why you hide so long
'Mid Southern bowers of love and song,
When we are just as fond and true.

The rills go dancing on their way
Yet call you ever, day by day;
They miss your kisses on their lips,
The soft touch of your finger tips,
And all the low, sweet tales you tell.
Melodious trills and clear, pure notes,
Ring softly out from myriad throats;
The birds have waited long, I know,
To catch your footsteps, soft and low,
Adown the sunny, green-robed dell.

Oh! all the earth is waiting now!
Redeem your promise—keep your vow—
You've tardy been—we've waited long—
But all the earth is filled with song,
And pulsing with prophecies new.
Oh, Summer Breezes, shy and sweet,
I hear the coming of your feet;
Down in the valleys, and over the hills,
Deep in the forests, and out on the rills—
I know you'd keep your promise, true!

May, 1873. AMANDA E. DENNIS.

The Rovers.

"I will return," the swallow said,
"To my old nest once more;
My home beneath the spreading eaves
Of my gray cottage, framed in leaves,
Awaits me as of yore."
She sped across the scented land
One blue and breezy day;
But where the house was wont to stand
A heap of ruins lay.
"I will return," the rover said,
"To my old love once more;
So true she is that well I know
The heart that held me long ago
Awaits me as of yore."
He came, when south winds sighing pass
O'er fields of cowslips gold;
But underneath the trembling grass
Her heart lay still and cold.

—[Time.]

THE NEW YEAR.

BY AMANDA.

Awake, awake, for the morn is here;
The first glad morn of the waking year,
Seel in the East, Aurora unfurls
Banners rose-hued and gleaming with pearls,
And through the gates now opened wide
The Year comes forth in his youthful pride.

Awake, and join the jubilant strain
That ushers in his welcome reign;
For the Old Year proved a teacher stern
And gave us lessons hard to learn,
Perchance the New may be more kind
And leave no sting of pain behind.

Then ring out glad bells your sweetest notes,
Breathe the chimes clear in your silver throats,
Sorrowful hearts and hearts care-free
Swell the sounds of jubilant glee,
'Till the wandering echoes pause to hear
The welcome sweet, of the New-Born Year.

Twelve times Cynthia will wax and wane
Ere we sing the same glad song again,
Then let it ring out joyous and free
With no dirge-note in its happy glee.
What if the Past was darksome and drear,
It now lies low with the dead Old Year.

Then why should we bring its pain and fear
To chill the joy of the glad New Year!
Oh! ring out glad bells your sweetest notes,
We'll catch the sound as it earth-ward floats,
And swell the carol, sweet and clear,
That welcomes in the glad New Year.
POWELLVILLE, WICOMICO CO., MD.

Indian Summer.

BY AMANDA.

'Across the fields of autumn gold
The burnished sunlight lingers,
The sumac branches glow and burn
Beneath its radiant fingers.
And o'er the mist-crowned hills of day
Sweet voices softly calling
Lead us where, like gorgeous plumes
The autumn leaves are falling.

And whispering breezes softly sigh
A through the purpling splendor
Of morning dews and noon-tide calms
And evenings warm and tender.
And over all the restless earth
Some mystic spell seems stealing
An aftermath of Summer sheen
Life's wistful pain revealing.

The golden-throated songsters sing
In fitful, mournful numbers,
The droning bees have furled their wings
And sunk to honeyed slumbers.
Only crickets, sable clad,
In sickled fields are beating
The funeral marches of the year
In measures faint and fleeting.

But all the world is grandly fair,
The forests gleam and glimmer—
One grand mosaic of radiant dyes
Caught in a golden shimmer—
Too fair to last—too sweet to hold—
Ah! hearts grown dumb with aching!
Some long reveille yet shall sound
A sweet and glad awaking!

TRUST.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A picture memory brings to me:
I look across the years to see
Myself beside my mother's knee.
I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.
But wiser now—a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.
Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child, still groping for the light
To read His works and ways aright.
I bow myself beneath His hand;
That pain itself for good was planned
I trust, but cannot understand.
I fondly dream it needs must be
That as my mother dealt with me,
So with His children dealth He.
I wait, and trust the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love!

THE VANISHED YEAR.

BY AMANDA.

Another year, another year,
Has passed within the shadows drear,
Gone with all its smiles and tears—
Gone with all its hopes and fears—
Never again, never again,
To vex or please us, never again!

What'er of loss, what'er of gain—
What'er of joy, what'er of pain
The Old Year brought to each and all,
'Tis vanished, now, beyond recall—
Never again, never again,
To vex or please us, never again!

Could we live some moments more,
Could we clasp some hands once more,
Would we weep such vain, vain tears
For the fleeting, dying year?
That never again, never again,
Will vex or please us, never again!

Oh! if some words our lips have said
Could be forgotten, or unsaid,
Would the shadows seem so dear,
That close about the vanished year
That never again, never again,
May vex or please us, never again!

It from some pages smooth and fair
Some thoughts our pens have copied there
Were blotted out, or left unread,
We'd smile to think the Old Year dead,
And never again, never again,
To vex or please us, never again!

But tears are new, fit, regrets are vain;
The vanished years come not again;
Beyond recall, 'mid shadows drear
The dead Year sleeps upon his bier.
Never again, never again,
To vex or please us, never again.
POWELLVILLE, Dec. 1871.

Written for THE BACHELOR. AIR CASTLES.

BY AMANDA.

Ah! what skillful architects, some of us—and I may say the most of us—are! At least, we are deeply skilled in the construction of those beautiful, but unsubstantial structures, called in common parlance, Air Castles. And I opine that it is not those alone of warm and poetic temperament, and vivid imagination, that are adepts in the beautiful art. Yes, I say *beautiful art!* even at the risk of being considered transcendental or idealistic. For I hold that whatever doesn't debase, must exalt. And wherever imagination wanders, if it be in pure channels and undefiled paths, beautiful structures spring up, fair as the palaces of Oriental imagery, and their dazzling splendor and undefiled beauty lift us away from the sordid cares of earth, the vexations and often-times debasing (we are all of us, *only human*) thoughts that go beside us day by day; and we are better and happier for the lovely visions that we, ourselves have painted and hung upon the air, though we know that the glittering edifice only awaits one sigh from our surcharged hearts, to make it topple and fall around us in ruins and darkness. Yet, I claim that we are happier, and hence, I also claim that the art that rears these airy structures is—*beautiful!* If these aerial structures are not always beautiful, and the influence they bring to bear upon their builder, not always pure and elevating, that I ween is the fault of the architect alone. Imagination errs not often, if guided by a pure mind and a true heart.

Ah! how many Air-Castles I have reared in the years that date back to my very earliest recollection. Their name is legion. And I could not describe them if I would, nor would I if I could. They are too fair!—too beautiful! The contemplation of their evanescent splendour makes my heartache and swell, until I almost cry out with an impulse that is half agony, half delight. And still I build them, and many a flight does imagination take,—now, across the Atlantic to bring the pictured dreams of the grand old Masters, from the palace walls of the Eternal City, to deck the shining walls of my palace; now, wandering amid the sunny isles of Southern Seas to cull their fairest treasures; now, roaming in Oriental lands collecting gems of antiquity, and tapestries of velvet and gold; now searching through the dim aisles and mystic corridors of Time, for the treasured lore and art of centuries, and now, even diving beneath the blue waves of the ocean for the hidden treasures that lie fathoms and fathoms below. All—all to deck my "Castles in Spain." And last, but best, and sweetest of all, the faces of my friends and loved ones gleam out from the burnished walls, their loved feet wander through the enchanted rooms and their loved voices echo through the long corridors, and drift out soft and sweet on the dreamy air, and—*There!* the whole structure comes crashing down about my ears! And I sit amid the ruins, heartsick, and alone, the splendor all gone and the darkness crowding around me.

This is the way it all ends you see, but after the first pain and the first darkness passes away I can rear it again, or another one just as fair, and just as beautiful. And the pain, the darkness and utter dissolution of the first awakening is nothing to the beauty and blissful happiness of the scene ideal, and—and, well, the pleasure of having things *just as you want them*, if but for a brief period and in imagination only.

This last is *human* decidedly, you will think, but I don't profess to be anything but human, and not a very immaculate human either! But ah! how I have longed for the genius of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo to fetter one of these beautiful visions—these radiant-walled "Air-Castles" that haunt me so constantly, waking or sleeping.

September, 1872

Lines

BY AMANDA.

Oh! if, from the years of the future,
Our hearts could draw aside
The mystic veil that hideth
The dim, unfathomed tide,
And gauge for one swift moment
Its joyance, or its pain,
Would we shrink with such heart-achings
From its mysteries vague and vain?

Could we gauge our strength or weakness
For the future, by the past?
Could we know our present sorrow
Would be happiness at last,
Would we shrink with lips a-tremble
From the years that lie unseen!
Would we count with heavy heart-beats
All the pain that lies between?

Nay, nay,—and yet, God knoweth all
Life's passion and its pain—
Lies in the hollow of His hand
The future vague and vain—
I'll leave it all to Him, and wait
The slow unfolding of the years;
Bright, or sad, God knoweth best!
Oh! heart bowed down with fears!

Written for the SENTINEL.

"One More Unfortunate."

"One more unfortunate"—so our neighbor, the Snow Hill "Messenger" heads the sorrowful story of a woman's fall, a woman's shame and a woman's despair and death—and our county papers are full of the horrible details, even to the ghastly closings in the gloom of the dense, dark pines, whose very shadows ought to strike terror into the craven heart of every dissolute man who passes them.

Her name, poor girl, will be blazoned from one end of the Peninsula to the other, and farther—her grave will be pointed out as the grave of shame, the grave of a suicide—the hearts of her parents, and brothers and sisters, if she possessed them will be lacerated afresh with every thought that recalls the unhappy fate of the lost one.

But what of him—the vile, craven, hearted thing—*foul blot on the fair name of man*, her betrayer? Doubtless, as is too often the case, he will go scathless and free—moving, unchecked and freely (although his very presence breathes contamination and pollution) in the society of *pure women*—walking upright, and in unblushing impudence, among *pure, true men* (God help us, there are some *pure, true men*, are there not?) almost smirching their fair garments with his vile touch. I don't know who he is—not even his name, and I don't want to know. But if I had the power, I would hound every one of his vile ilk, out of the society of every pure woman, and every true man under the sun—"A wound and a dishonor should he get, and his reproach should not be wiped away."

I know nothing of her—only her name, learned from the story of her degradation and despair. She was to blame; I am not excusing easy virtue, but it is my belief that in nine cases out of ten, of that sort, the woman is the less guilty of the twain.

As I said before, I know nothing of the parties—not even *his* name, and of her, only what I learned from the papers, but the horrible affair serves as a sorrowful text for a frank and merciless handling by a—*woman!*

The "Sentinel" says: "When was it ever known that one woman could overlook the fault of another. Charity is an obsolete word in the fashionable vocabulary, &c."—Could I only thrust back that assertion into the teeth of the

writer! I shut my own teeth hard with thought that I can't, I blush for my sex that there is too much truth in the assertion. But though forced to acknowledge its truth in the main, it saves us from the humiliation of utter heartlessness, to be able to deny its truth in the abstract.

There *are* women, true and sweet at the core, who *can* and *do*, with pitying charity, overlook the faults of their erring sisters; but, sorrowfully, I write it, their number is small compared with that of those who draw their very garments aside, lest they touch those of the fallen woman; and, be it to their shame spoken, *they* are the very ones whose smiles and bright words are given without stint to the more guilty party; while the unhappy victims are thrust without the pale of womanly sympathy.

Many a poor girl, whose first lapse from virtue brings its attendant horrors of shame, remorse and bitter repentance would, oh! how gladly, reënter the lost paradise of woman's truth and innocence, and never more be lured from its safe retreat; but, women who call themselves christians and—mayhaps, they are, God knows—draw their virtuous garments close about them, unheeding the pleading despair in the eyes of the ruined creature, saying plainer than words could say, you

"Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven—to hell.
Fell to be tramped as the filth of the street;
Fell to be scorned, to be spit on, and beat!"

True-hearted men look on them with a pity that it breaks their hearts to see. (I've noted the fact, real, true-hearted men are more pitiful of woman's shortcomings than our own sex) and, other men of the ilk that wrought their ruin, notice them only with looks and words that are burning insults.

And so looked upon with scorn by their own sex, noticed with the pity, or goaded with the insults of the opposite, they have before them only a life of seclusion, sorrow—haunted and lonely, a life of farther degradation and shame, or, shame and despair's last refuge—a suicide's grave—more often the two latter; for the poor girl realizes

"Once I was fair as the beautiful Snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face."

Father, mother, sisters all,
God, and myself I have lost by my fall.
And the men go free. God help us,
The men go free!

But point me to the betrayer of innocence whose after life is happy and prosperous!

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all."

"One more unfortunate!"—Their name is legion!

"Picture it—think of it
Dissolute man!"

I mind me of a case that burst like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, on our quiet community—a girl in the early flush of womanhood, the "grown" sister of a large family, mostly girls, two of whom are just budding into sweet woman-hood, but to-day she shrinks in the seclusion of her disgraced family, and the tears of her mother, the wrath of her father, and the wretchedness of her young sisters, cannot undo the sin of the past, nor hide the shame of the present. And he, the author of her fall, a stripling villain, scarce yet twenty-one years of age, walks abroad unrestrained, and if rumor does not belie him, adding insult to injury by sending taunting messages to the poor girl he has so foully wronged.

But why cite cases? the land is full of them!

And,—the assertion will prove a startling one, but not the less true—it rests chiefly with the *women* that it is so!—Not that I think them the guiltier party—I said before I did not think so—I am not now speaking of the unfortunates whose trusting dispositions cause them to fall easy victims to the betrayer whose professions of love are as false as his own heart. God pity us, that the divine passion of love should be used as a cloak to conceal such hideous depravity—a means to compass such base designs. But, I am speaking of women whose hands are clean—whose garments are without blemish—whose souls are white with purity—whose hearts are sweet with the nameless fragrance of virtue—if *they* would save some of the scorn they heap upon the heads and upon the *souls* of their erring sisters to confound the arch villains whose arts make the fallen women what they are, the evil would be measurably lessened.

If every betrayer of maiden innocence was thrust out of the pale of society and made an object of woman's scorn and contempt, a thing "to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat," his evil heart would hesitate to consign some other man's sister or daughter to a life-time of shame and misery—he would quail before the awful consequences to himself, if no thought of his victim restrained him; and there would be fewer broken-hearted women in the land—fewer desolated and disgraced firesides—fewer suicides and infanticides, and fewer children crowding the high-ways and by-ways of life, worse, a thousand fold worse than fartherless.

Let every betrayer be hounded from the society of pure women and honorable men; and let *woman's scorn* be the lash that shall drive him to the banishment of his merited disgrace. And my word for it, a healthy and much-needed reform shall be worked in the morals of the present and rising generations. Let the men reform Politics—they need it, heaven knows, but let us women, undertake a reform of more vital and eternal importance—the *morals* of the land, and I know our erring sisters will weep thankful tears, our *true* and *honorable* friends of the other sex will bid us "God speed" and the women of the rising generation and of generations unborn shall call us blessed of women! *M. B. Dennis*

THE SONG of the LEAVES

BY AMANDA.

A-drunk with the mesmeric splendor
Of this royal, radiant June
The golden moments weave their lines
In a sweet, melodious rung,
And hang it o'er the stately trees,
And o'er the flowery plains,
'Til, like a surge of spirit song
It bursts in mystic strains.

From a million harps of emerald sheen
A-swing in the amber light,
Where the "Angel of the fair, green leaves"
Reigns "Queen" in sovereign right:
And the Sun—the lavish Prodigal—
A royal chaplet weaves
Of broken lances tipped with gold—
To crown the Singing Leaves.

And—I drop my busy needle,
Hush the Thought that constant grieves,
As I catch the wondrous sweetness,
Of the low Song of the Leaves.
Ah! Sweet, their wordless music
Holds a weird and nameless spell,
All the sweeter for the pathos
Their own brief lives foretell.

And I gather up the glory
Of their sweet enchanting rune,
And weave it into garlands,
Of Summer-scented tune;
All the sweeter for the sadness,
That weaves its mystic pain,
Through the palpitating measures,
Of the soft melodious strain.

The Summer days are golden—
Oh! heart that silent grieves,
Hide the burden of thy sadness,
In the sweet song of the Leaves—
It is useless—it is childish—
Hoard the sweetness of to-day;
For thy hoping, or thy fearing;
Trouble will not bide away!

Trust the tender-hearted Summer
Trust the sweet Song of the Leaves;
Weary days of patient waiting
Bring a wealth of golden sheaves.
Sorrow comes on swift pinions—
Need we meet it down the way?
It is useless, worse than childish—
Hoard the sweetness of to-day!

Sabbath Eve.

BY AMANDA.

Thank God for this one hour of rest!
I've waited for it, all the week—
The weary week, just drifted by,
So full of shadows, cold and bleak.
Oh! Sabbath sweetness touch my soul
With something of thine own warm love
Awake me from this mournful dream,
And lift my thoughts on things above.

I would not be cast down and sad,
While God's dear sunshine floods the gates
Whose golden portals open wide
Beyond the hills where Hesper waits.
The sunset clouds are shining steps,
Whereon my spirit-feet may stand,
And catch the music, glad and sweet,
That echoes through God's happy land.

But ah! to-day the shining steps,
Are hidden by wild mists of pain.
I strain my wistful, yearning ears,
To catch the soft seraphic strain,
But from the west, where clouds of gold
Are fading into dusky lines,
I only catch a mournful wail,
The sighing of the lonely pines.

Oh! Sabbath stillness touch my heart
With something of thy restful peace;
I wear, and I long for rest,
And from this pain a sweet surcease.
Oh! Sabbath sweetness touch my soul
With something of thine own warm love,
Awake me from this mournful dream,
And lift my thoughts on things above.

Blow, Blow, Blow!

BY AMANDA.

Blow, blow, blow,
O, wind of the Southern Sea!
And, I would I could set to music,
Your wild, sweet minstrelsy.

Your song of syren sweetness—
Your rhythmic dirge of waves,
Upborne from sea-weed conches
And coral-fretted caves.

A bonny barque sailed Southward,
Oh! years and years ago!
And my hair has lost its shimmer,
And my cheeks have lost their glow,

For, the waiting time grew heavy,
Oh, wind of the Southern Sea!
And—the bonny barque is lying
A thousand leagues from me.

Where the Isles of Balm are sleeping
Like palm-groves 'mid the Seas,
And the breath of spicy odors
Swoons on the fitful breeze.

And I wait, and wait, and wait—
O, wind of the Southern Sea!
But, the barque I watched sail Southward
Will ne'er come back to me.

And I wait, and wait, and wait—
O, wind of the Southern Sea!
But the waiting for the "Never"
"Is a dreary fate to dread!"

And I list, with bated heart-beats,
To your wild, sweet minstrelsy,
And pray God love the Isles of Balm,
And the wind of the Southern Sea

BY AMANDA.

Over the waves of a limitless sea—
A beautiful sea, of shadow and sheen—
We are drifting on with a mighty fleet,
Mid myriad islands clothed in green;
Their emerald beauty frets the waves
And stays the white ship's onward flight,
With whispered tales of sunny skies
And sheltered harbors, calm and bright.

Oh! Isles of Pleasure, emerald-fair!
Oh wizard isles of syren tales!
Within thy ports of vaulted peace
How many a fair ship furls its sails:
Upon the smooth and glittering strand,
How many a fair bark meets its doom—
And yet, thy skies are soft and blue,
Thy bowers are crowned with odorous bloom.

Out, far out, where the wandering winds
Fret the waves with their sorrowful wail—
A weird, wild island, gloomy and grand,
Seems the wrath of the menacing gale;
Sterile and bleak are its craggy shores,
Lonely and dark are its elfin haunts,
Save far above, where a hovering light,
Like a lurid banner, proudly flaunts.

Oh! Isle of Ambition! Insatiate ghoul!
Red glares thy signal light o'er the dark waves,
Mid the wild haunts of thy rock-grilled shore,
Harpies are digging innumerable graves—
Many white ships seek thy perilous shore;
Some are lost 'neath the wrath of the wave,
Others sail on, o'er ruin and wreck—
O'er a Nation's tears, and Liberty's grave!

Over the waves of a limitless sea—
A beautiful sea of glory and gloom—
We are drifting on with a mighty fleet,
To a happy shore or a direful doom—
Oh! "where is the Shore"—Life's beautiful shore?
We lose our way mid these wilder isles;
And we turn the wheel with a weary hand
As we look across these trackless miles.

Far away, where the waves are crowned
With floods of glory, soft and bright,
A fair, sweet island lifts its crest
Above the wave's refulgent light;
Its shining strand is smooth and fair,
Its peaceful haven wide and free;
And filled with breath of odorous bloom
The land-breeze drifts athwart the sea.

Oh! beautiful Island!—"Heart's Content!"—
Let thy harbor-lights gleam o'er the sea;
Tempest-tossed ships and wind-driven barks,
And frail little boats are seeking for thee.
They're drifting on, mid the emerald isles,
Blinded and dazed by their wilder charms,
But the fond eyes turn with a restful delight
To the beautiful land "that has no storm."

We're drifting on with a mighty fleet
Over the waves of an ocean vast—
Where will we find our wind-riven sails?
Where will we drop our anchor at last?
Will we find the shore mid those wilder isles,
Or amid the haunts of a bleaker strande,
Or safe in the haven of "Heart's Content,"
Find the long-sought "shore" in a glorified land?

LIVE by the day; you will have daily
Trials and strength accordingly. Leave to-
morrow to the Lord.

"Unto the King Faithful."

BY AMANDA.

O, loyal true, and tender,
O, I need proud and sweet,
No need, Arabian taleman
Is half so fair and true,
Is half so grand and beautiful,
Is half so bold and sure,
Standing above all others,
To keep the fond heart pure.

The world goes on unheeding
Our plaining or our joy—
The legend glimmers softly
In the heart of youth's dream—
The love of years is vain—
"Unto the King Faithful!"
Be all the fond retain.

"Unto the King Faithful!"
Oh! years be glad—be glad!
Only the faithful-hearted
Should find the whole earth sad;
We, on the loyal-hearted,
Are glad to hear, or do
As for the day of master
Our legend holds true!

"Unto the King Faithful!"
O, years, be wiser slow—
Be wiser against the moments
That fly and go—
A hundred years have filled their careers
Flashed o'er with swift light
And faded the bright meaning
Of the legend's silent night.

"Unto the King Faithful!"
I say it soft and low,
Like some sweetest of tunes
That mating love
Makes for some loved one
Where the South winds blow
Tenderly, as if but keeping
Ruder steps away.

"Unto the King Faithful!"
The legend softly lies
Deeply hidden,—sandy hidden
From the gaze of human eyes,
From the grasp of human knowledge,
State of foe, or love, or friend!
"Unto the King Faithful!"
Father keep me to the end!

Don't live a single hour of your life with-
out doing exactly what is to be done in it,
and going straight through it from begin-
ning to end. Work, play, study, whatever
it is, take hold at once and finish it up
squarely and clearly, then do the other
thing, without letting any moments drop
between.

SOME one has said that if professed
Christians do not have grace enough to
control them, they can hardly have
enough to save them.

[Written for The Methodist Protestant.]

The Lost Baby.

Late in the afternoon of the 2d
instant, our usually quiet community
was startled and thrilled by the in-
telligence that the two-year-old baby
of Mr. Isaac Jones, living near Piney
Grove, Worcester county, was *lost*!
The terrible news—all the more ter-
rible that a heavy thunder-storm had
scarcely then subsided—flew from
house to house! The scene that
followed can scarcely be described.
It was then sunset! The thunder
still muttering, and the lightning
still flashing, as the fierce storm
passed away! The fields drenched,
and the ditches swollen with the
heavy fall of rain! And—that wee
baby out in the wet and chill, wan-
dering amid the fast-falling shadows
of coming night, no one knew where!

The mother, a delicate, nervous
woman, was in bed, too ill to sit up.
The baby, just before the storm
arose, wandered out to his father,
who was at work not far from the
house. The father told a little sis-
ter, of six or seven years, to take her
little brother to the house. The
little girl missed the baby, and re-
turned to the house alone, but said
nothing about the baby; and the
mother supposed he was out with
his father. And it was not until the
father went to the house, out of the
rain, that the little one was missed.
And, as stated above, the startling in-
telligence flew, like wild-fire, through
the quiet neighborhood, and farther;
and, in a shorter time than it takes
to tell it, many willing friends and
neighbors with sympathetic hearts,
joined anxiously in the search. The
father, grandmother, and aunt of the
baby, were out searching the woods
all night long; others were with
them, and others still kept joining
in the search, until about forty per-
sons were scouring the woods near
the home of the child's parents.

No one—no father, or mother, at
least—who had heard the sad news,
could sleep with the thoughts of that
poor baby, drenched by the storm,
wandering in the cold, dark night,
through the dreary, wet woods, or
perhaps sobbing itself to sleep on
the cold, wet ground; or, saddest
thought of all, lying stiff and cold—
dead, with only the stars looking
down on the little white face! No
one, I say, could sleep with such
thoughts filling the heart, and
making the dreary night so long in
passing!

Morning came at last—bright and
fair, as if no storm had ever swept
across the fair fields and autumn-
tinted woods; and yet, the baby had
not been found.

And how passed the dreary night
to the poor mother, lying on her bed,
powerless to join in the search for
her wee boy? The "waiting time"
is so hard to bear, when it must be
passed in forced inactivity. But it
passed; for, at last, through the
glowing sunshine, and the still,
sweet, morning air, came a glad, tri-
umphant shout, that proclaimed to
the other anxious searchers; the joy-
ful tidings that—the *baby was found*!
But how?—alive?—or, chilled to
death by the storm and pitiless night
winds? Soon, however, the suspense
was relieved; for the father soon ap-
peared, with the little, wet wanderer
tightly clasped to his breast, and the
dear, little head nestled close against
his shoulder. When found, the lit-
tle creature was in the middle of a
swampy woods, over a mile from his
home—walking along and crying
piteously. It was shivering with the
wet and cold, its little legs scratched
and torn by the briars and under-
brush.

An eye-witness, and one of the
searchers, who saw the baby taken
into its sick mother, says it was one
of the most affecting scenes he ever
witnessed.

This is the second heart-rending
experience of these young parents;
for, only two or three years ago they
lost a child of about the age of this
one, under peculiarly distressing
circumstances. The little toddler
somehow got possession of a bottle
of vermifuge, drank the contents,
and died from the effect.

We often read of children's being
lost. But the terror of the thing
never came so near to us before; and
every heart in our community was
thrilled to the quick, and went out
in fullest sympathy to the distressed
parents and other relatives of the
lost baby. We shall not soon forget
this heart-thrilling incident. The
story of the lost baby will stamp the
storm of Tuesday, Oct. 2d, 1883, in-
delibly upon our minds and hearts.

AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

POWELLVILLE, April 25, 1872.

Friend Bachelor:—You must know
that our Examiner visited us last week,
and he conducted the examination,—
and himself—very prettily; in considera-
tion of which commendable conduct, I
can find it in my heart to forgive him,
for coming, "like a thief in the night"—
as he did—and frightening me half out
of my wits, and making me so nervous
that I couldn't write my own name with-
out blundering,—oh! dear,—now, al-
though forgiving him—I do believe I
should delight to upset his serenity, and
make him awfully nervous for a few mo-
ments, just to remind him to be more
careful of my nerves in the future. I
am encouraged to believe that he will
make a model examiner, and—but, I'm
not going to tell any of the pretty things
said about him, for, though thinking
him too sensible to be made vain by
merited praise, still, I don't want to make
him blush unless I could have the plea-
sure of seeing him at time—being pos-
sessed of the rather obsolete idea, that a
blush is as becoming upon the cheek of
a gentleman as upon that of a lady.

Changing the subject, we have all
read of "vanity of vanities" and I've al-
ways been sorely puzzled to think *what*
can be the vanity of vanities! I've just
come to the conclusion that it must be
—"Paul Pry." Now I do wonder what
atrocious fib he, she, or it, is going to
publish next week, that it takes a whole
week to make it up? I just don't believe
there is a bit of Miss "Lucy!" if there
is, it is his *wife*, or big brother, or some
mythical creation of his, her, or its de-
ceased imagination and puffed-up vanity.
Whew! who is "Paul Pry?"

It is getting awfully late and I always
have to encounter groans and head-
aches—which put me in a cold perspi-
ration—if I sit up late o' nights.

Yours as ever,

A.

POWELLVILLE, March 18th, 1875.

MR. EDITOR:—Why don't something
happen? Something *worth* something I
mean, so I can write a letter too. There
is "Rustie" talking about personal pecu-
liarities in an awfully personal and pecu-
liar manner; "Omoo" (where did he
pick up that non-de-plume) sends
"lengthened sweetness long-drawn-out"
all the way down from the City of B other-
ly Love, and some one else, I forget
non-de-plume, and place of "hailing"—
tells of some wonderful matrimonial mis-
haps, and bewildered bridegrooms get-
ting married sans boots &c. and even
"Brother Malone" must step over to
Kansas City, just for the fun of writing to
the "Advertiser" and making pretty
speeches about the ladies of Salisbury.
Our prophetic little friend the "Shore-
man" predicted Powellville would
awaken at the first muttering of imperial
Jove, and as the "dunder and blitzen"
came in good earnest the other night, I
suppose Powellville is *awake*! By the
way, Powellville has had the humps,
but is convalescing, or probably *amend-*
ing the matter, a-la-Congress, by taking
the whooping cough—otherwise, Powell-
ville is, and has been for a long time as
stale and uninteresting as a ten week's
old corn dumpling.

Yesterday was St. Patrick's Day, and
bless his ould sowl, he kept things lively,
and his respected spouse has kept us
shivering all day to-day. March says he
won't be hurried by impatient farmers,
and as a consequence old No 1 is still
full of possible presidents, senators, M.
Ds, D. Ds, and L. Ds (that last means
lawyers, I guess).

Grand Mufti visited us recently and
frightened some of the possible presi-
dents, and presidentesses terribly; others were
delighted, his visits being pretty near as
good as a holiday to some of them. Be-
fore dismissing the school I must tell
you something. You know the old
maxim "Contentment is better than
wealth," well, the teacher was trying to
beguile a little round eyed, rosy cheeked
broth of a boy, to inform her, how
many, "two and two are," after
several ineffectual attempts, she sug-
gested if "I should give you two apples
and Charlie should give you two how
many apples would you have!—It was a
treat to see the happiness and perfect *con-*
tentment that spread over his little face
and shone out of his round eyes, as he
puckered up his mouth and answered with
a droll smile "*I'd have bout a nuff*!" The
droll look and unexpected answer, was
too much for the teacher's gravity; she
laughed outright and as a natural conse-
quence, all the children joined in a hear-
ty chorus. The front door was open, and
just then a carriage passed. If the occu-
pant heard us laughing I fear he formed
his own opinion of the matter. Learned
afterwards that the gentleman passing by
at the time was from Salisbury. Now
suppose he goes and tells Grand Mufti,
that one of his teachers keeps a *laugh*
school! Well, can't help it, if Grand M.
ti and all the rest of our respected Boi
had seen and heard the comical drolln-
of the whole thing, they never could ha-
ve kept their faces straight.—Scarcely as a
ples are now, am afraid Murray's fo-
wouldn't be "*nuff*" for me, at least if ve
small. Well, well, I've gone and to
the whole thing myself, haven't I? But
I'm awfully candid, and generally do te
on myself. But that's better tha
having some one else to tell on you, an
interlude what you do, say and do, with
good bit, that you *don't* say and do, isn'
it?

The days are growing longer, old So
will soon skip over the line, my darling
flowers will wake up and bloom abun-
dantly, and like little Murray, I shall have
"*bout a nuff*" for you see I love flowers
like I do people.

Nearly midnight. Time all honest
folks were in bed and rogues on the way
—you are on the way I guess. Goodnight.
Respectfully,

MY BONNIE BARQUE.

BY AMANDA.

My bonnie bark
O'er the waters dark,
Floats with a dreamy motion,
Toward the west,
Where the golden crest
Of sunset billows, gild the ocean.

Like wings of snow,
The white sails glow
Within the gorgeous splendor,
That fills the skies,
With brilliant dyes,
Half sorrowful, half tender,

The waves leap high,
And fret, and sigh
With soft, regretful droning;
The fitful wind
Lags far behind,
Now laughing, and now moaning.

Yet on, and on,
And, ever on,
My bonnie barque keeps gliding;
Toward the mart,
My dreamful heart
Holds sacred, and abiding.

For staunch, and true,
My gallant crew
Undaunted, pull together,
'Neath skies of light,
Or shades of night,
In foul, or sunny weather.

Hope's watchful eyes
Scans waves and skies
In loving patience, ever;
What! tho' the storm
Bring dire alarm,
She faints or falters never!

Love, bravely stands
With steady hands
Her trackless pathway steering;
And true always,
The helm obeys—
My barque, bounds on unweaving!

Faith turns her eyes
With restful sighs,
Toward the fields Elysian
That stretch away
In endless day—
Hope's sweet and sure fruition.

Her eyes discern
The lights that burn,
Beyond the hills terrestrial.
To guide us o'er
The rush and roar,
Into the port celestial.

So, on, and on
And ever on,
My bonnie bark keeps gliding;
Toward the mart
My dreamful heart
Holds sacred, and abiding.

If sad my lot,
I'll murmur not,
God's fiat is eternal;—
Beyond life's waves,
The sunlight laves
The battlements supernal!

It is Better as It Is.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

It is better as it is, Mignone, the 10 years
are teaching me the dreary lesson delay—
The lesson that I had not strength to learn,
When first the darkness fell ath life's
fairer way.

You said that I would learn it sweet
day—
Some sad, sweet day—perchance you
were laid to rest,
And I should still be holding "best
room"
In sacred keeping for love's royl.

And yet, Mignone, 'tis very hard;
Some days I do not learn of little
word;
And all I've learned seems slip'm my
hold;
And I am worn with toil and hope
deferred.

But I shall learn it yet, Mignone day—
Some sad, sweet day—some day of
sad sweet days—
And you will know how waned it
then,
And you will grant me gen' of ten-
derest praise.

Wicomico, Md.

Shadows and Sunshine.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

In the golden years of life's fair morn—
So long ago—when I was but a little child—
There were no clouds athwart the azure arch
That drooped above the sunny days, and filled
The silver nights with waves of limpid light;
Or, if there were, I saw them not, by reason of
The golden shine that flooded all the happy
days,
Wherein no shadow wove its bordering of
dusky hues.
And I was satisfied, and thought for aye and
aye
The sky would be one cloudless canopy of
sapphire light,
And—I did not know what shadows were!

The golden years went hurrying by,
With the noiseless flight of phantom feet,
And a tremulous flock, like a dusky plume,
Flickered a moment across the day,
And then was lost within a flood of gold.

And the sunny heart, that ne'er had found
A single shadow bordering its sky,
Saw tremulous with nameless fear,
And sought to find the meaning of the transi-
tory gloom
That cast its dusky shadow athwart the royal
day.

And the startled eyes were lifted to the over-
hanging skies
As if the weird solution were hidden in their
blue,
And lo! a tiny cloud—no bigger than a baby's
palm—
Hung, like a bit of dusky down, atremble in
the air,
That swept along the fair horizon's golden
rim.

And from that cloudlet's garnered duskiness
A mystic something fell, and furled its sombre-
ness within my heart;
And—it seemed the world was at an end—
ah! me,
And that was *ages* long ago, it seems,
And I have learned, too sadly, since that time
What clouds and shadows really are!

And I lost the childish wistfulness
That wished the sun might shine for aye and
aye;
For along the sad years' hurrying flight
There came a time when I was grateful for
the dewy eyes,
For the sunlight hurt me like a knife,
And my eyes were dry and burning in the hot
glare of the day;
And I was glad for every night that fell,
Like Elam's grateful shade, across the weary
day.

And thus I learned that constant sunshine is
not well,
And I have learned to bless the frequent
clouds,
From filmy fleck, with curling edge, like
fringe of gold
Turned toward the setting sun, to sombrest
cloud
That shuts out all the golden light of day.

And if I could, I would not have my sky
One cloudless arch of sapphire light;
For cloudless sunsets are not half so beautiful
and grand
As those whose funeral fires are lit
By brands from burning wrecks of clouds.

And so the shadows of noon—the clouds that
swept life's zenith sky—
I pray may hover toward its slanting west
With just enough of sombreness to make
Life's sunset one of grandeur and sublimity,
And beautiful as grand!
Wicomico, Md.

"Mizpah."

DEDICATED TO A FRIEND.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

The world is wide, Mignone, and many years
May fold their garnered shade and sheen
Between us, ere our lives shall meet
And flow in one harmonious blending
Of all that makes life beautiful and blest—
That mystic stream of life, whose lucid waves
Shall flow in undivided peacefulness;
Please God, through pastures green
And sunny fields of goodly fruits
And plenitude of flowers

What lies before us none of us may know;
We make our plans to-day, and feed our hopes
With dreams of swift fruition;
The morrow comes, too oft, alas! with wreck
and ruin in its train;
And hope, too oft, has many a sorrowful de-
feat!

But, while the drifting years shall bring
Their "shifting scenes of time and space,"
To fold between our waiting hearts,
Love spans the separating years and miles
With bridge of mystic gold,
And writes above the gleaming archway, in
letterings of light,
The mystic legend—"Mizpah!"
While deep with in the loyal heart
The sweeter rendering nestles close,
Too dear for careless reading.

Drift on, sweet years, if swift or slow ye take
your noiseless flight,
What matters it? "In the shadow standeth
God,
Keeping watch above His own!"
And, to His fond care and sheltering love
I leave my all of life and love's dear loveliness.
If slow the years between us grow,
If wide, Mignone, the separating miles shall
lie,

Love spans the while, all time and space,
With bridge of mystic gold,
Above whose gleaming archway shines,
In letterings of lucid light,
The mystic legend—"MIZPAH."
Wicomico county, Sept., 1882.

Waiting for the Dawn.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Open the window, dear, the window toward
the East,
Loop the curtains wide apart—I fain would
catch
The first faint flush of coming day—the night
is ah! so long!
And I cannot sleep for very weariness of heart
and brain—
There, that will do! And now, dear love, lie
down and take your rest.
Why should you watch beside me all these
weary hours?
I shall not want for anything, and I have
learned to wait alone!

What? you will not do this little thing? You
are not tired?
Well, so be it then; come sit beside me here
And we will wait together for the coming of
the dawn.
The outer darkness presses closely on the
lamp-light's shaded glow,
Its sable border shows no broidering of rosy
lights—
Ah! me, the dawn is slow coming!
Once, it seems a weary while ago, now—
I found
The nights too short to hold the golden dreams
That filled their sombre corridors with floods
of molten light;
The lightsome hours furled their wings in
swift obedience to the dawn,
And the noisy day came all too soon upon the
swift-receding footsteps of my happy
dreams.

Ah! me, but that was long, so long ago!
And a night came too long for golden dreams,
And all too dreary for a hope of coming dawn—
And I waited all alone then, and the dawning
never came!
But when the waves of hopelessness had gone
above my heart,
And across their shoreless dreariness there
fell no ray of light,
A voice came softly whispering, "Thy night
shall find a dawn—
And loves untired endurance shall bring it
unto thee!"

Beyond the heavenly battlement there wakes
a golden dawn—
A glorious dawn—to follow on the footsteps
of the night
For which no dawn arises in this world—
And it shall come, e'en though thy heartache
and despair
Go with thee to the farthest verge—
And when I'm tired and cannot sleep I think
of this,
And that sweet voice comes back in all its
soft melodious tenderness,
And I wait with love's endurance for the
dawning that is slow!

Lift me up a little, dear, pile the pillows
higher 'neath my head—
I think the dawn is near at hand—I see her
herald in the East—
The fair white "Morning Star" aloft upon
a sea of opal light;
And the dusky outline of the pines shows
faintly 'gainst
The pearl-gray of the sky—and by this wel-
come sign
I know that other night shall yield unto a
blissful dawn,
And I shall wake some time with all the
tiredness
Lifted from my soul, and all the olden heart-
ache
Settled into restfulness of everlasting peace—
So deep, no memory of earthly pain can ever
mar its perfectness.

The dawn is here at last, dear love; the East
is all aglow
With rosy light's that put the lamp-light's
yellow glow to sudden shame.
I thank thee much, dear friend, for that sweet
plenitude of tenderness—
That kept thee with me through the weariness
of wakeful hours.
The dawn is here at last! Oh! weary night,
good-bye forevermore!
November, 1881.

"Love's Labor."

"Love's labor" is better, Mignone, than that
For which earth's guerdon of gold is paid;
For the sweetness of life is its tender faith,
And the dearthness its love hath made.

I've worked for gold, or the things it brought;
I've wrought at the phantom web of fame;
I've toiled for the wealth of other hearts,
And the sheen of another's name.

And, I did it aye, the best that I could,
With willing heart and patient care;
And each, perhaps, received its due
Of recompense, or guerdon fair.

But fairer far than the gleam of gold,
And sweeter by far than the breath of fame,
Is Love's dear labor gladly done
For Love's dear recompense and name!

I grow full weak and weary oft,
And long to rest by the toilsome way;
But some dear labor of love makes bright
The close of each weary day!

And so I gather the gold bright threads,
And weave me a web of marvelous sheen
For the darksome days that aye must throw
Their shadows of pain between.

For the days when the gold of earth grows
pale,
And the phantom quest of fame is naught
But a passion of pain, a futile dream
With its own dumb pathos sadly fraught.

Aye, Love's dear labor is better than that
For which earth's guerdon of gold is given;
Love's labor, Mignone, was the golden key
That opened for us the gates of Heaven!

AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

February 14th, 1884.

Mirbel; or, After Many Days!

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

I have them all, Mirbel—your letters old—
From the first wee note to the pitiful last,
When you bade me good-bye and went away—
So far, so far away—I could not find
My way across the dreary miles to touch
Your hand once more.

You said that you would come;
And I waited long, and watched the winding
road
That lay, like some great serpent, sleeping in
the sun.
But you came not; and the glad days grew
dark
And heavy with unuttered pain. And yet,
Friends came, with smiling lips and shining
eyes,
And said the passing days were very fair.

And, so I ween they were; for, looking forth,
I saw the sunlight lying, dazzling-bright,
Like a cloth of gold, upon the quiet fields,
And the shining arch of sapphire light
Drooped lovingly above the happy trees,
And touched the stream with flecks of trem-
bling blue.

But, over all the royal, splendid days,
A wraith-like shadow, cold as breath of Fate,
Pressed closely on their golden sheen; and
the hours
Crept by with leaden feet. The breath of song
And laughter's sound fell wearily upon my ear.
The work went on with drear, mechanic skill,
With not one duty slurred or put aside,
Save that, perhaps, which touched myself
alone.

I think I did not feel the weight of other cares,
And still, the days went by, with heavier weight
Of growing time, 'til ages seemed to fold away
The unwarded waiting of that time.
And still—and still I waited—watching still
(E'en when I knew, too well, you would not
come)
The white road winding, lengthening out of
sight.

What touch of Fate held back your steps?
Had Fate
Not done enough to mar the sweetness of my
life,
And cloud the golden brightness of its sky?
If you had only come and held once more
My strengthless fingers within your own,
I think I should be stronger now: instead,
I sit, to-night, too weak and tired to pray
(Save with unmoving lips) the old, fond prayer,
Whose deathless faith ran trembling through
the years,
And guards them still with love's undying
truth.

One by one, I lay your letters on my lap,
With trembling hands, but tired, unweeping
eyes.
I do not read them o'er—no need of that;
Their words are stamped, in never-fading lines,
Upon the hidden tablets of the heart.
I touch them tenderly, as one might hold
A snow-white birdling, that some ruthless
hand
Had smitten with untimely death.

I know
That in the tear-stained folds of one
Your pictured face lies hidden; and yet,
I do not open even that; for, to-night,
I could not bear the thoughts that it would
bring.

The grave, sad eyes, would search me through
and through;
And, well, too well, remember I how, once,
They read my inmost soul: I clasp my hands
Across my eyes, and murmur, while my breath
Comes fast, they must not, must not read me
now!

A veil must drop its pitying folds
Between my heart and thine. I would not lift
My pleading face one moment toward your
happy home,
If you should know and grieve because of it.
I would not touch your dear, true hand, if
mine
Should tremble in its clasp, and thus bring
pain to you.

But, these old letters—ah! who will know
If heavier weight of pain shall press
Upon my heart whenever I hold them thus!
And, if a few hot tears shall fall and blur
The tracings of your hand, what eye will know?
What human heart will be the wiser for it?
Not one, not one, and so I hold them still
Love's chiefest treasures, shrined for aye and
aye.

With tenderest breath of silent prayer.
And if the time should ever come, with wistful
thoughts of days long past; and if your heart
should

Ever mourn the old surrender of my love,
Stretch out your hand across the years and
know
And feel it still your own—God pity me!
What have I said? The drifting years must be
Too kind to mar the sweetness of your life
And cloud the brightness of its happy sky!

For me, for me, it does not matter now!
I only count the sweet days bright and fair
That bathe your brow with waves of softer
light,
And touch your lips with curves of happier
smiles;
And sweet, Mignone, your life will be, if
prayers
Of mine can aught avail. No day is born
That does not wake the old, fond prayer for
you.

No night unfurls its star-bestudded plumes
That does not hold in tender plenitude
Love's undivided benisons for you.

And thus 'twill ever be, Mignone, while years
Pass on with slow, unchoicing feet,
And time for me shall be no more—no more—
Good-bye, Mignone, a long good-bye! How
dark

And wearily the days grow into years,
And mock me with their drear, unmeasured
waste!

But—these old letters!—nor time nor space
shall
Gulf them in Fate's cold and fathomless abyss!
I will not give them up—and who will know,
Or dare to chide or taunt me if they knew?
They're mine, all mine—no mandate cold of
Fate
Shall wrest them from me (since you have not)
And doom them to annihilation's grave.
Wicomico, Md.

PRIDE doeth its own will; humility, the
will of God.

"Retrospection."

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Ah! pages white, thick-sown with tenderest
thoughts
That show through all the rich appareling of
Poetry,
The silver-broidered drapery of language—gift
divine—
What counter-spell has exorcised the spell that
once was thine?
I turn the leaves with listless hands, and look
with listless eyes
Upon the fair, sweet words that clothe the
living thoughts
With such rich gracefulness of courtly garb.

I see, and yet, seem not to see—my vision
seems for aye to seek
Some farther clime, some fair, sweet scene of
dear delight
That I have known in happier years, or dream-
ed about in dearer days.
And, as I turn the thought-mosaicked leaves,
a hand—
It does not seem to be my own—a strong
white hand
From out the palpitating lamp-glow seems to
reach
And shut the soft white pages from my list-
less gaze.

And nothing loth, I fold my palms across my
tired eyes,
And follow where my own thoughts lead, with
slow, unsaundered feet,
Across the fairer fields that lie within the vast
Dominion of the Past—
"Dear as remembered kisses after death"—
the words go with me
As I wander through the long-remembered
walks and ways.
I stoop, and touch the phantom flowers with
soft caressing hands.
"The days that are no more"—a requiem
chime from phantom bells
Seems swelling on the palpitating air—

I listen—soft and slow
The music swells and swells—a soft, sad, fu-
neral dirge—
"Dear as remembered kisses after death"—
the music dies away
And—I stand beside an open grave!—
Your face is white and cold, Mignone!
As white as any white, white flower upon your
coffin lid.
The music dies away—the last sad rite is o'er—
The mourners leave the sacred spot, and—
Would God I had died for thee, oh! Mignone
—Mignone!

Twelve strokes upon the stilly air
Proclaim the mystic midnight hour. How
long
I've lingered in the mist-land of the Past!
'Tis ever so!
My heart (like some lone pilgrim in a stranger
land,
Who ever prays with face turned toward Je-
rusalem),
E'er yearns to pray beside that grave that lies
within
The border-land of the "Days that are
no more!"
And softly, through love's retrospect of lo-
ve
We all gain what we long for, at the last!

Alchemy.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Patience is the brave, old Alchemist
That shuts himself within the laboratory of
the heart,
And with slow hands, and infinite endeavor,
Transmutes our sorrows into golden joys!
That, from the crucible of defeated hopes,
Brings forth a golden promise of far happier
things;
And from the baser metals of unsatisfied de-
sire,
And oft-repeated failure of design,
Brings forth the shining gold of fructifying
faith
And triple-strengthened fortitude.

And lo! our sorrows, like transfused souls,
Walk softly, with unsaundered feet, along our
daily way.
And Hope unavails her tender, sapphire eyes,
And lifts the scales from our beclouded sight,
And lo! the sunburst of immortal truth
Sweeps down athwart the ever-vernal hills
And pours its golden glory on the mist-envel-
oped vales.

And fond Desire folds down her wishes and
regrets,
And seeks, across wide leagues of stormiest
waves,
The fair, sweet "Isle of Heart's Content;"
And Faith, with tenderest hand, unfurls her
stainless banner
Upon the broken heights of our defeated
dreams.
And Endurance, with her soft, pathetic eyes
Bright with the sacrificial dew of wordless
prayer,
Unlocks the chamber of each waiting day,
And marks the duties and the cares that lie
therein,
And writes above the lintel—when the long,
long day is done—
Her own brave motto and device—"Lo! all
things can be borne!"

DECEMBER 9TH, 1872.

Editors:—I've waited, and
waited, for something to "transpire," but
everything seems determined to stay
just so! You see, I want to write to
you, but it's so stupid, and such a mis-
sance to write when you haven't any-
thing to say. Nothing to say, or not,
shall write to you; for I feel like bother-
ing somebody, and you might as well be
bothered as any one else. And what are
Editors and men in general, made for,
but to be bothered by the women; tho'
guess natural order of things is reversed
and men are an awful bother to the wo-
men. But I shant stop to argue the
point, and I'm willing to be bothered
sometimes if I can have the satisfaction
of pestering some masculine biped, who
I feel like it. Come to think of it tho'
I have something to say. A lady friend
commissioned me to "blow you up," she
said; because her Bachelor is such a ter-
rible Bachelor, (don't know whether to use
capital or small letters; for she didn't say
which of her Bachelors she meant, the
flesh and blood bachelor, or the Paper
Bachelor.) However, I think them both
capital Bachelors, so capitals are appro-
priate and in order, whichever she meant.
Guess tho' she meant the Paper Bache-
lor, which failed to put in an appearance
last week. A gentleman, present, said
he guessed our Editors were on a "spree"
and failed to send it out. I grieved to hear
you so slandered, and disclaimed anything
of the kind. And as I've learned the
cause of the last Bachelor's nonappear-
ance, I shall write to my friend and be-
her to inform that gentleman, that it
was not our Editors who were on a
"spree," but the P. M., of a certain Sta-
tion between S—and B—who was on
"spree" and wouldn't forward the mail.
We receive

cross-
ful thing,
riage, and ca-
mind, not soft-
them only a very
angels, especially when
ceeded in making her belie-
"only one" the sunlight" at
the pretty things; but wait till
moon wanes, and then when
moonsline! Don't tell me I don't
anything about it. Because I am
it does not necessarily follow, tho'
Balthazar water I does! You have
very compassionate and tender
men in S— judging from a late tra-
tion, haven't you? At least S— has
credit of it. Hadn't I better abuse
weather a little? After awhile you
every one else will be brow-beating
to "take up for it." However, gu-
won't do it; for the mercury is only
to 24, and if the wind is high, it
it will drop asleep at midnight
sunrising. What kind of a coo-
Eliza Jane wear? one of these
abbreviated ones which the rest
bipeds do? But I've written en-
nothing, so will bid you good-night.
Yours truly,

AS IN some parts of the world the
is so intense that the mercury freezes,
the registering of the temperature of
so with conscience, we may sink so
sin that it ceases to improve, for it
frozen and powerless.

The Three Kisses.

I kiss you once, on the lips, dear—
A gentle kiss that is half a prayer,
And beg you'll fold it softly down
On other lips that are sweet and fair,
And tell her I sent it with my love,
And prayerful wish that all the years
Of Love's dear pilgrimage shall find
God's golden sunlight for life's tears.

I kiss you once, on the brow, dear—
A tender kiss that is all a prayer,
That the loving Saviour aye may hold
Your life within his sheltering care—
That the tender Shepherd's loving hand
May guide your footsteps softly where
Life's peaceful waters flow serene
Through meadows green and pastures fair.

I kiss you once, on the hand, dear—
A soft, sad kiss you understand,
As my trembling lips just touch the sheen
Of the glittering, golden band
That winds around one finger white,
And sets, with its golden gleam,
The fresh, glad thoughts of a happy heart
To the song of a broken dream.

Three kisses soft, I give you, dear—
Three links in a mystic chain—
A wish, a prayer, and a wistful hope
A throb in the same sweet strain.
And if 'tis best, our God will grant
The tender wish and loving prayer,
And the wistful hope will show, at last,
A tender bloom divinely fair!

AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.
Wicomico County, 1874.

"THE LONG DAYS."

AMANDA.

Azure winged, and golden crested,
Sweep the "Long Days" slowly by,
Till reflexed, their dazzling splendor
Fills the chambers of the sky.
Drifting down through space unmeasured,
Countless atoms golden fair,
Glittering plumes from Summer's pinions
Fleck with light the boundless air.

Azure winged, and golden crested,
Long bright Days ye've come at last!
Ah! I tried to keep from murmuring
While the dark days drifted past!
Did I fail? Ah! chide me softly!
Human hearts are frail and weak,
There are moments when God's sunlight
Only makes the clouds more bleak.

Azure winged, and golden crested,
Long, bright Days, ye're truest friends,
Even while, with all your music
Some wild note of sorrow blends,
Fairest pictures hold some shadow,
Death lurks neath the billow's glow.
"Hearts that vibrate sweetest pleasures
Thrill the deepest notes of wo."

Azure winged, and golden crested,
Long, bright Days, your help I crave,
Life holds much of fret and sorrow,
Help me to be strong and brave.
Keep my footsteps that they fail not,
Strengthen heart and hand and brain,
Keep Faith's fair, and mystic 'scutchen,
Free from blemish, soil or stain.

Azure winged, and golden crested,
Long bright Days, drift slowly on,
I have many a task to master,
Ere the flower crowned days are gone,
Help me with your song, and fragrance,
Help me with your pictures bright,
Azure winged, and golden crested
Long, Long Days of golden light!

ONLY A DREAM.

BY AMANDA.

Only a dream! and yet how fair
And pure this whole world seems to-day;
The low winds sleep amid the pines,
The clouds drift outward to the bay.
And over all the sunshine weaves
A mystic veil of subtle light;
The sweet sky bends its azure arch
Till faint and dim it fades from sight
Where earth and sky seem blent in one.

And all abroad the subtle air
Seems pulsing with some strange sweet bliss,
Not born of earth, or sea, or sky,
Or wakened by the zephyr's kiss.
Ah! well I know what artist hand
Hath made the world so fair to-day!
And thrilled the wind-harp's slumbering strings
Till like rich hearts they swell and sway
Beneath the wild and harmonious charm!

Only a dream! a fair fond dream!
Born of the darkness of the night,
When the stars swing high and calm and pale
The moon drifts westward out of sight.
Only a dream! yet oft and oft,
I turn with half expectant air
To catch a smile, or tender look,
Or feel a hand upon my hair,
Forgetting dreams are only "lies."
Sept. 1872.

Written for the BACHELOR

SCHOOL-ROOM, Oct. 20, 1873.

Friend Bachelor:—The fact that it is an awfully dismal-looking day, is no reason that I should be dismal also, and sit here moping and idle until "books" as the children say. And as I don't feel like sewing, I've decided to write to you. But I shant write any thing about politics, or political meetings. I'll leave that for the "Shoreman" and "Advertiser"—by the way they are, having a gay time, making faces at each other. 'Tis rather amusing to a looker-on, especially when one can sit back in blissful security, amid all the flying missiles. Speaking of the "Shoreman" reminds me there are more new Editors in S——. How on earth is a body to keep up with such frequent changes?

Yesterday, the name of the New Church was decided upon. The membership was divided as to the name.—Some, in favor of transferring the name of the old church to the new, and calling it Siloam. The new departurists favored the name of Mt. Zion. 'Twas put to vote, and Siloam gained the day; which created sour faces and dissatisfaction in the opposite ranks, and the vote was "reconsidered;" the dissatisfied won that time, and the name of the New Church shall be—Mt. Zion. I have naught to say against it, for, though, my preference was for Siloam—which may be accounted for in my fondness for old friends—and I didn't "reconsider" my vote, and did make two or three tantalizing remarks—merely "for fun"—which, I think, intensely disgusted a gentleman, whom I gave credit for possessing a mind and heart, above taking offense at such a trifle—still I am not dissatisfied with the name, or with those who named it.

I understand the Camp at "Lewis' Grove," was well attended on Sunday; but one of the Reverend gentlemen who held forth, treated the assembled congregation to a sound rating, which disgusted some, intensely amused others, and benefited none; on Monday afternoon there were not enough people present to "preach to." On Tuesday, however, the attendance was better; after which, reports from the front became spasmodic, and I failed to remember them.

"The Protracted Meeting" began at St. John's—just opposite—last night.—I understand the "house was full," notwithstanding the rain, and general dismalness of the night.

Base Ball isn't defunct yet—hereabouts, at least. Some time ago the Stonewall challenged the Walston Quickstep, who came down in its B. B. toggery, but refused to play because, forsooth, *one lone man* from a disbanded club was upon the first nine of the Stonewall.—However, the Stonewall claimed the game. 9 to 0. The Quickstep asserted "they could bring boys down and whip the Stonewall." Then why should they have refused to play with only that flimsy excuse? It won't do, Quickstep, the general belief is, that you were afraid of the Stonewall! The Olympics of Berlin and the Stonewall, are engaged in a series of games; two of which have been played. The first upon the grounds of the Stonewall, which resulted in a victory for that club; the second upon the Olympic's ground, which gave the victory to the last mentioned club. The third and last game is to be played upon

the Stonewall's ground next Wednesday week. If the Fates are propitious, I propose to witness a portion of that game.

Looking over a late BACHELOR and coming upon the "proceedings of the School Board" I find it has proceeded to raise our salaries: which proceeding I appreciate, and in my gratitude feel almost constrained to call the members thereof "PET NAMES;" but am led to refrain from the fact that just here, I remember some of 'em are married men, and their wives might object. So I'll reserve the pet names until they all become widowers and bachelors; and then, I shant have some woman calling me names, and saying naughty things about me.

The health of this section is pretty fair; only chills occasionally mar our plans and ruffle the saintly serenity of our tempers. Our school is not very well attended as yet, owing to the fact that farmers are housing their corn earlier than usual this fall.

Owing to the "hard rain" the children have voted for a short recess and an earlier go home, and "Barkis is willing;" for if I was only in the habit of having chills, I should verily have one this day.

