

less. I gave the meeting up for lost. All at once as the professor was on the last of sixty minutes in his characteristically acute but dry argument, a piercing shriek arose from the third pew of the middle tier to the right of the speaker. A good sister, Miss Gray, had silently filled up and at length flowed over in a ringing old style Methodist shout of "glory!" "hallelujah!" "bless the Lord!" which set everybody in the house on the *qui vive* in an instant and dumbfounded the speaker. He tried to stop her. "Not now, sister," said he, "not to-night, if you please; by-and-by when we get up yonder, we will shout, but to-night it is our business to convince these sinners of their duty to repent." But the more he talked the louder she shouted. She made the house ring again and kept it up. Preaching for that night was out of the question and further pulpit talk was impossible. President Peck sat on one side of the communion table and I at the other within the altar rails. I said to him: "Sing and invite mourners forward." He did so in a few burning words and the altar was speedily crowded. Sister Gray's shout had saved the meeting; but the special joke of the occasion was that the good sister was as deaf as an adder.

#### The Negro Hebraist.

After the decease of my wife, in 1832, I exchanged comfortable house keeping for a boarding house and rooms in South College. I was then professor of natural science in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The janitor of that particular building and servant to my room, attending to sweeping, making beds and fires and attending to weekly washing and the general cleanliness of my apartment, was a little negro named Henry. He was conscientious and careful and for an air of wisdom on matters and things in general he had received from the students the sobriquet "Judge Hatts."

One morning as the judge was tidying up my quarters for the day he said: "Professor, your windows want cleaning very much. They are all covered over with *dagesh-fortes*."

"*Dagesh fortes*!" said I in amazement; "what do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that your window panes are all covered with fly-specks, and want washing."

"Why, Henry," said I, "where did you learn Hebrew, and who taught you to call fly-specks *dagesh fortes*?"

"Why, sir," said he, "I was janitor at the Lutheran Seminary in Gettysburgh before I came here, and the young gentlemen, theologues, told me that the true dictionary name for fly-specks was *dagesh-fortes*."

#### Consistency.

Over the door of the county court house Columbia, Missouri, in 1849, I read this sublime apostrophe to the blind goddess who is supposed to hold the scales of human conduct in perfect equipoise: "O justice, when thou art driven out from other human habitations, make this thy dwelling-place."

On the door-post below was conspicuously posted:

#### For Sale.

A likely negro woman, full black, thirty, five years old, five feet two inches high, etc. If not sold at private sale, will be put up at auction to the highest bidder!

#### Needless Advice.

One of my twelve-year-old boy's playmates in the winter of 1853 fell through the ice while skating on the river near Carlisle and was in danger of being drowned. His companions brought rails from a near fence and saved him, shouting to him meanwhile: "Hang on; keep up courage; we'll save you; don't be flurried; keep cool. Tom, keep cool." "I thought the last rather needless advice," said Jim. "to a fellow up to his neck in ice-water."

#### A Bit of Friendly Advice.

In 1861, the last of February, I left the little Miami depot, Cincinnati, on a train loaded with a regiment of soldiers returning to their homes in interior Ohio, at the expiration of their term of enlistment. As every last seat of each car was in demand there was no remedy for doubling up. My seat mate was a scrubby little German eighteen or nineteen years old, the dirtiest and foulest mouthed specimen of humanity I ever met. He was so profane as to draw upon himself a rebuke from one of the officers in charge of his company. Dirt hung in pellets from the white hair of his coming promise of a beard and his hands were encased in a thick coating of grime. He and water had evidently been strangers to each other for some time, and from appearances they had never been intimately acquainted. He was garrulous and I encouraged his talkativeness, which rivaled the rattle of the cars. I got thoroughly into his good graces by sharing with him the lunch which my hostess had put up, and when the train reached the station where the troops were to debark my frosy little friend extended his dirty dexter paw to shake "good bye." It was a revolting courtesy, nevertheless I grasped the proffered hand and held it firmly while the train slowed up to the station. "Boy," I said, "you and I are strangers. We never met before and will probably never see each other again, but I want to give you two pieces of advice as we part. First, don't swear. It is neither brave, polite nor wise. It is an offense to God and man and your superior has reproved you for it in this car to-day. Second, you have a mother whom

you will see to day. Tell her from me that if she ever expects to see you again in the flesh she will have to get up a tub of strong soap-suds and put you to soak for the next twenty-four hours."

#### Waifs.

A year ago last May, when recovering from a fit of sickness and just able to hold a pen, I amused my convalescent leisure by jotting down a few life incidents, a small instalment of which I send the Northern.

Print such of these as suit you and throw the rest in the waste basket. Your readers, such of them as are not at the seaside or rural retreats in the woods, or on the islands of the St. Lawrence, will welcome something light if not lively this hot weather.

E. WESTWORTH.

#### How a Shout Saved the Meeting.

In 1851 or 1853 quite a revival occurred in Carlisle, Pa., in which the students of Dickinson College and the people of the town alike participated. Meetings were held nightly in the Methodist Church in the village and the professors of the college took turns with the preacher in charge in supplying the pulpit evening after evening. One night it came the turn of Professor Johnson to preach and he gave one of the most closely argued sermons on the subject of Repentance to which I ever listened. It was clear as crystal but cold as an iceberg and fell upon unheeding ears. Students were sleepy and villagers restless. A stirring invitation with the true revival ring was needed, not a Butlerian dissertation. Everybody knew what repentance was and only needed warm urging to engage in the duty at once. Previous meetings had been stirring, but this evening everything seemed dead and cold and life-