WALKING WITH THE WORLD.

The Church and the World walked far apart,
On the changing shore of time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.
'Come, give me your hand,' cried the merry World,
'And walk with me this way.'
But the good Church kid her snowy hands
And solemnly answered, 'Nay,
I will not give you my hands at all,
And I will not walk with you,
Your way is the way to endless death
Your words are all untrue.'

'Nay, walk with me but a little space,'
Said the world with a kindly air;
'The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there.
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
And mine is broad and plain;
The sky above me is always blue,
No want, no toil, I know;
The sky above you is always dark,
Your lot is a lot of woe.
My path, you see, is a broad fair one,
And my gate is high and wide;
There's room enough for you and me
To travel side by side.'

Half shyly the Church approached the World,
And gave him her hand of snow.
The old World grasped it and walked along,
Saying in accents low—
'Your dress is too simple to please my taste,
I will give you pearls to wear,
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair.'
The Church looked down at her plain white robes,
And then at the dazzling world,
And blushed ere she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled.
'I will change my dress for a costlier one,'
Said the Church with a smile of grace;
Then her pure white garment drifted away,
And the World gave in their place
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And ever her forehead her bright hair fell,
Crisped in a thousand curls.

'Your house is too plain,' said the proud old World;
'I'll build you one like mine,
Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine.'
So he builds her a costly and beautiful house,
Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there,
Gleaming in purple and gold.
And fairs and shows in her halls were held,
And the world and his children were there;
And laughter and music and feasts were heard
In the place that was meant for prayer.
She had cushioned pews for the rich and great,
To sit in their pomp and pride;
While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits;
Sat meekly down outside.
The angel of Mercy flew over the Church,
And whispered, 'I know thy sin;'
Then the Church looked back with a sigh, and longed
To gather her children in.

But some were off to the midnight ball,
And some were off to the play;
And some were drinking at gay saloons,
So quickly she went her way.
Then the sly World gallantly said to her,
'Your children mean no harm,
Merely indulging in innocent sports,'
So she leant on his proffered arm;
And smiled and chatted and gathered flowers
As she walked along with the World.

'Your preachers are all too old and plain,'
Said the gay World with a sneer;
'I will send you some of another stamp,
Brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will tell them that people may live as they list
And go to Heaven at last.
The Father is merciful great and good,
Tender and true and kind;
Do you think that He would take a child to Heaven,
And leave the rest behind?'
So he filled her house with gay divines,
Gifted and great and learned,
And the plain old men who preached the Cross,
Were out of pulpits turned.

'You give too much to the poor,' said the World,
'Far more than you ought to do;
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?
Go take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine,
And pearls and jewels and dainty food.
And the rarest and costliest wine
My children, they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in.'

Then the Church held tightly the strings of her purse,
And gracefully lowered her head,
And simpered, 'I've given too much away;
I'll do, sir, as you have said.'
So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry,
And she drew her beautiful robes aside
As the widows went weeping by.
And the sons of the World and the sons of the Church
Walked closely hand and heart;
And only the master who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease and said
'I am rich, and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing and naught to do
But to laugh and dance and feast.'
And the sly World heard her and laughed in his sleeve,
And mockingly said aside.
'The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,
And her shame is her boast and pride.'

The angel drew near to the mercy seat,
And whispered in sighs her name,
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed,
And covered their heads with shame.
And a voice came down through the hush of Heaven,
From Him who sat on the throne:—
'I know thy works, and how thou hast said,
I am rich and hast not known
That thou art naked and poor and blind,
And wretched before My face,
Therefore from My presence I cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place.'

OBED'S SUBSCRIPTION.

MARY WAGER FISHER.

"'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' That was the parson's text this morning, and it recalled a circumstance in our early married life about which I sat thinking all through the service, and which, had I been moved by the spirit to arise and relate, would have been a novel illustration for the text."

"Relate it to me," I urged. "It will do for a supplementary discourse."

