

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

[The following beautiful composition was found in Charleston, S. C., during the war. It is printed on very heavy yellow satin, and is quite a literary curiosity.]

Thou to the mercy seat our souls dost gather, To do our duty unto thee, - - - Our Father, To whom all praise, all honor should be given; For thou art the great God, who art in Heaven.

Thou, who by thy wisdom, rulest the world's whole frame; Forever, therefore, - - - Hallowed be thy name; Let never more delays divide us from Thy glorious grace, but let - - - thy kingdom come.

Let thy commands opposed be by none, But thy good pleasure and - - - thy will be done. And let our promptness to obey, be even The very same - - - on earth as 'tis in Heaven.

Thou for our souls, O Lord, we also pray, Thou wouldst be pleased to - - - give us this day The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed, sufficient raiment, and - - - our daily bread;

With every needful thing do thou relieve us, And of thy mercy, pity - - - and forgive us. All our misdeeds, for Him whom thou dost please To make an offering for - - - our trespasses.

And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe That thou wilt pardon us - - - as we forgive, Let that love teach, wherewith thou dost acquaint us, To pardon all - - - those who trespass against us;

And tho' sometimes, thou find'st we have forgot This love for thee, yet help, - - - and let us not Through soul or body's want, to desperation, Nor let earth's gain drive us - - - into temptation; Let not the soul of any true believer Fall in time of trial - - - but deliver

Yes, save them from the malice of the devil, And in both life and death, keep - - - us from evil. Thus pray we, Lord, for that of thee, from whom This world is of thy work, thy wondrous story, To thee belongs - - - the power and the glory;

And all thy wondrous works have ended never, But will remain forever, and - - - forever, Thus we poor creatures would confess again, And thus would say eternally - - - Amen!

OREGON.

How the Northwest was Saved.

From the Youth's Companion. Oregon and Washington territory are bound to the Union by iron bands. More than forty years ago a statesman came near trading them off to Great Britain. The foresight of a home missionary, Dr. Marcus Whitman, saved them to the nation.

Dr. Whitman had crossed the plains and the mountains to Oregon, and knew, from a few years' residence, the value of the country. He also knew that the Hudson Bay company was anxious to obtain possession of the whole northwest, and had circulated the report that it was impossible for emigrants to cross the mountains in wagons.

At a dinner given in 1842, where the doctor and several of the company's chief officers were present, news was received that a band of British emigrants had crossed the mountain. Toasts were drunk in honor of the event. "Now the Americans may whistle; the country is ours," said one of the Englishmen boasting.

"God helping me the country is not yours," said the doctor to himself as he left the table. The next day he started for Washington on horseback. He made the journey in winter, and with frozen limbs called on Daniel Webster, the secretary of state. On presenting his case, he was bluffed told by Mr. Webster that the country was worthless.

"Wagons cannot cross the mountains," said the secretary. "Sir George Simpson, who is here affirms that. I am about trading that worthless region for some valuable accessions in relation to the Newfoundland fisheries."

Finding that a treaty had been approved by the senate, and was awaiting formal ratification and the signature of President Tyler, the doctor appealed to the President. After listening to his story, Mr. Tyler said:

"Dr. Whitman, your frozen limbs and leather breeches attest your sincerity. Can you take emigrants across the mountains in wagons?" "Give me six months and I will take 1000 emigrants across," answered the doctor.

"Well," said the President, "if you can take them across, the treaty shall not be ratified."

In 1843, a band of emigrants, under the guidance of the doctor, started from Missouri to Oregon.

A deputation from the Hudson Bay company met them on the plains, who affirmed that it was impossible to cross the mountains with the wagons. The emigrants almost decided to leave their wagons and finish the journey on horseback.

As this course would have ruined Dr. Whitman's plan of saving Oregon to the United States, he labored with the leaders of the band until they consented to follow the doctor's advice and guidance.

The band did cross the mountains in their wagons; the treaty was not ratified.

BILL NYE ON FARMERS.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch. On board a western train the other day I held in my bosom for over seventy-five miles the elbow of a large man whose name I do not know. He was not a railroad hog or I would have resented it. He was built wide and he couldn't help it, so I forgave him.

He had a large, gentle, kindly eye, and when he desired to spit he went to the car door, opened it, and decorated the entire outside of the train, forgetting that our speed would help to give scope to his remarks.

Naturally, as he sat there by my side, holding on tightly to his ticket, and evidently afraid that the conductor would forget to come and get it, I began to figure out in my mind what might be his business. He had pounded one thumb so that the nail was black where the blood had settled under it. This might happen to a shoemaker, a carpenter, a blacksmith, or almost anyone else. So it didn't help me out much, though it looked to me as though it might have been done by trying to drive a fence nail through a leather hinge with the back of an axe, and nobody but a farmer would try to do that.

Following up this clue, I discovered that he had milk on his boots, and then I knew I was right. The man who milks before daylight in a dark barn when the thermometer is 28 degrees below zero, and who hits his boot by reason of the uncertain light and the prudishness of the cow is a marked man. He cannot conceal the fact that he is a farmer unless he removes that badge. So I started out on that theory, and remarked that this would pass for a pretty hard winter on stock.

The thought was not original with me, for I have heard the thought expressed by others, either in this country or Europe. He said it would.

"My cattle has gone through a mowful of hay since October and eleven tons of brand. Hay don't seem to have the goodness to it that it had last year, and with their new process griss mills they jerk all the juice out of brand, so's you might as well feed cows with excelsior and upholster your horses with hemlock bark as to buy brand."

"Well, why do you run so much to stock? Why don't you try diversified farming and rotation of crops?"

