

TERMS AND NOTICES.

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THE CHARGES OF THE CLERGY.

BY REV. GEO. T. DOCK.

[Dedicated to those ecclesiastical societies who pay salaries of about six hundred dollars, more or less.]

Ho! ye good clergymen!

Come, lead us onward!

We, for your livelihood,

Promise six hundred.

Well your light service paid,

And lead us onward!

Apologies, sirs, never had

Greenbacks six hundred.

On march the ministers—

Scarce a remuneration a day!

Although full well they know

The people have blundered.

"There's not to make reply,"

Though seeing no reason why

That Scripture does not apply

"Preachers should live," not die,

"Of the Gospel," but how

To live on six hundred?

Charges to right of them?

Charges to left of them?

Charges confronting them?

Income outnumbered.

Flanked by bold butchers' carts;

Bled by sharp traders' arts;

All bound to have their parts

Of the six hundred.

Millers, and market-men,

Peddlers, who call again,

Agents and beggars, then—

O! how poor ministers!

Pockets are plundered!

Still up the prices go;

All things, for use or show;

Labor, with saw or hoe—

Nothing but preaching is low—

Low as six hundred.

Black coat's its threads are bare;

Daughters' cry "Naught to wear,"

And the boys do almost swear

About their old garments,

So easily sundered.

But the minister's family

Shall ne'er, like a camel high,

Stick fast in the "needle's eye,"

Puffed up with vain riches.

Give but six hundred!

Half a year, possibly,

Half a year onward,

They might get, with weight of debt

Not hopelessly cumbr'd,

Six months, perhaps, they may

Keep hunger's wolf at bay—

Lies, narrowly, scantily,

If promptly they get their pay;

Get—the six hundred.

But rent-bills to right of them;

Store-bills to left of them;

Charged upon all sides;

How fight the year through,

Off they go struggling on,

No funds to fall back upon;

Cash reserved fast and gone—

Not a dime left of them,

Left of six hundred.

Well earned the benison

Sought by thee, Tennyson,

On Bal-dra's heroes,

Who faltered not, my son,

Thou thousand guns thundered.

But lo! here a "Light brigade"

Sustains a whole year's raid

On their small stipends made,

Till lives not even a shade

Of their six hundred.

—The Congregationalist.

Miscellaneous.

"SEVEN TIMES."

Little Milly, who felt very happy sitting in the sunshine, was anxious to do something to please the good God who had made such a beautiful world. So, as she learned her verse—"And if thy brother trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying I repent, thou shalt forgive him"—her gray eyes looked very thoughtful, and her small gray gown firm with some very important resolution.

Pretty soon, down stairs she came to the dining-room, and found nobody there but brother Frank, who had two years the start of her in the race of life, but was not so far ahead as you might suppose. He was looking very discontented. "Real mean!" were the first words that jumped from his mouth, though you couldn't have expected anything better from such a point—"real mean to spend such a day as this in school!" and the book he held in his hand was transferred to his foot and seat spinning in the air, from whence it returned with a broken back and two fluttering leaves.

"Oh, Frank!" cried Milly, "isn't that my arithmetic; and you know I was trying to keep it like a new book."

"I declare it is," said Frank, in a tone of real regret. "I thought it was mine—I'm sorry;—won't you forgive me?"

"Yes," said Milly, slowly picking up the scattered leaves, and thinking of her verse, "Yes, I suppose so," and under her breath she added, "One."

Breakfast over, they started for school together. "Milly," cried Frank suddenly, "here comes a big dog—tongue out, red eyes! Look out for hydrophobia!" Poor Milly ran forward in great terror, too frightened to see where she stepped. Down went one foot in a treacherous hole, and the rest of Milly came tumbling after. This was a serious mishap; for the skin was quite rubbed from one dimpled elbow; and worst of all, one of the morocco shoes, bright as a mirror—had a great white, unsightly, Milly burst into tears, not about the elbow, for she could bear the pain like a hero, and she knew that Nature, with the help of that experienced old tailor, Time, would soon set a patch so nicely joined that she could never find the seam; but the new shoe, that was hopeless.

"Oh, Frank! how could you?" cried Milly. "And the dog was only good old Cato, that wouldn't hurt a fly!"

"Why, Milly, I'm sure I never thought you'd fall. I only meant to give you a nice little run. It's too bad you're hurt. I'm sorry; won't you forgive me?"