My friend, at whose house I was staying, led the way out on the back piazza, and after placing me in a shaker rocker, seated herself in another, and began:

"Obed and I have been married 10 years, you know. He, at the time of our marriage, had been at the bar but a year, and in a great city like B—— it is no easy matter for a young man to make his way among the best lawyers in the country. It has been only within the last year or two that the receipts of his practice have allowed a deposit in the bank over and above our living expenses. But I had a little income, with which and my Yankee 'capacity' I managed to make both ends of the year meet. Obed had plenty of money in prospect, but none in pocket; so, upon the whole, we were extremely poor, pinched for money at every turn, but nobody suspected it. I had a handsome outfit when I was married, and it lasted me for five years without the actual purchase of a new article. I was my own child's nurse, seamstress, chamber-maid and house-maid, as we could only afford one domestic. It tires me now when I look back and live over those years of self sacrifice, of a most tiresome economy, in order that we might keep out of debt. But we were young and hopeful, and we often had a little laugh at our own expense, as when dressed for a church or a visit, Obed would say, 'Nell, you are dressed like a princess, and I haven't a dollar in the world; one would think to see you that we rolled in wealth,' while I would gayly remind him that 'all that glitters is not gold.' I remember I had one costume of unusual beauty and richness which he never liked me to wear because it seemed to him like making a false impression and so it lay folded in my trunk until half runined, in order, as Obed said, to avoid the appearance of evil.' He is always quoting St Paul, you know.

"One secret of my cheerfulness during those trying years was that my faith in Obed was as deep as the sea and firm as the everlasting hills. I no more believed it possible for him to do what he thought to be wrong than it was for him to fly. He is not a brilliant fellow, as you know, but for solid qualities, as honesty, integrity, pureness of heart, earnestness, charitableness of judgment, accuracy of knowledge and a high and keen sense of justice, I have never known his equal. I never thought of his yielding to temptation, or abandoning any good cause because it was weak. In my estimation he was as a bulwark of strength. I suppose that I endowed him, in a way, with my own decision and firmness, which have always made it as easy for me to say no as yes in regard to anything about which my convictions were clear.

"The greatest trial we had to contend with was our inability to be liberal and thoroughly hospitable. This suburban town where we now live is much wealthier now than then, but even then it was aristocratic enough to tell what its future would be. Every denomination must have its own church, and there were always fairs and festivals and subscriptions for this and for that; and Obed was a church member, and very much looked up to because of his abilities, fine social position and high character, and you can imagine how, with our miserly income, it was utterly impossible for us to buy tickets for everything, subscribe toward the preacher's salary, or contribute generously toward the church expenses in any way. The very best we could do was to cast in our 'widow's mite,' and whenever help was needed that entailed no expense, to render that. But when it came to money, mind you, we could go no further. We held it to be a crime to let our honest debts go unpaid for the sake of feeding the contribution-box. We knew men who did that way, but they were alway in financial trouble, and I don't think they enjoyed their religion much, especially when they were sold out by the sheriff, their families reduced to penury, and various other families suffering loss because of their liberality in various ways. Now, don't misapprehend me! Nobody in the world loves to give better than I do; but I had rather be branded a monster of penuriousness than to be guilty of being liberal with money that properly belongs to somebody else. No doubt but that we were criticised, but we had the courage of our convictions. We knew better than anybody else what we could afford to do, although as you know, there are persons in every neighborhood who think they know more about your ability to give than you do yourself.

"Well in the second or third year of our marriage the church-building mania seized upon the ambitious part of the congregation of the church of which Obed is a member. The old church was old-fashioned, it is true, ivy-grown, but in most ways very comfortable, and so capacious as to hold a congregation three or four times as large as that which worshiped in it. But the town, it was argued, was growing rapidly in another direction, and in order for 'our church' to hold its own, and to gather within its precincts the saints in costly array, there must be a new fold with all modern improvements for the accommodation of these fine-wooled sheep to pasture in; so subscriptions for the new chuch began. We had no sympathy with the movement, which was entirely for the aggrandizement of the denomination, and not at all for the salvation of sinners. The church was in no sense needed, and Obed declared that if he were a millionaire he would not donate a sou toward its erection, for it would be but a useless and heavy burden upon the people—a sort of ecclesiastical 'white elephant.'

"But the aggrandizers carried the day, and the building of the church began with half of the required money pledged. Obed was elected one of the trustees, for the eclat of his name I suppose. He attended one or two of the business meetings, when he lifted up his voice in opposition to the scheme, and that was all of his participation in the matter.

"Finally dedication day came. It was appointed for a Sunday in September, and everybody far and near, who was at all likely to donate anything toward the lifting of the debt on the enterprise, which amounted to $6,000, was especially invited to attend the dedicatory services. The 'bishop' was to officiate, and other noted men in the church were to be present. The Sunday morning came, and I awoke with a headache which quite unfitted me for service. Obed announced his intention of going to hear the 'bishop,' and added laughingly, 'to see the fun.'

"'What fun?' I asked, in surprise.

"'The fun of seeing $6,000 squeezed out of the people. If they are all as dry an orange as I am they'll raise about 10 cents,' and he thrust his hands into his trousers' empty pockets. Then, kissing me, he walked away I watched him as far as the gate, taking pride in his tall, manly figure and distinguished air, that asserted itself in spite of his somewhat seedy church suit.