But "time is up," so I will only say good-day Sir Bachelor!—but the actual day isn't good; and I'm just thinking of the "big place" of water I shall have to wade through before I get home. But never mind the actual day, Sir Bachelor, I say good day to you, all the same
Very Respect.

A.

There Is a Green Hill Far-Away.

BY AMANDA.

There is a green hill far-away,
In fancy mine eye hath seen
The dewy light of its misty height,
And its gentle slope of fadeless green:
God's own Sunshine, like a mist
Of woven amber, gilds its height;
God's own beauty flecks its slope
With fadeless tints of bannered light—
So fair, so sweet, that green hill far-away!

Tireless footsteps climb its heights,
All heedless now the weary way
Wherein they faltered, weak and worn,
Beneath the burdens of the day.
Tireless voices, sweet and clear,
Fill the air with music rare,
Forgotten, now, the old, wild pain
That filled earth's music with despair,
So free from care, that green hill far-away!

There is a green hill far-away!
God's tender love shall guide our feet
To where its gentle emerald slope
Is fanned by zephyrs, cool and sweet,
And God's own sunshine like a mist
Of woven amber, gilds its height;
And God's own beauty flecks its slope
With fadeless tints of bannered light—
So fair, so sweet, that green hill far-away!

WAIT SWEET DAY.

BY AMANDA.

Wait Sweet Day, till I gather these threads
Of glittering pearl and shining gold;
I'm weaving a web of marvelous light,
And want to garnish one gleaming fold
With sunset splendors, deftly spun
From the golden glories of the sun.

See, when I throw the shuttle across,
I press the glittering thread each time,
And the soft clank clank of the mystic loom
Falls like a sweet bell's elfin chime;
And I watch with eyes of glad delight
The soft threads broaden into light.

Wait Sweet Day, I shall soon be done!—
Only one bar of roseate light
To touch this fold of silver gray
With softer tints of beauty bright,
And one soft flush of firmer gold
Across this hazy amber fold.

There! I am done; Good-bye Sweet Day!
I hear the chime of the sunset bell;
You've barred the gates of the golden west
And breathed o'er them your magic spell.
But I fold my web of glittering light
With tender hands and fond delight.

Sept. 28, 1874.

Mr. Editor:—

Ah! me, what heavy burdens and manifold sorrows we poor mortals have to bear! Now, I've half a mind to employ you as Father Confessor—by you, I mean the "Bachelor," and not say of you unsympathizing editors. Now, the "Show" was worse than the blues last week. It took me from Thursday morning until Saturday afternoon, to decide whether I could make some scruples of mine "affiliate" with my father's anxiety to have me attend, and then the scruples asserted themselves imperiously, and one lady in that incongruous assembly, would have given a good bit to have been safely home; or at least without the shadow of the "splendid pavilion." The only thing that paid me for going, was the sight of those darling little baby lions, and their gracious looking mamma. I also admired the leopards (if leopards, they were) and the elks. The king of Beasts looked rather disgusted, I thought perhaps his "2,200 lb" weighed heavily upon his maned shoulders, and as for that old ape, pshaw! I've seen plenty of men who looked as well as he does! And that poor old elephant, if every wrinkle on his clumsy "outer man," indicated a year, why then, he must be the very same old party that Capt. Noah took on board his family yacht in that memorable voyage of his. The camels looked awfully humped up, and the buffaloes, as if pining for the prairies. But the dear little ponies were lovable, and the horses—well, I love horses (don't accuse me of Grantism, if you please.)

Now, then, I've gone as far as I care to! for I have no desire to enter the "splendid pavilion," again and I couldn't talk to you of it, if I were to do so; for there's where the sore spot in my heart hurts the worst—in fact, there's where I first got the sore spot. In confidence, *mon ami* Bachelor, I have one or two very, very serious objections to circuses. "Then why did I go?" Softly, *mon ami*! Didn't I intimate in the beginning, 'twas I humor Paterfamilias, (which leads me to finally conclude what I was born for—something which has puzzled me for a number of years—and that is to take care of other people's children, wait on folks in general, and wait on, and humor our folks in particular; and when I get my mental digits pinched, and my mental pedals trod upon, and my "feelings hurt" generally, I just have it all out with myself afterwards. Ah! well, they who dance must pay the piper, but it doesn't seem fair to have to pay two or three times, and in two or three different kinds of coins, now does it? I tell you all this, because you (like a dear sensible Bachelor) staid home, and didn't make a goose of yourself as the rest of us did, grinning like so many of our ancestors—Darwin's darling little monkeys! or, are we the monkeys ancestors? which is it? You see the sore spot got sorer all the time, which held my visibles under a rather spasmodic vein, made me a little cynical, and disposed to rail at my own unmitigated imbecility, and moralize (*sub voce*) upon other folks, I—I—want to say *stupidity*, but they'll think I've no right to be fishing for the beams in their eyes, oh! yes, tho' don't you see what a big mote I just pulled out of my own eye? Upon my word, tho' I

could not help thinking (sorrowfully) as I looked round the assemblage, I saw men that I knew were sensible, intelligent men; and women that I morally sure were sensible, pure and true women, all there, and apparently enjoying the whole performance, or feature of which, made me shiver, and turn sick at heart. I never was a circus habitue, and my tastes do not lead toward such amusements.

Heigho! I was awfully "serouged," and the "splendid water-proof pavilions" forgot to sustain their part of the programme, and let the rain come through on me, and thereby taking all the stiffness out of my starchiness. I lost a favorite handkerchief, lost my pocket-book and contents—and lost something that I fear I shall never recover. But after all, here is the whole of it in nutshell: Anybody who wants to go to a circus, can do so! but as for me—my head will be whiter than 'tis now before I ever enter another.

Respectfully,

A.

Dear Bachelor:—Feeling in a writing mood, and having a few moments to indulge that mood, I feel disposed to write to you, though I don't know that I can think of anything interesting. All the news is stale. Even the camp-meeting has disposed of some time ago, by some Pitts-villan who didn't know anything about it; and "Burns" gave you that delectable episode of the amorous widower. But let me tell "under the Rose" that the people hear-about think "Burns" and "Protestant" one and the same individual. If so, he must be found on changing his *Nom-de-plume*. I'm very glad to know the exact time of the opening of the schools; for I've been so pestered by the inquiries, as to the time—of impatient parents, who are crazy to get their little ones "off to school out of their way" they are "so bad" and so troublesome at home." What is to become of the poor teachers? Oh! dear knows! "They can make the children mind!" or if the cant, they ought to, and they're not fit to be teachers if they can not. "Och! faith, dear Bachelor, but isn't this a queer old world, to be sure! I was half afraid that our Board was too full of politics to remember us and the time of opening. Glad it isn't so! Changing the subject, how I should like to see that vexatious man who first compiled (or whatever tis called) an Algebra! just to tell him what I think of him. Though come to think, he must be drier up worse than an Egyptian mummy, if he isn't, he ought to be, and I don't care if he is, tiresome thing! Here I am puzzling and worrying over x—x till I feel just like x—looks that is—cross—and everything else looks like x; and I dreamed of you last night, and you were pleasant as a morning in "the Poet's month of May," but according to Rory-O-Moore, "dreams go by the contraries," so there fore you are cross as—cross to night, and if so, I'm very glad there are fifteen miles between us; for when I'm cross I don't want to be near any other cross body, and then I soon become pleasant and good-natured again. But men are always cross about "election times," aren't they? And it has been "election time" all this year, or something! I don't read of anything else, or talk anything else but delegations, nominations, conventions, elections, etc. I just expects if I was a man something would be done! I know if I was a man, and some other man was to pull out a handful of my whiskers, he might say his prayers, for *I should—fight!* But I don't feel at all belligerent to night, and tis late, so I guess I better not sit up here to tempt the witches and other uncanny folks out of their holes. I "Mr. Joker's" pardon, I meant to *cares*.

Your truly

Alone—A Midnight Reverie.

BY THE LATE REV. E. YEATERS REESE, D. D.

I am alone to night.
Nay, not alone.
For thou, beloved, art with me.
Did I dream?
Methought thy warm breath kissed my fevered brow,
Methought that thou stoodst reclining at my side,
Thy circling arm reposing on my own,
As when, into my hungry ear, thy whisper
Poured its rich tribute of confiding love.
The pen wherewith I fashioned vagrant thought
Dropped from my fingers. All unconsciously
I turned to meet the soul-light of thine eyes,
To feel the warmth of thy enduring smile,
To grasp the hand whose touch, in answering
touch,
Signalled whole volumes of unfaltering Trust!
Ah me! 'twas but a dream! Thou art not here!
No eyes, like stars, meet my imploring glance,
No smile, like sunrise, bathes me in its beauty,
No touch responsive thrills. I am alone!
Alone! How sorrowful to be alone!
I never knew, beloved, till thou was taken,
The meaning of that bitter word, alone!
I feel it now in all its desolation!
What time I stood beside thine open grave
And heard the clouds fall jarringly and heavy,
Upon thy coffin-lid, my Beautiful,
Oh, then my heart within, with sudden bound,
Seemed to leap from my body, and stretch out
Its yearning arms toward thy enshrouded form,
And take its place beside thee. There it lay,
Clasping thee in its grasp of passionate grief!
It would not be divorced, not even by Death!
For when I turned me with the parting crowd
It nestled closer to thy cold, cold clay,
The living with the dead. *It lies there still!*
Leaving me desolate in the world—Alone!
Nay, let me chide this sudden burst of sorrow,
It is not well to be betrayed by passion
Into this wild forgetfulness of reason.
'Twas but what seemed thyself that day we
buried,
And 'tis not wise to speak thus of the dead
Whom Christ has taken. Thou art living still—
Oh, my own Love, art thou not with me now?
Looking upon my midnight hour of grief
With eyes compassionate?—It may be, wondering
That this poor heart will not be comforted,
And longing to uplift the darkened curtain
That veils thee from my vision? I alone!
Thy spirit still holds fellowship with mine,
I talk with thee, and find my woe assuaged;
Find something soothing in these hours of silence,
When thou and I sit talking thus together
In sweet soul-converse, while the world is dark.
For thou, mine own, art a perpetual presence
About my pathway. In my restless dreams
Thou comest to soothe the weary hours of Night;
And when the cheerful Sun looks through my
curtains,
His first beams light my soul to thoughts of thee
And of thy home, where Day all glorious
reigns
And Night holds no dominion. *Not alone!*
Nay, thou art with me! I am not alone.
I have no picture of thee, dear departed,
I have no picture of thee—it is well!
No artist skill could paint thee. Not the Sun
Himself could catch the life of thy sweet face,
And it would mar my joy to look upon
A blank, expressionless, and fading toy,
And call it by thy name. Yes, I have pictures
Hung in the deathless Hall of Memory,
Which time can never dim. In rarest frame-
work
These pictures all stand out before my vision,
And bless me with their beauty. Girlhood's smile,
Which won my love, and woman's gentle
bearing,
Which left its impress on my ruder nature,
And fashioned me to sweet companionship
With thee, whose heart was full of tender
grace,
As flowers of Spring are full of sweet perfume.
Oh, these are pictures which can never fade!
I look upon them till my tears are kindled
Into a blaze of joy, and I forget
The wildering sorrow of our separation
In blissful recollection that to me
Was given a love so rare and excellent.
Still other pictures linger round my path,
Thine eyes—are they not glancing upward
daily,
Set 'neath the sunny curls of a sweet face,
Fair as its mother's. Thy expressive smile—
Is it not left upon thy children's features
Still to illumine my soul in hours of sadness,
And bathe me in the warmth of thy sweet
love?
Oh yes, at morn, at noon, at eve, at night,
Some trait, some semblance, of the dear de-
parted,
Breaks into life before me. *They are here*
Standing beside me—motherless, alas!
Claiming intense love since thou art gone!
Each motion speaks of thee and of thy beauty!
With these I must not say I am ALONE!
Good-night, sweet spirit, peaceful be thy
rest,
Now disembodied, till the welcome voice,
"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE
LIFE,"
Shall summon thee to join the radiant host
Of God's elect, and stand, in form immortal,
A bright transfiguration!
In my dreams
Still come to me, beloved, and let me feel
That I am not ALONE.
With these communings,
I bend me to the Father's will and wait
With patience and submission that glad hour
When we shall meet again, and death no more
Dissolve the tie that binds us. Now good-
night!
Sleep to dream of thee.

Saturday Night.

BY THE LATE REV. E. Y. REESE, D. D.

Saturday night! Alone I sit
In musing mood before the fire—
A pleasant book!—the burner lit—
What more could studious man desire?
A moment since, my merry girls
Went bounding forth in childish glee—
Those laughing eyes, those roguish curls—
Oh, they are worth the world to me!
They climbed and clamored for the kiss—
The good night kiss that all must share,
The signet seal of household bliss,
Before the whispered evening prayer—
(The "now I lay me down to sleep,")
So softly and so meekly said—
May angels guardian watches keep
Around my darlings' peaceful bed.
Life, with my pets, is sunny morn—
For them each day new glories glow—
For them new buds of bliss are born,
Blue skies, for them, arch all below;
They wake with gladness in their eyes—
They feel no care—they know no ill—
Each morning brings some sweet surprise,
Which dreams at night make sweeter still.
My prayers are with them while they sleep—
My prayers go with them when they wake,
They are the jewels which I keep
And cherish, for my Mary's sake;
Yes, doubly dear they seem to me,
Now, motherless in tender years,
And thoughts of the futurity
Bring sometimes smiles and sometimes tears.
Nor less beloved the form that stood,
In pensive silence, near my chair,
Just blushing into womanhood,
My eldest daughter, grave and fair;
Her wave of life with softest glide
Was sunlit, till one cloud of woe,
With spreading margin, far and wide,
O'ershadowed all that lay below.
And he—the boy that bears my name,
So full of pranks and mirthful love—
I see so much to praise—to blame—
I know not which he needs the more;
His scorn of study—love of fun,
His reckless, roving wayward will,
Leaves patience sometimes quite undone,
And yet—I love the youngster still!
—Methodist Protestant.

Bear Butte Mountain.*

BY REV. DAVID WILSON, M. D., CHAPLAIN
U. S. ARMY.

Venerable, ancient, solitary mound,
Uprising like a giant in the path
Of conquering armies. Mighty one!
Disdaining all companionship—alone,
Thy crested helmet resting 'neath the clouds,
Upon thy sable brow. Thy vicer's face,
Bronzed, blacken'd by the storms of many
years,
Looks eastward as the sunbeams gleam afar;
And the wild deer bounds from thy side
Upon the grassy plain, as thy long plume
A shadow weaves around his timid feet.
Thou art a hero, 'midst surrounding chiefs,
Like thee essaying kingship in the world;
When boulder mountains, in contention grand
or loud,
Clash'd their rock-shields in thund'ring clang,
And rose majestic o'er a floating world.
O! giant mountain, speak, if now ye can
Tell of the ages of the ancient world;
When the wild behemoth at thy side
Roll'd off again in the now sunken sea,
And giant reptiles crawl'd around thy feet.
What treasures hast thou gather'd in the past?
What mines lock'd up as secrets in thy breast?
Or are these buried, where proud man in vain
Shall seek to find them, like the pirate's horde,
'Mid unfrequented and abysmal shades?
Thou'rt stood, a silent warder of the plain,
Which, like the ocean, limitless and vast,
Rolls onward, outward, viewless and afar,
Kissing the bended horizon away,
Where man's imagining hath never yet
Traced the sure boundary of the viewless air.
Thou'rt crowned a monarch, and around thy
feet,
Like Xerxes old, who gazed upon the host,
Whom proud ambition from the plains afar,
Had gather'd near the golden Hellespont
To conquer Greece. Thou, too, shalt see from
far
A mighty host of peaceful warriors stand,
From the far-distant East, an army grand.
From every land—from Sweden's mountains,
And from Norway's pines; from proud Ger-
mania,
And its forests old; from Russia's firs,
And Albion's cloudy hills—all nations here;
Millions from every land and every clime
Shall pitch their white tents near and far
away;
And thou, a monarch still, shall hold thy
court,
'Mid passing clouds, in mystery sublime,
As thou didst of yore when Judaea tribes,
Trembling in thy shade, in silence worshipp'd
Him who dwelt on high—the One Great Spirit,
Who, to them unseen, within thy caverns
deep,
Held the pure spirits of their warriors bold
From earthly combat and from mortal strife.
Thou standest in the shadows of the night;
And Saturn holds the distant torch sublime,
And Jupiter his asteroidal lamps,
To illumine in splendor thy imperial crown,
The monarch mountain of the Western hills!

*This mountain is seen at the distance of
ninety miles; a detached peak of the "Black
Hills," and has about the altitude of "Mont
Blanc"—5,200 feet above the level of the ocean.

[Written for The Methodist Protestant.]

How Long?

When sinners will not yield,
What course remains for those
Who long to see them saved, and grieve
That they God's will oppose?
Should we abandon hope,
And cease to pray and toil?
Wearied, impatient, give them up
As Satan's conquered spoil?
How long should we persist
In urging them to come
To Him who stands with arms outstretch'd,
And calls the wanderers home?
Not while He thus doth stand,
Not while He lengthens life,
Should we from prayer and effort cease,
Or end the godly strife.
Plead with the unyielding, plead
E'en till the day-light dies,
And darkness, overshadowing, hide
The Saviour from their eyes.
Let none that perish say
The fault was not their own—
That we forsook them ere the day
Of Gospel grace had flown.
Like Jesus, weep to see
The sure impending doom
That, on incorrigible souls
Who will not yield, must come.
"Ourselves we have destroyed,"
Will be the unceasing wail;
"We would not let His dying love,
His tears nor blood avail."
J. T. W.
Westminster, Md., Dec. 6, 1881.
*Ezek. xxxiii. 11; 1 Tim. ii. 4. †Luke
xix. 41, 42.

THE WAR NEWS.

[From the Philadelphia Age.]

MONDAY, Sep. 12.—There is no con-
test reported yet from General Grant's
camp. Secretary Stanton stated in a de-
spatch on Saturday that all was quiet.—
The preparations for a grand conflict con-
tinue, however. Grant is massing all his
available troops on the Weldon Railroad,
about five miles south of Petersburg.—
Lee has a strong force on three sides of
Grant's position. There are Confeder-
ates, west of it; in Petersburg, north of
it, and at Reams' Station, south of it.—
Lee is reported as having made his head-
quarters at Reams' Station. Troops are
evidently hurrying to Richmond from
all quarters, and we have all the symp-
toms of a Confederate attack, which fore-
warned McClellan in 1862, when on the
Peninsula.
From General Sherman there is intel-
ligence as late as ten o'clock on Friday
morning. At that time he had with-
drawn his army to Atlanta, and was for-
tifying the position. There is no indi-
cation of any further advance by him.
Confederate despatches state that Gens.
Anderson and Cummings were wounded
in the late contest, and that their loss
was one thousand killed and wounded,
beside prisoners. Wheeler's expedition
to the railroad in Sherman's rear is re-
garded, in the South, as a failure.—
Wheeler is evidently retreating to Hood's
camp.

There is a variety of intelligence from
New Orleans. General Banks will come
North on September 15. General Her-
ron, with the Federal troops, has evacu-
ated Clinton, Louisiana, and the Confed-
erates have re-occupied it. General Dick
Taylor, with the Confederates from the
west side of the Mississippi, has certainly
crossed the river and will march to the
relief of Hood and Mobile. The Con-
federates have captured the Federal gar-
rison at Duval's Bluff, Arkansas, with
two gunboats and seven transports.

There was a report on Saturday that
Mobile had surrendered. Secretary
Stanton states that he has received no
confirmation of it. General Granger, who
commands the Federal land forces, is at
New Orleans, and though Farragut was
at last accounts, making extensive prepa-
rations for an attack, yet it was announ-
ced that he would not make one until
General Granger returned.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 14.—No intelli-
gence of interest has been received of any
military operations from any quarter. All
is reported to be quiet in front of Peters-
burg, with the exception of some slight
skirmishing on Sunday, on the Weldon
railroad, but even it, the despatch says,
did not amount to much.

Orders have been received by Colonel
Browne, the provost marshal for Maryland
and Delaware, to commence the draft on
next Monday. In a telegram to Gov.
Seymour, of New York, Provost Marshal
General Fry says the draft in Ohio and
other States whose quota has not been
filled up, is ordered to commence Monday
next, Sept. 19th.

Brig. Gen. Van Cleave reports from
Murfreesboro, Tenn., to Gen. Rousseau,
that Col. Thomas Jorden, Ninth Pennsyl-
vania Cavalry, with 230 men, surprised,
attacked and routed the rebel Dubrell's
brigade of 2,000 men, at Readyville on
the 7th inst., killing and wounding many
and capturing 130 prisoners. The Union
loss was one killed, five wounded and four
missing. The railroad is torn up at Bend
Buckle, but the damage done is trifling.
The Bridge over Stewart's creek, the only
one injured by Wheeler, is rebuilt. An
unofficial dispatch says the railroad is now
in good order from Murfreesboro to
Chattanooga, and on the 10th inst., a
train started carrying the mails for the
army at Atlanta. The rebels in Tennes-
see were retreating by way of McMinn-
ville.

A reconnoissance from Sheridan's
camp, in the Shenandoah Valley, has
found the Confederates in a strongly in-
trenched position, four miles west of
Berryville, on the Opequan River. Noth-
ing has occurred in the Valley, though
it is stated that Early is gradually with-
drawing his troops to Richmond to rein-
force Lee.

The Confederates have made a raid
against the railroads running from New-
bern, North Carolina, to Moorehead City,
on the seacoast. A train was thrown
from the track, and some passengers kill-
ed and injured and some negroes cap-
tured.

General Grierson, with a body of troops
from Memphis, has begun an expedition
into Arkansas opposite Memphis, to drive
away the guerillas who annoy the steam-
ers on the river.

General Imboden, with some Confed-
erate cavalry, recently made a raid into
Randolph county, Western Virginia.—
He captured seventy-two prisoners, and
ninety six horses and mules.

The Nightingale, a steam transport
which has arrived in New York from
Key West, reports having been chased
by a privateer.

There are now 4,445 Confederate of-
ficers imprisoned in the North.

Hereafter there will be no naval en-
listments for less than two years.

The Soldier's Vote.

In Libby Prison a vote was taken on
hearing of the nomination of George B.
McClellan. The patient soldiers, now
suffering in Libby Prison, because they
can't be exchanged, owing to Lincoln re-
fusing unless negro soldiers are made
equal with white men, voted as follows:

For McClellan 367!
For Lincoln 3!

Thus the soldiers vote, when not over-
awed by the War Department.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.—That
Abraham Lincoln is the cause of 30,000
of our soldiers being confined in a filthy
and pestilential Southern prison, rather
than yield the point that a negro was as
good as a white man.

We trust our returned soldiers will
paste this in their hats and take it out on
election day.

Messrs. Editors:—Oh! *miseria miseria de profundis*!! I haven't the slightest idea what that exclamation means, or that it means anything,—but it has a horrified look and sound, and it must mean something horrifying, so I use it at the horrifying recollection of the *horification* I felt upon receiving that "rejected manuscript" last mail. Dear! I felt like pulling my own hair, or bumping my own head against the wall, in sheer despair and vexation, was there ever anything half so stupid or provoking! What's a "tantum"? Think I must have come very near having one Saturday night. You see I'm not used to having my MSS "rejected" and returned with such a criticism too,—such a-a base criticism, and tell me in one breath that it is "very good" and in the next, that "it is not up to your standard." What is your "standard," that a communication, which is "very good" is not up to it? Ah! me, ye knights of the quill are past understanding. Wait til I become a Phrenologist, "shoot out of my orbit" and become a "haranguer of promiscuous assemblies." I'll visit S— lecture, and examine the bumps on your promiscuous craniums, and thereafter be enabled to understand or make allowance for your idiosyncratic way of saying things. Now honor bright, was't it the most extraordinary (?) epistle your masculine optics ever had the temerity to peruse? How did you know it was mine, with that absurd signature? But *merci*, it puts me in a cold fever (that's idiosyncratic, is't it?) to think of it only. And about one half of the time, I feel as if I ought to beg your pardon for something or other, and the other half as if you ought to beg mine for the same. If you received what has become of what was intended for you? I expect before the week is over I shall be receiving more "rejected manuscripts." Dear! I shant get over it soon. Feel like abusing something, or some body, only, dont know who to abuse.—Being a little shy of abusing you just at present, and poor Paul Pry,—well, he's got the measles or something, and I hate to disturb him—Oh! I have it now, I'll take it out on some of these tiresome little ideas. They can bear it, oh! bless you, they can bear it! Some of them are perfect little stoics. There is nothing of

importance transpiring hereabouts. The most of the people present a somewhat pallid and wo-begone appearance and have a trick of sitting huddled up by the fire. Do you ask wherefore? Oh, nothing, only that evil fairy Ague has been terribly harassing our neighbors, friends and relations. King Frost has'nt been able, as yet, to curtail his tyrannic power. We all expect to vote next Tuesday, and what's more, we all expect to be elected. Revivals in several of the churches are on the tapis. Four persons (all ladies) were baptized in the mill-pond, at Powellsville last Sunday week. Two of them renouncing the Protestant for the faith of their later choice. And—but nothing more, only the forests are beautiful as a fairy's dream, this radiant Indian Summer, and well, I'm awful sleepy, having got up at four o'clock this morning, an hour earlier than intended (another stupid mistake) and have missed that hour all day. Don't think me such a lunatic, however, as to admire getting up at such unheard of hours, no, bless you, 'tis only because, I think it advisable. Now good night! but mind how you reject my communications hereafter.

Yours Aggrieved-ly

A.

SEPT. 17, 1873.

Friend Bachelor:—Some time has passed since I've written to you; you I thought you wouldn't miss me while the political cauldron was boiling and hissing, and spluttering so busily—the political cauldron is upbusily spluttering yet, but I say, *er politics!* I'm disgusted with politics anyway, and wouldn't give three cents to vote. Pshaw!

But, I'm going to write to you—well, I'll write a letter, if I feel like it. Lots and lots of things have transpired since I

wrote you last, but of course 'twould all be stale news now; so I won't bother to think it all up. Even campmeetings have waxed stale and wearisome; though they have not ceased to be, and I'm creditably informed there will be one four miles from Powellsville during October. Ugh! chills and fever! chills and fever! Before dismissing the campmeeting subject, I must tell you something I saw at the Parsonsburg Camp. 'Twas a gentleman's hat with a *looking glass* inserted the inner part of the crown! Oh, vanity of vanities! The *we* who was telling me that pretty non sense of Milton's about "Eve admiring herself in a stream of water"—by the way, Milton didn't know what he was talking about;—will please make note of the above. Base Ball continues a fruitful topic, while I was spending a few days in Berlin, and vicinity. I understand the Stonewall played two games. One with the Quicksteps, of which I believe some one has informed you; the other with the Poplar Town club, the Stonewall being the victor in the last mentioned game. It is rumored the Red Stocking of Liberty intend disbanding and some of the members contemplate joining the Stonewall. The new church which is to supersede Siloam is approaching completion, will in all probability be ready for dedication sometime during October. The Church-building interest in Powellsville appears spasmodic. Siloam was offered to the citizens thereof as a free gift, but no—Powellsville will have none of it; Powellsville will have a fine new church, and Powellsville will remain statu quo. And so our schools open the 29th. Well, I guess I'm glad. Fodder saving is the one thing needful just now, and corn-fields present a lively appearance. Chills are abundant and, and faces are becoming pallid as to hue, and woebegone as to expression. Time presses, so I will bid you adieu.

Yours respect., &c.,

A.

POWELLVILLE, July 5, 1872.

Friend Bachelor:—How about the "gullorious" Fourth? Have the Salisburyans "overed" the stupendous affair? They must be in "A pitiful condition" to-day, that is to say, if the prospectus was fulfilled to the letter. For if all of those reverends and *ir-reverends*—pardon the prefix—delivered themselves of their pent-up eloquence and patriotism, accompanied with gestures entrancing and sublime, why—why some body or bodies must have got the fidgets awfully. Probably though some of the invited speakers, like Artemas Ward, though possessed of the gift of oratory, hadn't it about them that day, which, considering the state of the mercury ought not to have been deeply deplored by the audience.

As the Fourth slighted this section of our county, all Powellsville-ians, celebratory inclined, paid a patriotic visit to the Pitts-villians, and doubtless some of them were in a villainous state long before night in consequence of their villainous trick of imbibing that villainous distillation of corn, commonly called whiskey, which generally creates a villainous discord upon the most of such occasions. If you disapprove of this villainous way of putting things, I am not to blame, it all comes of reading the news-papers.

Early in the morning, hearing a cannon, or imagining I did, which amounts to about the same thing, all my slumbering patriotism was fanned to a flame, and straightway, I hunted up the Declaration of Independence and proceeded to read it with appropriate spreadings of the hands, and up-raising of the "windings of the soul"—at least I guess they

were appropriate, I had no audience, and forgot to get before the looking glass, but guess it was all "commenced fault."—You see, I've seen the thing done.

Must I put *implicit* faith in what you say upon that (to me) vexed question? Ah! me, it's too provoking! I'll tell you what I propose to do; if I find him out this year—as 'tis leap year—I guess I shall marry him, and set about his reformation at once; if not 'til after the close of this present Bissextile, I propose to adopt him and strive to eradicate some of his odious predilections, and bring him up in the way he should go. What do you think of my plans?

As I've lost my name, you will have to guess who I am.

Yours Respectfully

POWELLVILLE, Feb. 26, 1874.

Sir Bachelor:—Did you, and all Salisbury, go out and have "your fortunes told" while the Gypsies were camped round about you? And are you all as happy as larks, now that you know all about it? By the way, those self-same Gypsies were camped nigh unto the city of Sod—oh! I mean, Powellsville—a week or so, prior to their sojourn with you; and the majority of the denizens thereof, including sundry others, "had their fortunes told." And they (the fortunes) were marvellous to hear, and as "true as gospel" and—"how can they tell anything so true!" If I only had had gumption enough to have thought of it, and was not, constitutionally, such a skeptical little stupid, I guess I should have obtained from them a review of the past, a synopsis of the present, and a glimpse into the future! But it is too late! The Past is gone, the Present is hurrying by and—I shall just have to take the future as it comes—dreary or bright!

Are you expecting a nice time during Conference? I fancy you will be a joyous city, a tumultuous city! Every thing hereabouts is very quiet, barring some lingering excitement, consequent upon the indiscreet revelations of the fortune-telling Gypsies.

A Singing School—in our neighborhood—is upon the tapis, which is causing a pleasant flutter among the young people. Our schools are still very full, oh! speaking of schools, reminds me, Grand Mufti visited our school recently, and—true to his word, and the letter of the law—sat back with the concentrated solemnity of half a dozen owls, "observing the teacher's method of instruction." Am afraid the teacher felt awfully "put out" and discomfited by his "method," but, there was no help for it, and she *knew it*; so proceeded accordingly. Am also afraid he didn't "observe" much "method" in that teacher's "instruction;" but as he didn't offer any "suggestions," I'm constrained to believe he either didn't see any room for "suggestions," or else he found such abundant room for them that he refrained, either in sheer pity for his own tired self, or the tired self of the teacher. He is very popular with the children of said school and if the teacher wasn't the most *unjealous* of women, I fancy she'd be a tiny bit jealous of him.

Now, Sir Bachelor, don't you think there is an awful dearth of holidays?—What have we done, I wonder, that the holidays are all stricken from the Teacher's Calendar? Oh! dear, I'm so tired! A real, genuine, old fashioned holiday would rest me amazingly, and do me a world of good generally. I guess the first chance I get, I shall go up and interview our Board and ask them—or it—what's the matter any how?

Farmers hereabouts, are beginning farm work in earnest. One has already sown a portion of his oats, (but then he is a soon farmer) and another contemplates planting peas this week, and—well, I'm sleepy, so good night,—no, no, wait a moment, I want to say something. There is a direful rumor afloat in this neighborhood to wit: "Salisbury, Snow Hill and Pittsville are alive with *mad-dogs*." Now if you haven't a surplus of *mad-dogs*, you will oblige me by stating the facts; for the school children are talking with dilated eyes, of those terrible canine horrors, and the imminent prospect of having to remain away from school, even after I—with all the wisdom of a feminine Solomon, or erudite owl,—tell them 'tis all bosh and nonsense, and that dogs don't "run mad" this season of the year (do they?) So if you haven't more mad dogs than you want yourselves, please relieve the anxiety of those disturbed and alarmed by the rumor.

Very Respectfully,

A.

August 28, 1874.

FRIEND BACHELOR:—

Now I am done bothering with the Campmeeting, I will steal a few moments to write to you. By the way, I guess I better tell you something of the camp. Saw Bro. M. of the *Advertiser* on Sunday and Tuesday, but he seemed to be enjoying himself so hugely, I question if he remembered there was a paper Bachelor in existence. I beg his pardon, there was something in last Bachelor, which I supposed was the production of his pen, tho' he might have drawn on his imagination for that, oh dear! I might as well not have begged his pardon! Heard only one sermon on Sunday, was sorry; but the low-hung clouds began to drop their garnered fullness down, and being composed (in part,) of "sugar and salt" and unwashable dry goods, Charlie Gold was harnessed, the curtains were lowered and we turned our faces homeward.—Saw some laughable things while upon the ground. Saw a certain lady in a fit of absent-mindedness start out in the pelting rain with an unhoisted parasol elevated above her head. Will not give any name, as 'tisn't pretty to tell tales out of school, and then, we are not required to give self-criminating evidence. Tuesday was very pleasant, attendance quite large, and a very fine sermon by Mr. Rawlings, of Snow Hill charge; failed to catch anything but fragments of the afternoon sermon, but heard it spoken of as fine. Thursday, rather inclined to be cloudy, with a stiff breeze blowing, cool, and delightfully suggestive of "chills." The attendance was again very large. The gentleman who preached in the afternoon, rapped us over the knuckles metaphorically, in a very forcible and plain manner. I failed to catch his name exactly, but there was something in his pronunciation with now and then a dash of shrewd, dry humor, which proclaimed him a son of the Emerald Isle. The afternoon services were delayed 'til a late hour to allow the dear, curious people an opportunity to interview the "Sea Side," as it passed on its way to Snow Hill. I, with the rest, wandered through the sand, stationary and unstationary carriages and horses; men polite and men not polite; women with trains and women without trains; children, babies,

dogs, and goodness knows what! and lo! we were on the banks (sand banks I mean,) and beholding what I never beheld before, the Sea-Side in the heart of Wicomico, 6 miles from the sea. Well, the "show" went by, and we retraced our steps, and passing a human Vesuvius, about a pint of cigar smoke went plump down my throat (as I turned to speak to a friend) almost strangling me. Tobacco smoke isn't offensive to me in a general way, but I object to drinking it broadcast!

Everybody was dressed in his or her best bib and tucker. There were lots of pretty ladies (the gentlemen will agree with me here) and lots of fine looking gentlemen (men have no business to be pretty,) the ladies will agree with me here, parenthesis and all. But I saw one of the abominations, a pretty girl be ruffled, be puffed and be-overskirted to the waist, with pink pennants floating from the throat, gold bracelets on the white wrists and a head-gear marvellous to behold, and after all that, I saw her using one white fore-finger to stow away in her mouth a large "dab" of snuff, after which she wiped her mouth and fingers on a pretty, striped shawl, and walked up on the camp ground, serene as an angel. Oh! dear, I've talked about nothing but the campmeeting; well, there doesn't seem to be much else to talk of just now. Everything seems very quiet in this section. Owing to the scarcity of fruit there will be a dearth of "peach peelings" this fall, much to the grief of the lads and lassies. There is an "organ agent" among us, sounding the depths of our musical souls, and lifting us above sublunary cares (and canning peaches) with the "Blue Danube" and similar delightful compositions. My gracious! I expect your typo will scratch his head in despair over this: Well, tell him to send me a less tearful pen, and I'll do better.

Respectfully,

A.

EDGED TOOLS.

BY AMANDA

Edged tools are dangerous playthings, my friend,
The cold steel so often wounds our own flesh;
And we know not we're hurt, 'til the hot blood wells
Up from the red wound ghastly and fresh.

We may scorn to shrink from the cruel thrust,
Our lips may curve with a mocking smile,
But beneath it all the red wound bleeds
With sickening slowness, all the while.

Our lips will whiten in spite of our pride,
Our eyes grow heavy with untold pain,
As the tardy years limp wearily by
And bring no solace or joy in their train.

And oft when we think the wound has healed o'er,
Some chance blow will set it to bleeding;
And the heart-ache return, though the eyes give no sign,
And the proud lips are dumb and unheeding.

And will it sooth our own pain to know
Another heart felt the death-laden dart,
Ere it bounded back and sheathed for aye
Its quivering brightness in our heart?

Nay, nay, my friend, you'll find I am right,
That the game is not worth the winning;
That we suffer as much in after years
As we did in the sad beginning.

That another's woes will not lessen ours,
Another heart's passion and sorrow
Will not drive the clouds from our sky to-day
Or keep them from coming to-morrow.

Then take my advice, let edged tools alone,
They are dangerous playthings I say;
We're wounded as often as we wound, my friend,
When we use cold steel in our careless play.

Jenny.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Jenny is dead!—So we said,
As we looked on her coffin face,
Lying so white, and still, to day,
With the charm of a nameless grace
O'er-veiling the features fair!
Jenny is dead!—So we said;
And we laid fair flowers above her breast,
And looked our last on the peaceful face—
On the folded eyelids' dreamless rest,
And the pale lips' silent prayer.

Jenny is dead!—So we said;
But I looked at her lying there,
And the restful look on her sweet, pale face,
Seemed the breath of an answered prayer—
The bliss of a realized dream.
And I said in my heart—*She lives!*
Her beautiful life is just begun!
For her, the flowers are blossoming fair,
In the light of a glorious sun,
By the margin of Life's fair stream!

Jenny is dead!—So we said;
But I turned away and wept full sore—
When shall I find a rest so dear
So free from Sorrow's bitter store—
A rest so calm, so sweet, so deep?
Again I looked on the sweet, pale face,
And I put the envious thought away;
What does it matter?—a few more days,
And a tender voice shall softly say
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

Jenny is dead!—So we said,
As the grave-cloids hid her from our sight,
And we left her alone with the singing winds,
And the vernal Sunbeams' golden light,
In the church-yard lone and still.
Jenny is dead!—So we said;
And the friends that knew, and loved her,
Will miss her from her accustomed place—
From the scenes that made her life so dear—
The scenes her memory yet shall fill.

Jenny is dead! So we say—
But her beautiful life is just begun!
For her the flowers are blossoming fair
In the light of a glorious sun,
Where the beautiful "mansions be!"
And the angel band has one more face,
And one more voice of sweetest tone;
And one more soul finds infinite rest
In the light of the Great White Throne,
Beyond life's turbulent sea!
May, 1884.

Miss JENNY DAVIS died on the morning of the 28th of April, 1884.

Thus, at the early age of nineteen years, this dear girl passed from the life earthly to the life everlasting. Only last fall she seemed the picture of health; but, even then, the hand of that insidious foe, *Consumption*, must have been upon her vitals. And the inroads of the disease were swift and fatally sure—holding her a constant sufferer from October, 1883, when it showed its first sign, until the 28th of April, 1884, when her freed spirit left its frail tenement for the "house not made by hands." Jenny was a good girl; strongly and devotedly attached to her Sunday-school, her church and her class. The writer of this remembers her from a wee little girl in the Sunday-school, up through the years of her subsequent life, often noticing her as the most frequent guide of a dear, blind aunt, who, all the years of her life, has had to be led to the House of God. At the early age of eleven years Jenny was converted, and cast in her lot with the people of Mt. Zion M. P. Church, Powellsville Circuit (then Whaleyville Circuit,) during the pastorate of Dr. W. C. Ames. No abatement of her love and zeal for the church ever broke the harmony of her life. The last place she was at, outside of the walls of her own home, was at church in Powellsville, during the protracted meeting at that point last October. She went home next day and never left its threshold again. She was patient and resigned during her long illness. Her former pastor, Rev. D. W. Anstine, visited her a few days before her death, and to him she expressed herself as ready and willing to go at any hour the Master might call. Among her last words was an exhortation to her friends to follow the "Golden Rule." "For," said she, "you know the Bible says we should do as we would be done by."

She was buried in the church-yard at Mt. Zion. Many friends testified their respect and love by their presence at her burial. Our venerable friend, Rev. R. H. Powell, our former pastor, Rev. D. W. Anstine, and our present pastor, Rev. W. T. Valiant, were also present, each of whom spoke in touching and fitting terms of the dead girl, whose face in its calm and peaceful repose seemed the very embodiment of unspokeable sweet and perfect rest. She will be missed not only by her parents and other near relatives, but by the class at Mt. Zion, in whose meetings she so much delighted. But our loss is her infinite and blessed gain; for though we say

Jenny is dead! Yet we know
Her beautiful life is just begun!
For her the flowers are blossoming fair
In the light of a glorious sun,
Where the beautiful "mansions be!"
And the angel band has one more face,
And one more voice of sweetest tone;
And one more soul finds infinite rest
In the light of the Great White Throne,
Beyond life's turbulent sea!

Her classmate,
AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.
May 16th, 1884.

Our Eva.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Once more my tender, mournful Muse
Takes up her plaintive strain,
And weaves, with wistful tenderness,
A soft and sad refrain—
A soft, sweet melody of love,
For her who sleeps beneath the sod
Upon the hill-side green.
Sweet Flow'ers! faded ere the noon
Of summer's golden sheen
Had crowned the heights above
Our Eva!

Across the sweet Year's golden bloom
A wistful shadow lies;
And Sorrow veils, with sombre wings,
The brightness of the skies,
And life seems very sad and drear!
We knew not how our hearts had twined
Around that life so frail,
Until we stooped, with aching heart,
And kissed the forehead pale—
The pure, pale brow, so fair and dear,
Of Eva!

And, as we left her sleeping there,
Upon the hill-side green,
Our hearts forgot the sweet, glad bloom,
The summer's golden sheen;
We only saw that new-made mound—
The lengthening shadows stealthy tread—
The bright Day's sad decline—
But, in our heart of hearts we felt
The touch of love Divine,
That reached from heaven and closed around
Our Eva!

And so, we hush our sobs to rest,
And leave her—"Dead in Grace!"
The soft, sweet light of God's own love
Upon her dear white face;
His restful calm upon her soul!
And, where her tender feet shall tread,
Oh! may our steps incline!
And may our restless hearts grow calm
Beneath the spell Divine,
That held, beneath its sweet control,
Our Eva!

Ah! may our onward journey prove,
The brighter for this gloom!
Our lives the truer, for the life
That perished in the bloom
Of golden spring-time fair and sweet!
And when our tired hearts fall asleep,
Along the weary way,
Oh! may we find in Paradise,
A fair and gladsome day,
And in its fadeless bowers meet
Our Eva!
July 27th, 1884.

Obit. Biographic.

Eva Belle, youngest daughter of the late S. and Margaret Burbage, of Powellsville, went out from the walks of earthly life into the peaceful paths of the "Dim Unknown"—the "Beautiful Beyond"—with the lengthening shadows of Monday, the 14th day of July, 1884.

Sixteen times the winter's snows have crowned with dazzling sheen the month that gave her birth. Scarce sixteen times the summer flowers have blossomed where her young feet trod, but, to-day she sleeps sweetly, peacefully, in her hill-side grave. To me there is always something inexpressibly sad, inexpressibly touching in the death of a young girl, even while I can but realize that for her no cloud of sorrow shall ever rise, no blight of pain shall ever come, that she is safe forevermore from the suffering that we, whose years are more, have found along life's oft-times weary way. Knowing all this, believing all this, still I say there is something inexpressibly sad and touching in the death of a young girl. And the circumstances attending this dear child's death were sad indeed. Always delicate, her health grew more frail as she approached womanhood. Yet, knowing, as I too well knew, the slender thread by which she held to this life, her sudden death was a sad and heavy shock to me—all the more sorrowful and touching from the fact that only *nine days* before, her mother had died after only a brief illness.

On the 6th of July her mother was buried. Dear Eva returned from that mother's grave to her home and never left its threshold again until her loved form was carried out by gentle hands and placed beside the mother whose grave-cloids still bare the impress of the spade. Her mother's sudden and unexpected death was the blow that snapped the slender threads of Eva's frail existence. Already weakened by disease, her frail strength never rallied from the blow. And yet she clung to life. Youth is ever hopeful and buoyant. During her brief illness she was patient and docile; willing, even eager and anxious to take her medicine, assuring her nurses that she didn't want to die, that she wanted to get well. But medicine was of no avail, the

loving care and attention of relatives and friends were of no avail, the fervent prayers of loving hearts were not answered as we prayed that they might be; the dear Father answered them in His own wise way, not ours, and He knew best. He sees through the years to come, we can not. Her sudden death was a sad shock to her relatives and friends, her young companions, the whole community. I who have known and loved her since before she could speak my name plainly, can so truly realize that the dear child is no more. Bright, studious, and always obedient in the school-room, always the cheerful, willing helper where she could help me, she greatly and fondly endeared herself to me. Always loving her, she grew dearer as the years went by; and the last twelve months of her life she was singularly and inexpressibly dear to me. Her death touched me as no death has touched me for years—all the more sad was it to me that the dear child kept asking for me, that she *wanted me*, wanted her old teacher and friend to nurse her, and I was from home and knew not, 'til a few hours of her death, that she was sick, for scarce two weeks before, I had seen her smiling face as she passed my door on her way to a 4th of July festival.

Eva was converted and joined the M. P. Church at Powellsville during the first year of Rev. A. D. Dick's pastorate, and during the fall of her thirteenth year, I, who knew her better, perhaps, than her own family, feel safe to say that I believe she was safely at home, happily at rest. The church and Sunday-school at Powellsville have lost their brightest light, their most cheerful and willing worker; the community has lost its brightest and most lovable member, her young companions and fellow pupils have lost their most patient, willing and cheerful helper in the labors and pleasures of the school room. And I have lost my dearest pupil, how inexpressibly dear I did not know 'til I stooped and kissed the dear white brow that was saintly fair and pure 'neath the folds of the shimmering white veil that covered, but did not conceal the sweet, white face of our Eva.

She was buried from the church at Powellsville, the church at whose altar she was converted, the church at whose altar she so often partook of the Lord's Supper, the church, whose walls have so often echoed with the music of her voice. Rev. R. H. Powell preached the funeral discourse. Our pastor, Rev. W. T. Valiant, our former pastor, Rev. D. W. Anstine, were also present, as was Rev. W. Johnson, of the M. E. Church.

The occasion was one of tender, mournful solemnity. The presence of many friends testified to the worth of the dead beloved, whose face was the only peacefully happy one in all that concourse, whose heart was the only acheless one in the dear old church that held, for the last time, all that was mortal of our Eva.

Dear child, her earthly life was brief! But in that land to which she's gone We count no more by flight of time, The young are always young and fair, For life has found the heights sublime; The lips we've kissed will greet us there, The hands we've loved will clasp our own; God's love shall crown our lives with love Within that dim, but dear Unknown!

Our Eva left many warm and loving friends, but she left none more faithful and loving, more tender and true, than her who signs herself now, and *through years, mayhap*, of fondest memory, her loving teacher and faithful friend.

AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.
July 27th, 1884.

Beyond.

REV. JAMES L. ELDERDICE, M. D.

Beyond the gloom is glory,
Beyond the cross a crown;
Not half so sad life's story,
Did we look up, not down.

We need but to rise higher,
Above the clouds and night;
To feel the heavens nigher
And see the eternal light.

The sowing, then the reaping:
We pass through death to life;
Comes gladness after weeping,
And sweet rest after strife.

Earth to-day, heaven to-morrow!
Oh my soul, since God is there,
Into singing turn thy sorrow—
Into praise thy prayer.

Wee Bessie.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Tenderly touch the rose-leaf palms,
They're very still and cold to-day;
Kiss the wee lips' beautiful snow,
For Bessie is going away!
Over her velvety, soft-brown eyes,
Press their gold fringed curtains of snow;
Smooth once again the shining hair,
Before we let our darling go.

Bring the daintiest robe that she has,
And dress her with tenderest care,
From the wee white feet to the slender throat,
And the glint of her shining hair.
Fold her vesture smooth and straight—
Our darling is going away!
Let her look her own sweet, dainty self,
This wearisome, heart-sick day.

It has come at last—we must say good-bye!
The carriage awaits at the door—
Here are some flowers a kind friend brought—
But Bessie will come back no more!
Our darling's gone on a journey long,
To a land that's fair but far away,
And our hearts are sad and sick with grief,
For we bury our Bessie to-day.

But the little form in its hill-side grave,
The little spirit clad in white,
Are cords that draw our souls away
To that dear land that has no night.
And so we hush our sobs and wait—
We know the Father knoweth best!
And we can trust wee Bessie's head
To lie upon His loving breast.
September, 1884.

Once more my pen must sadly chronicle the death of a loved one. This time it is my own bonny, baby niece, AMANDA ELIZABETH ANSTINE, infant and only child of William K. and Ella K. Dennis, whose little life went out with the early Sabbath sunlight of August 7th, 1884.

For seven brief, bright months, wee Bessie was the joy and pride of her parent's hearts; the tenderly cared for treasure of their happy home; the pet and plaything of all who knew the beautiful brown eyed baby. But cholera infantum, that scourge of babyhood, laid his icy touch on the rose-leaf palms, and they grew cold and stiff—breathed his cold breath o'er the flower-like face, and the white lids dropped, hiding forever the soft velvety-brown eyes of our bonny pet. She was sick only three days. The sweet little presence is sadly missed in the home that held her its chiefest treasure. The dainty little garments are all folded away, but the empty cradle and unused carriage are sad and pitiful reminders of the dear little baby who will never occupy them again. Sweet Bessie was remarkably bright and interesting for her tender age, and so lovable, that no one could look upon her sunny face and see her winsome ways, without loving her. In her tiny grave are buried many fond hopes. But, for all our tears and heartache, there comes the comforting assurance of the Master: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and we know wee Bessie is safe! Her parents have the sympathy of all who knew their winsome, brown-eyed babe. And some time, if our own faith faileth not, we shall clasp that tiny form once more to our hearts.
 Lovingly her Auntie,
AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Poetry.

"Waiting" and "Watching"

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

"Waiting" and "watching" for what,
heart?
"Waiting" and "watching" for what,
I bow my head, and the hot tears start,
As my own heart echoes—for what?
Shall it be rest for the "weary days?"
Shall it be light for the hours of gloom?
Shall it be Duty's dear-earned bays
And life's sweet aftermath of bloom?

"Waiting" and "watching" for what,
heart?
"Waiting" and "watching" for what,
The Father—He knoweth best, dear heart,
And His own love faileth not!
"Waiting" and "watching" for what,
heart?
Cometh the good, or cometh the ill,
Cometh joy, or pain, dear heart—
His own strong arm shall compass thee yet

"Waiting" and "watching" for what,
heart?
Oh! if my prayers can aught avail,
Joy and light will come, dear heart,
With Time's slow lifting of the veil.
And happy years shall come, dear heart,
To recompense these "weary days."
And Faith's fair guerdon crown, dear heart,
Thy life with more than earthly bays.

"Waiting" and "watching" for what,
heart?
Oh! leave it all to the Father's care!
Cometh joy, or pain, dear heart,
We've left us Faith, and Love, and Prayer;
And above all these we've God, dear heart,
And His tender love shall choose our way,
And cometh good, or ill, dear heart,
There's rest at last for the weariest day!
April, 1884.

"Forgotten."

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

"Forgotten?" Nay, nay, it can not be so!
I gave a startled look into the quiet face
Of the great strong man, who, all unthinking
(And, with scarce a semblance of regret, it
seemed,) Stabbed me with the calm assertion of such
sorrowful belief.

"Forgotten?" Nay, nay, Mignone, he does
not know!
The world at large may be forgetful that you
ever lived—
The voices that were loudest in your praise,
May, ere this time, have ceased to name your
name,
And the places that you filled (to those who
fill them now),
Have lost the veriest sign that marked you
once their occupant.

But, "forgotten?" Oh! Mignone, Mignone,
he does not know!
Because the eyes are bright and the lips have
learned to smile,
Is slender proof that the heart has lost its
aching;
And he has yet to learn that heaviest sorrow
makes no sign,
And "lightest hearts make heaviest mourn-
ing!"

"Forgotten?" Nay, nay, Mignone, not while
the sun
Folds down its golden banners, and the star-
shine weaves
Its silver radiance about your lonely grave,
And I may keep the childish lore that learned
to count
The months and years with accurate endeavor.

"Forgotten?" Nay, nay, Mignone, it is not so!
And yet I dared not trust myself to say thus
much unto the friend
Who calmly said he thought it so, and looked
into my eyes
As if for confirmation or denial of the same.
But what he read there I cannot say; I only
know
I dared not speak, and soon we talked of other
things.

But his words had done their work, and yet I
dared not show
The wound his careless hand had set to bleed-
ing.
But I smiled and joined him in his jesting,
after mood,
If thus I might not let him see how much his
words had wounded.
But every heart throbs awake anew the old,
dumb pain and woe
And stamped his words with sorrowful denial.

"Forgotten?" Nay, nay, Mignone, it is not so!
There's little left to wish or hope for now,
And there were less if I should steel my heart
To block forgetfulness of you and all your
friendship was to me.
"Forgotten?" Nay, nay, Mignone, it is not so!
Wicomico county, March, 1882.

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Fast fall the evening shadows where the gold-
en sunlight fell;
The muffled singing of far-distant waves, drifts
Athwart the undulating miles of emerald
fleets and forest glooms,
And swoons to requiem sadness on the inland
Breeze's breast.
The stars put on their silver stoles in priestly
waiting by the altar of the night—
All earth is hushed to silence—and—
He giveth His beloved sleep!

All day the strife of elements has lashed the
sea to wrath;
And a brave white ship has fought its desper-
ate way,
Sailless, mastless, inch by inch, against the
furious gale—
But, at last, a calm broods o'er the waste of
waves;
The sun goes down to rest beneath a sea of
gold,
And, scarce one league away a shining harbor
lures the weary ship to rest—
And—He giveth His beloved sleep!

How wearily the months and years go drift-
ing by!
"Ah! sad eyed weaver" fill your web with
shining threads,
Touch each dusky bar with borderings of gold.
Some day the "loom of life" will cease its jar—
And the shuttles lie at rest—
And the "sad eyed weaver's" task be done;
For, He giveth His beloved sleep!

Some day, ah, me! 'twere well to keep it thus
in mind,
Else could we lay our dead away and leave
The long, white graves to heaven's dew and
rain,
And never kiss the dear dead lips, or touch
the fond true hands again.
Some day, "ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are
slow,
But each one is nearer the end"—and—God
knows best!
Some day, and we shall fold our weary palms,
And friends will say above our dreamless
heads,
He giveth His beloved sleep!
Wicomico, Md.

GOOD MORNING, MESSIEURS.—Oh, never mind; ye needn't lay your cigars aside,—

We love it, we love it, and who shall dare to chide us for smoking a good cigar?

Not I, Messieurs, so proceed; I shant stay long for one thing, and the scent of the weed is not disagreeable to me, for another; so go on with your *solace*, while I talk to you. However, you may take your feet down from the table, it looks so abominably lazy, and then, I don't like to talk to gentlemen with their feet on a level with my head. Never mind, tho', this once you can remain inverted, if you feel better; for yesterday was the glorious Fourth, and of course you were so full of patriotism you couldn't be still five consecutive minutes, and this morning you are awfully tired, anyhow! By the way, every last bit of the Fourth of July wasn't in Salisbury. There was quite a lot of it in Berlin, as I am prepared to prove. You see, the "Paran Lodge" I. O. O. F. was in battle array, sword, poles and all; by the way, I wonder if those poles are the ones they have to climb when "initiated," and that reminds me to say the "Goat" wasn't along, which was not treating that Goat with the respect due to him; and 'twas not pretty of Paran Lodge to treat so important a member so shabbily. If I was that goat, I'd behave agily, next time I was on duty. Well as I said before, Paran Lodge including representatives from several sister Lodges was out in all its glory. The Laurel Brass Band discoursed sweet music—The Ladies were out in their finest feathers, and since "fine feathers make fine birds" there were swarms of fine birds. The gentlemen's feathers were fine too, but not so showy. Let me just here draw a comparison between human birds and the birds of the air, of the latter the lady-birds are always clothed in shy and modest robes, while their gay lords are delicate coxcombs in gorgeous apparel; while of the former, our lady-birds have the more brilliant plumes,—but I don't say some of the lords are not coxcombs, despite their less brilliant plumage—The Lodge, preceded by the playing Band, proceeded to a pleasant spot, where seats had been arranged—*reserved seats* were up a noble old Branch Willow, whose boughs gracefully shaded the the-what must I call it? Rostrum?—well,—Am afraid I almost envied the boys who occupied those *reserved seats*. The exercises were opened by the Lodge singing "The Opening Ode," followed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Burke who is also an Odd Fellow. Music by the Band—After which the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Prof. Williams of Laurel Del. Music by the Band—Speech by Rev. Mr. Burke during which about half a dozen improvised benches gave way with a crash, precipitating the occupants in very undignified flatness to the ground; your correspondent was one of the precipitated; and well, I guess she really *did* envy the boys in the *reserved seats* after that; for she had to remain standing 'til the close of the gentleman's speech. Music by the Band, and announcement of names of Speakers for afternoon, closed the morning programme. One of the Speakers for the afternoon,—Prof. Williams was rather jubilantly announced as a "Single man." Don't know what effect the gentleman announcing the delightful fact thought it would have; unless he thought it might induce the ladies to desist from criticising each others finery, and criticise the "single man" instead. Just here I'll make a long—That's for dinner.

