

[12s 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE

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mitted the use of foreign salt for the same

"BUT FOR A MOMENT."—Are you struck by an open door, or beside a new home drawn? Try to read through that self-sufficing bars these precious words which an epidemic want traced on a stone by the way-side:—"Our light affliction,—which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." If you could read that blessed line in the identical language in which Paul wrote it, you would find that the words mean—a glory exceeding all excess. O! what joys, tears, and groans, and weary days of penury, and lonely nights of bereavement, by one who is looking, not at the things which are seen, but the things which are unseen? What is our sure raiment to her who, when the white robes are waiting? What is the gravestell to one who has already shaken hands with death, and has made friends with the destroyer?

**SUCCESION CONSPIRACY.**—Edward Everett, in a private letter recently published, declares his knowledge of the fact, that for thirty years leading Southern politicians had been resolved to break up the Union, and that the slavery question was but a pretext for keeping up agitation and leading the South to get rich. The New York World is informed, from a trustworthy source, that one of the latest occupations of the now deceased Senator Douglas, was the partial preparation of a pamphlet exposing from a personal knowledge similar to that from which Mr. Everett speaks, the secret machinations and public plans of this great Southern conspiracy.

The Eastern Chronicle, published at Portland, N. H., contains a letter from a friend, who for many years resided in Charleston, S. C., of which the following is an extract:—"Your Nova Scotia vessels may find profitable employment out on this coast in the winter season! All prohibition has been removed from foreign vessels, carrying goods from one port to another, in fact the carrying trade is as open as the carrying of cotton from one foreign port. The fish business for the future be carried on direct between the Provinces and the Southern Confederacy, as other who there will be a demand, and the South has been a large and profitable market to the New York and Boston fish dealers. But now there is a good chance for a direct trade from Nova Scotia to this and other Southern seaports."

**PSALMS OF DAVID.**—The following eloquent extract is from a late lecture by Henry George of the Psalms of David:—"Great has been their power in the world. They resounded amidst the courts of the tabernacle; they floated through the lofty and solemn awe of the temple; they were sung with joyous by the strains of Abel. And when Israel has passed away the Arch of David was still awakened in the Church of Christ. To all ages and ages, without change, from the hymn which it first whispered in an upper chamber, until its anthems filled the earth, the inspiration of the royal prophet has inspired its devotion, and ennobled its rituals. Chorused by the wails of Heaven, they have swirled throughout God's own universe, over the sky and stars, and they have rolled over the broad desert of Asia, the mounds and vespers of ten thousand hermits. They have rung through the deep valleys of the Alps, in the sobbing voices of the forlorn Wanderers, through the deeps and caves of the Scottish Highlands, in the rude chanting of the Scottish Governmenters; through the woods and wilds of the primitive America, in the heroic howls of the people of princely politicians."

Send your little children to bed happy.—Whatever cares p. e. give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will make him feel his mother's star to the bewildered shades of night. —M. P. father—any mother—loves me?—Lips parted with the world's love will welcome you again at this thrillful youthful memory. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

A link at Columbus, Ohio, recently acquired of the shipwrecked crew many children, and the mother of our, named this spirit.—The history, started at the memory of the wreck.

many have lost it. I will answer the rapping medium. The husband and wife looked at each other, with an odd smile on their faces, as if moments and then returned non-believers. There has been a mistake somewhere.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, particularly along the bottom edge. There is no text or other markings on the page.

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Best copy available