"Dinner hour came, but, Obed had not returned. I remember I was sitting on the back porch of our cottage waiting for him when, like a flash, came the thought in my mind 'What if Obed should be induced to subscribe!' The thought actually made me faint for a moment, but I quickly dismissed it as being unworthy of him. He knew our struggle with poverty, and especially appreciated the sacrifices that I was constantly called upon to make, and, as you know, I had been reared in affluence. No, Obed was not of that class of men who send money to the 'heathen' while wife and children actually suffer for the necessaries of existence.

"That ignoble thought quite passed away, and half an hour later I heard Obed's step on the walk, a little less eager than usual, it seemed to me, and the moment he reached the porch I knew something was wrong, for I can always tell from Obed's face the state of his feelings.

"'Well, back again, are you, Obed?' I said, by way of greeting, as he threw his hat down with a boyish fling.

"'Yes; and what do you think I've done, Nell?' he asked, vehemently.

"'I couldn't say, Obed,' I replied, quietly.

"'Subscribed $100 to that pesky church! I'm ashamed of myself! I despise myself! I never felt so mean in all my life! a hundred dollars! and you here slaving your fingers' ends off! I deserve to be shot for my ignominy!'

"'A hundred dollars,' I echoed, faintly, feeling the blood rushing to my heart. It may seem silly to you that for that paltry sum of money we should have been made so miserable; but to us at that time, it was like a million.

"Obed," I cried, after some moments of silence, "not for ten thousand, one hundred dollars would I have lost my faith in your strength to do right."

'Oh, Nell, 'tis just that which cuts me to the quick," he quickly retorted. "Nobody could have made me believe that I would do such a thing. I am as surprised and pained as you can possibly be, for I had no idea that I had such a streak of weakness within me! St. Paul must have foreseen me, for sure, when he warned men to take heed lest they fall, while thinking that they stand."

"Poor Obed! I had never seen him so mortified and humiliated, and all on account of what he so fitly termed that 'pesky church.'"

"Then I asked him to tell me how it happened, and he described the method employed by the 'bishop' and his officials to raise the $6,000. The officials each went among the congregation, soliciting subscriptions from the occupants of each pew; then, as the amount subscribed failed to reach the desired sum, a new appeal was made, and persons who had refused to subscribe at the first round, were again besieged. There was much joking by the various persons brought there to 'talk' money out of the people, and one of them, in speaking of certain pews, said the 'swaths had not been 'mown clean.' So the 'mowing' was done over and over, and it was in the last 'mowing,' when the last thousand dollars was being raised, that Obed, after repeatedly saying he could not subscribe, was overcome by the combined persuasions of two parsons to allow his name to be put down for a hundred dollars—surprised, the moment he yielded, and regretting it as you have heard.

"'But we can't pay it, so what was the use?' I argued in woman fashion.

"Oh, I shall pay it, Nell,' he cried, desperately, 'if for no better reason than as a punishment for my weakness. But you shan't suffer from it,' headded stoutly.

"'Don't be too sure,' I said, quietly.

"He winced and replied:

"'True, Nell, I can never feel sure of anything.'

"As a comforting rejoinder I quoted 'All things worked together for good to them who love the Lord and keep his commandments.'

"We concluded the talk by Obed's asking me to promise never to allude to the matter again until the subscription was paid, which I did, and then freeing himself of a final anathema against his own weakness and that 'pesky church,' we dropped the subject and went to the dinner table, which we had for the time being forgotten.

"Well, within the following two years Obed paid that dreadful subscription. I remember well the night when he came home, and, catching me up in his arms as if he had gone daft, explained his behavior by saying that the 'unmentionable horror' was at last canceled, the $100 subscription was paid, and that if we only had a 'fatted calf' we would kill it in honor of the occasion.

"Although neither Obed nor I during these two years had mentioned the matter it was like a skeleton behind the door. My keen eyes detected his new economies; the retrenching screw had recived another turn, and it made my heart ache. Unknown to him I, too, made my new economies, in behalf of the same cause, until I felt mean and skimped to the furthest degree. I can't tell you how much we endured because of that $100 which went toward paying for carpets and cushions and other luxuries that the worshipers in the old church had always done without.

"Of course that 'pesky church' still stands, but from that day to this we have never entered it. The effort to make it aristocratic failed, and its entire history has been a series of struggles to pay the preacher and 'keep up style.'

