

The **Erving Gazette**

And

Millers Falls News

For the Years

1884, 1885, 1886, 1887

From the annals of the

Montague Historical Society

Compiled by
Ed Gregory
For the M.H.S.
December, 2023

Albeit, the collection is incomplete, we offer what's available for your perusal, enjoyment, and a look into the determined effort of a local man on a purposeful mission.

Nov. 10 and 24 plus **Dec. 1 and 22, 1884** are two-sided. All others single.

An introduction from John Adams Taggart



COPY OF ARTICLE WHICH APPEARED IN THE
GAZETTE COURIER IN JULY 1931

By J. A. Taggart

"It may be of interest to some, it certainly was to the writer, to know that the town of Erving and the village of Millers Falls were each at one time the home of a newspaper. Not long since, the writer discovered a sizable book bound in an embossed morocco, on the outside cover of which appeared in gold letters "The Erving Gazette--The Millers Falls News". A perusal of the book revealed that it contained complete files of the above named papers together with a short history of their editor and publisher, William Lester Strong.

The history is here partially given. "Seldom does the life of so young present so much that is so worthy of record as that of the subject of this sketch. Although he had not reached his twenty-eighth birthday at the time of his death, he had attained a position in the community which would be counted success for a man in middle life.

William Strong was born at the home of his parents in Erving, Massachusetts, midway between Erving village and Millers Falls, on January 25, 1874. His education began in the district school near his parents' home, where he very early gave evidence of the brilliant intellect and tenacity of purpose which were marked characteristics of his short but successful life. Here, a little before his tenth birthday, he established the

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Erving Gazette, which he published regularly each week, until he began its successor, the Millers Falls News.

These little papers were published each week for over four years. William acted as editor, proof reader, and publisher. The printing is better than that of the average County newspaper of that time. The proof-reading is excellent and the original and selected items show the workings of an unusually bright young mind and the quaint modesty with which he veiled his own personality. In November, 1885, he moved with his parents to Millers Falls where he continued to attend the public school. Here he published the Millers Falls News, a little paper similar to his previous venture, and did quite an amount of job printing. He was also the correspondent of the Gazette & Courier and the Orange Enterprise. After graduating from the schools in Millers Falls, he attended Powere Institute in Bernardston, where he graduated in 1892.

He then attended Hinmans' Business College in Worcester, where he graduated on April 24, 1893. William Strong was now a young man nineteen years of age, active and unusually intelligent, with a thorough business education and a well grounded habit of industry and thrift, inherited from a long line of New England ancestry reaching back to William Strong, a passenger on the Mayflower. June 1893, he accepted a position as clerk in the freight office of the Boston & Maine railroad at Worcester. In the fall of 1894, he resigned his position in Worcester to become agent and cashier in the freight office of the Fitchburg R. R. at Millers Falls, where he remained a little over five years. January 12, 1900, he became station agent of

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the B. & M. R. R. at Marlboro, Mass. From Marlboro, he was transferred to the freight office of the B & M at Troy, New York, where he quickly became popular with all. On Nov. 27, 1901, he was taken to the hospital suffering with typhoid fever, where he passed to the higher life on Jan. 10, 1902.

The first issue of the Erving Gazette was dated Dec. 10, 1883, the last Dec. 15, 1884. First issue of the Millers Falls News on Dec. 22, 1884, the last issue on Dec. 31, 1887. Price per year twenty-five cents. The one and only ad appearing in the News was as follows: "Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen. had devised and prepared a medicine composed of fluid extracts of medicinal roots for the cure of Costiveness, indigestion dyspepsia, loss of appetite, rheumatism, catarrh, bronchitis, malaria, liver and kidney complaint, and all impurities of the blood, kept and sold at his office, 43 Main Street, Greenfield, Mass. There might have been other ills which that medicine would cure but the News was a small sheet and evidently had no space for more than were mentioned.

And so the News was born, flourished for a time, and died a natural death like many another enterprise of like nature. Had William not submitted to the lure of railroading, who knows but Millers Falls might not at this time boast of a dangerous rival of the Gazette & Courier, that honorable publication which has survived the vicissitudes of well over a century, and has played its helpful part in the lives of several generations.

