

The most difficult thing in life is to know thyself.

MEN WHO WIN WOMEN.—God has so made the sexes that women, like children, cling to men; lean upon them for protection and love; look up to them as though they were superior in mind and body. They make them the sun of their system and they and their children revolve around them. Men are gods, if they knew it. Women, therefore, who have good minds and pure hearts want men to lean upon. Think of them reverencing a drunkard, a fool, or a libertine. If a man would have a woman do him homage, he must be manly in every sense; a true gentleman—not after the Chesterfield school, but polite, because his heart is full of kindness to one, because she is a woman; who never condescends to say silly things to her; who brings her up to his level, if his mind is above hers; who never yields to temptation even if she puts it in his way; who is ambitious to make his mark in the world, whether she encourages him or not; who is never familiar to her to that extent of being an adopted brother or a cousin; who is not over careful about dress; but always keeping his place as the man, the head, and never losing it. Such deportment, with noble principles and a good mind, energy and industry, will win any woman in the world, who is worth winning.

The most heartless coquette has all the shy graces of a girl of sixteen, while the heart of some woman who looks you through with cold, steady eyes, may be filled with love and tenderness that you are too blind to discover.

Vol 12 X 19
E.B.K.

The Shaker Museum
Old Chatham New York
Cat. No. 7214

THE DIVERSITY OF BLAME.

BY JOEL BENTON.

In golden centuries old,
A prophet to his people told—
To guide alike both old and young—
The dreadful peril of the tongue;
How difficult it is for each
To make the just and fitting speech.

"If, on some theme, you nothing say
A few will blame you right away.
Speak all you can? Ah, no; for such
Are blamed because they speak too much!
Say little? That is not the way.
You're blamed for what you failed to say:
In speech you cannot be so wise
But there are some to criticise."
(Since, then, all ways are just the same,
Let's tell the truth and take the blame.)

"The Old Oaken Bucket."

Who has not been touched by the sweet pathos of this beautiful ballad, and who has not pictured to himself during its rehearsal many a scene of country quietude and happiness? Perhaps its history is not known. It was written by Samuel B. Woodworth, when a journeyman printer in an office situated at the corner of Chambers street N. Y. Near by, in Frankfort street, was a drinking shop kept by a man named Mollory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was superexcellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it—for after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table and smacking his lips declared that Mollory's *enc de vie* was superior to any he had ever tasted! "No," said Mollory, "you are mistaken; there was one thing which, in both our estimations, far surpassed this, in the way of drinking." "What was that!" asked Woodworth dubiously. "The pure, fresh cold water, that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after labors in the field on a sultry day in the summer." The tear drop glistened in Woodworth's eye. "True—true!" he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour, "The Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations. Alas! that its gifted author should have filled a drunkard's grave.

It is one thing to be tempted, another to fall.

Encyclopedia Americana

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It is one thing to be tempted, another to fall.

It is by a succession of determina-
tions by ourselves in regard to ourselves
that life improves us little by little.

Don't Read this, Boys.

Be True to Yourself.

Nothing hurts a man more than to seem small and ignoble in his own eyes. It is the slavish feeling that degrades the slave. A base ambition makes the man that cherishes it base. No one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty—never be alarmed, never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot by all their efforts take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character and the generosity of your nature. While those are left, you are, in point of fact, unharmed.

One day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next disappointed in him. It will be so to the end; and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you; and you cannot expect much more than you give. You must look for weakness, foolishness, and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

The noble-minded. Our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

Hint to Wives.—Whine at home distills wine abroad.

Days That Are No More

Oh, memories of green and pleasant
When happy birds their wood-notes
Oh, love that lit the dear familiar face
We buried long ago!

From barren heights their sweetness
And backward gaze with wistful
As hearts regret, 'mid snow-drifts of
The summer's sunny skies.

Glad hours that seemed their rainbow
From some illumined page of fairy
Bright days that never lacked a bright
Days that return no more.

"Years dwarf so many of our grandeurs,
And dim so many of our lusters."

Years, is this your duty, to dwarf and steal
real beauty from our lives? Can you steal
God's gifts we so gladly took? You're but
playing. Years, you don't, can't do it!

You can turn raven locks to gray, change
faces, forms, et cætera, make e'en youth's
spirit seem astray, but it's within our hearts.

You can strip trees of leaf, each one of you,
and make it seem an endless grief; but
spring is true.

Can make souls for the divine, long, as for
rest; but grandeurs, lusters, all, those souls
have blessed.

There's a fresher spring in a better life,
where things are plain, without such strife.
Years, you'll be there!

"Why do you attack me?" said a brilliant
glow worm to a vile little insect, as ugly as
it was venomous. "Because you shine so
brilliantly." This reply is the explanation
of a great many dislikes and rancorous feel-
ings.

We may find a "heart that
change,"

A heart that never forgets
But rare as a rose in December
As a bird in an Arctic clime
Is a heart that can ever remember
Through sorrow, and char

Once in a while we find a friend
That will cling through gloom
Whose friendship follows us
Be it up or down the hill.

But the heart so true and the love so tender,
And friendship's faithful smile,
Whether we dwell in sadness or splendor,
We find it but once in a while.

All is not Gold that Glitters.

Appearances are deceitful; remember
that and don't get too quickly upon the
inferences you draw from them. The
person in the shabby coat and hat may
be a millionaire; the other, in the latest
style of seal-skin overcoat, the clerk
who has robbed him.

The handsome women, with the real
lace and counterfeit elegance, may be
anything but ladies; the plain person,
whom you overlook in a crowd, may be
a woman of influence and importance.

The most precocious children rarely
make great men. A very "solid man"
rarely makes a show of his wealth. He
who is a great scientist does not publish
the fact; nor does a renowned orator feel
anxious to "speak his piece" in a parlor
sociable

After a little experience you will
know this, and show and flourish will
have no effect upon you. Great people,
talented people, good people, do not in-
form you of their fame, their acquire-
ments, or their virtues. Boasters are
ever to be doubted, and a flourish of
trumpets does not always herald the
coming of a king. A good motto to
remember, in dealing with men and
women, is the time-honored one—"All
is not gold that glitters."

*Las
City*

*mong t
in this world
sad regrets,*

“To thine own self be true,
And then it follows, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

Commit it to memory, girls. It means be true to all the *truth* within you; to all the little feelers of your being, that are finer, swifter, subtler than thought; to the intuitions that you know are not blunted by either misuse or disuse; to keep them unswerving and fresh, by never disregarding their little teachings; to feel them, to think about them, to profit by them, always; so that you surely may be growing in strength and beauty; and, even though planted among shams, may not be of them. So that you may be living to your highest idea of life; and, girls, let it be a high idea. Don't be dolls, be women. Live and love with your eyes open. Be true to your inmost, you purest, highest selves, when alone, and always. and it follows that you can make no vital mistake. You will have no affinity for the untrue. You will carry with you a subtle power that untruth will not dare invade, though you are beautiful as an angel. It pays to be pure. It pays to be true. Purity and truth go hand in hand. You can't be happy without them, you can't fail of happiness with them.

