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The American Union

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD.,

By J. H. Emerson.

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The American Union.

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Rates of Advertising.

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DR. ENOCH GEORGE,

DENTON, MD.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity. Can be found at the Drug Store, two doors above the Brick Hotel, when not professionally engaged.

CHAS. W. EMMERICH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,

jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

ROBT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. jan14-y.

WM. A. STEWART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,

DENTON, MD.

Special attention given to the collection of claims, &c. [aug5-1y.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MD.

Con[illegible] to practicein the Courts of Caroline [jly15-tf.

[illegible] E. SHANAHAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

[illegible] DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.

[illegible] practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to the collection of Claims, Sales of Estate, &c. [jly15-tf.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

(CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,)

EASTON, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. [jan30-y.

P. W. DOWNES. M. S. MUTCHLER.

DOWNES & MUTCHLER,

Attorneys-at-Law,

—AND—

Solicitors in Chancery,

DENTON, MARYLAND,

WILL practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

Collections and all other business will receive prompt attention. [mar13-y.

Legal Notice.

THE undersigned proffers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline Co., and will from this date regularly attend the ses[illegible]ns of the Caroline Court.

CLEMENT SULLIVANE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

may20-y. Cambridge, Md.

CASPER MILLER,

Merchant Tailor,

DENTON, Md.

HAS removed his shop to his residence, east end of Gay St., where he is prepared to cut and make garments for the public. Fits guaranteed and work done in the best manner. [nov.25-tf.

T. N. GOULD. W. K. H. N. GOULD.

T. N. GOULD & SON,

Commission Merchants,

No. 94 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

(SECOND DOOR ABOVE CAMDEN)

Baltimore, Md.

Consignments of Grain & Produce Solicited.

Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers & Groceries, Promptly Attended to.

apr4-y.

Chas. H. Blackiston,

Watch Maker

AND JEWELER,

Denton, Maryland.

Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice.

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Plated ware of all kinds constantly on hand and sold at the lowest prices.

Gentlemen's Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs, Neck-Ties, &c., for sale cheap. [mar28-tf.

DR. DAVID A. SPARKS,

Operative and Mechanical Dentist.

[illegible]LL be in Church Hill to professionally [illegible]eat patients on Friday and Saturday [illegible]h week. Will be at his office in Greensboro', Caroline county, Md., from Monday until Thursday. Dr. Sparks performs [illegible]st difficult operations in Dental [illegible] and Manufacturing Teeth a[illegible] those desiring my services can [illegible] places and the times above [jun5-tf.

[illegible]ed Stock.

[illegible]le Cheap.

[illegible]NY and Brittany calves [illegible] stock for sale cheap for [illegible]AS. A. DUNNING.

NEAR DENTON.

Poetry.

ADDRESS TO WINTER.

Ha! here you come to make us wheeze,
I see your fingers on the trees,
And hear you shouting on the breeze
The storm clan's slogan.

You'll soon be here to nip my toes,
And paint my cheeks with sunset glows,
And fresco this old chin and nose
With blue and purple.

I here you've been, you roving fellow,
Among the Australasians yellow,
And scaring with your blatant bellow
The Polynesians.

Touch them kindly. Kindly deal.
With those who most thy rigors feel;
In trembling suppliance they kneel
And crave thy mercy.

Bluster around the rich man's door;
Make him unlock his golden store,
Each year increasing more and more
His deeds of kindness.

You're getting rough; I fear you pass
Your time too much with Boreas,
And that star-mantled gypsy lass,
The summer Solstice.

Old friends, together many a year
We've journeyed on through foul and clear,
And now old comrades, lend an ear
To my petition.

This year, I pray thee, leave thy snows
In cold Arcturus with thy blows;
Oh! Winter, gently come to those
Who have no shelter.

Roar 'round the miser till he quakes;
Nip him and strip him till he shakes;
Freeze him and squeeze him till he makes
A big donation.

And in the cause of silence, pray
Keep out the ice from Baffin's bay,
So that Polar "savants" win their way
To frozen glory.