THE
ERVING GAZETTE

ERVING, MASS., JANUARY 28, 1884.

THE ERVING GAZETTE

PUBLISHED BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
ERVING, MASS.

An old toper addressed the bottle thus:—

"'Tis very strange that you and I
Together cannot pull,
For you are full when I am dry,
And dry when I am full."

—
We are having some fine sleighing. The men are busy drawing in popple to the new pulp mill, and the boys and girls are having a good time sliding down hill.

—
"You told me, neighbor Twist, when I paid Tim in advance, on his promising to work for me in hay making time, that I should find him *as good as his word*." "To be sure I did, for I always knew his *word was good for nothing*."

—
Why is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy-looking lad, walking into a hardware shop the other day.

"Yes," replied the gentlemanly proprietor, "we keep all kinds of nails. What kind will you have, sir, and how many?"

"Well," said the boy, sliding towards the door, "I'll take a pound of finger-nails and about a pound and a half of toe nails."

—
Bad Spelling.—A gentleman wrote Dr. Francis the following note:

"Dear doctor,—I caught cold yesterday, and have got a little horse. Please write what I shall do with them. J. P."

We annex the answer:

"Dear P.,—For the cold take half a pound of butter-cand. For the little horse buy a saddle and bridle, and ride him out of town the first time we have pleasant weather.

Yours, Dr. F."

—
A miserly old farmer who had lost one of his best hands in the midst of hay making, remarked to the sexton, as he was filling up the poor fellows' grave; "It's a sad thing to lose a good mower, at a time like this—but, after all, poor Tom was a dreadful great eater."

THE
ERVING GAZETTE

ERVING, MASS., FEBRUARY 18, 1884.

THE ERVING GAZETTE

PUBLISHED BY

WILLIE L. STRONG,
ERVING, MASS.

Sociable at the Band room next Wednesday evening at which time Miss Sheldon of Greenfield will favor us with several vocal selections. Her Erving scholars will also entertain us with vocal and instrumental music. There will also be readings and recitations as usual.

Singing School Monday and Tuesday evenings this week. The new books will be used.

The Fellowship meetings at the Church last week were well attended and of great interest. Rev. Mr. Drake of Northfield, Rev. Mr. Grimes of Bernardston, and Rev. Mr. Barnard of Wendell were in attendance, and assisted Rev. Mr. Phelps the Pastor. It is hoped these meetings will result in much good.

Rev. Mr. Dugan who for some time has been traveling, making a journey to Jerusalem and other places at the East, has returned to his home in Montague.

Mrs H. F. Burnett and daughter have returned home after several weeks absence at her father's in Lynn, Mass.

Notwithstanding the rain and bad going, some twenty-five or thirty of our friends and neighbors gave us a surprise party, on last Wednesday evening, bringing a generous supply of refreshments along with them.

The Band Boys cleared a small sum at their Masquerade Ball last Wednesday evening.

Schools in our village close this week. Let all parents interested in their children visit the Schools and encourage both Teachers and Scholars.

Ladies, don't you see the sleighing is leaving us fast? Leap year don't come again for some time.

Born.

In this town Feb 9th, a daughter to Albert G. and Lena S. Bugbee.

Died.

In this town Feb 11th, Mark G. son of George and M. E. Laughna, Aged 1 year and 3 months.

THE
ERVING GAZETTE

ERVING, MASS., AUGUST 18, 1884.

THE ERVING GAZETTE

PUBLISHED BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
ERVING, MASS.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS TAKER.

"Got any boys?" the marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"

"Husband, of course?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"

"The d—l you have!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"

"Now, what do you mean by shaking your
head,

And always answering "Nine?"

"*Ich ken'n nicht English,*" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

"Nein," pronounced nine, is the German
for no.

A drunken man, having vomited into a basket containing goslings warming by the fire-place, exclaimed in consternation. "Good Heavens, wife, when'd I swallow them things?"

A New England writer is noted for neglect in his personal appearance. The night before Christmas a gentleman spoke to a friend of making the author a present. "I want to give him something that will keep," observed the gentleman. "In that case, I would suggest a cake of soap," remarked a friend.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations which may be preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defence as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar situation.