THE USE OF TEARS.

Be not thy tears too harshly chid,
Repine not at the rising sigh,
Who, if he might, would always bid
The breast be still, the cheek be dry?

How little, of ourselves, we know
Before a grief the heart has felt!
The lessons that we learn of woe
May brace the mind, as well as melt.

The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Through blight and blast their course fulfil.

Love's perfect triumph never crowned
The hope unchecked by a pang;
The gaudiest wreathes with thorns are bound,
And Sappho wept before she sang.

Tears at each sweet emotion flow;
They wait on Pity's gentle claim,
Upon Ambition's fervid glow,
On Piety's seraphic flame.

'Tis only when it mourns and fears
The loaded spirit feels forgiven;
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

ing out in a cloudy day; & he who has advanced some way in the pilgrimage of existence, knows the importance of husbanding, even, sorrows and moments of enjoyment.

All other swindlers upon earth are nothing to the self-swindlers, & with such pretences did I cheat myself.

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And backward gaze with wistful, yearning eyes;
As hearts regret, amid snow-drifts of December,
The summer's sunny skies.
Glad hours that seemed their rainbow tints to borrow
From some illumined page of fairy lore;
Bright days that never lacked a bright to-morrow;
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Years, you'll be there!

*Lane
City*

Among the Faithless.

In this world so strange,
And regrets,

We may find a "heart that is true through
change,"

A heart that never forgets,
But rare as a rose in December,
As a bird in an Arctic clime,
Is a heart that can ever remember,
Through sorrow, and change, and time.

Once in a while we find a friend
That will cling through good and ill;
Whose friendship follows us e'en to the end,
Be it up or down the hill.
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Whether we dwell in sadness or splendor,
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A M. to 2 P. M. Saturday

MEMBERS.

DIRECTORS:

D. Phelps.

ASSISTANTS:

Richard Mather.

SECRETARIES:

Morgan.

TRUSTEES:

R. M. Hagaman,

Joseph E. Ely,

W. N. Wilson,

Chas. McKinney,

Sherm. D. Phelps,

Martin Stone,

S. C. Hitchcock

Morgan.

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in addition to the Depositors, and
increased as soon as the business
admits.

per annum.
any time without notice.

Government securities wanted
respecting the institution,

Bank.

, near the Corner
Washington Sts.

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... their familiar faces
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*Mrs. Lane
City*

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ASSISTANTS:
Richard Mather.
URER:
Morgan.

CEFS:
R. M. Hagaman,
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Who to him who keeps a constant strain,
upon that fine machinery, the brain,
It will not stand perpetual wear & toil. -
Its wear & tear demands, some drops of oil.

Not work, but worry makes havoc of health.
He who leaves out physical causes in account-
ing for mental & moral states, will usually
come wide of the mark.

It is a morsal of certainty, snatched
from the midsts of the uncertainties
of life; it is a sunny moment gleam-
ing out in a cloudy day: & he who has
advanced some way in the pilgrim-
age of existence, knows the importance
of husbanding, even, morsals and
moments of enjoyment.

All other swindlers upon earth are noth-
ing to the self-swindlers, & with such
pretences did I cheat myself.

Inscription on the tomb of Shakspeare.

Good friend, for Jesus's sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.

Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Johannes Crane, - would have passed a
pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil
& all his works, if his path had not been
crossed by a being, that causes more
perplexity to mortal man than ghosts,
goblins, & the whole race of witches put
together, & that was a woman.

If we would achieve success in the great
battles of life, we must look back only for
incentives to press forward.

Chalmers

Prudent, & how great the virtue & the art,
To live on little with a cheerful heart.

He's armed without that's innocent within,
Do good by stealth, & blush to find it fame.

What future bliss He gives thee not to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now,

Order is Heaven's first law, and this comfort,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, & the heart-felt joy:

Honor & shame from no condition rise;
Let well goe past, there all the honor lies.

Gently
She is sleeping,
She has breathed her last,

Gently
While you are weeping
She to Heaven has passed:

In the cold, moist earth, we laid her,
When the frost cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should
Have a life so brief:

Get not unmet it was, that one like
That young friend of ours,
So gentle & so beautiful, should perish
With the flowers. Bryant.

"Never Mind"

"What's the use of always fretting
At the trials we shall find,
Ever strewn along our pathway —
Travel on and never mind."

What is past is past forever;
Let all fretting be resigned,
It will never help the matter, —
Do your best and never mind.

Perils may threaten, clouds may lower,
Enemies may be combined;
If your trust in God is steadfast,
He will help you never mind."

"No description of suffering can be imagined by any human mind, which has not been experienced by some human being."

Friendship is a tie stronger than kindred.

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"Let me behold my outward self, and look
 Within my spirit as within a book:
 What there is write! Full many a mingled line—
 Wise, foolish, fair, foul, earthly and divine.
 Some shine out clear;—in some dark sin-blots ^{fall,}
 But the calm eye of mercy readeth all."

There are depths in man
 that go the lengths of lowest Hell, as there are
 heights that reach highest Heaven; for
 are not both Heaven and Hell made out
 of him—made by him, everlasting
 miracle and mystery that he is:
 Carlyle

That which never dies, never grows
 old— 'Tis the heart!

"Eternity: Supererogatory thought!
The ever-present, unborn, undecaying,
and dying - the endless chain compass-
ing the life of God - the golden thread
entwining the destinies of the universe.

"Eternity Has no gray hairs." -

The flowers fade, the heart withers, man
grows old and dies - the world lies down
in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes
no wrinkles on the brow of Eternity."

" A peace that is based on duty,
The will and the power to think,
Can carry unscathed in beauty
The brave, where the feeble sink.

At need there is help the mightiest, —
Where the storm is fiercest, there
The courage must still be the highest
To act, — to resist, — to bear."

" 'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble lives in content,
Than to be jerk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

Live up to the dictates of your own + not to
the dictates of another's conscience.

We live in deeds, not years; - in thoughts, not breaths, -
in feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most; - feels the noblest; - acts the best.

Goodness is beauty in its best estate.
Beauty unaccompanied by virtue is
a flower without perfume.

The saddest-thing that can befall a soul
Is when it loses faith in God and woman.

Lost I those gems —

Though the world's thorns stood ^{paths} ~~in my~~
I would go wandering back into my childhood
Searching for them with tears

x

x

The sweetest, the most clinging affect-
tion is often shaken by the slightest
breath of unkindness, but oftener
crushed & trampled in the dust, by
the tyrannical foot of heartless man.

Offence is often given by act as well as by
word. There are little deeds which some-
times torture a soul almost to madness.

The deepest sorrow that stern fate can bring
In all her catalogue of suffering,
To love, adore, and be beloved again;
To know between you lies a gulf that ever
Your forms, your hopes, your destinies ^{sever} _{sever}

The most burdens are those that never
meet the eye. The spirit of a man
may sustain his infirmity, but a
wounded spirit who can bear?