"Two years ago, Obed almost entirely at his own expense, for he had come into posession of his patrimony then, refitted the old church, which, after all, has come to be fashionable as well as useful. When the suggestion was made to have the old church repaired Obed made a little speech, in which he said that rather than have a single man or woman subscribe a farthing beyond what he or she was abundantly able to give, he much preferred to bear the entire expense himself; and that all subscriptions to the fund must be voluntary. He afterward said to me that rather than have any person subjected to the pain and humiliation that we had undergone because of that 'dreadful subscription,' he would worship in a barn to the end of his days. I often think if people who solicit subscriptions with a persistence that amounts to insolence would but consider the possible harm they commit that they would ply their business with more consideration, remembering that overcoming a good man's sense of right and duty is leading him into the temptation from which he daily prays to be delivered. And now I'm through," concluded my friend, with a bright laugh, "only that I wish to suggest to you that, if ever you have an 'Obed' bound for a church dedication, you had better go with him, unless you happily more abound in filthy lucre than we did 10 years ago; for Obed said afterward that if I only had been with him we should have been spared the history of that 'dreadful subscription.'"

A Colored Mother's Grief.

"Is dis heah de place whar folks gits dar complaints 'tended to?" asked a wrinkled and bent-over old negress of Ben Finney, in the office of Clerk Clabby, in St. Louis, as she supported herself on a cane as big as a sawlog.

"That depends upon the nature of the complaint," replied the Shaksperian jester.

"Well, I'se got some dischawges fer to make agin de House of de Refugees."

"Well, auntie, go on, we'll hear you."

"You knowse, Mistah Clabbah, dat I'se bin heah fore dis heah time; but I was nevah heah 'ceptin'as a witnus, so help my good Lawd. But I'm gwine to tell you de trufs."

"Well, go on."

"I'se de mudder ob tree pickaninnies, an' honey, de done tink dis heah ole woman want no good any mob, don't ye see, an' dey tuckt dem brats away from me an' brunged 'em to de House od Refugees. I went out dah fer to see 'em, don ye see, and dar dey was I tuckt de leetlest one on my breast, honey, an' I neber knowd afore she was so brack an' so dirty, 'pon my soul. I sat dar an' cried, honey, like an ole mudder, for a long time ober dat chile. Den I put her down an' tuckt up de odder one; she was drest in de home spundest dress, an' her little feet was on de ground, sho' ye bawn, an' dis was de one, mine ye, dat dey said was gwine to school. Foh God, I rudder see dat niggar ign'rant like its mudder dan to git edificated in dat way. Den de oder one she was puny like; her head was all swellin' up like dat, an' her eyes were lookin' like as ef she'd bin hit by somebody. I tuckt her down town an' I got Dr. Slinglebun, or some such name, to feel ob dat niggar. He said dat her head was so leetle in front, ye know, dat der was no place fer de brains to regelate 'emselves, don' yer see. Oh, it's awful fer a mudder to tink about bringin' up sich a chile. An' den he sed as how it hed de salt rum in its nose, an' I don' know what else. Now a policeman he tell me to come up heah, an' git out a 'junction agin de refugees' house."

She was referred to the west end of the building, and hobbled away.

The Benefits of a Home.

General George Barstow gave good advice in a speech on the subject of "Home." He said every man should own his home if he can. That philosophy which tells a man to drift over the uncertain life without a home is like a ship out in the open sea, at the hazard of the storm. A man who owns his home is like a ship that has arrived in port, and is moored in a safe harbor. One man should be no more content to live in a home that is not his own, if he can build one, than one bird should take the risk of hatching in another one's nest; and, for my own part, I would rather be able to own a cottage than to hire a palace. I would say to every man, buy a home if you can, and own it. If a windfall has come to you, buy a home. Do not let anybody tempt you to put all your earnings back into the pool. Take out enough to buy a home, and buy it. Put the rest back if you will; gamble on it if you must, but buy the home first. Buy it, and sell it not. Then the roses that bloom there are yours; the clematis and jasmine that climb upon the porch belong to you. You have planted them, and seen them grow. When you are at work upon them, you are not working for others. If there are children, there are flowers within the house and without. Buy a home.

Truthstretchers in Convention.

The most eminent liars of Reno collected a few days ago, and the result is as below: Beck said he had seen it so cold in Ohio that it froze babies in the cradle. Tom Hymers said he had seen it in Thomas canon freeze the mercury, and said you could not go within six feet of a spirit thermometer without running it up five or six degrees with the heat of the body, so he couldn't tell how cold it was. Ben Bacon said a cold snap came along when he lived at Green Bay and froze the waves standing right up on end and the air full of spray, and Finley Cook said it was so cold the winter he lived in Minnesota that when he threw a basin of water out of the door it turned into little balls of ice before it struck the ground.