A person in company, speaking of a gentleman not remarkable for his suavity, said he did not like his manners.

"His manners!" cried a lady; "I never knew he had any."

Encouragement after censure is like the sun after a shower.

THE
ERVING GAZETTE

ERVING, MASS., SEPTEMBER 1, 1884.

THE ERVING GAZETTE

PUBLISHED BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
ERVING, MASS.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

Two ragged urchins stood one day,
Beside the great church door,
And watched the folks in rich array
From out the temple pour.

"My eyes! but ain't they tony, though!
And don't they sport the dress!
What be they, Joe?" "Oh! I dunno—
They're Christian folks, I guess."

"They be! Then if we had the cash,
And nothing else to do,
And washed, and dressed, and cut a dash,
Should we be Christians too?"

School in district No. 2 commences to-day.

STRONG drink is an enemy hard to conquer. He who lets the enemy in has no assurance that he will drive him out. The only safety is never to admit him at all.

POLITICAL.

As the various political parties have now made their presidential nominations, and are striving against each other to obtain the victory, we devote a space in our little sheet, to show our preference in the election of the candidates. Viewing the past history and present attitude of the democratic and republican parties, all lovers of human rights and equal freedom, those who labored long, and those who sacrificed their lives for the liberation of 4,000,000 of human beings from abject bondage, from chattel slavery, to be true and consistent, must with heart and vote, support the nominees of the republican party. Therefore we raise the banner of Blaine and Logan in the Erving Gazette.

A little Southern boy, when asked if his father had a good mule, scornfully replied, "One end of him is good."

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey of a reckless-looking young man. "No, not exactly," replied the young man, "but I have broken three or four carriages."

As there is nothing in the world great but man, there is nothing truly great in man but character.

THE
ERVING GAZETTE

ERVING, MASS., NOVEMBER 3, 1884.

THE ERVING GAZETTE

PUBLISHED BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
ERVING, MASS.

KINDNESS AND SYMPATHY.

By Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen.

What more than kindness can impart
A solace to the wounded heart;
What more the troubled spirit cheer
Than a true sympathetic tear?

When worn and weary, in distress,
There's nothing like a warm caress:
No balm can heal, no words can cheer
Like a falling sympathetic tear.

Wealth cannot lift the soul above
Like unto friendship and true love;
They make the storms of life to cease
As Jesus stilled the waves to "peace."

The heart that melts in tenderness
For others woes, will often bless
With pleasant words and kindly deeds
The poor and suffering in their needs.

Such souls as these are jewels rare,
Sacredly kept with tender care;
The sweetest flower, the choicest gem
In life's own, fragrant diadem.

So may such hearts be ours to cherish
For kindly deeds can never perish;
They will reach on to the bright portal
"Thick with the gems of the immortal."

Died.

*In this town, 26th ult., Henry H. Southland,
aged 40.*

Ex-Gov Washburn will speak in a
political meeting at Orange this evening.
The Blaine and Logan club of this village
expect to attend.

Sociable at the Band room on Wednes-
day evening.

Mrs. Samuel Holmes has been spending
a few days with her friends in Sterling,
the past week.

The Baptist Sunday School are to have
a concert on next Sabbath afternoon.

All are looking forward to election
with much interest.

A person was boasting that he was
sprung from a *high* family. "Yes," said
a bystander, "I have seen some of the
family so *high* that their feet could not touch
the ground."

When you feel physically "out of sorts,"
leave off eating, and instead of seeking
something "to take," seek something to
do."

Never give promises that you cannot fulfil.

THE
ERVING GAZETTE

ERVING, MASS., NOVEMBER 10, 1884.

THE ERVING GAZETTE

PUBLISHED BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
ERVING, MASS.

WRITE.

Write to me very often!
Send me words of kindly cheer,
The path of life to soften,
Which rugged seems and drear.

Write to me in thy sadness,
And my tears shall flow with thine,
Write, in thy hours of gladness,
And 'twill lend fresh charms to mine.

