

HOW THE REV. MR. SMYTH GOT HIS WIFE.

A story is told of a Methodist preacher—and the story is true to the letter—who lived about forty years ago. He was a bachelor, and we could write his real name, but we prefer to call him Smyth. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably advanced age, and had himself begun to feel the need of, or at least to have new ideas of the comfort of being nursed with woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of his circuits a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady named would probably not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his reputed eccentricities. "Do you think so?" responded the dominie, for he very perceptibly lisped; "then I'll go and see her." He was a man of his word. His ring at the door-bell was answered by the servant maid. "Ith Mith P— within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover. "Yes, sir. Will you walk in?" "No, I thank you. Be kind enough to they to Mith P— that I wish to thpeak to her for a moment. Miss P— appeared, and repeated the invitation to walk in. "No thank you; I'll thoon explain my bithness. I'm the Methodist preacher. I'm unmarried. My friendth think I'd better marry. They recommend you for my wife. Have you any objection?" "Why, really Mr. Smyth. "There—don't anther now. Will call this day-week for your reply. Good day." On that day week he re-appeared at the door of Miss P—'s residence. It was answered by the lady herself. "Walk in Mr Smyth." "Cannot ma'am. Have not time. Start on my circuit round in half an hour. Ith your anther ready, ma'am?" "Oh do walk in Mr. Smyth." "Can't indeed ma'am. Pleath anther me—yeth or no." "Well, Mr. Smyth, I should not like to get out of the way of Providence." "I perfectly understand you, Mith P—. We will be married thith day week. I will call at thith hour. Pleath be ready, ma'am." He called on that day week, at that hour. She was ready; they were married, and lived happily for several years.

KEEPING THE TONGUE.

Keep it from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds. Not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart. So much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted; so much the worse that, unintentionally pain pain is caused.

Keep it from falsehood. It is so easy to give a false coloring—to so make a statement that it may convey a meaning different from the truth, while yet there is appearance of truth—that we need to be on our guard. There are many who would shrink from telling a lie, yet who suffer themselves in such inaccurate, or exaggerate, or one-sided statements, that they really come under the condemnation of those whose "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Keep it from slander. The good reputation of others should be dear to us. Sin should not be suffered to go unrebuked; but it should be in accordance with the Scripture method, "Go and tell him of his faults twice and him alone." And it should be borne in mind that what is too often considered as merely harmless gossip runs dangerously near, if it does not pass, the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to be made a plaything of, even if the intent be not malicious.—Rural New Yorker.

REMARKABLE LOCOMOTIVE ACCIDENT.

The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, of January 20, states that on January 17, while a train, bound for Atica, on the Buffalo division, was nearing the river bridge about a mile west of the village of Avon, an accident occurred which was most singular in itself and serious in its results. The iron net-work over the top of the smokestack on the locomotive became clogged up with cinders, etc., in such a manner that the gas generated, could not escape from it; consequently it was pent up within the furnace, and as soon as the fireman loosened the fastening of the door to open it an explosion occurred, the fire being blown with great force out into the cab, enveloping the persons in it in a sheet of flame. The fireman William Russell, who was nearest the door, was flung backward with great force. His leg was broken and his body was badly burned. William Farnum, the engineer was not so badly hurt. His left hand was burned in a painful manner, and the whiskers of the left side of his face were burnt off. Mr. Breen, a brakeman, who happened at the time to be in the cab, was very seriously injured. His face and shoulders were terribly burned, and his eyes are so injured that it is thought he will be blind for life.

THE CASE OF LAURA BRIDGEMAN.

