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"PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS."

We publish by request the following funeral sermon in memory of AUGUSTUS M. REED, who died at his residence near Weeping Water, Aug. 12th, 1877, aged 84 years. The sermon was preached the following Sabbath at the Congregational Church in Weeping Water, by the Pastor, Rev. J. B. Chase.

"IT IS WELL." II KINGS 4TH CHAP. 26 VERSE.

On this day of sorrow I am glad that I can come to you with words of good cheer and comfort—spoken at first by one whose grief had no power to shake her firm trust in God, so they are today to us the words of one who leaned on God, who trusted in Jesus Christ, His only Son. Our brother who has passed away could well sing in spirit, and with the understanding as another weary, burdened one sang before him:

Amid the shadows and the fears That overcloud this home of tears; Amid my poverty and sin, The tempest and the war within. I cast my soul on Thee, Mighty to save e'en me, Jesus, Thou Son of God.

Though I drift across a sunless sea, Cold, heavy mist enshrouing me, Death comes not always broken road, With snare around and foe abroad; Though mine is a day of fear and strife, With a needy soul, and a needy life; Yet in my perilous pilgrimage I cast my soul on Thee, Mighty to save e'en me, Jesus, Thou Son of God.

On Thee I rest, Thy love and grace I lean, My heart and soul and all I own, In Thee, my thirst and hunger sore, Lord, let me quench forevermore. 'Tis earth, not heaven; 'tis night, not noon; The sorrows it is coming soon; But till the morn of life appears, Which ends the travail and the tears, I cast my soul on Thee, Mighty to save e'en me, Jesus, Thou Son of God.

"IT IS WELL." These words are to us to-day fraught with special interest. They are not words of my selection. They come to us, not as so many times comes the text for a funeral discourse, from some calm, unimpassioned soul, full of kind Christian sympathy, to be sure, yet one that feels not, nor, under the circumstances, indeed, can feel the utter desolation of the bereavement of which mention must be made.

Death comes always suddenly, and with it a weird, oppressive solemnity, that burdens the soul beyond the power of words to express. The finite stands upon the shores of the Infinite, and the far searching gaze recoils answerless, despondent, humiliated.

Or just as when the swift coursing bullet, on its errand of destruction, comes crashing through bone and sinew and muscle, the swift blow paralyzes all nervous power, and the first sensation is curious, bewildered wonderment instead of pain, only by and by to give place to anguish that is anguish indeed;—so when the shock of bereavement comes, when with the last departing sigh, in place of the friend we loved, there is only left a lump of corrupting clay, the heart strings, those cords of affection that bound our hearts to the lost one sever with a convulsive throes, and the dull throbbing brain, the aching heart, as in a dream receives the sympathy of friends. The prayer is said, the slow-moving train creeps slowly toward the burial, the Pastor's words fall strange and unnatural upon the ear, and the tenderest sympathy seems cold and dead; the plainest recollection, the most vivid pictures of Faith, seem oh! how visionary, and shadowy and far away.—Not such as these should be the words I speak to you to-day. Nor are these the words of an unfeeling stoicism. The heart of man is naturally independent. God made him to rule in the world. In his hands were put the keys to unlock the treasure houses of Nature. He may control the lever that shall bring obedient to his will the mightiest forces known to earth. In the calm dignity of his unflinching eye lies a power that makes the most ferocious beast shrink and tremble and creep away abashed, subdued without a word or blow—from the presence of his King.