Write when thy soul is yearning
For the good and true in life,
When with noble impulse burning,
Thou art earnest in the strife!

Write words of kind affection,
Which will bring the past more near;
Make words thy soul's reflection—
Write as you'd talk, if here.

Write me at eve or morning,
Write at twilight or at noon,
Write, when new thoughts are dawning
And be sure to write me SOON!

Difficulties strengthen the mind as labor
does the body.

Married.

In Barre, Mass., Nov 5, 1884, by Rev. A.
F. Bailey, Elmer Warner Brock and
Hattie L. Richardson, both of Barre.

School in district No. 2 closes this
week.

Mr. Stilman Holden who is about 80
years old, the oldest voter in town, was
drawn in a carriage to the town hall on
election day, by the Blaine and Logan
boys.

There is one case of scarlet fever at
Millers Falls.

The inhabitants of a certain village are
so fearfully lazy, that when the wife of a
temperance orator, who was about to lect-
ure there, asked if the inhabitants gener-
ally respected the Sabbath and refrained
from business, he replied "Confound it,
ma'am, they don't do enough work in a
whole week to break the Sabbath, if it was
all done on that day."

"The difference between hanging and
marriage," said an old bachelor, "is that
with the former a man's troubles end,
while with the latter they commence."

*Why is life the riddle of riddles? Because
we must all give it up.*

NOVEMBER.

By Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen.

The last month of autumn has come,
Now soon will cold winter be here,
The sweet voice of birds will be dumb
No more of their music to cheer.

The trees of their leaves are now bare
Pale, painted and shriveled by frost,
The carpeted earth green and fair
Its beauty and freshness has lost.

The sky overcast with dark clouds
And bleak winds that whistle and blow,
Will soon bring to earth the new shroud,
As glimmering and white as the snow.

Then will the ground through winter's
cold reign,
Be strong bound in cold icy chains,
No blossom nor flower will remain
Until warm, smiling spring comes again.

Thus is our life when old age comes on,
And our youth and manhood have fled,
When the friends that we loved are gone
To mingle their dust with the dead.

But then may we not safely rest
Like germs through winter's death reign,
And be safely kept by nature's behest
Till spring buds shall blossom again?

So then but a sleep may be our death,
To awake a new-born above,
Be animate with immortal breath
To inhale the sweet odors of love.



THE
ERVING GAZETTE

ERVING, MASS., NOVEMBER 17, 1884.

THE ERVING GAZETTE

PUBLISHED BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
ERVING, MASS.

THINKING.

Thinking, thinking, always thinking,
Is the busy mind of man;
Never weary of its duty,
Carrying out our Author's plan.
Never does it think of stopping,
But its onward motion keeps:
Visits all the realms of dreamland
While the weary body sleep.

Thinking, thinking, foolish thinking,
Nought of entertainments find,
Steals away the precious moments,
Leaves no recompense behind.
But a pure and holy thinking
Purifies the heart and life,
Lightens grief and softens sorrow,
Drives away all worldly strife.

Thinking, thinking, careful thinking,
Fills the mind with wholesome food!
Sends abroad bright germs of wisdom,
Day-star of the great and good.
All the world with knowledge filleth,
Driveth error from the field;
Everything to careful thinking
Must with due submission yield.

Tranquil pleasures last the longest.

The ladies of the Congregational society will hold a sociable at the Band room on Wednesday evening. A usually good time is expected.

There will be a prayer meeting at W. D. Strong's on Thursday evening.

The Sunday School Institute will be held in the Baptist church at Orange, on Friday commencing at ten o'clock, A. M.

We know a girl who will wrestle with a croquet mallet in the hot sun for hours and not complain. But just ask her to hold on to the wooden end of a broom for a few minutes and she'll have a fit.

A clergyman once took for his text these words! "The World, the Flesh and the Devil." and commenced his sermon in this manner: "I shall pass the flesh, touch lightly upon the world, and hasten on as fast as I can to the Devil." Wonder what the sequel was?

Traveler (to landlord).—"Show me a room with a good fire in it, for I am very wet; and send me a tankard of ale, for I am very dry."

Why is a minister like a locomotive? Because we look out for him when the bell rings.