The Women to Blame.

[Troy Times.]

Woman, woman, what crimes are committed because of thy fascinations! Here are three of the latest: Bogert, the New York Produce Exchange defaulter, took his life in a house of doubtful character, the proprietor of which claimed to be an old friend of his. J. Lloyd Haigh, the great forger, whose transactions were exposed last week, had wasted a fortune on a belle of the variety stage, Miss Jennie Hughes; and now Lissau, the absconding secretary of the German Insurance company of Philadelphia, it is discovered, ran away not so much because of his peculations as because of a woman.

The man who marries under the impression that his wife gives up everything for him—father, mother, brothers, sisters and home—finds out sometimes that, however much the wife may have given up, the father, mother, brother, sisters, etc., have not given her up.

A CALIFORNIA ROMANCE.

How Man and Wife Met After 20 Years' Separation.

[Vallejo Chronicle, December 30.]

One of those strange episodes in human life which makes us sometimes wonder at "the eternal fitness of things," occurred last night at the Vallejo junction. The tide being low, on the arrival of the Contra Costa passengers for Vallejo were compelled to make quite a descent from the wharf to the boat, and the ladies required the assistance of the gentlemen present. A Mr. G., a grain speculator, was doing the agreeable in this respect, and one of the last ladies to descend was overburdened with a few bundles, which he took charge of, and accompanied the lady to the cabin, where they sat and engaged in conversation. The subject finally touched upon the nativity of each, when it was found they were both from the same town in Kentucky. This fact made each more communicative, when he enquired her name, which was given as Mrs. G. Immediately the gentleman grew pale and excited, and asked:

"You had a daughter, did you not?"

"I did," she responded. "Pray how did you know that?"

"Is that daughter living?"

"She is, and at present on a visit to friends at Vallejo, where I am now going."

"Merciful heavens," he gasped. "My child!"

"Sir," said the lady, rising, "what do you mean?"

"Mean?" he crazily replied. "Mean? Why, I mean that that daughter is my own child and you are my wife!"

Almost overpowered at this confession she plied him with questions, to every one of which he returned a correct answer, when she was convinced that the man was really her husband, from whom she had been separated 20 years. It seems the twain were married in Paris, Ky., in 1858, and 13 months afterward he went to Liverpool on business. The vessel on which he took passage was wrecked and all on board were supposed to have perished. The news coming to the young wife's ears, she was utterly prostrated and was ordered to California by her physicians. Arriving here she took up her residence in Los Angeles. The husband was picked up from the wreck by a fishing smack and taken to some remote foreign port, where he was thrown upon a bed of sickness, which lasted some 15 months. In the meantime he had written repeatedly to his wife, but received no answer. In his despair he concluded to risk a journey across the Atlantic. Feeble as he was he shipped before the mast, on a sailing vessel, and in due time arrived in New York. From there he wrote three times to his wife, but received no answer. Almost frenzied at the thought that she might be dead, and being without funds, and no friends, he "faced" his fare clear to Kentucky, and shortly after arrived at Paris. Inquiries throughout the town assured him that his wife had disappeared a year or so before, no one knew whither. Some said she had gone in search of her husband, others that she might be dead, and others that she had gone to California. He sought the old family physician, but he had left the town some time before Mr. G. then went to work at Louisville and made enough to bring him to California a year after his arrival in Kentucky. He searched everywhere for his absent wife, but without success, and finally gave her up as dead, and she had also mourned for his death. Neither, however, had married again, and last evening on board the Contra Costa was the first intimation either had that the other was in existence.

The now happy couple arrived here last night, and to the surprise of the friends of the lady she introduced her husband, from whom she had been separated 20 years. But imagine his unutterable surprise and joy when the mother led into the parlor a beautiful young lady, his own daughter, whom he had not seen since she was a babe. Father, mother and child will leave to-morrow for San Francisco, where Mr. G., who is now a comparatively wealthy man, has his business and where they will hereafter reside.

GOLD.

Manner is one of the grandest engines of influence ever given to man.

A good resolution may come like a flash, but it takes a year to keep it.

Flattery is a false coin which has circulation only through our vanity.

Hidden virture is often despised, inasmuch as nothing extols it in our eyes.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

The veil which covers the hand of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.

You can not dream yourselves into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Modesty is to worth what shadows are in a painting; she gives to it strength and relief.

The preservation of life should be only a secondary concern; the direction of it our principal.