The opening exercises of the afternoon were similar to those of the morning—Reserved seats occupied in a similar manner also. The first Speaker—P. G. M.—Mr. Harris of Baltimore carried us back to the birth of Odd Fellowship in America, and brought us up through the intervening years to the present time. This gentleman's serenity was somewhat ruffled, and his hearers pleasure somewhat marred by the ill manners of some persons on the outskirts of the enclosure. After "Capt. Jenks" by the Band, the "single man" came forward with his best, and waxed eloquent. This gentleman is a very fine speaker, indeed, and a

master hand at drawing mental pictures. I declare I felt almost constrained to go look for that poor rich man a "stranger in a strange land," with no fond hand to bathe the fevered brow, or hold the cooling draught to the fevered lips—no attention—no comforts—nothing to cheer the heart, or soothe the brain,—and, just as I began to feel lachrymose, and he had wrought up my sympathies to the very going point, he vividly portrayed that there was not the slightest necessity for my going at all, for there, by that lonely bed of suffering, through the dim watches of the night, and feverish unrest of the day, sat a devoted watcher. A watcher whose tender care was as patient and untiring as that of woman; whose hand was as soft; whose ministrations as loving and true. This devoted watcher proved none other than a brother Odd Fellow, upon whose secret heart the motto of the Order—"Love Friendship and Truth"—was engraven, never to be erased. He drew another picture, equally, or more touching of a lonely widow, and fatherless little ones whose hearts were gladdened, and whose physical needs were relieved by the "Love Friendship and Truth," of the Order to which the deceased husband and father belonged. In fact, often during his speech, the left side of my corset heaved with genuine, but suppressed sympathy and appreciation of his vivid picturing. Independent of all other merit, this gentleman's speech was rendered more interesting from the fact that it was extempore.—The other Speakers using MSS. which detracts from the finest efforts, and mars the play of expression which is the soulful accompaniment of all good speaking. All of the Speakers received floral tributes of respect and appreciation—perhaps of admiration—leastways Prof. Williams might have been, as it was the fairest of the three, and of course it ought to have been, as he was a "single man" and had remembered the ladies present, in a prettily worded compliment. Some of the ladies said he ought to have received ten bouquets. Everything passed off pleasantly; if there was aught of discord, I knew nothing of it. The citizens and citizenesses of Berlin were kind and hospitable; and deserve many thanks for their noble treatment of the many visitors, and everybody voted him or herself much pleased. The music was good; the speaking was good, and the Odd Fellows, if not all handsome were certainly very nice looking with their beautiful regalia, and last, but not least by any means, the *dinners were good*, at least the one I ate was. And after it was "over" we all went home just as tired as we could be. And oh! I've just thought what a fearful thing it must be especially to those who were "born tired"—to contemplate the piles and piles of demoralized dry goods which will need manipulating next Monday. But I am tedious, and you are now smoking your cigars to the imminent destruction of your mustaches, so throw the stumps out of the window and solace yourselves with a nap, while I undertake to evolve order out of the chaos which these little urchins have created, while I was celebrationizing. Of course I ought to have done that before giving you a history of the doings in Berlin, but what could I do? The lords of this household had distributed themselves in as many separate rooms as they could and were locked in the arms of Morpheus—or whoever he is—recuperating from yesterday. And the men are so apt to have the sulks when awakened prematurely, that I'll put up with any inconvenience, before I'll disturb one of the species, until he pleases. Adieu and a pleasant nap; and a good-natured wake up!

As ever,

A.

Friend Bachelor:—Election is over;—"Let us pray!" for I'm afraid there hasn't been much praying done by politicians of late—and I am very glad it is over, much to the diversion of those who can't see what it was to come. Well it wasn't any thing, of course; only I was mortally disgusted and tired of it all, and—well, I am glad it is over!

Last Wednesday, per arrangement, I went up to P—— to witness the game between the Olympic and Stonewall; but lo, it didn't come off much to the disappointment of those desiring to witness it. That morning the Stonewall received a letter from the Olympic refusing to play upon the grounds of the former—although no objection was urged when the agreement was first made to that effect—but, stating they would "meet them at Liberty or Poplar Town"—the excuse, that "members of their club were down the Bay oystering" being no excuse at all; since they didn't refuse to play altogether, but only upon the ground of the Stonewall. The latter club was indignant, and disgusted very naturally, and declared that that proceeding was a complete "back down," which it undoubtedly was. Base Ball is laid upon the shelf, for the present season. Tho' the match game failed to put in an appearance, the "political meeting" did not; for, standing in my sister's door, I could see some gentleman gesticulating and flourishing his hands in the most approved and oratorical manner. I couldn't distinguish a word he said, but he looked so much like Mr. E-pluribus-unum, I felt an intense desire to know, by what name he was called among men; so coaxed my sister (by the way, twasn't hard to do, for she has a weakness for politics) to go with me to a neighbor's where I might satisfy my innocent curiosity.—So away we went, over superannuated fences, and multitudinous weeds in the "back way"—couldn't go front, the "vox populi" proving too much for my timidity, and peeped through a window; when lo, who should it be, (he who looked so much like E-pluribus unum, I mean) but our friend M. of the Advertiser; but I was too late; he was just making his valedictory salaam. After which, there was only light skirmishing and much laying of hands upon shoulders broad and otherwise. By the way, I presume the gentlemen from Salisbury were too intensely occupied with the subject of the day to note the jainty contrast between their own *white hands* and the dark coats of the cajoled, bewildered and befuddled (some at least) bipeds around them. I noticed one old hoary-headed vox-populi rolling up—with a tipsy grin of satisfaction—something which looked suspiciously like "filthy lucre", which he had just received from a gentleman I have always felt the greatest respect for. But, the gentleman in question might have kept his money; for 'tis reported and believed that that same unstable old reprobate received a snug little sum from our friends of the "People's Ticket," at Pittsville the previous Saturday.—And I question much if either party received his *all-important* vote. Whatever else I may be called upon to bear in this mundane life, I pray heaven save me from ever beholding any man for whom I may have a special liking, actively engaged upon the hustings; for I feel sore afraid that there are very few men true and pure enough to stand test, and actively engage in the politics of today, and come out with hands and garments pure and clean as when they entered the political arena.

Have just been informed that Col. Leonard has been elected to the "House of Delegates." There now; there goes our President clear out of sight and hearing; and what shall we do? Go Presidentless, or have a new one? Oh! dear Speaking of our President reminds me, what has become of our Institute? I've

been waiting very patiently to get an inkling of it.

I beg your pardon for writing so much about politics but I couldn't help it you see; for there isn't much else to write of or talk of just now!

Yours Truly,

A.

P. S.—Last night little Henry, infant son of King V. White of Powellsville, died of cholera infantum. Henry was a very robust and healthy looking little fellow; sweet-tempered and winsome; and will be sadly missed in the home where he has been the "baby" not yet a twelve-month.

A.

November 5, 1873.

FRIEND BACHELOR:—This has been an awful long day! And I fear my patience is ebbing out, fearfully fast; so to keep me from entirely flying off into space, you must let me write to you.

In the first place, it just rained! and I was imbecile enough to wade out to the school-house, only to find one possible President in attendance: so feeling aggrieved, and disgusted, retraced my steps, to find one of the bridges—over which I had passed only a short time previous—afloat. And as fast as I threw down fence-rails to make a temporary foot-way across "a big place of water," they floated serenely, and tantalizingly away before I could place my foot upon them. Feeling as if every thing conspired against me—umbrella included—I grew sublimely indifferent to the combination, and tucking up my skirts—a-la-Bloomer, I expect—waded through.—Ugh! but the water was cold! You know I disapprove of complaints against our old friend, the Weather, but feel constrained to say this much. If it continues thusly, much longer, as a *wadist* I shall become a *successist*; or you may have the melancholy pleasure of writing my obituary.

And that reminds me of something I heard to-day about "Speaking tenderly of the dead." In my opinion, this dear old world would be a vast deal happier and better if the *living* were more tenderly dealt with. Dead lips can make no sign; hearts that have ceased to beat, can not thrill or ache 'neath our tenderest words of love, or harshest complaints and injustice. And—but here I am running off of the track as usual, and you will call me an erratic, or some other outlandish thing, equally complimentary and expressive. Now *don't* please; for I've enough to bear without you finding fault of me!

Don't you think it awful hard to please every body, even when self is left entirely out of the question? I do, most emphatically! Fact of the business is I shant try to please every body. Ugh! the ungrateful, *unpleasable* things!

Well, our Grand Mufti (if Grand Mufti makes a face at that, he can put in something else—tho' I'd rather he wouldn't; it's such a relief to call names some times) visited our school recently, making the second time since being in office, which is treating us better than we've been treated heretofore; and I like him for it. Don't care if it *does* give one the fidgets; 'tis something that ought to be done, even oftener—and then, 'twouldn't give us the fidgets—it greatly encourages both teacher and scholars and they pursue their daily tasks with a lighter heart and readier will, looking forward to the next visit which is to test what they have accomplished in the interim, and encourage them to still further effort. Am not prepared to say any thing—lucid—about the examination; all owing to Grand Mufti; and am mortally afraid he thought me a silly goose! Well, 'twas all his fault, every bit of it; for you know I'm not a silly goose, only a very excitable—shall I say goose? no; I'm not a goose!

I'll tell you all about it. You see, he had me to conduct part of the examination, when he ought to have felt it in his bones, that that would effectually upset what little composure I possessed. And it gave me the awfulest headache, caused me to be guilty of a sad breach of

etiquette and hospitality made me lose my dinner and—well, I've got a little law to read to him next time I see him; am not going to write it; for written laws are all *bosh* when they are not attended to (and then too, sometimes) and I'm mortally afraid he won't attend to mine, but I'll give it to him nevertheless.

Oh! now what a worrisome time you must have had over those "worries"!—I confess I should have liked to have heard them discussed. I know what's the "greatest worry in life," but shant tell you; you didn't give me an invitation to go up and discuss it. In lieu of hearing the discussion I propose to—what is it? Oh! yes, I know now—comment—I propose to comment upon the subject; possibly upon the speakers also.

"Worries in general." Oh! that's too exhaustive! Don't know whether that's the proper word or not, but know 'twould exhaust me to hear the one millionth part of life's worries discussed. Think the speaker deserved commiseration.

"Solicitude about one's success in life." Well, that is a worry, isn't it? But what's the use to fret; that won't speed the success, while indomitable energy and industry will.

"To be unhappily married." Well, yes, I imagine that to be *supremely awful* the Ne-plus-ultra of human woes! But my friend, what do you know about it? You judge from observation. I presume, and your imagination finishes up the picture, and 'tis doleful to look upon. Think I heard you say, recently that you'd always rather trust your own experience. Happily you have no experience in the above worry, and doubtless are more than happy to trust the experience of some one else.

"Ambition." Ah! friend R—— and so you are ambitious? Don't know what comment to make upon your subject. I never hear it discussed, but that I see—in fancy—that lonely isle rising out of the wild waves of the Atlantic, and the solitary Exile whose wistful gaze found naught but a wild waste of waters to rest upon.

"To be unprepared to make a speech, when called upon." Well, my dear Sir, *don't make a speech!* Tell them you have got the Epizootic, or a Phantom Tumor on your tongue and they'll excuse you and you can sit back in blissful security and see some other "unprepared" and unfortunate in *not* having your good excuses—stammer and blush, and make a goose of himself generally!

"Keeping things straight." Why, my friend, I'm afraid you are inclined to be fidgety, and fussy, or you wouldn't find keeping things straight the "greatest worry in life." Now, don't be fussy; for a fussy man is such a worry!

"Single Blessedness." Oh! nonsense! that needn't be a worry at all; for any and everybody—if he, she or it, isn't too difficult to please, and don't look for perfection under the sun—can, if so inclined, exchange "Single Blessedness" for Double Blessedness.

"A man with a big fat wife, a house full of children, and no visible means of support." "I rise to explain." A man has no business with "a big, fat wife," or a little one either—"a house full of children, and no visible means of support." A man oughtn't to get married unless he *already* has some visible means of support, or feels that he possesses sufficient pluck, energy and the will to evolve from some invisible reservoir, visible means to support his prospective family.

Thus endeth the comments and I grew awful sleepy writing them. Perhaps they'll have the same soporific effect upon you; so I advise you to keep a copy of them under your pillow, and when you are likely to be kept awake by your respective "worries" just take them out and read them and peradventure, sweet rest, and oblivion will be the blissful result.

Yours Respect,

February 25, 1873.

A.

she hardly has room for the soles of her feet. And just here, while I think of it, shall I tie a piece of black crepe to my arm for our dear dead "Association?" or isn't it dead? No? Ah! how glad I am to hear it! "An old Teacher" comes out awfully pathetic in last *Advertiser*, and implies us for our own sakes, our profession's sake and our beloved Examiners' sake not to "give up the ship." (Give us your palm with digits extended; you blessed disciple of Minerva! but while you were in the Imperative Mood Present Tense why didn't you entreat "our beloved Examiner" to give us one of the blessed scoldings we ever did have. We need a typhoon, or regular earthquake, or something to shake up the dry bones of indifference among us. So do, I beseech you, persuade him into giving us an awful scolding, and if it hits me, I promise to put on sack cloth and ashes right away.—Rather than our Association should meet an early death, I most think I could be prevailed upon to make a speech enthusiastically eulogistic of such meetings, provided there was no one in the room but myself. But seriously and candidly, I think it will be a perfect shame if this association is allowed to die, as did its predecessor. Other counties have Teachers' Associations. And why cannot we? Are we less intelligent, less enthusiastic, less industrious, or, only more exclusive and less inclined to mingle as brothers and sisters of one league or family? Or, have we reached the acme of our profession where we can rest upon the oars and drift with the tide, or are we only indifferent and indolent? Which is it, dear fellow teachers (dear Shoreman, if I was only up in the Court House, don't you believe I could make that speech now?) it must be some of the reasons above mentioned.—Wicomico is young in years, but she is strong and true; then, why should she be a laggard in the race? Why should she be content to plod along with indifferent steps and a careless "Ah! well, we shall get along somehow, what's the use to bother!" Wake up, wake up Teachers of Wicomico; let the world know you are living wide-awake Teachers, ready to bravely do, or dare anything in the cause of true education.

But to return, "an old Teacher" says we must go up to the high courts of wisdom Jan. 30th, but this priestess wants to know if that's official, for when a body has two pet frostbitten feet it is not pleasant, exactly, to take those same afflicted feet an airy ride of fifteen miles in mid winter for no good whatever, you see it won't pay; besides the loss of time and disappointment in the end, so if we are to have another meeting that or any subsequent day, I want to see it announced officially.

Humph! what do you know about the solemnity of Powellville. If you only had a resident correspondent (in that place) "with the pen of a ready writer," you'd be deluged. I don't go often, but when I do, ough—ough! the local columns of the *Advertiser*, *SHOREMAN* and *Farmer* combined don't present half the quantity and variety. So you can just hide your diminished heads. Powellville never sleeps! But I do, so I'll bid you good night.

Very Respectfully,

A.

Friend Bachelor—Having just one half hour to spend in idleness—or mischief—you remember the old adage about Auld Clotie and idle hands—I propose not to spend it in idleness, but in writing to you; and you can judge whether 'tis spent in mischief or not. Oh! dear, such a time as I am having to-day! I thought I was an adept in the art of white-washing, but am led to believe myself woefully mistaken; or else, I've lost the art, or the art lost me. Be that as it may, the floors present an awfully spattered appearance, ditto my shoes and face, my hair, would be generously bespattered also, if it was not so artistically tucked up a-la-Française, though come to view it impartially, it has decidedly an *un-Frenchy* look. I am so deplorably ignorant, however, as to the styles and names of styles that I don't know a "French Twist" from any other twist, except a twist of the neck, which I experienced much to my discomfort, this morning.

I'm constrained to think that I shall never make a fashionable woman, being deplorably deficient in the time, and patience, which it must need

require, even if I possessed that *Sine qua non* (money)—you are all so *Latinified*, I have to hunt up a little once in a while, just to look learned; and "highfalutin"—I rather congratulate myself upon not being fashionably disposed, I just couldn't stand before a mirror for an hour or two, twisting and turning, with hair pins and switches and rolls and other fixings utterly unknown to me, a "doing up" my hair, I'd rather be writing epitaphs, or obituaries or any other doleful thing.

That gentleman of the legal fraternity, who had the audacity to intimate that your correspondent was not "substantial" because guilty of the weakness of scribbling, should see her to-day.—He'd change his mind; be guilty of some folly perhaps, if he was a widower-man. As not a few of that interesting class, make of themselves blatant idiots, or howling Dervishes—what are howling Dervishes? what are Dervishes any way? I'm sure I don't know, but the words have such a descriptive sound, I thought I would use them. Don't understand me to intimate that the gentleman would be either a Dervish or the other thing, I was only speaking of the majority of the class. I trust that he will be a very well regulated, and proper kind of a widower should he be so unfortunate as to become one.

I believe I feel a little lugubrious, whether 'tis occasioned by the lime in my eyes, an unbanishable desire to go over to the Atlantic, or P. P.'s long continued absence from the BACHELOR, I know not. However, I don't think it is caused by the latter. Am not going to grieve about his absence, or him either, when I don't know whether he is a man, a woman or a gorilla; and you won't tell me, which is not pretty of you, considering—well, considering how nice I am.—But the half hour is gone and so is

Yours truly,

A.

For the Bachelor.

Letter from Powellville.

POWELLVILLE, June 29, 1874.

Messrs. Bachelors.—I'm not defunct or any other way disposed of; and you are not to think so. The fact is I'm "awful" busy, and my thoughts are constantly veering around to some other object than writing. There seems to be a dearth of news. The marrying business is on the decline, expected to be somewhat dull during the dog days, but to revive in the Fall; births steady; deaths rather frequent; gossip lively, with a prospect of being more so,—venders of the last mentioned article principally of the masculine persuasion and zealous in the discharge of their duty.—The Fourth of July is expected soon, and the Powellvillians are contemplating a spurge of some sort—trust they will not be disappointed. I don't feel enthusiastic enough—much to the disgust of some of the feminines—to assist in getting up "something interesting" for that occasion, I beg to be excused; I have something so sufficiently "interesting" five days of each week that I wish to be at liberty to do as I please and go where I please on holiday.

I was informed some time past that we are to have a "Teacher's Institute." My commissioner says I must go and "explain my method," of teaching. I haven't any "method"—or at least I shouldn't have, if I got up there to explain it. Those who have brains and an inclination to use them, I give all the assistance and encouragement in my power; those who have brains, but minus the inclination, I make 'em "toe the mark"; those who have inclination but are deficient in a mental point of view, I trust I am not deficient in patience and consideration in my treatment of them; and those who have neither brains nor inclination—Oh! Lord Baltimore! I'm not prepared to say what my precise "method" is, in regard to them.

I trust our Examiner will read the above and not bother me about "method."

21st. I was so unfortunate last night, as to scald my hand pretty badly; I

Peace and Rest.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Some day when I shall lay aside my accustomed work,
And lie, with folded hands, too tired and weak
To ever take it up again;
If some dear friend would come and sit
Within the shadowy room,
And talk to me of that dear land whose peace
Is endless as the Love that made it so,
And sing some sweet pathetic song
Whose tender theme is "Rest, dear rest,"
Methinks 'twould be so sweet to die,
To close my eyes and go away
With those two words so sweetly blended
falling on my dying ears.

And if, when I am dead, some tender hand
Should long to rear, above my dreamless head,
Some dear remembrancer of love—to carve on
snowy marble
Some tender breath of praise to tell the
looker-on
Who sleeps beneath the marble's snow,
I beg the dear hand stay its touch;
To put aside the studied word and phrase,
And only carve, in letters clear and white,
The two dear words whose blessedness
My ransomed soul at last has gained—
The sweet words, Peace—Rest!

August, 1888.

For the Messenger.

TRIFLES.

AMANDA.

'Tis not the overwhelming sorrow, that,
like the avalanche of the Alps, sweeps so
sudden and resistless o'er our unsuspecting
hearts; not the sudden and direful calamity
that overtakes us by the way, or the cruel
disappointment that meets us face to face at
some abrupt turn in life's pathway, that draws
such deep lines across our foreheads, steals
the roundness from our cheeks, the red from
our lips, the brightness from our eyes and
turns life's sunshine into shadows! Nay,
nay; though these are hard and grievous to
bear, 'Tis the petty troubles, the trifling
disappointments that meet us day by day;
the little worries and vexations, the unkind
words thoughtlessly spoken; the selfish dis-
regard of the sacred feelings of the heart, and
the thousand and one little things, 'trifles
light as air.' And on the other hand,
'tis not the great joy that drops in our hearts
like a flood of glory; the unexpected good
fortune that drops in our very laps, or the
wreath of fadeless immortality which the
fickle Goddess sometimes bestows, that
brightens the sunshine of life and makes the
heart sing with gladness. Nay, nay; not
these, tho' they are pleasant and sweet to have.
'Tis the precious little things. Trifles light
as air! 'Tis the little deeds of kindness, little
words of love; the loving smile; the tender
thoughtfulness that preferreth another to it-
self; the flowers of love that spring up where-
ever the sunshine of the true heart falls, and
the thousand and one little blessings that
come to us every day. Yes, yes, my friends,
the sum total of life's weal or woe is made up
of trifles. Constant droppings wear away the
flintiest stone. Tiniest dewdrops nourish the
sleeping rose until the royal red bursts out
from the emerald bands that enfold it. Ah!
if our hearts were braver and truer, would
the little troubles, the petty vexations and
disappointments of every day life draw such
deep lines across our brows and weave threads
of silver so thickly through our hair? I
trow not. But ah! some of our hu-
man hearts are so finely strung, so
sensitive, that the slightest jar causes
the tense strings to shiver in unison.
And the hearts that gather up the
gold dust of earthly bliss in tiniest
quantities, and grow joyful o'er the
infinitesimal crumbs of happiness that
the saddest life may find by the way,
are the very hearts that thrill and
sicken beneath the little troubles, the
little disappointments that meet us day
by day!

Sept. 18, 1874.

FRIEND BACHELOR.—A little imp in
blue spectacles, and azure habiliments
generally, has been persistently nudging
my elbow all day—my Familiar, I sup-
pose. John G. Saxe, or some other
man, says we all have our Familiars,
and he knows. I told it to seat! and to
shoo! essaying at the same time to
keep it at a respectful distance by sing-
ing "Logie O'Bucan," but, glancing
around, lo! it had neither scatted, nor
shooed, but was still there and grinning
with malice aforethought. Now, I
suppose all the accumulated "Blues" of
Salisbury will be effectually dispelled by
the arrival of the Hippogriff—no, I
mean Hippodrome—by the way, what
is a Hippodrome? Have half a mind
to attend and find out.

Now, my dear, Sir Bachelor, please
talk to "Sewell," or whichever composi-
tor it is, who is (according to repeated
statements) in love. I want him to get
out of love; or else get married, and
stop putting his love blunders in my
poor mess, as if I don't make enough
blunders of my own! Just to think of
him, making me tell our wise people
that the Parsonsburg Camp is only "6"
miles from the Atlantic! Now, my re-
spected Typo, you've got to father that
calculation; for, when taken to task
about it, (as I was) I emphatically dis-
owned it, and shall continue to disown
it *ad infinitum*. Guess I'd better let
Parsonsburg Camp alone, anyhow; for
lo! somebody, or bodies, "took snuff"
at what I said about taking snuff, and
think I "ought to be ashamed of myself."
Well, well, guess I ought, disagreeable
thing! And I take it all back, all except
the snuff, (that would make me sneeze)
and amend that, by saying it is very
likely there were plenty of others, who
indulged in an innocent rub of snuff,
during the Camp, and it was't any of
my business either! Now then, I think
I've made the *amende honorable* in fine
style, and am willing to be forgiven for
all I've said about it.

Was at St. Martin's recently. It is a
very pretty and pleasant little place,
and report speaks favorable of the social
pleasantness of the majority of the good
people thereabouts.

Something less than a hundred miles
from here, lives a woman of Xanthip-
pean characteristics. Said Xanthippean
female possesses a daughter, who is
looked upon with covetous eyes, by a
certain youth whose head grows dizzy,
and whose knees become shaky before
the breath of Xanthippean ire. Re-
cently, this indiscreet and rashly enam-
ored youth, essayed to escort his charmer
home from "meeting," but, the Fates
willed otherwise. Poe's Raven, or some
other uncanny bird, whispered in the
old lady's ear, and she straightway
buckled on her armor, and marched to
the fray. Meeting the culprits, with
Spartan firmness and heroic determina-
tion, she walked up, and just "yanked"
that trusting damsel away from the
pantalooned object of her (the mother's)
displeasure. And *And he said never a
word!* Ah! well, the course of true
love never did run smooth.

There is to be a wood's meeting, on
the bank of the blue-mill-pond, near
Powellville, commencing the 27th.—
Bros. Ames and Sullivan are sanguine
of success I hear, but, oh! well, I
won't croak! They'll certainly find
plenty of material to work upon.

of giving the order.

Fodder saving progresses—the big
rain, Wednesday, caught a good bit of
fodder on the ground.

The general health of the neighbor-
hood is good. The chronic invalids have
been to see Dr. Darmon, and are to be
renovated and brought out spick and
span new, and all the people say Amen!

School begins Monday, 23th, and I
would be mighty glad, only, my gude
mither says she don't know what she
shall do without me; which clearly
proves why I've never poked my head
through the hymeneal halter. Sewell
don't you upset my phraseology!

Respectfully,

A.

The Sunset Land.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO COL. LEONARD AND
WIFE.

BY AMANDA.

Oh! Land of the vine and orange,
Climate of the storied sea,
Fair is your Eastern splendor,
But, fairer still to me,
Are the lights that glow and glitter
Upon the gleaming strand,
That hem the Western billows.
The lovely sun-set land!

Broad are your stately rivers,
Fair is their winding sheen,
Brothered with starry flowers,
And bands of velvet green.
But, strong as the old-time coursers,
Swift, majestic and grand,
Are the fair, broad streams that gadden
The lovely sun-set land!

Fair are your stately mountains,
Crowned with the purple haze,
Of the mingled mist and splendor,
Of sunlit skies and bays.
But, strong in their mighty vastness,
Earth's sentinels mountains stand,
And guard with strength triumphant,
The lovely sun-set land!

Bold, are your warrior chieftains,
True are your soldier braves,
And Eastern love holds depths as,
The fame that guards her graves.
But, Fame and Love holds priceless
The vast and mighty band,
Of dead and living heroes,
Of our dear sun-set land!

Shrine of the Grand Old Masters,
Tomb of the "Bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Down the corridors of Time."
Over the Western billows,
Waked by a master hand,
Waves of divinely music,
Cover the sun-set land!

True are your men, and noble,
Pure are your women fair,
But the faces beyond the billows,
Beckon me over there.
And all this alien splendor,
Of sea, and sky, and strand,
But make me love more fondly,
My own dear sun-set land!

Oh! Land of the vine and orange,
Climate of the storied sea!
Fair is your Eastern splendor,
But fairer still to me;
Are the treasured dreams that cluster,
Upon the distant stand,
That hem the western billows,
My own dear sun-set land!

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

The day has been dark and doleful—
A day of wind and rain,
With the sound of ghostly fingers
Upon the window-pane;
And never a gleam of sunshine
The cold, gray sky has closed
In this day for sad remembrance
For what our lives have lost.

Weary with vain regretting
For things that could not be,
Weary with counting over
The graves in memory,
I opened the Book of Comfort,
And in its pages read
What one of the grand old prophets
In time of trouble said.

I heard, like a voice from heaven,
The royal sinner's song
Of faith in Eternal Goodness
To triumph over wrong.
The day may be wild with tempest,
But in patient trust abide,
And remember the sweet old promise
Of light at the eventide.

And lo! as I read the chapter
So dear to the weary heart,
I saw the clouds at sunset
Like curtains swing apart,
And it seemed like a glimpse of heaven,
That touched my eyes like balm,
As I sat in the sunset glory
Repeating the sweet old psalm.
—Christian Union.

For the Salisbury Advertiser.
LETTER FROM POWELLVILLE.

January, 25, 1869.

Mr. Editor:—Feeling a little blue and in nowise inclined to work, read, or even talk, (the consequence in part, of a hard day's work in the School Room) I have come to the conclusion to inflict upon you a page or so, of—well—I'll leave you to judge what.—But speaking of school rooms reminds me of an article which appeared in the *Advertiser* some time past, headed (if I mistake not,) "Our Schools and School Houses." If the writer of that article could just take a peep into a school house of which I have some knowledge, he would—well—pity the inmates at least. Just imagine if you please, a little room, not by any stretch of the imagination, made not to cover more than fifteen by seventeen feet of *Terra Firma*, and, crowded into that little coop, thirty-eight or nine pupils, ranging from six to sixteen years of age, six benches and two writing desks for the accommodation of said pupils; a stove, a desk, and a chair for the use of the school Marm. A map of Maryland "my Maryland," graces the Northern wall, but as for black boards, there is no room for them "in the ruin" even if by some fortuitous circumstance the school should become possessed of one—but let's leave the subject, it gives me just the *most* headache ever to think of it.

Do you like to hear of weddings? If so I will give you the soul-refreshing details of a soul-refreshing affair of that kind which took place last week, on which occasion *yours respect-* fully officiated as one of the *auxiliaries*. And oh! didn't we have a jolly time, though! And such another serenade! consisting, in an *instrumental* point of view, of horns, a violin, a fife, and a—a—some kind of a vessel used for cooking sorghum sirup. I believe, for a *bass drum*. They behaved very orderly though, marched around the house twice, and the last time, we auxiliaries and several more of the wedding company marched with them, to the infinite horror and disgust of several Misses Propriety, who were in a state of uplifted eyebrows and righteous indignation for the remainder of the evening. All of us auxiliaries, especially we ladies were accused with divers transgressions that evening, among others that we "put on airs" and what was worse still, that we were none the better from looking upon the line when it was red, which I hope will believe me, when I assure you it was purely a *libel*,—but about "airs" perhaps I had better not say anything. But to confess the truth I do derive an intense satisfaction, sometimes, from keeping some of these awfully good people in a state of holy horror, and uplifted hands and bows. 'Tis a clear case of moral delinquency I suppose, but I do love to rify people, especially when they are no better than I, or so good either as to that matter, they are perhaps a little more sanctified outwardly—I can't be sanctified and saintlike, too preposterous to think of.

Mersey! what if you stateliness should be utterly horrified upon reading the above? I never once thought of that, here I've been telling you all my misdemeanors never thinking that perhaps you may not judge me so leniently as those who have known me all my life, and who know I will do as I will do spite of all the groans and headshaking of the sanctified Jew. But be good now, and don't tell on me, and I'll tell you about another wedding* perhaps, about the last of February or the first of March.

This letter will make the latest of lamplighters or curl paper, but I don't use those barbarous things do you? (the curl papers I mean,) if you do, just let me know and I'll send you the jolliest long letters just *apropose*. *W. D. Deane*

May 25th, 1875.

Ah! Mynheer SHOREMAN, I'm so wide-awake to-night—oh! I forgot!—Just wait a moment; let me run get the Big Dictionary, and the big fan, I may need both; for its dangerous, now-a-days, to write an order for a quart of molasses, without having a dictionary at your elbow, to be sure you put the orthographic measure of *esses* in molasses, and don't spell quart with a *c*—and it's warm (cause for the fan) and the "skeeters" are singing a psalm at the door, but not being in a devotional mood I open not to them.—It appears I've wandered from the text, but, never mind, that's nothing new, our clerical friends do so sometimes.

All's quiet on the Pocomoque! Farmers are busy planting and replanting their corn, and the worms are busy cutting and recutting it down. There's no news of importance transpiring.

Old No. 1 closed last night with a grand pow-wow,—oh! by the way, what does pow-wow mean?—Don't believe I meant to say pow-wow, any how; The pupils of said school were clamorous for a "Spelling Bee" and the teacher, in grateful remembrance of her own wonderful performance in that direction, was graciously acquiescent. So, after the inevitable "Recitations, Dialogues and Singing" had been disposed of, the bees began to buzz. The Judges were Rev. Robt. H. Powell, Marcellus Dennis Esq., & Dr. White. The Captains were Miss Cornelia Burbage and Master Henry White. And the Pedagogue.—I forgot the Pedagogue—but that was me, you know, and by the way *that's* good grammar, also, you know—but let grammar go to the dogs, just so we know how to spell everything from Dan to Beersheba. If it had been any body else's pow-wow, or some body else had been generalissimo, I could tell you of it, a whole lot, but I can't as it is.—I will simply say the church—in which it was held—was crowded, and the friends professed themselves delighted.

Master Henry White won the 'Prize'—A "Treat" of "goodies" went far to console the "Fallen Braves" for the loss of the "Prize"—And while we are on the Spelling Bee question, don't you think we "big folks" I mean, are taking part in the play "Much Ado About Nothing?" How much longer is the uneasy ghost of the Salisbury Bee to wander among us?—Poor Bee! I thought it was interred with all due honor. But "Justice" with the poniard of doubt, and the arrows of interrogation slashes into the *Advertiser's* fine editorial, and endeavors to demolish it from base to turret; and

the dignified Editor proposes to notice "Justice" next issue! And so we go!

And then, just to think of A. L. O.'s. (bitter aloe, I guess) "Post Script."—Ah, Mynheer, why didn't you write your Post Script first, and then add your modest little letter? Don't ever say anything more about *woman's* Post Script! But, most of all, don't you think it is about time to let poor Pedagogue—who pronounced—and the poor feminine, who didn't spell *chagrin*, alone?—I can't say *how many* times I've been brought to bay by the persistent—"spell *chagrin*!" Every one who can claim the slightest familiarity seeming to feel it his or her duty to keep the correct orthography of that delectable word fresh in my memory. Mr. C. was not to blame for my failure; he threw me wrong on the first syllable, 'tis true, I mistaking the obscure sound of *a* for *short i* (I always gave *a* the *long* sound) but the definition was sufficient to have set me right, had I not been overwhelmed with "Stage fright," I admit it, and 'twas nothing more than I expected, possessing as I do, an almost morbid, nay, absurd shyness of engaging in anything of a public character. You see I have "risen to explain," but Mynheer A. L. O. you needn't accuse me of feeling "chagrined," and write a Post Script a mile long for my benefit; for I decline to be benefited, and I am glad to assure you that I feel no chagrin at what you have said, or at my own failure; and am very glad to have contributed my mite to the benefitting of the Library. I only "rose to explain" from the fact that some *persist* in laying the blame, of my defeat, upon Mr. C's shoulders. *He was not to blame!* I don't think any one was to blame, not even myself—I could have spelled it *correctly* before the Judges decided me "out;" but I don't know, and never shall know how I did spell it, and the Pedagogue is equally ignorant of course the Judges knew, else they couldn't have decided me "out."

I've said more than I intended; but will add you must let the Pedagogue, who pronounced, and the Speller who didn't spell,—chagrin—alone! or I'll coax him to join me in a scheme for your utter annihilation. So there! And now, good-bye, Poor Bee! First you were a silent Bee; then you were a humming Bee; then a tumultuous Bee; then a defunct—and I thought a buried Bee—and that's what you ought to be,—but lo! you are a risen Bee—a wandering Bee—a ubiquitous, and irrepressible Bee—but this will be a match for A. L. O.'s "Post Script," or "Justice" iconoclastic demolition of Bro. Malone's editorial. And now I say "hands off"—"let us have peace"—Let the dead past bury its dead, &c., &c.

Respectfully,
A.

LETTER FROM POWELLVILLE.

JAN. 13TH, 1875.

Dear Shoreman:—Being terribly tired and not in the mood for work, I guess I'll write—well, a letter maybe, and to you, what's the difference if I never did write to you before?—I'd write to the man in the moon if I wanted to, and there was any certainty about the mails 'twixt here and the domains of the "Pale Empire" but you know magpies are uncertain things anyhow, so I better consign my letters to Uncle Sam's care altogether. The weather is just magnificent! One day we sit with the doors open and the next we are colder than Polar Bears—but there! I'm done;—the weather and I are dear friends, and we never quarrel.

The educational chicken coop ("whose officiating priestess" is myself) is awfully "scrugged" and the poor "priestess" sighs for the time when the "voice of the turtle is heard in the land," and the farmers' boys shall begin to "plow and to sow;" &c.

July, 1875.

Mynheer Shoreman:—'Tis evening—the crescent moon gleams like a broken ring low in the west; the night-hawks (I'd like a more romantic name—but, they're *night-hawks*) are flitting through the dusky air, and swooping down occasionally, with that rasping who-o-o-o-p which is so apt to make one hop nervously, if it comes in close proximity to one's head; the crickets are chirping merrily, albeit a dash of autumn sadness thrills in an undercurrent through their merry singing, and—oh! dear! I'm stringing out such a long prelude, I won't be able to say much else, and you'll be grumbling about long letters—by the way, you ought to know better than to tell a *woman* to write a *short* letter, that is if she chooses to write a *long* one. But we won't quarrel; for I feel more than usually goodnatured this evening and hope you feel ditto.

Farmers are working and waiting patiently, and trusting in Providence—at least, I hope they are.

Gardens and truck patches are doing well, by the way,—did you ever see a "Snake Cucumber?" We have a vine with several already showing their peculiar serpentine shape. If they come to perfection, think I will send you one as a curiosity, and you can eat the curiosity, if you see fit. My darling flowers are doing famously.

There's not much news of importance, Mr. Fooks of Pittsville, was in Powellville recently, photographing the phizzes of the bipeds thereof—intended going to Locustville to perform the same for the good people there, but the thunder rattled, the lightning flashed, and the wind came and blew upon that tent, and over it went! Don't know how much damage was done, but Mr. F. pulled up stakes and moved Pittsville-ward, and the folks have stopped primming, and fixing, and trying to look pretty, and have gone to picking whortleberries, or something.

The school below in Worcester held an exhibition Friday evening 3, which was well attended. Some parts of the exercises were very good.

Powellville being very unpatriotic or lazy, or loth to leave the flesh-pots of Egypt for *one day*, even, failed to "celebrate," but the *juvenilest* of the juveniles joined Parsonsburg in a Sunday School celebration, which proved very pleasant I am informed.

Well, well, I always did wish Powellville had a history! And lo! it has come! Like an Alpine avalanche, or "Texas Norther," it has come! And I'm aghast, dumbfounded (modern orthographers say we must drop the *b* in dumbfounded, but I forgot) and rub my eyes in utter bewilderment, and look, and look again! Shade of Lemuel Gulliver, avast! Get thee hence! Fly—fly—get thee to the Nights Plutonian Shore!—or, or *somewhere—do—do please!* While I explore the marvelous precincts of this modern Broddingnag which has sprung up like magic, almost beneath our very noses. Charles Davie, dear old friend, come from the happy hunting grounds, and help me to "figger" up 125 inhabitants therein. My fellow pedagogue H. D. P. come from—wherever you be, and on the honor of a pedagogue, tell me were you appointed Post Master of, and did it receive its name from that fact, "FIFTY" years ago, before ever your eyes opened on this unregenerate and caoutchouc world?

Seriously, I'm afraid our friend the *Advertiser* has been misinformed, or imposed upon, or else he has been romancing for his own amusement and the entertainment and pleasure of some of his readers. If my information is correct, and it ought to be, and it is correct, I feel sure, Powellville has not been Powellville for even 20 years. Henry D. Powell was the first Post Master, and the place received its name from that circumstance. And Mr. P. is not "fifty" years old now, I am sure—proof conclusive, that it cannot be "fifty" years old. It had no name prior to receiving its present one; being called, simply "Burbage & Holloway's Store," and later, just before receiving its present name—"Burbage's Store." A citizen gives the number of inhabitants as 66, and that number includes the inmates of three farm-houses situate about or nearly about a quarter of a mile from the hamlet. As to the other items in the history I have naught to say, but the points cited, are such undoubted errors, it seems they ought to be corrected.

A gentleman and a lady were baptized last Sabbath, in the pond at Powellville. And—but good-night—I'm sleepy and this is long.

Very Respectfully,

A.

For the Bachelor.

Letter from Powellville.

Rain and Hail—Improvements in Powellville—Mr. Deane and our Examiner—What another Teacher Thinks of Him, &c.

POWELLVILLE, May 1st, 1871.

Messrs. Editors:—Having a few moments, I will not say leisure moments, for even my fertile imagination can't conjure up anything so mythical—and feeling in a writing mood, somewhat, I will give you a few items.

I presume you are aware what a glorious rain we had last Friday. It was gratefully received, for it was needed badly; a large quantity of hail fell during the first shower, the stones varying from the size of a green pea to that of a hazel, perhaps larger. I am credibly informed that *another* store will be opened in P— shortly; also another bar-room, which will make three stores, and two bars to—well I am afraid to tell you the area and population of the modest but enterprising little *villie*. I wonder if I will be pardoned for suggesting the propriety of erecting an Alms-house within the precincts, or in convenient juxtaposition.

I regret to learn from the communication from Shad Point, that our examiner has created dissatisfaction in some of his official visits. I fear "Mr. Deane" states unpleasant things too positively upon hear-say; for I think he acknowledged that he did not state said facts from personal knowledge. If such was the case *positively*, however, I don't blame the children to be "discouraged" and the *grown-ups* to be indignant; for if Mr. D. (our Examiner) had "found fault" with everything in my school, children, teachers and all, why, I should have—well, *cried awfully* the first opportunity I could have obtained, unobserved, for so delightful a performance.

He did visit my school in March, but he was all pleasantness and kindness, and the children were delighted with him, though he frightened them somewhat with his rather loud voice and rapid manner of speaking. They told me confidentially, after he was gone, that if he had *only talked like me*, they could have answered "every single" question. They say that they don't care how often he comes. I am happy to say I heard nothing like fault-finding while in my school-room. He laughed at the school house, but I don't blame him for that for it is a most wondrous affair. I shouldn't have blamed him much if he had scolded one little girl, who was taken with an alarming fit of the sulks, and wouldn't answer a question or say one word to him. I felt like shaking her good! But going back to the communication, I am at a loss to guess his motive for the *expose* since he so exultingly boasts of being still in the "bonds and iniquity" of *bachelor-dom* (oh!) but 'tis some not an entirely *disinterested* one, I'll warrant. Bachelors are not generally so fond of children to take up the cudgel in their behalf. I privately suspect, friend "Deane," that there is a "widow" in the case, or some young lady, friend who was "discouraged" as well as the children. Now, my motive for taking up the cudgel in our Examiner's behalf is that it is one of my peculiarities, that when I hear any one "run down" I always speak a kind word for him, if I can do so conscientiously and truthfully. So, friend "Deane," you are not to get your "back up" and bless me privately or publicly.

Oh! dear, it is time to go to school. Don't I wish I was a Comanche Indian, though.

As Ever,

A.

CHRISTMAS.

BY AMANDA.

Down from the Heights Eternal,
Through the corridors of Time,
Floats a strange melodious murmur—
A sweet triumphant chime;
As of voices softly calling—
Or carols sweetly sung—
Or chiming bells of silver
By angels angelic sung.

The soft ecstatic music
Drifts earth-ward sweet, and clear,
Till the glad exultant burden
Falls on our waiting ear;
And we catch the whole, glad story—
The old, but ever new—
And we put aside earth-passions
And shout the carol too:

Till earth seems one vast temple
Of triumph and of praise
And our hearts seem nearer heaven
Than in the vanished days;
And earthly pride and pleasure,
And earthly pain and care
Drift out and leave our spirits
Subdued by grateful prayer.

O Thou Eternal Savior,
Whose Natal Day we joy
To celebrate with thankful songs
And praise without alloy,
Still shield us with thy kindness,
Still guard us with thy love,
Till safe within the mansions
Prepared for us above.

Where through un-numbered ages
With bright, angelic throngs,
We'll lift our willing voices,
In such triumphant songs,
That saints will pause and listen
To catch the sweet refrain,
That first was tuned to gladness
On fair Judea's plain.

A SEPTEMBER SUNSET.

BY MISS AMANDA E. DENNIS.

Now in the West float the banners of sunset,
Brushing the wheels of Apollo's bright car
With fringes of gold, and pennants of amber
Brothered with pearls and a silver white star.
Hesperus rocks in a pinnacle of silver.
The idle cars dip with a measureless glide—
The gates swing ajar, and the Occident Palace
Gleams like a vision beyond the bright tide.

Over the fields, in their rich Autumn beauty,
Falls like a benison all the sweet light,
Weaving a veil of its marvelous splendor
A baptismal dream of tender delight;
And the fields in their gratitude smile and grow
Brighter,
The sweet Autumn flowers are sweeter for this—
O wizard of Nature—O Sunset Magician—
O September glory of beauty and bliss!

Across the dim years and their wearying passions
The dream of your splendors shall follow me on,
Till the eyes that have smiled and the lips that
have murmured
And the hearts that have worshipped are gone—
all gone;
But low in the West will your gold-brothered
banners
Dreamily float as they're floating to-day;
Hesper will rock in his pinnacle of silver
The idle oars toy with the gold-crested spray.

And over the waves of the amber-lit ocean
A vision of light from the gates ajar
Gleams like a talisman, weird and prophetic,
Wrought in the blaze of a falling star.
And others will watch as I'm watching and wait-
ing,
And others will gather the glory and light
And hold them fast as I'm holding, and hiding
Your beautiful dreams in my soul to-night.

For the Guide.

OUR CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY AMANDA E. DENNIS.

Oh, come and help us trim our tree,
Our jolly, jolly Christmas-tree!
Of all the trees that fill the world,
There's none so fair as this will be.

For sister Bess and I went out
Along the little frozen run,
And from dear Santa's Christmas-trees
We picked the very nicest one.

And Bess found berries bright and red
To hang upon its branches green,
And here and there we'll put a light
To show the pretty gifts between.

For everyone must have a gift
On dear old Santa's Christmas-tree;
He only gives us one a year
To see how kind our hearts can be.

So come and help us trim our tree
With every gift that love can find;
And when the old year goes away
Twill leave but happy hearts be-
hind.

Home and Peace.

BY AMANDA.

The burden of a plaintive song—
A sweet, sad song, I used to know,
Is floating through my soul to-night,
With all its old pathos and woe;
And through the mists of faded years,
The singer's sweet, sad face, I see,
While, like a soft Eolian strain,
The sad refrain drifts back to me:
"Home and Peace—Home and Peace—
Home and Peace are not for me!"

Oh! would we seek the weary years—
The toilsome path our feet must tread—
The labor-stains upon our palms,
The tired heart—the aching head:
If through it all one tender thought
Should go beside us all the way,
A sure, a talismanic charm,
To guide and guard us day by day—
The tender thought of "Home and Peace!"
To guide and guard us day by day!

Oh! earthly Pomp and Ease are naught,
And naught are earthly Lore and Fame,
If "Home and Peace" are not for us—
Or only ours in deed or name;
For life hath cares that laurel leaves
And earthly Lore cannot allay,
And Pain draws lines across our brows
That Gold can never smoothe away,
But "Home and Peace" are magic words
That guide and guard us all the way!

March 28th, 1872.



"Auf Wiedersehen."

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

"Auf Wiedersehen"—somewhere I saw the
quaint, sweet words,
And all their wistful meaning thrilled me
with a sense of nameless pain;
For, with their sad significance came wistful
thoughts of you, dear friend,
And all your frank, true friendship is to me.
And, though we meet full often now, and
years may grant us still to walk
In pathways that shall often touch and
bridge the intervening days
With friendly clasp of hands, and sympa-
thetic words of hope and cheer.

Sometime you'll go away, and I shall miss you
more than you will ever know or guess;
For, 'tis true, as some sweet wistful-hearted
singer says—
"When two friends part, the one to go 'mid
newer scenes,
And find 'mid strangers, newer friends,
The other to stay amid the old, familiar
scenes
Grown dearer with the memory of the dear
friend gone—
"The one who stays behind is sadder far than
he who goes."

No doubt you think me but a silly child,
To let the shadow of a pain, that may not
come for many a day,
Thus cloud the fitful brightness of the present
time.
But I have learned to hoard, with tenderest
care,
The few bright things that life has given me,
with such miser hands,
And hold them all the closer for the scarcity
that makes them dear.

And I have learned to prize (as only those
whose inner lives
Hold hidden depths of sadness, all unguessed,
Learn how to prize the glad and beautiful of
earth)
The strong, bright friendship you have given
me,
With such glad and frank, unstinting warmth
For, with the sunny brightness of your own
glad life,
You've tinged with gold the veiling sombre-
ness of mine,
And taught my wistful heart to trust for hap-
pier days to come—

For happier days to come—"Auf Wiederse-
hen!"
And if we never meet again this side the Pearly
Gates, and the many mansions fair,
Please, God, our mansions may be very near
each to the other in that fair, sweet land
Where never more the wistful strain, "Auf
Wiedersehen,"
Shall thrill the heart with nameless pain, and
dim the eye with quick unbidden tears.
But now, with strangely lingering hands, I
wind the sad, sweet words
Through rhythmic measures soft and slow,
A mystic bridge to span the years when you
are gone—
The long, long years that Time shall count—
Auf Wiedersehen!
Wicomico, Md.

WEDDING BELLS.

[Respectfully inscribed to Lieutenant Byron and bride, of
Fort Meade, Dakota.]

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Through the soft, sonorous glamour
Of September's waning light,
Like a feather from the pinion
Of a song-lark in his flight,
Came a missive, creamy-tinted,
Palpitant with hopes and dreams,
Wrought with breath of mountain heather
Softly veiled with tissue gleams.

In the lamp glow's amber lustre,
Scanned I, musingly, each line
Till it seemed another spirit
Caught and held in thralldom, mine.

And I stood within the glory,
Of a day at full noontide,
With the grandeur of the mountains
Looming up on every side.

And the molten, noontide sun glow
Seemed to tremble, shake and thrill,
Like leaves a-rock in summer,
With the song-bird's vibrant trill.

And the full, sonorous chiming
Of melodious wedding-bells,
Swept athwart the sun-lit mountains
In delicious sinks and swells.

And a-near the sacred altar—
In my vision, saw I there,
A maiden clad in raiment
Crystal-chaste and bridal-fair.

And beside her stood one, waiting,
Woman-gentle, soldier-brave,
Till the bells were hushed to whispers,
And, adown the silent nave.

Swelled in solemn intonations,
Clear as crystals, diamond cut,—
"They whom God hath joined together,
Let no man asunder put!"

Then again, the bells' glad chiming
Cleft the vibrant, gold-lit air,
And a soldier led his bride wife
Down the sacred, flow'r-decked stair.

Then the vision slowly faded,
Like the sun, et o'er the land,
And only lamp-glow softly lingered,
On the missive in my hand.

And a thousand leagues of beauty,
Mountain crests and sylvan dells,
Stretch between me and the ringing
Of the golden wedding bells.

Yet, anon, a mellow echo,
Trembles down the vibrant air,
And I wa'ch a gallant soldier,
Wed a maiden sweet and fair.

Pocahontas, Md., Oct., 1889.

COMPROMISING A UNION PEACE.

LINCOLN & JOHNSON. M'CLELLAN & PEN-
Baltimore Platform. DLETON.

"Resolved, That we
approve the determi-
nation of the Govern-
ment of the United
States not to compro-
mise with rebels nor to
offer any terms of re-
peace except such as
may be based upon an
unconditional surren-
der of their hostility
and a return to their
just allegiance to the
Constitution and laws
of the United States,
and that we call upon
the Government to
maintain this position
and to prosecute the
war with the utmost
possible vigor to the
complete suppression
of the rebellion," &c.

FOR THE NEGRO. FOR WHITE MEN.

BALTIMORE PLATFORM
is "in favor, further-
more, of such an
amendment to the Con-
stitution, to be made
by the people, in con-
formity with its pro-
visions, as shall termi-
nate and forever pro-
hibit the existence of
slavery within the lim-
its of the jurisdiction
of the United States."

of Lincoln's Warning.

BY SANS SOUCI.

Abe Lincoln! Abe Lincoln beware of the day
When Freemen shall meet thee in Freedom's
array,
With wrongs in their memory, and wrath in
their eye,
With faith in their cause and their hope from
on high,
With the vote in their hand and the vow in
their heart,
To pluck thee from power—whatever the smart
Fly, fly from their vengeance, for nothing can
save thee,
But leaving the office that accident gave thee.
Thou art strong in thy Satraps, but Freedom is
stronger,
We have bent to the yoke, but we bear it no
longer.

Thou art vain of thy title and proud of thy
place,
But thy country declares thee to both a disgrace.
Behold thy black idol, already 'tis red
With the useless blood thou hast wantonly
shed.

Thou art witty; of this we will give thee credit,
But go, spew it back in the taverns that bred it.
When the folly is over that chose thee to rule,
Perhaps we may laugh at thee, dangerous fool

We are ready to meet thee in fair open field,
With Law for our weapon and Right for our
shield,

Thou hast bayonets and bribery. Scatter thy
treasures
To men who will bless thy foul barbarous
measures,

But take care that thy bayonets are absent, or
feel
How weak is a tyrant, though walled in with
steel,

Aye beware, for behind the mild ballot may
lurk,
The glint of a musket, or handle of a dirk.

Good Heavens! that Freemen should thus have
to go,
To pay the most sacred duty they owe,
But better than life without liberty, better
That Freemen should fall than to submit to the
fetter.

[Metropolitan Record.

These lines are written upon the passing away of
Rev. L. W. Bates, D.D.

Swing Wide, Oh Gates Of Pearl, Swing Wide!

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Swing wide, Oh Gates of Pearl, swing wide!
A traveller fain would pass within—
His journey was a long one. It is ended.
Swing wide, Oh Gates of Pearl, swing wide!

Ay, his journey was a long one—
The snows of four-score winters
Swirled cold, and pitiless, about his way;
The heat of four-score summers' suns
Beat merciless upon his head;
But winter snow and summer's heat
Are now, for him, forever past.
Swing wide, Oh Gates of Pearl, swing wide!

Swing wide, Oh Gates of Pearl, swing wide!
This traveller kept his onward way,
With faith courageous and buoyant hope,
E'en if the road were dark,
And full of lurking menace.
His eagle eye scanned not the gloom,
But looked beyond, and far away,
Where Hope's fair signal beckoned on—
"Hope has changed to glad fruition,"
"Faith to sight." He is ready to enter in—
Swing wide, Oh Gates of Pearl, swing wide!

Swing wide, Oh Gates of Pearl, swing wide!
This traveller's staff and scrip are laid aside;
His loyal hand is ready for the victor's palm;
His brow is ready for the glory crown.
Swing wide, Oh Gates of Pearl, let him enter in—
Swing wide, Oh Gates of Pearl, swing wide!

NOT ALL ANSWERED!

AMANDA.

Thy prayer for me and mine, O Mignone,
Waits, half-answered, by the waters of Par-
adise,
The echoed pathos of the unanswered half
Keeps with me day by day—
The answered half—leadeth thee by the wa-
ters still,
And maketh thy resting place within the
pastures green.
Ah! didst thou think, Mignone, when, from
the fulness of thine own sad heart,
Thou framedst that prayer to comfort my
despair,
That thou wouldst be the first the "Heaven-
ly Father would bring unto Himself?"
I prayed that I might earlier find welcome
rest.

Because, Mignone, you know that I had
grown so tired, so tired—
And, in all the long, long, weary years, would
come no rest to me:
And so I prayed—Dear Father, let me go—
And let my Love walk through the pleasant
places of the earth—
And drink from all the streams whose flow-
ing

Maketh glad the hearts of human kind,
But, that was not to be—God's love reached
down
And set his seal of rest upon thy tired eyes
And stilled thy fluttering pulse and took
thee "to Himself!"
And the fond pathetic prayer was answered.
Love for thee—
And I scarce heeding shade or sheen since
those bleak days of sorrow,
Walk wearily along the days that hold
Unanswered still for me, that prayer,
Whose wistful pathos, answered, thou
prayedst
Wilt "bring us ultimately to Himself!"

President
1900.

TOWNSEND.—Jacob Townsend, a good man and for a number of years identified with Trinity M. P. Church, Marion Station, Maryland, passed away on the afternoon of last Christmas day. It was at an unexpected moment and in an unexpected way that Brother Townsend was called out of this world, and our brother, we believe, was ready for the change. What proved to be a sad ending of Christmas day to the stricken family was the most joyful to him. The old tabernacle in a moment was torn down; all the burdens, cares, troubles, anxieties incident to the present state of existence were laid aside forever and the soul that had been serving God in the hope of a blissful immortality sought the rest that "remaineth for the people of God." To live every day as though we expected that day to be our last is the only safe way for the Christian—the right way for any man to live. Thus he lived, that is if we can judge from the outer aspect of a man's life. Not a rich man as the world counts riches, but a hard working, industrious tiller of the soil, unlearned, unassuming, but seldom do we see in country places like this a larger congregation at a funeral than attended his. We miss our brother, but we expect to see him again "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." A widow and four children are left to mourn their loss. May our Father's blessing ever be upon them.

D. W. ANSTINE.

ABBOTT.—Mrs. Ethel M. S. Abbott, the wife of Mr. George E. Abbott, of Wilmington, Del., departed this life in the 24th year of her age, August 12, 1900. She was a consumptive, and for several years suffered the consequences of this wasting disease, but always with patience. She retained her mental powers until the last, and gave evidence that she was ready to go to her Saviour, whom she had consistently followed for several years. She was converted under the pastorate of Rev. D. W. Anstine, in the year 1895, and joined our St. Paul's Methodist Protestant Church, Cambridge. She was a faithful attendant in all the means of grace and never was absent, except she had such an excuse she felt she could offer her Saviour. When I became her pastor I found her a reliable Christian character, and by her associations with my daughters I found her to be a young lady of excellent judgment and truly pious. Her amiable qualities endeared her to all who knew her. She was married to Mr. George E. Abbott last year and was to him a devoted companion. Her funeral services were conducted at her late residence in Wilmington by the writer, and her remains were laid to rest in the cemetery of that city. She was a husband and sister to mourn her loss. She is not dead, but sleepeth, to awake in the morn of eternal life.

C. S. ARNETT.

September 24, 1900.

Prominent Citizen Of Vienna Passes Away

Elmer G. McAllister, age 54 years, 4 months and 28 days, son of Postmaster and Mrs. E. N. McAllister, of Vienna, Md., died at his late home Thursday afternoon at 6 p. m., death resulting from a heart attack suffered early Wednesday morning. Mr. McAllister had been in failing health for some time although his death came as a complete shock.

He was born on the McAllister farm near Reid's Grove, October 16, 1880 and engaged in farming throughout early manhood, later moving to Vienna. In 1907 he married Miss Edna Hastings, of Galetown, Md., and became engaged in the livery business for a number of years. He was among one of the first to engage in the automobile hiring business in Dorchester county and continued in this business for some time, and in 1925 he established a general produce business with routes in Dorchester and Wicomico counties.

Mr. McAllister was a member of the Vienna M. E. Church and Superintendent of the Sunday School. He was a member of the J. O. U. A. M. and I. O. O. F. lodges of Vienna having held the offices of Councilor and Past Grand, in the respective lodges. In 1918 he was secretary to his father who was a member of the Maryland State legislature and in 1930 was elected a member of the Vienna City Council and was a member at the time of his death.

He is survived by his widow and two daughters, Misses Louise and Mildred McAllister of Vienna, by his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. McAllister and by the following brothers and sisters, Mrs. Edna M. Wheatley, Vienna, Mr. W. W. McAllister, Vienna, Mrs. Wilson Newton, Washington, D. C., Mrs. Dorsey E. Davis, Cambridge, Attorney Lloyd G. McAllister, of Baltimore, Md., and J. O. McAllister, Vienna.

Funeral services from his late home, Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m. with Rev. Chas. G. Cannon, assisted by Rev. Geo. Allen, of Seaford, Del., Rev. J. W. Sutton, officiating. Interment in East New Market cemetery.