THE
ERVING GAZETTE

ERVING, MASS., NOVEMBER 24, 1884.

THE ERVING GAZETTE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WILLIE L. STRONG,
ERVING, MASS.

Terms. One Year, 25 cts.

A BARNYARD THRENODY.

The barnyard is all in commotion,
The fowls are inclined to be drear,
The times are most dark for the poultry—
Thanksgiving looms painfully near.

The ducks sit all sad by the duck pond,
And sing in a woeful refrain,
"Oh! What are the wild waves saying?"
Then take to the water again.

The geese make a sorry procession,
Walking slowly in Indian array,
To and fro from the trough to the corn
crib,
Quacking shrilly, "Oh, who'd live al-
way?"

The chickens are absently eating,
Their feathers are sadly awry,
One rival rooster sings out to a rival,
"We shall meet in the sweet bye and
bye."

While the turkeys with the truest wisdom
Prepare to meet bravely their fall,
"Tis better," they say, "to be slaughtered
Than ne'er to have gobbled at all."

Born.

*In this town, 19th, a son to C. K. and L. S.
Turner.*

Services in the Congregational church
on Thanksgiving day, commencing at
10.30 A. M.

The ladies of the Baptist society are to
hold a sociable on next Monday evening,
Dec. 1st. All are cordially invited.

We have heard it remarked that the
democrats made just such a noise in Er-
ving last Saturday evening, in celebrating
their victory, as rondies make in seren-
ading those for whom they have *no res-
pect*. Wonder if they have any respect
for the new President elect.

St. John in a speech remarked, Water;
what a blessing! Why two-thirds of the
globe is water," "Yes," interrupted a voice
"It is not fit to drink, though."

A wise head hath a close mouth to it.

A QUERY.

My friend and I from home did part
Of whom I had some way the start
And on we ran ten miles or more,
And same distance as before;
Now tell me how that this could be,
As I ran twice as fast as he.

Ans. The fore wheels of a wagon.

POEM.

By Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen.

A reply to the beautiful little poem,
published in the issue of the Gazette of
Nov. 10th, entitled, WRITE.

You have said *write*, well, I'll try
Your request to meet in poesy,
And give you the thoughts at my command
In words that you can understand.

Although the task is somewhat fearful
I'll try to meet it and be cheerful,
Write with a heart with yours blending,
In doggeral rhymes with double ending.

Kindness, charity and love possessing
Is the greatest earthly blessing,
These Christ-like virtues understood,
Cement the bonds of brotherhood.

Write you say in hours of sadness,
This I will do with heart-felt gladness,
Yes, I will *write* with perfect pleasure
And in kindness without measure.

Again you say when the soul is yearning,
Write when with noble impulse burning,
Yes, I will *write* to soothe your anguish,
To calm your fears and hopes that
languish.

This will I do while life remaineth
And no events my mind restraineth,
And when at last we cross the "river,"
May we together dwell forever.

Another poem I will write
When I have time to write it right,
Yes, I will write at morn or noon,
And try to do so very SOON.

THE
ERVING GAZETTE

ERVING, MASS., DECEMBER 1, 1884.

THE ERVING GAZETTE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
ERVING, MASS.

Terms. One Year, 25 cts

FORGET NOT THE POOR.

WILD storm-clouds are gathering
O'er mountain and moor,
Dark Winter is coming—
Alas, for the poor!

Ye who fear not th' approach.
Of grim want to your door,
While enjoying life's blessings
Forget not the poor!

LIFE IS EARNEST.

Life should be full of earnest work,
Our hearts undashed by fortune's frown;
Let perseverance conquer fate,
And merit seize the victor's crown.
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet;
And he who seeks to pluck the stars
Will lose the jewels at his feet.

Whatever difficulties you have to encounter be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result.

Married.

In this town, 27th, at the residence of Dr. E. T. Litch, by Rev. J. H. Parmelee, Clarence L. Wyman and Daisy W. Burt, both of this town.

— — —
The village schools commence to-day.

Sociable at the Band room on Wednesday evening.

The old bridge near the grist mill, which for a long time has been in an unsafe condition, has now been thoroughly repaired.