There is rapture in strong emotions, that has subdued the strongest; a perilous charm to which the wisest have yielded. What the storm is to our senses — something that raises, appeals & lifts up our very being by its sublimity & terror — the strife of the passions is to the soul. They are her elements, from whose conflicts & electric shocks she derives her strength, her greatness, the knowledge that she is. And for this, though they so often blight her fairest hopes, she loves them. It is hard indeed to be ever striving against these rebellious servants — to feel torn asunder in the struggle; but sweeter is that bitter contest, than a large, lifeless peace. The danger lies not so much in the chance of final subjection, as in that of learning to love the strife to well. More perilous than the sweetest music is its tumult; more

over

endless than are all the delights of the senses, & far more intoxicating, is its infinite variety. The soul in her most blissful repose has nothing ^{to} equal the luring charm of her delirium.

The former was an old fellow with a wooden leg, with clothes very much but very carefully patched, but asking ~~no~~ poverty, honestly come by, & decently maintained. His face bore the marks of former storms, but present fair weather; its furrows had been worn into an habitual smile, his iron-gray locks hung about his ears, & he had altogether the good-humored air of a constitutional philosopher, who was disposed to take the world as it went.

A Mother's Prayers.

The sweetest sound heard through our earthly
home —

The brightest ray that gleams from Heaven's
dome —

The loveliest flower that e'er from Earth's breast
rose —

The purest flame that, quivering, gleams and
glows —

Are found alone, where kneels a mother mild,
With heart uplifted, praying for her child.

The stream of tears can never cease to flow.
Long as life's sun shall shine on us below;
And many angels have been sent by God
To count the tear-drops wept upon life's road;
But of all tears that flow, the least defiled
Are when a mother prays beside her child.

Because it is to mortal eyes unseen,
Ye call it foolishness, a childish dream,
In vain; ye cannot rot me of that thought,
over —

That legend, with such heavenly sweetness fraught
That blessed angels have for ages smiled
To see a mother praying for her child.

"And if there be a human tear,
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious mothers shed
Upon a dutious daughter's head."

Leaves
Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
 O drooping souls, whose destinies
 Are fraught with fear and pain,
 Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
 No one so utterly desolate,
 But some heart, through unknown,
 Responds unto his own.

Responds — as if, with unseen wings,
 An angel touched its quivering strings;
 And whispers, in its song,
 "Where hast thou been so long?"

Death is the shutting of a flower,
The closing of a mournful door,
The parting of a mortal life,
The hushing of a bounding step,
The dimming of a starry eye,
The severing of a mystic tie,
The breaking of a brittle thread,
The robing for a narrow bed,
The bursting of the bonds of sin,
The going out, the entering in,
The ending of a fearful strife,
The dawning of immortal life.

Time has laid his hand
upon my leaden gong, not smiting it;
But as a harpist lays his open palm
upon his harp, to deaden its vibration.

Life merely revolves away from us, but the soul still shines the same upon another sphere. The faith that invests death with terror is a false one. We pass from one world to another — drop one style of existence for a higher. We enter on a life in which may be realized all which here we have vainly sought for. The soul-longings shall all be fulfilled. Come soon — all of you. I shall be waiting you. There, ^{love} and friendship — unsullied & unruffled — without passion or misconception — will give you perpetual happiness.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child. —

When prayer delights the heart, then learn
to say,
Soul, now is greatest need that thou
shouldst pray.

So, a little tired child
Comes to thee this day for rest!
Take it - fold it in thine arms -
Soothe its head upon Thy breast.

Much the heart feels ever,
Which the lips conceal;
Spirit-embrace never
Can the tongue reveal.

Words are easy as the wind;
A faithful friend is hard to find.
Shakespeare

Let me believe in the Lord-God of
 Elijah whose providence is entire,
 ordering the minutest events in
 human life, and with a father's
 care arranging it for the greatest
 possible good. Yes; when storms
 gather, and my way is dark &
 drear, with no star to guide,
 nor voice to cheer, my sinking
 spirit finds refuge in the world-
 wide sympathies of a Saviour who
 did not elude Mary for her tears,
 and came himself to weep at the
 grave of his friends.

The footsteps of faith are upon the
 seeming void, but ^{they} fall upon the rock.

Faithfulness is greatness. Who will say that
the modest daisy is not as noble in its ^{own} place
as the tallest oak? Nobleness consists in being
what God made & meant us to be, & in doing
what he gives us to do.

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Extract from the Prayer of Agassiz.

So, in life's best hours, we hear

By the spirit's finer ear

His low voice within us; thus

The All-Father heareth us;

And his holy ear we pain

With our noisy words and vain

Not for Him our violence

Storming at the gates of sense,

His the primal language, his

The eternal silences!

Wittier.

Dancing Parties and Balls.
The results of twenty years observation.

There is about the female character a delicate surrounding, — a sort of aureola, its counterparts, in nature, are the fine aroma of choice roses filled with morning dew, and the bloom on the untouched peach, which the slightest handling removes forever; nothing can replace it and fully two-thirds of their attractiveness have gone with it. So I have seen a young girl, fresh & beautiful, enter the society of the ball-room, & she came forth divested of this precious aroma, to the eye that looks for it; to others she seemed the same, yet with a difference undefinable. This was not the end. The change became definite soon. She could not touch. pitch, & not be defiled. She could not lose this crowning grace of womanly character, & retain it at

the same time. The promiscuous handling of the dance must remove it; it cannot fail. There are no exceptions.

The theatre is equally objective.

There have been some superior characters & superior talent enlisted, in rendering the stage a most attractive spot to all lovers of histrionic art, & nobly some of them have sought to ennoble it, & render it a means of refinement & culture,

Through the natural downward tendency of human nature, much has crept in to mar such intent, until now there are few occasions of this kind during the progress of which a pure, sensitive young girl, would not blush, even if attended by her father. I hope the time may come when the ideal theatre may be realized; until then I think no Christian should sully their name & conscience by being found within the precincts of a theatre. I know many feel differently.

and when I hear of their presence, I think
there is a want of thought, or a lack of
tenderness of conscience which needs
personal attention.

Oh! Rats

Favor.

It is a fortunate thing most of us were born with the tolerable bump of approbation, else there would have been no society at all.

It is a curious question to ask: just how far favor should be sought after. Diverse persons have pronounced it emptiness and vanity, but it seems very evident that the winning of regard lies among the foundations of life. Everyone is seeking in one way or another, the favor of every one else. And it seems a noble and beautiful thing.

The most perfect character that ever lived, found favor, we are told, not only with God, but with man also. It is the secret of many of the happiest developments of our own life. In America it seems more necessary to seek favor, than in the countries of Europe, where the conditions of society are more fixed, and each one's place more strictly defined. Our extreme republicanism, that renders everyone the maker of his or her own fortune,

brings this element into large proportion amongst us. There are some who gain favor without effort. They are the Monarchs among human beings. Approbation does not usually come without effort. Those who bend all their energies in this direction are generally successful for a time; the assumed smile and the patronizing voice go a long way with them; adroitness and management win the game that straightforwardness & truth without the smile & the patronage, repeatedly lose. Many a true heart has bitterly felt this unfairness. But however one may scorn the means, one may not less learn a lesson from the thing scorned. It does not do simply to have the heart right, warm and full of kindly feeling, - but some effort must be made to make it known. Favor is not spontaneous, it must be won. It is a pleasant thing to have favor; to feel that one has a place in other's regard;

that someone is glad because one lives, and is what one is. To have the perfect confidence of childhood is a happy fortune.