R&B

KEMP.—William E. Kemp, son of Captain Alfred Kemp, departed this life May 4, 1896, of consumption, aged twenty-eight years and six months. He was for several years a consistent member of St. Paul's M. P. Church, of Cambridge. During his illness he was a patient sufferer, and for the last nine months of his life he endured great afflictions and was confined to his bed. Although needing consistent attention he was always considerate for his wife, and would give her as little trouble as possible. In the midst of his keenest pains he would frequently say: "It is all right, for God will not put on me more than I can bear." He cherished the hope of getting up and about again until about eight weeks of the end, when he resigned himself to the inevitable and looked hopefully for it. He was anchored in the faith of salvation through Jesus Christ. During one of my visits, as was my custom, I read part of the Word of God for him, and the truth seemed to elate him until he cried out with joy: "That is my comfort and my sure hope." His short married life was one of unmarred happiness, save as death removed the little ones. He made no attempt to bid farewell to the family as he said it was not necessary as he was only going home a little before and would await their coming. Quietly he fell asleep in Jesus, and after religious services at the church, and the burial services of the same and two secret orders, I. O. O. F., and K. of P., he was laid to rest in the City Cemetery to await the resurrection of the just. A wife survives him, but she need not look to the mound of earth where his body lays for his spirit, as it resides with God who gave it; and as the same Jesus is her hope she weeps not as those who have none. May the great Head of the church protect and guide her.

C. S. ARNETT, Pastor.

MILES.—Southy Francis Miles was born April 27, 1822, and at his home in Annessex, Somerset county, Md., died May 15th, 1900. He had long been one of the prominent landlords and citizens of the lower Peninsula, and a devoted member of the church of Christ. He professed saving faith when a boy, united with the Methodist Episcopal communion, and in it continued an active and honored member till the troublous war times in 1863. Then, during the pastorate of Rev. Daniel Bowers, he entered our church, and with his wife and five others organized Trinity charge. He donated the land on which the first house of worship stood, contributed liberally and solicited much of the money spent in its erection. His loyalty to the church of his adoption strengthened with the years, and life had no deeper interest in manhood or age than the welfare of Trinity. His means were joyously laid upon her altars and his children trained to revere her courts with a devotion as thorough as his own. He loved her ministers and never did they find heart welcome more unaffected, or a more generous hospitality, or a more religious atmosphere than in his home. This is written as a tribute of personal regard, not as an analysis of the character of this true man. As a youth in my first itinerant year and in a time of marvelous revival, I was again and again sheltered under his roof when as yet the circle of his children was unbroken, and there I forgot to be homesick and embarrassed and sad. There a love for Bro. Miles was contracted that the grave has not quenched. He had the traits, wanting so often in good men and true which inspire personal affection. He was idolized by his family and for them his heart went out in measureless love and pride. The confidence and esteem he commanded in the community and the distinguished men who gathered about his grave testified to the qualities which give worth to the man and the citizen. Simple in his habits, courteous in his manners, he well deserved "the grand old name of gentleman." He was a man of deep feelings, quick of temper to a fault but generous and kind; frank in the avowal of his principles, tenacious to hold them and with unflinching

courage to defend them. He had tender religious sensibilities, unseared by long public and business life, easily moved under the preached Word and stirred under the sway of prayer and prompt to respond to the call of duty. During his last illness, which was protracted many months, he frequently and freely conversed with his pastor, Rev. D. W. Anstine, of his approaching death. "He spake of it as one would of going home after having been a long time abroad. He expressed himself as being at peace with God and his fellowmen, and exhibited more concern for the dear ones he was leaving than for his own departure." In peace he breathed away his spirit. The last rites were conducted by his pastor in the home where all his children had been reared, and in full view from the windows of that home close by the rippling waters and beside the sainted wife long since gone before all that was mortal of him was laid to rest. As a shock of corn fully ripe was he gathered. He had inherited the promise, "With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation." Affection leaning on the promise of a faithful God, in unrepining grief will believe that he is now "with Christ which is far better."

D. L. GREENFIELD.

Memoirs.

All obituaries exceeding thirty lines (310 words) will be charged for at the rate of five cents per line, estimating seven words to a line. Correspondents will make calculation and remit the necessary amount with the manuscript. Extra copies must be ordered at the time at five cents per copy. Obituaries will be filed and published in order.

It becomes my painful duty to record the death of Bro. WILLIAM ELLIS, of the Gethsemana Methodist Protestant Church of Reliance Circuit, Md. Brother Ellis was born near Laurel, Del., March 29th, 1813. Converted at the first Methodist Protestant camp-meeting ever held in Sussex county, Del., under the Superintendence of Samuel Rawleigh, of precious memory during the year 1832. He joined the Mount Moriah class on the old Union Circuit. He held his membership with this class until 1846, when he removed to the old Sussex Circuit, and joined the church at Carmon's Ferry, now Woodland. He remained at the ferry until 1859, when the church was sold and the class disbanded. His membership was removed to Gethsemana appointment with which he has been connected until the day of his death, January 19th, 1891. Brother Ellis was married to Miss Mary Ralph, on December 18th, 1834, who survives him and only waiting the call of the Master to go to meet him. Nine children were born of this union, six of whom are members of the Methodist Protestant Church. Thus for fifty-nine years he has been serving the Master, and for fifty-seven years he has been a member of the Methodist Protestant Church, and a true defender of her polity. Brother Ellis was a liberal contributor to all the interests of the church to which his attention was invited and has been known to make great sacrifices in order to meet the pressing demands of the church for which his example is worthy of imitation. For a great many years he has been a subscriber to the METHODIST PROTESTANT, and was devotedly attached to it as the organ of his own loved church. He remarked to the writer upon one occasion that he could not live without its weekly visits to his home. As a Christian gentleman no stain smirches his character for a long life he continued to abide in the confidence of the church and community in which he lived. As a husband and father he was devoted, kind and loving as was attested at his burial by his widowed companion and children who deeply feel their loss. For 46 years he has gathered his family around the family altar and offered his morning and evening oblation to the God of his fathers in whom he believes and trusts. He has left and gone on before his family. May they follow in his steps, trust his God and meet him on the banks of the river of life. Gethsemana has lost a true, loyal and devoted member, a firm and trustworthy pillar, seldom absent from her services, always willing to lend a helping hand and encourage his brethren on the way towards Heaven. We feel earth is made poorer and Heaven richer by his immortal translation. And we hope as pastor and people to meet him when the mists have rolled away in the sunlit-clime where we shall never part again. The writer improved the occasion by preaching an appropriate discourse from the following text, Eccl. 9th chapter, 5th verse, to a large and attentive audience who were present to attest the good man's life and character. The writer was assisted in the services by Revs. D. W. Anstine, of the Methodist Protestant Church, of Seaford, Del., G. Q. Bacchus, of the Methodist Protestant Church, of Crisfield, Maryland, and G. H. Hardisty, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Galetown, Md. After the close of the services we bore his remains to the family burial ground and committed his body to the dust, to await the resurrection of a new life beyond this vale of tears.

G. J. SMITH.

Rest.

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God."—*Eph. iii. 19.*

I prayed to have this love of Christ;
For, oh, I longed to know
The breadth and length, and depth and height
Of Jesus' love below.
He came and swept away all props
On which I leaned with pride;
For only into emptied hearts
Comes Christ the crucified.
He humbled to the dust my pride,
And yet, the bruised reed
He did not break—so tenderly
He heals the hearts that bleed.
The Saviour could not enter in
A heart so full of sin:
I wept, when His clear light revealed
The vanity within.

The calm, so sweet, has come at last,
The poor tossed heart finds rest,
The tempest drove the wearied bird
Into the sheltering nest:
The storm without is just as fierce,
The blast is at its height,
But all within is calm and still—
At evening-time, 'tis light.
For this new life, so sweet, dear Lord,
What can I say to thee?
I never dreamed that thou couldst give
Such perfect rest to me.
For years I heard thy pleading voice,
Oh cast your care on me,
And yet I knew not how to trust
Those weary cares to thee.

More heavy grew the burdens then—
The weight I could not bear;
Helpless I cast them at His feet,
The burdens and the care;
And, oh, the quiet peace and joy,
The fullness of His love;
Who cast their every care on Him,
Will taste the joys above.

—Laura M. Latimer.

SHREWSBURY, PA., May 5, 1879.

Mr. Jacob Anstine, aged 35 years, a very highly respected citizen of this place, died on Thursday last, after a lingering illness of consumption. The deceased carried on the furniture business in this place for a number of years. He was a prominent member of the M. E. Church, and was a son of the Hon. George Anstine, deceased. His funeral took place on Saturday and was largely attended by friends and acquaintances, and Dr. Gwynne preached a very able sermon on the occasion.

We published a notice of Hon. George Anstine's death in our last issue, since which the following obituary came to hand, with a request to insert it in the *Press*. It is as follows:

STEWARTSTOWN, PA., }
September 17th, 1877. }

In the midst of life we are in death! On Thursday, September 13th, Hon. George Anstine, of this place, departed this life for the better life beyond. His death was rather sudden and unexpected to many but not to all. He himself a few weeks before his death expressed himself as not being long for this world, and so it was. His work is done—Stewartstown has lost one of its best citizens. For many years he was a Justice of the Peace, and but a few years ago, he represented our county in the Legislature. His record there was that of an honest, upright man. In politics he was a Democrat, but when a candidate for election, he received almost every Republican vote in Stewartstown. He was a consistent member of the Methodist protestant church, almost from his youth up. He attended to the interest of his soul long years ago, and when death came he was ready. Partner of his bosom, sharer of his joys and sorrows, dry up your tears! You will see your kind husband's face again, not worn with care, but radiant with immortal youth, in the land of rest. Children imitate the christian character of your departed father and you will again clasp that hand that labored and cared for you here. H.

Died, September 13th, 1877, Bro. GEORGE ANSTINE, in the 63d year of his age.

Bro. Anstine had long been an acceptable and useful member of the M. P. Church in Stewartstown, Pa. He was a man of sterling worth; and, while modest and unassuming in his manner, his Christian deportment won the esteem and confidence of those who knew him. He was a sincere friend and wise counsellor, and was held in high esteem by the community in which he lived. He was elected in 1874 to represent York county in the House of Delegates. For more than a year before his death his health had been feeble, but death came suddenly at last. His end was peace. He spoke to the writer of his unshaken confidence in Jesus as his Saviour. The Church, the community, his family will miss him, but our loss is his gain. May the God of all grace comfort the widow and the fatherless, and guide them all by his counsel and afterward receive them to glory.
A. W. M.
Stewartstown, Pa., Oct. 11, 1877.

DEATH OF GEO. ANSTINE, ESQ.—We regret that we are called upon to record the death of this estimable man, which occurred at his residence, in Stewartstown, Hopewell township, on the 13th inst. He was a sterling and uncompromising Democrat, and by his death our party has lost one of its most honest and earnest supporters, his neighborhood one of its noblest citizens, the church a most zealous advocate of religion, and the family a most affectionate parent.

In the year 1874, he was elected to the State Legislature, for a term of two years. No member in that body, during his term, returned home to his constituents with a brighter record than Mr. Anstine. He proved himself strictly honest, performed his duties in an impartial manner, and shared the confidence of his fellow members in an eminent degree. He also filled the office of Justice of the Peace, in Hopewell township, in a very acceptable manner for a number of years. He was called away in his best years—at a time when life seems the most attractive, and when hope and expectation reach forward to fond earthly realizations. He was one of our most intimate and trusty political friends and we will ever cherish his memory with the recollections of the past. He was ill for several weeks and was suddenly taken with cramp colic, which, quite unexpectedly to his family, caused his death. His age was 62 years, 9 months and 23 days.

Died, in the city of Baltimore, from the effects of a surgical operation, January 13th, 1880, Miss JENNIE B. ANSTINE, daughter of the late Hon. George Anstine and Catharine Anstine, his surviving widow, and sister of the Rev. D. W. Anstine of the Maryland Conference.

Jennie was born October 20th, 1852, and very early developed those traits of amiability and gentleness which, subsequently sanctified by divine grace, made her a general favorite, beloved by all who knew her. None knew her but to love her, and her name was always perfumed with praise.

At home she sat enthroned as the devoted daughter and sister, and, like sweet ivy, clung to her widowed mother through all the sorrows and bereavements that have thrown their shadows across the godly household. In the Sunday school she was an untiring worker, and among her last remembrances her class was not forgotten. She was faithful in her attendance upon God's house, and was (when not providentially detained) always in her place, "abounding in the work of the Lord."

The night before she left home for Baltimore the writer and his wife passed the evening with her. She was cheerful, and expressed true resignation to the will of her heavenly Father. Her rich experience was, "If I live, I live unto the Lord, and if I die, I die unto the Lord." During the evening she sang several of her favorite hymns; and none present will ever forget the last one she ever chanted in her childhood home—"Twill all be over soon."

The operation proved to be much more serious than Surgeon Smith anticipated, as he had given her assurance that he believed it would be successful; but in this he was deceived, as the tumor proved to be a "Fibrous degeneration of the right kidney." The operation was performed on Saturday afternoon, January 10th, extending through two hours and a half, and on the following Tuesday morning she died. At half past eleven o'clock on Monday night, when informed that she would not, probably, live through the night, she received the announcement with most astonishing composure, and upon being asked if she had any message to send her mother replied, "No, nothing particular: mother and I talked this all over before I left home; just tell her, I am not afraid to die." Her death was calm, and with a smile upon her countenance, and deathless valor flashing from her eye, she conquered mortal throes and struggles, and entered her Father's house of many mansions.

On Thursday morning, January 15th, her remains were carried to the Stewartstown M. P. Church, where appropriate religious services were observed, and after a sermon by the writer from Isaiah xi. 6-8, at least five hundred persons looked for the last time on Jennie's face. The beautiful casket was closed, and with slow tread the funeral train followed her body to its burial. The rites of sepulture were observed, and by her father's grave we left her remains to await the resurrection of the just.

Jennie is missed everywhere—in the Sunday school, in the church, in the Mite Society, in the pastor's family, in the homes of her friends, but O, how much more is she missed in her own earthly home, where her aged mother realizes with overwhelming emphasis her loss and loneliness. But, bless God, Mother Anstine, unlike Rachel, is comforted, knowing that Jennie has gained the "far away home of the soul," and in the hope of a happy and eternal reunion, will patiently wait until she shall be privileged to go over and see her husband and children in the land of no death, where God shall wipe away all tears and grant an eternity of love and fellowship.

And now my wreath of fragrant flowers,
Which love and friendship gave,
I place with loving pastor's hand
Upon her new-made grave.

J. L. KILLGORE.

SWEET SIMILIES.

BY JENNIE'S PASTOR.

The clouds o'erhurl the azure sky,
And hid the sun of day,
When we the form of Jennie laid
Down in the graveyard clay.

The snow-flakes first baptized the tomb,
In which her body lies;
And then the sunlight pierced the clouds
And lighted up the skies.

And when behind the western hills
He passed away to rest,
His brightest ray of glory shone
Upon the grave we blest.

The new moon then smiled from above
And kiss'd the new-made mound;
While all the stars of heavenly blue
Gazed on the sacred ground.

The clouds were emblems of our grief,—
For great the loss to earth;
While snow-flakes robed in saintly white,
Proclaimed her love and worth.

Whiter than snow, the Saviour's blood
Had washed her nature pure;
Her faith had touched the throne of God,
And made her hopes secure.

The sunlight grandly typifies
The glory to her given;
And faintly represents to us
How now she looks in heaven.

The new moon speaks with silver voice,
Of Jennie's shining light,—
Now left to guide our trembling steps
To where there is no night.

The little twinkling stars of grace,
Sweet songs of love send down,
That we at last with Jennie may
Adorn the Saviour's crown.

And now, my wreath of flowers bright,
Which love and friendship gave,
I bring and place with pastor's hand
Upon her new-made grave.

J. L. KILLGORE.

Stewartstown, Pa., Jan. 15th, 1880.

ANSTINE.—Ida Frances, youngest child of Rev. D. W. and Lida H. Anstine, passed into the spirit land Monday evening, March 19, 1894, aged 13 months and 20 days.

Another link is forged to-day
By the Angel Death to the mystic chain,
That reaches up from an earthly home
To the one that lies in the far-away.

AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Another Link.

INSCRIBED TO REV. AND MRS. D. W. ANSTINE.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Another link is forged to-day,
By the Angel Death, to the mystic chain,
That reaches up from an earthly home
To the one that lies in the far-away.

A little link so golden-pure,
So slight, so frail and yet so strong,
Ah! the Angel Death, at the Lord's command,
Leaves nothing weak or immature.

Another link—ah! the length'ning chain
Will gather its rings of mystic gold
One by one, as the years go by,
And loss is merged in eternal gain!

Another link—kiss the sweet, white lips
Of you darling, and lay her away
'Neath the roses, and lilies, and daisies,
Sweet guardians of life's eclipse.

This little link, so frail and so slight,
But lengthens the chain that is drawing your
souls

Up through the valley of sorrow and tears
Unto the marvelous city of light.

BERLIN, Md., March, 1894.

Western Union Telegraph Co.

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

ARCHIBALD WILSON, Jr., Pres't

No. *Mr D. W. Anstine*
279 Linkwood
Charges *279 Linkwood*

Our Dead.

Obituaries not over two hundred and fifty words will be printed free of charge. All over two hundred and fifty words must be paid for at the rate of one cent a word, otherwise they will be cut down to the prescribed limit. Poetry will not be inserted. No obituary will be inserted later than three months after the death of the subject. This rule is absolute.

Rev. George Jeffrey Smith.

Rev. George Jeffrey Smith closed his life on earth at the home of his father-in-law at Madison, Dorchester county, Md., April 26th, 1900. Bro. Smith was born on Long Island, N. Y., October 1, 1844. When a boy of fourteen years he was converted and received into the Methodist Protestant Church, near his home. His primary education was received in the public schools of the Island, but he subsequently pursued his studies in New York city. As he grew into young manhood his thoughts turned to the practice of medicine, and he began a course of study with the purpose of devoting his life to that honorable profession. Before completing the course, however, he was constrained by what he recognized as the call of God to abandon his cherished purpose and enter upon the work of the Gospel ministry.

He was received into the New York Conference in 1865, but we do not know definitely how long he remained in that body. He was subsequently a member of the Muskingum Conference for several years. In 1875 Rev. Dr. David Wilson, then president of the Maryland Conference, secured his services on Cambridge Circuit, which had at the previous session been left unsupplied. At the session of 1876 he was received into the Conference and reappointed to that charge. And for twenty-five years he has gone in and out among us, bearing his full share of the trials and hardships of itinerant life. In these years he has served the following charges in the order named: Cambridge, Williamsport, Leipsic, Franklin City, Felton, Snow Hill, Crumpton, Reliance, Clayton, Wilmington, Mt. Nebo, Pocomoke and Frederica.

He was married December 17, 1879, to Anne, the daughter of John Edward Harrington, of Madison, Dorchester county, Md. She was a faithful wife, and valuable helper in all the work of his ministry. Their home was a place of cheerfulness and hospitality. The parsonage became the centre of the best social life of the community, and all healthful activities of the church were fostered and promoted there. The charges which fell to their lot were sometimes weak, and the salaries small, but there was cheerful acceptance of the situation and bright faces and cordial welcome for all who came to their door.

Brother Smith was never a very vigorous man, and large circuits, with long rides, and the strain of special meetings were too much for his strength. During the last few years it was evident to his friends that his strength was failing, but he loved his work and was unwilling to give up while it was possible to continue in it.

Brother Smith loved literature and was happy to be among his books, with the magazines and current literature of the day about him. He often wrote for magazines and other periodicals articles which were much appreciated by the publishers. His large store of information and familiarity with current events made him an entertaining and instructive preacher. He had great popularity on some of his charges; the people delighted to hear him. He was very earnest in the presentation of essential Gospel truths, and in some places his work was crowned with great revivals and large gatherings of pre-

cious souls. He had not, however, the physical strength for a protracted campaign of revival work.

He was one of the most genial and companionable of men. He loved his brethren in the Conference, and greatly enjoyed association with them at camp-meeting, or conference. On the charges he served he won the people to himself by his firm social qualities, as well as by his pulpit ministrations. His spirit was loving and cheerful, and his conversation was entertaining and instructive. He was a Christian gentleman everywhere, and was always welcome in the homes of his people.

The latter part of last year, at Frederica, he reluctantly yielded to the advice of his friends and went to Madison, where he hoped to recuperate. He anticipated the conference session at Westminster, and longed to meet his brethren there. When he realized that he was not able to go it was a great disappointment, and his strength failed rapidly. He was confined to his bed nine weeks. He spoke of his departure as "going home," and said "they are waiting for me at the river." He called his brother Frank frequently the last night of his life, and it was subsequently learned that this brother died suddenly in New York the same night.

His last intelligent expression to wife and son when he could not speak was to point up to the heavens. His work is done. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." It is well with him.

His funeral services were conducted by Rev. S. B. Tredway, assisted by the Methodist Episcopal and the M. E. South ministers of the community. Business was suspended and the people of the whole vicinage came to show their love and respect for the deceased ex-pastor. The burial was in the Harrington lot of the Madison burying-ground.

J. D. KINZER, T. J. HAYMAN,
S. B. TREDWAY, T. P. PUSEY,
D. W. ANSTINE, W. H. WIX.
June 30, 1900.

not intended for his office. I received none of Salisbury mail for last week, and I was almost wrathful, in consequence when I learned the cause of it. What on earth are all of you Salisburyans getting married for? I don't see any use in it, and I don't believe I approve of such a universal slaughter of the innocents. I'm afraid all the nice bachelors will be tied up, not only in S— but elsewhere. Don't care if I am "going to live and die an old maid" forever, there are two or three bachelors that I "set great store by" and I feel lugubrious at the bare idea of their marrying and turning into such cross-patches as some of our bachelors are after marriage. Not that I think this marriage, that makes the cross patches. Ah! no, in my opinion married cross-patches, were back cross-patches only men are such do they hide all that before they make a soft-hearted (headed) woman a little lower than they have, she and the

Married.

BROOKS—MCARTHUR.—Married at the parsonage on Sunday, at 4 o'clock P.M., in the presence of several relatives and friends by Rev. J. T. Goldsmith, Mr. A. W. Brooks to Miss Annie McArthur, both of Magness, Ark., and both are members of Oak Grove M. P. Church.

Our Dead.

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Rev. John Edward Tyson Ewell, M.D.

Rev. John Edward Tyson Ewell, M.D., was born in Accomac county, Va., September 13, 1834. He was converted at a campmeeting on Tangier Island in 1853. On the 14th of January 1856, he was married to Miss Arinthia Russell; was received into the Maryland Annual Conference in 1859, after having served a few months as pastor of Williamsport Circuit, by arrangements with the President.

His energy and zeal were employed on the following charges in the order in which they are here recorded.

Anne Arundel, Trough Creek, Cecil, Caroline, Choptank, Delaware, South Baltimore, Accomac, Patapsco, Ellicott City, Somerset, Newtown, Laurel Delaware, South Baltimore, Accomac, Mariners, South Baltimore, Delmar, Waverly.

After an illness of three months he closed his life on earth in Waverly parsonage on the 7th of November, 1902.

Doctor Ewell will be long remembered by the conference especially the charges he served, because of what he was and what he did. His kindness of heart and tender sympathy secured him many friends who will cherish his memory. He gained a strong personal influence over many people by his readiness to sacrifice ease and comfort for their moral and spiritual benefit.

As a preacher he was earnest, practical and forcible. His clear voice and ready utterance greatly assisted him in his very successful work. His preparation for the pulpit was conscientiously and carefully made. He knew what he wanted to say, and appreciating the dignity and responsibility of his ministry, his preaching was "in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power."

As a man of faith he believed in God, and believed God. In accepting the Bible as the word of God, he fearlessly preached, as he understood it, "all the counsel of God," and had no apology to make to these who felt afflicted by his plain presentation of the truth. He held the sword of the Spirit with a strong, firm and unyielding grip, and wielded it frequently with great power and success. Fully convinced that the Lord had called him into the ministry, and that loyalty to Christ required him to remain in the active work as long as his health permitted, he continued to preach until his physical strength was so completely exhausted that the eminent physician who carefully studied his case and prescribed for him, lost all hope of his recovery.

He believed in his church, and loved it, and entertained the conviction that its distinctive principles were so important that a Methodist Protestant Church was needed

everywhere, and he labored earnestly and constantly to effect such an organization whenever it was possible to do so. He never lost his zeal or enthusiasm, or hope for the denomination he served so faithfully and efficiently.

A member of the committee has well said:—"Dr. Ewell was chiefly a man of deeds. He was a clear thinker, and an able and acceptable preacher, but he was a worker, who worked himself, and made others work with him. He was naturally a business man, quick to see a good opportunity and take advantage of it, and this talent he used for the church. His voice is now silent in death, but his works follow him, and will follow him as long as the congregations he gathered, and the churches he built shall be used to promote the glory of God and the salvation of men. Many are now living who gave themselves to God under his ministry, and the Maryland district is richer in property and membership because he lived and died in the Maryland Conference."

From another member of the committee the following has been received: "Dr. Ewell was a good man, and a faithful, true and useful minister of Jesus Christ. His name will not only be preserved among us in the beautiful memorial window which the Sunday-school placed in our new Crisfield Church, but we will revere his memory for what he was, and what he did."

His remains were taken to Crisfield, and interred in the cemetery of that place. The funeral services were held in Mt. Pleasant Church, and were conducted by the chairman of the committee, assisted by Revs. D. W. Anstine, W. S. Phillips and W. N. Sherwood, and Rev. S. N. Pilchard of the M. E. Church.

We commend to the grace of our Lord the widow and children of our dear brother.

J. M. HOLMES,
WM. S. HAMMOND,
A. D. MELVIN,
G. S. MCCREADY,
C. J. STOLL,
G. S. WHEELER,
Committee.

JAMES EDWARD PHILLIPS

Mr. James Edward Phillips died his morning at his home on Linden Ave., from an illness resulting from complication of diseases.

Mr. Phillips was a faithful and loyal member of Friendship M. E. Church, South, being Superintendent of the Sunday School for twenty years.

He is survived by a widow, Mrs. Sallie Clara Phillips and the following children: Mrs. E. T. Smith, Mrs. Robert R. Vincent, C. Hollie, Edward Lee, S. Harold, Mrs. Lynn Marshall, all of his county, Miss Mamie and Russell Phillips, of Baltimore, Md., two brothers, Joseph E. and Charles M. Phillips, two sisters, Mrs. Wm. Marshall and Mrs. O. W. Smith, all of his county.

Funeral services will be held at Friendship Church March 7th at 2 P. M. Interment in East New Market cemetery.

RESIGNATION.

L ORD, WE WOULD NOT DICTATE TO THEE,
E 'EN THOUGH OUR HEARTS ALL BROKEN;
V AST IS THY KNOWLEDGE OF THE BEST
I N ALL THY WAYS, TO MAKE US BLEST;

H EAVEN AND EARTH THOU DOST BEHOLD;
U NTO THY SIGHT THEIR BEST UNFOLD;
B Y THY GREAT POWER THEY BOTH WERE MADE,
B Y THY GREAT POWER THEIR PILLARS STAYED;
A ND WHAT IS BEST FOR SAINTS BELOW,
R ICH LOVE THROUGH GRACE, THOU WILT BESTOW.
D EATH AND BEREAVEMENT IN THY HAND,

A NCHOR OUR LOVES IN HEAVENLY LAND;
N OW IN THESE HOURS OF TEARS AND GRIEF,
S AVIOUR IN THEE WE FIND RELIEF:
T O OUR SAD HEARTS, WE SAY - "BE STILL,
I T IS OUR LOVING FATHER'S WILL;"
N OT LONG UNTIL, PAST, IS ALL PAIN:
E ARTH LEFT, WE'LL SEE LEVI AGAIN.

NOTE- THE ABOVE ACROSTIC WAS WRITTEN BY REV.
J. L. KILGORE D. D. JAN 25, 1888. ON THE
DEATH OF LEVI HUBBARD ANSTINE.

Not with mirth and gladness were the in-
mates of our parsonage greeted on Xmas
morn; but with grief and sadness—because
the Angels came and took away the soul of
little LEVI HUBBARD, son of Rev. D. U. and
E. C. Apstin, aged 14 months. Little Levi
had not only entwined himself around the
hearts of his parents, but others, and his lit-
tle form is sadly missed. He was a great
sufferer and it is enough to say, those who
have sustained the stroke, are the ones who
feel deepest the pang. Whilst we, with all
our affection and sympathy, can only say it
is "God's will, and his ways are past finding
out." Father, mother—little Levi has only
faded on earth to bloom in Heaven. O!
then look through your blinding tears and
see the goodness of the Lord. Interment at
East New Market, Rev. A. W. Mather, offi-
ciating.
A FRIEND.

Seaford, Del.

No. 1903

January 1st, 1903.

Bank of Prosperity

At Sight
Pay to

Rev. Mrs. D. W. Anstine.

Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Happy Days.

Value received in friendship and kindly remember your well-wisher.

To the National Bank of Fortune,
State of Happiness.

W. C. Turner

M. P. Parsonage,
229 Falls Road,
Hampden, Md.

My dear Bro.:— I was very
much grieved upon reading
in "The Meth. Post," the notice
of your little boy's departure
out of this life (not death) into
the Heavenly life. Permit me
to extend Mrs. R. and my most
profound sympathy. I append
an Acrostical impromptu poem.

Resignation.

L ord, we would not dictate to thee,
E 'en though our hearts all broken;
V ast is thy knowledge of the best
I n all thy ways, to make us blest!
H eaven and earth thou dost behold;
U nto thy sight their best unfold;
B y thy great power they both were made;
B y thy great power their pillars stay'd;
A nd what is best for saints below,
R ich love through grace, thou wilt bestow.
D eath and bereavement in thy hand,
A nchor our loves in heavenly land;
N ow in these hours of tears and grief,
S avour in thee we find relief:
T o our sad hearts, we say - "Be Still!"
I t is our loving Father's will!
N ot long until, past, is all pain:
E arth left, we'll see Levi again!

Stenardville, July 18-1887
To you my youngest baby child,
How can you expect me mild:
You naughty boy of twenty-two,
How can you treat me as you do.
Just think, only four hours die,
And you could at your home arrive:
And still the effort you'll not make,
To come, & snuff your mother's cake.
Can it be so, that I'm forgot,
And left alone to lonely cot?
That other hearts have gained my boy,
Her baby Dan, - her love and joy!
Remember child the day will come,
When mother will not be at home.
The grass will grow above her grave,
And lie and thine and hucklebush,
Then die and fall in dust and down
Upon your mother's earth-tomb.
Then you would gladly if you could,
Do then, what how you can you should.
Think, mother's love can feel a slight,
Her heart would keep her child in sight.
Once more I say come and see me,
And a first rate little Daniel be!
With love as ere still I am true
O my dear mother, C. Anstine.

THE BELL ON THE ROCK.

BY A. C. P.

The incident upon which this ballad is founded, I discovered in a Sunday School paper, several years ago.—AUTHOR.

Listen to the mad Atlantic
Wildly dashing on the sea,
While its breakers ever roaring,
Tell a story of the sea.

Years ago, when bloody pirates
Sailed its stormy billows o'er,
Rose a rock above the surface,
Many leagues away from shore.

Vessels sailing in the darkness,
On that wild and rugged coast,
Crashing suddenly upon it
With their precious crews were lost.

Many a weather-beaten sailor
Long lured to storm and shock,
Long lured to ocean dangers,
Knew the danger of the rock.

Knew full well the band of pirates,
Watching from their cursed deck
Waited for the good ships striking,
To surround and rob the wreck.

By and by, some noble seamen,
(Gladly we their story tell),
Seeking to befriend their brothers,
Rigged upon the rock a bell.

Rigged it so the billows rung it;
Ever then its iron tongue
Tolled its solemn notes of warning,
As above the rock it swung.

Then a wicked pirate captain
Curs'd the sea-bell's warning note,
Hasten'd with his vicious comrades
To the rock in open boat.

"Now no longer may the billows
Toll this signal bell," said he,
So he with his fell companions,
Sunk it deep into the sea.

Years passed on; the pirate captain
Over many seas had been,
But the God who rules the ocean
Ne'er forgot his fearful sin.

Night descended dark and stormy
On the bleak Atlantic coast,
When again, with bloody purpose,
Sailed the former pirate host.

Wildly roll'd the rising billows,
Suddenly a fearful shock
Came, as there the pirate vessel
Crashed on that very rock.

High above the sound of breakers
"Rose the sinners' gurgling yell,
Never was a note of warning
Sounded by the friendly bell.

Down they sank into the ocean,
And the "quick returning waves"
By the rock in fury leaping,
Loudly howl'd above their graves.

PAY AS YOU GO.—John Randolph once declared that the philosopher's stone consisted of the words, "Pay as you go."

The man who will select and keep in mind this little maxim, and heed it ever in life's transactions, will live happy and peaceful with his family, and all his neighbors, and above all he will have one source of wealth always at his command.

He will fear no dun,
For he'll owe no one.

He need never dodge into by streets, or run up blind alleys, stay home from pic-nics or public places, to avoid meeting angry creditors. His butcher and baker will bring him no half-yearly bills swollen in items and amounts far beyond his highest calculations. In the household the maxim will be golden, as in business.

The train of evils that debt occasions can never be fully estimated or described. It leads to discontent and poverty, and only too often to positive dishonesty, while it is of unequalled power in producing restless nights and miserable days. As times get harder we must learn to be more economical, but it is to be hoped that times will soon be getting better.

Then let us conclude as we began by saying that the man who is seeking happiness and wealth will do well to carry in his heart, and practice in his life John Randolph's great maxim, "Pay as you go."

A PICNIC.

Editor of Democratic Press.—We have the request I made you, for publication, in your issue of an excursion to the "Indian Steps," held under the auspices of the Zion Literary Society, on Saturday, June 13th. The morning was one of rare beauty. The bright illuminations of day arose from his heavenly couch, and in all the sun-dor his majesty could afford. The sea breeze came as a lamb from its pasture. The gentle breeze laden with the perfume of flowers wafted the sails. Thus was a happy and joyful day anticipated by many, particularly those who took part in the excursion to the "Indian Steps." The excursionists met at Muddy Creek Forks, (a station on the P. & O. R.) at 9 o'clock, A. M. Thence we headed our course toward the York Furnace, where we arrived after a drive of two hours. Here we found very comfortable stables for our horses, where they could remain during our visit to the "Steps." Our party did not consist of as many persons, as usually attends such excursions, there being but twenty-two of us, consisting of an equal number of ladies and gentlemen. Yet we found it a sufficient number to furnish a good day's enjoyment. It was a beautiful day, the middle of the day, we repaired to a beautiful little grove, situated between the canal and river, here we partook of a hearty and elegant repast, prepared by the kind hands of our lady friends. Thanks to them for their kindness. But we must hasten on, the sun had now reached the zenith, and was pouring upon us showers of intense heat, but youth and pleasure are not to be baffled by this, and ere long we find ourselves snugly seated on a canal boat, by permission of its kind Captain, calmly floating down the canal. Here we had to endure the scorching rays of heat that came down, unbroken, upon us. The ride seemed a long one to me, but at last we hailed the sight of the long looked for rocks. There is a legend told of this place, stating that at the time the Indians inhabited this part of the Union, that they cut seats in these rocks, for the purpose of getting down to the water's edge to fish, whence they derived their name. Many other strange and interesting stories are told of these rocks, but whether they are true or not I do not know. Ask of older heads than mine, or the truth of a story that originated a century ago, and only comes to us through the medium of tradition.

Notwithstanding the solitude of the place, it certainly is a beautiful one, to the person who loves that which is romantic or picturesque.

Looking up the river you see the maddened waters coming in torrents, beating with maniac fury against the rocks, that here and there appear above the surface. Turn your eyes down the stream and you see a continuation of the same. Elevate your vision and you behold, on either side, gigantic rocks and hills covered with new green forests. The scene is one of grandeur to the lover of nature. After spending as much time here as we could, some of the party engaged in fishing, others taken up with other amusements, a move for the homeward journey was made, and a walk of about thirty minutes brought us again to the Furnace, and by the time the sun was sinking behind the western hills we were all on the road to our respective homes. But before I close, permit me to say that we received the best of treatment from the people living at York Furnace, particularly the gentleman who has charge of the weight-lock, who very kindly explained to us the plan of weighing boats including its cargo.

The Zion Literary Society has been in progress for several years, and in the winter season is very flourishing. A great deal of interest being taken in it by the farmers, as well as the young men of the neighborhood. Reader ere I tire your patience, I will close this uninteresting account of our picnic, but I beg you, allow me here to pay a tribute of respect to my highly esteemed friend J. H. Leib, Esq., who was the founder of the above mentioned society, and through whose earnest and unflinching efforts the Society today owes her strength and fortitude. May God crown all his noble efforts with success. And to the Society, I wish you God-speed in the Literary work you have so bravely undertaken.

Most respectfully yours,
D. W. A.

Keep your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save much trouble and care through life, and win for you the respect and trust of your friends.

[Written for the Maryland Journal.]

Do Something.

BY D. W. A.

"In the world's broad field of battle,—
In the bivouac of life,—
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!"

Oh! that these heart thoughts of our poet might be written in letters of living light upon an emblazoned banner and, swung across the pathway of every young man and woman, to be looked upon as soon as they cross the threshold into life's realities.

Life is too brief to be spent in idleness. The journey from the cradle to the grave is too short to go unimproved. Too many bright and beautiful flowers grow along the road of life to be left withering and dying for the want of hands to cultivate them.

In this land of plenty, with so many professions, trades and occupations, there is no need for any one to remain idle. "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few." And why are they "few"? Why are there so many idlers, so many vagrants upon our streets and public thoroughfares? True, many of them are decrepit and old, but they were once young, and no doubt strong and hearty; but having spent a life of uselessness, dwarfing their physical, mental, moral ability, they can do nothing today, even though they were wont to. They are objects of pity as well as of shame. There is no charity in supplying them with bread and clothes, for this is to encourage them in their lazy, good-for-nothing life. They are of little use in this world, and perhaps will be of less use in the next. Suppose, in early life, they did meet with misfortune or were thrust friendless into a cold world. If there is any snap or manhood in the intelligent beings the Creator has placed in this world that is the time to show it. Who has not, at sometime or other, had a greater or less misfortune to battle against? No particular credit is due the man who has been carried through this world "on flowery beds of ease," and the man who is true to his principles, true to the trust God has given him, and to the world in which he must be willing to do and to dare.

One great reason why so many young people are led astray is the fact that temptation addresses them with all the grace of manner, and all the fascination of beauty. Every art that can be devised to entrap, enslave and destroy the young is executed. Tho' one great engineer, who, in the beginning, cast up the highway to destruction, has been employing countless laborers ever since in keeping the road open, but because the spider weaves his web is that a reason why the fly should dart into it? Not at all; but the web, the trap, the den, the saloon of vice are places to be scorned and not entered. Leave the spider alone in his glory and you will soon starve him out.

If the minds and hands of our young people were employed in something beneficial, there would be less drunkard's graves, and but few desolate homes; the furrows upon mother's brow would not be so deep, and father's footsteps would not be so tottering. Oh! young man, do something. If thus far in life you have had no well defined intentions, begin now. If you have allowed your schooldays to go by unimproved, and are not qualified to enter the ranks of some honorable profession, then learn a trade; but if you have not ingenuity enough about you to do this you can, at least, use an axe, a sledge or a mattock and spade. To dig the foundation is just as honorable as to do the most delicate part of the architecture. To prepare the stone and mortar is as important as to lay the architrave. Do not think, because you can not do great things, you will do nothing. The tiny flower, growing in the most hidden retreats of the forest, was placed there for some purpose. So you, in your sphere, can do something, not only for yourself, but help sweeten the lives of others. Do not say you can't for you can; do not forfeit your manhood, do not degrade yourself so much as to say you can't—that is a mean word. Do not spend your time in idleness upon the streets, or lounging in the stores puffing at your pipe or cigar, thinking because the merchant sold you the tobacco you must needs befoh his storeroom with its smoke. Do not spend the bright hours of your life humming love songs, reading trashy literature, building air-castles, or attending places of amusement, but busy yourself in the highest employment of which your nature is capable, and then you will die in the consciousness of having done your best.

Our young ladies of to-day, who are to be the wives and mothers of the next generation, should now prepare themselves for the cares and responsibilities of a real life. There is something for you to do besides sitting in the parlor drumming upon the key-board of the piano and doing fancy work. This is all very well in its place, but your mother, already weighed down with years, cares and sorrow, needs your hands to help lighten her burden. If your father is wealthy this does not free you from the work the Master designs you to do. Then—

"Be good, dear girls, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

There are no fragments in life of more importance to us than the moments and the hours. The golden sunbeams ought to be gathered up and woven into a web of eternal brightness. We are all weavers, working upon the "Loom of life"—weaving a web of glory or a web of shame, and—

"Busily, ceaselessly, goes the loom;
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom;
And the wheels are turning early and late,
And the web is wound in the warp of fate."

"Click, click!—there's a thread of love woven in,
Click, click!—another of wrong and sin;
What a checkerboard thing this life will be
When we see it unrolled in eternity."

These days are too bright to go unimproved; these golden opportunities too precious to let go by. Man was never intended to be idle; inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation, whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue and the greatest preservation of health.

Thomas Carlyle has said that the world has "one monster—the idle man," and the Turks have a proverb "that the devil tempts industrious men, but idle men tempt the devil,"—but above and beyond all this we read "This we command you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat."—II Thess., 3, 10.

Dear reader, are you an idler? Are you satisfied to live on the earnings of others? Do you plead "bad health" while they are feeble than you? Are you spending your hours in utter idleness, while even your mother and sister are pricking their fingers with the needle, or skinning them at the wash-tub to keep you in bread and butter, and hide your lazy carcass with decent clothes? We trust you are not, but there are hundreds of young men doing this very thing, allowing themselves to be dependent, enfeebling their health, content with nothing, save demoralizing idleness; sowing the seeds of dissipation in their youth and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affection, and holy principles. The man who digs in the snow-drift, expecting to find ore, or the one who plants seeds upon the waves of the Atlantic, hoping to reap a harvest therefrom, is no more foolish than they. If you desire a virtuous and happy life, in youth you must shape your character by the Word of unerring Wisdom, and plant in your bosom the seeds of virtue.

WICOMICO, Sept. 20th, 1882.

WARRIOR FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

SERGEANT HARRY H. WYLIE TELLS OF "WATER CURE."

A Baltimorean Who Is Now at the Maryland General Hospital Recovering From an Operation for Appendicitis, Tells of Some of His Experiences and Observations in the New Possessions—Participated in the Expedition Which Set Out to Rescue Hamlet Jarvis. Natives Exceedingly Treacherous—In a Number of Skirmishes. Maccabeans Deadly Enemies of the Tagalogs.

Sergt. Harry H. Wylie, who lives at 1809 North Appleton street, and who is a patient at the Maryland General Hospital, recovering from an operation performed last Thursday for appendicitis, served two years in the Philippine Islands in Company K, Thirty-fifth Regiment, Volunteer Infantry. He saw the "water cure" administered numerous times to natives and ordered it himself a number of times. He also saw natives beaten with the butt ends of rifles and their heads beaten against walls, and also saw the American soldiers burn nearly the whole of a village where his battalion had been stationed for nine months.

Sergeant Wylie is a Baltimorean and was a member of Company A, Fifth Regiment, and of the detachment that was unsuccessfully sent to rescue Hamlet Jarvis from the Filipinos, Jarvis being afterward killed. Sergeant Wylie was stationed at San Miguel and De Mayuma. He said that the natives were exceedingly treacherous. Several times they pretended to tell the American soldiers of Filipino camps and would lead the Americans out of the town, whereupon the church bells would ring, and this would be a signal to Filipinos lying in ambush that the Americans were approaching.

Sergeant Wylie was discharged March 1, 1901. He entered the United States transport service at Manila and was taken ill with pleurisy. He was ordered to leave and did so, and was operated on at Denver, Col., last October. Sergeant Wylie in an interview yesterday said:

The Water Cure.

"I was in a number of skirmishes and saw the water cure administered a number of times. The mode of procedure was to place the native on his back and spread him eagle fashion. His outstretched hands would be held and a gag placed in his mouth. Water would be poured into him until he consented to answer questions, and sometimes no amount of the cure would make him do so. The longest time that I saw the water cure administered was for two hours, and in a number of cases I saw the man become unconscious. From his expressions I would imagine the feelings of the man to be as those of a man drowning. I did not see any injurious after effects.

"The cure was usually administered by the Maccabean scouts. They are deadly enemies of the Tagalos, the natives of the province where we were stationed, and delighted to torture the Tagalos. The water cure is a torture, although it is necessary to make them talk. American soldiers would frequently be present at the cure and sometimes help, and I have ordered the cures. Non-commissioned officers would frequently be present and help, and although I do not think that the captains ordered any cures to be made, I know that prisoners were turned over to the Maccabees by them, and they knew the treatment that they would receive. The water used was clean, and I never saw anything but that used for the purpose.

"I have also seen natives beaten with butt ends of rifles and their heads beaten against things to make them give up information, but I never saw any but natives supposed to be soldiers treated in that manner or given the water cure. We were stationed in the village of San Miguel from November, 1899, until November, 1900.

Fired the Town.

"For six months the natives were firing almost continuously, and we got tired of it. About two weeks before we left we set fire to the town and burned the best part of it. It numbered 15,000 inhabitants, and the structures were mainly huts.

"The people in the village had been very treacherous, and several times when detachments left town, guided by some of them, to go to Filipino camps the church bells would be rung to give warning to the Filipinos in ambush that we were coming. The commanding officers did not give orders to burn the town, and we did it on our own responsibility. Hamlet Jarvis, a former member of the Fifth Regiment, was a member of my regiment, and when he was captured by the Filipinos I was one of a detachment sent to try and rescue him. We were unsuccessful, and Jarvis was afterward killed."

IN MEMORIAM.

Death, like the frosts of springtime, has been nipping the early flowers, flowers just beginning to unfold their petals in the activities of life, are blighted, fade and die. Only a few days ago, and we gently laid the body of Miss Clara Conbourn to rest in the grave-yard of Friendship M. E. Church. To-day the sad rites of sepulture were observed in the same grave-yard over the form of Mary H., daughter of Ed. P. and Emily Bounds.

All loved Mamie, (as she was familiarly called) as was explained by the long funeral train that slowly followed to the place of burial.

On the morning of the 13th inst. just as the day began to dawn upon this earth, her eternal day dawned upon her in the brightness of a glorified realm. The long hours of tender and patient watching had ceased, hearts that were already bowed with grief were made sad still by the stroke; the home that had never realized the cruel ravages of death is now shrouded in the gloom of bereavement. Sadly the news "Mamie is dead" thrilled upon the stillness of the morning air, causing hearts to melt and eyes unused to tears to weep. To me there is always something peculiarly sad in the death of a young woman, even though I firmly believe she is now beyond the reach of harm, her sky forever clear, where no blight or pain or sorrow shall come; happier than she ever could have been while remaining in this sinful world, yet it is sad to see the flower droop and die before it reaches its fullness of beauty.

God's providences are strange to us, we cannot understand them, but there is a kindness underlying them all—a something back of every act of kindness to consummate the design of our Creator. It may be that our young people here were straying too far away from the Saviour, were becoming too careless about their spiritual interests, and God has dropped a warning here. He has taken a loved one from our midst to help draw them back into the paths of righteousness.

In the year 1880, Mamie knelt at the altar in Friendship Church and then dedicated her life to the Lord. She gave the Saviour her heart and he gave her the evidence of his acceptance. In Oct. of the same year her name was entered upon the Register of the M. P. Church, and since that time so far as I could see or learn her life has been in accord with what she professed. Her face had become familiar to me in our congregation, although often detained from her church because of her limited strength (for she was frail from childhood). She was not a Sunday Christian, but an everyday Christian. Her life was a modest, unpretending one. She was not demonstrative, it was the deep river in its silent but magnetic flow. She preferred the company of the pious to the gay and giddy, the solitude of her home to the parties of pleasure and fashion. She enjoyed pleasure as well as others, but always guarded her actions and words lest she should do or say something wrong. Her life, bespeaks purity and virtue; her example, worthy of imitation. She wanted to get well, but in the midst of her hopes and expectations, just preparing to enter an active life, as a teacher in one of the schools of Somerset Co., the petals of this earthly rose fold themselves, wither and die, and in sympathy, we bow our heads and weep. Why? Because of separation, that is all. We will miss her in the Sunday-school, the class-room, the public service, but more sadly in the home, no one can fill this vacant chair it must remain empty, but can we not hope that the spirit of the departed may make that home more radiant with the glow of heaven than it could have done even while confined within the ransom limits of an earthly body.

True we cannot follow a departed soul with our natural vision, and see its position and condition in the mysterious beyond, but the Bible tells me that "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." And, "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever lieth and believeth in Me, shall never die." Upon this declaration of Christ himself, and upon the evidences we have of a converted soul we found our hope and belief. Do we know she was converted?

During those first moments of Christ's presence in her heart, throwing her arms around her mother's neck she exclaimed "Mother, I am saved!" Nothing but a prejudiced sectarianism or an infidel could doubt the genuineness of such a conversion, and the eternal safety of the soul that thus trusts in Him. If we cannot found our faith upon Christ and his promises we are miserable indeed.

Just before closing her eyes to the light of this world, when "just stepping over," she whispered, as if to the unseen One—

"Saviour, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise."

Her throat was tuned to join in the grand chorus of Redemption, her pinions balanced and she soared beyond the reach of harm.

Blessed testimony, sweet consolation. Weep, bereaved ones! There is comfort in tears. Jesus wept. But while you weep you may rejoice, for—

"Whiter than snow, the Saviour's blood
Had washed her nature pure;
Her faith had touched the throne of God
And made her hope secure.

—HER PASTOR.

August 14th, 1885.

OBITUARY.

"AUNTIE" BOUNDS.

Died at her home, near Friendship, Worcester county, Eleanor Bounds, wife of Jones Bounds, in her 89th year.

"Auntie" Bounds (she was known best by that name) was a type of true womanhood. Her influence was the sheet-anchor of the society in which she moved; and this influence was due, not exclusively to the fascination of her own charms, but chiefly to the strength, uniformity and consistency of her virtues, maintained under so many sacrifices, and with so much fortitude and heroism.

She was just such a woman as is described in the last chapter of Proverbs. She was careful, industrious, frugal, and kind. She divided her husband's sorrows—increased his joys—filled his heart—and threw sunshine amid the darkest scenes of his life.

The Bible idea of true womanhood does not correspond with that of many of our modern sisters, who seem to think it a disgrace to work, and shun that part of household duties which above all others should have their especial care and attention, preferring to be dependent upon the handiwork of others. Lily-white fingers are more thought of now-a-days, by too many, than the hard, time-worn and work-stained hands of the saintly matron.

Truly, as the sacred writer said, "she layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." After the day's work was done, and the shadows of evening closed over the earth, many weary steps having been taken, many turning of the hands, the wheel and the flax were brought in, and, perhaps long after the members of the family had retired, the whirr of the spindle, driven by the hands of the busy dame, played a sweet tune on the silent air of the night, while the giddy and the gay sought to turn night into day by their morning indulgence, and lay into night by wild mirth and hilarity, this true and pure hearted woman was spending her energies to honestly help maintain her loved ones.

But she did not confine her labors entirely to her own home, she was not selfish. The heart filled with the love of

God cannot be confined to the narrow limits of the few kindred ties of the home-circle, but it overflows and lets the refreshing shower fall into the sterile faith of others.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy."

While busied with the many cares of her domestic life, she was never too busy to visit the sick, to clothe the destitute with the linen her own hands had woven, and supply the the needy with food her own hands had prepared. Her delight was to turn the face of the sad upward to the God she worshipped and adored—to drop in their hearts, as she dropped food in the mouth, the sweet words of the gospel.

By her unimpeachable conduct and her faith in the promises of her Lord, strengthening with every step she took upon life's road, in that silent, sweet and impressive way she preached the gospel to all around her, encouraging the weak, curbing the self strong—correcting the erring—giving new life and energy to the bowed-down and weary-hearted.

Who does not love and respect the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy—who has been the friend of man and God—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love, a devotion to truth and religion?

It is not saying too much, but it is saying all we can say, "Auntie" Bounds was a Christian. She possessed those qualities which, tempered and expanded by the grace of God, made her one. In all the activities of her life, the agitation of her mind, the affliction of her heart, her Saviour was pre-eminent. Her last and least thought was of herself. All else must be cared for, with little thought of her own body. She was not so careful to adorn her body as she was to have her soul clothed with "strength and honor."

This community can never estimate the value she has been to it. The old and the young could sit at her feet and receive instruction. In her the maidens have an example, in every particular worthy of imitation. Follow it.

In her neighborhood she was the friend and benefactor. In the church the devout worshipper and exemplary christian.

Her maiden name was Pusey. She was born Aug. 25th, 1798. Died March 30th, 1887. Professed faith in Christ in 1819, and united with the M. E. Church at Zion, in Fruitland Circuit, in 1834, with Jones Bounds, (who afterwards became her husband), and seven others. She was received into the M. P. Church, in which she continued a consistent member until the day she died, being a professor of religion for almost 68 years and a member of the M. P. Church for 53 years, or nearly ever since its organization. She was married May 2d, 1836, and was the mother of one child, but the children of Mr. Bound's first wife seemed to be as dear to her as her own.

Her husband, though 86 years of age, and stricken with paralysis, is still with us, and may the divine hand that has led him thus far, lead him gently to the end.

D. W. ANSTINE.

Friendship, Mar. 5, 1887.

ELENOR, wife of Jones Bounds, born August 25th, 1798, died March 30th, 1887. Her home was near Friendship, Worcester county, Md. "Auntie" Bounds (she was known best by that name) was a type of true womanhood. Her influence was the sheet-anchor of the society in which she moved; and this influence was due, not exclusively to the fascination of her charms, but chiefly to the strength, uniformity and consistency of her virtues, maintained under so many sacrifices, and with so much fortitude and heroism. She was just such a woman as is described in the last chapter of Proverbs—a virtuous woman—careful, industrious, frugal and kind. She divided her husband's sorrows, increased his joys, lifted the veil from his heart, and threw sunshine amid the darkest scenes of his life. As an enthroned queen in her home she swayed the sceptre of love, devotion and tenderness over her household, sorrowing for the erring ones, but firmly believing in a prayer-answering God. It is not saying too much, yet it is saying all we can say: "Auntie" Bounds was a Christian, she possessed those qualities, which, tempered and expanded by divine grace, made her one. In all the activities of her life, the agitations of her mind, the afflictions of her heart, her Saviour was pre-eminent. Her last and least thought was of herself. She was not so careful to adorn her body as she was to have her soul clothed with "strength and honor."

When twenty-one years of age, she gave her heart to the Saviour, and for three score and eight years she toiled up the steps of Zion, not tiring of the way but her faith grew stronger with every step, and her hopes brightening in happy anticipation of the saints fruition. She first united with the M. E. Church (1819), in 1834 with (and who afterwards became her husband) Bro. Jones Bounds, she withdrew from that Church and, with seven others, were received into and constituted what was then Friendship M. P. Church, Snow Hill Circuit (now Pocomoke Circuit), under the pastorate of Stephen Taylor, of this Church. She continued a consistent member until the day she died—fifty-three years. Under her roof the weary itinerant found a home, and no doubt but that many of our older ministers, whose privilege it was to be her pastor, can recall many happy hours spent in "Auntie's" society. Next to her Saviour she loved the M. P. Church, and next to her Bible THE METHODIST PROTESTANT. Her worth to our Church at this place is inestimable. "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Her husband, though he is eighty-six years of age and stricken with paralysis, is still with us, and may the Divine Hand that has led him thus far, lead him gently to the end.

D. W. ANSTINE.

BODY WRAPPED IN THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Military Funeral for Mr. Hamlet Jarvis, Jr., Former Member of the Fifth Regiment.

The body of Mr. Hamlet Jarvis, Jr., which for the last three weeks has lain in the mausoleum at Druid Hill Ridge Cemetery, Pikesville, was interred in the family lot in the cemetery shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The remains were given a military funeral by Company A of the Fifth Regiment, of which he was formerly a member. The company was in charge of the following officers: Capt. Robert B. Bowie, First Lieutenant Clarence D. Brady, and Second Lieutenant Upton S. Brady.

The soldiers assembled in front of the mausoleum, where they fell into line. While the funeral procession approached the newly made grave the funeral march was played on muffled drums. At the grave the burial services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Elliott, of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, of Washington, D. C., former chaplain of the Fifth Maryland Regiment. While the casket was being lowered into the grave a farewell salute of three volleys was fired from the guns of his former comrades-in-arms.

The casket was wrapped in an American flag.

The pallbearers, all members of the Fifth Regiment, were Sergeant Davis, Sergeant Robbins, Sergeant Kassemeyer, Corporal Slingluff, Corporal Jackler and Private Slingluff. As the grave was being filled with earth the taps were sounded by Bugler Lauvisckl.

Besides the relatives and friends of Mr. Jarvis, a large gathering of residents of Pikesville attended the funeral. Mr. Jarvis is survived by his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Hamlet Jarvis, of Elkridge, and a brother, Dr. Harry Jarvis, a druggist, on Park avenue and Mulberry street.

YOUNG MARYLANDER AMONG THE MISSING.

Hamlet Jarvis, Thirty-fifth Volunteers, Killed or Captured by Filipinos.

The First and Third Battalions of the Thirty-fifth Volunteer Regiment, consisting of 29 officers and 553 men, arrived at San Francisco from the Philippines on Sunday night on the transport Thomas. Among the missing privates of Company C is a Maryland boy, Hamlet Jarvis, Jr., 22 years old, a son of Dr. Hamlet Jarvis, Elkridge, Md., and a brother of Dr. Harry C. Jarvis, president of the Vitality Cocktail Company, 400 Park avenue. In speaking of his brother last night, Dr. Jarvis said:



HAMLET JARVIS, JR.

"We received word recently that my brother was one of an escort of eight Americans who were recently ambushed by a band of 100 Filipinos near Quirran, and either killed or captured. All efforts on the part of my father or myself to gain any further particulars have been futile. We heard from the captain of his company, who referred in glowing terms to his soldierly qualities, classing him as one of his best men. We have been anxiously awaiting the return of his regiment, as Lieutenant Williams, of my brother's company, is a resident of Annapolis, and has promised to hurry East and give us all particulars in his possession as soon as he can gain leave, which will be the early part of next week."

Young Jarvis was a member of Company A, Fifth Maryland Regiment, and went to Tampa with the regiment. Upon the return of his regiment, and after being mustered out, he left the city, proceeded to Ohio and there re-enlisted in the Thirty-fifth. His family heard from him regularly, he seemed thoroughly in love with his work and was expected home in March, as his term of enlistment then expired. Dr. Jarvis, of Elkridge, will come to Baltimore Sunday to await Lieutenant Williams' arrival from San Francisco.

My Namesake.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Oh! bonny wee maid—such a bonny wee maid!
What wistful conjectures I fashion for thee,
If the years of thy life tremble on to the verge
Of womanhood's lovely and gracious degree!