In a village in the mountains of New Hampshire the late Dr. Samuel G. Howe found the subject of this sketch, then six years old, blind, deaf, dumb, and nearly destitute of the sense of taste, scarlet fever having deprived her of these gifts. She was thus excluded from all the beauties of God in nature, and seemed little better than a piece of marble chiselled in human form, and that soul containing a flickering spark of an immortal soul. Her father was a well to-do farmer, and her mother a woman of much intelligence, who gladly consented to place her little daughter in care of Dr. Howe. Accordingly, she was brought to Boston and a process of instruction immediately commenced. She was first taught to use her hands, and to acquire a command of her muscles and limbs, and afterwards, by means of a pen and pin, to distinguish two articles by arbitrary signs. Then from monosyllables she learned all the letters of the alphabet and how to arrange them to represent objects. She soon acquired a knowledge of numerals, punctuation, &c., and then she gained the power of expressing thought, the names of things, etc. The next process taught her was to recognize the same signs in embossed types. She worked with great eagerness, thus rewarding the watchful care of her devoted teacher. Miss Bridgeman is now in her forty sixth year, and between her home and the Perkins Institution she has passed her time thus far. She is tall, slight, graceful in form and motion, wears green bands across her eyes, is very demonstrative, and her face at times radiates with emotion. She dresses with great care—more to please her friends than herself—and takes great pride in showing her gold watch and other feminine ornaments. She is quite expert in crocheting and plain needlework, and takes great delight in assisting one of the teachers in the sewing department. A few days ago she was at work with perhaps a dozen of the pupils, turning the hems of napkins and threading needles with her fingers and teeth. She exhibited some of her hemming with as much pride as a soldier bearing a trophy from a battle-field. A lady on the occasion referred to made a purchase from her of a crochet mat, and with clear articulation, Miss Bridgeman repeated the word "money" twice. She can utter intelligibly the name of a teacher and such words as baby, &c. She forms words with a lead pencil by the aid of a French writing-board. This latter article has grooved lines about an eighth of an inch deep, an inch or so apart, running transversely across the paste-board. She takes her paper and presses it into the grooves, thus making depressions which can be felt by the pencil point, and when slightly pressed leaves a letter mark. In furnishing her autograph she writes above her name a scripture text. On being asked if she realized the meaning of the quotation, "The Lord is my Shepherd," she replied, "Fully." On learning that her questioner had been a Sabbath school teacher for eighteen years she clasped her hands with delight, and an attempt in a rapturous manner, to speak, giving forth a lurid-like sound. Miss Bridgeman, after the death of her father, was selfishly deprived of the little property he left for herself or her mother, and she continued to earn a little money by the use of her needle. She, however, possesses the interest of a bequest of \$2,000 from the Loring fund. Yesterday this lady was feeling acutely the death of the noble man who brought out her imprisoned spirit from chaos. She is a living monument of his devotion, patience, hope, waiting, watching, and giving of eyes to the blind and language to the dumb lips. The Emperor of Prussia sent Dr. Howe a gold medal for his marvellous achievement in educating Laura Bridgeman. The attention of the European world was first drawn to Miss Bridgeman's most extraordinary case through Charles Dickens's "Notes," in which a very full account was given and a deserved eulogium passed upon Dr. Howe.—Boston Traveler.

An Indianapolis cat got to playing with a small turtle the other day, and was having a nice time tumbling it around, when suddenly the turtle's jaws closed on the cat's tail. There was some very lively tumbling then on the part of the cat, to an accompaniment of her own selection. Two hours after she was seen examining that tail tenderly, evidently wondering if that piece would grow out again.

A RITUALISTIC CAROL.—A Ritualistic church, known as "St. Stephen's," in Rochester-row, Westminster, built and endowed by Lady Burdett-Coutts, issued specially printed slips for the use of the congregation, giving the hymns to be sung. The following is a specimen of the rubbish the poetical priests provide:

Joseph was an old man,
An old man was he;
He married sweet Mary,
And a virgin was she.
As they went a-walking
In the garden so gay,
Maid Mary spied cherries
Hanging over you tree.
Mary said to Joseph,
With her sweet lips so mild,
"Pluck these cherries, Joseph,
For to give my child."
"O, then," replied Joseph,
With words so unkind,
"I will pluck no cherries
For to give to thy child."
Mary said to cherry-tree,
"Bow down to my knee,
That I may pluck cherries,
By one, two, and three."
The uppermost sprig then
Bowed down to her knee:
"Thus you may see, Joseph,
These cherries are for me."
"O, eat your cherries, Mary,
O, eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough."

NO CHANCE IN LAW.—A Methodist preacher in Illinois has tried the experiment of recovering his salary, or the unpaid balance thereof, by law. He failed. The court instructed the jury for the defendants, that if they believed from the evidence that the plaintiff went to Leroy circuit as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to serve as the preacher in charge of said circuit, and that there was no other contract or agreement as to pay for his services, as such preacher, except the allowance made by the estimating committee, and approved by the quarterly conference of said Leroy circuit, then the plaintiff cannot recover in this suit against the defendants in this suit.

The verdict was for the defendants. Under the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church a minister cannot maintain a suit for services. The "Central" remarks in this connection: "The decision is as it should be. Our itinerant system could not be conducted upon any other plan. But we have no sympathy with charges that refuse to pay a just allowance because they are not under legal obligations to do so." The difficulty is supposed to have had its origin in something else than the non payment of salary.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.—I heard two little girls talking under my window. One of them said, in a voice full of indignation: "If I were in your place I'd never speak to her again. I'd be angry with her as long as I lived." I listened, feeling anxious about the reply. My heart beat more lightly when it came: "No, Lou," answered the other, in a sweet and gentle voice; "I wouldn't do so for all the world. I'm going to forgive and forget just as soon as I can."