Children are not deceived even, by a show of extreme, affected regard. If we are truthful ourselves, we love truth, and find it with unerring accuracy. Pure and unfeigned love, shines radiant from our faces, & is the magnet which draws true friends to us. Their favor is won by our loving them. The pure & unfeigned love of Christ, is the magnet that draws us to Him. And this is the secret of all the approval in the world best worth having. To gain the favor of others in order to make them happier; better to reach their hearts; to bestow upon them what is good in us, & to receive ourselves what is good in them; - this is the only motive worthy of success. No one can move another unless one be somewhat in favor of that other. It is working against tremendous odds to appeal to others in any way where a prejudice exists against one; - but so long as

the world remains as it is, so long ought
our action to conform to its requirements;
and Society has declared that the way to suc-
cess, in the very purest purpose, is through
the favor of those whom success serves.

But first, & above all things else, let us humbly,
and, sincerely, seek our "Heavenly Father's"
favor & approval, in all things; & then trust Him
for the results, for He has promised us, that he
will see that we have all the approval we need.

Love is a talent - Love is man's foolishness
and God's wisdom.

Hugo

The rook is the only bird, that sustains
its cage. Man's body is at once his
burden & his temptation, he drags it
along & yields to it.

We are never done with conscience;
Choose your cross by it, Robtos; choose your
cross by it, Cato. It is bottomless, being God.

Paragons of justice & goodness do not belong
to vulgar motives. An awakening of con-
science is greatness of soul.

Commotion, & hos & cry, & clamor belong only to
undisciplined characters. Who ever heard
of the General of an army becoming panic-
stricken and demoralized?

It leaves that to the common soldiers.

The more a man denies himself the more
he shall obtain from God. - Horace.

Les Misérables, Hugo.

This book from one end to the other is the deepest analysis of the human heart of anything that I have ever read.

It is a march from evil to good, from injustice to justice, from the false to the true, from night to day, from appetite to conscience, from rottenness to life, from brutality to duty, from Hell to Heaven, from nothingness to God. Starting point: matter; goal: the soul. Mydia at the beginning, Angel at the end.

Jean Valjean tried harder to render all the evil in his nature into love, & succeeded better than any other character in history. The good Bishop M. Myriel did not ask Valjean's name only if he had an affliction, he said he knew his name before asking — it was — my brother. Dublin.

†
Thou - & perhaps thou may'st not see,
To sound the depths of ocean eaves,
Where long - long - and late - the mariner
Impels his bark o'er unknown waves;
But think not - with thine utmost art,
To fathom all thy brother's heart:
There is an evil, & a good,
In every soul, unknown to thee -
A darker, or a brighter mood,
Than aught thine eye can ever see.
Words, actions, faintly mark the whole,
That lies within a human soul.
Perhaps thy sterner mind condenses
Some brother's mind, that reasoning less,
The tide of error slowly stems,
In pain, in love - in weariness.
Thou call'st him weak: - he may be so;
What made him weak, thou canst not know.

Perhaps thy spirit's calm repose,
 No evil dream hath come to spoil, +
 A firm, resisten front it shows,
 Amid the passion's fiercest-boil!
 'Tis well - enjoy & bless thy lot,
 Still pitying him who shares it not,
 The pure the holy - their perseverance,
 About thy path, have still been seen;
 Nor could thy feet a step advance,
 But thro' their pious aid hath been:
 Ah, happy in that better state!
 Yet pray for hearts more desolate.

There is a power
 Unseen, that rules the illimitable world;
 That guides its motives, from the brightest star
 To the least dust of this air-taunting world

How noble is that mind that,
Condescends without haughtiness,
Commends without assuming, and is
Familiar without coarseness.

Oh! for the union of soul & sympathy, that
is so essential to happy domestic life,
and the mental food that is only found
in being associated with a strong in-
tellectual man. People who make, throw
about themselves a bond, that may
prove a pleasant girdling of strength,
or a chain whose poisoned links, wear
& eat the life and there is no agony like it.

There is a certain untroubled serenity
 in truth & justice, — there is a felt & native
 dignity in honor, — there is a quiet &
 secure resting-place in gentleness &
 humility, — there is we shall not say a
 proud, but at least a triumphant com-
 placency in all the virtues of self command,
 there is a cheerfulness to the spirit in the
 temperance of the body, — there is in purity,
 such a peace as well ^{as} transparent beauty
 & loveliness, that it is like breathing in the
 third heavens, instead of this world's
 gross & troubled atmosphere,
 when under the guardianship of strictest
 delicacy, the heart becomes that hallowed
 abode, in which no wrong or tainted
 imagination is permitted to dwell.

Prayer is the best prescription for a -
"Wounded Spirit."

Pleasure is to a woman what the sun is to
the flower: if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies,
it refreshes, it improves, if immoderately,
it withers, deteriorates, and destroys.

"Frachery", says that if you wish to make
an Englishman respect you, you
must treat him with insolence.
Their characteristic is "selfishness."

It seems that life is all a snare,
On selfish thoughts alone employed;
That length of days is not a good,
unless their use be understood.

Life: dost thou not know,
 that life can only be abated by those evil
 deeds forbidden by the great master of life?
 The writings of the Great-Spirit has surely
 vanished from thy degraded soul, or thou
 wouldst know, that man cannot touch life!
 Life is wrought but the image of the Great-
 Spirit - and he hath most of it, who sends
 it back most true and unbroken, like the
 perfect image of the clear heavens, in the
 still lake.

Words are wind, and feelings are
 only natural swellings of the heart,
 but acts are living things, like
 facts they are stubborn and ever-
 lasting, and good deeds are foot-
 steps in the ladder which reach
 to heaven.

If you love knowledge, you need never be lonely.

The Enemy loves a shining mark.

+

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O beautiful dove;
Naught can bind thee,
If thou were not love;
Thou would'st not be free.

Said Lamartine, "To put up with the world humbly, is more beautiful than to control it."

Said the "Glorious One", "Him that overcometh, will I give to sit down ^{with} me upon My throne".