This consciousness of the heritage of power leads man oftentimes to forget that he is an earthly, and makes him affect to despise whatsoever savors of weakness or timidity. The world over, the average man would rather be called a villain than a coward. This pride of character often leads men to set their faces as a flint against all tokens of their own mortality, against the pains and sorrows and disappointments of life, and they seek to crucify as weak and unmanly the very fountains of feeling, sympathy and affection from which arise their susceptibility to pain. They have become calloused over at the very sources of sympathy. They have read and admired the story of the old Athenian Philosopher. In gladness attire he was offering sacrifice in a temple of the Gods, when a messenger in breathless haste announced the death of his only son in manhood's early bloom. The Philosopher removed not his hand from his brow—stayed not his hand from the sacrifice—He calmly answered "I knew that I had begotten a mortal," and suffered thereonforth no look or word or deed to betray a sense of loss. So many would be glad to accept the inevitable; and, counting faintly as a token of weakness, commend all the dealings of Providence; and, swallowing each bitter draught with smiling countenance, praise its sweetness.

The more thoroughly man are educated; that is, the more thoroughly their minds are disciplined to really rule over the circumstances and accidents of life, the more we find this tendency developed. This without doubt is the reason why so many of our great scientists, so many of the leading minds of all professions and avocations scoff at religion and affect to deride the weakness of believers. Their pompous statements and grandiloquent expressions which seem so lordly, and really move so many of the gaping, worshipping crowd, are but the tokens of their pride, or real lack of sense or feeling. Not from any such source as this comes the sentiment I bring you to-day.

Nor are these the words of ignorant rashness or of untried faith. There is a boldness that comes from ignorance. There is a repose that comes from credulity. The child in its prattling glee may be through deadly peril a serenity that stalwart manhood could not so much as feign; but it is because childhood has not the skill to sense the danger—which, known, would paralyze the powers and benumb the faculties—childhood is ever more sanguine and trusting than age—and a roseate hue tinged all things. But the words of the experience can never endure the buffeting and disappointment of life—They must give way, in actual fact they do give way before the more clearly drawn though less desirable teachings of experience.

The words I bring you to-day come rather as the solemn conviction of a long patient suffering life, that has felt much, endured much—that has needed much strength, that has been for itself to the fountain of life and found grace and strength for every time of need—a soul that has stood face to face with death—that has tasted the pleasures that life can give, has felt their utter powerlessness to give satisfaction—that has turned with inexpressible comfort to God the loving Father, and found in him the true panacea for his soul. These words come from a soul that has so contemplated the life to come, so in this life dwelt in the life to come; by faith making facts out of promises, realities out of the dim, shadowy future, so that heaven seemed almost if not quite as present and real as life in the flesh—that could speak of life, death, eternity, and say with a clear voice and untrifled heart:

We echo back the words again; They smile us with no grief nor pain, We journey east towards the night, But to the breaking of the light.

Our life is the poor dowered store That lavish years are draining low, But living streams, that welling o'er Fresh from the living fountains flow.

Such a life as this, such a soul as this sends us back to us to-day, a clear, ringing testimony from the very confines of the tomb, and the words declare "IT IS WELL."

Our friend and brother AUGUSTUS M. REED, whose entrance into the nobler life we to-day commemorate, during his illness reached his 84th birthday. He was born therefore in 1813. His native State was Connecticut. He sprang from that hardy stock that battled with New England's frosts and wrong a scanty subsistence from her stony soils. A stock whose keen perception and stubborn perseverance, were equally abetted by their unshaken, unswerving faith in God.

When our friend was 7 years old his parents removed to the State of Ohio—and the Ohio of 1820 could scarcely be recognized as the Ohio of to-day—The country was a wilderness, wilder, more full of toil and danger than anything our experience has ever known. He remained in Ohio about 28 years, removing to Washington Co., Iowa, in 1848—hence he removed to Tabor in the western part of the State in 1858—so Weeping Water in 1871.

It may be seen then that there has been in his life little place for luxury or pampered ease. His dwelling place has been the frontier, he has shared its self denials, and its hardships. About twenty-five years ago, he met with a severe fall in a building which was in process of erection. Confined to his bed at the time several weeks he never recovered from its effects. The contusion so affected his lungs that from that day till his decease he was never a well man, and a large portion of the time he was a great sufferer.