Such beautiful dreams, oh! thou winsome,
wee maid,
I weave through the mesh of life's 'wildering
maze!

Such beautiful hopes reach out from my heart
Above the white stretch of thy gold-broiled
days!

And, up through the aisles of the beautiful
year,
Softly, in fancy, thy footsteps I hear;
And the breath of a song, that is glad and
sweet,
Rises and falls on my listening ear!

And a prayer that is sweet with its pathos of
pain,
Waits at the threshold of waking day,
And walks through the dew, and the heat,
and the cold,
To the quieting hush of its evening ray;

And winds all the wealth of its lingering love
Wistfully, tenderly, through thy young
years,
Setting the seal of its infinite trust
Over the seal of its pain and its tears.

Wistfully, tenderly, bonny wee maid,
Oft do I wonder what fate shall be thine!
Wearing my name, will thy tender feet stray
Down through the paths that have echoed
to mine?

Wearing my name, shall thy life be the same?
Ah! only the Father knows how it may be!
Could I but say, I would take out the thorns,
And leave but the flowers and sunshine for
thee.

Could I but say, but the Father knows best!
Dear little Namesake, I leave thee to Him;
Leadeth He thou where the sunlight is clear,
Or, leadeth He thou where the pathway is
dim!

"Some Day."

BY AMANDA E. DENNIS.

"Some day" the dreariest road will turn
And wind through landscapes fair and green,
By sparkling waters fringed with fern,
And gardens bright with fragrant sheen—
"Some day," you say, "some day!"

"Some day," you say, the weariest feet
Will pause, and loose their sandal ties,
And rest where shadows, cool and sweet,
Shut out the burning noon-tide skies—
"Some day," you say, "some day!"

"Some day" the busiest hands will let
Their stint of work slip from their hold
Unfinished; and the stain and fret
Of labor, from their waxen mold
Fade out, you say, "some day."

"Some day," you say, the saddest heart
Will find nepenthe for each woe—
Some golden promise set apart
To recompense Hope's overthrow—
"Some day," you say, "some day."

"Some day"—the emptiest life, you say,
Will blossom into odoriferous sheen;
And golden fruitage crown the day
With hopes fulfilled and joys serene—
"Some day," you say, "some day."

"Some day"—ah, well, I'm glad 'tis so!
Else heart and hand would fail—"some
day!"

Life holds so much of pain and woe
Ere yet we find the fair, glad way,
That blooms for all—"some day."

"Some day"—ah, yes; I trust the hand
That in its hollow holds life's sea!
And what I do not understand
Of life, and life's long mystery
Shall be revealed—"some day!"

February, 1887.

Get your seats
Dr. Hillis.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.

Five hundred dollars was amount
raised by the congregation of the
Methodist Protestant church at their
seventy-fifth anniversary or diamond
jubilee, last Sunday. When the im-
provements were made to the church
during the pastorate of Dr. E. A. War-
field a debt of \$3,000 was incurred.
Since Rev. G. Q. Bacchus has been in
charge this sum has been annually re-
duced until now it is only \$1,000, and
should he be permitted to return this
will doubtless soon be wiped out and
the church will be again free from
debt. It will be remembered that at the
recent membership meeting of the
church the Maryland Conference
which meets in Pocomoke City, Md.,
April 1st, was requested by a rising
and unanimous vote of the congrega-
tion to return their present pastor for
another year. Mr. Bacchus is now at
the close of his third year's pastorate,
and is not only greatly beloved by his
own congregation, but is deservedly
one of the most popular ministers in
the city.

THANKSGIVING.

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

ONCE more the beautiful year has brought
Its golden fruitage of glad things;
Once more the music of life has caught
New sweetness from diviner strings.

Once more the touch of an unseen hand
Has brightened "the lights along the shore";
Once more the heart of the grateful land
Is glad for its wealth of garnered store.

Once more—and shall we forget how long
The bountiful Giver has blessed our land?
Held it, through peril of blight and wrong,
In the hollow, safe, of his own strong hand?

Nay, nay, from the sire and grandame grey,
Waiting the turn of the golden key,
To childhood fair, at its morning play,
An toddling babe at its mother's knee—

From the chief of the land to the least,
And the humblest that works through the day,
From the poet, the minstrel, the priest,
To the beggar that sits by the way,

Comes this pause in the hurrying year—
This gathering in of the golden grain
Of life and love, and the tender cheer
That finds for each loss some hope of gain.

And each of us might, if we would, look back
And find some good that the year had brought
To us alone, though the clouds seemed black,
And the devious way full danger-fraught.

Then, unto the thanks we give to-day
For the golden fruitage of the year,
And the peace that sheds its steady ray
Still over the land we hold so dear,

Be added the breath of a meeker praise,
And the chant of a lowlier strain,
For the blessings that sweetened our own sad days,
And the loss that was better than gain.

"THE FAIR SWEET ISLE."

BY AMANDA ELIZABETH DENNIS.

Softly, the wind of the far-away sea
Tapped at my window last night and
sighed—

"Far away there's a fair, sweet isle,
Where the sky bends low, and clear, and
wide.

Add the sun-bright days are full of peace,
And the restful nights are sweet and calm;
And softly the breath of its beautiful bloom
Fills all the air with a pulsing balm.

"And the flowers thou lovest are blooming
there—

The fairest of all sweet Flora's band—
And the velvet touch of their fragrant lips
Is like the touch of a loved one's hand.
And the wistful winds thou lovest so well
Have found a home in the fair sweet isle;
And the sun's bright glow on the rippling
waves
Is soft as the light of love's own smile."

"Then come with me, thou art weary and
worn!

Thy feet are burnt by the arid plain;
And the wistful years have brought to thee,
Filled to the brim, life's chalice of pain,
But the island fields are green and cool,
And the island fountains are clear and sweet,
Come, cool thy lips at the sparkling fount,
And rest on the grass thy tired feet!"

I turned in my sleep, and woke with a sigh
Answering the sigh of the soft sweet wind,
I looked from the window, but the voice was
gone

And only the moon-light trailed behind.
But, I lay awake with the echoing sigh
Whispering still of the fair, sweet isle
Nestling amid the opaline waves
The pictured dream of an Angel's smile.

I sighed, ah! me, could I only find
beautiful isle of peace and calm—
rest in its pastures sweet and cool,
I breathe the breath of its fragrant balm!
I am tired—as the sweet wind said;
and the softest night and the brightest day
not so fair as the sweet wind's dream
the fair, sweet island far away!

THE FOOLISH TREES.

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

I wonder why the trees undress
When days are short and colder,
When winter hides not far away
And autumn's growing older?

All summer they are wrapped in green,
Each day their leaves grow thicker,
Until the sunlight has no room
To creep between and flicker.

The warm red gowns of autumn time
Grow thin and worn and tattered,
And some day when the wind is strong
Are quite torn off and scattered.

Then, while the winter winds blow keen
From mountain, sea and river,
The silly trees—their clothes all gone—
Just stand and shake and shiver!

REV. DAVID N. GILBERT.

David Norwood Gilbert was born in Har-
ford county, Maryland, on the 10th of Feb-
ruary, 1851, and raised under the saving
influences of a Christian home. A boy
always has a good start in life when he is
blessed with true Christian parents.

He was led by the Holy Spirit to publicly
consecrate himself to the love and service
of God in a meeting held at Havre de Grace
in the M. E. Church, by the Rev. C. P.
Thomas in the year 1869, and he there began
his journey toward his Father's House,
which he reached August 15th, 1881. He
entered Western Maryland College in the
year 1871, and left it in 1873 to join the
Maryland Annual Conference. In 1873 he
was appointed assistant on Queen Anne's
Circuit; in 1874 he served in the same
capacity on Cecil, and in 1875 on Anne
Arundel. In 1876 he was appointed super-
intendent of Pocomoke Circuit; in 1877 he
was sent to Prince William; in 1878 to
Quantico, and reappointed in 1879, and
again in 1880; in 1881 he was sent to Kent
Island, where he remained until the Master
called him to higher and holier service in
His presence. His death was caused by
inflammation of the bowels, superinduced by
what is technically known as *intussusception*.

In his life and work the Church has met
with a grand success, for she called him in
his youth, controlled him in his manhood,
enlisted his powers of mind and body in all
her enterprises, conducted him to a safe and
peaceful death, and has sent him home to
be with Christ after life's labors are ended.
Her object is accomplished. Her triumph
is complete. She is satisfied. Of course his
friends mourn his absence and the Church
feels her need of his work, and his minis-
terial brethren will sadly miss him at the
Conference; but all these feelings should be
buried in the glorious fact that if we loved
him we would rejoice because he has gone
to the Father. We will not think of him
as dead. There is something too gloomy
and sad about death to be associated in the
mind with David N. Gilbert. The mental
picture shall not be the pale face in the
coffin, but as we saw him last spring at
Cumberland; and our picture is a laughing
picture of health which shall never fade nor
grow dim with years. Bro. Gilbert pos-
sessed by nature an uninterrupted flow, or
rather *overflow*, of spirits which he did not
desire to restrain, but which found vent in
continued cheerfulness and innocent mirth.

Men are as they are born. Religion only
changes them from sin to holiness, leaving
the groundwork of the character and dispo-
sition the same. He was born with a social,
fun-loving, laughing nature, which his reli-
gion did not destroy, but simply kept in
proper bounds. He was a delightful com-
panion, for his cheerfulness was contagious,
and no one could be sad where he was.
Possessed of a keen sense for the ridicu-
lous, a retentive memory, and a ready
utterance, the group, of which he was the
centre, was a very lively group. Of the
more important elements of character, the
most prominent in him was independence.
He possessed a strong will, was not easily
influenced, generally followed his own
counsel, and was willing others should do
the same. There was no taint of toadyism,
no fear of what others thought or said, nor
thought of man worship in his composi-
tion. A public man may be a little too
regardless of public opinion for his own
good, and the good of the cause he repre-
sents; and this we think was a failing at
times with him; but a failing for which we
could not love him less, and which would
have entirely disappeared as years and ex-
perience increased. These two elements of
character, mirthfulness and independence,
exposed him at times to the unfavorable
criticism of persons who think a minister
should be always serious, and generally
subservient. To such persons he was an
enigma when he entered the pulpit for
there he was a changed man. His gaiety
was gone, his manner was impressive, his
words and spirit earnest, his sermons clear,
Scriptural, forcible, and spiritual, which
were not only entertaining to the generality
of his hearers, but food and drink to the
more spiritual members of his congrega-
tion. These things we personally know to
be true, and as his friends, wish to "Honor
him with truth, if not with praise." In
looking back over his life and character, as
seen by his friends, we can truly say, David
N. Gilbert was a manly man, a sincere, open-
hearted friend; a man who tried to please
God and benefit his fellows; a delightful
companion, a good preacher, an earnest
Christian, who has finished his work on
earth and gone home to God. In the last
hour of his life, when mortification had
taken place and the power of speech was
gone, a friend asked him if he could testify
for Jesus by raising his hand; with a great
effort he raised his hand for Jesus and then
suddenly dropped it upon the bed, and soon
all was over. This was his last sermon—
only a gesture—the hand raised for Jesus;
but it pointed toward heaven, where we
expect to meet him when life's labors are
over, and we shall discover with joy that
the dead roll of our Conference is a correct
transcript of one page in the Lamb's Book

DAUGHERTY.—William T. Daugh-
erty, a member of Nazareth Methodist
Protestant Church, died at his resi-
dence, March 16, 1894. The funeral
was preached by the writer from 2d Tim.,
iv., 7, 8, in Nazareth Church, after which
Rev. Hooper McGrath made some ap-
propriate remarks in regard to his relation
with him in the work of the Lord. His
body was laid to rest in the burying-
ground of Nazareth Church. Brother
Daugherty died at the age of 65 years,
and leaves a wife, son and two grand-
sons to mourn the loss of one who was
very dear to them. His wife, although
old and feeble, is bearing her great loss
heroically, as a true child of God, and
He is helping and comforting her by His
grace. They never had but one child,
and he is the well-known and highly
esteemed Rev. J. H. Daugherty, of the
Maryland Conference. One of his grand-
sons is Brother Clarence Daugherty,
who is now a student at the Western
Maryland College, beginning a course of
study which will extend through the
Westminster Theological Seminary, in
order that he may be prepared to preach
the Gospel of Christ. Brother Daugh-
erty was a good citizen and was much
loved by his many friends, as was mani-
fested by the great crowd of people who
gathered in and around Nazareth Church
on the day of the funeral, to pay their

last respects to one whom it seems that
everybody loved, for the people in gen-
eral wept as I have never seen before
for one who was not a relative. He
has been a member of the Meth-
odist Protestant Church for forty years,
and, from what I can learn, during these
many years, was continually on the
"Lord's side," doing what he could for
his Master. Although I only knew him
for less than a year, I have known him
long enough to believe him to be a true
Christian and a true Methodist Prot-
estant. The first time I preached at
Nazareth I found him at his post of
duty in the "amen corner," and there
he was at every service until the Sunday
before he died. I knew him very well,
and was often in his home. He enjoyed
talking on religious subjects, and kept
well posted in Methodist Protestant
church news. He enjoyed all religious
services, and was always attentive to
whatever was said. He was only sick a
few days, and was conscious until a
little while before he died. As he
neared the end of his journey he seemed
to realize that he would not live many
hours, so he did not spend his time in
expressing fear of death, but he said
that he was not going to die, but simply
going to sleep. He quoted many pas-
sages of Scripture, among others a portion
of the 23d Psalm, showing that his
faith was strong, based upon the blessed
word of God. He talked much about
Nazareth Church, and hoped that it
would be prosperous, as he was so much
devoted to his old church home. His
son's wife was with him, but his son and
grandchildren were not with him when
he died, but arrived in time to attend
the funeral. He spent his last moments
in giving good counsel to those who were
about him, calling to his bed-side two
young ladies whom he knew well, and
gave them such good counsel as only a
man of God could give. Although he
could not be understood to the last, yet
he talked almost until the fatal moment
came, and then passed, we believe, from
earth to a better home, to live with Jesus
whom he loved and served so long while
here.

ELMER SIMPSON.

WEST, SOMERSET CO., MD.

Memoirs.

Mrs. JULIANA JONES YOUNG, wife of Thomas Henry Young, daughter of Mrs. Mary Dennis and grand-daughter of Bro. Jones Bounds, one of the old and honored members of Friendship Methodist Protestant Church, whose decease at the rare age of 88 years, nine months and three days, took place during Rev. C. H. Day's pastorate on Pocomoke Circuit, was born March 17th, 1849, and died March 13th, 1891. Though not a professor of religion she declared to those about her upon her near approach to the end that she had thought more seriously and more frequently upon the great purpose of her being, and the destiny of her immortal soul and had prayed more than they had been aware of. During her last illness in which it was apparent that she suffered much for several months, she professed saving faith in Jesus, to which fact she bore testimony to the writer. Her death was one of Christian triumph. When it was evident to her that the end was nigh, she called her friends to her bedside, assured them of her safety, bade them farewell and descended into the dark valley of the shadow of death, but not alone, for she had the comforting presence of Jesus to accompany her through this lonely journey. The funeral was conducted by the writer at Friendship Methodist Protestant Church amid the tears and wails of sorrowing hearts and in presence of a multitude of sympathizing friends, after which the remains were consigned to their last resting place under the sod of Friendship Church yard, there to await the final summons. She leaves a husband, one little son, a mother and brothers on the shores of mortality to mourn her loss and to meet the common fate of mankind. God bless the bereaved.
J. W. PARRIS.
Pocomoke Circuit, 9 9, 1891.

Sister SUSAN R. BROWN, wife of Brother Marcellus Brown, born March 18th, 1818, was called to her eternal home, April 21st, 1891. For many years Sister Brown was a constant member of the Methodist Protestant Church. She was not a spasmodic Christian, but steady, constant, and methodical. She was a model Christian, honoring God, not only with her tongue, but with her means. She loved the church of her choice and was for years a subscriber to the PROTESTANT. She was not demonstrative in the sense that some consider this term, but was truly demonstrative, showing by her works the depths of her religious convictions. May the good Lord give us many more such Christians, who love not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. The funeral was conducted at the residence by the writer assisted by Rev. J. W. Gray, of Fruitland Methodist Episcopal Church, who made some touching and appropriate remarks, after which the remains were interred in the family burying ground on the homestead. May God bless and comfort the bereaved.
J. W. PARRIS.

PUSEY.—Purnell Pusey, the subject of this sketch, was born in Worcester county, Md., and departed this life on March 25th, 1893, being in the eighty-second year of his age.

Brother Pusey was one of those grand Christian men who, by his truly godly life, has contributed in a large measure towards making the world better; and in the great day of judgment many will rise up and call him blessed. He identified himself early with the Methodist Protestant Church, and at the time of his death he was a member of Nazareth Church on Pocomoke Circuit, whose altars he loved and where so often his voice was heard in prayer and praise to God. At his home near the church the preacher always had a cordial welcome—it was the preacher's home.

His companion preceded him by one year to the Heavenly Home.

He then broke up housekeeping, and his greatest regret was that he had no home to which to invite his pastor.

Brother Pusey loved to talk of Brothers Bates, Nichols and others of like age, whom he knew and loved; and if you wished to see his countenance brighten up, just ask him if he knew L. W. Bates and John R. Nichols, and his eyes would kindle with animation, and memories would crowd so thick and fast that his mind would take fire with the velocity of his thoughts, and he was ready to talk of these good men for hours. Brother Pusey was a landmark of Methodist Protestantism on this peninsula, and in his death Nazareth Church sustains a great loss. His end came peacefully, and he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. His funeral services were conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. H. L. Elderdice, of Pocomoke City.

Farewell, dear brother, till we meet thee in the better country where no farewell tear is shed.
W. W. WHITE.

PUSEY.—Wesley Pusey, a member of Friendship M. P. Church, was born February 17, 1836, and died January 31, 1894. The funeral services were conducted in Friendship Church by Rev. Hooper McGrath and the writer, after which his body was laid in the family burying-ground, near West. Brother Pusey was converted in the year 1854 and since then has been a consistent member of Friendship Church, and for years has been regarded as one of its chief pillars. He was a good and noble character—a Christian in every-day life. He was kind to the poor and a good citizen and was beloved by all who knew him. Although Brother Pusey was never married, he had a pleasant home, where many of our ministers have been nicely entertained. His sister, two nieces and one nephew lived with him, and he was a kind brother and a good uncle, and in his death these lost a friend such as they will never find again on earth. He was patient in sickness and said some days before his death that he did not expect to get well and thought that there was still a work that he could do on earth; but whatever was the Lord's will was his will. He died quietly with simple child-like trust in Jesus Christ. The whole community came out to pay its last respects to its dear friend and to mourn over its great loss. But we believe that our loss is heaven's gain.

E. SIMPSON, Pastor.

PUSEY.—Sister MARY ANNE PUSEY, wife of Brother Purnell Pusey, both known and honored throughout the older ranks of the Maryland Conference ministry, was born June 30th, 1819, and was called to her eternal reward from Pocomoke city, (whither she had gone to visit her son) Sabbath morning August 16th, 1891. As I grasp my pen I realize its helplessness in portraying the character of this sainted mother in Israel. What I may be able to write is no mere play of words, but the terms will perhaps convey but a faint idea of the real character of this sainted one. Industry, perseverance, kindness, hospitality, and Christian charity find their deepest significance in this godly pious life. She was full of faith and good work as scores of our ministers are ready to testify. Her life shed a halo of glory wherever she was known and gave significance to Christian profession. None knew her but to love her and the better known she was the more she was loved and admired. She left no dying testimony. None was needed. Her life was a testimony to the efficacy of Christ's blood and to the power of the Christian religion. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. A. D. Melvin, and the writer in the Nazareth Church, where for years she had been a bright and shining light, amid the tears and wails of the weeping multitudes. The house was filled to overflowing and crowds thronged the door and windows eager to hear the simple, but sublime discourse of Brother Melvin, from I Thes. I: 16, 17, after the close of which the remains were borne to their last resting place beneath the sod of Nazareth Churchyard, there to await the final summons. May God's choicest blessing rest upon all the bereaved and the rich consolations of his grace sustain them in this most trying circumstances. Brother Pusey is almost heart broken and words of consolation from old friends are as balm to his spirit.

J. W. PARRIS, Pastor.

DIED.—The wife of Mr. H. S. Stevenson, of this place, who was taken to Philadelphia for medical treatment a short time ago, died in that city, while undergoing a surgical operation, on Saturday last. Her remains were brought to this place and interred in the Presbyterian Churchyard on Monday afternoon, Rev. W. M. Strayer, in the absence of the pastor, officiating.

At the residence of her father, near this place, after a lingering illness, on Wednesday last, Virginia L., daughter of John H. Holland, Esq., in the 18th year of her age. The remains of the deceased were laid to rest in the M. P. Churchyard on Thursday afternoon.

BROWN.—On Sabbath morning, May 16, 1897, another of the old members of the Methodist Protestant Church of the Peninsula was removed to the church triumphant. This one was Mary White Brown, familiarly known in her neighborhood as "Cousin Mary." Sister Brown became a member of Friendship appointment, Pocomoke Circuit, when our denomination was but ten years old; however, she had been converted some time before at Zion M. E. Church. For more than sixty years this sister served under the banner of the cross, and from what we have learned of her life and our own knowledge of it, we believe her's was a consistent service. Sixty years a Christian is a good record, particularly when those who have been in touch with that life have seen it under the various circumstances to which an earthly career is subjected testify to its uprightness. Sixty years fighting against the world, the flesh and the devil, against foes without and foes within, means a great deal, all the while holding high the standard of a pure, unselfish life, "counting all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ." Sixty years steady pulling against the current of sin; against the tide of popular sentiment; against adverse and contrary winds of doctrine, with no time to lay down the oars, the mind constantly fixed upon one single objective point, at last quietly and peacefully entering the harbor, beautifully exhibits the power of God's grace in the soul. Sixty years running with patience the race, reaching forward toward the mark for the prize of that high calling which is of God, in Christ, with the happy realization at the end of having "finished the course," richly compensates for every weary step taken. Sixty years keeping the faith, while others were careless and indifferent and wavering; keeping the faith, when providences dark and mysterious were threatening the destruction of all earthly hopes and prospects, when unable to understand the Father's chastenings, but holding on in that simple, childlike way, believing that "God is too wise to err and too good to be unkind," busy in a humble home, contented and happy with the "poor man's toil," while others were grasping for the pleasures and profits of this world, but able to say in the dying hour, "I have kept the faith." Such was the conduct, such the life and experience of the subject of this obituary. Many heroes and heroines will be found in heaven whose names were never emblazoned on earth's banners nor carved on the monuments of this world. If I were selecting an epitaph to be inscribed on Sister Brown's tomb, I would place there the words of our Saviour which He spake concerning the woman who poured the box of ointment on His head, "She hath done what she could," and leave its significance to perpetuate her memory in the years to come. The grass may grow over that grave and some gentle hand may plant

flowers there, but no flower will be so sweet nor its odor so fragrant as this noble woman's life. Many may read this and say, "I never knew her, never even heard of her; was she wealthy? was she a leader in some great Christian movement? was she endowed with extraordinary intellectual powers?" To all of which we answer, no; she had a comfortable home but not riches, except the riches that cometh from above, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Not a leader, but an humble follower; not a gigantic intellect, but a mind stored with the knowledge of saving grace. We have frequently heard her speak of her unworthiness, lament her unfaithfulness, while at the same time unostentatiously she was going about doing good. If we had more of this class of Christians in our churches the world would be infinitely better than it is. Sister Mary Brown now rests from her labors and her works follow her. She has left behind one son, four daughters and seventeen grandchildren. They can best honor her by imitating the purity of her life. Farewell until we meet again.

D. W. ANSTINE.

WRIGHT.—Mrs. Ann Robinson Wright, widow of Rev. J. J. Wright, departed this life June 27, 1896, at the home of her daughter, Miss Mollie F. Wright, Richmond county, Virginia. Mrs. Wright, daughter of William and F. B. Jennings, was born in Hampton, Va., December 23, 1829. At an early age she was converted and united with the M. P. Church, of which she remained a devoted and consistent member to the day of her death. She was in an eminent degree uniform and conscientious in the discharge of all her Christian duties. Her Bible and closet were never neglected. She loved her church, and though deprived of the privilege of often attending at her altar, was a regular subscriber to her church paper and a contributor to all the benevolent enterprises of the church. She died in peace, and her surviving friends are comforted by the assurance that she has entered safely and triumphantly into the abode of the blessed.

W. A. CROCKER.

In Memory of Edwin Webster Mather.

At the meeting of the second quarterly conference of Trinity M. P. Church, held August 24, 1896, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, we have learned with profound sorrow of the sudden and sad departure from this life of our young and highly esteemed friend and brother, Edwin Webster Mather, son of our late pastor, the Rev. A. W. Mather; and,

WHEREAS, God by an inscrutable providence has removed our brother, whose life seemed so bright and full of promise, from an earthly to a heavenly home; therefore be it

Resolved, That this conference express our deep sympathy for our Brother Mather and family in their sad affliction, and that we earnestly invoke the sustaining grace of God in this hour of great need.

Resolved, That we do not question the wisdom of our heavenly Father, but bow in submission to the will of Him "who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded in our minutes, and that a copy of them be sent to THE METHODIST PROTESTANT, and to the father of the deceased.

W. CLARK COULBOURN,
S. FRANK MILES, JR.,
D. W. ANSTINE.

Marriages.

PAGE — JOHNSON. — At Hamden Ridge Church, on Brewton Mission, near Lee, Ala., Mr. Allen Page and Miss Mary F. Johnson were united in marriage, on February 2, by W. D. Hubbard. They both are of Conencher county, Ala. J. E. S.

Our Dead.

All Obituaries exceeding fifty lines, (350 words), will be charged for at the rate of five cents per line. Estimate seven words to a line. Correspondents will make calculation and remit the necessary amount with the manuscript. Extra copies must be ordered at the same at five cents per copy. Obituaries will be filed and published in order.

CHARLTON. — Rev. John William Charlton was born near the town of Jefferson, in Frederick county, Md., on the 27th day of January, 1832, and died at Lee Mont, in Accomac county, Va., February 24, 1896. He was converted to God at Brookville, in Howard county, Md., in the year 1857, under the ministry of Revs. D. W. Bates and B. F. Benson. A short time after his conversion he was licensed to preach, and in 1859 was employed by the president as associate pastor on Frederick circuit. In March, 1860, he was received into the Maryland Conference and appointed to the pastorate of Snow Hill circuit. His success on this circuit indicated clearly the life of usefulness which followed. The next year he was associated with the Rev. John Roberts in the pastorate of Queen Anne's circuit. In March, 1862, he was ordained, and continued in the work without interruption to the day of his death, filling, with acceptable and efficient service, the following pastorates: Cumberland; Broadway; Salem, Philadelphia; First Church, Washington; Anne Arundel; Laurel, Delaware; Pipe Creek; Agency for Western Maryland College; South Baltimore; Finksburg; Fawn Grove; Oxford; Seaford; Susquehanna; Pipe Creek, a second term, and Kemptown. In April, 1895, he received his last appointment, being sent to Accomac circuit, from whence he was called to his heavenly home. While pastor of Snow Hill circuit he made the acquaintance of Miss Mary Catharine Farrow, daughter of Dr. William H. Farrow, with whom he was united in marriage in March, 1865. This sympathetic companion and efficient co-worker in his pastoral labors, with one daughter survives him. Brother Charlton was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, about five feet nine inches in height, weighing about 180 pounds, muscular, erect, his head well poised, with dark hair, full dark beard, fair complexion, earnest blue eyes, his face aglow with the light of a generous, dauntless soul; he was a commanding presence in any company. He was a man of strong intellect, with a grasping and tenacious memory. He readily acquired information on any subject to which he turned his attention. As a preacher he was always impressive, and sometimes truly eloquent. As a debator he was ready and forceful. At the meetings of the conference he gave close attention to business, and not infrequently stamped conference action with the impress of his sound judgment. As

remembrance, he always contributed to the enjoyment of the company of which he was a part. His friendship was unselfish and steadfast. A layman, whom he had served as pastor, says, "I have known Brother Charlton intimately for twenty-nine years. The charm of his strong character was his loyalty to his church and his fidelity to his friends." Another layman, whom he twice served as pastor, says, "He was earnest in his work, and ambitious to have it done promptly and in keeping with a high standard." While serving Pipe Creek circuit the last time, he suffered a malignant attack of la-grippe, from which he never fully recovered. He would not acknowledge himself an invalid until he was compelled to desist from work and take to his room. He literally died in the battle, with sword in hand and face to the foe. He seldom spoke to any one of his religious experience, but when he did speak it was no uncertain testimony he gave to the power of Christ to save. It was the privilege of the chairman of this committee to visit him two days before he died. In response to the question, "Brother Charlton, is the gospel you have so often preached to others a comfort to you now?" He replied, "O yes, O yes, that is all right; you need feel no uneasiness about that."

“Thus he come to the Jordan’s tide,
And, taking the arm of the Saviour,
Went up on the heavenward side.”

He was always averse to funeral sermons and orations, and, long before his death illness, requested that there should be no memorial service when he died, but that his family and friends should carry him quietly to his burial simply reading over his grave the church ritual. In compliance with this request he was laid to rest in Loudon Park cemetery, Baltimore, on the afternoon of February 25, 1896. We shall meet again. The surviving companion and daughter are tenderly assured of the sympathy of the church, and prayerfully commended to the keeping of our heavenly Father.

W. M. STRAYER,
F. T. TAGG,
WM. McK. POISAL,
WM. R. ZOLLIKOFFER,
W. C. HARTLEY.

COULBOURN.—Whereas, The Preachers' Meeting of the Methodist Protestant Church of the District of Columbia has heard the sad intelligence of the death of our beloved co-worker for Christ and the church, Rev. T. E. Coulbourn, the corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions; and

Whereas, Our brother's recent visit to our meeting, March 2, 1896, and his report of the condition of our church missionary enterprises, and his earnest pleading for the cause and for our fellow-laborers across the sea, inspired us with confidence in the wisdom of his plans for the advancement of that cause; therefore

Resolved, That we, the pastors of the Methodist Protestant Church of the District of Columbia, express our heartfelt sorrow at this sudden calamity that has fallen upon the missionary work of our church, and that while we bow in submission to His will, we pray God

JONES.—William Jones entered into rest on December 29, 1895, aged 70 years. He was the son of William and Mary Jones, original members of Central Methodist Protestant Church, Frederick county, Md. Forty years ago he married Miss Joanna C. Clary, daughter of Henry Clary. In 1852, under the pastorate of Rev. Peter Light Wilson, he was converted and joined Central. During his younger days he was active in the Sunday-school, a member of the choir and a trustee of the church. All through his Christian life he regularly worshipped with the people of God, attended the means of grace, contributed to the support of the Gospel and welcomed the ministers to his home. For forty years he was a subscriber to THE METHODIST PROTESTANT. In his last illness Brother Jones was calm, patient and submissive; not a complaint or murmur escaped his lips. He was deeply interested in the welfare of his family and counseled them as to his wishes. To his pastor he gave satisfactory evidence of his readiness for the future. Appropriate services were conducted by Rev. G. F. Farring at the home, where a large number of relatives and friends were gathered to honor the memory of the deceased. His body rests in the beautiful Central Cemetery to await the resurrection of the just. He leaves a widow and one son, Dr. Harry C. Jones, of Johns Hopkins University, to mourn his loss. May God comfort and sustain the bereaved ones. G. F. F.

POE.—Caroline Poe, wife of J. L. Poe, was born in Ritchie, W. Va., June 7, 1841, died August 18, 1895, aged 38 years 2 months 11 days. In responding to the request to write this obituary to the memory of the deceased, we do not mean to pronounce any vain eulogy because it is customary to eulogize the dead. The character of the sister was well known and had gained for her in this community profound respect years before we were permitted to know her. She was the second wife of J. L. Poe, one of the leading members of the M. P. Church in this county. She was the daughter of the Rev. James Hague, of the Baptist Church, who was widely and favorably known in his day. Early in life she united with the Baptist Church, lived a constant member of the same for a number of years, but feeling that it was her duty to unite with the church her husband and children belonged to, on the 25th of November, 1890, she connected herself with the M. P. Church, in which she died an honored member, loved and mourned for by all who knew her. She was a model woman, a kind neighbor, a fond wife, a loving mother and a tried Christian. No one had more friends and fewer enemies in her neighborhood. It can be truly said of her that she was full of good works which she did. Around her bier many stood weeping, as about Dorcas of old. She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and praiseth her. Those who loved her best and miss her most will not forget her counsel as they

SIMPSON.—Departed this life February 26, 1896, at the residence of his son, Mr. W. I. Simpson, near Milford, Kent county, Del., Mr. Isaac Simpson, in the 84th year of his age. Brother Simpson was one of the best known men in this section of Delaware, and no one was held in higher esteem than he was. During his long life he held many important posts of trust, to all of which he was faithful. He began life at the lower round, and by faithful application to duty he came to be one of the most trusted citizens in this part of the State. He was a man of but few words in dealing or in the transaction of business. With him it was "Yea, yea," or "Nay, nay." He was a believer in the Wesleyan doctrine to use as few words as possible in buying and selling, but when engaged in social conversation he was very entertaining. His large fund of reminiscence served him well on such occasions. Brother Simpson had been identified with the M. P. Church from its beginning. He believed in her polity, and gave liberally of his means to her support, and died in her communion. He was one of the original trustees of Bethel Church, now on Greenwood charge, the first church being built about the time the reform movement was inaugurated, but for many years, however, he had been deprived of the privilege of worshiping there, having made his home during the latter years of his life with his children, who had settled about Milford. But his loyalty never for one moment wavered, and it is largely through his influence that our new church at Central, on Harrington charge, was built. His closing hours were full of comfort. To him, "to die was gain." A large concourse of friends followed his remains to the old family burial ground, where they were laid to await the resurrection of the just. Four children survive him—Mr. W. I. Simpson, Mr. Elias Simpson and Mrs. Annie Stayton, of Delaware, and Mr. Samuel Simpson, of Queen Anne's county, Md.

JOHN L. STRAUGHN.
Harrington, March 16, 1896.

TAYLOR.—Whereas death has visited our land and has removed from our number our dear brother, Samuel Emulous Taylor; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we mourn his loss to Christ's M. P. Church, and his counsels in our quarterly conference, we feel assured that our loss is his gain, as he is now free from all sorrow and pain, and enjoying the happiness of that heavenly home for which he had been seeking for eleven years.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his devoted and beloved companion and his dear child, and as the first link of the chain has been snapped asunder on earth, may they all be united again in heaven without one missing link in the chain.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Sister Taylor and his parents; also a copy to THE METHODIST PROTESTANT for publication.

G. P. JONES,
E. P. SANDEFUR,
Committee.

Committee.

R. I. BOOTH, 23 East 20th St., New York.

[illegible]

Hereafter clubs may be made up of subscribers to *The Methodist Protestant* and the *Methodist Recorder*, together, and the club rate secured. It will enable pastors to offer their people a choice of the two papers at \$1.00, providing ten copies in all be secured. Remittance for a combination club can be made to either house. The get-up of a club of ten will receive a free copy of which ever paper be desired.

his de...

Our Dead.

All obituaries exceeding fifty lines, (350 words), will be charged for at the rate of five cents per line. Estimate seven words to a line. Correspondents will make calculation and remit the necessary amount with the manuscript. Extra copies must be ordered at the time at five cents per copy. Obituaries will be filed and published in order.

Rev. Thomas Edward Coulbourn.

In the prime of his manhood, at the zenith of his career in the service of God in the Methodist Protestant Church, with hands and head and heart full of the work of the Lord, Thomas Edward Coulbourn, corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, has been arrested in the midst of his eminent labors and called to his glorious reward. He died triumphantly on the 11th day of March, 1896, at the residence of Rev. R. S. Hulst, in Pittston, Pa., in the 43d year of his age.

Without intimating any premonitions of approaching illness, he took leave of the Pennsylvania Conference at Laddsbury, and on Saturday, March 7, proceeded to Pittston, where he was under engagement to preach the following Sunday. On the way he was taken ill, and with much difficulty made his way from the railroad station to Brother Hulst's, where he arrived at 6 o'clock in the evening. Taking his bed at once, he was cared for with the utmost kindness by the family, friends and physicians. The disease was pronounced peritonitis. Its progress was rapid and attended with great suffering. In less than four days it finished its work, and the loving heart ceased to beat, and the tongue of triumph was silent, and our beloved brother left us for "The house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Brother Coulbourn was the son of William C. and Milcha Ann Coulbourn, of Somerset county, Md. He was born September 1, 1853. His father, affectionately remembered by all the members of this conference, a estimable Christian woman, died, of hope, several years ago. In his last hours, "I shall meet my dear mother in heaven." His father, for many years a highly esteemed and prominent member of our church, several times a delegate to this conference, survives him in the shadows of the evening of life. No words can speak for his parentage like those of the dying son. "Tell my old father," he said, "that I love him, and that it was his training in early childhood that led me to the work of my life." He was converted in the 16th year at a wood's meeting held by Rev. C. H. Littleton, at Mariner's Church, on what was at that time Somerset Circuit. Soon after uniting with the church he went to Western Maryland College, where he remained one year. On his return, after occupying the position of clerk in a store for three years, he entered into the mercantile business in Crisfield under the firm name of T. E. Coulbourn & Co., Mr. J. E. Sterling and Hon. Thomas H. Hodson being his partners. The claims of a large and laborious business were not permitted to interfere with an earnest activity in church work. The writer became his pastor in 1878 in the Crisfield Church. He found him in the superintendency of the Sunday-school, leadership of the choir, a member of the Board of Trustees and of the Board of Stewards. In every position he was prompt, energetic and efficient in the highest degree. It was at this time the call came to give up business and consecrate his life to the Christian ministry. The struggle of the young merchant was a severe one. We were often in counsel on the subject. For weeks he slept but little. The call seemed imperative and the obstacles insurmountable. But the will

of God, which was the law of his life, was made plain, and faith triumphed. I well remember the evening he came to my study, the aforetime grave and shadowed countenance now radiant with satisfaction. The struggle was over. He would close up his business and give his life to the ministry of the Word. Henceforth he could look back and say with St. Paul, "Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." Although he had made much of his opportunities, his education was below his ideal. This raised another serious question. Would he go to the college? The lamented Rev. J. B. Walker urged him to do so. The writer, knowing his capacity of self-improvement, and his energy and industry, joined him in his doubts of the wisdom of this undertaking at so late a period as his twenty-sixth year. He was eager for the field.

Having closed up his business as speedily as possible he presented himself at the conference of 1880 for the itinerancy, was received and sent to Dorchester Circuit as associate pastor with Rev. G. Q. Bacchus. In 1881-2 he was in Georgetown, D. C., as associate pastor with Dr. S. B. Southerland. In 1883 and 1884 he was in charge of Broadway, Baltimore. In 1885 he went to Lynchburg, and in the eighth year of his pastorate in that church he was elected, by the General Conference of 1892, corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions. In these pastorates he was prompt, exemplary, faithful and efficient. The people loved him. Nor could it be otherwise. He was so genial, so delightfully social. His manner beamed with friendliness. He was both a loving and lovable man in an eminent degree. There was in his character the happy mingling of cheerfulness and gravity, gentleness and firmness, meekness and aggressiveness, which combine to influence with the touch of tenderness and the stroke of power—at the same time winning love and commanding respect and confidence. The simplicity of his faith was a marked characteristic. He received the Gospel as a divine revelation, and rested in it, not as a rationalist in his dogma, but as a child in its mother's embracing arms and loving smiles.

As a preacher Brother Coulbourn was paintaking in his preparation, decidedly Methodist in his interpretation of the Scriptures, logical in arrangement, earnest, clear, incisive, strong, and often eloquent in expression, and sometimes triumphant in spiritual power.

During his pastorate in Lynchburg he married the eldest daughter of the late Hon. C. W. Button, of precious memory in the Maryland Conference. This proved to be both a wise and a happy union. Three children blessed their marriage, who, with their deeply loved mother, were the subjects of his greatest solicitude in his last hours.

His call to the secretaryship was a staggering surprise. He had never thought of being intrusted with the duties and responsibilities of such an office, and with characteristic modesty he questioned his ability to answer to its demands. He hesitated, too, at the thought of the frequent and often lengthy absence from his family which the duties of the office would require. But when he came to recognize the action of the conference in his election, as indicating the will of God in the disposition of his services, he said: "If it is the will of God that I shall engage in this work, however keenly I feel the deprivation I must endure because of separation from my family, I shall be obedient to it." In the spirit of submission to God's will and loyalty to the church's call he accepted the onerous office.

Immediately, as far as it was possible with his pastorate still on his hands, he centered all his energies in his new work. Entering upon a course of preparation; he read the biographies of the most eminent missionaries; he made himself acquainted with the most successful methods of work in the missionary societies at home; he sought interview and intimacy with the secretaries of the missionary societies of the various churches, and he rapidly developed along all lines as a judicious and enthusiastic manager and champion of the foreign missionary work of the church. He maintained the most amicable relations with the Board, the conferences and the missionaries, and enjoyed not only their harmonious co-operation and approval, but also their loving admiration. In the brief space of less than four years in his office he made a record in the faith and literature and heart of the church which will remain an enduring monument to his memory.

The circumstances of his death were peculiarly sad. Far from his home and his loved ones; his unfinished sermon on missions, prepared by appointment of the executive of this conference, to which we have listened with such tearful interest, lying on his desk awaiting the completion that would never be made; though lacking no kind, sympathetic and Christian ministrations, yet among strangers, with no intimate friend, no dear kindred to comfort him by their presence and loving devotion in the struggle of his last hours, and the sudden and shocking transition from the joyful anticipation of the home greeting and conference fellowship, to the appalling realization that he must die away from home and loved ones, make up an ordeal no words can fitly portray. But light breaks on the scene from the upper glory. Dismay vanishes in triumph. The dark storm-cloud melts into sunshine. The gloom on the earth side is banished by the radiance upward. The dark river narrows to a "little stream." It is not a defeat but a glorious victory. "This dying," he says, "is practical work," and in the midst of battle strife he exclaims:

"Strike, king of terrors, I fear not thy blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home."

And with the latest ring of that voice which had so often stirred the devotions of God's people to ecstasy, and melted congregations to tears and penitence with its sweetness and power, he sung with seraphic anticipation these lines:

"A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Though exiled from home, yet will I sing,
All glory to God I'm a child of a King."

Thus beautifully, grandly he lived; thus gloriously, triumphantly he died. His record is with us and his memory will be cherished. We sorrow deeply, for our loss is great.

The funeral services were held in the Lynchburg church, of which he was so long the pastor. The house was filled to its utmost capacity. The sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas H. Lewis, D.D., and addresses were delivered by Rev. F. T. Tagg, D.D., and Rev. E. A. Warfield. His remains, in accordance with his own request, were laid to rest in Springfield Cemetery.

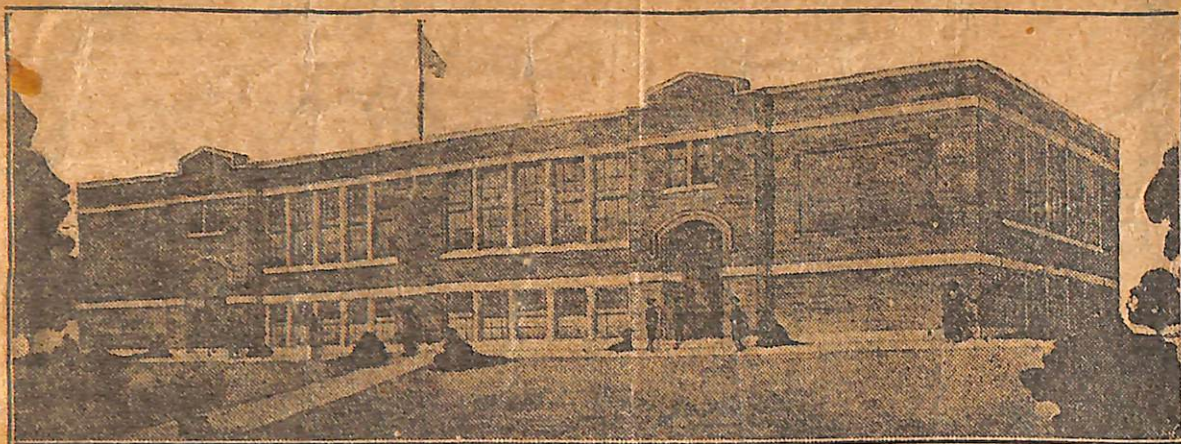
B. F. BENSON, Ch'm'n,
F. T. TAGG,
J. M. HOLMES,
J. H. VALENTINE,
JOHN ROGERS,
W. H. JONES,

Committee.

WILLIAMSON.—Rev. Riley Seth Williamson, the subject of this notice, was born near Calverton, Baltimore county, Md., in 1863, and died at Centreville, Cumberland Valley, Bedford county, Pa., May 9, 1896. He became a member of East Baltimore Station Methodist Protestant Church by certificate from the M. E. Church in 1885. His piety and zeal soon secured the admiration and confidence of the entire membership of that charge. When he modestly stated his conviction that he had been called to the work of the ministry there seemed to be very serious difficulties in his way. Even his most devoted friends, who were willing to assist him, could not deny the fact, and failed to suggest any means of speedy relief. A less courageous man would have been discouraged, but he never flattered. With unquestioning trust, "born of the Spirit," he pressed forward until he accomplished his cherished purpose. After such preparation as he was able to make he joined the Maryland Annual Conference in 1887 and served the following charges in the order here stated: Grove, known as Preston when he received his first appointment, Franklin City, Milton and Bedford. On all of them he left numerous proofs of his zeal, faithfulness and usefulness. He had "a mind to the work," and his heart was in it. A member of the committee appointed writes: "The traits of character in Brother Williamson which impressed me were his piety, earnestness and industry. He was a young man of deep piety, and had the confidence of all who knew him. His earnestness manifested itself in everything he did, and nowhere more than in his effort to save souls and build up the church where he labored. He was thoroughly industrious; he knew not what it was to be idle. By his industry he overcame serious obstacles in his early life that would have discouraged one with less industry and perseverance. Added to these was the genial, warm-hearted spirit that made him a favorite with all and drew around him a large circle of admiring friends." Another, a layman, writes: "Without seeking to

depreciate any of our former pastors, all of whom we dearly loved, it seems that none succeeded in getting a deeper hold upon the affections of the people than did Brother Williamson. He was a kind, consecrated, industrious minister of the Gospel, and a great favorite wherever he went. All the young men of the town, of all denominations, and the children were devoted to him." A warm, personal and fully trusted friend of Brother Williamson's and a member of the committee has furnished the following: "Riley Williamson did his work well. In the nine short years of his ministry three churches were dedicated to God through his efforts and hundreds of souls were converted through his instrumentality. He was ever foremost in the fight. After a year of hard, but successful work on Bedford Circuit he returned from conference with his plans laid for a mighty warfare against sin and Satan and he entered the struggle with almost feverish anxiety. On Sunday morning, May 5, he preached his last sermon in Centreville Church, and within an hour retired to the couch from which he never again rose. On the following Wednesday he became delirious and never again regained consciousness. During all the wanderings of his fever-stricken brain he never forgot the precepts of the Gospel of Christ. In the solemn stillness of the night he uttered his last prayer. It was a part of the Lord's prayer, closing with the words, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' The writer continues: 'All day Saturday his soul wrestled 'neath the shadow of the mountain,' and as the sun slowly sank behind the mighty Alleghenies the Lord of hosts called him, and the soul of our brother swept through the gates of the New Jerusalem. On March 12, 1890, Brother Williamson married Miss Laura B. Schlincke, of Baltimore. She proved worthy of the man; a devoted, consecrated, faithful wife. With her two little children, too young to appreciate their loss, she is commended to the care of our Father. W. S. HAMMOND, J. M. SHERRILL

New School Building For Stewartstown



The last word in rural school building is being uttered in the structure now nearing completion in the borough of Stewartstown, the voters of which recently authorized a loan of \$23,000 for the purpose. It faces Main street at Broadway, being erected on an extension of the old school grounds. It is 90 by 140 feet in dimensions and will contain six recitation rooms, two laboratories, two play rooms, an office and a library. It is expected to be ready for occupancy on January first, and will accommodate all the grades and high school. The Stewartstown schools opened for a nine months term yesterday, with the following corps of teachers: High school, Henry S. Keith, principal, and Miss Minerva Lebo and Miss M. Hazel Zellers, assistants; grammar, Miss Laura Kislner; intermediate, Mrs. Clay W. Manifold, and primary, Miss Nellie Norris. Pending the completion of the new school building, the grammar school will hold its sessions in the town hall, and the other schools in the old building. The faculty is the same as last year, except Miss Zellers. There were only two teachers in the high school last year.

J. BENSON GABLE

Mr J. Benson Gable died at his home in town, Tuesday morning about 3:30. He had not been in good health for some time, his heart being abnormally weak, but was able to be about. Death, however came suddenly, following about a half hour's illness from indigestion. He was in his 77th year and is survived by his wife who was formerly Miss Emma Smith, and two children by a former marriage, Mr Joseph B. Gable of Hopewell and Mrs Clyde Hitchcock of near Shawsville; also one sister, Miss E. Anna Gable, of Orange, Texas.

Deceased was the son of Mr and Mrs Israel Gable, who resided just south of town. He had a bright mind, absorbed a good education, taught school for several years, but kept on learning all his life, always keeping in touch with events and discussions of all kinds and being well informed on most subjects. He was an earnest christian and active in religious affairs, and a member of the M. E. Church of town.

Following school teaching he took up farming and canning, keeping up the former until his health forced him to retire. He worked by the combined book and experimental methods.

The funeral takes place this Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock services to be held at his late home and interment made in the old Hopewell cemetery.

OBITUARY.

Elizabeth Gable, M. D.

After a year's illness with that dread disease Consumption, Dr. Elizabeth Gable died on Friday morning last, at the home of her father, Mr. Israel Gable, just south of town.

Miss Gable was a Physician by profession, and was reckoned very good having had a number of years practice in hospitals in Massachusetts New York and Philadelphia.

Her father and mother, two sisters and three brothers survive her. She was a woman of kind and genial disposition, making friends wherever she went.

Deceased was the first female resident of York County upon whom was conferred the degree of M. D. She began the study of medicine with Dr. J. R. Martin, and graduated from the Womans Medical College of Penna. in 1890.

The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, the services being held at the house, conducted by Rev. Wm H. Leib. Interment in Hopewell Cemetery.

Stewartstown Chamber Of Commerce Turns Attention To Milk Station

CALL SPECIAL MEETING

Stewartstown, April 18.—At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, Tuesday evening, it was decided to call a special meeting for Tuesday evening, April 24, for the purpose of discussing a milk station for Stewartstown. All farmers interested in this proposition are urged to be present at this meeting in order that they may thoroughly understand the conditions under which a milk station might be established. This is an important meeting for the farmers of this community and all are requested to be present. The meeting will be held in the Town hall, at 8 p. m.

Miss Bernice Trout, a student of the York High school, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Trout.

John Wilderson, who is employed by Joseph Zeigler, contracting carpenter, has been off duty for several days, owing to illness.

The Westminster Guild Chapter of the Stewartstown Presbyterian church, met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Althouse, Hopewell township, Monday evening, being the guests of their daughter, Miss Verna. Mrs. Allen Klinefelter was chosen as representative from the chapter to the presbyterial meeting at the Hopewell Presbyterian church, on Thursday and Friday. Mrs. Thomas B. Fulton and Mrs. T. Edwin Redding will represent the Woman's Missionary society at the meeting. The following members were present: Mrs. J. Clay Anderson, Mrs. Allen Klinefelter, Mrs. James Fulton, Mrs. William Kearns, Mrs. Harry Kerlinger, Mrs. Everett Zellers, Misses Myrtle Zellers, Helen Ebaugh, Ethel Neal, Mayfield Zielers, Verna Althouse, Goldie Schminkey and Rev. J. Edwin Redding, who conducted the Bible study class. The next meeting is to be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clay Anderson, on Monday evening, April 30.

Mrs. Viola Baker, a nurse at the York hospital, has returned and resumed her work, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Hild, with whom she formerly resided. Mrs. Baker had her tonsils removed and was recuperating at the Hild home.

Dr. Gordonier, principal of the First Pennsylvania State Normal school, Millersville, Lancaster county, and Prof. Albright, county superintendent of schools, visited the borough schools, Monday.

W. Earl Fulton returned from a trip to New York city and Baltimore, Monday.

Miss Ruth Miller spent the week-end with her parents, near Cross Roads. Miss Miller teaches school at New Freedom.

Miss Anniita McWilliams, who teaches Bear's school, near Zion View, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McWilliams. Miss McWilliams was a member of the 1922 graduating class of the Stewartstown High school.

Mrs. Paul Specht, New York city, was a week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. Earl Fulton. Mr. Specht is an orchestral conductor, and is at present in Baltimore.

Evans Waltmeyer, Carey Green and Robert Gemmill, were attending court on Monday and Tuesday, as witnesses. The three youths were in the auto accident on the Susquehanna Trail, last summer, that resulted in the death of Wilson Gemmill and injury to Robert Gemmill.

Thursday evening, April 26, has been selected as the date for the presenting of the senior class play "Home Ties" by the pupils of the Stewartstown High school.

William H. Sweitzer spent the week-end here with his family. Mr. Sweitzer is manager of the Philadelphia district of the Maytag Washing Machine company.

The Hopewell Furniture company, being organized here for the manufacture of dining room furniture, has purchased a tract of three acres, just west of the Stewartstown railroad tracks and south of Manifold and Manifold's flour mill. The selling of the preferred and common stock of the organization is progressing nicely. The preferred stock is a 7% tax free investment.

HISTORY.

STEWARTSTOWN.

This beautiful, progressive town is named after Anthony Stewart.

In 1812 he purchased a tract of land which is part of the present site of Stewartstown. In 1814 David Edgar made a survey of "Stewart's Land" and laid out nineteen lots. About this time Benedict Meads opened a store and tavern. His house is still standing, somewhat altered inside and out, but mainly as it stood nearly a century ago. As Mr. Meads was the principal business man in the town, the place was often called Meadstown. It does not appear that Mr. Meads cared for the honor. He was a man of business, made money, and cared little for what he considered empty honors. At least this is my impression of him. Mr. Stewart was different, for he wanted the name and felt it keenly when by Act of Legislature March 29, 1851 his name was discarded and Mechanicsburg substituted. This was seemingly a death blow to his desires, but he was a man not easily diverted from his purpose, and in less than two years, Feb. 24, 1853, by Act of Legislature the name was changed back to Stewartstown. Some might ask, what has the Legislature to do with the naming of a town? When a town is incorporated as a Borough it meant, of course, be named. Mr. Stewart was entitled to the name, and further, Stewartstown is more desirable than Mechanicsburg. Mr. Stewart lived to enjoy his honors thirteen years—dying in 1866. He was a peculiar man in his appearance, and quite a mechanical genius. The growth of the town was not very rapid, for in 1835 it contained but eight houses.

About this time two young men came from Baltimore, Griffith and Willett and engaged in merchandising. Willett did not remain long, but Mr. Griffith remained to the close of his long life. He was an important factor in the growth of the town. As Mr. Meads died in 1840 but few in the community have any remembrance of him. He was of medium height, and rather stocky build, his hair was a mixed gray very thick and strong and as he was his own barber and kept his hair clipped close it bristled up like a porcupine. He was a shrewd business man, not hasty, and yet not long in deciding what he would do. When the building of the Union Church was being considered, some favored Stewartstown, some a beautiful shaded lot in front of Miss Anna Gable's home, and some favored the school house site a mile and a half from town. Mr. Meads was asked for a subscription, "Well if you build in town I will give you fifty dollars, if you build down at Jake Snyder's I will give you twenty five dollars, and build down at Leib's school house I will give you nothing." That decided where the house would go, for fifty dollars was quite an item in those days. He was a man of some humor. He kept his silver in lots tied up in shot bags, and early one morning of a sale, he went up in the hay loft and threw down shot bag after shot bag of silver. In mere sport he had taken the money over to the sheds some time during the previous night, to make the impression that he kept his money there.

One of my distinct recollections of him was early one bright Spring morning, mounted on "Tobe" he was on his way to Baltimore to purchase store goods, or as Mrs. Meads would say: "lay in a fresh recruit." Tobe was a noted racker, and would skim over the ground like a bird. He would make his purchase and have them delivered by wagons. I do not know that Mr. Meads ever had any goods delivered at his store in any other way. He died in 1840 and the first train on the N. C. R. R. was Aug. 30, 1838.

I suppose it would keep one or two teams busy to deliver all the goods sold in Stewartstown now. My last remembrance of Mr. Meads was a rather sad one. I was sent to his store, and I noticed that while he waited on me he was suffering. A few months later the end came. He was buried on the farm of Mr. Alloways, then owned by Mr. Archibald Thompson, whose first wife was Hannah Meads. Some sixteen years after his remains with that of his youngest son, Lewis, were brought to Stewartstown and interred in the Union grave yard. The remains of Mr. and Mrs. Meads and their son, Lewis, have reached their final resting place in the Stewartstown Cemetery.

STEWARTSTOWN

Stewartstown, May 8.—Next Sunday bids fair to be a Red Letter day in the Presbyterian church. It will be observed as Rally day. A plan has been devised to secure the attendance of every member of the school. Each one has been given a card, of red, white or blue color, and when these are returned and handed in at roll call, they will form a United States flag. The entire collection of the morning will be devoted to the new pipe organ fund. It is hoped that the donations and subscriptions will be sufficient to cover the entire cost of the organ. Also on Sunday a contest will be started between two halves of the school. The classes have been grouped into two parts, equal in number and strength, and these are to take an imaginary trip around the world by airplane. It is supposed that it will take about ten weeks to complete the journey. At the end of the trip the losing side agrees to stand treat for the entire school. Everybody is expected to come and see the airplanes start on the trip. On the evening of next Sunday the Christian Endeavor society has prepared something special. A story, which will be read by Mrs. W. Earle Fulton, while music is rendered at appropriate pauses. The title is a "Story of the Orient" and the music is written by Adam Geibel. The meeting is at 7:30 p. m.

Burros Dalton and children, near West Liberty, and Miss Laura Miller, this place, spent Sunday at Baltimore, and visited Mrs. Dalton, who is in a hospital in the Monumental City.

Mrs. J. Harry Ebaugh returned Saturday evening, from a several weeks' visit to Little Rock, Ark., where she visited her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Strawbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Elson Almony returned to Baltimore, Monday evening, after visiting Mrs. Almony's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Phillips, over the week-end.

Miss Mary Miller, a member of the senior class of the New Freedom High school, spent the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. William Miller. Miss Miller was accompanied by Miss Iolene Brown, also a member of the senior class. The Miller family recently moved here from New Freedom, having purchased the E. H. Zeigler property, near the cemetery.