—We can have true tranquility of spirit, whether in work or retirement, only through a heart that looks trustfully to God as a reconciled friend.

x

"Love"

+

Love is no trifling thing; it is one of the strongest feelings of man's noblest nature & being. Is it a wonder that it comes as a golden "Aurora with morning dew upon her locks resplendent with promises of sunlit day". To the heart it makes all things new. It is a proteus, at times, assuming all shapes, but has only ^{one} object. "It comes like a fierce tyrant on a ^{lamb} weak". It is playful, yet full of earnest will. It is the substance of life's romance. It is life itself. Without it life would be dull indeed. It stirs up many an embittered strife & also quiets the raging heart. It has sweetened many bitter cups of agony. It throws its light over the earth like a christian halo. It is the soprano of nature, & its trembling symphonies wake the echo of unknown pleasures in the throbbing heart. It chants in the festive hall, and plays the requiem over the maiden's lonely & quiet resting place. Oh, love, thou art wild & terrible. Thou rulest in calm and in storm. Thou art everywhere - in the lordly palace & in the lowly cottage. Thou art amid the din of battle, & weeping over

the lord & lost of earth. Thou canst make us angels
of light or fiends of hell.

There is an aching loneliness in many a
brother's heart which our love might satisfy.

Discretion is the perfection of reason.

Man's greatest wisdom is to know his failings.

Ignorance is always pleased with its-self.

Deceit discovers a little mind.

Mistrust is the mother of safety.

Compassion.

Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed.

Graceful, particularly in youth is the tear of sympathy and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment, but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distress of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and weeping orphan!

Trifles light as air,
Aure, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy wit.

Never forget a kindness.

"Love is the law of nature." All things brighten and you are beautified through it. What should we do without the great infinite love that wraps us round like a mantle, that takes us from earth to Heaven, or even mere earthly love?

Love is a great mystery.

It is easy to remember the time of its discovery, but wise indeed, are they who can tell the hour & moment of its birth.

Love is no agent of decay; it is the world's disinfector and preserver.

He that will not be counseled cannot be helped.

Reality never tries to shine.

Surt through some certain strainers well,
To gentle love, and charms all woman-kind,
refined

"Kindred Spirits."

Drops from the ocean of eternity,
 Rays from the centre of unfailling light;
 Things that human eye can never see,
 Are Spirits, - yet they dwell near human sight,
 But as the shattered magnets fragments still,
 Though far apart, will to each other turn,
 So, in the heart imprisoned, spirits will
 To meet their fellow spirits vainly burn; -
 And yet not vainly! If the drops shall pass
 Through drops of human sorrow undefiled,
 If the eternal ray that heavenly was,
 To no false earthly fire be reconciled;
 The drops shall mingle with its native main,
 The ray shall meet its kindred rays again

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or, failing, smiles in sciles or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him sigh, or bleed,
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed,

God has to train strong, erratic souls in a hard school; because they will not learn in any other. They may be led by love - but they are oftener disciplined by sorrow; and it is only - through that love & sorrow, that reconciled us - the above & below.

None treasures nor pleasures
can make us happy long.

Physicians can hardly help acquiring a knowledge of human nature. They come to us when suffering has left ajar the doors of our hearts - our real life. When our street & visiting costume are laid aside, and we appear ourselves.

Life's Balm.

"God over all!" Now the tired heart falls back upon this, like a babe on its mother's breast. No rebuff there! Ah! were we not so childishly impatient, were we willing to ^{wait} His time, instead of demanding our own imperative now? Could we sleep sweetly & trust Him for the waking. Be the sky light or cloudy could we only trust. Ah! many a hard lesson must we learn, many a rebellious tear choke down, and many a despairing "why hast thou forsaken me" stifle, ere we can learn that sweet, tranquil lesson - "God over all".

Human life is all disciplinary, if we
could read it right.

Love is a great mysterious power.
"Many waters cannot quench it." - yet
this mysterious power, can be subdued
in the heart of a Christian: Its gushing
waters can be restrained - pent up.

It is Jesus light that shows us in hours of
heart searching, the hidden canner of
selfish purpose.

x

There are no sorrows which tear the soul like the inner, secret sorrows of the heart, but when one is capable of feeling them, what is the kind of life which can shelter one from them?

The graves of the heart are far deeper & colder than Mother Earth. — our dead we bury in hope, but for love, covered, grieved, & uninterpreted — for that there is no resurrection.

" A lover's memory "

They call her beautiful, it may be so;
 All that I know is, that when she leaves me ^{dreams}
 Rise up, & visions of some glory passed,
 Encompasses me; & I remember soon,
 How planet-struck I was when she was by;
 Although I then saw nothing.

Poor moon-struck fellow

I ever you have had a romantic or unromantic, - a calculating or uncalculating friendship, - a boundless worship & belief in some hero or heroine of your soul, - if ever you have so loved, that all the cold prudence, all selfish worldly considerations, have gone down like drift-wood before a river, flooded with new rain from Heaven, so that you almost & even forgot yourself & were ready to cast your whole being into the chasm of existence, as an offering before the feet of another & all for nothing, - if you awoke bitterly, - to find your treasure gone, still give thanks to God, that you have had one glimpse of Heaven. We rejoice that the noblest capability of your eternal inheritance has been made known to you. Treasure it as the highest honor of your being, that ever you could so feel, - that so divine a quest, as this, ever possessed your soul.

The door now open will open again, if not on earth, treasure up the Heavenly germ

of the lost love, refresh it daily with the
 many beautiful remembrances & when
 at last the Heavenly-gates shall be left
 ajar, the two spiritual germs will unite
 into one beautiful angelic form for
 Ever and ever.

"What to live for."

Live for those that love you,
 For those that know you true,
 For the Heaven that smiles above you,
 And awaits your coming too.

For the wrongs that needs resistance,
 For the good that needs assistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that you can do.

Forgiveness is the perfume which the
 flower sends forth, to bless the foot
 that crushes it.

Go bury thy sorrow,
The world hath its share;
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care,
Go think of it calmly,
When curtains by night,
Go tell it to Jesus,
Then all will be right.

Go tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief,
Go gather the sunshine,
He sheds on the way;
He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray.

Hearts growing weary,
With heavier woe,
Now droop 'mid the darkness,
Go comfort them, go!

Go bury thy sorrow,
 Let others be blest,
 Go give them the sunshine,
 Tell Jesus the rest.

Bliss

There is purpose in pain,
 Otherwise it were devilish. I trust in my soul
 That the great Master hand, which sweeps over
 The whole —

Of this deep harp of life, if at moments it stretch
 To shrill tension, someone wailing over, means
 to fetch —

Its response the truest, most stringent & smart
 Its pathos the purest, from out the wrong heart,
 Whose faculties placid, — it may be, if less
 Sharply strung, Sharply smitten, had ^{to express} failed
 Just the one note the great final harmony ^{needs} ✓

Love ^{itself} is a great stimulant, the most intoxicating of all, & is a miracle itself.. But love is not a trifle. It is the one great necessity of the human heart - as necessary to its fullness and content as food is to that of the body. There is only one stimulant that never fails, & yet never intoxicates - duty.

God has never made us hungry when he had no food to give us.

Our love for high and holy friends draws us up to their nobility.

We should always grace our ambition ^{with} humility.

Society tends to trim down luxuriantly operating self-conceit, so that it shall not by its rankness, choke the ^{best} productions of our hearts.