In his early childhood he was instructed in the doctrines of the Christian faith—and very early in life he adopted them as the rule to govern his conduct. He was peculiarly conscientious man, doing at whatever cost to himself whatever his duty toward his master required. As we might expect from one who would tolerate in himself no known disobedience, he was also stern in rebuking wrong in others—compromise with wrong was especially odious to him; and he stood out for the full and exact measure of obedience and justice. He was one of the early abolitionists, fearless and outspoken—and on the cause of temperance his voice gave no uncertain sound.

Such a man can never live in contentment and peace with the world, rigorous and exacting in his demands upon himself, he is likely to be equally so with others, and as years advance to gather positiveness, and even sharpness of speech toward those who tolerate what he condemns, or hesitate about doing what seems plainly a duty—especially was this the case in our brother's judgment of public men—it is said in illustration that his dissatisfaction with President Lincoln amounted to almost positive dislike on account of what he thought his unreasonable slowness for political reasons in issuing the Emancipation proclamation. A man of this temperament cannot be a man of easy and marked sociality; our brother was not. Too stern to attract the sympathy of the passing crowd, he estranged many by his stern rebukes and uncompromising adherence to the right. This made his circle of friends comparatively narrow—but the friends he had, loved him thoroughly and honored his uprightness in proportion as they knew him well. This is the man who has chosen for us to-day these words:

"IT IS WELL."

Throughout his painful and protracted sickness he would repeat them again and again—and though through the four months he kept his chair, unable to walk about or even to lie down, it seemed sometimes as though his exhausted nerves must give way, still with the first moment of relaxation he would condemn his own fretfulness and come back to his accustomed patience.

From this suffering man comes the words—"It is well"—what is well?—are pain and anguish well? Is it well for the weary days to follow on after the still more weary nights, and week to follow week, when death would only send deliverance? Yes. It is well if this be God's dealing with man. But cries out the throbbing brain "why this need of agony?" "Can you tell why God does this or that; but his promise is that what we know not now we shall know hereafter. He is our Father—full of infinite love. Earthly parents love not their children as he loves us. We are sure of this that he does not, will not add one pang needless to any soul.

From his education, God is training us to be the children of a King, even the King of Kings. We must expect a corresponding training. God leads us through the fiery furnace. Yes, and He does so intentionally. But, if we are only true to Him, we shall come forth like the three Hebrew youths of old, without so much as the smell of fire upon our garments; and like theirs, our trial shall redound to our own honor and glory as well as to the master's—all we need to ensure us the victory is patience and trusting obedience.

God comes and lays his heart all heated On the bare unroofed mind, Into his own fair shape he fits it, With his great hammer blow on blow; And yet I whisper—"As God will!" And at his heaviest blows stand still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it: He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it; And lets it cool and makes it glow, And yet I whisper—"As God will!" And in His mighty hand he holds it still.

He kindles for my profit pure Afflictions glowing, fiery brand, And all his heaviest blows are surely Inflicted by a master-hand. So I say, praying—"As God will!" And hope in Him, and suffer still.

And then we are sure Himself hath done it all—Oh! how those words should hush to silence every murmuring thought! Himself hath done it! He who loves me best. He who my soul with his own blood has bought. Himself hath done it—"As God will!" Then full of wisdom, full of tenderest love! Not one unneeded sorrow will he send Into my heart, nor pain, nor grief no more, Himself hath done it! Then I faint would say, Thy will in all things evermore be done. And when in His eternal presence bide, At His feet my crown I must adore, I'll gladly own with all his ransomed saints, Himself hath done it all from first to last.