Facts show that justice is neither swift nor sure in New York, and it is certainly a disgrace to our city that law is to such an extent only a name. During the five years ending December, 1875, there were 281 homicides in the city, most of which were murders of an unmistakable character. Only seven of the murderers have suffered death by the law; twenty-four have been imprisoned for life; some have received mild sentences; some have been discharged or have escaped; and more than one-fourth the entire number have never been brought to trial at all, but have escaped without any punishment.

OUTSPOKEN.—"Doctor," said a waggish parishioner to a sound, yet somewhat dull preacher. "I think I must have a pew nearer the pulpit than where I now have it." "Why?" said his minister. "Can you hear well where you are?" "Oh! yes," was the reply; "but that ain't it. The fact is, there are so many between me and the pulpit, that by the time what you say gets back to where I am it is as flat as dishwater."

THE PRINCE OF WALES has, it seems, been added to the thousand and one divinities of the Hindoo pantheon. This melancholy result of his visit was anticipated by all who knew the tendency of Oriental poetry to invest the objects of its adulation with divine honours. One of these productions of slavish flattery has been sent to London, and the opening lines thus translated from the Canarese, in which it is written:

Oh! Invocation to the god, the Prince of Wales.
What is the use of the rain and the sun?
What is the need of the land and the sea, the air and food?
Why should any other god be worshipped?
God is here among us, and in him only will I believe.
I have cast aside the Trimurti.
If I ask for rain the Prince will give it;
If I ask for sun the Prince will smile.
Is he not omniscient, omnipresent, Almighty, the essence of perfection?
I will breathe him, and he shall be my food.
Oh, may I live in him and be dissolved in his greatness, as the river is lost in the sea!
I have no need now to doubt in faith; my new religion is one of sight and knowledge.
I have seen the flower-face of my God!
After the worst of the Roman Emperors had sacrificed to himself, the Roman world thought very little of the divine honours which were conferred by a servile Senate as formal vote of thanks. If one may judge from the character of the deities of Hindoo mythology, a very little higher estimate is formed in that country of the virtues of Olympus than prevailed among the ancients, and these strains may convey less of a compliment to the Prince than some of us suppose.

HOW TRUFFLES DID IT.

I returned to Ashville, after an absence of three years, and found my friend Truffles grown fat and jovial, with a face the very mirror of peace and self-satisfaction. Truffles was the village baker, and he was not like this when I went away.

"Truffles," said I, "how is it? You have improved." "Improved? How? Why, in every way. What have you been doing?"

Just then a little girl came in, with a tattered shawl, and barefooted, to whom Truffles gave a loaf of bread.

"Oh, dear, Mr. Truffles," the child said, with brimming eyes, as she took the loaf of bread, "mamma is getting better, and she says she owes so much to you. She blesses you; indeed she does."

"That's one of the things I've been doing," he said, after the child had gone.

"You are giving the suffering family bread?" I queried.

"Yes." "Have you any more cases like that?"

"Yes, three or four of them. I give them a loaf a-day—enough to feed them."

"And you take no pay?" "Not from them?"

"Ah! from the town?" "No; here," said Truffles, laying his hand on his breast. "I'll tell you," he added, smiling. "One day, over a year ago, a poor woman came to me and asked for a loaf of bread, for which she could not pay; she wanted it for her suffering children. At first I hesitated, but finally I gave it to her, and as her blessings rang in my ears, after she had gone, I felt my heart grow warm. Times were hard, and there was a good deal of suffering, and I found myself wishing, by-and-by, that I could afford to give away more bread. At length an idea struck me. I'd stop drink, and give that amount away in bread, adding one or two loaves on my own account. I did it, and it has been a blessing to me. My heart has grown bigger, and I've grown better every way. My sleep is sound and sweet, and my dreams are pleasant. And that's what you see, I suppose."—Zion's Herald.

THE ABIDING PRESENCE.

BY E. F.
Abide with me, my Saviour!
I cannot trust my heart;
'Tis erring, weak and sinful,
Come, for I now would start
Forth on my heavenly journey;
My feet would tread the road
That leads to life and glory,
To happiness and God.
Be ever near, my Saviour,
In dark temptation's hour;
Thou who on earth wast tempted,
Thou know'st the tempter's power.
But here I'll claim thy promise
(Which all may freely share)
Which says, "With the temptation
I will give grace to bear."
Then lead me, pitying Saviour;
I cannot go alone;
With trials and with danger
The path seems thickly strewn.
But, trusting to thy guidance,
Led by thy loving hand,
The way still growing brighter,
I'll reach the heavenly land.

LADY JANE GREYS EXECUTION.

