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WESTERLY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, JANUARY 4, 1872.

HYMNS OF DEVOTION. A lady composed in Alabama asks us to print the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Nearer to Thee, Nearer to Thee, Nearer to Thee, Nearer to Thee, Nearer to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

On a joyful wing, Cleanse my heart from sin, And my feet from the mire, And my feet from the mire.

Rock of Ages, I come to thee, For my sins are many and deep, For my sins are many and deep.

Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood has cleansed me, And that Thy blood has cleansed me.

Just as I am, and waiting still, For my soul's one black and only spot, For my soul's one black and only spot.

Just as I am, though tossed about, With many a conflict, many a doubt, With many a conflict, many a doubt.

Just as I am, crushed by life's care, With its thousand sorrows and its care, With its thousand sorrows and its care.

Just as I am, and waiting still, For my soul's one black and only spot, For my soul's one black and only spot.

cheating. Having now a "foe worthy of my steel," his batteries can be silenced, his guns spiked, and his redoubts and fortresses taken.

One more remark: I was not aware that the skirmishing between Bro. Kelly and myself was to be taken as a part of the discussion proposed by the Committee.

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On pleasure's soft and sunny way, While life was beautiful and bright, How many, ere the season past, Have faded like the flowers—are dead.

Time, then, may hurry on its flight, And death shall whisper, "Dust to dust," But robed in unending light.

TALK ABOUT PRAYER-MEETINGS. We find in the Interior a Friday evening talk of Rev. T. D. Talmage to his people about prayer-meetings.

THE GOSPEL NOW. BY T. BUCHANAN BIRD. This earth is loud with discontented mutterings, And many mouths—the selfish and the vain.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR. Perhaps there is nothing so well adapted to arrest the attention of every reflecting mind, and to direct it to the contemplation of objects of solemn and serious nature.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN SCOTLAND. A correspondent of the Scottish-American Journal, writing of a visit to Scotland, says:

THE LOVE OF MONEY. The filthiness of lucre is not so much dwelt upon as it used to be. Now that poets can build castles—

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change of thought, the music in the drawing-room, the little chatter forwards, the tumbler of toddy, the jokes of the old folks, the flirtations of the young ones—in short, hospitality with comfort.

DO BRUTES TALK TO EACH OTHER? A writer in Old and New gathers many facts to show that the lower animals, especially our dogs and birds, have a degree of intelligence.

THE PLEASURES OF SICKNESS. The joys of health—rude, roistering, self-sufficient health—has been amply said and sung.

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baker was well paid, or "The baker was not hurt after all, 'Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered and barked and roared."

CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN. Christmas apparently comes in Spain on no other mission than that referred to in the old English couplet.

THE OLD MAID. Let us take a girl who has arrived at the mature age of twenty-five without having had a single offer of marriage.

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