Let those we love, though they abide
Far from us now, come to our side
Happy and well at Christmastide,
And we will bless thee.

For the Union.

MODERN PRODIGALS.

Your selection from the "Burlington Hawkeye," published in your issue of Dec. 2nd, awakens a train of thought that turns with intuition to the story of the Prodigal Son. The story is an old one.—Again and again has it been unfolded by the Preacher and the Christian press. Men have become so familiar with it that they almost feel acquainted with the poor fellow. And not a few non-professors of religion, in all honesty, from the very bottom of their hearts, heve pittied him. Men fail to see, in any of the facts of the narrative an image, or even a resemblance to themselves. The picture is an exaggerated one—an extreme—an isolated case to their conception; and so they hang it in an unfrequented hall in memorys chamber.—Young men and young women fail to recognize any of their own features, because the record says, "He took his journey into a far country." He fell so far, and became so degraded, hence, it does not apply to me young man, young woman. The lines of that far country sweep right by the borders of the land of virtue. You have only to commit a very few transgressions—a very few misteps, and you are already in that country. You find how far it is when you try to get back. Your employers confidence forfeited. The church of Jesus Christ suspicious you if you have passed her by unnoticed in the the days of your prosperity, and knock at her doors, now in your night of adversity. It is a Far Country. Mr. Roe's "Knight of the Nineteenth Century" found it to be a far country, and he was by no means a very bad young man.

They fail to see themselves because "He took his portion of the goods, &c."

Young man don't deceive yourself.—Don't think because you are poor that the avenues of vice are not open to you because you are not far from home, in strange cities and your pocket filled with money, is a reason why you may not be in the foot steps of the Prodigal. Of the two, I think the young man who is willing to pay for his tricket to destruction is more honorable, (if the word may be used,) than the man who will steal over the road, hanging on in a mean cowardly way. The former may travel by fleeter routes, but he is not more certain of reaching the destination. The latter adds too often, to his other sins, that of theft and forgery.

I rejoice to know that in the muetiplicity of crimes, the proportion of proofs to this narrative in its extreme, is no greater. But there are some. Only a few days ago a woman was picked up from the gutter in the streets of New York drunk, ragged, dirty, and shivering on the brink of eternity. Twenty years ago she was the Belle of her day among a class of men, whose money is poured out like rain, where ever their ambitions lead them. They vied with each other for the highest place in her estimation. Diamonds worth thousands of dollars glittered and sparkled in the light from her delicate fingers. Look at her now. No friends, no money, no food, no shelter.

"And he went and joined himself to a citizens of that country. And he sent him into his fields to feed swine." And so does every man or woman who passes over the line, join himself and herself to a citizen of that country. The lines are clearly drawn. "He that is not for me is against me." The citizen of that country, the Devil, sent him to feed swine. The meanest, lowest, most degrading occupation.—The Devil has no respectable jobs. When a young man through misconduct looses positions in respectable places of business, the only thing left for him is to sell rum, attend a gaming table, or a cockpit. Feeding swine. "He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat.'

So lonely was he, that the campanionship of hogs was preferable to no society. And so tis, when a man by successive steps in sin finds himself shuned by everybody respectable, is glad to make friends of the lowest and most debased creatures of humanity.

There is safety only in the lands of Virtue, of sobriety, of christian integrity.—Avoid the very appearance of evil. Young man, young woman, take Christs life as an example. Make it the rule of your conduct. You may not need caution against these great crimes, but you need Christ just as much as any transgressor. The little foxes will disturb your peace. An untruth—uncharitable words and actions,—a fit of anger,—deceiving your employer—misapplication of opportunity, are the fruits of those who have joined themselves to a citizen of that country. H.

Miller and his Miracles.

CROWDS COME TO CONSULT HIM—THE LAME LEAVE THEIR CRUTCHES AND GO HOME REJOICING.

[*From the Staunton, Va., 'Vindicator' of Nov. 20th*, 1880.]