Obelivous pride is the most sinful & most
 common attendant upon our earthly distress.
 It is the maintaining & magnifying our own
 claims & rights to the reverence of others.
 Its opposite is meekness of spirit which
 feels our own unworthiness & patiently
 endures reproach, & commits itself to God.
 This pride is very different from dignified
 self-respect. That is guarding of our character
 & soul from real degradation of sin.
 Pride will submit to any secret means
 to avoid outward exposure to the contempt
 of others. Self-respect will do so wrong,
 however secret, because God whom we
 love & fear always sees.

It is precious seed that is trodden into
 our hearts by the foot of pain - and the
 garnering of after years is blessed, but
 how can we know this when the anguish
 is upon us.

Suggestions by - Bishop Andrews.

What right has anyone to be "too serious a comparison?"

Culture.

Partial culture runs to the ornate; -
extreme culture to simplicity.

Manhood.

The question is not in how many facts
a man knows, but how much of a
fact he is himself:

Average worth.

We should except our friends upon a
general estimate. Particulars in
character & conduct should be
overlooked.

Continued
Nature & Art.

The art of being interesting is largely the art of being real, - of being without art.

Slights.

In seasons when our energies flag & our ambition fails us, a rebuff is a blessing, by rousing us from inaction, & stirring us to a more vigorous ^{effort} to make good our pretensions.

+ "Mean Men".

If a man is mean by nature, & he attempts to disguise the smallness of his soul, he only adds to his contemptible trait of meanness, the still more despicable vice of hypocrisy & presenting to us a fine illustration of the vast capabilities of nature.

The life of action is nobler than the life of thought.

A woman is self governed when she keeps within the sphere marked out by the irreversible decrees of nature. It is not self government at the ballot-box which renders the vote the masterpiece of the Divine hand, but self government in the domestic circle. That woman may be said to enjoy this privilege, when in the language of Pope, she is—"Mistress of herself tho' China fall, / Who never answers till a husband ebb, / And tho' she rules him, never shows she rules."

Great minds are charitable to their bitterest enemies and can sympathise with the feelings of their fellow creatures. It is only the narrow minded who make no allowance for the faults of others.

—The world has had enough of charities.
It wants respect and consideration.—C. D.

The experience of a dear friend.

My youth had been calm as an ice-bound sea, over which sweeps breezes sweet though chill, but that knows neither the storm nor the sunshine of the ardent south. And now the storm had suddenly wakened, & from northern winter, I passed to the glowing Tropics. I thought not of love or passion, of bliss or torment; I felt like one seized by flaming rapids, & swept far beyond human ken, with the sound of the rushing torrent ever in my ears. I yielded to a force that would not be resisted.

"Let it" I thought, my heart beating with fearless delight; I care not whither it sends me; let the eddies cast me adrift, or bear me safely on - I care not - this is to love.

|| —There is a foolish corner even in the brain
of the sage.—Aristotle. ||

About a Mother.

How touching is this tribute of Hon. Thos. H. Benton to his mother's influence: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me never to gamble; and I never gambled; I cannot tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I have, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age, she asked me not to drink and then I made resolution of total abstinence; and to I have adhered to it through all times, and what I may owe to my mother."

Life's happiness
is not
to be
found
in
the
pursuit
of
wealth
and
power
but
in
the
pursuit
of
virtue
and
wisdom
and
in
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company
of
our
God

possessions
happy without it
giving and
and demonstration
within

even to me...
it is more desirable
to end to the close
fortune to be rich
that an Ostrich could
and fade about
up their children
down and worn out
and converse with
had a great deal

It is more desirable
to end to the close
treats...
my for the
can learn it
retirely Christy

For a little longer than
ambition's gold. dare heights, when we
know that the wings of Peace, full of bless-

at cost of manufactu
 mens, Gents' and Bo
 d Rubber Goods
 RY BARGAINS
 NOUNCEMENT.

APRIL, Corner Court & Washington-sts.
 DRUGGISTS,
A. J. INLOES & CO.,
 consigned.
 We claim to sell THE BEST CIGARS in Birmingham
 to which we invite the attention of Smokers.
FOR THE LEAST MONEY! Give us a trial, and be
 convinced.

Cigars,
First-class
Fine

We have just received a lot of
Smokers, Attention

MARSH KNOX has opened a Boot, Shoe and
 Harness Shop at No. 67 Water-street, where he
 is prepared to do all work in his line at short notice.
 Repairs well done. Prices low. Give him a call. ml

Another Candidate!
 Hinghamton, N. Y.
91 Court-St.
 BOOING AND BUILDERS' JOBBING, STORES,
 TIN WARE &c.

Housewarming Goods,

Chemung County.
 Third Tuesday in April, 1876, Roll call.
 1870, Murray. 1877, Murray.
 First Tuesday after the general election in November,
 1876, Murray. 1877, Murray.
Broome County.
 First Tuesday in July, 1876, Balcom. 1877, Rollett.
 Special Terms in the same county for hearing mo-
 tions and the trial of issues of law, roll call, to wit:
 Second Tuesday in Jan., 1876, Rollett. 1877, Balcom.
 Second Tuesday in Feb., 1876, Rollett. 1877, Balcom.
 Second Tuesday in March, 1876, Murray. 1877, Balcom.
 First Tuesday after the general election in November,
 1870, Murray. 1877, Murray.

Chemung County.
 First Monday in Feb., 1876, Balcom. 1877, Rollett.
 Third Monday in April, 1876, Balcom. 1877, Murray.
Shuyler County.
 First Monday in Jan., 1876, Balcom. 1877, Rollett.
 Third Monday in Sept., 1876, Balcom. 1877, Murray.
Onesago County.
 Third Monday in Jan., 1876, Rollett. 1877, Balcom.
 Second Monday in May, 1876, Murray. 1877, Rollett.
 Third Monday in Sept., 1876, Balcom. 1877, Murray.
Madison County.
 Third Monday in Feb., 1876, Murray. 1877, Balcom.
 Second Monday in June, 1876, Balcom. 1877, Rollett.
 Third Monday in Oct., 1876, Rollett. 1877, Murray.

Delaware County.
 Third Monday in Feb., 1877, Balcom. 1877, Murray.
 Second Monday in June, 1876, Rollett. 1877, Balcom.
 Third Monday in Sept., 1876, Rollett. 1877, Murray.

Corland County.
 Third Monday in Jan., 1876, Balcom. 1877, Murray.
 First Monday in April, 1876, Murray. 1877, Rollett.
 Third Monday in Sept., 1876, Rollett. 1877, Murray.

Chemung County.
 Last Monday in Jan., 1876, Murray. 1877, Rollett.
 Third Monday in May, 1876, Murray. 1877, Balcom.
 Third Monday in Nov., 1876, Balcom. 1877, Murray.

Chemung County.
 First Monday in Feb., 1876, Rollett. 1877, Balcom.
 Third Monday in May, 1876, Balcom. 1877, Murray.
 Third Monday in Sept., 1876, Rollett. 1877, Balcom.

Chemung County.
 First Monday in February, 1876, Rollett. 1877, Balcom.
 Third Monday in May, 1876, Murray. 1877, Rollett.
 Fourth Monday in Nov., 1876, Rollett. 1877, Balcom.