Miss Anniita McWilliams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Roy McWilliams, South Main street, who had been teaching Bair's school, near Zion View, which recently closed, is now substituting at Railroad borough, owing to the serious illness of Miss Florence Herr, who had been teaching the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bartenslager and daughter, Elizabeth, Miss Helen Huntberger, and Nelson Bartenslager, Wilmington, Del., visited the Bartenslager boys' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Bartenslager, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Addie Hunter, Towson, has been called here by the critical illness of her sister, Mrs. Sarah E. Gessford.

Those who visited Howard Hammer on Sunday, were: Mr. and Mrs. Archie Thompson and daughter, Grace, Mrs. Wellington Thompson and William E. Hammer, York; Miss Ada Vanhart, New Park, and Miss Hilda Amshacher.

Center school, Hopewell township, Miss Nora McGuigan, teacher, closed its eight months' term on last Friday.

Those who visited Mr. and Mrs. Allen Sutton, Sunday were: Janet, Ada and Effie Vanhart, New Park, and Miss Marian Tarbet, Gatchellville.

John C. Smith, who is employed in York at the plant of the York Manufacturing company, spent the week-end here with his family.

Those who visited Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gemmill, Sunday, were: Mr. and Mrs. Marion Heaps and daughters, Mabel and Alverta, Mrs. D. W. Heaps and son, Webster, Mrs. Silas Waltmeyer, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Waltmeyer, Mrs. Harry Anderson, Miss Viola Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Clivk Ruby, Mrs. Feamy Flory, Jacob Flory, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Day and daughter, Almia, Howard and Dean Waltmeyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kashner and children, Almeda, May, Deloris, Vernon, Earl, and Earney, Hopewell township, spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Hannigan, Shrewsbury township.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery McWilliams and daughter, Evelyn, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Mickey, Glen Rock.

E 3, 1907.

NO SUMMER THAT YEAR

Snow And Ice Prevailed In June,
July And August, 1816.

JANUARY TOO WARM FOR FIRES

Vermonters Were Lost In A Blizzard
On June 17 And Had Both Feet
Frozen—Facts From Old Diary.

[From the Danbury (Conn.) News.]

The year 1816 was known throughout the United States and Europe as the coldest ever experienced by any person then living. There are persons in Northern New York who have been in the habit of keeping diaries for years, and it is from the pages of an old diary begun in 1810 and kept up unbroken until 1840 that the following information regarding this year without a summer has been taken:

January was so mild that most persons allowed their fires to go out and did not burn wood except for cooking. There were a few cold days, but they were very few. Most of the time the air was warm and springlike. February was not cold. Some days were colder than any in January, but the weather was about the same. March, from the 1st to the 6th, was inclined to be windy. It came in like a small lion and went out like a very innocent sheep.

April came in warm, but as the days grew longer, the air became colder, and by the first of May there was a temperature like that of winter, with plenty of snow and ice. In May the young buds were frozen dead, ice formed half an inch thick on ponds and rivers, corn was killed, and the cornfields were planted again and again, until it became too late to raise a crop. By the last of May in this climate the trees are usually in leaf and birds and flowers are plentiful. When the last of May arrived in 1816 everything had been killed by the cold.

June was the coldest month of roses ever experienced in this latitude. Frost and ice were as common as buttercups usually are. Almost every green thing was killed; all fruit was destroyed. Snow fell 10 inches deep in Vermont. There was a 7-inch fall in the interior of New York State, and the same in Massachusetts. There were only a few moderately warm days. Everybody looked, longed, and waited for warm weather, but warm weather did not come.

It was also dry; very little rain fell. All summer long the wind blew steadily from the north in blasts, laden with snow and ice. Mothers knit socks of double thickness for their children, and made thick mittens. Planting and shivering were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads wore overcoats and mittens.

On June 17 there was a heavy fall of snow. A Vermont farmer sent a flock of sheep to pasture on June 16. The morning of the 17th dawned with the thermometer below the freezing point. About 9 o'clock in the morning the owner of the sheep started to look for his flock. Before leaving home he turned to his wife and said, jokingly:

"Better start the neighbors soon; it's the middle of June and I may get lost in the snow."

An hour after he had left home a terrible snowstorm came up. The snow fell thick and fast, and, as there was so much wind, the fleecy masses piled in great drifts along the windward side of the fences and outbuildings. Night came and the farmer had not been heard of.

His wife became frightened and alarmed the neighborhood. All the neighbors joined the searching party. On the third day they found him. He was lying in a hollow on the side hill with both feet frozen; he was half covered with snow, but alive. Most of the sheep were lost.

A farmer near Tewksbury, Vt., owned a large field of corn. He built fires. Nearly every night he and his men took turns in keeping up the fire and watching that the corn did not freeze. The farmer was rewarded for his tireless labors by having the only crop of corn in the region.

July came in with snow and ice. On the 4th of July ice as thick as window glass formed throughout New England, New York, and in some parts of the State of Pennsylvania. Indian corn, which in some parts of the East had struggled through May and June, gave up, froze and died.

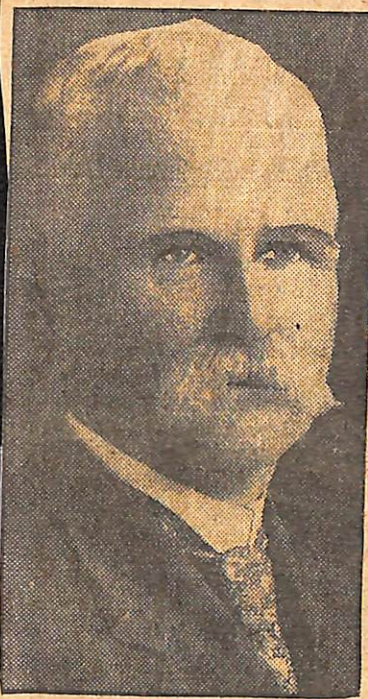
To the surprise of everybody, August proved the worst month of all. Almost every green thing in this country and Europe was blasted with frost. Snow fell at Barner, 30 miles from London, England, on August 30. Newspapers received from England stated that 1816 would be remembered by the existing generation as the year in which there was no summer. Very little corn ripened in New England. There was great privation, and thousands of persons would have perished in this country had it not been for the abundance of fish and wild game.

CLASS MEMORIALS

You will find below a tabulation of your class memorials as of June 30, 1946. These memorials are helping students and it might be an excellent way of perpetuating the memory of a class mate if you would add something to your check for dues for this purpose.

Class	Amount		
1871	15.00	1911	175.93
1872	1.00	1912	87.00
	10.00	1913	12.00

Somerset Countian Who Died At Home



ALONZO E. TULL

ALONZO E. TULL, 80, DIES IN SOMERSET

Resident Of Tull's Corner
Succumbs After Extended
Illness

FUNERAL TOMORROW

Former Shore Oyster Packer Will
Be Buried In St. Paul's
Cemetery

Marion Station, Md., Jan. 7—Alonzo Eugene Tull, prominent Somerset countian, died today at his home at Tull's Corner, after an extended illness. He was 80 years of age.

Mr. Tull was engaged in the oyster business for years, being founder and president of the A. E. Tull Oyster Company until his retirement three years ago. He showed a great interest in church and civic activities. He was one of the oldest members of Trinity Methodist Protestant Church at Marion Station.

Member Of Old Family

A son of the late Samuel L. Tull, he was a descendant of one of the earliest settlers in Maryland.

Mr. Tull is survived by his widow, Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Tull; five daughters, Mrs. Carroll Crockett and Mrs. Ralph Williams, of Baltimore; Mrs. Raymond Dean, of Federalsburg; Mrs. Stanley Phillip, of Scarsdale, N. Y., and Miss Mildred Tull, of Tull's Corner; a son, Honiss Tull, of Scarsdale, N. Y., and two grandchildren, Miss Anne Crockett, of Baltimore, and Alonzo Eugene Tull 3d, of Scarsdale, New York.

Funeral services will be held at the home on Tuesday and burial will be in St. Paul's Cemetery, Tull's Corner.

ones on the other side, and when we bore his body to its burial none doubted but that his spirit was in the paradise of God.
D. W. ANSTINE.

M. P. BODY HAILS YEAR'S PROGRESS

Special Evangelistic Effort
Urged At Westminster
Conference

Churches' Organized Men's
Bible Classes Praised
In Report

[By the Associated Press]

Westminster, Md., June 16—Delegates to the one hundred and eleventh Maryland annual conference of the Methodist Protestant Church heard praise for the past year's progress today and a call for special evangelistic effort during the coming year.

Special praise went to the organized men's Bible classes of the churches, which the committee on evangelism reported was the "channel through which thousands of men are brought into a vital relationship to the church."

The committee's report, a feature of today's session, recommended that each church "put forth a special evangelistic effort sometime during the year of two weeks or more, and we strongly urge that a systematic home visitation campaign be put on."

Nearly 300 ministers and laymen are attending the conference, the last to be held because of the church merger. The delegates are representing churches in Maryland and parts of Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey and the District of Columbia.

Summer Conference Stated

The Rev. D. W. Anstine, of Eden, Md., now the dean of the ministers in the conference, was honored today by a testimonial celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of his reception into the conference.

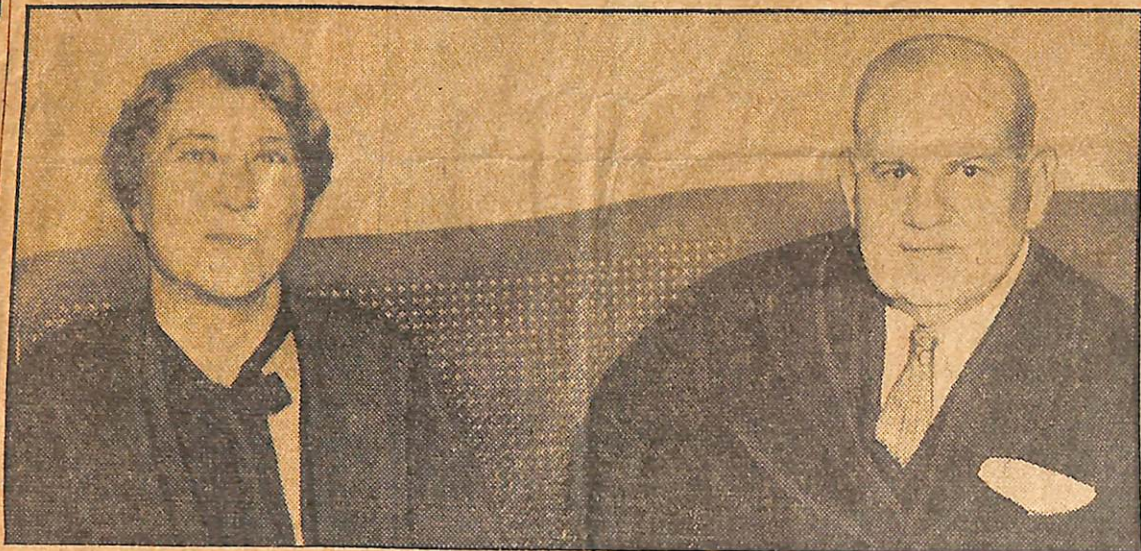
The twenty-ninth annual summer conference will be held at the Westminster Theological Seminary and the Western Maryland College August 28 to September 1, the Rev. J. Earl Cummings, Wilmington, Del., advised the delegates.

Reports on missions and missionary work were made by Mrs. Miriam B. Matthews, Baltimore; Mrs. W. J. Brewer, president of the Washington-Virginia branch, and Dr. G. W. Haddaway, executive secretary of the mission board.

The Rev. E. C. Makosky, Cherrydale, was reelected president of the Church Extension Society. Other officers, all reelected, were L. W. Dykes, first vice-president; N. C. Clough, second vice-president; J. W. Townsend, secretary; C. F. Cummins, treasurer. Elected to the board of managers were the Rev. L. B. Smith, the Rev. E. D. Stone, the Rev. R. Y. Nicholson and the Rev. C. F. Cummins, and H. C. Staley, Henry Gilligan, W. C. Scott and D. C. MacLea, laymen.

"The Gladiator," 78, Takes 4th Bride

Robert Lindley Downing, Retired Actor and Active Evangelist, Feels as Young as When He Was 40.



Upper: Robert L. Downing, 78-year-old retired actor, and Mrs. Mary Shafer Jones, 65, pictured on the eve of their wedding.

—Star Staff Photo.

Lower: Downing as "The Gladiator" some 50 years ago.

BY WILLIAM A. BELL, JR.

MOST men of 78 are in the sixth age of the seven described in the famous "all the world's a stage" soliloquy, but Robert Lindley Downing, retired actor and active evangelist, is in the third.

The sixth age, according to William Shakespeare's Jaques in Act II of "As You Like It," is that of pre-senility when a man's hose is "a world too wide for his shrunk shank" and his "big manly voice, turning again toward childish treble, pipes and whistles in his sound."

The third, soliloquizes Jaques, is "the lover, sighing like furnace," etc.

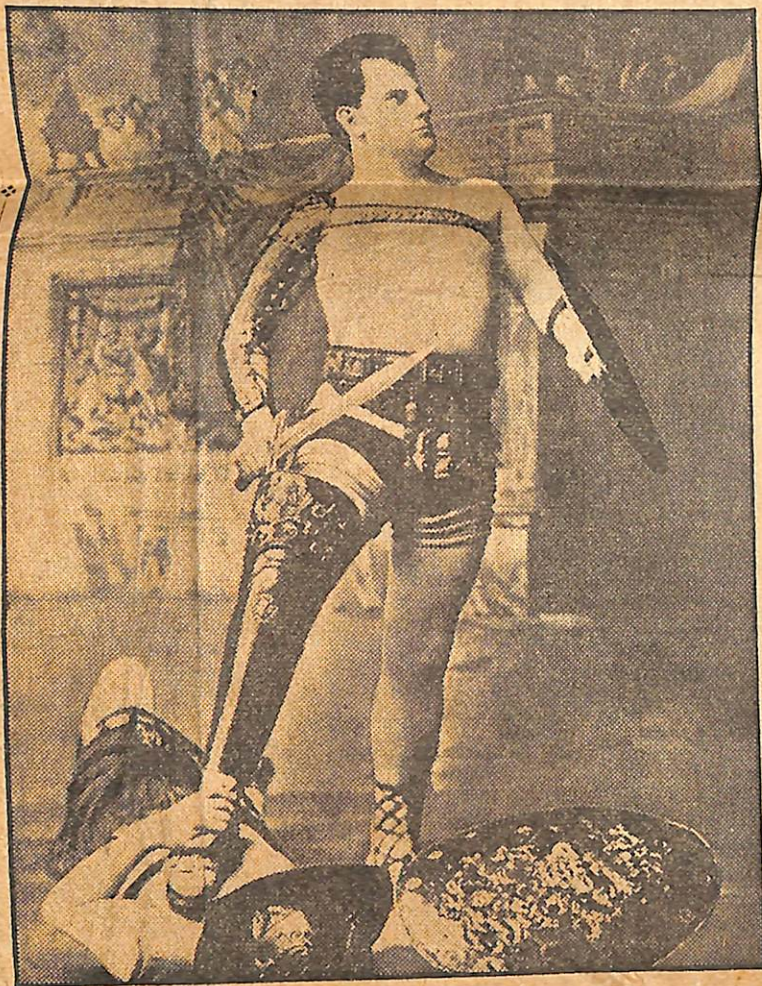
Eight years past the Biblical allotment of three score and ten, Mr. Downing will take unto himself a bride—his fourth—tomorrow afternoon at the Plaza Apartments.

His voice, far from a "childish treble," retains the same thunderous resonance which once carried it to the farthest gallery seats of theaters all over the country.

Bride Friend in Childhood.

When the news spread that Mr. Downing had taken out a license to marry a childhood acquaintance, Mrs. Mary Shafer Jones, 65, of 3437 Mount Pleasant street, reporters called at his modest home at 1349 Harvard street.

"Don't, for heaven's sake," boomed the white-haired bridegroom-elect, "call me 'an old veteran.' I don't consider myself by any means a veteran. I feel as young as I was at 40. Good health. Good strength."



One would scarcely have thought of calling him an old veteran. His step is springy; his brown eyes clear and sparkling. He retains most of his hair, snowy now, once the rich brown, wavy glory of matinee idols.

Mr. Downing has outlived three wives. His first died, leaving his only child, now Mrs. Travers J. Crocker, in whose apartment he is to be married tomorrow. His second, Eugenie Blair, was a well-known actress. His third, the former Mrs. Helene Quertier Kirkpatrick, died five years ago.

Mrs. Jones has been a widow five years.

She is a teacher and the couple will honeymoon and live in Colonial Beach, Va., where she will teach literature and he dramatic art.

Recalls Early Experiences.

On the eve of his wedding Mr. Downing opened today his treasure house of memories. He went back to 1876 and his first performance "of consequence." It was in the National Theater and the play was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Young Downing played George Harris, who befriended Uncle Tom.

Then followed five years of stock company playing and associations with such immortals of the legitimate drama as Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, John McCullough and Mary Anderson. ("Mary Anderson—ah, there was a lovely woman. She played Juliet to my Romeo. I keep this picture of her in that role.")

In 1881 Mr. Downing formed a company of his own and went on tour. His first production was Joaquin Miller's "Tallyho." Better known, however, and more beloved to Mr. Downing was his performance in the title role of "The Gladiator." Three thousand times he played it, up and down the land.

Mr. Downing seldom wore the sock of comedy, preferring the buskin of tragedy. He came to be billed as "America's tragedian." But he won the praise of critics, too, as Capt. Absolute in "The Rivals." Mrs. John Drew played opposite him as Mrs. Malaprop.

"I said to John—John Drew—one day," Mr. Downing recalled, "'John, do you think we're as good as the critics say?' He laughed and said, 'No, of course we're not.'"

Knew Barrymore Children.

"I knew 'em all. Knew John and Lionel and Ethel Barrymore when they were kids growing up. William Farnum, too—he was almost like an adopted son. His father, Dustin, was my treasurer. Young Dustin used to travel with the company renting opera glasses and selling photographs."

Why did Mr. Downing leave the stage for the pulpit? The religious and spiritual significance of the dramas in which he performed induced him, he declared.

"I was affected principally by my role as John the Baptist in 'The Voice in the Wilderness.' I wanted to live and preach as John did."

So in 1908 Mr. Downing forsook the stage and took up the career he says has afforded him the most sublime happiness. He was ordained in the Christian Church in 1917 and still goes around the country preaching the gospel.

"I don't claim, like Billy Sunday, that I save 'em," he said, "but I just try to get over a message of plain, matter-of-fact religion."

Mr. Downing's callers didn't see Mrs. Jones. She was out buying her trousseau.

ADAM EBAUGH.

The subject of this sketch was born in 1806, on the old Ebaugh homestead in Stewartstown where his long life of more than four score and ten was spent. His paternal ancestors were Swiss and on the maternal side were English. His grandfather, John Jacob Ebaugh, came to this country from Switzerland about the year 1740 and settled in that part of Baltimore Co., Md. embraced within the present limits of Carroll Co. A touch of romance was not wanting in the life of this old gentleman, who fell in love with a German lady on board the ship and married her in mid-ocean. The second son of this marriage was John Ebaugh, father of the subject of this sketch, who married Miss Sarah Flowers, an English lady. He died in 1833 highly respected and loved in the community in which he had lived. Twelve children were born to this couple of whom Adam Ebaugh was the eleventh child and seventh son, and was the last surviving member of the family. He received a common school education at the old log school house in the neighborhood after the primitive fashion of those days, the seats consisting of a chestnut log split in two and the upper side shaven smooth with a drawing knife, with no back and so high that the feet of the little children dangled some distance from the floor. When a scholar and mastered the "Rule of three" as "Proportion" was then called, his education was considered sufficient for a start in business.

Our aged friend was not content with what he learned in school and throughout his long life was ever a seeker after knowledge. He was a studious and intelligent reader and early in life became possessed of more than average intelligence on general subjects. He early evinced a decided inclination for politics being an uncompromising Democrat, and it was with great pride that he boasted that since he attained his majority, he never missed but one general election (1833) and but one delegate election (1896). In the stormy days of the "Fug Slaves" he became an ardent admirer and supporter of Andrew Jackson and cast his first vote for him for President in 1828. During the next ten or twelve years he was continuously one of the delegates to the York Co. Democratic Conventions, and became a man of recognized talents and rising influence in the county. His genial manner and ready sympathy won for him friends everywhere, and with these was inherited from his mother the gift of song, a talent which he dedicated freely to Church and State, winning influence in the singing campaigns of those days by exercising this gift to the accompaniment of his violin.

Of course one of his temperaments, who had so early in life acquired the esteem and good will of the community at large was not likely to be left to the private walks of life very long. His public career may be said to have begun in 1840 when he was elected to the lower house of the State Legislature. He was re-elected the following year and served his constituents satisfactorily. He was then offered the nomination of his party for Congress, the district then comprising York and Lancaster counties, being strongly Whig he declined, choosing rather a nomination for the State Senate, to which he was elected in 1843 for a term of three years. Thaddeus Stevens, who was just rising to fame, was then in the state senate along with many others afterward distinguished in the history of the old Commonwealth. During his senatorial canvass, Gov. David R. Porter threw the weight of his influence against Mr. Ebaugh and in favor of an independent candidate, and later, when Gov. Porter was a candidate for the U. S. Senate, Mr. Ebaugh, with three others, refused to support him and cast their votes for Simon Cameron who was a Democrat. It was well.

Adam Benjamin Ebaugh

Following a lingering illness of about a year, Adam Benjamin Ebaugh, a well known tomb stone dealer, died at 3:20 o'clock yesterday afternoon at his residence, 523 North George street. Death was due to complications of diseases. He was in his seventy-third year. He leaves a son, Ralph G. Ebaugh, a daughter, Miss Mary E. Ebaugh, of York; four sisters, Mrs. Mary E. Grove, Eleanor N. Ebaugh and Mrs. Lillian Connolly, Stewartstown, and Mrs. Ada Hunter, Towson, Md. The funeral will be held on Saturday afternoon with services at his late residence at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. C. C. Cox, pastor of the First Baptist church, will be the officiating

DIED

MRS SARAH GESSFORD

Mrs Sarah A. E. Gessford, died Thursday evening last at the home of Mrs W. W. Bell, where she had gone about a week before. She had been in ill health for several months. She had reached a good old age, having passed her 82nd birthday in March. A daughter of the late Judge Adam Ebaugh, she inherited a keen mind and bright intellect. In early life she taught school in old Hopewell. Later she served many years as Superintendent of the Baptist Orphanage in Philadelphia, and was always interested and active in religious work. She married Rev. T. C. Gessford, a Baptist minister, who passed away many years ago. She is survived by one brother; A. B. Ebaugh of York, four sisters, Mrs Adda Hunter, Towson, Mrs Mollie Grove, Mrs Lillian Connolly and Miss Eleanor Ebaugh of town. Mr Ebaugh is critically ill at this time.

The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon from the home of Mrs Bell, services being held at the Presbyterian Church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. T. Edwin Redding, assisted by Rev. F. W. Biddle, and the body laid to rest in the Stewartstown cemetery. The pallbearers were all Ebaughs, nephews and great nephews of the deceased, being Milton, Harry, Walter, Clarence, Reed and Clay Ebaugh. W. E. Kreamer was funeral director. Among those from a distance to attend the funeral were Prof. Clarence Ebaugh of Denison University, Granville Ohio, Miss Dora Pierson, Towson, Mary Ebaugh, York, Ralph Ebaugh, Washington, Lida Ebaugh, Baltimore.

JOHN CLYDE ANDERSON

John Clyde Anderson died suddenly at his home in Hopewell early Monday morning. While his heart had been giving him trouble for some time, he had gone to bed the night before in apparent good health. The elder son being away from home he was sleeping with his son Donald. Mrs Anderson heard a queer noise in the early morning and went to investigate and found her husband unconscious. She went to the phone for Dr. Free, but on her return life had fled. He was in his 30th year, and is survived by his wife who was formerly Miss Bernice McClung, and three children Royston, Donald and Isabel; his mother, Mrs Laura Anderson wife of the late Milton Anderson; and two brothers, Webster and James Anderson, of near Shane. Mr Anderson had only this spring purchased and moved to the Conway farm, and hardly had his work under way for the summer and his sudden taking away was a severe shock. His eldest son is less than six years old.

The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon, services being held in Centre Church, of which he was a member conducted by his pastor, Rev. R. W. Hand, and the body laid to rest in the adjoining cemetery.

James Anderson

James Anderson, 80 years old, a former poor director and retired farmer of this county, died last evening at 6:30 o'clock at his home, 213 South Pine street. A daughter, Mrs. E. K. Strahan, of New Orleans, La., who was summoned when her father's illness became critical, is hurrying to this city, unaware that she has lost her race with death. She was notified of her father's condition by long distance telephone shortly after midnight Tuesday night and immediately left by train for York. She is due to arrive at 1:40 P. M. today. Death was due to a complication of diseases. Mr. Anderson had been confined to bed for two weeks. Mr. Anderson was elected director of the poor in the fall of 1899 and served one term. In 1904 he served as supervisor of East Hopewell township, where he was an influential citizen. He served in many township offices, having been elected justice of the peace for one term and prior to this had served one term as school director. He had been affiliated with the Democratic party. Mr. Anderson retired from his farm 14 years ago and moved to this city, where he had since resided. He attended Calvary Presbyterian church, but was a member of the Stewartstown Presbyterian church. Surviving Mr. Anderson are his wife, who was Mary McFatridge, and the following sons and daughters: William L. and James Thomas Anderson, in the feed business in this city; Mrs. Walter Wagner, of York; Miss Georgia A. Anderson, at home; G. Emory Anderson, High Rock; Robert R. Anderson, Laurel, and Mrs. E. K. Strahan, of New Orleans. He also leaves eleven grandchildren and one brother, G. F. Anderson, Stewartstown.

Died

MRS MARY J. FISHEL

Mrs Mary J. Fishel, died at her home in town last Friday night after an extended illness. She had reached a good old age, being in her 83rd year. She was the wife of the late John M. Fishel, and is survived by the following children, Ida, wife of George S. Gibbs, Emma, wife of James C. Bowman and Alice Fishel, at home; also three sisters, Mrs. James F. Trout, Hopewell, Mrs. William Shaul, Felton, Mrs. David Edgar, York; also one brother, Daniel W. Brenneman, Cross Roads.

The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon, services being held at her late home, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Isaac Cadman, and the body laid to rest in the Stewartstown cemetery. Kreamer Brothers were funeral directors and the pallbearers were nephews as follows, Calvin, Edward and Matthew Fishel, Calvin, Reyburn and Guyney Brenneman.

MRS A. G. BOWMAN

Mrs Margaret Bowman, wife of the late A. G. Bowman, died at her home in town on Sunday morning from paralysis, with which she was stricken the previous morning. She had been in her usual health up to that time. She was in her 76th year and is survived by one son by her previous marriage, Harry E. Anstine of town; and two step-children, James G. Bowman of town and Mrs John W. Yost of Huerfano, Colorado. She was the last member of her family.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, services being held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she was a member, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Isaac Cadman, and interment made in the Stewartstown cemetery. Kreamer Brothers were funeral directors, and the pallbearers were H. F. Gentzler, George B. Hale, Augustus Neller, Charles E. Wolf, Harry G. Hall, Harry L. Leib.

HARTMAN.—Departed this life March 17, 1895, in Philadelphia, Pa., Della Hartman, aged 27 years. In Baltimore, Md., February 8, 1896, her sister Bertha Hartman, aged 32 years, also departed this life. They were born in Stewartstown, Pa. They now sleep side by side in the Stewartstown Cemetery to await the resurrection morn. Their dying testimony was that all was well. Oh, what a comfort, yet, oh, how sad to think that we shall never in this world see their sunny faces again! Oh, our Father in heaven, we humbly bow in submission to Thy will. Farewell, dear daughters, Della and Bertha, but not forever. By God's help we will meet you in the bright beyond.

MARY A. AND W. H. HARTMAN.

THE WORLD.

Oh call not this a vale of tears,
A world of gloom and sorrow;
One half the grief that o'er us comes
From self we often borrow.
The earth is beautiful and good:
How long will man mistake it?
The folly is within ourselves:
The world is what we make it.
Did we but strive to make the best
Of troubles that befall us,
Instead of meeting cares half-way,
They would not so apparel us.
Earth has a spell for loving hearts:
Why should we seek to break it?
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns—
The world is what we make it.
If truth and love and gentle words,
We took the pains to nourish,
The seeds of discontent would die,
And peace and concord flourish.
Oh, has not each some little thought
Then let's at once awake it,
By leaving that for good or ill,
The world is what we make it.

Mr. Jacob Anstine
Co. C. 150th Regt P.V.
Washington, D.C.
Am. Love of Life Society
Twenty Envelopes of various sizes, colors and prices. Sent by mail free of postage for
TEN CENTS. Address J. A. HOWELL, Jr., Station, Philadelphia Co., Ohio. 1904

April, 29, 1887. Dear Aunt Kate
as I did not get to see you and bid
you good bye at the last, I will
write you a good bye. My Dear
Aunt and Mother for you have
bin both to me and I cannot
express my gratitude. I can
only feel it in my heart. I am
sure I shall feel it as long as
I live. I never can forget you.
I do not know how well we
shall like our next minister
but I am sure he will not be
Mr. Dan. I am sitting in my
chair as I write. Mary
thank for it, I hope you will
be pleased with your new
place and people, give my
love to Besse kiss her for me

Memoir of Dr. J. L. Free.

Funeral of the deceased was held in the M. E. Church of town, on Friday afternoon of last week, Rev. J. B. Mann, the pastor, officiating, assisted by Revs. Chilcote and Eberhart, of Shrewsbury, Rev. W. H. Leib of Baltimore, and Rev. Randall, pastor of the M. P. Church.

The subject of this paper, Dr. John Lowe Free, was born March 5, 1821, in Balto. Co. Md., and passed from the land of death to the land of life from his late residence in Stewartstown, Pa. Sept. 27, 1904, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was the eldest of a family of thirteen children, several of whom attained distinction and prominence in the community where they dwelt,—but none more truly than himself, as is clearly apparent in considering his long, eminently useful and beautiful life.

In early years he devoted himself assiduously to the study of medicine, and was graduated from the Maryland University, but subsequently pursued a post graduate course at the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, and for more than fifty years practised his profession, mainly in this region, with diligence, integrity and such success as "mocks the aid of praise."

As a physician, he was prompt, attentive, skillful and sympathetic—ready and willing at all times and under all circumstances, to help suffering humanity with the best service of which he was capable; and none ever looked to him in vain, and hence the high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him intimately and well.

Shortly after his location among us, he found a help-meet for himself, in the person of Miss Martha Jourdan, to share his heart and home, and encourage him in the toils and cares of life, but soon she "was not," for God called her to the "House not made with hand, eternal in the heavens," and he was left alone.

His second wife was Miss Jennie Wiley, of whom five children were born, four of whom—with an adopted daughter, Mrs. Ella Hess, now sit in the shadow of a sore bereavement and mourn their painful loss in the going out of a noble and beneficent life. Joined in this grief are his brother and sisters who are left sadly to think of, and patiently follow after, one of whose memory they may justly be proud, while deeply deploring his departure from their midst.

His second companion also preceded him to the better country, leaving his immediate family of loved ones doubly orphaned, and in anguish and sorrow, yet not without a lively hope of a blessed reunion where trials never come, pain is never felt, death can never enter and tears are never shed. Until then, may the Angels of the Covenant shelter them beneath His wings of love, and restore to them their precious treasures, at length in that Land where the Sun never goes down.

In young manhood Dr. Free gave his heart to God, and his hand to the Methodist Episcopal Church, in whose fellowship over sixty years of his life were spent, in obedience to the Discipline and precepts of Jesus. He was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; nor of the church of his choice, nor an unwilling witness of Him who died for our sins according to the Scriptures that He might save us unto life eternal. On the contrary his walk and character and conversation continually adorned the doctrine of our blessed Lord—pointing others into the paths of righteousness and peace. His was a living experience of a living Redeemer, by Whom he had been delivered from sin, that—faithful unto death, he might be saved to a glorious immortality in light, and thus be forever with the Lord.

During his stay in the church militant he was active, earnest, useful and influential, always ready for every good word and work, and to give a reason for the hope and consolation imparted to his mind and spirit by our holy Christianity. Hand and heart and home were open, generous and consecrated to the Kingdom of Christ and the upbuilding of His people in knowledge, wisdom and love, nor was any demand seemingly too onerous, if thereby the Master was glorified and His cause promoted. Where Dr. Free had a home, Christ had an altar of spiritual sacrifice, offered habitually through the mediation of Jesus as led by the Eternal Spirit, in whose guidance he delighted, whose voice he was quick to obey, whose presence was the joy of his soul. In this we shall act wisely and well to accept and follow his example.

In the days that tried men's souls his home afforded rest, relief and comfort to that noble company of whom the world was not worthy, the itinerant ministers whose heroism as heralds of the Gospel has rarely been equaled and never surpassed. Here they had welcome, hospitality and good cheer, as pleasant and helpful as they were hearty and sincere. In short, he was never more happy than in striving to impart happiness to others, an admonition to all to go and do likewise, if they would honor God and hear His cordial "well done, good and faithful servant."

"When time is o'er and words have passed away."

Surely, in this instance, we may safely and profitably walk in his steps.

With a single exception, Dr. Free filled, with credit to himself and a benefit to the church, every office among us accessible to a layman. He was steward, class leader, Sabbath school superintendent and trustee, holding the latter position at the time of his death, since such was the respect and confidence of his brethren that they declined to permit his name to be stricken from the Official Roll, notwithstanding his inability to meet them and participate in their work. May we not cherish the hope, in this connection, that his mantle shall descend upon a competent successor to worthily perpetuate his name, and memory, and service, and devotion in the church he so fondly loved and assiduously toiled to edify and increase to the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow men?

As a citizen it is superfluous to speak of him in this presence and on this occasion. I have known him mostly by reputation, while your acquaintance has been close, intimate and personal for all these many years. Suffice it to say, that as a gentleman, Christian, physician, husband, father, brother, neighbor and friend his record is staitless and his character secure. Hence as I close this brief, but imperfect tribute to his memory, I doubt not you are ready with me to exclaim:

"Servant of God, well done!

Thy glorious warfare's past;

The battle's fought, the race is won.

And thou art crowned at last;

Of all thy heart's desire

Triumphantly possessed;

Lodged by the ministerial choir

In thy Redeemer's breast."

Now we utter our farewell; but soon we shall cry out "all hail," and greet thee in the deathless unfading beauty of the morning of the day of Christ, to "go out no more forever."

DEATH SUMMONS REV. FRANK S. CAIN

Pastor At Stewartstown Succumbs From Pneumonia After Short Illness

IN MINISTRY 33 YEARS

Stewartstown, March 11.—The clergy and the Methodist Protestant ministry in particular lost a faithful servant of nearly 35 years, today, in the passing of Rev. Frank Shaw Cain at his residence in the parsonage of the Stewartstown Methodist Protestant church, at this place.

The death of Rev. Mr. Cain, which occurred about 10 a. m., comes as a sudden and saddening blow to his present parishioners and to former parishioners in four states. He had been ill only several days. His demise was due to pneumonia.

Stomach trouble sent him to bed, Friday. He remained in bed over the week-end and his condition steadily grew worse. Monday evening it was feared that he had pneumonia, by Tuesday morning his condition became alarming, and his physician, Dr. N. H. Gemmill, this place, pronounced it a well-developed case of pneumonia. Deliriousness accompanied a high fever.

Rev. Mr. Cain was aged 64 years, 10 months and nine days.

Highly respected and revered by all who made his acquaintance, not only through his devoted service to the cloth, but in fraternal orders, whose interests he held deeply, and in the everyday walks of life, he was loved as a spiritual counselor, able leader and genial friend.

In Ministry 33 Years

The deceased, whose active service in the ministry extended over a period of thirty-three years, had been pastor of the local congregations since September of 1928, when he succeeded Rev. Benjamin Bryan, who was transferred to New Church, Va.

Rev. Mr. Cain's ministry at this place was a pleasant one, during which time he made innumerable friendships, which extended beyond the members of his congregation. Of pleasant disposition, he was ever willing to give a helping hand, and entered and cheered many homes in hours of bereavement. He was a staunch supporter of the principles of his Maker and the doctrines of his church.

Following his graduation from Western Maryland college, Westminster, Md., he pursued and completed a course in theology in the Westminster Theological seminary. He became a member of the Maryland General conference of the Methodist Protestant church in the year 1895 and three years later was ordained as a minister.

Native of Maryland

Among the charges he served as pastor, were: Havre de Grace, Md., Lisbon, Md., Leeds, Md., Harpers Ferry, W. Va., Horlock, Md., Felton, Del., Mt. Nebo, Peach Bottom township, York county, and most recently at this place and Norrisville.

His early boyhood was spent in Baltimore county, Md., near Warren, where he was born in 1867. He was the son of the late Joshua and Martha Cain.

His survivors are: His widow, Mrs. Bessie Bennett Cain, formerly of Delaware; a daughter, Miss Bessie Jett Cain, a student at Western Maryland university; two sisters, Mrs. Mollie Stabler, Middletown, N. Y.; and Mrs. Annie Stabler, Owings Mills, Md.; and a brother, Irvin Cain, Knoxville, Tenn.

His daughter was summoned home last evening because of the seriousness of her father's condition. She was at his bedside, with her mother, when death came.

Rev. Mr. Cain belonged to the Masonic order at Princess Anne, Md.; the Independent Order of Odd Fellows No. 140, at Baltimore, and the Junior Order United American Mechanics at Milton, Del.

Funeral Saturday

The funeral services will be conducted at the late home in Stewartstown, Saturday morning, the services to be held at 11 a. m. From the parsonage, the funeral cortege will proceed to Bel-Air, Md., where interment will be made in Fountain Green cemetery. Rev. Dr. L. B. Smith, president of the Maryland General conference of the church, in which conference Rev. Mr. Cain labored during his entire ministry, will be the officiating clergyman. Funeral arrangements are in charge of Funeral Director S. W. Holden, of Delta.

REV. F. S. CAIN IS LAID TO REST

Funeral Services For Stewartstown Pastor Are Largely Attended

20 MINISTERS PRESENT

Stewartstown, March 15.—Many friends and relatives on Saturday forenoon, assembled at the Methodist Protestant parsonage, as a mark of their respect and esteem for Rev. Frank S. Cain, pastor of the Norrisville and Stewartstown Methodist Protestant churches, since September, 1928, who died on Wednesday forenoon from pneumonia after a few days' illness. The funeral rites were held at 11 o'clock, at his late residence, with Rev. Dr. L. B. Smith, Baltimore, president of the Maryland General conference of the Methodist Protestant church, in which conference Rev. Mr. Cain labored during his entire ministry of thirty-three years, officiating, assisted at the house service by Rev. B. W. Kinley, who offered the opening prayer, Rev. A. S. T. Raum, who read the scripture lesson and Rev. J. McClain Brown, who made the closing prayer. At the graveside service Rev. Dr. Smith was assisted by Rev. Mr. Crumming and Rev. T. S. Crosby.

There were about twenty ministers in attendance at the service.

There were thirty-two beautiful floral tributes, five being from the Western Maryland college, of which the deceased was a graduate and where his daughter, Miss Bessie Jett, is now a member of the Senior class, eight from the Stewartstown Methodist Protestant church, two from the Norrisville Methodist Protestant church, one from his co-workers of town, Rev. Harry E. Crow and Rev. E. Edwin Redding and one each from the following, Kennedyville Methodist Protestant church, and Ridgeville Methodist Protestant church, of which he was a former pastor; Pen-Mar tri-county Ministerial Association, Stewart council, No. 193, Junior Order United American Mechanics, Pen Mar lodge, No. 1079, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the High and Grade schools of the borough and the remaining ten designs were from relatives, friends, and neighbors.

Interment was made in the Fountain Green cemetery, near Bel-Air, Harford county, Md. The pallbearers, co-ministers of the Maryland conference, were Revs. C. K. McCaslin, A. H. Green, Benjamin F. Ruley, Stevens Galle, J. N. Link, and Karl Wareheim.

The floral tributes were carried by eighteen girls.

To Elect Lodge Officers

The second semi-monthly meeting for March of Yuz-Tan council, No. 297 Daughters of Pocahontas is to be held at 7:30 o'clock, Monday evening, in the Odd Fellows hall, at which time the semi annual election of officers is to be held.

Miss Mary Louise Shaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fay A. Shaw, and a member of the Freshman class of the Stewartstown High school, who had been a surgical patient at the West Side sanitarium, York since March 2nd., returned home on Thursday.

Cancel Play

A letter has been received from Wilmington, Del., stating that the play, "The Smiling Cow," which was to have been given, on Friday evening, in the Stewartstown agricultural association's auditorium, by the students of Goldkey college, under the auspices of the Junior class of the Stewartstown High school, and which had been postponed owing to illness, has been called off.

Mrs. George A. Waltemyer, residing near here, on Thursday visited her sister, Mrs. Pearl Hoffman, who is a surgical patient at the York hospital.

Moves To York

Mrs. Ella Patterson, who recently sold her farm in Hopewell township, known as "Ye Old Patterson Nurseries," at public sale, to Jerry Lowe, Red Lion, on Thursday moved to York, where she will reside. She was accompanied by a sister, Miss Emma Runkle, who had been residing at the Patterson home for a number of years. The farm will be tillied by Clarke Lowe, who took possession the same day Mrs. Patterson moved.

Clergyman Dies



Rev. Frank S. Cain, pastor of the Stewartstown Methodist Protestant charge, who expired yesterday after a brief illness, due to pneumonia.

of the near approach of death, and he assured her that he was waiting for the change, if God so ordered, and that the only regret he had, was that of losing his only sister, who, with himself, were only unmarried members of his father's household.

Bro. Button was elected with the business department of Lynchburg Virginian, nearly ever since brother became its proprietor, and a man of fine business capacity, rare don, and sterling integrity. He was G. Master of the I. O. O. F. in Virginia, also a member of the Masonic order. Orders attended his funeral services, his remains were accompanied here by ad Master A. H. Gawler, of D. C., took part in the services, together with Grand Master J. H. Robinson, and distinguished members of the Masonic order. His funeral was preached in the M. Church of Lynchburg, Va., in the presence of a large concourse of people, several the clergy being in attendance, by his pr. from Philip. i. 21, January 24th, after which he was laid at rest in Spring Hill cemetery, by the appropriate services of Church, and the fraternal orders present. As his death may be to others, it is familiarly so to his sister, Mary, who was devoted to him, and whose society he sought when released from the claim business. But we buried him with a forting hope that he will share in the resurrection, and join in the reunion of broken family.

L. W. BATES.

A father in Israel fallen. Our dear grandfather has gone. Rev. JOHN BURDINE passed peacefully from earth to heaven on Tuesday night, February 3d, 1880, aged 78 years and 7 months.

About the age of two he joined the M. E. Church, and, for several years, a local preacher in Church. He joined the M. P. Church about the year 1850, where he labored faithfully in the cause of his Master as an itinerant minister, until compelled, by ill health, to retire from the field of labor. He served, for several years, as Pre. of the South Carolina Conference, where he was always found at his post faithfully performing the duties of his office. He went to the General Conference as a delegate from the South Carolina Conference, where he made friends, some of whom the writer has known to speak of him as an upright Christian gentleman. He talked of dying as he was going home from visiting a friend, and his last moments were quiet and peaceful as the hour of sunset, at the close of a blessed Sabbath day. He was a good and loving husband, a kind and affectionate father, and a highly-respected citizen.

A GRANDDAUGHTER

It becomes my painful duty to chronicle the death of the youngest of the Rev. J. B. Morrison, who departed this life on the 24th of December, 1877, at the age of 7 years and 11 months, of diphtheria. Here is sorrow and bereavement indeed. May God comfort the hearts of these parents and brothers and sisters. May God save the family in heaven.

Also the youngest daughter of Bro. Purseley, who departed this life in October, 1879, of rheumatism of heart. She was a

A GREAT THROG ATTENDS FUNERAL

Thousands Attest The High
Esteem In Which The Late Dr.
Brice W. Goldsborough Was
Held. Many Persons Come
From A Distance To Pay Final
Tribute To Their Friend.

The funeral services for the late Dr. Brice W. Goldsborough were held Sunday afternoon at three o'clock at Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, the church which he loved and with which he had been identified, first as a communicant and later as a vestryman, nearly all of his life. The short burial services of the church were read by the rector, Rev. William D. Gould, assisted by the Rev. William McClelland, of East New Market. The choir of the church sang two favorite hymns of the deceased and the nunc dimittis.

From noon until the hour for the services the people assembled at the church and in the vicinity and before two o'clock there was not an available seat, although later as many chairs as could be gotten in were placed in the church, then the aisles filled and in front of the church, so that there was not standing room at the hour for the services and while all of these were inside the church there were three or four times as many outside, unable to obtain entrance but anxious to pay a final tribute of love and esteem to the man who had been their physician, their friend and counsellor for so many years. Never before in the history of the county has a funeral been so largely attended.

People were there from every walk in life and to each of them he was alike a friend; old men and women, white and colored, were gathered to say good-bye to him whom they had respected and loved. From every section they came, every district in Dorchester county was represented in the vast concourse of people, then, too, they were there from all of the Eastern Shore counties.

The floral pieces were beautiful and never before at any funeral in the county have there been so many pieces, the whole front of the church was banked with them and after the services at the grave were completed, after covering the grave, the hundreds of pieces were placed around upon graves of relatives and friends.

It was an impossible task to get a list of the prominent men of all walks of life who were present. A delegation of fourteen representing the Pennsylvania Railroad Company with which he had been connected for a number of years both as a medical officer and as a director of the Delaware Division, came in a special train, while two sons of Dr. Howard A. Kelly, the world famous surgeon, flew from Baltimore Sunday afternoon, while another son drove around. Directors of the Eastern Shore Trust Co., of which he had been senior vice-president since its organization, as well as a director, attended in a body; directors of the Cambridge-Maryland Hospital which he organized in 1898 attended in a body, members of the vestry of Christ Church, of which body he had been a member for over forty years, attended in a body; members of the Dorchester County Medical Association acted as honorary pall bearers while nurses from the Cambridge-Maryland Hospital attended in a body and stood on both sides of the center aisle of the church. The active pall bearers were: Drs. Thomas Cullen and William Neild, of Baltimore, Dr. Winder W. Goldsborough, of Greensboro, Messrs. DeCourcy Thom, of Baltimore, Milton Campbell of Philadelphia and Henry Lloyd, Jr., of Cambridge.

Among some of those from a distance who attended the funeral were, Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Burnam, Dr. and Mrs. William Neild, Dr. Thomas Cullen, Dr. Thomas B. Fitcher, Dr. Francis Janney, all of Baltimore, Mr. DeCourcy Thom, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. Galen L. Taitt, of Baltimore, Hon. William P. Jackson, of Salisbury, Judge William H. Adkins, of Easton, Judge Robert F. Duer, of Princess Anne, Hon. T. Alan Goldsborough, of Denton, Hon. Lawrence B. Towers, of Denton, and many others.

DR. BRICE W. GOLDSBOROUGH

Resolutions of respect by The Medical Staff of the Cambridge Maryland Hospital on the death of Dr. Brice W. Goldsborough, Chief of Staff.

WHEREAS: An all wise Providence has seen fit to call from his untiring labors to the rest and joys of eternal life, Dr. Brice W. Goldsborough, our Chief of Staff and senior physician, and

WHEREAS: We are deeply mindful of the inestimable loss sustained not only by our Hospital of which he was the founder and Chief of Staff since its beginning; the Hospital which was so dearly enshrined in his heart, and whose high state of excellence he ever strove to maintain in its every department in every detail of its vast undertaking, but also by each member of the Hospital Staff, his co-workers, some of whom have labored with him for suffering humanity for over a quarter of a century. Therefore be it

RESOLVED: That we who knew his great ability and skill as physician and surgeon; his great energy and zeal in his profession; his capacity for sympathy and understanding; his geniality and loyalty in his friendships, feel that his indeed was a wonderful personality and a life of unusual attainment, and be it further

RESOLVED: That untiringly active in his profession up to the very day he was stricken, he gave a life time of service to his fellow men, and leaves to the physicians of the Hospital Staff, who so highly esteemed him, and who now, so keenly feel his sudden death, an example of unselfish devotion worthy of our emulation, and be it further

RESOLVED: That these resolutions be placed on the minutes of The Staff; a copy sent to his bereaved family, and be published in the Cambridge Press.

ELDRIDGE E. WOLFF,
JOSEPH K. SHRIVER, JR.,
GILBERT E. MEEKINS,
Committee.

DR. BRICE W. GOLDSBOROUGH

Resolutions of Respect of The Eastern Shore Trust Company.

The Directors of the Cambridge Bank of The Eastern Shore Trust Company, through the undersigned Committee, have adopted the following resolutions, touching the death, on March 21st, 1929, of Dr. Brice W. Goldsborough, the first Vice President of the Company:

RESOLVED, First: That though he had nearly reached man's allotted span of three score years and ten, yet his energy of body and vigor of mind seemed unabated and the announcement of his illness and death came as a shock to his fellow members of the Board.

RESOLVED, Second: That as a member of the first directorate, and as Vice-President of the Company from its beginning, he cooperated with a few others, still surviving, and others now dead, in laying its foundations on broad lines, in promoting its growth and in imparting to the institution, during the impressionable years of its infancy and youth, the admirable traits of their own individual character.

RESOLVED, Third: That during the many years of his service as a Director and as Vice-President, he was attentive to his duties and loyal to the best interests of the Corporation and acquired and held the highest esteem of his fellow members on the Board, each one of whom feels a personal, as well as an official, loss in his sudden demise.

RESOLVED, Fourth: That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Company and be published in the Cambridge newspapers.

W. LAIRD HENRY,
P. WATSON WEBB,
P. P. PAYNE,
Committee.

"DOCTOR BRICE"

'Twas so they called him, so they said
His name in Cambridge—lifted head,
And with proud eyes were thankful of
His presence and his tender love!

He was the true physician, men,
Whose like ye may not see again;
The friend, confessor, counsellor,
The guide, the light, the living way
Who built and dreamt, whose
thoughts could soar,
And heart could feel, and lips could
pray!

All down that land of loveliness
They speak of him with a caress
Along that shore of Maryland sweet
They lay their blossoms at his feet:
So fine the man, so true his skill,
So gracious his unselfish will!

'Twas so they called him—"Doctor
Brice"—
And so his memory shall be trice
Made over in their hearts who go
This day in tenderness of woe!

—B. B.

COMMUNICATION

Our section has mourned the loss of one of its most noble sons. Cambridge specifically, has lost a precious gem. Dr. Brice W. Goldsborough who has passed to the Great Beyond, was a gem studded with precious jewels. He was the gem, his many virtues, by acquisition and heredity, the jewels adorning the gem.

Dr. Goldsborough's life was a typical manifestation of utilitarianism. Tangible evidence of this fact is that noble institution which graces the beautiful banks of the meandering Choptank river, the Cambridge Maryland Hospital. That institution ministers to suffering humans, and we cannot think of the institution without associating the name of Dr. Goldsborough the chief exponent thereof. He toiled assiduously to see it grow from tottering infancy to stalwart manhood. Let us hope that it will ever be maintained as a standing memorial to that great lover of his fellow man.

Most men are born, flourish, thrive materially, apparently and perish, but like the ephemera, without leaving traces of even mere existence on the sands of time. On the other hand there are those who build colossal monuments, impregnable and imperishable, who imprint so indelibly upon the pages of history, that not only their existence is known, but their influence lives on withstanding both time and eternity. Dr. Goldsborough was a member of the latter class. He has left deep foot-prints on the sands of time.

Our group feels keenly the loss of Dr. Goldsborough. Regardless of race, color, creed or condition he ministered to his patients attentively, kindly, and sympathetically, never manifesting any reluctance to serve any and all.

To us as a group, his memory will linger pleasantly in our minds. At no time when a crisis was impending affecting our group, have we ever suffered or been neglected. It was the seeming untiring, unceasing charitable efforts of our true and tried friend, Dr. Goldsborough always cheerfully lending his ever willing helping hands.

When there were, due to pressing economic conditions, vicious looking storm clouds, hovering about us gloomingly, threatening to burst forth at any moment rending havoc and destruction, it was our ever memorable and lovable Dr. Goldsborough who dispelled despair, pushed back the cloud of solemnity and brought not only the silver lining but beautifully clear sun light.

Yes we have mourned the loss of one of our greatest citizens. Dr. Goldsborough devoted his life wholly to the alleviation of suffering mankind and the betterment of his fellow man. What greater love hath a man than that.. Peace be with him.

H. M. ST. CLAIR,
Cambridge, Md.

Tribute To Dr. Goldsborough

Editor Daily Banner:
Dear Sir:

Cambridge and the whole of Dorchester County mourns at the great loss, in the death of Dr. Brice W. Goldsborough, a worthy citizen, a great Physician and Healer and a Noble Christian Gentleman.

When I first came to Cambridge, he was called in to attend my family in a case of sickness and how well I remember hearing him say, "I want to be your Doctor and I also want to be your friend." And from that time until his end, I enjoyed one of the most remarkable and wonderful friendships that ever entered my life. A wonderful man, whose life and deeds will be greatly missed by every one in the community. He had a passionate love for his Home Folks and he sacrificed a career of greatness in the outer world to loyally serve his neighbors and his own people and what greater can be said than, "He Ministered to Mankind—He Healed the Sick."

C. S. WELLS.

There Was A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was Brice

The All Wise Father has called a faithful son from the world of men and his departure leaves many an aching heart. He was "The man of this generation" as far as this community is concerned. God always raises up another to take the place of His faithful children but reverently we say, it will take more than one man to carry the burdens our loved one bore for others. Our loved one? Yes. He was too big for any one home, church or race. He was ours, yea is ours for he still lives with us in the sacred halls of memory.

Words are inadequate and fail to give expression to the deeper emotions of these old hearts of ours but oh how we loved him, this man sent from God whose name was Brice.

His Friend,
THOS. C. MULLIGAN.

DR. BRICE WORTHINGTON GOLDSBOROUGH

He has answered the call of his
Master,
Who bade him come home and
rest
From his ceaseless toils and labors
And dwell with the throngs of
the blest.

Me thinks there was lull in the
music
When he entered that City of
Gold—
Cleansed by the Blood of Jesus
With rapture His face to behold.

Then sudden a loud glad hosanna,
Triumphant through Heaven did
ring
From the lips of the angelic chorus
As he knelt to worship the King.

A hand was outstretched in blessing
As he reverently bowed his head,
"We welcome thee Home—Beloved
To the Father's House" Christ
said.

"Since on earth thou wast so
faithful
To the trust committed to thee,
Thy reward is a royal commission
To do heavenly service for Me."

A TRIBUTE.

A TRIBUTE

How we will miss our dear Dr.
Goldsborough, but we must remem-
ber that our loss is his eternal gain
O not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day,
'Twas an angel visited this greer
earth,
And took the flower away.

A FRIEND.

COULBOURN.—On November 4, 1896, Benjamin S. Coulbourn, in his home, at Marion Station, passed from the church militant to the church triumphant. Born June 28, 1860, in his thirty-seventh year, and a member of Trinity M. P. Church since September 15, 1878, at which time Rev. B. F. Benson received him into church fellowship. He was the son of our Brother William Clark Coulbourn, and a brother of the lamented Thomas E. Coulbourn. July 28, 1885, he married Miss Carrie F. Horsey, who, with three children, survive him. For several months Brother Coulbourn was afflicted with heart trouble, and failing to find relief at home, put himself under treatment at the Johns Hopkins, where he remained about two months; but, growing worse all the time, came back to his loved ones, when, after a few days more of intense suffering, he fell asleep in Jesus. His departure was most triumphant, very similar in many respects to that of his brother. He looked upon his affliction as a kind providence of God, and said it was a great blessing to him. It was the purifying fires through which he was caused to pass, that all the dross might be consumed, and once I heard him remark to his weeping wife, when she said, "It hurts me to see you suffering so." "This suffering is nothing; think what the martyrs suffered; mine is nothing to theirs." It seemed that the nearer he got to the end of life's journey the happier he was. There was the constant loosing of the hold upon this world and all he held dear in this life, and a tightening of the grasp on things eternal. He seemed like the weary traveller, exerting all his powers to reach his home; the way had been long, the road rough, his strength had failed; had not hope come to his rescue and the sight of home aroused his fainting spirits? one more heroic effort and his hand was on the door, a smile of triumph—"it is home at last." To his wife he said: "Mother is in heaven; Tommy is there, and I will soon be with them and await your coming." Bidding his family and those around him good-bye, with one hand holding the one that for nearly twelve years had shared with him the joys and sorrows of life, and with the other hand clasping that of the dear father who, by precept and example, had taught him the way of righteousness, he went to join the loved

HAYNES.— Benjamin Franklin Haynes was born in Richmond county, Va., February 12th, 1843; passed from his earthly home at Marion Station, Md., to his home beyond November 6, 1902. Mr. Haynes was educated at the University of Virginia; however he did not remain long enough to graduate, for those were exciting days in the history of our country, and believing duty called him to take up arms in defense of his Southern home, he enlisted in Lee's army, where he remained until the close of the war. Then he returned home and later removed to Belle Haven, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. Here he began teaching a select school. Bro. Haynes was a born teacher; he was blessed with such gifts and attainments that eminently qualified him for this responsible position. He loved to teach and for more than thirty years he faithfully performed the duties of the schoolroom. In February, 1873, he came to Marion Station. Here a schoolhouse was built for him by the late Southy F. Miles, Esq., who recognized in the young man just such a teacher as was needed at this place. A wiser selection could not have been made, as hundreds are ever willing to testify. The school was a select one, but soon outgrew the dimensions of the building. The community soon recognized in Prof. Haynes a man of sterling worth—an educator of no mean ability—one indispensable to the neighborhood. Many persons unable to patronize a private school wanted their children to have the advantage of his instruction, beside the building could no longer accommodate the many who sought admission. It is not an unusual thing for a schoolhouse to be built, nor for the citizens of a neighborhood to assist in erecting a building for public instruction, but for a community to erect and pay for a public school building for the purpose of having one particular man to teach in that school is an unusual thing. But this is what was done here. The citizens proposed to the school commissioners of Somerset county that they (the citizens of Marion) would erect and pay for the building, provided the school board would employ Prof. Haynes as teacher at a salary of \$1,000 per year. This proposition was accepted and the contract kept, except that the salary a few years ago was reduced. For years Marion Academy was recognized as the best and highest grade school in the county. Many of the pupils are now among the distinguished men of this and other States. One sentence will tell more of this good man's worth and esteem as a teacher and a citizen than all that I might write. It is this, his old pupils have resolved to place a monument over his grave that in

years to come the silent shaft pointing heavenward may tell to coming generations the love cherished for this departed friend.