"Yes," said Milly, swallowing a lump in her throat. "I'll try. Two," she sighed softly to herself.

At school, Frank was still very aggravating, and Milly had great temptation to forget her verse. He borrowed her slate pencil and lost it; and once when she went up to her class, his feet suddenly grew long, and Milly, stumbling over them, fell, to her great mortification, and the laughter of the school. But Frank was so sorry. How could he help his foot being so big? He tried very hard to keep them under

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The Holy Spirit will strengthen and guide us in our

There were two or three other gentlemen in the

morning, which I haven't time to relate. We will

pass on to the time when the school was out, and

Milly found to her great dismay, that there had been

a sudden change in the weather, and the rain was

pouring in torrents. But cheerful Frank borrowed

an umbrella, and tucking Milly's plump hand under

his arm, started off as valiant as Goliath.

"Look out!" cried Milly. "You swing the um-

rella so, that half the time it drips on my head."

"A little water won't hurt you, will it?" cried care-

less Frank. But when they reached home, poor Mil-

ly found that the coloring matter had run from the

umbrella, and long, dingy streams disfigured the

cherry lining of her pretty hood.

"Well, now, that's too bad," cried Frank, observ-

ing her black look of dismay. "I declare, 'Doc,'

I'd change caps in a minute with you, if you could

like it."

Neat little Milly looked at Frank's battered tath-

ing, and mournfully shook her head.

"Well, Milly, you know I didn't mean to. I'm

sure you'd forgive me, if you knew how sorry I felt."

"I do forgive you," said Milly, with an effort, and

she counted something on her fingers. "Seven," said

she to herself, with a great sigh of relief.

"What have you been counting all day?" Milly,

asked Frank, curiously.

Milly did not answer; but as she ran to dinner,

a very self-satisfied smile was on her face, and she

repeated to herself, "Seven times. Well, I hope God

has been pleased, for I have been very hard; and I'm

so glad it's over, for I don't think I could hold out

any longer."

It rained so hard in the afternoon, that Milly and

Frank were allowed to stay at home and study in the

play room.

"Oh dear," said Frank, with a yawn. "Before I

begin this 'Rule of Three, which puzzles me,' I'll

have one little tune out of that music-box that Uncle

Charley gave you."

Milly's eye brightened. She could not resist the

temptation, and running from the room, she soon re-

turned with her treasure. Carefully she put in the

little golden key, and turned it with the greatest cau-

tion, but mischievous Frank slipped in a little wood-

en wedge in the delicate works, and when she paused

and listened, with smiling lips, and head turned on

one side, the wonderful box was mute.

"What is it?" cried she, turning quite pale.

"O, a great magic! Just let me put my finger in

the box one second, and all will be right."

Milly trusted it to him with trembling hands.

In went Frank's confident fingers, but they pulled

out the wedge a little roughly. Snap! went some de-

licious spring; there was a dreary noise, as if the

whole box were going to fly in pieces, and then all

was still. Frank examined the box with a dismayed

face. "Milly," said he at length, with an effort,

"It's broken—spoiled! Can you ever forgive me?"

"No," said little Milly, stamping her foot and

bursting into vehement tears; "I can't, and I need

not, either. It's the eighth time! My dear, darling

music-box! You did it on purpose! You're very bad

to me! I'll run right to your room, and tear

your kite, and spoil everything I can find!"

Poor remorseful Frank offered no opposition, and

across the hall she ran, with streaming eyes and

burning cheeks, and stumbled right into Uncle Char-

ley's arms.

"Tidy-tidy! what's the matter now?" But before

the words were out of his mouth, Milly was pouring

forth her story.

Uncle Charley looked grave when she finished.

"And so you think it is right to be angry?"

"Yes," said little Milly impetuously; "it is quite

right. I've forgiven him seven times. This makes

eight."

"But don't you know," said Uncle Charley, "that

there is another verse where Jesus tells Peter not

only to forgive his brother seven times, but until seven-

ty times seven?" cried Milly, looking quite be-

wildered. "O, I'm sorry I ever began. I shall

have to give up trying to please God in that way."

"I hope not," said Uncle Charley.

"But you don't know how hard it is to keep for-

giving and forgiving," went Milly.

"Yes, I think I do," said Uncle Charley, smiling;

"and I shouldn't wonder if the disciples knew it, too,"

said he, laid to himself, "when, as the command

was given, they cried, with one accord, 'Lord, in-

crease our faith.' Yes, little Milly," he continued

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