Chemung County.
 First Monday in March, 1876, Balcom. 1877, Rollett.
 Second Monday in June, 1876, Murray. 1877, Rollett.
 Fourth Monday in Nov., 1876, Murray. 1877, Balcom.

back to health & active
 life! "It would be shorter & brighter the other way."

Difficulties are meant to throw to us Divine
 assistance. Man's extremity is God's oppor-
 tunity. Only let us stick up to the difficulty;
 God will then, not before, either help us through
 or make a way for our escape.

For a more perfect view of the universe
 Ambition's gold, bare heights, when we
 know that the wings of Peace, full of bless-
 ing, hover over the concentered places of the
 valley, where the streams run with music,
 and the cattle stand in fragrant fields, in the
 dream-hush of Autumn's richness and
 beauty?

It is strange that much of the sin and
 crime is done under the stars, that seem to
 look down like the tender eyes of a mother.
 It is to be wondered at that sometimes these
 shining eyes are turned away and hidden by
 the clouds, as a woman hides her face with
 her veil from beholding unclean things?

It seems as if life might be made true and
 perfect if, from the infinite expressions of
 love around us, we could find the guiding
 lines of truth, and be led by the hands that
 God, in a thousand forms, is reaching out to
 our blind and yearning needs.

Everything in Nature is a voice of God
 calling to our souls. Every stirring leaf is
 the beckoning of a loving hand; every mit-
 tle of a day, a book of wisdom.

As the world stands, a strong man may
 raise up a woman whatever be her name or
 joyful past, and stand between her and the
 world's cry. From the Prison and the
 broiled even, she has been so lifted and
 shielded. But, if a man's honor be gone, it
 takes a stronger love in woman to put her
 soul's wealth on the broken, forlorn wreck,
 when there are strong, true ships ready to
 sail to the other side.

The angels are beautiful because they are
 good; and there is no true, enduring beauty
 that is not the shining of goodness through
 the soul's face and form.

Many a man whose years have been dull,
 perhaps low and evil, when love comes to
 him, feels great, noble impulses springing in
 his soul, until his life is true and beautiful.

Waiting, means waiting—not hesitating &
 moment, then going away. Weakly despised
 Christ called the poor, when the world's
 fishermen to do His work, when the world's
 life hung trembling in the balance, and the
 great and strong stood on every side.

How many know the gnawing discontent
 of souls that are like unknown gems in a
 dull setting of lead, passed by as worthless,
 and left to be soiled and hidden in the garb-
 age-heap of life?

He who sees the fresh gladness of Nature,
 and lets the keenness of her joy come into
 his heart, cannot wish for or believe in
 death; for the withering of a blossom
 but aises toward the glory of

[6]

TREASURER:
 M. E. Taylor.
SECRETARY:
 Harts G. Rodgers.
TRUSTEES:
 Erasmus D. Robinson,
 Cyrus Strong,
 Harper Dusenbury, E. D. Robinson,
 Wm. E. Taylor, John G. Orton,
 William S. Smith, Horace N. Lester,
 G. L. Sessions, William F. Pope,
 Harts G. Rodgers.

No Trustee can use or borrow the funds of this corporation, or its deposits, or receive any pay or emolument for services.
 Deposits received from 6 cents to 6,000 dollars, interest as per By-Laws, free of Government tax, and compounded semi-annually.
 commences from date, if deposited on the first day of the month, otherwise on the first day of the following month, over \$500,000.

life's mysteries here
 we will get into
 them though to see
 ing them all out
 them through
 body and this fear
 even to the river's verge
 fortune to be rich
 hat an Ostreich could
 re and fade about
 up their children
 down and worn out
 and converse with
 bed...

the possession
 de happy without it
 of receiving and
 outward demonstra-
 tions within
 It is more valuable
 and to the close
 treats wrongs
 my for the
 can learn it
 actively Christ

PRODUCE IN SUITS OF DARK HANNEL AND...

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

Housefurnishing Goods,
HOOFING AND BUILDERS' JOBBING, STOVES,
TIN WARE &c. **91 Court-st.**
Binghamton, N. Y.

Another Candidate!
MARCUS KNOX has opened a Boot, Shoe and
Harness Shop at No. 67 Water-street, where he
is prepared to do all work in his line at short notice.
Repairs well done. Prices low. Give him a call, and
you will be glad to have him for a neighbor.

Smokers, Attention!
We have just received a lot of
Fine First-class Cigars,
to which we invite the attention of Smokers.
We claim to sell THE BEST CIGARS in Binghamton
FOR THE LEAST MONEY! Give us a trial, and be
convinced.

A. J. INLOES & CO.,
DRUGGISTS,
Corner Court & Washington-sts.
APR 17. 1877.

NOTICE
RY BARGAINS
d Rubber Goods
rens, Gents' and Boys'
at cost of manufacture.

Chemung County.
Third Tuesday in April, 1876, Rollett, 1877, Murray.
First Tuesday after the general election in November, 1876, Murray, 1877, Murray.
Second Tuesday in March, 1876, Balcom, 1877, Rollett.
Second Tuesday in Feb., 1876, Rollett, 1877, Balcom.
Second Tuesday in Jan., 1876, Rollett, 1877, Balcom.
Special Terms in the same county for hearing motions and the trial of issues of law, only, to wit: First Tuesday in July, 1876, Balcom, 1877, Rollett.
Special Terms in April, 1876, Rollett, 1877, Murray.

Broom County.
as follows, to wit:
of the Supreme Court to be held without a jury in the years 1876 and 1877, by justices hereinafter designated as follows, to wit:
Additional Special Terms
Second Monday in Oct., 1876, Balcom, 1877, Rollett.
Third Monday in March, 1876, Murray, 1877, Balcom.

Tompkins County.
Second Monday in Oct., 1876, Murray, 1877, Balcom.
First Monday in March, 1876, Rollett, 1877, Balcom.

Tioga County.
Second Monday in Dec., 1876, Balcom, 1877, Murray.
First Monday in April, 1876, Rollett, 1877, Murray.

Schuyler County.
Third Monday in Sept., 1876, Balcom, 1877, Murray.
Third Monday in May, 1876, Murray, 1877, Rollett.
Second Monday in January, 1876, Rollett, 1877, Balcom.

Oneida County.
Second Monday in Oct., 1876, Rollett, 1877, Murray.
Second Monday in June, 1876, Balcom, 1877, Rollett.
Third Monday in Feb., 1876, Murray, 1877, Balcom.

Madison County.
Third Monday in Feb., 1876, Murray, 1877, Balcom.
Second Monday in Dec., 1876, Murray, 1877, Rollett.
First Monday in June, 1876, Rollett, 1877, Murray.

Delaware County.
Third Monday in Sept., 1876, Rollett, 1877, Balcom.
First Monday in April, 1876, Murray, 1877, Rollett.
Third Monday in Jan., 1876, Balcom, 1877, Murray.

Cortland County.
Third Monday in Nov., 1876, Balcom, 1877, Murray.
Third Monday in May, 1876, Rollett, 1877, Balcom.
Last Monday in January, 1876, Murray, 1877, Rollett.