In last week's *Vindicator* a short notice announced that Dr. John Miller would be in Staunton on the 15th inst. Promptly on time he was at Kalorama; had his office open, and not less promptly his patients began to flock in. The doctor, whose history has been from time to time referred to in this paper, was less than two years ago operating a mill in Scott county in this State, where he was successful in the cure of a great many unfortunes, afflicted with divers complaints by merely laying on his hands. His patients increased so rapidly that last winter he went to the Red Sulphur Springs in Roanoke county, where the halt and blind flocked to him from everywhere, and giving himself to their demands, in the course of seven months he treated over four thousand patients, the majority of whom, his agent says, were relieved of their maladies. Since then he has been travelling in this direction, coming from Lexington to this place.

Dr. Miller is accompanied by his wife, a pleasant, matronly, middle aged lady, and by Mr. R. H. Woodrum, of Roanoke county, his business agent, who, in the trying position he occupies, being continually surrounded by a crowd of interested or inquisitive persons, asking a thousand idle questions to one sensible one, is uniformly courteous and pleasant. In the three days that the doctor has been in Staunton he has had applications from 248 afflicted persons. The clerk registers them as they present themselves and arranges for them to be treated in turn. Yesterday two rooms were full all day, one with male and the other with female patients, and at sundown seventy patients had been treated. Our reporter was by the courtesy of Mr. Woodrum permitted to go into the doctor's private room with a patient and observe his treatment.

He found in a small dark room with the shutters closed and its only furniture two chairs, this remarkable man. He is rather stout, of middle age and statue, dressed very plainly with long red hair and beard, and a rather pleasant expression of countenance, a mild and persuasive voice and a bright eye that has something of facination in its gaze. He asks his patient what is his complaint, has some reassuring words for him referring to similar cases that he has relieved and cites him to scriptural passages to strengthen his faith. Then he commences his manipulations, passing his hands over the patient's head and face and limbs; thumping his chest, rubbing the spine under his coat and rapidly going pretty well over the whole body. About 10 minutes is spent in the treatment and the patient expresses himself much relieved and gratefully offers compensation which the Doctor says can be arranged in the next room with the agent and pass out as others push in. It seems that no charge is made.

"Dr.' Miller, considering that this gift of healing is from God, leaves it to his patients to pay or not as they choose and many being unable to give anything are not questioned at all though they go away cured. He will not receive any large fee and declines as much as $5, the average amount paid being $1. A man who had brought a lame child and took him back sound, offered $5, but $4 in change was handed back.

As our reporter went up to the house he saw a gentleman from West View, Capt. Schoppert, drove up to the front gate and a man was helped out who had to be lifted softly to the ground and his crutches placed under him when he painfuly dragged himself with bent knees, up the brick walk to the Doctor's office. Three hours later this man, J. S. Ott, who had been in torture for 16 months, had been treated and was free of pain and moving one leg easily with the other, greatly benefited and in fine spirits.

Another man hobbled in with a stick, had a quiet ten minutes talk with the healer, came out laughing and walked off forgetting his wife who picked up his stick and followed after.

Mr. F. W. Hager, who has been painfully afflicted with rheumatism at times for years, feeling an attack coming on and suffering so much that he could not set his foot squarely down, was treated. After the first manipulation yesterday morning he said he felt no relief. The second cured him of all pain and his limbs were as supple as ever.

Bill Brown, a colored barber, has hobbled about the streets of Staunton for months, one leg drawn up with rheumatism and one hand and arm drawn and distorted so as to be of little use to him. One visit to Miller was enough. Brown's crutches stand in the corner of the Doctor's office as a trophy, while Brown walks the streets a happy man.

Dr. Miller said yesterday that three deaf children had been brought to him from the Institution and when they went away they could hear his watch tick. Our reporter did not see these children, but heard of many other remarkable cases which were almost past belief.

There is no doubt that the man has some wonderful power which seem to those unwilling to concede the miraculous, to be magnetism. He calls it faith in every communication, and says that he will give a lecture in Staunton if the people wish to hear him.

A Model Marriage Letter.