"Well, probly you get that idee in the papers. A man that earns big wages writin' 'farm hints' for agricultural papers can make more money with a soft pencil and two or three season-cracked ideas like that'n I can carry'n of 'em out on the farm. We used to have a feller in the drug store in our town that wrote such good pieces for the Rural Vermonter, and made up such a good condition powder out of his own head, that two years ago we asked him to write a nessay for the annual meeting of the Buck-wheat Trust, and to use his own judgment about choice of subject. And what do you s'pose he had selected for a nessay that it took the whole forenoon to read?"

"What subject, you mean?" "Yes."

"Give it up." "Well, he'd wrote out that whole blamed intellectual wad on the subject of 'The Inhumanity of Dehorning Hydraulic Rams.' How's that?"

"That's pretty fair." "Well, farm'n' is like runnin' a paper in regard to some things. Every feller in the world will take and turn in and tell you how to do it, even if he don't know a blamed thing about it. There aint a man in the United States to-day that don't secretly think he could run airy one if his other business busted on him, whether he knows the difference between a new milk cow and a one-horse hayrake or not."

We had one of these embroidered night-shirt farmers come from town better'n three years ago. Been a toilet-soap man and done well, and so he came out and bought a farm that had nothing to it but a fancy house and barn, a lot of medder in the front yard, and a southern aspect. The farm was no good. You couldn't raise a disturbance on it. Well, what does he do? Goes and gits a passel of slim-tailed yeller cows from New Jersey and aims to handle cream and diversified farming. Last year the cuss sent a load of cream and tried to sell it at the new crematory while the funeral and the hollercoast was goin' on. I may be a sort of a chump myself, but I read my paper and don't get left like that."

"What are the prospects for farmers in your state?"

"Well, they are pore. Never was so pore, in fact, since I've been there. Folks wonder why boys leave the farm. My boys left so as to get protected, they said, and so they went into a clothing store, one of 'em, and one of 'em went into a hardware, and one is talkin' protection in the legislature this winter. They said that farm'n' was gettin' to be like fishin' an' huntin', well enough for a man that has the means an leisure, but they couldn't make a livin' at it, they said. Another boy is in a drug store, and the man that hires him says he is a royal feller."

"Kind of a castor royal feller," I said with a shriek of laughter.

He waited until I had laughed all I wanted to and then said: "I've always hollered for high tariff in order to hyst the public debt, but now that we've got the national debt coppered, I wish that they'd take a hack at mine. I've put in fifty years farm'n'. I never drank liquor in any form. I've worked from ten to eighteen hours a day; have been economical in cloze and never went to a show mo'n a dozen times in my life; raised a family and learned upwards of 200 calves to drink out of a tin pail without blowing their vittles up my sleeve. My wife she worked alongside of me, sewin' new seats on the boys' pants, skimmin' milk and even helpin' me load hay. For forty years we toiled along together, and hardly got time to look into each other's faces or dared to stop and get acquainted with each other. Then her health failed. Ketched cold in the spring house, probly skimmin' milk, an' washin' pans, an' scaldin' pails, an' spankin' butter. Anyhow, she took in a long breath one day while the doctor and me was a watchin' her, an' she says to me, 'Henry,' says she, 'I've got a chance to rest, and she put out one tired, wore-out hand on top of the other tired, wore-out hand, and I knew she'd gone where they didn't work all day and do chores all night."

"I took time to kiss her then. I'd been too busy for a good while previous to that, and then I called in the boys. After the funeral it was too much for them to stay around and eat the kind of cookin' we had to put up with, and nobody spoke up around the house as we used to. The boys quit whistlin, around the barn and talked kind of low to themselves about goin' to town and gettin' a job."

"They're all gone now, and the snow is four feet deep up there on mother's grave in the old buryin' ground."

Then both of us looked out of the car-window quite a long time without saying anything.

"I don't blame the boys for goin' into something else long's other things pay better; but I say—and I say what I know—that the man who holds the prosperity of this country in his hands, the man who actually makes the money for other people to spend, the man that eats three good, simple square meals a day and goes to bed at 9 o'clock so that future generations with good blood and cool brains can go from his farm to the senate and congress and White House—he is the man that gets left at last to run his farm with nobody to help him but a hired man and a high protective tariff. The farms in our state are mortgaged for over \$700,000,000. Ten of our western states, I see by the papers, have got about three billion and a half mortgages on their farms, and that don't count the chattel mortgages filed with the town clerks on farm machinery, stock, wagons, and even crops, by god! that ain't 2 inches high under the snow. That's what the prospect is for farmers now."

"The government is rich, but the men that made it, the men that fought prairie fires and prairie wolves and Injuns and potato bugs and blizzards, and has paid the war debt and pensions and everything else, and hollered for the Union and the republican party and high tariff and anything else that they was told to, is left high and dry this cold winter with a mortgage of \$7,500,000,000 on the farms they have earned and saved a thousand times over."

"Yes; but look at the glory of sending from the farm the future President, the future Senator and future member of congress."

"That looks well on paper, but what does it really amount to? Soon as a farmer boy gets a place like that he forgets the soil that produced him and holds his head as

high as a hollhock. He bellers for protection to every body but the farmer, and while he sails round in a tight-tighty room with a fire in it night and day, his father on the farm has to kindle his own fire in the morning with elm slivers, and has to wear his son's lawn tennis suit next to him or freeze to death, and he has to milk in an old gray shawl that has held the member of congress since he was a baby, by gorry! and the old lady has to so-journ through the winter in the flannels that Silas wore to the regatta before he went to congress."

"So I say, and I think that congress agrees with me, Damn a farmer anyhow!"

He then went away. BILL NYE.

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