Mr. George Fairbanks of Weymouth, has been spending a few days with his brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Holmes.

Mr. Charles Allen has lately purchased the place owned by Mrs. J. H. Herrick, of Gardner.

Mr. C. A. Eddy has newly painted his house, which gives it a fine appearance.

The George W. Brown farm was sold at public auction last Tuesday, to a gentleman from Gardner.

Mrs. H. H. Southland has sold the hotel stand, to a Mr. Slate, of Athol.

Remember the sociable at the Good Templars Hall, this evening.

— — —
If any one speaks ill of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

DECEMBER

By Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen.

December comes—'tis winter now,
With fields and forests bare;
Portentous clouds with darkened brow
Are floating in the air.
Now the earth fast bound in chains,
Will thus be held, while winter reigns.

The ground now covered o'er with snow
While vegetation sleeps
And stormy winds in fury blow
To heap it up in heaps.
So be prepared with clothing warm
To face the wind and brest the storm.

Then with your house and barns well
stored
With food for man and beast,
All that your substance can afford
For a good frugal feast.
And then disport in social glee
Eat, drink, sleep, and merry be.

Then with the blessings you enjoy
Think of the starving poor,
To do them good your means employ
Which you may have in store;
So that your acts in doing good
May be your daily mental food.

Who helps the stranger in his needs
The sick in their distress
Who clothes the naked—hungry feeds
And shields the fatherless,
Is doubly blest by Him above
Whose heart is tenderness and love.

So as the seasons roll their round
And age is creeping on,
In doing good may we be found
Until our days are gone.
Then may we leave our earthly home
For a higher life to come.



THE
ERVING GAZETTE

ERVING, MASS., DECEMBER 15, 1884.

THE ERVING GAZETTE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WILLIE L. STRONG,
ERVING, MASS.

Terms. One Year, 25 cts.

LET ME REST.

Let me rest, for I am weary
Of this life of toil and care;
And beyond the tomb, so dreary,
Is a home for all the weary,
Who will seek a mansion there.

Let me rest, for those who fondly
Loved me here have past away—
In the silent tomb are sleeping,
Heeding not my bitter weeping,
O'er their cold, unconscious clay!

Let me rest, for night's dark shadows
Fall around my soul in gloom;
And the Autumn winds are swelling
Round the narrow, lonely dwelling—
Round the cold and silent tomb!

Let me rest, for in that dwelling
Buried lie my hopes and fears;
Hopes of happiness in living—
Fears of endless death in dying—
There they lie—the hopes of years!

Let me rest, for I am weary;
And the mansions of the blest
Are prepared, when life is dreary,
For the home of those who're weary:
Let me rest!—oh! let me rest!

Boys, look out for the snow! Are the sleds all in good repair?

Christmas seems to be drawing near.
Wonder if Old Santa Claus will visit Erving this year.

Prayer meeting at W. D. Strong's next Monday evening.

A CLERGYMAN says, "I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand, at the close of the ceremony, and gave her my warmest congratulations, she tossed her pretty face, and pointing to the bridegroom, replied, 'I think *he* is the one to be congratulated.'"

A CHICAGO man insists that he saw a red and black snake forty feet long, and as big round as a barrel of whiskey. We have no doubt that he did, but he unquestionably saw the barrel of whisky before he saw the snake.

Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before, to see your error, more humility to acknowledge it, and more grace to correct it.

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked the Sunday school superintendent. And the new boy said, "Not having any."

THE
ERVING GAZETTE

ERVING, MASS., DECEMBER 22, 1884.

THE ERVING GAZETTE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
ERVING, MASS.

Terms. One Year, 25 cts

TRUST.

A picture memory brings to me;
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light,
To read his works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath his hand;
That pain itself for good was planned
I trust, but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be
That, as my mother dearest with me,
So with his children dearest he.

I wait, and trust the end will prove
That here, and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love.
John G. Whittier.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.—For preserving the complexion, temperance; for whitening the hands, honesty; to remove stains, repentance; for improving the sight, observation; for improving the voice, civility; to keep away moths, good society.