"Hew the marble, lay the corner,
Let the monument rise:
For another hero's fallen,
And his spirit walks the skies."

When Brother Haynes came to this place he was a member of the Baptist church. At that time there was no church of that denomination here, and under the pastorate of Rev. J. L. Mills he united with Trinity Methodist Protestant Church. This was twenty-eight years ago. That he became a thorough Methodist Protestant, an earnest, devoted, zealous member, no one will question. He was a natural leader. This was soon recognized, and for years—perhaps twenty—he was superintendent of one of the best equipped Sunday-schools to be found. Had his failing health not made it impossible for him to attend church during the last two years of his earthly life he would have been superintendent to the day he died. He organized and led the choir as long as he was able to attend the service. As a steward of the church he was faithful and aggressive. A liberal contributor himself he encouraged liberality in others. If there is such a thing as a man not knowing when he has given enough to his church, Brother Haynes was one. This man lived to make some other life better, to make the world better. He was human and had his faults. Who has not? but I believe a man with the purest motives. One of his greatest joys was to minister unto, to elevate the social standing of the community. In this he did not fail. It is a common expression to hear people say, "Mr. Haynes has done more for the intellectual and social development of this community than any one else." The same year he removed to Marion he married Miss Nannie L. Ward, of Belle Haven. A happier union we cannot find. God blessed them with five children, and a more devoted family to each other I have never seen. Brother Haynes did what others have failed to do, he raised his family in the church—in his church. I heard him say on one occasion, "My children do what I ask them to do. Four are already in the church, and when I say to my youngest child it is now time for you to give your heart to the Saviour and unite with the church he will do it." And I can add the boy did it. And now I am looking forward to the time when Carlisle will be occupying his father's place in our Zion. Our beloved church would have a larger membership to-day if all fathers exercised the same influence over their children. Brother Haynes is missed, sadly missed in the church and community; but oh, how much more he is missed in his home. He was the first member of the family to be taken. By and by the other members will join him in that land—

"Where comes no sorrow, falls no stain,
Where those who meet shall part no more,
And the long parted meet again."

Funeral services were held in Trinity Church Sunday morning November 9. One of the largest congregations ever in the church. Rev. J. W. Neepier, a former pastor, assisted in the sad service. Brother Neepier paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of our departed brother. In our cemetery at St. Paul's we laid the body. With sad hearts we returned home, but with the hope, the precious hope, of meeting him again. May the dear Lord continue to sustain the heart-broken family, and bring them at last to a happy reunion on the other side.

D. W. ANSTINE.

[COMMUNICATED.]

MARION, STATION, FEB. 19, 1902.
EDITOR SOMERSET JOURNAL:

Does not the local option law of Somerset county need a little amending? I believe our Court has decided that it is not a violation of our present law for a non-resident to come into our county, solicit and take orders for whiskey, beer &c. and ship the same and collect the money for it. If a resident of the county were to do this, and it were proven, he would be sent to the House of Correction, if it were the smallest quantity that a man ordered for his neighbor, and receive the money for it, after the whiskey was received and delivered, he would have to pay the penalty, and yet our law permits a non-resident to come here, go from home to home, if he wants to, stop men on the public highways, solicit an order, and if the order is secured, ship the stuff in an open package, with the name of the whiskey firm branded on the jug, and in the man's own name, or if he (the purchaser) prefer it is sent packed in a box or parcel, as ordinary merchandise, and in a fictitious name. Why is this? Why give a privilege to a non-resident, we deny our own people? I can see no good law, nor good sense in it. If any one is to be pecuniarily benefited by such a business, why not give it to our own people, if we have any mean enough to do it, and I am afraid we have.

God forbid that we should ever have a saloon at Marion Station, but I can't see wherein we would be much worse off than we now are.

Is there no help for this? Must we be the laughing stock for such whiskey firms, who gloat over the rich harvest fields our county provides for them? I have been told that one such firm alone, takes from the lower end of Somerset county, annually ten thousand dollars.

Men won't you interest yourselves—won't you ask our representatives in our State Legislature to so amend our law that this awful business may be stopped. Where are the Christian people of dear old Somerset?

D. W. ANSTINE.

Miscellany.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—Longfellow.

bottom

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middle

Smiles.

The Old-Fashioned Choir.

I've been in great cathedrals, where the prima donna sings
And the high-priced chorus helps her with her "Oh, Had I the Wings."
Or assists her in remarking that King Solomon's parade
Had no such attractive garments as the lily has displayed.
But somehow it didn't hold me, didn't quite seem to inspire
The thoughts that used to reach me when I heard the old church choir.

I've heard the great church organs with their crashing melody.
Helping beautiful sopranos to accomplish that top "C."
And I've heard the choirs assisted by a flute and a cornet
While a heavy-set contralto chanted words that I forgot.
But the little choir's old leader would more melody uncork
When he started off his singers with his trusty tuning fork.

The old church choir was careless—the soprano often flat,
And the bass would get quiet husky oftentimes—but what of that?
They didn't sing the anthems like the up-to-date ones do,
But they sang "The Lord's My Shepherd," and made you believe it, too.
They sang with heart and feeling that you felt you must admire—
They sang nothing but religion in the little old church choir.

They were not operatic, but they gave a sinner hope:
When they sang "Throw Out the Life-line" he was sure to see the rope.
They stood on "Jordan's stormy banks, and cast a wistful eye"
Till the listeners couldn't keep from coming up and standing by.
So when of modern music in the city church I tire
I feel like going back again to hear the old church choir.

—Josh Wink in *Baltimore American*.

Died

JOSEPH M. WALTEMYER.

Mr Joseph M. Waltemyer died suddenly on Monday at his home in Shrewsbury township. He was assisting the carpenters who were working on material for some new buildings when he suddenly fell over and before medical aid arrived he had passed away. He was in his 64th year and is survived by his wife and the following children; Claude and Arthur Waltemyer, Turnpike, Curtis of Sterling, Illinois, Veno and Clara at home, Virginia of York, Mrs Maurice Trout of Balto. Co.; also the following brothers and sisters, Eli and Abraham Waltemyer, Agnes and Jane Waltemyer of Hopewell township Mrs Wm L. Gibbs, town, Mrs J. M. Wilson, Red Lion.

The funeral takes place today with interment in New Freedom cemetery.

Mr Waltemyer was a former Hopewell township boy but has lived near New Freedom a number of years. He was a director of the First National Bank of New Freedom. His big barn and some other farm buildings were destroyed by fire during a storm in the summer.

NOAH KROUT

Mr Noah Krout died at his home at Md. Line last Saturday night from the infirmities of age in his 78th year. He was a retired farmer and is survived by his wife and two sons H. Curtis Krout of Md. Line and W. N. Krout of Parkton. The funeral took place on Monday with services at his late home and interment in the New Market cemetery. His sister, Mrs Alice Hendrix, died just a week previous.

MARGARET JANE CARMAN

Mrs Margaret Jane Carman, wife of the late Adam Henry Carman died Friday last at the home of grand-daughter, Mrs Sterling Kinkle, near Rinely, from a complication of diseases, in her 79th year. Her death occurred exactly one month after that of her husband. She is survived by the following children, Wm Carman, Felton; John Carman, New Freedom, Mrs Jane Ream, Mrs Iva Folckomer, Red Lion, Mrs David Hess, Rinely, Mrs Mary Sampson, Md. Line. The funeral took place on Monday with services in Mt. Pleasant Church and interment in the adjoining cemetery.

Excuse me, Mr. Editor, for the liberty I take in making your columns the medium of the expression of personal gratitude for much kindness from a part of the public. There are many occasions in a man's life, and especially a minister's, which are truly impressive. Not because of that which we receive, whether it be good or bad, but because of the spirit which prompted the occurrence of the event. This of which we write was an occasion made by kind and loving hearts, to express their love and appreciation of their pastor and his work. Therefore it was impressive. On one of the latter days of last week there was a large dear-born halted at our home in East Cambridge, the driver simply asking if we had any place for him to get into our yard—one might have taken him to have been a trader for some large market. Of course we showed him the large gate, and in he came, driving as near our pantry door as he could. The thought ran through the preacher's mind: "Those things are mine—all mine." I tell you, sir, we laughed a spell that day. And we began to take things out—the preacher and his wife together, and the cheerful driver too. And there were chickens—just the kind that preachers like—great, big, fat, yellow-legged chickens. We thought of the coming conference and of the poor chickens' necks. And there were hams, just the right size, not too fat, but fat enough to make them taste like pork. These outweighed the balance, and you might have thought the driver was a hoggish man and that he thought the preacher was too; but we'll bear that when hams are in question. Then there was sausage—great long links—just the kind an editor loves to joke about, and better to devour. And butter, gilt edge at that; and sugar and potatoes, the kind that are selling at a dollar per bushel; and cabbage to cook with all those hams; and pies—the kind, Mr. Editor, that all of us like, those large apple pies, and pickles, and jellies, and canned fruits of all kinds, and a contribution from the boys and "Aunt Dinah" besides. Well, sir, we will remember that driver, Frank Phillips, and wife, and old Bro. North to the end of our life. When they were leaving that day with their load much lighter and our pantry floor and shelves all covered, we pressed him to call again, you may know. But our prayer is: That our Father above may grant to all givers, rich plenty in basket and store and spiritual food to sustain and protect them from sin, and a mansion bright to enter in when the toils of life are all ended. These came from the good people of Chateau, to whom we are grateful.

J. SOLON BOWERS.

Poem on the 2nd Quarterly Conference of Peocomoke Circuit.

BY H. McGRATH—THE FOREST POET.

The Quarterly Conference met at Nazareth appointment,
The wrote with ink and with ointment
The opening service was reading and prayer,
Not to injure no one there!

They were composed of preachers and laymen—
And wanted resolutions, there was some one to name them—
They convened at ten o'clock,
And gave the Joes a mighty shock;—
For their design was right and pure
To sustain their literature.

A number of brethren had something to tell us.
And among that number we heard Bro. Ellis.
Although a number of voices give us their sounds
We heard not a word from Bro. Bounds.

We thought one brother had made a mistake,
And yet we found him wide awake.
And when the extra expense for furniture was heard
A number of brethren got skittish and skeered.

They appointed a building committee
To build a Parsonage and not a city—
And when it is completed we hope it will be fine
And when we look upon it we'll call it yours and mine.

NOTE OF EXPLANATION.—The circumstances which awakened the slumbering of the above Kuse were, first, the attempt by certain parties to substitute for our own Church Literature, that of another "Demination—the attempt was frustrated—Secondly; by the "extra expense of furniture" purchased for the temporary home of the Pastor's family—Thirdly; by the contemplated erection of a Parsonage bona fide.—The 2nd Quar. Conf. did its work as the "Poem" relates—and—fair-browed erato touched, with soft, mesmeric fingers, the brow of the Forest Poet bringing forth from the fertile brain this weanling of his later years.

YE TOWNE OF VIENNA

DORCHESTER COUNTY

Discovery Of Its Founding, Its Origin, Its Name, Location, Area, How Much Was Paid For the Land And To Whom, The Original Names Of Streets, The Number of Lots And Prices, Etc.

By James S. Shepherd.

Dr. Elias Jones, of Baltimore City, formerly of Dorchester County, recognized as one of the most earnest and indefatigable workers in research of local history and genealogy who has contributed, more than any other, data relating to Dorchester County on said subjects; in his history of Dorchester County he writes:—"The date when the town of Vienna was founded by the Act of Colonial Assembly has not been discovered in the Archives of Maryland, in either printed or written records."

The origin of the name and founding has now been discovered, more, perhaps, by accident than special research for that purpose.

As usual in the Clerk's Office of our county, from time to time, when from constant use the records show evidence for necessary overhauling and repair, it has been the custom to make such repairs, the same having been done for years under the supervision of the writer when chief deputy clerk, now under the supervision of Edwin S. Lake, the efficient chief deputy; this work having been carefully done by The Paul Company, of Baltimore City.

The writer had, during his service for twenty four years as chief deputy, and before, handled and examined every record in the office, finding many unused and musty tomes, none, however, more interesting than the record relating to YE TOWNE OF VIENNA and its founding discovered by Mr. Lake and the writer. A brief reference to recitals therein will be found very interesting, historically and genealogically, to the citizens of Dorchester, especially to those who may be descendants of many persons named therein, perhaps, more so to the residents of Vienna and vicinity.

The first part of the record refers to the Act of Assembly creating and appointing a Commission to lay out Ports and Towns in Dorchester County, prescribing procedure and purposes.

The minutes of the first meeting follows:—

Maryland, SS:

"The Commission appointed by the Act of Assembly to lay out Ports and Towns in Dorchester County met at the Town of Cambridge in sd. County ye Second Day of July in the fifth year of the Reign of our Sovereign, Lady Anne of England, etc., Anno Dom; 1706, and were present—

Mr. Hugh Eccleston.
Mr. Walt. E. Campbell.
Mr. John Rawlings.
Mr. Francis Hayward.
Mr. Joseph Ennals.
Mr. John Kirk.
Mr. Tobias Pollard.
Mr. Thomas Hicks.

Jacob Lookerman, Junr.

Appointed Clerke.

THE CHRISTENING OF VIENNA.

Vienna was known only as "the towne on the Nanticoke River" up to July 11, 1706, when, at a meeting, all Commissioners being present, it was by a majority of voices agreed, on motion of Mr. Jacob Lookerman, that the said towne be named VIENNA, which was accordingly done, "and that the name be 'cutt' in a Board with large letters and nailed to a post and that the same be placed on the lower side of Broad Street and facing Tembs Street.

Sign boards having been used at that early period, perhaps, conceived by the Commission and inhabitants as necessary to notify the travelling public of the change made from a town formerly without name, other than "the towne of the Nanticoke River" to its newly created, one of Vienna. Probably, from the number of lots selected and entered the inhabitants numbered less than one hundred as the county had not then been organized more than thirty eight years.

After this proceeding, on July 12, 1706, and by virtue of the Act referred to, Col. Thomas Ennals, who had been appointed Surveyor for the laying out the town, to

that made about fifty years ago Vienna, it will be seen, in the latter that no mention is made of Hig Street shown in the former, nor Middle Street; what is now Marke Street was then Back Street, and what is now Water Street was then The Strand called Thames Street.

The Commission afterward met at the house of Col. Ennals and transacted business from time to time, as well at the homes of other commissioners.

After the survey had been made, the location and lots definitely defined, a jury was sworn for the purposes of condemnation of the lots of the town "by ye name of Vienna, a percell of the Lord Baltimore Mannor of Nanticoke, which had been leased for three lives to James Anderson, and being satisfied by ye Commissioners of Town for his sd right and lease unexpired as appears, the same was valued at thirty five hundred pounds of tobacco.

What the period of three lives meant was not defined in the record. The period mentioned (1706) was, of course, during the time when all lands were under the control and disposition of the Lord Proprietary. At this time, when Mr. Anderson obtained his lease, Charles Calvert was the Lord Proprietary (1675-1715,) by whom the grant was made for that part of "the parcell of the Lord Baltimore Mannor of the Nanticoke" out of which the site of Vienna was carved, all of which would, perhaps, be found in the Rent Rolls in the Land Office at Annapolis. The principal source of the revenue of the Lords Proprietary was derived from rents and patents and somewhat limited by reason of the number of inhabitants.

Then follows the entries by purchases of many of, but not of all, the lots.

The entire 100 acres was purchased for 5000 pounds of tobacco; 100 pounds of tobacco then equivalent to six shillings, approximately \$1.45. The whole town site on the above basis brought the enormous (?) sum of \$72.50, of which sum Mr. Anderson was to be paid out of the first fifty lots at the rate of one hundred pounds of tobacco. It may be, therefore, reasonably assumed that there were but a few scattering homes within the area of the town then surveyed.

Communication, from county to county, was then only by means of ferries; one across the Nanticoke to Wicomico (then Somerset) county. The first ferries established for "public convenience by the Act of Assembly" was that across the Choptank river from Cambridge to Talbot County, in 1671. Later the one referred to across the Nanticoke River. Others were established as the county grew in population. The annual salary of the ferryman was 4000 pounds of tobacco, in casks, about \$48.00. Money of course, locally, was not used at that early period, indeed, for nearly a century afterward, tobacco being the only currency in public exchange and transactions.

By tradition, it is said there was in 1668 an Indian town on the present site of Vienna, known as "Emperors Landing." This is likely the same referred to as "the towne on the Nanticoke River" mentioned in the record, perhaps, having been given it by the Indians after the chief of the Nanticokes. It, at least, seemingly establishes the fact that, if there was a town (village) in 1668, and identified as Vienna at a later date, it was older than Cambridge, of 1684, Cambridge, however, being older than Vienna in name only, yet, likely, having been a village at or about the same time as "Emperors Landing."

If any person familiar with Vienna of today, could possibly, draw upon his imagination from the description herein given of "Ye Towne of Vienna" in 1706, what an interesting picture might be envisaged! Nothing but a forest, partially, on the Dorchester side of the river and a "sea of marsh on the south.

It is hoped that this meager description will be of interest to many citizens of Dorchester, especially to the older ones, including Vienna's distinguished citizen and its historian, Mr. James A. Higgins.

The record referred to has been restored, as best such an old book can be with appropriate inscription on the cover and can be seen at the Clerk's Office.

Mr. Joseph Ennals.

Mr. John Kirk.

Mr. Tobias Pollard.

Mr. Thomas Hicks.

Jacob Lookerman, Junr.

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Sign boards having been used at that early period, perhaps, conceived by the Commission and inhabitants as necessary to notify the travelling public of the change made from a town formerly without name, other than "the towne of the Nanticoke River" to its newly created, one of Vienna. Probably, from the number of lots selected and entered the inhabitants numbered less than one hundred as the county had not then been organized more than thirty eight years.

After this proceeding, on July 12, 1706, and by virtue of the Act referred to, Col. Thomas Ennals, who had been appointed Surveyor for the purpose of laying out the town, returned his Certificate of Survey to the Commissioners, describing the location of VIENNA TOWN as follows:—

"Situate and being on the North side of Nanticoke River in the sd. County, viz: Beginning at the mouth of a small Creeke issuing out of the sd. River, being about twenty perches above a landing called Emperors landing and turning from the mouth of the aforesaid Creeke, South forty seven degrees West down the said River of Nanticoke bounded therewith the length of one hundred and sixty perches to a small gutt in the marsh, and from thence North fiftie Degrees westerly with sd. marsh into the woods one hundred perches, and from thence North fortie degrees easterly one hundred and sixty perches with the head of ye first specified small Creeke and from thence South fiftie Degrees easterly down said Creeke bounded therewith one hundred perches to the first beginning, containing and laid out for one hundred acres, and apportioned into One hundred Equal lotts, Streets, Lanes, with a Re-survey of fifteen acres, for publock uses as by ye Platt hereunto annexed doth demonstrate and clearly appeare."

The Platte referred to is thus described:—

PUBLIC LANDS OF VIENNA TOWNE. THE MAPPE OF VIENNA TOWNE ON NANTICOKE RIVER.

The streets running westward and eastward and parallel with the Nanticoke River, from the river were; 1. The Strand called Thames (pronounced Tembs) Street, three perches wide, containing lots numbered 1 to 40, inclusive; 2. High Street, containing lots 41 to 80, inclusive, and 3. Back Street, containing lots 81 to 100, inclusive. The cross streets, running northward from the river, were Low Street, twenty four feet wide; Middle Street, likewise twenty four feet wide, and Broad Street, thirty three feet wide.

Comparing this original map with

transactions.

By tradition, it is said there was in 1668 an Indian town on the present site of Vienna, known as "Emperors Landing." This is likely the same referred to as "the towne on the Nanticoke River" mentioned in the record, perhaps, having been given it by the Indians after the chief of the Nanticokes. It, at least, seemingly establishes the fact that, if there was a town (village) in 1668, and identified as Vienna at a later date, it was older than Cambridge, of 1684, Cambridge, however, being older than Vienna in name only, yet, likely, having been a village at or about the same time as "Emperor's Landing."

If any person familiar with Vienna of today, could possibly, draw upon his imagination from the description herein given of "Ye Towne of Vienna" in 1706, what an interesting picture might be envisaged! Nothing but a forest, partially, on the Dorchester side of the river and a "sea of marsh on the south.

It is hoped that this meager description will be of interest to many citizens of Dorchester, especially to the older ones, including Vienna's distinguished citizen and its historian, Mr. James A. Higgins.

The record referred to has been restored, as best such an old book can be with appropriate inscription on the cover and can be seen at the Clerk's Office.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

His thin wife's cheek grows pinched and pale with
anxiousness intense;
He sees the brethren's prayerful eyes o'er all the con-
ference;
He hears the bishop slowly call the long "appoint-
ment" rolls,
Where, in his vineyard, God would place these
gatherers of souls.

Apart, austere, the knot of grim presiding elders sit,
He wonders if some city "charge" may not for him
have writ:
Could they his sermon hear on Paul and Luke
awake,
Then had his talent ne'er been hid on Annessex
Neck!

Poor, rugged heart! be still awhile, and you, worn
wife, be meek!
Two years of banishment they read far down the
Chesapeake;
Though Brother Bates, less eloquent, by Wilmington
is wooed,
The Lord that counts the sparrows' fall shall feed his
little brood.

"Cheer up, my dear! Here's Brother Riggs our circuit
knows will please—
He raised three hundred dollars there besides the
marriage fees.
What! tears from us, who preached the word these
thirty years or so—
Two years on barren Chincoteague and two in Tuck-
ahoe?

"The schools are good, the brethren say, and our
Church holds the wheel;
The Presbyterians lost their house, the Baptists lost
their zeal;
The parsonage is clean and dry, the town has friend-
ly folk—
Not half so dull as Rehoboth, nor proud like POCO-
MOKE.

"O thy just will, our Lord, be done; though these
eight seasons more
We see our ague-crippled boys pine on the Eastern
Shore,
While we, thy stewards, journey out our dedicated
years,
Mid foresters of Nanticoke or heathen of Tangiers!

"Yea! some must serve on God's frontiers, and I
shall fail, perforce,
To sow upon some better ground my most select
discourse;
At Sassafra, or Smyrna, preach my argument on
'Drink,'
My series on the Pentateuch at Appoquinimink.

"Gray am I, brethren, in the work, though tough to
bear my part.
It is these drooping little ones that sometimes wring
my heart,
And chest me with the vain conceit the cleverness is
mine
To fill the churches of the Elk and pass the Brandy-
wine.

"These hairs were brown when, full of hope, enter-
ing these holy lists,
Proud of my order as a knight—the shouting Meth-
odists—
I made the pine woods ring with hymns, with prayer
the night-winds shook,
And preached from Assawaman Light far north as
Bombay Hook.

"My nag was gray, my gig was new, fast went the
sandy miles;
The eldest trustees gave me praise, the fairest sisters
smiles;
Still I recall how Elder Smith, of Worton Heights
averred
My apostolic parallels the best he ever heard.

"All winter long I rode the snows, rejoicing on my
way;
At midnight our revival hymns rolled o'er the sob-
bing bay;
Three Sabbath sermons every week should tire a man
of brass—
And still our fervent membership must have their
extra class!

"Aggressive with the zeal of youth, in many a warm
requite
I terrified Immersionists and scourged the Millerite;
But larger, tenderer charities such vain debates sup-
plant,
Which, dear wife, saved by my zeal, loved the
itinerant.

"No cooing dove, of storms afraid, she shared my
life's distress,
A singing Miriam always in God's poor wilderness;
The wretched at her footstep smiled, the frivolous
were still:
A bright path marked her pilgrimage from Blackbird
to Snowhill.

"A new face in the parsonage, at church a double
pride!
Like the Madonna and her babe, they filled the
'Amen side';
Crouched at my feet in the old gig, my boy, so fair
and frank,
Cheered the dark swamps of Nasquango, the sluices of
Choctank.

"My cloth drew close; too fruitful love my fruitless
life outran;
The townfolks marveled, when we moved, at such a
caravan!
I wonder not my lads grew wild, when bright with-
out the door
Spread the ripe, luring, wanton world—and we with-
in, so poor!

"For, down the silent cypress aisles came shapes
even me to scout,
Mocking the lean flanks of my mare, my boy's
patched roundabout,
And saying: 'Have these starveling boors, thy
congregation, souls,
That on their dull heads heaven and thou pour forth
such living coals?'

"Then prayer brought hopes, half secular, like seers
by Endor's witch;
Beyond our barren Maryland God's folks were wise
and rich,
Where climbing spires and easy pews showed how
the preacher thrived,
And all old brethren paid their rents, and many
young ones wived!

"I saw the ships Henlopen pass, with chaplains fat
and sleek;
From Bishopshead with fancy's sails I crossed the
Chesapeake;
In velvet pulpits of the North said my best sermons
o'er—
And that on Paul to Patmos driven, drew tears in
Baltimore.

"Well! well! my brethren, it is true we should not
preach for self—
(I would my sermon on Saint Paul the bishop heard
himself!)
But this crushed wife—these boys—these hairs! they
cut me to the core;
Is it not hard, year after year, to ride the Eastern
Shore?

"Next year? Yes! yes! I thank you much! Then
my reward may fall.
(That is a downright fine discourse on Patmos and
St. Paul!)
So, Brother Riggs, once more my voice shall ring in
the old lists,
Cheer up, sick heart! who would not die among these
Methodists?"
—Galaxy, Aug. 15.

In Maryland

Miss Mary B. Pusey, a public school official of Worcester, has written a new Maryland song which Prof. Thomas L. Gibson, State Supervisor of Music, will set to music. On a recent visit to Snow Hill Professor Gibson suggested that it would be a good thing if every locality had its own particular songs which might serve to deepen the appreciation of young people for their home surroundings. "The Land of Evergreens," written by Miss Marie Jones of Pocomoke City several years ago, was sung by the Glee Club of the Snow Hill High School at the teachers' meeting January 23, and Professor Gibson urged that all schools in Worcester county use this song, belonging as it does particularly to the Eastern Shore. John S. McMaster of Jersey City has sent 200 copies of the song which has been distributed among the schools of the county and which will be used in special exercises as Maryland Day, Arbor Day, etc. Miss Pusey's lines are:

A SONG OF MARYLAND.

From the hills of Allegany
To Worcester's sandy shore,
From the shady groves of Pen-Mar
To the broad Atlantic's roar;
From the Chesapeake's blue waters,
Rippling o'er the shining sand,
Comes a chorus of rejoicing,
Comes a song of Maryland.

Chorus.

O our Maryland; Our beloved Mary-
land!
Comes a chorus of rejoicing,
Comes a song of Maryland.
O, our Maryland! Our beloved Mary-
land!
Here's the band that pledges ever
Faith to good old Maryland.

Where the cypress waves its branches
By the flowing Pocomoke,
Where the fisherman is rowing
On the winding Nanticoke,
Where the oysterman is tonging
In the waters of Tangier,
Everywhere they sing the praises
Of our Maryland so dear.

From Annapolis, famed in history,
Baltimore, our city fair,
Old St. Mary's, quaint and ancient,
Comes a chorus from Belair;
From the sounds and creeks and inlets
To the Susquehanna grand
Floats the echo ever saying,
"There's no place like Maryland."

East and west, from sea to mountain,
Ringing sweet and clear the strain,
Over woods and smiling pastures,
Over fields of waving grain,
Floats the song that hearts were sing-
ing
Long ago and singing still;
From the western slopes of Garrett
To the sands of old Snow Hill.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron had fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robing of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly, laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the rose, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Brothered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth!
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Wet with rain, the Blue;
Wet with rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of years now fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears, for the Blue,
Tears and love, for the Gray.

Frances Miles Finch.

LIVING ON A FARM.

How brightly through the mist of years
My quiet country home appears!
My father, busy all the day
In plowing corn or raking hay;
My mother, moving with delight
Among her milk pans, silver bright;
We children, just from school set free,
Filling the garden with our glee—
The blood of life was flowing warm
When I was living on a farm.

I hear the sweet church-going bell,
As o'er the fields the music fell;
I see the country neighbors round,
Gathering 'neath the pleasant sound.
They stop awhile beside the door,
To talk their homely matters o'er,—
The springing corn, the ripening grain,
And "how we need a little rain,"
"A little sun would do no harm,
We want good weather for the farm."

When autumn came, what joy to see
The gathering of the husking-tee,
To hear the voices, keeping time,
Of boys and girls beneath the moon,
To mark the golden corn ears bright,
More golden in the yellow light!
Since I have learned the ways of men,
I often turn to these again,
And feel life wore its highest charm
When I was living on a farm.

Whittier on Longfellow.

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old, historic mansion,
He sat on his last birthday,

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the golden gate of sunset,
And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing songs of him.

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalm of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime—

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Come flocking back to his windows,
And sung in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell,
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like a farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices, sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the summoning angel
Who calls God's children home.

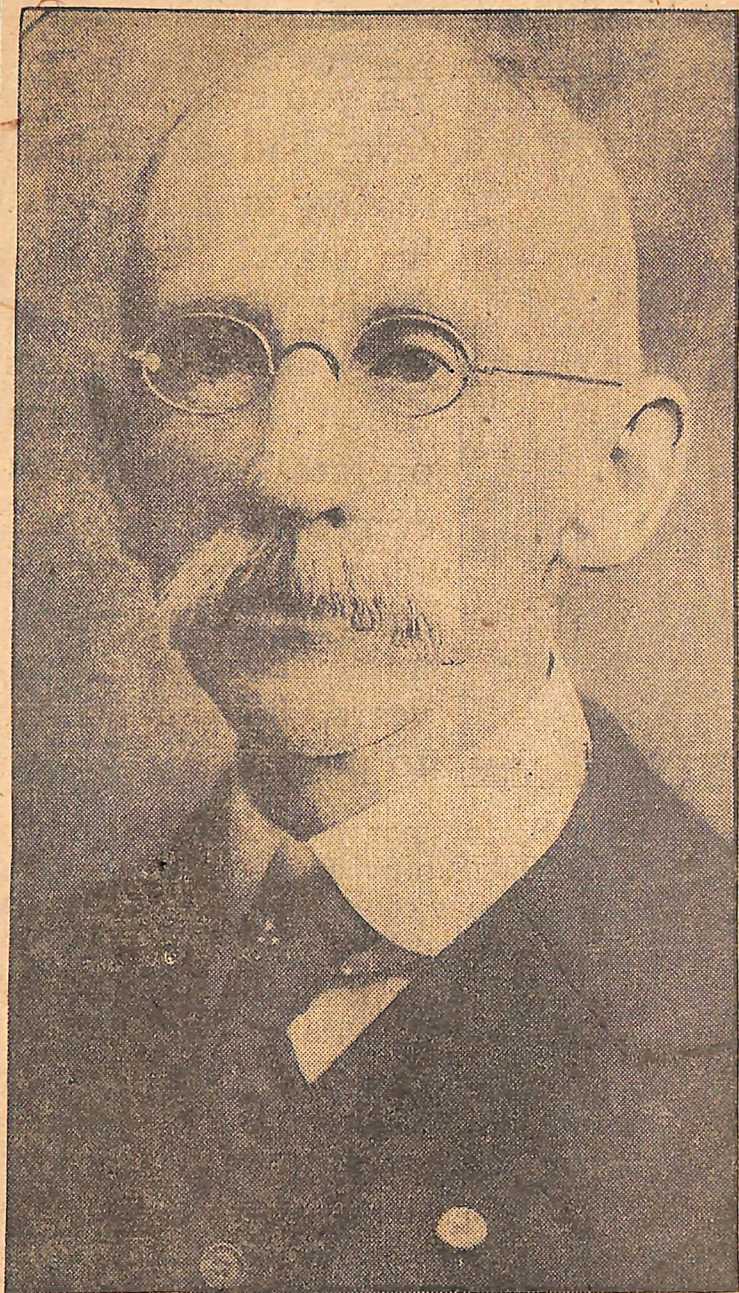
And to him, in a holier welcome,
Was the mystical meaning given
The words of the blessed Master:
Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

—Wide Awake.

Baltimore Sun, Mar. 12th
1928

THE SUN,

Oldest Postoffice Head



LEVIN H. LeCATES

Seaford, Del., March 11 (Special).—Levin H. LeCates, postmaster at Oak Grove, five miles west of Seaford, on the Cambridge and Seaford Railroad, enjoys the distinction of being the oldest postmaster in point of service in the United States, according to I. P. Dawson, United States postal inspector, Washington.

Mr. LeCates celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday anniversary February 8 last. He entered the service as a clerk at the Oak Grove Postoffice under the late Isaac S. Warren in 1871, who resigned as Cambridge and Seaford agent November 1, 1872, Mr. LeCates succeeding him and serving with the railroad until March 1, 1921, when he was placed on the pension roll of the company, having reached the age limit of 70 years.

Vienna---A Street And A Patriarch



Main street at Church

By a Sun Staff Photographer.



James A. Higgins, patriarch

Vienna's 93-Year-Old Patriarch Mainspring Of Modern Spirit

*James A. Higgins, Alert And Active, Despite Age, Is
Tireless In Enthusiasm*

*This is the second of three articles describing Vienna. The third will,
appear tomorrow.*

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By FOLGER McKINSEY
(The Bentztown Bard)

Vienna, Md., July 29—The expression so often heard about towns in this old State of ours "nestling" on banks of rivers and at the foot of the hills applies in all truth to this town of Vienna, for it truly seems to nestle amid yards of old flowers and gardens of green corn and climbing bean vines. As a background to some of the lovely flower yards I found the golden galardias looming over everything, and in one old garden a great crepe myrtle bush was in all the glory of bloom. The only voice of discord amid the general welkin of bird song and the hum of bees was the low hum of the canning factories, the squawk of a siren as some truck or bus rolled through on its way over the Nanticoke, or the happy laughter of colored voices as the men and women who work in the factories sat on the store porch eating their noon-time luncheon.

Like almost every other town on the shore, Vienna takes particular pride in its fire company, and the Vienna Volunteer Fire Company has reason to take a good deal of pride in itself, for it has bought its own lot, built on it an ample firehouse, and equipped itself with an auto pumper, ladders and other apparatus, without calling on the town fathers for anything, having raised the needed funds through solicitation among the people, by holding fairs and festivals and entertainments—and, of course, the women of Vienna have greatly helped.

Instills Modern Spirit

A great deal of the modern spirit of Vienna has been instilled into it by its oldest citizens—James A. Higgins, who was born in the town ninety-three years ago and has lived here ever since and is still, in spite of his patriarchal years, alert and active and tireless in his enthusiasm for keeping the town on the map. He told me he had always had an ambition to see it grow and improve, and he has lost none of his fervor.

It is his deep love for the place that has stablished his loyalty to it, of course, and in recent years he has seen some of his hopes realized, for the town is extending out toward Rhodesdale in suburban home developments, the new bridge over the river is bringing much new traffic through the town, and the huge plant of the Eastern Shore Public Service Company, which supplies electricity to several of the larger cities of the Shore, is a source of employment to many of the people of Vienna. It is located directly on the banks of the Nanticoke and is in constant operation.

Mr. Higgins told me a story of Civil War days that leads me to believe that I have discovered the source of the secret ballot in this country. He said that in the campaign of Governor

Bradford for Governor of Maryland on the Union ticket, Abraham Lincoln was very anxious to have Bradford elected, and great efforts were consequently made in all the voting districts to have a large vote cast. The ballots for the voting places in the counties were distributed along the Shore by a steamer from Baltimore. Those for use at Vienna were received on the very day of election itself. The polling place was in a second floor room at the front of the hotel on Water street. There was a porch in front with only a platform and no roof. The votes were cast by sticking each one of them as the voter handed it in on the end of a pole and passing it up to a window of the room above, where it was taken in and disappeared, and that was apparently the end of it, for no one ever knew who had voted or how they had voted. The result was the thing—Bradford was elected.

Churchgoing Town

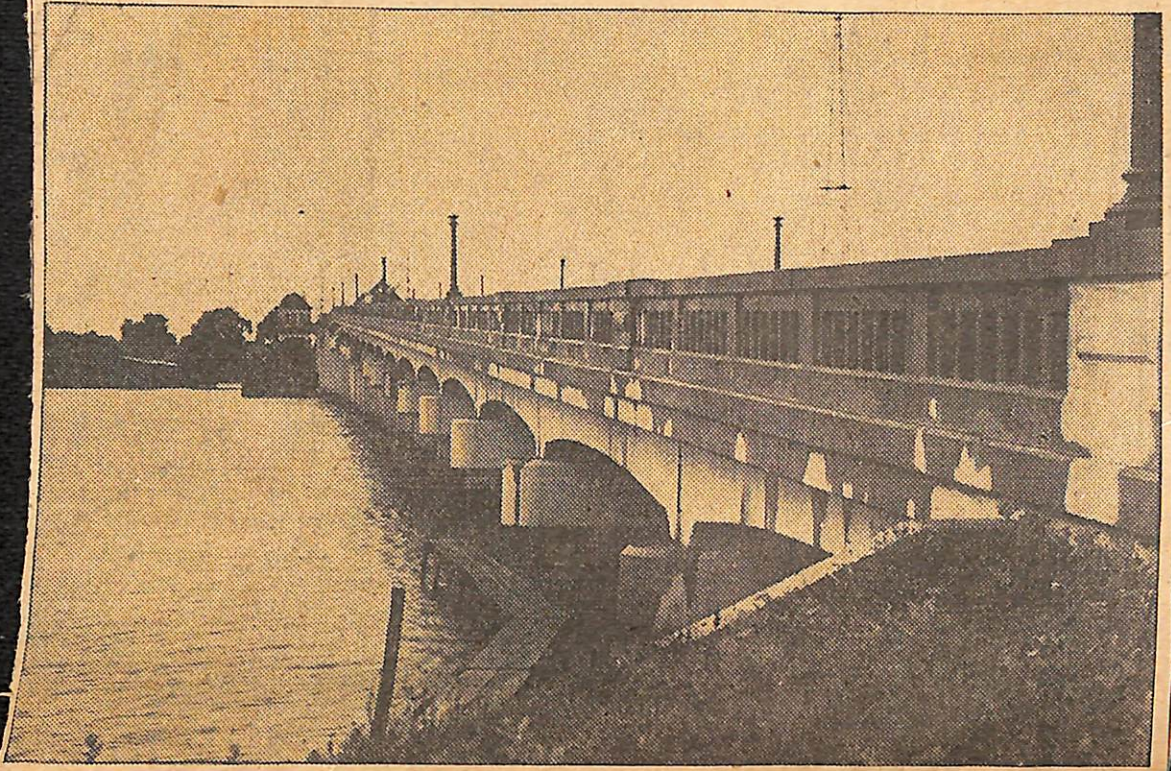
This is a church-going town, and four churches provide the opportunity. The town was the site originally of one of the oldest Episcopal churches on the Shore, the old Chapel of Ease, built in the early 1700s through the assistance of Great Choptank Parish, Cambridge. By an act of Assembly in 1725 the vestry of the old church were granted an estate in feesimple, consisting of two acres out of a parcel of fifteen acres, to be laid out for public use as the Town of Vienna and for the location of the chapel. The brick walls of the old edifice have long ago disappeared, but the old cemetery in the church yard is still to be seen with many of the old tombs still there. Towering oaks still stand in the old church yard, oaks under whose shade the ancient villagers used to pass. The present Episcopal church is a modern structure, its rector being the Rev. William McClelland. The Methodist Episcopal Church has the Rev. C. W. Robb as its pastor and the Methodist Protestant Church is in charge of the Rev. Zeba Adams. The Baptist Church, which flourished for a long time, has now been closed.

Vienna has an attractive new high school, built facing the highway leading to Elliott's Island, and setting beautifully in the center of a tastefully parked lot, a lovely lawn fronting the building and ample playground and athletic field space provided. The principal of the school is John A. Wright, who also has supervision over the elementary school.

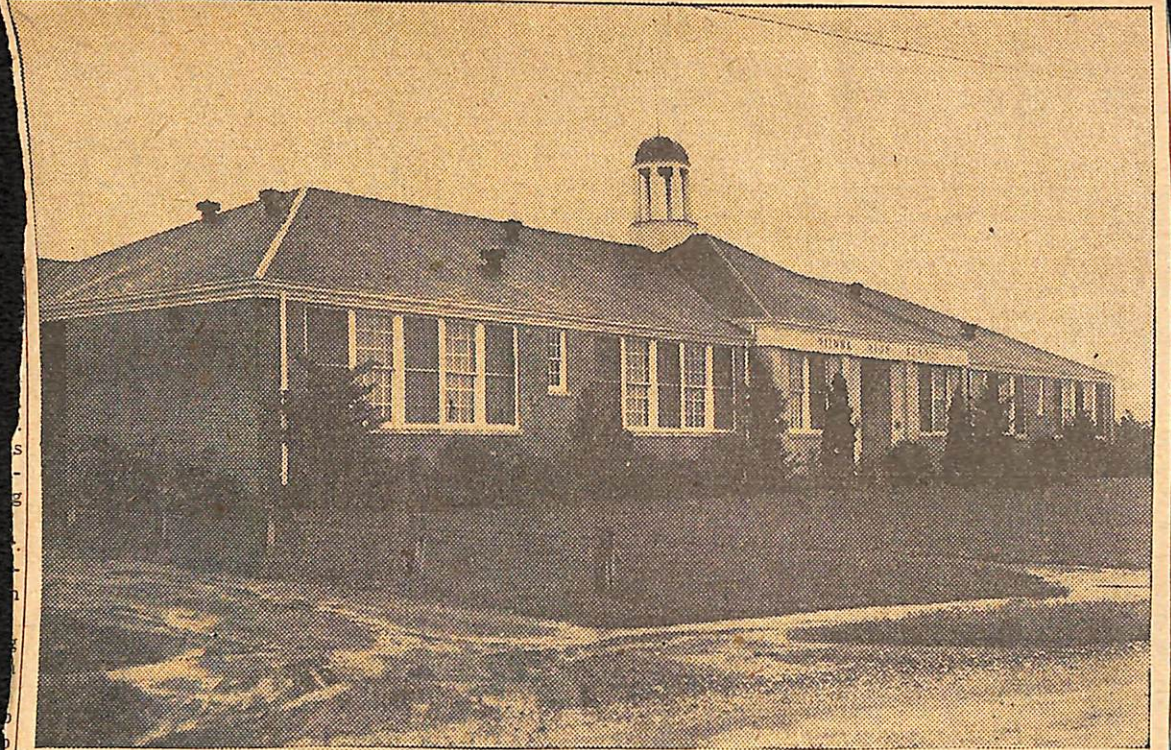
Vienna hasn't as yet acquired one of the modern postoffices the Government has built in so many of the towns of the State but she has a roomy and adequate building, centrally located, and with Postmaster Hammond W. Hurst in charge.

Welcomes Investigation Of D

Landmarks In And Near Vienna



Span over Nanticoke river



Vienna High School

—Photos by Sun Staff Photographer

Vienna's Rice And Corn Days Pictured By Bentztown Bard

Marshes Were Diked Against Tidal Changes, But
Muskrats Made Holes And Ruined Crops

This is the third of three articles describing Vienna.

By FOLGER MCKINSEY

[The Bentztown Bard]

Vienna, Md., July 30—There is a striking contrast between the Vienna of today as it sits here on the banks of the Nanticoke, with its modern factories, its improved roads, its constant streams of auto traffic leading over the fine new Nanticoke bridge and back, and the Vienna of the early days when the great stretches of marshland on the south side of the river were planted to corn and rice, vast quantities of the latter having been grown in those days.

The sides of the great marshes had been diked in to protect the land back of them from the tidal changes of the river, and the marshes behind the dikes drained, so that a large acreage of solid land was available for growing crops. Rice was experimented with and proved a success, until eventually the muskrats made holes through the dikes so persistently that they gave way at frequent intervals and the fields

Bell Milling Company, just outside of town, being one of the largest on the Shore. Not far away is a large CCC camp, with several streets of permanent barracks, and here a large contingent of boys and young men carry on the work of conversation which the CCC stands for. They have done much to thin and improve the forest tracts in this part of the county and to keep the roads and ditches in shape.

Land Of Cucumbers

This is surely a land of cucumbers, for approaching Vienna you drive through mile after mile of cucumber fields, their existence accounted for by the fact that a large pickle factory is located at Vienna, where every kind of pickle is put up and to which the products of the vast cucumber acres are hauled. The remains of old tanneries exist also in the neighborhood, though the tanning of leather seems to be a thing of the past. What little bark is gathered now is shipped

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Rice And Corn Days

There are few people in Vienna that remember the corn and rice days, for most of the present generation have known only the marshes and the marsh "rabbits," but the village patriarch—James A. Higgins—recalls them and tells me that the rice grew very well, being cultivated much the same as the wild rice of the Susquehanna flats to which the canvasback ducks of the Chesapeake Bay are so partial.

Mr. Higgins is a member of one of the really old families of Vienna. His father established a mill near the town in the old days and this was continued by the son into later years. A number of the best-known families of Dorchester, leading members of which went later to Cambridge and settled at the county seat, came from Vienna. It was the home of the Steeles, the Webbs, the Goldsboroughs, the Henrys, the Crafts, the Hodsons, the Percys, the Brattons, and members of the present generation of these latter families are still here, carrying on the traditions of a quiet family life in one of the most villagely of all Maryland villages.

Industrial Life

Vienna is not big enough to have a hospital or an American Legion post, or a Rotary, but it has a bank—the Vienna branch of the County Trust Company Bank, with Vernon A. Hitch as its head, other directors being Emil Hoernecke, Alan Webb and Clay M. Webb.

Milling and lumbering continue to be an important phase of the industrial life of the section, the Edwin

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The white oak forests a mile or two from the town at one time afforded the best material then known for naval construction, and at one time the Lanibees, from Maine, came here and bought up several tracts of these white oak forests, brought workmen and their families here, oxen and carts and molds to fashion ships' frames. In the winter tents were set up in the woods for the abode and comfort of the men, and in the spring, with the wharves and shore full of timber, large vessels came down from Maine to take the timber away, leaving behind the stone the ships had used as ballast. This was broken up and used for the town sidewalk curb.

Name Adopted

The name of Vienna was not derived from Vienna in Austria but was adopted at a meeting of Commissioners held in Cambridge in July, 1706, to lay out ports and towns in Dorchester county. The christening of Vienna, which had hitherto been called the Town on the Nanticoke, occurred on July 11, 1706, when a motion to that effect was made by the clerk of commission, John Lockerman, and when approved the name was carved on a board and nailed to a post at the crossroads. Later in the month an area of one hundred acres was laid out, of which twenty acres was included in the survey for Vienna—of square form, with five streets, one in the center, and lots, each street about 1,000 feet long. The entire tract was bought for 5,000 pounds of tobacco, equivalent to about \$72.50 in money. Communication from county to county was established by ferry to what was then Somerset county across the Nanticoke at Vienna, the ferryman being paid a salary of 4,000 pounds of tobacco (in casks) a year.

Wearry, Sad And Lone.

ELLA VIRGINIA NICHOLSON.

Wearry, so weary I am,
Longing to lie down and rest,
Yes! longing to feel a sweet calm
Softly glide over my breast.

Wearry and sad in my heart,
Feeling the need of a friend,
Unto whom I could impart
My sorrows and there let them end.

Wearry and sad, Yes and lone,
For loved ones I'm leaving behind,
To meet, it may be in "that home,"
Where the light of eternity shines.

OCTOBER 6TH 1889

Happy Thought.

ELLA VIRGINIA NICHOLSON.

To be at home with "Jesus;"
Is all my hope and care,
And feel he's ever present,
To shield from every snare.

Tho "Satan" tries to tempt me
And draw me from his love,
I know he'll keep me faithful,
And take me home above.

To live with him forever,
And round his throne to sing,
With that glad host rejoicing,
And praising our dear King.

And when to that bright mansion
I shall be ushered in,
I'll say, farewell to sorrow,
Farewell, farewell to sin.

February 28th 1890.

To Katie.

ELLA VIRGINIA NICHOLSON.

I know dearest Katie, you have many friends,
And some who love you so well
That through your life, only roses they twine,
And in this way their love story tell.

And this too, dearest Katie I know,
Even the only roses they twine,
There love for you never can be
More true, or more tender than mine.

May 1890.

Faculty of Salisbury High School



J. WALTER HUFFINGTON, A.B.



N. PRICE TURNER, A.M.



F. GRANT GOSLEE



ADA L. WHITNEY

THE ONLY NAME.

BY REV. ALEXANDER CLARK.

BENEATH the ample dome of heaven,
Amen; mankind abroad,
One only saving name is given
By which we come to God:
Chorus—No other name but Jesus;
No other plea we raise.
His blood from judgment frees us,
And his shall be the praise.

One, only, since the world began,
One, only, till it end;
Nor angel great, nor mortal man,
Did God the Father send.

The Mediator, from the throne,
Won victory on the cross;
And now to die is gain alone.
All other gain is loss.

In Jesus' name we come; we cry,
O Lord, thy work revive;
In this dear name let doubting die,
And faith be made alive.

To My Mother.

BY FREDERIC R. MARVIN.

They tell me human love was made
A while to bloom, and then to fade
Before the Autumn chill.
They tell me human love is sold—
A thing of traffic, bought with gold,
And subject to the will.

No falsehood this; and yet I own
There is a love, one love alone,
With lustre ever bright.
It runs through all my changing years,
Forsakes me not in smiles and tears,
And fills my soul with light.

That love, beyond all other love,
Unselfish, pure as heaven above,
Is thine, dear mother, thine.
What, then, if clouds around me break?
The fount of joy they cannot take
From out this heart of mine.

Earth's merry throng may pass me by;
Its honors from my grasp may fly,
As leaves upon the blast:
I care not, if thou lov'st me still;
Thy love alone my heart can fill,
And hold it to the last.

I'll love thee till my latest breath;
I'll love thee when I'm clasped in death:
I'll love thee still on high.
While on my tide of life shall flow,
My love for thee no end shall know;
'Twill never, never die.

THE TIME FOR DECISION.

BY J. T. WARD.

Come to the Saviour now,
This is the day of grace:
In penitence before him bow,
And all thy sins confess.

Let him not call in vain,
He kindly bids thee come;
Why in thy guilt wilt thou remain?
Why risk a fearful doom?

In sinful ways too long
Already hast thou gone:
Though conscious thou art in the wrong,
Still pressing heedless on.

The habit of delay
Is growing on thee fast,
Break off now from it whilst thou may:
This time may be thy last!

Come to the Saviour NOW,—
This is the DAY of GRACE;
With faith sincere before him bow,
His counsels to embrace:

Rest for the soul to find,
Pardon, and peace, and joy;
A holy heart, a happy mind,
And endless bliss on high.

Westminster, November, 1894.

T. H. Lewis Jr. Press.

I FEEL SO LOOSE.

Me and my gal had a fallin' out,
Listen and I'll tell you what it was
about;
I took her to church last Sunday night
Dressed in her best; she looked out
of sight.
I walked down the aisle proud as any
king,
For in my hand I held my wedding
ring.
But just as soon as the preacher come
out
This black gal then commenced to
shout:

CHORUS.

O Mister Preacher, I feel—so—loose,
I feel the Salvation going through my
shoes,
She jumped up in the air and done
a flip flap,
And landed square in another coon's
lap.
This coon jumped up and looked with
a surprise,
This gal looked at him with revolving
eyes,
She walked right away and made no
excuse,
For the only thing she could say "I
feel so loose."

This gal and I from church went
home;
No more to church with her I'll roam.
I called on her week after that,
With my best clothes on and my high
silk hat.
I asked her if to see a baptizing she
would go,
She says I'll in about an hour or so.
When we got to the river baptizing
just began;
This gal to the preacher again did
sing:

—Sent in by Mrs. E. Slocum.

ROSE, MY ROSE.

I have a secret way down in my heart
for you, Rose, my Rose,
Something so sweet that I want to
impart to you, Rose, dear Rose,
You ask me to tell you, just listen
one moment, for it's so true,
It's only three words, yes, three dear
little words, Rose, that I love
you.

CHORUS.

Rose, my Rose, blue eyes and golden
hair;
Rose, my Rose, no girl is half so
fair;
Rose, my Rose, you are a jewel so
rare,
I love you dearly, I love you sin-
cerely, you're Rose, my Rose.

Flowers that bloom in the garden re-
mind me of you, dear Rose,
But there are none half so sweet and
fair as you, Rose, my Rose;
When I awake from my dreams full
of love for thee, Rose, dear Rose,
The day seems so dreary when you
are not near me, my own sweet
Rose.

—Sent in by Mrs. E. Slocum.

YOU ARE ALWAYS YOUNG TO ME.

Yes, my love, we're growing old,
Silver threads among the gold;
Shine upon our brows today;
Life has lost its blooming May!
Still your eyes so fondly beam,
Time flows onward like a dream!
What though dark the days may be,
You are always young to me.

CHORUS.

Yes, my love, we're growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
In our fading locks we see—
But you're always young to me.

Days may come and days may go,
But our hearts will fondly glow;
For the past we've no regret,
Since the hour when first we met;
Lay your hand in mine once more,
Every dream of youth restore!
Still your words are melody—
You are always young to me.

Down the hill of life we stray,
Soon will come the parting day;
O'er the river dark and lone,
We shall meet again, my own!
Still we journey hand in hand,
To the brighter, better land;
In your eyes your love I see,
You are always young to me.

—Sent in by Mrs. Emma Slocum.

KISS ME DARLING, 'ERE WE PART.

Kiss me darling, ere we part,
We may never meet again;
Do not chide the tears that start,
For the parting gives me pain;
Lonely I will be without thee,
Saddest tho't will fill my heart,
For in absence I will miss thee—
Kiss me, darling, ere we part.

CHORUS.

Kiss me, darling,
Kiss me, darling, ere we part,
Give one parting kiss to me,
Kiss me, darling, ere we part.

Kiss me, darling, ere we part,
Breathe thy love once more to me;
That when lonely in my heart,
I may fondly think of thee;
Keep thy promise true to me, love,
Pure and holy in thy heart,
As the stars in heav'n above,
Kiss me, darling, ere we part.

Kiss me, darling, ere we part,
Think of me when far away,
Keep me ever in thy heart,
And in thy sweet tho'ts, I pray;
Tho' I'm leaving thee in sorrow,
And in loneliness of heart,
I'll be ever true to thee, so
Kiss me, darling, ere we part.

—Sent in by Mrs. Emma Slocum.

"LIVING ALONE"

"Oh, solitude, where are thy charms!"

WE ALL began life by just being born,
And as we grew up, we met the world's
scorn.
When age overtakes, on the dump we are
thrown,
Homeless and friendless, "Living Alone."
I have oft sat at twilight with lights burning
low,
When flickering shadows, glide by, to and fro,
When the breezes of night through the trees
softly moan,
While I am in solitude, "Living Alone."

The longer we live, the more we find out,
As we aimlessly amble between hope and
doubt;
Like the man from Missouri, we ask to be
shown,
Where one sees the pleasure in "Living
Alone."

This world's but a roaring Charybdis, I ween,
Upon mortals unfortunate, venting its spleen;
If you ask of it, bread, you are given a stone,
'Tis a tough proposition, this "Living Alone."

Is the case of a hermit immune from alarm?
Does he query of solitude, where is thy
charm?
Is there aught on this earth for his fate can
atone?
Think you he is happier, "Living Alone?"

What gain in complaining, no one cares a rap.
So long as they struggle in luxury's lap.
Matters not, though you dwell in a temperate
zone,
You will get the "cold shoulder" when "Liv-
ing Alone."

Dear is the home filled with laughter and glee,
When passing along, through the window to
see
The family gathered around the hearthstone,
Light-hearted and happy, while we are alone.

We miss the companions of earlier days,
They are steadily plodding their several ways,
And we realize this, as we older have grown,
That there isn't much pleasure in "Living
Alone."

—W. J. WEAVER.

BATTLE CRY

MORE than half beaten, but fearless,
Facing the storm and the night;
Breathless and reeling, but fearless,
Here in the bill of the fight,
I who do not but before Thee,
God of the Fighting Clan,
Lifting my fists I implore thee,
Give me the heart of a Man!

What though I live with the winners,
Or perish with those who fall;
Only the cowards are sinners,
Fighting the fight is all.
Strong is my foe—he advances!
Snapped is my blade, O Lord!
See the proud banners and lances
O spare me this stub of a sword!

Give me no pity, nor spare me;
Calm not the wrath of the Foe.
See where he beckons to dare me!
Bleeding, half beaten—I go.
Not for the glory of winning,
Not for the fear of the night;
Shunning the battle is sinning—
O spare me the heart to fight!

Red is the mist about me;
Deep is the wound in my side;
"Coward!" thou cryest to flout me!
O terrible Foe, thou hast lied!
Here with my battle before me,
God of the Fighting Clan,
Grant that the woman who bore me
Suffered to suckle a man!

—JOHN G. NEIHARDT.

MR. WILKINS

MR. WILKINS had a dollar so he said he
guessed he'd pay
A little sum he'd borrowed from a gentleman
named Gray;
Then Gray he took that dollar and he said,
"It seems to me
I'd better pay that little debt I owe to Mac-
Afee."
Then MacAfee the dollar paid upon a bill to
Smart;
By Smart 'twas paid to Thomson and by
Thomson paid to Hart.
And so that coin kept rolling as a very busy
"plunk,"
Until it paid indebtedness amounting in a
chunk
To more than forty dollars and it may be
rolling yet,
And all because this Wilkins thought he'd
pay a little debt.

For when a dollar's started
On its debt-destroying way,
There hardly is a limit
To the sums that it will pay.

Mr. Wilkins knew a kindness that he might
have done for Gray.
But he wasn't feeling kindly so he thought it
wouldn't "pay."
Then Gray, not being grateful, said, "It really
seems to me
I've done sufficient favors for that blasted
MacAfee."

Then MacAfee felt ugly and he took a whack
at Smart,
Who passed it on to Thomson, who passed it
on to Hart.
And so no act of kindness was done through-
out all that day
But many an act that rankled in a most un-
pleasant way.

—From An Old Scrap Book.

HOME

HOME is a place where happiness lies
And love, and joy, and even sighs.
Home is a place to go when you're sad,
There to be comforted, and learn to be glad,
To sing, to dance, to laugh and play
And learn to be happier day by day.

Home is a place of comfort and rest,
Where you can go and receive the best.
Home is a place where things of the past
Are wiped out forever like water from a glass
And there you're received by Mother and
Dad,
And every one's happy, and everyone's glad.

Home is a place where babies are born,
Where flowers are blooming from night till
morn.
Where Mother is singing a lullaby song,
And Daddy is dreaming of days that are
gone.
Home is a place next to heaven above
But what would home be if there were no
love?

—SARAH K. KNERR.

HEARTBREAK ROAD

AS I went up the Heartbreak Road
Before the dawn of day,
The cold mist was all about,
And the wet world was gray;
And it seemed that never another soul
Had walked the weary way.