The following letter was written twenty years ago by a lady of great literary distinction, to her cousin on the eve of his marriage, and accompanied by a pair of blue mixed stockings knit by herself as a present:

Dear Cousin:—Herewith you will recieve a present of a pair of woolen stockings, knit by my own hands, and be assured, that my friendship for you is as warm as the material, active as the finger work, and generous as the donation. But I consider this present as peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of your marriage. You will remark in the first place that there are two individuals united in a pair, who are to walk side by side, guarding against coldness, and giving comfort as long as they last. The thread of their texture is mixed, and so also is the thread of life. In these, however, the white predominates, expressing both love and confidence: that thus it will be with the color of your existence. No black is used, for I believe your lives will be wholly free from black passions of wrath and jealousy.—The darkest color here is blue, which is excellent, where we do not make it too blue: you will perceive the tops of these stockings (by which I suppose courtship to be represented) are seamed, and by means of seeming, are drawn into a snarl; but afterwards comes a time when the whole is made plain and continues so to the end and final toeing off. By this I wish to take occasion to congratulate you, that you are now through with seeming and have come to plain reality. Again, as the whole of these comely stockings were not made at once, but by the addition of one little stitch after another, put in with skill and discretion until the whole presents the fair equal piece of work which you see; so life does consist of one great action, but millions of little ones combined and so may it be with you—no stitch dropped when duties are to be performed—on widening made when bad principles are to be reproved, or economy is to be presented—neither seaming nor narrowing, where truth and generosity are in question; thus every stitch made right, and set in the right place—none either too large or to small: or too tight or too loose; thus may you always keep on your smooth and even course, making existence one fair and consistent piece, until together having passed the heel you come to the toe of life, and here in the final narrowing off and dropping the stitch of this emblematical pair of companions, and comforting associates nothing appears but white, the token of innocence, purity, peace and light. May you take these stockings, (the final stitch being completed) go together from the place where you were framed, to a happier state of existence. A present from earth to heaven; hoping that these stockings may meet a cordial reception, I remain in the true blue friendship, seemly, yet without seeming,

Yours, from TIP TO TOE.

Some Uses of Charcoal.

Charcoal laid flat while cold on a burn causes the burn to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour the burn seems almost healed when the wound is but superficial. Tainted meat surrounded with it is sweetened. Strewn over heaps of decomposed pelts or over dead animals charcoal prevents any unpleasant odor. Foul water is purified by it. It is a great disinfectant, and sweetens offensive air, if placed in shallow trays around apartments. It is so very porous that it absorbs and condenses gases rapidly. One cubic inch of fresh charcoal will absorb nearly 100 inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an excellent poultice for malignant wounds and sores. In cases of what is called proud flesh it is invaluable. It gives no disagreeable odor, corrodes no metal, hurts no texture, injures no color, is a simple and safe sweetner and disinfectant. A teaspoonful of charcoal in half a glass of water often relives a sick-headach. It absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach, pressing against the nerves which extend from the stomach to the head. If often relieves constigation, pain or heartburn.

THE laws of nature were not appointed by the great Lawgiver to baffle his creatures in the sphere of conduct, still less to confound them in the region of belief. As part of an order of things too vast to be more than partly understood, they present, indeed, some difficulties which perplex the intellect, and a few, also, it cannot be denied, which wring the heart. But, on the whole, they stand in harmonious relations with the human spirit. They come visibly from one pervading mind, and express the authority of one enduring kingdom.—*Argyll.*

Man Here and Hearafter.

WHAT EX-PARSON MURRAY THINKS ABOUT IT.