A glad Christmas and a happy New Year to all.

Look out for Old Santa Claus on Christmas eve. Be sure and give him a cordial greeting, and use him well, so that he will come again next year.

The Erving Brass Band will hold a Masquerade Ball at the town hall, on Friday evening.

Edward Hunter is repairing his house, which he lately purchased of H. H. Holton.

Impossibilities, like vicious dogs, fly before him who is not afraid of them.

What word begins with A, ends with A, and every other letter is A?

Now is a good time to subscribe for the Erving Gazette for 1885.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

By Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen.

'As shepherds watched their flocks by
night,"

An eastern star that sparkled bright,
Led them to where the Christ-child lay
On a hard bed of straw and hay;
In a cold manger, in the morn,
The Saviour of the world was born.

This day all Christians consecrate;
And Christian nations celebrate,
In memory of Him of lowly birth,
Who came to save the lost of earth,
And whose commission from above,
Was to teach that "God is love."

Now at His birth if angels sang,
And through the air their music rang,
Why should not we a time employ
To join with them in songs of joy,
And swell the chorus loud and clear,
That all in heaven and earth may hear?

A Saviour comes: as was foretold
By prophets and by seers of old;
He comes a bright and living light
In a cold world of gloom and night;
He comes good news on earth to bring,
And rob death of its cruel sting.

From vocal air and concave skies
Loud swelling anthems did arise,
Voices of gladness echoed then,
"Peace on earth, good will to men;"
And over all Judea's plain
Good news, the Lord has come to reign!

Angelic armies tuned their harps;
Enraptured spirits played their parts,
While Gabriel with his shining throng
Gave praise to God for His dear Son;
And all the vaults of heaven did ring
With loud hosanna's to their King.

Now unto Christ, the paschal Lamb
The promised seed of Abraham,
Who on the cross was crucified
By wicked men for whom He died;
We give our hearts with one accord
To Him our dying, risen Lord.

And unto God who gave His Son
To redeem a world undone,
Who rules supreme in heaven above
And earth beneath, in perfect love:
"Be honor, praise and glory given.
By all on earth and all in heaven."

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THE OLD YEAR'S FAREWELL.

I'm going, I'm going! my mission is past,
And I give myself up to the tomb at last,
And pass where thousands have past be-
fore—

I go from hence, to be seen no more!

I have brought new hopes to the stricken
heart,
And bade their sorrows and fears depart;
I have blasted the hopes of the bright and
gay,
Their joys and their pleasures I've taken
away!

I've wasted some in their youthful prime,
I've given health to the wasted form;
From the child, its parents I've rudely
torn,
And left it here to weep and mourn!

I have brought them friends who were
friendless and poor,
I have brought them foes, who had friends
before;
And now, dear friends, my tale I have told,
I feel, Ah! I feel, I am growing old!

I feel as though I should leave you soon,
I shall die ere the wane of another morn;
I feel that my breath is wasting fast,
I'm going, I'm going—farewell to the last!

Married.

*In this town, 20th, by Rev. J. H. Parmelee,
Charles F. Hanson and Gracia P. Wheeler,
both of this town.*

*In this town, 24th, by Rev. F. B. Phelps,
Robert Hancock and Nellie Grimes, both of
this town.*

A GOOD ONE ON MOODY.

Mr. Moody spoke, in one of his San Francisco exhortations, of the fate of those who, though otherwise good persons, were not regenerated by divine grace. He referred feelingly to a dear grandmother who had died unconverted, saying, "Although she was good and kind, and dearly loved by me, I fear she has met with the reward of all who die not owning Christ. I know she is in hell." At that moment a young man near the front arose and walked down the aisle toward the door. "There is a gentleman," said the revivalist, "who is tired of listening about Christ. He is going straight to hell." The object of this public rebuke turned and said, in a quiet, clear voice: "Well, is there any message I can take to your grandmother, Mr. Moody?"

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CONUN-
DRUM.—Alabama.

*The old white horse, known as "Colonel,"
owned by William B. Washburn, died Friday
morning.*

*Christmas passed off very pleasantly.
Quite a number of our young people celebrated
it by getting married.*