It is easy to run down the accomplishments of your neighbor, but harder to run ahead of them.

A conscience is like a corner lot. Everybody would like to have it, but few are willing to pay the price.

"Nothing succeeds like success," unless it be an irate bull in pursuit of a small boy with a red flannel patch on the circumference of his trowsers.

Energy will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man without it.

The man who acts on impulse will find himself when near the goal just three paces behind the man who acts on conviction.

We are sewing seeds of truth or error, of dishonesty or integrity, every day we live and everywhere we go, that will take root in somebody's life.

Our system of thought is often only the history of our heart. Men do not will so much according to their reason, as reason according to their will.

The man who at the end of this life has a receipt in full of all demands from men will have more than an ordinary amount of credit to begin the next life with.

Men say they can leave off this habit or that any time they bring to bear the pressure of their will against it; but would it not be better to apply force against the formation of bad habits?

Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and seasons whether they came up or not, or whether he or any other gathers the fruit.

Counterfeiting coin never succeeds in spoiling the character of gold; it only compels one to ring every piece on the counter. So pretense never harms religion; it only makes a man a little more watchful.

We will not accomplish much withoutzeal and enterprise. But the mistake is often made of supposing that zeal is hurry, rush, recklessness and indifference. It is not so; steady momentum is often more effective than unrestrained vigor.

Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and tolerable in our belief in such society; and actually or ideally we manage to live without superiors.

There is a great deal of religion which it would never do to incubate people with, because it hasn't strength enough to "take." It is the kind that is always ready to teach others what to do, but never has time to follow its own teaching. It is not a 100-cents-on-the dollar religion, with its books all open for inspection, but a kind of 10 cents-to-the-dollar affair, which is teetotal on the platform and then takes a private "nightcap" when the public is not peeping through the window. The only religion which is worth the having is well described by a colored philosopher, who once said: "A half a ton ob coal, dumped right in front ob a poor man's door, will tend to gib him more 'couragement dan a mile an' a half ob promises dat has a' worm in de bud an' nebber comes to apples."

No man has a right to complain of his lot or of the times, or to call upon society to help him, until he has done all he can to help himself by industry and fidelity in the place and calling where he is. And he who does this will seldom have cause to complain

The world needs discretion as much as zeal, and although the latter generally usurps all the honors and glories of heroism, the former does a great deal the most towards carrying on the daily affairs of society and states. Zeal, tempered and guided by discretion, or discretion, warmed and energized by zeal, is the true temperament for safe and successful conduct.—Harry J. Raymond.

There is something very tender and touching in the sorrow of a true mother, whatever the language in which it expresses itself. A good old "aunty," who had lost her youngest child, pours out her soul in a lament to which many a white mother's heart will respond in sympathy. She says:

You see he is so little, sor, he'll miss his mammy so—
An' Hebben's such a great big place, he won't know
what to go.
I thought if I could die to-day it wouldn't be too
late.
To obertake his little soul, and tote it to the gate
An' oh, it breaks my heart to think dat maybe he
will cry,
An' hang about outside de gate, widout a bite or
sup,
A waitin' and a longin' for his mammy to ketch up.

"The Lord's Pot."

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

A few years ago a poor but God-fearing clergyman went to the town of Bismarck, a frontier village in the wilds of Dakota, and announced his intention of establishing a branch Vineyard. There were no Christians there, and for a time he did well. His meetings were held in a faro bank, and the subscriptions were paid in faro chrcks, which he "cashed in" solemnly, and employed the proceeds toward the establishment of a church in a log shanty. Another minister, equally poor, but also God-fearing, went out there, and the rugged frontiersmen, appreciating the business value of competition, started him in good shape, and he too was soon flourishing. A rule was established at the various gambling saloons that any man winning $20 should give one to the Cause, and he dropped a red check into a hole in the table called, reverentially, the "Lord's Pot," "pot" being the vernacular for "pile." But it came to pass that these clergymen disagreed on some theological point, and did revile each other, not only in the pulpit, but on the highways and in the waste places, whereat the gamblers marveled and grew wroth. It was finally proposed that the ministers play a game of seven-up, in settlement of their difficulties, but this not meeting with their favor, the gamblers repealed the charitable act, therefore, in solemn council enacted, and pieces of tin were nailed over the holes, reverentially designated the "Lord's Pot." And lo! the clouds broke away; the disputed theological point was settled amicably, and the laborers in the cause were seen together on the street, hand in hand. And the pieces of tin were cast aside, and exceeding great peace and happiness settled on the town, and the cause prospered and grew apace. And they who furnished the sinews, even the gamblers, winked respectfully at the clergymen and at each other, as they observed that "a minister may go forth without purse and without scrip; but he can not fight without funds." And it is even so in Christian communities, a fact upon which we will do well to ponder.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

On and after Sunday, Dec. 14, 1879

Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis. (BEE LINE.)