How such thoughts as these should teach us patience to bear our share of the burdens of life. Our time is brief, perhaps briefer than we think. Our crown is on high; for in this race more than one may win the prize. Whosoever will partake of the conflict, and every soul that holds out steadfast unto the end shall be saved. Our Savior is even now looking down upon us, and his strength is here even at our hand, why should we need we fail? To you, dear friends, who are left in your mingled sorrow and joy—while yet lonely, cannot forbear to sing the songs of victory for the redeemed one, who has fought the good fight and finished his course, and through much suffering attained his crown—to you I would offer words at once of sympathy and congratulation. The husband, the brother, the father, the true friend has only gone home to his home, to your's—you are journeying on the road thither. He is only a little in advance of you, as the Savior said respecting himself, so may we also say respecting our brother. If ye love him ye will rejoice for him. He has gone to his Father, and his Father is greater than he. As you miss his presence therefore, and your hearts sorrow over your own loss, let your hearts rejoice and be glad for him—and may the memories of his upright, manly, Christian character so bring forth fruits in your own lives, that you be found one day an unbroken family in the Kingdom of God, praising Him and saying as we say to-day "IT IS WELL."

As free as the firmament embraces the world, so mercy must encircle friend and foe. The sun pours forth impartially his beams through all the regions of infinity; heaven bestows the dew equally on every thirsty plant. What ever is good and comes from on high is universal and without reserve; but in the heart's recesses darkness dwells—Schiller.

Regularly of Features.

We were walking down street the other day with friend W—, and as we passed one of the saloons, we heard a low chuckle proceeding from an open door; and looking around we saw several faces peering into the street, and then heard these words, which explained the cause of the laughter: "That fellow has got a nose like an elephant's trunk." It was poor W—to whom they had reference, and this heartless remark fell upon him with severe force.

Who can tell the disquiet which this unkindness left in his soul? Since that hour, he always appears to us to be uncomfortable, as though he would like to draw in his head if by that means he could only hide his nose. W—is a noble young man, one who has a great, generous heart, and morals of high order. We are sorry, therefore, to find that there are persons so mean as to make him unhappy and exclusive, by their laughter and ridicule. It is too often forgotten that a man, with any deformity of person is apt to be very sensitive. And ought not every one to respect the feelings of his brother?

We wonder whether that person, if he be in the habit of laughing at the appearance and looks of others, would mind it, if he had a nose like an "elephant's trunk," or large ears, or was dwarfed in his growth, and then found that somebody took delight in making fun of his person? It is a great thing to be like other people and to have no marked peculiarity which attracts attention, but it is a far greater thing to so act in the presence of those who have irregularities of form and feature as to make them feel no uncomfortableness in their associations.

JUSTITIA.

A Very Narrow Gauge Railroad.

The narrowest of narrow gauge railroads is now in operation between North Billerica and Bedford, in Massachusetts, a distance of eight and a half miles. The track is only ten inches wide. A Boston correspondent of the New York Evening Express says Ben Butler took one fifth of the entire stock of the road, the whole amount being \$50,000. The projector or inventor of this road is named George Mansfield, who is a practical wood and iron machinist and engineer. There are eleven bridges on the route of this road over one hundred feet long. The rail weighs twenty-five pounds to the yard, though it is believed that twenty pounds to the yard would be sufficient. One grade on the road is 155 feet. The cars and engines on the road are very well proportioned and make a very handsome appearance. The engine is behind the tender and next the cars, so that when the train moves the car next to the engine draws down upon and increases the adhesion of the engine to the track. Both engines and cars are constructed so as to be very near the ground, giving great advantages in regard to safety, also very little oscillation. The cars have an aisle, with one seat on each side, in the same manner as ordinary cars have two seats. The length of the cars allows the seats each person having a seat to himself. The cars are warmed with steam, are well ventilated, have closets, water tank, all the modern improvements, the Westinghouse brakes, etc. They weigh but four tons and a half, ordinary cars weighing on an average eighteen tons. Hence Mansfield will carry sixty persons with cars weighing nine tons, while ordinary roads must draw eighteen tons to carry fifty-six persons. The engines are equally light and less costly than ordinary roads. It is quite evident that a road eight and a half miles long, which cost equipped \$1,500 less than \$50,000, and which can be run for half the expense ordinary upon roads, must be a great and notable achievement. The road cost \$4,500 per mile, the right of way free. The trains run about twenty miles an hour. Engines weigh about eight tons and draw two passenger and two freight cars twice per day each way, at a cost of coal only one-fourth that of ordinary engines. This must be acknowledged to be a triumph in the narrow-gauge way.