Ex parson Murray recently lectured in Boston on "Man Here and Hereafter,' and proclaimed his lack of faith in the theological hell which Milton and Dante have created, the one for the Protestant, the other for the Roman branch of the church, and for the usual "sort of hell among clericals.' Mr. Murray's devil is "a mis-directed mental force, the principle of malice impersonated, the essence of all evil condensed into words.' Hell to him "is remorse, is regret, is disappointment, and is, therefore, as a possibility, universalized in every breast.' He believes that the human body was intented to be deathless, and that, early in the beginning, certain laws of health were transgressed, and the body began to suffer deterioration, received a shock, in fact, which "broke down the perfect sanitary protection which originally fenced it beyond the peradventure of peril.' This, in his opinion, was more than Adam's sin; it was crime against the whole race that should be born of him.' The body dies and rots, because of Adam's crime, though the body of Jesus escaped that fate, and we leave our old bodies here at death to enter into new bodies, received, as Adam received his, from the bounty of God. Death with kind hands leads us "into the vestibule of this magnificent mode of life.' He does not think there is "the shadow of a reason to believe that there is in the whole universe a disembodied spirit,' or the results of sin and the mischances of the earth will be preserved. Touching the meeting in heaven, he thinks that it would be felicity to "dodge a great many people.' Rising to higher ground, he holds that the structure of the mind will remaim the same on the other side that it is on this side of the grave. Heaven to him "is the realm of character,' the realm of results "reached by the revolution of slowly unfolding processes, and not by the shdden enactment of the Supreme Being.' The power of God has its strict limitations when it comes in contact with human capacities. The common conception of the Judgment day looks absurd, as Mr. Murray understands it.

His idea is that, instead of all hearts brought to one judge in judgment, one judge and judgment are brought to all hearts. The judgment day is a personal and not an universal event. The conception that moral education stops at death is to him equally and error. Man does not learn all the laws of his being here. The next world is not a probationary, but an educationai state; not a period of trial, but a period of schooling.

Talk About Home.

After all, when one comes to think of it, there are not many homes. There are of course, innumerable places which go by the name of homes, call so for a want of a better designation, or because everybody calls the place where he eats and sleeps 'home;' but when you come down to the sober fact, homes are comparatively scarce.

A home is a refuge place from the storms, the fret and worry of life. It is a place where the husband comes home to the sanctuary, where smiles and loving words answer his smiles and greetings. It is a place where the wife reigns in her benignity and grace of outward beauty, or cultivation, but of true womanhood, where she receives honor and love even as she gave them both. It is a place where children are happier than anywhere else in the world, because there are the choicest words, the brightest looks and the kindest acts.—Such are not the majority of homes as we find them.

How does it happen that when you see a real home, a light, pleasant spot where every one seems to be happy; where if husband and wife have misunderstandings, no one seems to know it; where laughter and smiles are perpetual guests, why does it strike one as peculiar and noticeable?—Simply because there are so few of them.

Making Friends.

Life is very critical. Any word may be our last. Any farewell, even amid glee and merriment, may be forever. If this truth were but burnt into our consciousness, and it ruled as a deep conviction and real power in our lives, it would give a new meaning to our human relationship? Would it not make us far more tender than we sometimes are? Would it not oftentimes put a rein upon our rash and impetuous speech? Would we carry in our hearts the miserable suspicious and jealousies that now so often embitter the fountains of our lives? Would we be so impatient of the faults of others? Would we allow trivial misunderstandings to build up a wall between us and those who ought to stand very close to us? Would we keep alive petty quarrels year after year, which a manly word any day would compose?—Would we pass old friends or neighbors on the street without recognition, because of some real or fancied slight, some wounding of pride, or some ancient grudge? Or would we be so chary of kind words, our commendations, our sympathy, our comfort, when weary hearts all about us are breaking for just such expressions of interest or appreciation as we have in our power to give?

IT is no more possible for an idle man to keep together a certain stock of knowledge than it is possible to keep together a certain stock of ice exposed to the meridian sun. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an inference; and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it.

At a private fair in New York a young lady sold five kisses for five dollars each. How fortunate it is that this is not the regular market price.

Religious Thought.

Genuine Faith.

There is nothing within the range of moral possibility too hard for true faith to overcome.