Seventeen—and knew eight languages—in music
Peerless—her needle perfect and her learning
Beyond the Churchman; yet so meek and modest.
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mis'matched with her for policy! I have heard
She would not take a last farewell of him;
She feared it might unman him for his end.
She could not be unman'd—no, nor out-woman'd—
Seventeen—a rose of grace!
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
Rose never blew that equal'd such a bud.
She came upon the scaffold
And said she was condemned to die for treason:
She had but followed the device of those
Her nearest kin: she thought they knew the laws.
But for herself she knew but little law,
And nothing of the title to the crown;
She had no desire for that, and wrung her hands,
And trusted God would save her through the blood
Of Jesus Christ alone.
Then knelt and said the *Miserere Mei*—
But all in English, mark you; rose again,
And when the headsman pray'd to be forgiven,
Said, "You will give me my true crown at last,
But do it quickly; then all wept but she.
Who chang'd not colour when she saw the block,
But ask'd him, childlike—"Will you take it off?
Before I lay me down?" "No, madam," he said,
Gasping; and when her innocent eyes were pour'd,
She with her poor blind hands feeling—
"Where is it?" "You must fancy that which follow'd,
If you have heart to do it
—Tennyson's Queen Mary.

DANCING PARTIES.

[We often hear it stated that our regulation as a church which discourages dancing is illiberal, and is an unreasonable interference with innocent recreation. To such we commend the following from the pen of the late Mr. Thackeray.]

The system of evening parties is a false and absurd one. Ladies may frequent them professionally with an eye to a husband, but a man is a fool who takes a wife out of such assemblies, having no other means of judging the object of his choice. You are not the same person in your white crape and satin slippers as you are in your morning dress. A man is not the same in his tight coat and feverish glazed pumps and stiff waistcoat as he is in his green double-breasted frock, his black ditto, or his woollen jacket. And a man is doubly a fool who is in the habit of frequenting evening parties, unless he is forced thither in search of the lady to whom he is attached, or unless he is compelled to go for his wife. A man who loves dancing is a fool, and the fashion is greatly going out with the increasing good sense of the age. Do not say that he who lives at home, or frequents clubs in lieu of balls, is a brute, and has not a proper respect for the female sex; on the contrary, he may respect it most sincerely. He feels that a woman appears to most advantage, not among those whom she cannot care about, but among those whom she loves. He thinks her beautiful when she is at home making tea for her old father. He believes her to be charming when she is singing a simple song at her piano, but not when she is screeching at an evening party. He thinks by far the most valuable part of her is her heart; and a kind, simple heart, my dear, shines in conversation better than the best of wit. He admires her best in her intercourse with her family and friends, and detests the miserable, twaddling slipshod that he is obliged to hear from and utter to her in the course of a ball, and avoids and despises such meetings.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

POT AND KETTLE.

"Oh!" said the pot to the kettle:
"You're dirty and ugly and black as I see
Sure no one would think you were metal,
Except when you're given a crack."
"Not so! not so!" kettle said to the pot,
"Is your own dirty image you see?
For I am so clean—without fleck or blot,
That your blackness is mirrored in me."
—St. Nicholas.

INDIVISIBLE.

BY H. V. OSBOENE.

Lauchie didn't receive much of a welcome when he came into this world, for he had created expectations which his presence at once dissipated. To be sure he had a winsome little face, which the days rounded and made fair; a pretty-faced, pretty-eyed boy; but Lauchie came into the world a cripple; and when the mother and the father found the kind of legs Lauchie had brought with him, they looked at him reproachfully, and were indignant that, with all their wealth, Lauchie should be inferior to the little totling, rosy-cheeked child of Bridget and Mike that every day passed their houses. Their hearts rebelled against the little cripple, and he brought them a burden so heavy that they were obliged to unite all their love and strength and prayers to endure it; thus they comforted one another.
Lauchie grew; he had plenty of care; nurse was very kind to the unfortunate. She was nurse, mother, father, and playmate to him—teacher, too, when he grew to ask questions. Lauchie wasn't forgotten by his father and mother, but they took no pride in him, as most parents do in their offspring. They were often in the nursery to inquire for him to sit with him at times by the upholstered window-seat, where he used to delight to rest, with the street and its pictures ever before him; but their eyes didn't light up with gladness when they rested upon him. They always had an expression of dissatisfaction in them—an expression which was invariably accompanied with a sigh of discontent. The neighbors pitied these parents—these people of wealth—that they should have had this trial thrust upon them, and ventured to each other such remarks, as: "No doubt it would be a great relief to Mr. and Mrs. — if the child were removed; I'm sure I should not want him to grow up if he were mine!" But Lauchie's mind was bright, even though his body were dwarfed; and by degrees his blue eyes opened to the fact that there existed for him no father's, no mother's love; that he was a grief instead of a joy—a burden rather than a blessing.
"Nursie," said Lauchie, one day, "how

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