There is a young lady of twelve or thereabouts, living in the vicinity of Monroe and Morgan street, who has a great fancy for a nice big bird, and is proud to let on that she doesn't understand its meaning. Thus, the other evening she wished to ask her aunt to friz her hair for her, but "friz" seeming too tame and commonplace she asked her aunt to "sollicite" her front hair. When the dog show was raging she proposed to exhibit her pet pup, but her kind mother tried to make her see that that was not practicable, because the animal hadn't got a pedigree. "O, I'll make one for him," said the maiden. "What of?" "Black velvet, and embroider it nicely round the edge."

A POLITICAL Doctor writing in an exchange, says: "The body politic is suffering from a periphary which is simply a circumference cycle of oratorical senorosity circumscribing an atom of idealty, lost in verbal profundity. Thank you, Doctor. God bless you!"

Stamped by Jove! We shall have to send for Professor MacDonagh, again.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

AUTUMN-LEAF WORK.—If you have an old work-box or desk, or table, or screen, which has grown shabby, and which you would like to renew, we can tell you how to do so. First, you must take those generous friends, the woods, into your counsel. Gather and press every bright, perfect leaf and spray which comes in your way, and a quantity of small brown and gold-colored ferns, and those white feathery ones which have blanched in the deep shadows. These, ready, put your box, or whatever it is, with solid black, let it dry, rub it smooth with fine sand-paper, and repeat the process three times. Then glue the leaves and ferns on, irregularly scattered, or in regular bouquets and wreaths, as suits your fancy. Apply a coat of singlass, dissolved in water, to the whole surface, and when that is dry, three coats of copal varnish, allowing each to dry before the next is put on. The effect is very handsome. And, even without painting the objects black, this same style of leaf and fern-work can be applied to earthen vases, wooden boxes, trays and mantelpieces, and so on. For these you may get some good hints from the illustrations on subsequent pages. The same illustrations will apply to the "novelties in fern-work" given further on.

A SHOE CHAIR.—An old cane-seated chair will answer perfectly to make this, provided the frame-work is strong and good. Cut away the cane and insert in its place a stout bag of twilled linen, the size of the seat and about ten inches deep. Around this bag sew eight pockets, each large enough for a pair of shoes. The round pocket left in the middle will serve to hold stockings. Have a bit of thin wood cut to fit the seat of the chair; fasten on this a cushion covered with cretonne, with a deep drill all around (or a narrow drill, provided you prefer to fasten the deep ruffles around the chair itself, as shown in the picture), and a little loop in front by which the seat can be raised like the lid of a box, when the shoes are wanted. This chair is really a most convenient piece of furniture for a bedroom.

A RAG RUG.—An effective rug can be made in this way: Cut long inch-wide strips of cloth, flannels, and various kinds of material (widening the strip, however, in proportion as the fabric is thinner. Sew the ends together, so as to make one very long strip, which, for convenience' sake, can be loosely wound up in a ball. Then, with a very large wooden crochet-needle, you crochets a circle, a square, or oblong mat of this rag-strip, with or without cord or worsted. It makes a strong, durable, and, with bright and tasteful colors, a very pretty rug.

A CARTE-DE-VISITE RECEIVER.—For this you must procure from the tinman a strip of tin three times as long as it is wide—say six inches by eighteen—with each end shaped to a point, as indicated in the picture. Measure off two bits of card-board of exactly the same size and shape; cover one with silk or muslin for a back, and the other with Java canvas, cloth, or velvet, embroidered with a monogram in the upper point, and a little pattern or motto in the lower. Lay the double coverings one on each side of the tin, and cross the outside one with narrow ribbon, arranged as in the picture.