Depart.		Arrive	
N. Y. & Bo. Ex†	4:15 am	L. & St. L. Ex†	7:25 am
D. & S. Ex†	4:15 am	E., G., M. & I. Ex	12:25 pm
Union Acc	6:45 am	Union Acc	3:45 pm
Dayt. & C. Ex	11:50 am	B., I. & S. L. Ex	6:25 pm
Ft. W., J. & S.	11:50 am	Col. & Ind. Ex	6:25 pm
N. Y. & B. Ex†	6:40 pm	N. Y. & S. L. Ex†	10:55 pm
E. & Ft. W. Ex†	6:40 pm	Col., S. & I. Ex	10:55 pm
		J., Ft. W. & I.	10:55 pm

BRIGHTWOOD DIVISION C., C., C. AND I.

Depart.		Arrive.	
4:05 am	1:10 pm	8:35 am	8:45 pm
5:15 am	3:45 pm	7:25 am	5:10 pm
7:45 am	6:40 pm	11:20 am	6:25 pm
11:50 am	11:10 pm	11:55 pm	10:55 pm

Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis. (PAN HANDLE.)

Depart.		Arrive	
N. Y. & B. F. Lt†	4:20 am	Richmond Ac.	9:55 am
Bal. & Was. F. Lt†	4:20 am	St. L. & L. F. Lt†	12:40 pm
Dayt. & Sp. Ex.	4:20 am	Tex. & Kan. F. Lt†	12:40 pm
Dayt. & X. Ex.	11:00 am	Col. & Sp. Ac.	5:40 pm
Springf. & Col.	11:00 am	X. & Dayt. Ac.	5:40 pm
Rich. & D. Ac.	3:45 pm	St. L. & Tx. F. Lt†	10:45 pm
Xen. & Col. Ac.	3:45 pm	Kan. & F. F. Lt†	10:45 pm
N. Y. & B. F. Ex†	5:45 pm		
Bal. & W. F. Ex†	5:45 pm		

Terre Haute, Vandalia and St Louis.

Depart.		Arrive	
Mail	7:00 am	Fast Line†	4:00 am
Day Express p	1:00 pm	Mail and Ac.	10:00 am
T. Haute Ac.	4:00 pm	Day Express†	5:35 pm
Pacific Ex†	11:00 pm	Mail and Ac.	8:40 pm

Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Depart.		Arrive.	
Day Express p	8:00 am	N. Y. Ex†	4:05 am
Local Express*	3:30 pm	Indianap. Ac.	11:45 am
N. Y. Ex*	11:10 pm	Day Express	5:45 pm

Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Lafayette

CINCINNATI DIVISION.

Depart.		Arrive	
C. & St. L. F. Lt†	4:15 am	C. & M'ville Ac.	11:45 am
Cincin. Ac.	6:05 am	C. & St. L. Mail p	12:35 pm
C. & M'ville Ac.	2:10 pm	Cincin. Ac.	7:50 pm
C. & St. L. Mail p	5:55 pm	C. & St. L. F. Lt†	10:55 pm

LAFAYETTE DIVISION.

Peo. & Keo. Ex.	7:35 am	Chicago F. Lt†	3:50 am
Chi. Mail p	12:55 pm	Lafayette Ac.	11:00 am
Western Ex.	4:15 pm	Chicago Mail	5:35 pm
C. & B. F. Lt† *rc.	11:15 pm	Lafayette Ac.	9:10 pm

Indiana, Bloomington and Western.

Pacific Ex.	7:45 am	East & S. Ex.	4:10 am
Crawfordsville Accom.	3:25 pm	Champaign Ac.	11:00 am
K. & T. Spec.	8:00 pm	Day Ex. & Mail.	5:40 pm
R. I. & W. Ex† RC	11:00 pm		

I., C. and L. and Lake Erie and Western Railroad.

Immediate connections at Lafayette.

Depart.			Arrive
12:55 pm	.....	Indianapolis	5:40 pm
*3:30 pm	.....	Lafayette	3:10 pm
4:48 pm	10:37 am	Hoopeston	1:22 pm
5:42 pm	11:30 am	Paxton	12:37 pm
6:21 pm	12:05 pm	Gibson	12:05 pm
7:50 pm	1:20 pm	Bloomington	10:50 am

G. W. Smith, Gen. Pass. Agt., Lafayette, Ind.

Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis.