No case could be more forbidding than that of the heathen, Canaanitish woman of Syro-Phonicia. She was a descendant of one on whom a curse had rested—cursed be Canaan "a servant of servants shall he be,' said his grandfather in a prophetic manner. This prophecy became history. Joshua was commanded to utterly destroy this race—"make no bargain with them.' So they were driven from their land, and some of them settled on their northern border along the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, or Syro Phonicia. They were called "dogs' by their neighbors the Jews, as being held in the most abject contempt, and who had no reason to expect any favors from their enemies, the Jews.

Yet this woman having heard of the Jewish Messiah, Jesus of Nazereth, and believing him to be the Christ of God, of whom she had casually heard, comes to him with all the obstacles in the way—greater obstacles than have ever been in way of any person since, and cries to him in the presence of the vast throng moving with him, "Have mercy on me.' She had, only as faith gave it to her, no reason to expect anything but repulse—even to be trampled upon or stoned for stepping so far out of a modest woman's place as to thus expose herself before the multitude.

Her only plea was distress—her only hope a merciful Msssiah, who would not "break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax.'

She believed that "He would,' according to what she had heard, "deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also and him that hath no helper.'

But contrary to her expectation, contrary to what we should naturally expect, "He answered her not a word.' Some would have gone off in disgns at such rude treatment, or having presented their petition rest satisfied. Alas, too many have never learned the first principles of the Divine government. That the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. That an earnest effort and a sense of need and helplessness alone secure the needed blessing. Had he answered her at once this precious lesson of prevailing faith had not enriched the sacred page.

But obstacles increase; "Send her away' said his selfish disciples, "she crieth after us.' He seemed not to hear them, intent on the lesson he was giving. "I am not sent' says he to her, "only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' "Lord help me,' she cried and worshipped Him, falling at his feet. Her prayer is among the few affectionate prayers recorded in the New Testament. Paul's was, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do.' The jailor's, "What shall I do to be saved?' The thief on the cross, "Lord remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom.' The Publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner.' And this woman's, "Lord help me." "Brevity' rhetoricians say, "is the soul of wit.' It is the instinct of soul prayer.

Her cause seemed won. But the next rebuff is worst of all. "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs.' How unnaturally strange does this sound coming from the lips of him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smilling face.'

With any less humility and genuine faith, three repulses, the last with apparent insult, had sent her away in anger. But not so. Willing to be called anything—a dog—to obtain the blessing, she presented a last and unanswerable argument. All you say is true, "Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their Master's table.' There is enough and to spare of thy munificence. Let thy people have the choicest blessings, only let some crumbs fall to me, even they will make my sorrowing heart rejoice. "O woman' said the loving Savior, "great is thy faith. Be it even unto thee as thou wilt.' And her daughter was made whole from that very hour. Is the case of any sinner so desperate that he need despair? Are any lost because the terms of salvation are too hard? Let the history of this woman answer.

A man that is honestly and generously trying to comform his inward and outward life to the principles and rules of Christ must become a miserable man. I cannot conceive of anything so horrible to a fine-strung and sensitive nature as to have a very vivid ideal of the great, the everlasting, the all-branching principle of love, as made manifest and taught by Christ, clear, sharp, universal, increscent, radiant, and then to measure by that conception the actual development of the principle of love in his own life. For two things take place. As ideality takes on the colors of things beautiful, so it intensifies the color of things ugly. When a man with a vivid imagination, sensitive to impressions, looks upon his performance, upon the things in his conduct that are low and mean, upon his faults, upon his sins, they have to him an intensity, a cutting edge, a meaning, a condemnatory power, such as ordinary men do not perceive, and such as men never perceive except through this element of faith applied to moral conduct. To some men the sense of the magnitude of other sins is like the rolling of the sea. The voice of self-condemnation that beats forever on the shore of their actual life never hushes its concemnatory note, and people say, "Why, what a sense they have of the sinfulness of sin!' It is when the imagination, the ideal, comes down and gives a heightened glory to truth that transgression becomes intolerable and unbearable; and many persons are so weighed down by it that it deranges their whole balance of mind. the glory of the right, the varieties of it, the intensities of it, the beauties of it, the desirableness of it, all its claims upon men are so heightened that a man is as if he were without wings and were told to fly over a mountain; and he says, "I cannot fly.' If a man stands over against duty with such a sense of utter helplessness and unproductiveness he is almost in despair.

