

romantic circumstances of her marriage fifty-seven years ago.

When Messrs. Thurston and Bingham, then theological students at Andover, consecrated themselves to the missionary work, the mothers of the two young ladies to whom they were engaged at once broke off the engagements. The rupture constituted a very serious obstacle to their approaching departure, which was then to take place within a few weeks; for in that infancy of missions the departing missionaries never expected to return to this country, and unless married when they sailed, might be condemned to an enforced bachelorhood for life. The missionary society of the seminary held some prayer meetings and many a discussion over the fate of their two lonely members, and finally hired the best horse to be had in Andover, put on his back one of their number, the Rev. William Goodell, afterwards of Constantinople, and commissioned him to go forth to visit two young ladies he knew, and ask them, or one of them at least, to become the bride of Mr. Thurston. Travelling forty miles, Mr. Goodell called upon one of the young ladies and made her an offer of marriage in behalf of his friend. The offer was promptly rejected. Retracing his steps to a lonely school-house where Miss Goodale was teaching, he repeated the offer. She consented that Mr. Thurston might call upon her; and after an evening's acquaintance they were engaged. To sail at the appointed time, they must be married within two weeks. But the laws of Massachusetts then required three publications of the banns. Fortunately a town-meeting was to be held in the middle of the coming week; and by the use of the church doors twice, and the town hall once, they were published, married, and in due time, sailed. Though entered into on so slight acquaintance, the match proved a happy one.

Mr. Bingham still remained solitary and unmarried. But going to Connecticut to be ordained and there to sail, he met in the street a young lady inquiring the way to her place of destination that she might attend the ordination. Mr. Bingham kindly offered to show her the way;

and before a week had passed, she had become Mrs. Bingham. Such were the romantic marriages of two missionaries a generation ago, of whom the last has just passed away.—*Independent*.

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF.

"Dr. Stephen Tyng said to his congregation that if all the women there would give up 'three-buttoned gloves,' and wear one buttoned, the saving would be enough to secure a support for his orphan house."

I beg pardon for repeating this another time it is one of those convenient paragraphs which every paper delights to copy. My eye had fallen upon it once more, and I sat pondering the question, "Why, if there is self-denial to be done, is it always required of women?" when, by one of those odd coincidences I could hardly believe only that it was so, a little child who was playing around turned to me and asked, with more reason than grammar, "What is the reason why men uses spittoons and women doesn't?"

"You must ask your father," was my answer, mindful of a new article of that kind I had been compelled to buy in self-defence against the stranger within our gates. (Item, the money would have helped the orphanage.)

The child wanted an answer then. "Is it because—I guess it is—because they've took something that does not agree with them?"

"Yes, my child," I answered, in spite of myself; "that must be the reason."

And so, why is it, I ask, that when women are so often in public and in private asked to relinquish "three-button gloves," flowers, feathers, laces, velvets, "mantles, wimples and crimping pins," not a man opens his mouth or peeps about this expensive indulgence, the cigar which the child so unconsciously described, "which doesn't agree with them."

It is in vain that testimony is offered and abundant proof of the hurtfulness of the weed; in vain do wise physicians state from their own knowledge that its use hinders growth and development in young people; that it shortens life and