Depart.		Arrive.	
Mail & Cin. Ex.	4:15 am	Mail	12:15 pm
Accom.	4:35 pm	Western Ex.	9:35 pm

Indianapolis and Vincennes.

Depart.		Arrive	
Mi. & Cairo Ex.	8:15 am	Spencer Acc.	9:40 am
Spencer Acc.	3:20 pm	Mi. & Cairo Ex.	5:40 pm

Indianapolis, Peru and Chicago.

M. C. F. t W. & T.	7:25 am	C. & M. C. Ex.†	4:00 am
C. & T. Ex. rc	12:25 pm	Peru Ac.	11:00 am
P. & M. C. Ex.	6:10 pm	T. & Ft. W. Ex.	5:25 pm
D., T. & C. Ex.†*	11:10 pm	C. & M. C. Mail.	9:50 pm

Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis.

Depart.		Arrive.	
L. & M. Ex*	4:10 am	Madison Mail	11:00 am
L. & S. Ex†	7:50 am	Mail & N. Ex.	12:00 m
Col. & Mad. Ac.	2:50 pm	Day Express	6:10 pm
S. & Ev. Ex. RC.	6:25 pm	Night Ex†	10:50 pm

Cairo and Vincennes Railroad.

Depart.		Arrive	
Cairo Mail	2:30 pm	Vinc. Mail	12:20 pm

Trains marked thus * indicate sleeper.
Thus, p, parlor car.
Thus, RC, reclining chair car.
Trains marked † are daily

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Bethel A. M. Church,
Corner Vermont and Columbia streets. Rev W. C. Trevan, pastor. Residence, 214 West Vermont street. Hours of service: 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m

Allen A. M. E. Church,
Broadway. Rev. R. Titus, pastor. Residence, 113 Oak street. Hours of service: 10:30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at school 2 p. m.

A. M. E. Zion Church,
Corner Blackford and North streets. Rev. J. Holiday, pastor. Residence Missouri street. Hours of service, 11 a. m. 3 p. m. and 8. p. m. Sunday school at 9 a .m. and 2. p. m.

Coke Chapel M. E. Church.
Sixth street, between Mississippi and Tennessee. Rev. S. G. Turner, pastor. Residence, 251 West Fifth street. Hours of services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday at 2 p. m.

Brauch M. E. Church,
Blackford street, between North and Michigan streets. Rev. James Caruthers, pastor. Residence, Massachusetts avenue. Hours of service, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. a. m.

Second Baptist Church,
Michigan street, between Indiana avenue and West street. Rev. Moses Broyles, pastor. Residence, 270 Blake street. Hours of service, 10:30 a. m., 3 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 9 a. m.

Olive Baptist Church,
Hosbrook street, near Grove street. Rev. A. Summons, pastor. Residence, 106 Linden street. Hours of service, 11 a. m., 3 p. m and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 2 p. m.

Calvary Bap ist Church,
Corner Maple and Marrs streets. Rev. Thos. Smith, pastor. Residence,——. Hours of service, 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 9 a. m.

New Bethel Baptist Church,
Beeler street. Rev. J. R. Raynor, pastor. Residence, 123 West Fourth street. Hours of service, 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 9 a. m.

Mt. Zion Baptist Church,
Corner Second street and Lafayette railroad. Rev. Wm. Singleton, pastor. Residence, Bright street. Hours of service, 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 9 a. m.

Christian Church,
Corner Fifth and Illinois streets, Elder J. M. Marshall, pastor. Residence—— Hours of service, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 9 a. m.

Tabernacle Baptist Church,
Corner Rhode Island and Maxwell streets. Rev. C. C. Wilson, pastor. Residence, 122 Minerva street. Hours of service, 11 a. m. 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 8 a. m

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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GETHSEMANE COMMANDRY.—K. T. No. 9—Regular communication second Tuesday of each month; hall in Judah's Block, opposite court house. J. W. SWEENEY, E. C. H. A. ROGAN, Recorder.

ALPHA CHAPTER No. 13.—Regular communication first Tuesday in each month; hall in Judah's Block.
W. F. MARTIN, Sec. C. E. BAILEY, H. P

CENTRAL LODGE No. 1. F. A. Y. M.—Regular communication first Thursday of each month; hall in Judah's Block.
C. H. LANIER, W. M.
ANDREW LOCKLEAR, Sec.

TRINITY LODGE No. 18. F. A. Y. M.—Regular communications first Wednesday of each month; hall in Judah's Block.
W. M. HILL, Sec. SCO