But when I came to Heartbreak Hill,
Silver touched the sea;
I knew that many and many a soul
Was climbing close to me
I knew I walked that weary way
In a great company.

—HELEN GRAY CONE.

GRANDMOTHER'S CHEST

THERE'S a chest in the dim old garret,
wrapped in a pall of dust
And curtained with dainty cobwebs that cover
the signs of rust;
'Tis grandmother's sacred heirloom, and there,
untouched, it stands
Since over her peaceful bosom she folded her
wrinkled hands.

And now they were going to search it—
Myrtle and beautiful May,
In quest of some quaint old garments to wear
in a mimic play,
So they startled the dainty cobwebs, and
scattered the piles of dust,
And turned the key in the ancient lock, that
creaked with the grains of rust.

But thoughts of theatricals ended as they
lifted the heavy lid,
And gazed on the wonderful treasures that
through the long years had been hid;
And the mirth of the girlish voices was
changed to a smothered sigh,
As fancy wreathed each relic with the halo
of years gone by.

They found a package of letters, faded, and
worn, and old,
And among them softly nestled a curl of
shining gold;
And the dainty ribbon that bound them was a
lover's knot of blue
That meekly whispered the story so old yet
always new.

And here was the crape and illusion lying
side by side—
This for the sorrowing widow, and that for
the blooming bride—
One kissed the golden tresses—one clung to
the silvered hair,
Each tells its sacred story lying in silence
there.

And they found a golden circlet close by the
wall of snow
That was given with love-pure kisses in the
misty long ago,
But the hands that wore it are silent, and
the passionate heart is still—
That throbbled 'neath orange-blossoms at the
whispered words—"I will!"

And there was a baby's slipper, worn at the
dainty toe,
And embalmed with tears and kisses rained
on it long ago—
There were toys and tiny garments, and one
soft, silken curl,
And a cross of faded lilies with the name of
the baby girl.

And they found two old-time paintings, that
both hearts knew full well,
Of grandmother's fair twin daughters, Bertha
and beautiful Belle;
Alike, yet oh! how different are the faces fair
they view,
For each had a story written in the beautiful
eyes of blue.

Belle was a fair queen lily, with drappings of
satin and lace,
And the pearls at her throat no whiter than
the hue of her beautiful face;
Her fair hands were laden with jewels, and
gems in her golden hair,
But the blue-eyes, ah, there was the story of
anguish and utter despair!

And the picture of dear little Bertha had
roses in place of the pearls,
And her dimpled cheeks vied with the flowers,
and sunshine seemed caught in her curls;
And the blue eyes were peaceful and tender,
and sweet is the story they tell,
For true love was given to Bertha, and honor
and homage to Belle.

There, too, was a letter from Willie, the
darling first born son,
That was written beside the camp-fire after
the battle was done—
'Twas a letter of hope to mother, with a
prayer for the cause of right,
For Willie would lead the army on the mor-
row's desperate fight.

That letter told half a story; and here was
the other part—
That hard-earned badge dyed crimson with
the blood of his loyal heart!
He had worn it but once in battle, when
bravely he fell at his post,
And the badge was brought home by a com-
rade to her who had loved him most.

And they found a queer, gold locket that
grandmother used to wear,
With the tresses of raven and silver she
clipped from grandfather's hair;
But the quaint old-fashioned treasures were
all too sacred for play,
For a joy or a grief was blended with all
that was hid away.

And while in sober silence they searched the
old chest through,
Grief crept to the haughty dark eyes and
tears to the eyes of blue;
With a sob and a stifled murmur, they closed
the ancient chest,
And the relics, like her who prized them, were
left in peace to rest.

—HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

THE WOODLAND THRUSH

IN THE deep woods remote
A sweeter minstrel dwells
Than ever piped a morn or even note
In all the song-sweet dells.

It is no voice that soars
Unwearying to the blue;
Transient—elusive, while the soul
adores,
A phantom of the dew.

A sense of silver bells
Swayed by light winds; a thrill
Keen as the leaf feels when the
spring sap swells
And sculptures it at will.

And ere the tips can say
"A song hath been," aware
Of mystery the soul hath lost its way—
Doubting and dreaming there.

As one in shadowed bowers
Of sleep may hear a strain
Which haunts his memory in his wak-
ing hours
Nor makes its meaning plain.

Soft as a wavelet's plash
Against the sandy walls—
Oh, that the mystic melody would dash
Down like the waterfalls!

But all the wood is stirred
From violet to pine,
And I have heard, and yet I have not
heard
A melody divine!

Voice of the woodland thrush!
Dewdrop of song, that fears
The rustling of a leaf—a rose's blush,
And dies when Love appears!

I lose myself in thee,
As one who, billow-tossed
And drowning, hears strange music
in the sea,
Lulled by the sound, and—lost!

—FRANK L. STANTON.

History of Vienna, Maryland

By JAMES A. HIGGINS

On a beauty spot you approach the town of Vienna over the Rhodesdale road, a tablet bears this inscription: "Annocokoossim", Emperor to the Nanticoke Indians, lived about 1677 at Chiccacone, an ancient Indian town, north of this point. The Indian reservation was laid out by act of Assembly 1698, containing 5166 1/4 acres."

Vienna, a part of this acreage, was known as Emperor's Landing. Commission appointed by act of Assembly to lay out ports and towns in Dorchester County, met in Cambridge, ye 22 day of July, in the 1st year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady Anne of England Dom 1704. Present Mr. Hugh Eccleston, Walt Campbell, John Rawlings, Fms Hayward, Joseph Ennualls John Kirk, Tobias Pollard, Thomas Hicks, Jacob Lockerman, clerk.

The Christening of Vienna, then known as the Town on the Nanticoke River, up to July 11, 1706. At this meeting all commissioners present agreed on motion of Mr. Lockerman that the said town be named Vienna, and the name cut in a board and nailed to a post.

After this proceeding on July 22, 1706, and by virtue of the act referred to, Col. Thomas Ennalls, the surveyor, laid out about 100 acres, including a resurvey about 20 acres for Vienna Town—square form, with five streets, one in center, and lots, each street about 1,000 feet long.

The period mentioned, 1706, was, of course, when all the lands were under control and disposition of the Lord Proprietary, Charles Calvert.

The entire 100 acres bought by Mr. Anderson for 5,000 pounds of tobacco, then equivalent to ten shillings, approximately \$1.45, amounting to the enormous sum of \$72.50.

Communication from county to county by ferries, one at Vienna across to Somerset County. Ferryman's annual salary 4000 pounds tobacco in casks, about \$48.00, money locally not used at that period. In fact, for nearly a century after, tobacco, the only currency, in public exchange and transactions. Some excerpts from Dr. Elisa Jones, History of Dorchester County, Town of Vienna prior to 1709;

1742—Six tribes of Indians conspired to massacre the white but failed.

1744—Indians began leaving the county.

1763—Building public warehouse at Vienna for tobacco, inspector's salary 4,800 pounds, about \$69.60.

1776—Vienna, a thriving place when British gunboat ascended the Nanticoke river and fired shot at the town.

1812—Town prepared for defense with breastworks, company militia organized but the enemy did not return to attack their bravery.

1823—Bridge built across the Nanticoke, wood construction, then the main highway and old sage coach line from Cape Charles, Va., to Baltimore and other places.

1860—The War Department ordered the stockholders to widen the draw to accommodate a line of steamers from Norfolk, Va., to Seaford, Del., to connect with the railroad there for Wilmington, Philadelphia and New York City.

The draw widened but never replaced, steamers continued this route for some time. Finally bridge abandoned and ferry re-established.

1829—Vienna, the home of Thomas Holliday Hicks. In 1858 he was Governor of Maryland. During the Civil War, opposed secession and stuck fast amid frantic appeal to join the Southern Confederacy.

1791 to 1866—Vienna was a port of entry, with collectors of customs for 75 years. The old Custom House, the upper story wood construction rebuilt, the lower part brick. The Woman's Club has placed a placard on this old landmark. Vienna, long noted for its shipyards, many swift and shapely vessels that sailed the Chesapeake Bay and Atlantic Ocean built at Vienna.

The white oak forests, about a mile or two from the town, afforded the best material then known for naval construction and durability. Later the Lannibees from the State of Maine, bought some tracts of this white oak timber. In the fall they brought their families, workmen, oxen (these very large) carts and moulds, to fashion the ship's frames.

Built tents in the woods for the abode and comfort, working all the winter. Their oxen were shod with iron shoes to prevent slipping on the ice and snow.

In the spring the wharfs and shore full of timber, waiting for a large vessel (having on board stone ballast, this used for the town sidewalk curb) to load and carry it to Maine.

Now, believe it or not: Before Baltimore was founded in 1729, the site at Vienna was intended for Baltimore. Vienna, with a population of 500 or more, incorporated. Mayor and city council. Has a most charming situation on the high banks of the Nanticoke River. Depth of water about 35 feet to accommodate large vessels.

Beautiful half-million dollar concrete and steel bridge with attractive approaches, occupying a conspicuous location on the main highway of traffic, including pleasure and sightseeing.

Central between Cambridge and Salisbury, 16 miles each, largest and most progressive towns on the Eastern Shore. Representatives of the Eastern Shore Gas & Electric Company of Salisbury, Septmeber, 1926, looking for a suitable location for a new million and a half dollar plant.

Selected Vienna as the best site meeting their requirements. Then a year or more under construction. This plant supplies current for light and power for industries for the Eastern Shore and other places.

Vienna has packing plants for tomatoes, beans, etc. Packs about 250,000 cases. Lumber mills operated by a Pittsburgh, Pa. company. In 1935 a Philadelphia company installed tanks here for processing cucumbers, for public for pickle product of 100 acres as an experiment. Have flour and feed mills, stores, shops, beauty parlor and gas stations, Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Protestant, Protestant Episcopal, Baptist Churches, bank and postoffice, elementary and high school building, value \$50,000, railroad, new water supply, sewerage, tank, 70,000 gallons capacity, pumps, hydrants, and a volunteer fire company, incorporated, with an up-to-date equipment for proection.

The colored folks in the suburbs have two churches and a new school building. Of course, Vienna's streets from the square, extended out improved with buildings and attractive shrubbery. Farms and marsh lands, productive for wheat, corn, hay, rye and oats, tomatoes, beans, peas, cucumbers, cantaloupe, watermelons, strawberries and potatoes.

Continued on Page 3

DAD'S DINNER PAIL

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY"

PRESERVE that old kettle all blackened
and worn.
It belonged to my father before I was born;
It hung in a corner beaming on a nail;
'Twas an emblem of labor, was dad's dinner
pail.

CHORUS

It glistens like silver, so sparkling and bright,
How fond of the trifle that held his wee bite.
In summer and winter, in rain, snow or hail,
I've carried that kettle, my dad's dinner pail.

When the bell rang for mealtime my father'd
come down,
He ate with the workmen about on the
ground;
And share with a laborer and say he'd go
dail.

You would ne'er reach the bottom of dad's
dinner pail.

CHORUS

If the day should be rainy my father'd stop
home,
And he'd polish his kettle as clean as a stone;
He'd joke with me mother, at me he would
wale
If I just put a finger on dad's dinner pail.

CHORUS

There's a place for the coffee, and also the
bread,
The corn beef and praties and oft it was said
To fill it with porter, acid beer or wud ale.
The drinks would taste sweeter from dad's
dinner pail.

CHORUS

WHAT MOTHER THINKS

WHILE walking down a crowded
city street the other day,
I heard a little urchin to a
comrade turn and say:
"Say, Jimmie, don't yer know I'd be
as happy as a clam,
If only I was de feller dat me
mudder tinks I am!"

"She tinks I am a wonder, and knows
Her little lad
Would never mix with nothing
Dat was ugly, mean or bad.
I often see and tink how nice
'Ticould be—gee whizz—
If a feller was de feller dat
His mudder tinks he is."

So folks, be yours a life of toil
Or undiluted joy,
You still can learn a lesson,
From a small unlettered boy.
Don't be an earthly saint, with
Eyes fixed on a star;
Jist try to be the feller that
Your mother thinks you are.

LIVE TRULY

THOU must be true to thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Truly, and thy thought
Shall be the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a faithful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

BESIDE the plow He walks with me,
And if my step be slow,
He pauses, waiting so that He
May lead me where I go.
I feel His presence at my side,
His hand upon my hair;
His love sweeps boundless, like the tide,
About me everywhere.

Beside the plow He walks with me;
I cut the furrows deep.
I know His gentle eyes will see
The harvest that I reap.
His guiding touch is on my arm,
And well I know the care
That keeps me safe from sin and harm
Is with me everywhere.

Beside the plow He walks with me,
And lo, the sun shines down;
The same that smiled on Galilee,
And on the thorny crown.
God grant that when the shadows creep
Across the mountain fair,
His love may still be wide and deep,
About me everywhere.

—MARGARET SANGSTER, JR.

DO IT TODAY

'TIS better to give a tiny flower
To those who can see and know,
Than place a sheaf of roses rare
On their bier, to make a show.

'Tis better to say one loving word,
To those who can hear what's said,
Than make a speech of eulogy
After your friends are dead.

'Tis better to say or give one thing,
Or to do one tiny deed,
Than to plan to do great ones, some day
For those who are now in need.

'Tis better to do a thing today,
Than to wait for future years;
Tomorrow may be a day too late,
And bring but regret and tears.

—BERTHA INWOOD MICHAEL

LOCH LOMOND

BY you bonnie banks and by you bonnie
bryes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo-
mond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont
to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-
mond.

O, ye'll take the high road and I'll take the
low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love will never meet
again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-
mond.

'Twas there we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the Highland hills we
view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers
spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring
again,
Though the waeft may cease frae the
greeting.

CHORUS

GRUMBLE CORNER AND THANKS- GIVING STREET

I KNEW a man whose name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner;
Grumble Corner, in Cross-patch Town,
And he was never seen without a frown.

He grumbled at this, he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog, he growled at the cat;
He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at
night,
And to grumble and growl were his chief
delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he.
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.

If the sky were dark and beckoned rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was never a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of the threatened
drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste,
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.

No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then with a scowl
At something or other begin to growl.

One day as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet;
Whose face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown it used to wear.

"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As after saluting, I turned my head;
"But it is, and it isn't the Mr. Horner
Who lived so long on Grumble Corner!"

I met him the next day; and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain;
When stocks were up, and when stocks were
down;

But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much, and so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What has happened to change you so."

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
For it told of a conscience calm and clear;
And he said with none of the old-time drivel:
"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!"

"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner;
"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved; 'twas a change complete,
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving
Street."

Now every day as I move along
The streets so filled with busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell.

And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.

BE DIFFERENT TO TREES

THE talking

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By Lt. Col. John D. McRae.

(Written during the second battle of
Ypres, 1915. The author, Dr. John D.
McRae, of Montreal, Can., was killed
in Flanders, January 28, 1918)
In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If you break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies
grow
In Flanders fields.

RAIN ON THE ROOF

WHEN the humid showers gather over all
the stormy spheres,
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in
rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow of a cottage
chamber bed,
And listen to the patter of the soft rain
overhead.

Every tingle on the shingles has an echo in
the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies into busy
being start,
And a thousand recollections weave their
bright hues into woe
As I listen to the patter of the rain upon
the roof.

Then, in fancy, comes my mother, as she
used in years ago
To survey the infant sleepers ere she left
them till the dawn.
I can see her bending o'er me, as I listen to
the strain
Which is played upon the shingles by the
patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with her wings
and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother, a serene
angelic pair,
Glide around my wakeful pillow with their
praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on
the roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her eyes
delicious blue,
I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart was
all untrue.
I remember that I loved her, as I ne'er may
love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the
patter of the rain.

There is naught in all art's treasures that
can work with such a spell
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence
the holy passions well,
As that melody of nature, that subdued, sub-
duing strain
Which is played upon the shingles by the
patter of the rain.

—COATES KINNEY.

BROTHERHOOD

THE gleam of Freedom's brightly beaming
star
Our fathers led across the wintry sea,
And still it guides her children from afar,
Out of all climes, to this fair land and free.
O, may we shun all clammy hate and wrong,
And be one brotherhood, united, strong.

May all who toil in shop and street and mart,
In the deep mine and in the sunlit field,
Who serve with skill, who build with cunning
art,
Fair recompense receive and service yield,
That all our varied toil of hand and brain
May crown one task, achieve one common
gain.

As myriad streams one airy fountain know
As sons of men one common Father own,
As tribute rivers to one ocean flow,
And all souls move into one vast unknown,
May all our racial cults blend into one,
And love complete the task in faith begun.
While sacred memories live from sire to son
May North and South and East and West
unite
To save by vigilance that valor won,
And Freedom's temple guard with truth
and right,
While all our lesser commonwealths create
Beneath one flag one Union strong and
great.

—FRANK B. COWGILL.

A MOTHER'S SLUMBER-SONG

SLEEP, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
Neither hunger, nor thirst, nor pain
Can touch or hurt thee ever again;
I, thy mother, will bend and sing
As I watch thee calmly slumbering;
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
Soon in thy angel's tender arms,
Closely sheltered from earth's alarms,
Thou wilt awaken, baby mine,
Where all is mercy and love divine.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
I have wept until my heart is dry,
But now I smile as I see thee lie
Close by the side of my baby blest.
Safe is my babe—earth's anguish done—
Safe, at the feet of the Holy One.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

—ANNA B. BENDEL.

AIR CASTLES

SEE my cloud castle,
High in the air,
Girdled by rainbows,
Shimmering, fair,
Ethereal peaks,
Lofty mountains of snow,
Change into rose with the
Sunset's soft glow.

See my cloud castle,
Sprinkled with stars;
Guarded by moonbeams,
Silvery bars,
There comes the "Crescent Moon"
Ship, sailing on
Down Galaxy River,
To anchor at dawn.

—RAY H. GROSS.

LIFE'S COMPLETENESS

IF I could have my dearest wish fulfilled,
And take my choice of all earth's treas-
ures, too,
And ask from heaven whatsoever I willed,
I'd ask for you.

No man I'd envy, neither low nor high,
Nor king in castle old or palace new;
I'd hold Golconda's mines less rich than I,
If I had you.

Toil and privation, poverty and care,
Undaunted I'd defy, nor future woo;
Having my wife, no jewels else I'd wear,
If she were you.

Little I'd care how lovely she might be,
How graced with every charm, how fond,
how true;
E'en though perfection, she'd be nought to me
Were she not you.

There is more charm for my true, loving heart
In everything you think, or say, or do,
Than all the joys of heaven could e'er impart,
Because it's you.

KNUD IVERSON.

The following lines are copied from the Chi-
cago Free Press, to which paper they were sent
from Laporte, Ia., accompanied by a donation to
aid in building a monument to the memory of
the noble little boy who died rather than steal—

Hew the marble—lay the corner—
Let the monument arise!
For another Hero's fallen,
And his spirit walks the skies!
Mightier than Ajax was he—
Nobler than a Caesar born!
And his name shall be immortal,
Spurning death with marbled scorn!

Raise the shaft—inscribe the tablet—
Carve the letters deep and bold!
Let the stone preach words the sermon
"TRUTH IS WORTHIER THAN GOLD!"
Let it say to children's children—
Let its marble lips reveal
IVERSON's great resolution
"BETTER FAR TO DIE THAN STEAL."

A CONVERSATION MISER

AS through this world you walk,
Choose the course that's wiser;
Let the other fellow talk,
You be a conversation miser.

Speak few words, but pleasant words,
Words of kindness and good cheer;
The kind of words that the kind of folks
You like, will stay to hear.

Speak fewer words, but plainer words,
That all can understand;
Let mumbled words, and jumbled words
Be thus forever banned.

Speak fewer words, but saner words,
And think before you speak;
Be sure your facts are well arranged
Before others' ears you seek.

Speak fewer words, but nobler words,
With never a vulgar jest;
If you would speak with humor,
Be sure it's of the best.

Speak fewer words, but "broader" words,
Words of interest and good will;
For "I" and "my" and "that reminds me,"
Will leave you lonely still.

Speak fewer words, but prayerful words,
For the tongue can man tame never;
It is an unruly evil,
Full of deadly poison ever. (Jas. 3:8).

As through this world you walk,
Choose the course that's wiser;
Stop and think before you talk,
And be a conversation miser.

—LUCY RUTH BAKER.

MOTHER MACHREE

THERE'S a spot in me heart which no col-
leen may own;
There's a depth in me soul never sounded or
known;
There's a place in my memory, my life that
you fill;
No other may take it; no one ever will.

CHORUS

Sure, I love the dear silver that shines in
your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrin-
kled with care;
I kiss the dear fingers so toilworn for me;
O, God bless you and keep you, Mother Ma-
chree.

Every sorrow and care in the dear days gone
by
Was made bright by the light of a smile in
your eye;
Like a candle that's set in a window at night,
Your fond love has cheered me and guided
me right.

CHORUS

TO MY MOTHER

I DO not build a monument
Of carved white marble for your sake,
That only those who pass may read,
And only those memorial make.

My life must be the monument
I consecrate in your behalf;
My charity must carve your name,
My gentleness your epitaph.

Above this record I engrave,
No drooping figure there must be;
Straight-shouldered courage, starry-eyed,
Must mark this scroll of destiny.

And may some fragments of your strength
By God's great mystery fall on me,
That through this monument of mine,
May shine your immortality.

—CLAUDIA CRANSTON.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

THERE is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

—M. A. KIDDER.

THE RIVER'S END

THE river's end—the final friend
To shake the hand of you
And wish you well, and gayly tell
Old gallant tales and true.

No more to roam—the lights of home,
Reflected in the stream;
The smell of pine and columbine—
A queeting blue jay's scream.

Tobacco smoke—a jolly joke—
A flaming fry fire;
A glass of grog—a faithful dog—
A fiddle for a lyre.

In memory the mystery
That since has ceased to be;
The flush of life—the scars of strife—
The cities and the sea.

A well-earned rest, and in the west
A red sun to descend;
A little breeze through willow trees—
Peace—at the river's end.

—JOHN R. JARVIS.

IN THE GARDEN

I COME to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses,
And the voice I hear falling on my ear,
The Son of Man discloses.

He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Though the night around me be falling,
But He bids me go;
Through the voice of woe
His voice to me is calling.

And He walks with me, and He talks
with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

—C. AUSTIN MILES.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold seamarks rise to sun their
streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where the dim dreaming was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypts un-
sealed!

Year after year behold the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway
through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew
the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by
thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a
voice that sings—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
resting sea!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BANJO SONG

PLINK-TY, plink-ty, plink-ty plung,
Tip de keg an' pull de bung,
Niggas always mighty happy
When de gum-tree's green an' sappy,
Plink-ty, plink-ty, plink-ty, plink-ty,
Plung, plung, plung!

One w' yellah gal I know,
(Plink-ty plung! Plink-ty plung!)
Way up dar in Cai-y-ro,
(Plink-ty plung! Plink-ty plung!)
Fix huhse' to look so tony,
Lived with huh ma-ma all aloney,
Sayed she'd be mah ownest ownney,
Way up dar in Cai-y-ro!

Li'l gal say she lub me so—
(Plink-ty plung! Plink-ty plung!)
Way up dar in Cai-y-ro,
(Plink-ty plung! Plink-ty plung!)
Baked me ah sweet potato cake,
Wound huh ahms around ma neck,
Sayed she'd die foah ma sweet sake,
Way up dar in Cai-y-ro.

G'wan you nigger! How you blow,
(Plink-ty plung! Plink-ty plung!)
'Bout dat gal in Cai-y-ro!
(Plink-ty plung! Plink-ty plung!)
She done lubbed some other man,
Packed huh trunk an' away she ran,
Wid a great, big, black, buck Eth-i-ope-an!
Way up dar in Cai-y-ro!

Plink-ty, plink-ty, plink-ty plung,
Tip de keg an' pull de bung,
Niggas always mighty happy,
When de gum-tree's green an' sappy,
Plink-ty, plink-ty, plink-ty, plink-ty,
Plung, plung, plung!

"THERE WAUR A MAN WHO LOVED A MAYDE"

THERE waur a man who loved a mayde,
"Ye nae shall wed him," her feither
sayde,
"This ram-stan callant o' low degree,
How dare he look on the like o' thee?"

"He has neever a house or lan',
His shoon is streckit in which he stan',
His bonnet bracken upon his head,
An' breech in skinklin patches sned.

"The streckit gawk, I'll gie him fash,
Though all the kentry side should clash;
I'll teach him sine this jo of yours,
This prince of duddie, beggared boors."

There waur a man who loved a mayde,
He o' the feither waur ne'er afraid,
An' to the mayde he speekit free,
"Coom an' loup the country wi' me!"

She stole by night the swiftest steed,
An' mounted together away they redde;
The rantin' feither a-follow behind,
Wi' curses clashin' on the wind.

They rede for mony a mile away,
They did no' stop a' night nor day;
The sun sunk down, the moon arose,
They lit an' fell to mortal blows.

The mayde sae safely on her steede,
An' cheered her suitor at his need;
"Ay, fight," she speered, "for love o' me,
Ay, fight, till he will gie me thee!"

"Hold up, hold up," the feither cried,
"An' ye shall ha'e her for your bride!"
"Nay, fight," she speered, "till he shall give
A house and lan' for us to live."

They fell to furious and fast—
"Hold up!" the old man cried at last,
"I'll gie ye half my house an' lan',
Your youthful brawn I canno' stan'."

"Nay, fight," she speered, "nor no't withhold
Till he gie all his lands and gold!"
Once more the blows come pelting down;
She shook the dust from off her gown.

She tidied up her wayward hair,
She hummed a pretty love-sick air,
Till "Hold, take all," the feither cried,
"Would ere this dousie day I'd died!"

"Nay, fight," she speered, "nor gie him rest
Till he shall clasp me to his breast,
An' kiss me kind an' love me dear,
As he has done for mony a year."

The feither turned to where she sate,
Her love had quenched his jealous hate;
"Sweet daughter mine, kin down to me,
All that I have belongs to thee!"

The sun kim up, the three rode hame,
Wi' never a word o' bitter blame;
The sun kim up, but ere it sank
Their wedded bliss a toast waur drank.

—JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

CANTICLE

DEVOUTLY worshipping the oak
Wherein the barred owl stares,
The little feathered forest folk
Are praying sleepy prayers:

Praying the summer to be long
And drowsy to the end,
And daily full of sun and song,
That broken hopes may mend.

Praying the golden age to stay
Until the whippoorwill
Appoints a windy moving day,
And hurries from the hill.

—WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

A SNOWDROP

OUT from a grass plot,
A snow drop came peeping;
So early in spring
That the garden was sleeping:
Every leaflet and bud
Wrapped in safest of keeping.

There was hardly a bird,
Though a host were soon coming;
And the bees were all hived,
You could not hear one humming.
But a faint little southwind,
Came hitherward roaming.

The sunshine was soft—
Not July's scorching splendor,
But pale golden gleams
That were loving and tender;
And the snow drop each night
Felt the bright dew befriend her.

She saw the drifts melt,
Of the last snow that waited,
She heard when the northwind
His fierceness abated.
She knew when the ice
Fled alarmed and belated.

O, the cool, sunny air!
O, the clear sky above her!
O, the birds that ere long
Sweetly singing flew over!
O, the green springing grass
That crept round her to love her!

As pale as the snow-drifts,
Like them she'll soon leave us:
Though we praise the warm summer,
She will not believe us.
She will vanish one day,
Pretty blossom, and grieve us.

"Let the roses delight
In the hot, fervid summer,
Let the gardens be gay
With each brilliant late-comer,
But I choose my spring!"
Is the snow drop's soft murmur.

WHEN MOTHER GETS TEA

WHEN on a Sunday afternoon
The children are away,
And wife and I at home alone,
She'll look at me and say:
"We'll let the servants all go out;
When only you and me
Are left—just as I used to do,
I'll get your Sunday tea."

And so we watch them as they go,
The maids in ribbons gay,
Butler and cook, and all the rest
Depart in brave array,
And when the last has disappeared
I rub my hands in glee—
And say, "Now, Mary, for old times!"
And "Mother" gets the tea!

Stand back, each Jane and Bridget,
And hide your blushing face!
If you could only cook like this
You'd never "lose a place!"
Such oysters, and such omelets,
Chicken and toast—ah, me!
How happy 'twas when, long ago,
She always got the tea!

Those good old days when we were poor,
And boys and girls were small;
Since then the Lord has prospered us,
While they've grown strong and tall,
And think they ought to have "more
style!"
Perhaps such things must be—
But still I'm longing for the days
When "Mother" got the tea.

—LOUISE EDGAR.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream,
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—KATHERINE LEE BATES.

I LOOK INTO THE STARS

STARS have ways I do not know,
Enmity that checks my thought,
Yet on the loom of their fine glow
The fabric of my dreams is wrought.

I look into the stars and one
After one, constellations die,
While more than I have lost is spun
Delicately across the sky.

I look into the stars, and all
The fuming purposes life gives
Pass, like mist of evening fall,
And all life never has been, lives.

WHOA! TEDDY. WHOA!

A cowboy came from out the West,
Whoa! Teddy, whoa!
In khaki uniform was dressed
A Gothamite he was at best;
Whoa! Teddy, whoa!
A broncho buster on the romp
All dressed in military pomp;
Whoa! Teddy, whoa!

He charged like mad up San Juan Hill;
Go! Teddy, go!
The Dagobes they did run to kill,
And, for all I know, they're running still;
On, Teddy, oh!
Then back he galloped to the States
And broke up politics and slates;
Whoa! Teddy, whoa!

New York he captured on the jump—
So, Teddy, so.
And then he took the larger stump
And Bryan's chances took a slump;
Whoa! Teddy, whoa!
He was to be, so willed the fates,
President of United States—
Lo! Teddy, lo!

And now 'tis said he wants the earth—
Slow, Teddy, slow!
Thinks himself of greater worth;
Has his eyes on a higher berth—
Whoa! Teddy, whoa!
There does not live a man so high
To be our king, nor you nor I,
No, Teddy, no.

ELON VON CULIN.

THE HONEST OLD TOAD

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old
toad,
A funny old fellow is he:
Living under the stone by the side of the
road,
'Neath the shade of the old willow tree.
He is dressed all in brown,
From his toes to his crown,
Save his breast that is silvery white;
He takes a long nap in the heat of the day,
And wakes in the cool of the night.
"Yap, yap," says the frog,
From his home in the bog;
But the toad he says never a word.

When winter draws near, Mr. Toad goes to
bed,
And sleeps just as sound as a top.
But when May blossoms follow the soft April
showers,
He comes out with a skip, jump, and hop.
He changes his dress
Only once, I confess,
Every spring, and his old worn-out coat,
With trousers and waistcoat he rolls in a
ball,
And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.
"K-r-ruk k-r-ruk," says the frog,
From his home in the bog;
But the toad he says never a word.

His legs they are long, and he leaps when he
winks,
Outstepping us all at a bound.
He wears both his eyes on the top of his head,
Queer place for one's eyes to be found!
You may think him a fright,
And of course you are right,
But his ugliness I will defend,
For he lives on the bugs that destroy the
sweet flowers,
He's the gardener's helper and friend.
"Yap, yap," says the frog,
From his home in the bog;
But the toad he says never a word.

MARCH

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On top of the bare hill:
The plowboy is whooping—
anon—anon!
There's joy on the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!
—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THREE THINGS

THREE things filled this day for me,
Three common things filled this day:
Each had, for me, a word to say:
Said it in beauty, and was done;
Cows on a hillside all one way,
A buttercup tilted seductively,
And a lark arguing with the sun.
These three things, merely these three,
Were enough to cry the world
Out of my heart: The buttercup curled
Where some gorgeous ruffian plundered;
The skylark's dizzy flag unfurled;
The placid cows pensively
Wondering why they wondered.
—JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

THE HERALD

HELTER, skelter,
Hurry, skurry,
Here's the Wind of March
Hurling through the forest in his roaring
wild career,
Tearing up the elm tree, snapping off the
larch,
Making every old thing quail and quake for
fear,
Shouting in his mirth
Ho! strip and clear the earth
Of all that's dead and rotten,
Of all that's weak and pale;
What's fit to be forgotten,
Worn out and growing stale,
I'll sweep into the sepulchre of things that
die and fail.

Hither, thither,
Playing, swaying,
Through the trees I call,
Bend your stiffen'd branches till you feel the
sap arise
Swelling into beauty, in the beech-wood tall,
Where for signs of springtime men will turn
their eyes;
Crocuses below
Their golden glory show,
And with the yellow tresses
Of daffodils I'll play,
And crisp the brook where cresses
Unfold their green array,
For all things fresh are coming and Spring is
on her way!

—WILLIAM H. DRAPER.

ANNIE LAURIE

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true,
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me downe and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift;
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie

I'd lay me downe and dee.
Like dew on the gowan lyin',
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like the winds in summer
sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me downe and dee.

A LITTLE CORN

A LITTLE corn on a maiden grew,
Listen to my wail of toe,
Caused by the pinch of a too tight shoe,
Instead of a three a number two.
It grew, it grew,
Listen to my wail of toe.

As time went on (as time will do),
Listen to my wail of toe,
The corn waxed red, the maiden blue,
'Twas ten times worse than the grip (ker-
chew),
Too true! Too true!
Listen to my wail of toe.

She had a seat in the end of the pew,
Listen to my wail of toe,
And a man with another seat in view
Put his cowhide boot on her kangaroo,
Oh, whew! Oh, whew!
Listen to my wail of toe.

STATE OF MARYLAND
Motor Vehicle Operator's License, No. 59517

THIS LICENSE when officially stamped and dated authorizes the un-
designed to operate any motor vehicle, except as otherwise stated
hereon, other than motor-cycles, in the State of Maryland, in accord-
ance with the provisions of the Law of Maryland regulating the ope-
ration of same.

Signature of Operator
Name Elizabeth D. ...
Residence ...
Post-Office ... Md Age 30

This License when signed by ... is good until suspended or
revoked and need not be renewed. Not valid for hire, or as an operator of a ...

Ten Nig. in A Whistroom.
Mother, dear mother, come home with me now.
The clock in the steeple strikes one!
You said you were coming right home from the club
As soon as you'd lost all your mun.
Dear Bennie is sick and poor father is wild
As he sits by the fire in despair;
Mother, dear mother, come home with me, please,
If for husband and children you care!

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now.
The clock in the steeple strikes two!
The cook is disgusted with father's remarks
That he utters while waiting for you.
At ten you were coming, at twelve you came not,
And now the last car has gone by.
If bridge whist keeps on in our family, I fear,
We'll all want to go off and die!

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now.
The clock in the steeple strikes three!
Poor father says home is no longer the place
That one time he knew it to be.
Dear Susie, and Mabel, and Jackie, and Rose
Won't mind what the nurse says at all—
Oh, play the last rubber and come with your child
Who waits for you here in the hall!

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now.
The clock in the steeple's run down!
The milkmen are starting around on their routes,
Your craze is the worst in the town!
Dear Bennie is sleeping, but father still swears—
Oh mother dear mother, I pray.

An Accommodating Witness.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.
"Never knew him ill," replied the witness.
"No levity," said the lawyer. "Now, sir, did you ever see prisoner at the bar?"
"Took many a drink with him at the bar."
"Answer my question, sir," roared the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?"
"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."
"Will the Court make the—"
"I have, yer worship," said the witness anticipating the lawyer. "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy of two feet long and a man five feet ten."
"Your honor—"
"It's a fact, yer worship; I'm under oath," persisted the witness.
The lawyer placed his hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leant his body over the table, and said:
"Will you tell the Court what you know about this case?"
"That ain't his name," replied the witness.
"What isn't his name?"
"Case."
"Who said it was?"
"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this case. His name's Jones."
"Your worship," howled the lawyer, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"
"Witness," said the magistrate, "you must answer the questions put to you."
"Great Scott! hain't I been doin' it? Let him fire away: I'm all ready."
"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and the prisoner have been friends."
"Never," promptly responded the witness.
"What! Weren't you summoned here as a friend?"
"No, sir. I was summoned here as a resbyterian. Nary one of us was ever Friends. He's an old-time Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."
"Stand down," yelled the lawyer.
"Hey?"
"Stand down!"
"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up."
"Constable, remove him from the box." Witness retires muttering, "Well, if he ain't the thick-headed lawyer I ever laid eyes on!"

EXERCISES FOR HOME MISSION EASTER SERVICE.

To Superintendent or Leader:—The recitations herein can be cut from this slip supplying each pupil with a copy of the one assigned to him or her. Care should be taken to select those who by age and other qualifications are best adapted for the selection.

No. 6. Greeting.

All hail! good friends. From shore to shore
Blest Easter Day has dawned once more.
Methinks that all will now respond,
For we are held by a sweet bond;
A bond of unity doth hold
The lambs brought in the Master's fold.
While angels find to earth their way,
To bless the happy Easter Day.

All hail! We greet you far and near,
There's but one Easter in the year;
And now the little children bring,
Among the flowers, their offering.
They sing their songs so glad and free,
That sadness from each heart must flee;
Their presence here must bring a ray,
That brightens this sweet Sabbath day.

All hail! ye children. 'Mong the flowers
May sunshine gild for you life's showers.
And this, for you, shall be my prayer:
May Jesus keep you in his care,
And may you sing a glad some song,
And court the right, and shun the wrong:
And may the Father smile alway
On this, our blessed Easter Day.

No. 9. He is Risen.

NOTE.—While the organist plays an instrumental solo, nine girls, all dressed in white, with red or blue sashes, and each wearing a crown, will go upon the platform, facing the audience, in the following order:

HE IS RISEN.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

(The sashes can be made of tissue paper, and crowns of pasteboard, gilded.) As each closes her recitation, she will expose, on her breast, a large letter, so that at conclusion of recitations, we will have, "He is risen." At conclusion of recitations they will sing the little chorus given below, organ accompanying softly. Curtain falls, girls retire.

RECITATIONS.

H
Welcome, thou Victor in the strife,
Welcome from out the cave!
To-day we triumph in Thy life
Around Thine empty grave.

E
Our enemy is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
"Our God is with us," we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

I
The dwellings of the just resound
With songs of victory;
For in their midst thou, Lord, art found,
And bringest peace with Thee.

S
O share with us the spoils, we pray,
Thou didst in death achieve;
We meet within Thy house to-day
Our portion to receive.

R
Now let Thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to Thee.

I
We bury all our sin and crime
Deep in our Saviour's tomb,
And ask the treasure there, that time
Nor change can e'er consume.

S
We die with Thee: oh let us live
Henceforth to Thee aright;
The blessings Thou hast died to give
Be daily in our sight.

E
Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away;
If Thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

N
Death hurts us not; his pow'r is gone,
And pointless all his darts;
God's favor now on us hath shone,
Joy filleth every heart.

NOTE.—Each girl will now take her crown and lay it down in front of her. Then will follow the song given No. 10.

No. 11. The Hidden Power.

(An exercise for eleven children; each uplifting a slender rod twined with smilax or something similar, and surmounted by a floral letter, forming, successively, the words,
H, I, D, D, E, N P, O, W, E, R.)

(FIRST RECITATION BY THE SIXTH CHILD, OCCUPYING THE CENTRAL POSITION IN A SEMI-CIRCLE.)

I passed this way some weeks ago;
Then, all the ground was white with snow,
I heard the winds of winter blow.

Now, buds are swelling on the trees,
And borne-upon a happy breeze,
I hear the birds' sweet melodies.

(FIRST CHILD TO RIGHT.)

How came the change? Who can explain
The mystery of Spring.
How is it that its golden days,
Such joy and beauty bring?

(FIRST CHILD TO LEFT.)

I know there is a secret power,
That works in sunshine and in shower;
It whispers to the seeds below,
And bids the sleeping blossoms grow,
'Tis Nature's life inspiring thrill,
Exerting its mysterious will.

(SECOND CHILD TO RIGHT.)

Do we not know a better name!
Can nature all the honor claim.
No, let us upward look this hour,
And see in God, the "Hidden Power."

(CHILDREN IN CONCERT.)

"In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth."

"While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

(SECOND CHILD TO LEFT.)

Bird and blossom, bud and spray,
Show his mighty hand to-day,
But the scenes of this glad hour,
Prove, no less, the "hidden power."

(THIRD CHILD TO RIGHT.)

Yes: there'd be no Sabbath School,
Did not Christian love bear rule,
Love, that of the children thought,
And for them so sweetly wrought.

(THIRD CHILD TO LEFT.)

This kind of love in which we share,
Yielding sympathy and care,
Is itself a heavenly flower,
Blooming by a "hidden power."

(FOURTH CHILD TO RIGHT.)

Truly, every grace displays
Something of the Christ within,
As the heart his word obeys,
Mighty Victor over sin.

(ALL SING ONE VERSE AND CHORUS OF "WHITER THAN SNOW.")

Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

(FOURTH CHILD TO LEFT.)

Victor over sin and death!
Blest are they, the spirit saith,
Who in him shall sweetly rest,
Gathered to the Saviour's breast.

(FIFTH CHILD TO RIGHT.)

Jesus conquered all his foes,
In his majesty arose;
Those who sleep in him shall rise,
When his glory fills the skies.

(FIFTH CHILD TO LEFT.)

Let us every day and hour,
Live by his transforming power,
"Christ in us," the gracious root
Of each lovely outward fruit.

ALL IN CONCERT.)

So shall life and Easter be,
Bright with immortality.

(ALL SING TWO VERSES AND CHORUS OF "HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE.")

1 'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will believe.

CHO. Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on the Son:
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One.

4 Little children I see standing close by their
King,
And He smiles as their songs of salvation they sing:

CHORUS.

No. 12. Giving.

What will you give up, children?
For Jesus Christ's dear sake!
What offering from your young lives
Will each one gladly make?

He gave up heaven, and came to you!
Then what, for him, can you not do?

What will you give up, children?
Something you love quite well?
Some pleasure or some precious thing,
Which none but you can tell?

He gave his life that you might live!
Then what, for him, can you not give?

What will you give up, children?
Yourself, and all you own?
Just to belong to Jesus Christ,
His children, his alone?

He gave himself, your Saviour true,
Now give yourselves—ah, will not you.

No. 17. Five Pennies from Each.

Five pennies, five pennies, from each I ask,
This small amount is surely no task;
Yet let me a word whisper into your ear.
I've looked into the Treasurer's book of last year
And find that this little mite that you scorn
Is more than the burden that all have borne.
I looked at the book again and again,
While this I learned, as holding my pen:
A few gave largely, cheering the call,
But O, so many, so many, nothing at all.
So let me repeat my text once more,
Five pennies from each let's lay up in store.
Let the bulk of us give our mites, the fifth penny,
And I know, when the mites are all given in,
Surprised you will be at the total then.
So now let us try our text to prove true,
Here's my money (lays five cents on the table)
What shall I say for you?

No. 15. The Story of Old.

Recitation (single voice).—
From the glad, bright days of childhood
In our gospel land so fair,
We have heard the "good news" tidings
In sermon, song and prayer.
And to us, who have heard it often,
This strange, sweet story of old,
More wondrous and deep in its beauty
As the days of our life unfold.
But are we telling to others
The story we've learned to love?
Are we winning dear souls for the kingdom—
The beautiful kingdom above?
And can our song of redemption
As grand and glorious be,
If to others we teach not the singing,
Dear Lord, of this song to thee?
Has there come to your heart no message
That the Master hath need of you?
Is there not in these fields some labor
That your heart or hand can do?

Response (in concert).—
Yes, to each of Christ's true disciples
The command is lovingly given;
Go, bear it to every creature,
This wonderful gift of heaven.
Do something! the Master will tell you
How you may serve him the best,
But haste with the loving message
Of life and comfort and rest,
Bring free, loving gifts to the altar—
The best your treasures afford,
They are his, lent for your using,
Not left you to waste or to hoard.

Duet or chorus in the distance.
Chorus of "Tell me the old, old story."

Rec. (single voice).—
They wait for the story, the sweet old story,
That we have loved so long;
Oh, let us bear them that wonderful message
In words of Scripture and song.

Chorus (to be sung or recited).—
Oh, sweetly and softly tell
Of Christ, the Lord of Glory;
Oh, sweetly sing and often tell
The blessed olden story.

SOME POINTS FOR ADDRESS OF PASTOR OR SUPERINTENDENT.

The Easter Offering is to help build churches in localities where the Board of Home Missions are trying to establish our denomination. Fourteen such churches have been established that would not have existed without aid from the Board. Over a thousand members have thus been secured to our church. The value of church property thus added to our denomination is about \$75,000. The membership of these churches last year contributed more to their own support than the entire denomination contributed to the cause of Home Missions. Since this Board was organized in 1888 the church has contributed less than \$30,000 to home missions. It thus appears that the denomination has received in real estate alone over two hundred per cent. of its investment, to say nothing of what the mission churches have in this time done for themselves, and what they will do for the general church in the future. Can any general interest give a better showing? The future growth of our church largely depends on our aggressiveness in extending the borders of our church.



Every life has two strands—the life that we see,
And the other, that which might have been;
The being we are, and the one we might be—
Who shall say where they end or begin?

And who that there is not success in defeat,
And a failure in every success?
That the battle-field held, may not be a retreat,
And the wrong that we suffer, redress?



KISS ME MOTHER, KISS YOUR DARLING

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling,
Lean my head upon your breast,
Fold your loving arms around me—
I am weary, let me rest.
Scenes of life are swiftly fading,
Brighter seems the other shore;
I am standing by the river,
Angels wait to wait me o'er.

CHORUS.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling,
Lay my head upon your breast,
Fold your loving arms around me—
I am weary, let me rest.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling,
Breathe a blessing on my brow,
For I'll soon be with the angels—
Fainter grows my breath e'en now.
Tell the loved ones not to murmur,
Say I died our flag to save,
And that I shall slumber sweetly
In the soldier's honored grave.

CHORUS.

Oh! how dark this world is growing—
Hark! I hear the angel band—
How I long to join their number,
In that fair and happy land!
Hear you not that heavenly music,
Floating near so soft and low?
I must leave you—farewell, mother!
Kiss me once before I go.

—Sent in by E. S.

NANCY LEE

Of all the wives as e'er you know,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yoe ho!
There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yoe ho!
See, there she stands an' waves her
hands upon the quay,
An' ev'ry day when I'm away, shall
watch for me,
An' whisper low, when tempests blow,
for Jack at sea.
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yoe ho!

CHORUS.

The sailor's wife the sailor's star
shall be,
Yeo ho! we go across the sea,
The sailor's wife the sailor's star
shall be,
The sailor's wife his star shall be.

The harbor's past, the breezes blow,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yoe ho!
This long are we come back, I know,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yoe ho!
But true and bright from morn till
night, my home will be,
An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet,
for Jack at sea.
An' Nancy's face to bless the place,
an' welcome me,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yoe ho!

CHORUS.

The bos'n pipes the watch below,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yoe ho!
Then here's a health before we go,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yoe ho!
A long, long life to my sweet wife,
and mates at sea,
An' keep our bones from Davy Jones,
where'er we be,
An' may you meet a mate as sweet as
Nancy Lee,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho! yoe ho!

—Sent in by E. S.

THE BLUE JUNIATA.

Wild roved an Indian girl,
Bright Alfaratta,
Where sweeps the waters
Of the Blue Juniata,
Swift as an antelope,
Through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks,
In wavy tresses flowing.

Gay was the mountain song
Of bright Alfaratta,
Where sweeps the waters
Of the Blue Juniata,
Strong and true my arrows are,
In my painted quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe
Adown the rapid river.

Bold is my warrior good,
The love of Alfaratta:
Proud waves his snowy plume
Along the Juniata,
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then his war cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding.

So sang an Indian girl,
Bright Alfaratta,
Where sweeps the waters
Of the Blue Juniata,
Fleeting years have borne away
The voice of Alfaratta,
Still sweeps the river on,
The Blue Juniata.

—Sent in by Mrs. C. D. Messenger.

Poems New and Old Favorites

KETTLE'S SHOP

THE old shop stands where it always stood,
At a turn in the road by a fringe of wood.
But old Kettle sleeps 'neath a grass grown
mound
By the other graves in churchyard ground.

But they say on a certain soft spring night,
When fairs fade into soft moonlight,
And a vagrant song of a mockingbird
And a chirrup of cricket is all that is heard,

That a horseman rides on the broad highway
On a horse as black as the night is gray;
That he brings his steed to a sudden stop
And calls "Halloa!" to the ancient shop!

With a backward glance he will call again,
And beat tattoo on the broken pane.
Then a light and a sleepy voice within,
And a lifted latch and a squeaking pin,

And a candle glow, and a "Who is there?"
Are all borne forth on the still night air.
"The Captain, Kettle, hell is loose,
"And my horse has cast a pair of shoes!"

"Make haste, or I am lost and done—
"A master race my steed has run!"
A hurried fire in the forge is lit,
And the shop is grim where shadows sit.

The captain strains his ears to hear
The sound of pursuers drawing near.
The panting horse lifts high his head
And snorts his fear and growing dread.

A rasping sound—"thump! thump!"—and
then
The shoes are on at the count of ten!
But suddenly from out the north

The sound of horse hoofs thunder forth!
The black horse snorts, the Captain cries:
"Farewell, good Kettle, give them lies,
And tell them Quantrell rides the way
That seeks the dawn at break of day!"

Then, like the wind, and he is gone,
While eastward shows a flock of town.
The fire is out, the door is barred
And a troop of soldiers throngs the yard.

And, bringing up to a sudden stop,
They call "halloa!" to the ancient shop.
They pound the door and call again
And beat tattoo on the broken pane.

Then a light and a sleepy voice within
And a lifted latch and a squeaking pin,
And a candle's glow and a "Who is there?"
And old Kettle stands in the cool night air

"Has Quantrell ridden here tonight,
And turned he to the left or right?"
"How should I know? I sleep so sound
I'm like the dead in churchyard ground.

"Still in my dreams I seemed to hear
A single horseman drawing near,
Who turned him east and sped away.
If you will haste you ere 'tis day,

"The man ye seek I trust ye'll find—
And forth they speed them like the wind
Across the hills and toward the morn
Till Gabriel blows his final horn.

And still they say if you should stop
A longer hour at Kettle's shop
You'd never hear a single sound
Except the wind that blows around

And sighs to find the shop door barred
And seedlings dying in the yard!
And this, with song of mockingbird,
Is all the sound that will be heard.

While on the gravestones, old and gray,
You'll watch the waning moonbeams play,
And there you'll read this simple line,
"He passed this life in sixty-nine!"

—MARSHALL LOUIS MERTINS.

JIM CRACK CORN

When I was young I used to wait
On Massa, and hand him de plate,
Pass down de bottle when he get dry,
And brush away de blue-tail fly.

CHORUS.

Jim crack corn, I don't care—
Jim crack corn, I don't care—
Jim crack corn, I don't care,
Ole Massa gone away.

Den arter dinner Massa sleep,
He bid dis nigger vigil keep;
An' when he gwine to shut his eye
He tell me: Watch de blue-tail fly.

An' when he ride in de artemoon,
I follow him wid a hickory broom;
De pony being berry shy
When bitten by de blue-tail fly.

One day he rode around de farm,
De flies so numerous dey do swarm;
One chance to bite him on the
thigh—
De debbil take dat blue-tail fly.

De pony run, he jump an' pitch—
An tumble Massa in de ditch;
He died, an' de jury wonder'd why—
De verdict was: De blue-tail fly.

Dey laid 'im under a 'simmon tree;
His epitaph am dar to see:
"Beneath dis stone I'm forced to lie,
All by de means of de blue-tail fly.

Ole Massa gone, now let 'im rest—
Dey say all things am for de best—
I neber forget till de day I die
Ole Massa an' dat blue-tail fly.

—Sent in by George W. Hyde.

ARIZONA'S UNWRITTEN LAW

JACK HARWOOD was a bad one, tall,
stringy, fast and game;
He never drew his gun too late and never
pulled up lame.

The fighting men of Tucson knew his record
all too well.
And when his horse loped into town, a death-
like silence fell.

Once, in the town of Tombstone, not many
years ago,
He shot two faro dealers and four Greasers
in a row;

And once, at Twin Buttes mining camp, when
things were breaking wrong,
Three gun men bit the sandust, nevermore
to hear the gong.

Jack wasn't altogether bad, so his constitu-
ents said;
His better nature showed at times—when he
was in his bed.

And so, for fifteen years or more, his for-
tunes seemed to thrive,
By reason (for the most part) of his lightning
forty-five.

When Phoenix Phil, the gambler, grabbed an
ace of Harwood's knee,
He chuckled, "Wal, a joke's a joke!" and
added, "Let him be!"

Thus things went on from bad to worse, Jack
living on his name,
Until he stole a broncho and was captured
with the same.

The trial was short and sudden—no attorney
used his jaw—
Jack standing pat, for his defense, on "The
Unwritten Law."

This was the plea he uttered, and his words
cut like a knife:
"I stole that broncho from a man that tried
to steal my wife!"

Next morning Jack was swinging from a little
tree's green crest—
And this is how "The Unwritten Law"
made its debut out West.

—W. F. K., in New York American.

TELL HIM NOW

IF WITH pleasure you are viewing
Any work a man is doing,
If you like it or approve it, tell him now.

Don't withhold your approbation,
Till the parson makes oration
And he lies with snow-white lilies on his
brow;

For no matter how you shout it,
He won't hear a word about it;
He won't know how many teardrops you
have shed.

If you think some praise is due him,
Now's the time to give it to him.
He can't read what's on his tombstone when
he's dead.

More than fame, and more than money
Is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty warm approval of a friend:
For it gives his life a savor.

And it makes him stronger, braver,
And it gives him heart and spirit to the end;
If he earns your praise, bestow it;
Now's the time to let him know it;

Let the words of true encouragement be said,
Do not wait till life is over;
And he's underneath the clover:
He can't read what's on his tombstone when
he's dead.

—Patton's Monthly.

NO DAY SO DARK

THERE is no day so dark
But through the mark some ray of hope
may steal,
Some blessed touch from heaven that
might feel,

If we but choose to mark.
—CELIA THAXTER.

I Promised Mother.

The school was out, and down the street
The noisy throng came thronging;
The hue of health, a gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad,
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision;
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you
will,"
He calmly told the other;
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still;
"I can't—I promised mother."

God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother!

—George Cooper.

ANNABEL LEE

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may
know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;

And this maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than
love—
I and my Annabel Lee;

With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the
love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;

And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing
me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright
eyes

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night tide, I lie down by the
side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my
bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—EDGAR ALLEN POE.

CHICKADEE-DEE

THE ground was all covered with snow one
day,
When two little sisters were busy at play,
A snowbird was sitting close by on a tree,
So merrily singing his chickadee-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long,
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song.
"O, sister, look out of the window," said she,
"Here's a dear little bird singing chickadee-
dee."

"O, mother, go get him some stockings and
shoes;
A nice little frock, and a hat, if you choose.
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we could make him, poor chicka-
dee-dee!"

The bird had flown down for some crumbs of
bread,
And heard every word little Emily said.
"What a figure I'd make in a dress!" thought
he,
And he laughed as he warbled his "chicka-
dee-dee!"

"I thank you, little girl, for what you propose,
But I have no need of such fine clothes.
I've a coat of warm feathers that suit to a T,
And away he went singing his "chickadee-dee."

—PATTON'S MONTHLY.

BY HETTIE MEIKLE SHEPPARD.

I'm glad I'm not a Chinese girl,
With queue upon my crown,
And eyes like slits across my face,
My skin a yellow brown.

I would not be, for anything,
A child of old Japan,
To have my feet squeezed up so tight,
'Twould hurt them if I ran.

I would not be a Russian child,
For when my name I'd see,
I know I'd never learn to spell
Each X and Z and ski.

And oh, the poor wee Esquimaux,
How much play-time they lose!
Just think! their nights are six months
long!

More sleep than I should choose.
An African I'd never be,
For oh, how it would hurt
To get my kinky hair combed out.

Her face, though, don't show dirt.
I'd never, never, never be
An Indian papoose.
For crying, if you're hurt so bad,
They think there's no excuse.

Now who d'you think that I would be?
I know you'd never guess,
So I'll just whisper in your ear,
A girl of the U. S.

SUGAR WEATHER

WHEN snowballs pack on the horses' hoofs
And the wind from the south blows
warm,
When the cattle stand where the sunbeams
beat
And the noon has a dreary charm;
When icicles crash from the dripping eaves,
And the furrows peep black through the
snow

Then I hurry away to the sugar bush,
For the sap will run, I know.
With auger and ax and spile and trough,
To each tree a visit I pay,
And every boy in the countryside
Is eager to help today.

We roll the black logs into their place,
And the kettles between them swing,
Then gather the wood for the roaring fire
And the sap in pailsful bring.

A fig for your arches and modern ways,
A fig for your sheet-iron pan,
I like the smoky old kettles best,
And stick to the good old plan;

We're going to make sugar and taffy tonight
On the swing pole under the tree,
And the girls and boys for miles around
Are all sworn friends to me.

The hens are cackling again in the barn,
And the cattle beginning to bawl,
And neighbors, who long have been acting
cool,
Now make a forgiving call.

For there's no love feast like a taffy pull,
With its hearty and sticky fun,
And I know the whole world's at peace with
me,
For the sap has commenced to run.

—P. McARTHUR.

OLD IRONSIDES

A Y, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;

Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WILDNESS

LOVE forged for me a golden chain
To bind my straying feet.
I dwelt in scented rose-leaf rain
And found the young years sweet.

But when I hear the winds sweep by
Or see the white clouds pass—
The space of the open sky—
Birds soaring o'er the grass—

There is a little place in me
That cries like any child
To be as forest things are, free,
Lonely, strange, and wild!

—BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

I'LL REMEMBER YOU, LOVE, IN MY PRAYERS

When the curtains of night are
pinned back by the stars,
And the beautiful moon mounts the
skies,
When the dewdrops from heaven are
kissing the rose,

It's then that my memory flies,
As if on the wings of some beautiful
dove
In haste with the message it bears.
Just to bring you a kiss of affection
and say,
I'll remember you, love, in my
prayers.

CHORUS.

Then go where you may on land or
on sea,
I will share all your sorrows and
cares.
And tonight when I kneel by my bed-
side to pray,
I'll remember you, love, in my
prayers.

I have loved you too fondly to ever
forget,
The love you have spoken to me,
With the kiss of affection still warm
on your lips,
When you told me how true you
would be.

I know not if fortune be fickle or
friend,
Or if time on your memory wears.
I know that I love you wherever you
roam,
And remember you, love, in my
prayers.

CHORUS.

When heavenly angels are guarding
the good,
Which God has ordained them to do,
In answer to prayers I have offered
to Him,
I know there is one watching you,
And may His bright spirit be with
you through life;

Just to guide you up Heaven's
bright stairs,
And the girl who has loved you and
kept you in sight,
Has remembered you, love, in her
prayers.

—Sent in by William Shepherd.