A Horrible Monster.

AN IRISH OCTOPUS.

We sometimes read of gigantic octopuses being caught in such remote places as Northwestern America or south Australia, but the general idea of a British octopus is gathered from the horrible but harmless little bunch of fleshy tentacles with the bulbous head which gracefully glides through the waters of the Brighton aquarium and flops down uncouthly on the artifical rocks.

Nevertheless, there are giant octopuses in our seas, as readers of Victor Hugo's thrilling romance, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer,' have learned to their groundless horror. Seldom, indeed, are these revolting monsters ever seen, but they undoubtedly exist at certain depths was proved by the enormous speeimens cast up by the sea on the Duggerna reef at Kilkee, county Clare, during the last great storm on October 7th. An occurate description of the strange jetsam has been furnished by the Rev. R. I. Gabbett. Its tentacles, of which there were eight, had been partially broken. Each of them was as thick as a man's upper arm, and studded underneath throughout the whole length with a double row of rounded suckers. The length of the arms was from twelve to fifteen feet, so that from the extremity of one arm to that of its opposite was a span of thirty feet. The length of the animal's trunk from end to end was at least twenty feet. The head was about three feet long, but very narrow; and its hideous eyes were like the inner surface of a breakfast plate; while its repulsive mouth, shaped like a parrot's beak, was as large and baggy as the joined hands of a man with fingers outstretched. The horrid thing weighed nearly a quarter of a ton, and to complete its manifold attractions was decked in the livery of a turbot's underside.—*Globe.*

Separation from the World.

Salvation is all of grace. Yet these things are required: "Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from all iniquity.' "Whosoever would be my disciple, let him take up his cross, deny himself daily, and follow me.' 'Ye cannot,' says our Lord, 'serve God and Mammon.'—Shrink not from the pain these sacrifices must cost. It is not so great as many fancy. The joy of the Lord is his people's strength. Love has so swallowed up all sense of pain, and sorrow been so lost in ravishment, that men of old took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and martyrs went to the burning stake with beaming countenances, and sang high death-songs amid the roaring flames. Let us by faith rise above the world, and it will shrink into littleness and insignificance compared with Christ. Some while ago two æronauts, hanging in mid-air, looked down to the earth from their balloon, and wondered to see how small great things had grown—ample fields were contracted into little patches, the lake was no larger than a looking-glass, the broad river with ships floating on its bosom seemed like a silver thread, the wide, spread city was reduced to the dimensions of a village, the long, rapid, flying train appeared but a black caterpillar slowly creeping over the surface of the ground. And such changes the world undergoes to the eyes of him who, rising to hold communion with God and anticipating the joys of heaven, lives above it and looks beyond it. This makes it easy and even joyful to part with all for Christ—"this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.'—*Thomas Guthrie, D. D.*

Livingstone's Boyhood.

The boyhood and subsequent life of Livingstone, the missionary explorer of Africa, illustrated the lines:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part; there all the honor lies,"

When David Livingstone was a boy he was obliged to be at the mills by six o'clock in the morning, and he did not leave until six o'clock in the evening. It might be well supposed that the little factory boy would have been glad to rest during the short time he was not at work. But a lad with such a spirit of determination as David possessed was not easily to be deterred from pursuing the course he had marked out for himself.

When he received his first week's pay, he forthwith purchased a Latin grammar with a portion of it, and within a very short time joined an evening school. This school was a very humble one, and it was partly supported by the owners of the cotton mills for the benefit of those employed by them, the dominie who carried it on being thus enable to give instruction at a low rate to his pupils.

David now began to learn in real earnest, continuing night after night to attend the school until ten o'clock, and then devoting two hours—sometimes more, unless his mother prevented him by taking his books away—to the preparation of the following day's lessons; and so absorbed was he always in his thought that the hard work in which he was regularly engaged seemed almost to be lost sight of by him.

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