Chemung County.
Third Monday in Sept., 1876, Murray, 1877, Rollett.
Third Monday in May, 1876, Balcom, 1877, Murray.
First Monday in February, 1876, Rollett, 1877, Balcom.

Chemung County.
Fourth Monday in Nov., 1876, Rollett, 1877, Balcom.
Second Monday in June, 1876, Murray, 1877, Rollett.
First Monday in March, 1876, Balcom, 1877, Rollett.

Assets, over \$500,000.
No Trustee can use or borrow the funds of this corporation, or its deposits, or receive any pay or emolument for services.
Deposits received from 5 cents to 5,000 dollars, interest as per By-Laws, free of Government tax, and compounded semi-annually.
The month, otherwise on the first day of the following month, commencing from date, if deposited on the first day of the month.

TRUSTEES:
Harris G. Rodgers,
Wm. E. Taylor,
W. H. Wilkinson,
Chas. W. Sanford,
Harper Dusenbury, E. D. Robinson,
Cyrus Strong,
Darius S. Ayres.

SECRETARY:
Emanuel D. Robinson.

TREASURER:
Harris G. Rodgers,
Wm. E. Taylor.

Life! "It would be shorter & brighter the other way."
back to health & active

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calling to our souls. Every stirring test is the beckoning of a loving hand; every miracle of a day, a book of wisdom.
As the world stands, a strong man may raise up a woman, whatever be her name or faithful past, and stand between her and the world's cry. From the Prison and the Brothel even, she has been so lifted and shielded. But, if a man's honor be gone, it takes a stronger love in woman to put her soul's wealth on the broken, rotten wreck when there are strong, true ships ready to sail to the other side.
The angels are beautiful because they are good; and there is no true, enduring beauty that is not the shining of goodness through the souls face and form.
Many a man whose years have been dull, perhaps low and evil, when love comes to him, feels great, noble impulses springing in his soul, until his life is true and beautiful. Waiting means waiting.—not hesitating a moment, then going away.
Christ called the poor, weakly despoiled fishermen to do His work, when the world's life hung trembling in the balance, and the great and strong stood on every side.
How many know the gnawing genius in a dull setting of lead, passed by as worthless, and left to be soiled and hidden in the garbage-heap of life?
He who sees the fresh gladness of Nature, and less the greenness of her joy come into his heart, cannot wish for or believe in death; for the withering of a blossom is but a step toward the glory of the fruit.

Temper Read
No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a good temper. None can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstrations. Patience and forbearance are the sentinels within. Obedience to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold — it captivates more than beauty and to the close of life it retains its freshness and beauty.
The reason why we have so many Croesus, treats, wrongs & pains, is evident. We have not one to many for the successful culture of our faith. This if we can learn it is the most difficult & the most distinctively Christian of all attainments. Read this.

When the Sun Goes Down.

When the sun goes down, and the shadows creep,
You'll stand at the window and watch and weep,
And sigh with longing that is all in vain,
To see the well-beloved face again.

Never again while earth shall stand,
Will you feel the clasp of his strong young hand;
Never again on your listening ear
Will sound the voice you valued so dear.

Never, no never, 'tis bitterly true,
He will never come in this world to you;
For the grave has hidden the casket fair,
And the soul—his soul,—it is not there.

The shadows shall darken, the quiet grow deep,
And in the twilight you'll sit and weep,
And your heart shall ache with its bitter grief,
And burning tear-drops bring little relief.

List! here is a balm that has soothed my pain,
And stanchd my tears when they fell like rain,
That strengthened my heart and brightened my way,—
'Tis the sweet assurance we'll meet some day.

When the life day ends, and the life work's done,
There will be a meeting before the Throne,
Whose joy and gladness shall far out-weigh
The burden of sorrow I have to-day.

So when the shadows of evening grow deep,
And you sit in the quiet, and think and weep,
Let this sweet thought in your bosom dwell—
He's safe with Jesus and all is well.

Written for Merton's Mother, by Georgia Cook.

Good bye, ah yes, but not forever,
We'll meet where the angels dwell,
Where songs of joy rise up forever,
And no one ever shall say farewell.

In Memory

OF

Merton H. Marsh,

Who died October 13, 1895. Aged 18 yrs., 5 mo.
At Emergency Hospital, Evanston, Illinois.

No sleep so sweet, so free from care,
So free from trace of pain;
No more to wake, this earth to roam,
Or sail the sea or main.

The voice that once had gladdened us,
Is silent now and still;
Amongst our friends a vacant place,
Which no one else can fill.

Our hearts were sad as we beheld
The form of one we love;
But ah, his soul has fled away,
And is at home, above.

It made us think of by-gone days,
A few short months before;
How little then we ever thought,
On earth we'd meet no more.

Those days of yore, as dearest friends,
We worked from day to day,
In sowing seed of Gospel truth
Along the sinner's way.

But as the all-wise hand of God
Had parted us below,
We humbly say, "Thy will be done,
Thou doest well, we know."

Some loving friends who prized the one
Who now had passed away,
Had brought some roses, half in bloom,
Arranged in bright array.

An emblem true, of blooming youth,
All clothed in beauty rare;
As God seen fit to pluck this one
For his boquet "up there."

In Rose Hill chapel, there we heard,
The sermon preached that day;
From there we went out to the grave
Where Merton's body lay.

And there upon that lonely spot,
The loving form was laid;
Just close beside, a little grove
Affording pleasant shade.

A little mound now marks the spot,
Of this our loving friend;
O may we live that we may meet
When time on earth shall end.

—Wm A. Bixler.

Grand Junction, Mich., Nov. 23, 1895.

"What is Charity?"

We can hardly define it intelligibly, because it belongs to ^{our} emotional nature; to our feelings: & yet is to be controlled by our intellect! It is perhaps the noblest sensation of which we are capable: yet how difficult it is to teach what it ought to be! Charity is the spirit of forgiveness, by which we overlook or annihilate defects in others, even when these cause us trouble or pain. Charity is also the willingness, & unselfishness, which makes us ready to assist each other in moments of need. Charity is also the entire forgetting of all deeds rendered at such moments: & also the willingness to accept such deeds when needed. Charity is besides an intellectual faculty: requiring an almost impeccable discretion in its exercise towards those who in Education or in natural gifts stand below us! Therefore Charity would imply these many qualities. Consideration of the position & condition of others, patience with the intellectual deficiencies of others; kindness in case of need, sympathy, but also that reserve which never becomes meddling, inquisitive, prying into the sacred inward natures of others, & this applies not only to our

friends, but to all with whom we come in contact, - rich or poor - virtuous or vicious - independent of us dependent upon us. Sympathy with others at least liberally when they are in sorrow & affliction, but remember in your own heart, that to the brave & the wise & true, there is really no such thing as misfortune, it is but an ugly circumstance! You have a remedy in your heart against all trials. Contenance as a bulwark against passions, patience against opposition, forbearance against

our own must be extreme & entire - ^{level}